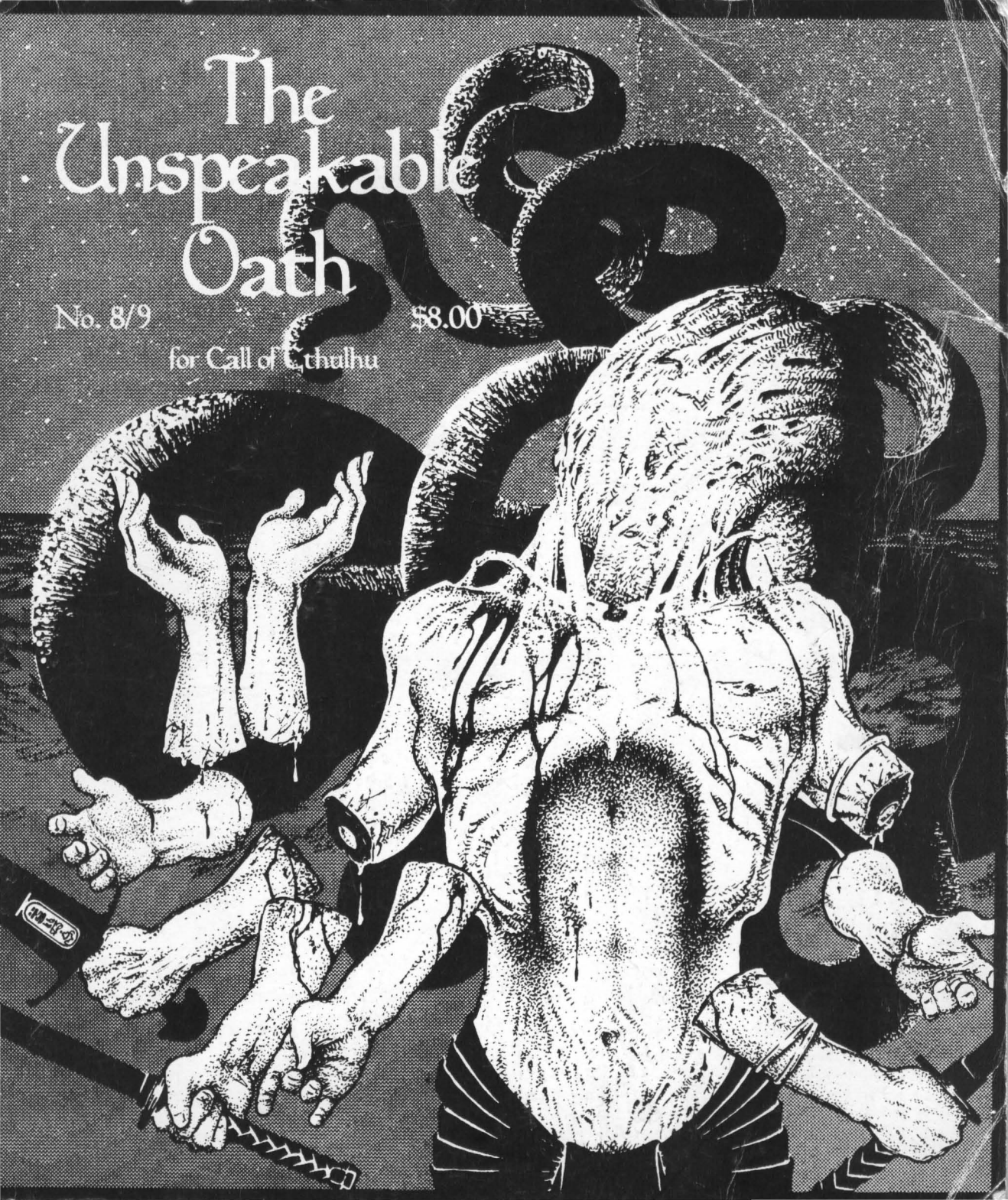


The Unspeakable Oath

No. 8/9

\$8.00

for Call of Cthulhu



Contents

Columns

The Dread Page of Azathoth, by John Tynes	1
Scream And Scream Again, Letters From Lunatics	3
The Paranoia Files, by Philip H. Garland	8
The Case Of Mark Edward Morrison, by Mark Morrison	10
Mysterious Manuscripts, by Thomas M. Stratman	13
The Eye Of Light & Darkness, Reviews, News & Spews	15
A Tale Of Terror: Dreamfires, by Steve Hatherley	24
A Tale Of Terror: Headaches, by Steve Hatherley	39
Message In A Bottle, by Marie E. Listopad	160

Articles

Loathsome Lead, by Scott David Aniolowski	18
Jacob's Forge, by Per Okerstrom	22
CoC5 ½: Resources	
Kick-Off!, by Steve Hatherley	25
Things That Go Bump In The Night, by J. Todd Kingrea	30
A Non-Mythos Menagerie, by C.L. Werner	34
The Randolph Pierce Foundation	
The Loula Institute, by Kim Eastland	41

Scenarios

Fear of Falling, by Steve Hatherley	96
Dark Harvest, by Kevin A. Ross	98
Albert Pitler, by Jonathan Tweet	115
What Goes Around, Comes Around, by Jeff Moeller	124

Special Features

The Unmentionable Odor	
How To Be A Cultist, by Chris Bridges	66
The Paranoid Guy, by Philip H. Garland	67
The Cthulhu Encounter Problem-Solver, by J. Todd Kingrea	69
R'lyeh, by Chris Klepac	70
I Was A Teenage Cthulhu Chaser!, by J. Todd Kingrea	71
Bitter Bones & Horrors, by John Tynes & Dennis Detwiller	149
Mythos Mail Order, Horrific Things You Can't Blow A SAN Roll Without!	155

The Unspeakable Oath

Winter, 1993 Issue 8/9

Editor & Publisher

John Tynes

Art Director

Jeff Barber

Proofreader

Brian Appleton

Design & Layout

John Tynes

Staff Artists

Jeff Barber

Dennis Detwiller

Blair Reynolds

Cover Art

Blair Reynolds

Contributing Artists

Jason Bov'ee

David Brown

Jesper Myrfors

Chris Thieke

Matti Williams

Jonathan Wolfe

Contributing Cartographers

J. Todd Kingrea

Daniel J. Lowell

John Tynes

This issue, column logos (such as the one at the top of the next page), were done by Blair Reynolds. He claims they depict *real-world* items that relate in some way to Nyarlathotep. Can you identify them all?

The Unspeakable Oath, volume 2, number 4 and volume 3, number 1 (combined), Winter 1993 (whole numbers 8/9) is published "quarterly" by Pagan Publishing, 403A N. 8th St., Columbia, MO 65201. Individual contents are ©1993 by the respective creators. Package as a whole is ©1993 John Tynes. The term "Call of Cthulhu"® represents Chaosium, Inc.'s trademarked horror role-playing game, and is used with their kind permission. The first nimrod to ask why the Winter/April Fool's issue is coming out in June gets a poke in the eye! Grumble, grumble...

The Dread Page Of Azathoth



John Tynes

BLAIR REYNOLDS

A couple of years ago, a friend of mine was traveling late at night to his home in Memphis, Tennessee (where I was born and raised). Before he got as far as West Memphis, Arkansas, he had the misfortune to run out of gas.

He hiked a bit to the nearest farmhouse. This being very late at night, he wasn't entirely sure what sort of reception he might receive. Walking through the yard, he awoke the family's dog, who began to bark loudly and strain at his leash.

He knocked at the door and lights came on inside the house. An older man came to the door. My friend began to explain his problem and request aid; the man nodded and kindly agreed to help him out, despite the late hour.

As they talked, the dog kept barking, making it difficult to hear. The man called out to the dog, to silence it.

"Shut up, Nigger!" he cried.

(What did you feel when you read the above line? Did you cringe just a bit? Did you frown? Did you laugh?)

'Nigger,' needless to say, was the name of the family dog. Which goes to suggest any number of obvious points, the main one being that bigotry is alive and well in our society.

In TUO7, the column "The Case of Mark Edward Morrison" began by describing Mark's experiences with his pet feline, unnamed as the article saw print. In fact, the cat described in the article was given a name in the text that Mark submitted: 'African-American-Person.'

Did you get the joke? I feared many wouldn't, and that's

why the cat went *sans* name in print. To quote from a letter by Mark:

"Thing was, I wanted to make a joke about [the cat] Niggerman, from [H.P. Lovecraft's story] 'The Rats in the Walls.' In a letter an American correspondent [Mark lives in Australia] told me that 'African-American' was the preferred term these days, which struck me as something worth poking fun at. Making it 'African-American-Person' just rounded out the joke."

I got the joke, which was intended to be a backhanded comment on both the attitudes of the past and the belabored nomenclature of the present. But some of our proofreaders — whether they got the joke or not — thought the reference was in poor taste and out of place.

So, a bit worried about it myself, I deleted it (with Mark's permission). But the issue isn't as simple as that. To quote Mark again:

"Now, just to engage you in an interesting discussion, and I'm by no means complaining, because you've saved me from looking like a chump, but: you've built a platform of in-your-face free speech. What stayed your hand this time?"

What did stay my hand? The *Oath* has not lacked in the past for bare female breasts rendered by our talented artists, and I've made no objections — in the name of artistic freedom. So is it okay for the *Oath* to objectify the physical attributes of women, but not okay to make an off-handed and kindly-meant reference to racial terminology? Apparently not.

I haven't got a ready answer for this. There are no editorial guidelines under which TUO operates; rather, the content of the magazine is determined by knee-jerk response (if the editor's knee jerks, something's amiss). Was I being overly sensitive? Am I one of that damned legion of politically-correct suppressors of thought that we keep reading about?

I was going to bring up the example of a professor of Black Studies here in Columbia. He gave a lecture at a local high school about black history and the crimes of the white race; that afternoon, there were a couple of fights at the school that were allegedly racially motivated. In the week that followed, the professor got a number of racial insults and even death threats, by mail and by phone. One was from a college student who signed his piece of bombast "from a white student studying to be The Man."

But as I was putting this column together, I realized that I could also point out the example of rape and sexual abuse suffered by women in Columbia, and question the role of our occasional presentation of female nudity. How could I present one example and ignore the other? How could I reconcile the decisions I have made about the content of TUO?

Mark again:

To me, the broader issue [of the Niggerman debate] is how to deal with Lovecraft...do we damn HPL as a racist? I think not. Should a modern reprint of "The Rats in the Walls" retitling the cat's name? I hope not.

In this case, it's easy to be an apologist. HPL was writing in what we would consider a less-enlightened time. Without the benefit of our modern sensibilities, can HPL be damned for the bigotry that manifested in his early work?

I haven't got any answers to the many questions I've posed. I can't explain where my knee jerks and where it doesn't. But I didn't feel it was at all fair to make an editorial decision of this nature and magnitude and not describe it for the readers of this magazine. We all have to know as best we can the attitudes and rationales that influence what we read, what we hear, and what we are taught. We cannot assume that the gatekeepers of information are free of bias, in our favor or against it; rather, we must keep our eyes open and our minds alert. Nothing is given to us without passing through a filter first; be aware of these filters, and be ready to challenge them when they are askew. To quote our writers' guidelines:

"Communication is humanity's strongest weapon against mediocrity and surrender."



Lest I lose sight of the fact that this is a magazine about role-playing games (well, a role-playing game), here's some notes about stuff you might want to know.

This is the last issue of *The Unspeakable Oath* that will appear in the familiar digest format. Beginning with TUO10, on sale this fall, TUO will shift to a normal magazine size, complete with a full-color glossy cover. The cover price will remain the same, and the amount of content in the magazine shouldn't change either.

The reason for the change is fairly simple: our digest format is much more expensive to produce, even with black-and-white covers, than a full-sized color version.

The difference in cost will enable us to begin paying all of the creative and tireless people that write and draw TUO. So far, it's been an entirely voluntary endeavor. We won't be able to pay very much, but if nothing else it's worth-while as a gesture of respect to our contributors.

In addition, the larger page size will make our artists happy, since they'll no longer have to cope with the frequent one-inch-tall by six-inch-wide illustrations that drive them nuts. And of course, Blair Reynolds will have a better opportunity than ever to produce stunning cover artwork.

On the other hand, this prospect has its downside. The strength of TUO, according to many readers, is its accessibility. Anyone who reads it feels they can contribute with an article, scenario, or drawing. There isn't a big wall discouraging submissions from first-time creators, as there is (intentionally or not) with other magazines and other publishers. We've even been advised to continue working on a voluntary-contribution basis, to maintain this characteristic of our work.

Hopefully, our move to a more-professional appearance and our ability to pay contributors won't change this. After all, our first published work was TUO; how could we turn our backs on this, a virtual mandate to give opportunities to everyone we can?

In short, don't worry that we're suddenly going to become stricter or require published authors only. Not much is different here. Pagan Publishing is still run out of the back bedroom of an old house inhabited for the most part by an overweight cat named Spooze and two itinerant publishing neophytes. If you want offices and receptionists and — hey! — an honest-to-gosh-business-only-phone-line, well, there's a role-playing-game published in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin we'd be happy to sell you.



If you liked "Convergence" in TUO7 and want to see the second part of the scenario, check out *Interface* #6, which should be on sale in your local game store. If they don't have it, send a check or money order for \$5.50 to:

Interface #6
Prometheus Press
919 C Santa Clara Ave.
Alameda, CA 94501-3429

And tell them the *Oath* sent you. ☺

Scream And Scream Again



Letters From Lunatics

I found CoC5½ to be outstanding. It is an invaluable supplement for running a campaign with less than 90% investigator fatalities. Part of the fun of most RPG's is to see characters develop over time, which is often impossible in CoC. It's kind of hard for a mindless vegetable to develop.

Especially good is the Randolph Pierce Foundation. One of the hardest parts of starting a campaign is the limited resources of beginning characters—this takes care of that nicely, while the Keeper can always decree that help is not currently available due to some other pressing concern. This will keep the players from simply “running to daddy” anytime things get a little rough.

At any rate, please continue the fine work.

David D. Porter

USS Ouellet



Being partially the subject of your editorial in TUO7, I feel compelled to make a response. Firstly, my thanks to your spirited defense for my rights to "advertise my lifestyle," whatever that means (anyone looking for a queer anarchist punk, slightly used?). If heterosexuals can advertise their sexuality, by flaunting their relationships in public through heterosexist billboards and television commercials that parade endless visions of happy straight couples—when if I try I get punched in the teeth—why shouldn't I advertise mine?

To those parents who claim I would seem to desire to

rape their son and hook him in drugs I say, I pity you and your sad, shallow minds. Those who are violent see violence everywhere. Rape is repugnant to me. It is about the most horrid crime that can be committed against a person. I am an avowed pacifist and anarchist—to me, violence is part of the whole power game of the consumer culture we live in that I despise. I would never use violence against another person, whether to force them to have sex with me or to force them to take drugs...

The underlying theme of what both some parents and some distributors said seemed to be that being queer was somehow inferior to being straight. Oh dear. Look boys and girls—some people fuck with the opposite sex, some the same, some a mixture of both. Whatever. What we do in bed helps define who and what we are, but it is not the be-all and end-all of our make-up. People are a lot more complex than just who they fuck, and other people should try and not be afraid of something that is unfamiliar to them. Let's all try and love each other a little, what do you say?

Richard Watts

Victoria, Australia



...I just re-read TUO7 (a magazine that bears re-reading?) and in the process confirmed the initial impression I had, but which I didn't want to be hasty about: you've got the best role-playing magazine I've ever seen. The last gaming magazine I subscribed to was *Strategy & Tactics* long long ago. You seem to possess an element of intellectual excitement I haven't seen in many gaming quarters in ages.

Ray Tumbleson

Seattle, WA



...I thought I would chime in on the weapon damage and monster debate, with the monsters being "eminently killable" and all that rot. True, the way the game system is set up, if Joe Investigator gets a clean, point-blank shot with a 12-gauge shotgun at Fred Deep One, Fred Deep One is likely to be fish-burgers.

The problem with the level of monster casualties and game balance in some campaigns is not the fault of the game system, though. Remember that cultists, ghouls, deep ones, etc. are more or less human and should therefore be more or less destructible. If the monsters are dying like flies, the real problem is more often than not that the Keeper is not playing the monsters up to their capacity.

Ghouls will have an average INT of 13. So will Deep

Ones. The leaders tend to have superhuman INT. Cultist leaders tend to have both spells and high INT. Would a group of intelligent investigators charge into a brightly-lit room, full of shotgun-toting cultists who have just been waiting on them? Of course not. So why would a group of equally intelligent (if not more intelligent) bad guys [do the same]? Only dumb ones or bulletproof ones (or the occasional homicidal maniac with no interest in his own hide, or at least in accomplishing his goal) should be so cavalier or arrogant.

The golden rule for non-bulletproof villains with a brain is to Only Fight On Your Own Terms. The investigators will want a fight in well-lit, open quarters, where they have the advantage of surprise and can bring the heavy artillery to bear. You want exactly the opposite. Surprise raids when they don't expect it and are not armed. Summoned creatures attacking them in their homes. Keeping a low profile. Conducting reconnaissance so that you know when they are coming. Using magic. That pack of six 13 HP ghouls is not quite such a pushover when they attack with surprise in a dark, dank underground tunnel where gunfire is at -40% due to darkness and cramped quarters, where long guns are useless against the ghoul with its fangs sunk into your leg because you can't bring the weapon to bear, and where your partners cannot blast it with their shotguns for fear of blasting you. This is particularly true after your [cult] leader softened up that big investigator with 15 points worth of **Shrivel**.

If the investigators manage to get the drop on some non-bulletproof slimy thing and pump it full of lead, then they ought to be congratulated. But they should have worked to get in that position.

Jeff Moeller

Eagle River, AK

[I think credible opposition is the least-used and most-feared GM resource in gaming]



I'm a little concerned about the usage of guns in CoC. Although I'm not one to stifle action, I feel its role in CoC should not be glorified too much. Too many good scenarios have been spoiled by trigger-happy investigators, [leaving] Keepers pulling their hair out. Hours of preparation can be ruined in a few rounds of combat. Don't get me wrong, I endorse combat where practical and necessary, provided necessary proof has been gained in the case of human targets. Murder is a serious crime. It annoys me that players sometimes feel themselves above the law, and feel cheated when their investigators are brought to

justice for their actions.

I admit myself, that some of my scenarios have contained too much combat...but there must be a time and a place for it. Players should try to remember what their characters are called in the context of the game - i.e. *investigators*, with the emphasis on *investigate*.

Graham R. Theobalds

Southampton, England



By the by, thanks for keeping quality high. I was forced to give up RuneQuest when Avalon Hill took over, but you guys have maintained my faith in gaming consistency. I always look forward to getting the Oath; it's as good as the Chaosium stuff and so much cheaper! I especially liked the piece on Lunatic Asylums [in TUO6] and the older pieces on guns [in TUO1-4].

Dakin Burdick

Bloomington, IN



As a whole, your magazine wonderfully fills in the gaps that Chaosium does not or cannot by nature fill. The "Mysterious Manuscripts" column is a great idea. What is your reason for not fleshing out official tomes? You give a hint in TUO4 towards the reason. If this is in reference to an upcoming Chaosium publication dealing with this subject, so be it. If this is simply a reference to the somewhat expanded tomes section in CoC5, then continue to address these works, as the new rulebook is still far too vague.

"The Dread Page Of Azathoth" is always a good way to start the day. We all should be reminded from time to time of how nasty our world is. The "Investigative Journals of Mikhail Aksakov" [TUO3 & TUO4] were fascinating, and Blair Reynolds' artwork is magnificent. I can also only hope that "The Case of Mark Edward Morrison" coughs something loathsome up in the near future.

Of course, all can not be roses, as there must be some entrails mixed in as well. In TUO3, it seems to me that concentrating on one or two items in the inventory of "You Are Cordially Invited" might have been better than scanty backgrounds on all of the items. These things need a history, and otherwise smack too much of a magical items list right out of AD&D. This is not meant as a compliment. Philip Garland's "Paranoia Files" are a good concept, but at least for me, they do not invoke any true sense of paranoia. The sense of "My God! They still run the country!" that one gets from something like Oliver Stone's JFK is missing. This may be because of the

distance of the subjects from the reader. Disturbed poets and a media-invented curse just are not that terrifying, and the dead presidents line is just too thin to convince [us] of anything.

The "Mysterious Manuscripts" column in TUO4 has one glaring error. The Incas had no written language. No civilization in South America did until the Spanish arrived. The Incas did have a system that used knots on strings that may have served as reminders for oral tradition, but that would be about the closest thing to an Incan tome one will find. I suggest that future Pre-Columbian tomes be of Mesoamerican origin, and especially Mayan, as this was the only region which developed a fully literate tradition in the New World prior to the conquest. Also, the Mayan- and Egyptian-inspired pyramids present in the illustration of Chimu are a bit out of place on the Western coast of South America. I know this seems like nit-picking in a reality controlled by horrible monstrosities from the stars, but these little bits of accuracy seem to help in my games.

Despite these little tidbits, I have few complaints with TUO as a whole. Unfortunately, this does not apply to TUO6. The new character templates do not seem to have any real purpose. Much of what they cover could be improvised by individual players and Keepers with minimal fuss. The new skills are of a similar vein, almost all covering areas that fall under present official skills, roleplaying, or the attributes of the investigator. The new Sanity rules are interesting, but the point value system only seems to run smoothly with phobias. The asylum information is very valuable and is probably one of the saving points of the issue. The Magic section is also very well done. This section seems to have caught the idea that the Creation and Skills sections did not: the game is good because the system is unobtrusive.

A massive compilation of information on every single possibility assumes that the players out there cannot do these things on their own. Making a new rule for every conceivable case only adds to confusion. There already are clergymen and missionaries, so why do we need religious investigators and shamans to boot? I have no problem with any of these being played, and I personally would like to see these two types, especially the shaman, in action. My current campaign included at one point a disenchanted Chan Buddhist monk. I simply see no reason for additional rules to fit every possible variation. In Kim Eastland's own words, "...it is definitely a 'skill-driven' system."

And finally, the Randolph Pierce Foundation. Does everyone on the planet know about the Mythos? Read-

ing this reminds one of the silliness of an episode of The Man from U.N.C.L.E., and silliness is most certainly not a term usually used to describe CoC. Although this might make things easier on new players, this is simply because this is right out of more conventional games and has little to do with CoC. I am half-expecting Roger Moore (the actor, not the editor of *Dragon*) to jump out of one of the Foundation's rooms and dispatch shoggoths with his laser-equipped sports car, slip up the cultists with a backspray of oil, and then convert the car into a submarine to do battle with Deep Ones.

I would like to thank you for taking the time to read this...despite my corrections and observations, I still think TUO is terrific and hope to see more of it.

Jeb J. Card

Pittsburgh, PA

[Other than that, how did you like the play, Mrs. Lincoln? Well, let's take it from the top. Mysterious Manuscripts: Actually, both of your assumptions are correct. A greatly expanded descriptive section of tomes was to appear in the fifth edition rulebook, but was cut back for space reasons to the skimpier offering you see now. I believe the original material will still see print in a Keeper's resource book planned for this year or next. As to inaccuracies, I don't doubt you'll find them in every issue, and I hope they'll always be pointed out.]

TUO6: I was expecting this sort of reaction from many diehard CoC gamers, but I believed in the material then and I still do. It's difficult to assemble a reliable, mature group of gamers—for any purpose—let alone to play "that game where everyone dies or goes insane," as I've heard CoC characterized with amazing frequency. Offering a wider variety of investigator occupations, skills, and the like can only be of benefit. Has anyone suffered from the publication of this material? On the contrary, I think it has and will continue to encourage people to experiment beyond the range of the rulebook—which is a major leap for many gamers.

Randolph Pierce: Some readers have used it and loved it. Others hate it. Again, this was to be expected. I think it has a lot to offer in making campaigns more believable, and I suggest that everyone keep a very important but little-mentioned point in mind:

To the fictional characters who are experiencing the Mythos in the game, it is not "the Mythos." Rather, it is virtually indistinguishable—at first glance—from the vast tapestry of humanity's system of belief and myth-making. Those who learn of certain facets of its existence rarely learn the whole picture, and will instead view all of humanity's occult creations with suspicion and fear. Very few investigators ever "catch on," especially because the

Mythos is not a consistent framework, but rather a catch-all name for a lot of things. The motivations for the Mi-Go are much, much different than those of the Deep Ones, and the two have little to do with each other. Those encountering both will be unlikely to connect them as part of some "Mythos" the way we can, but rather as isolated instances of horror that diminish their security in the way things are.

Experienced players have a real problem with separating what their character knows from what they know, especially with an experienced character. They are likely to assign knowledge to the character that the character has never had a chance to learn. This in turn leads to questions like Jeb's: "Does everyone on the planet know about the Mythos?" No, but you do, and your knowledge colors your perceptions. The members of the Randolph Pierce Foundation don't know that much either. Their library has much more information on "straight" occult stuff, which they hold in equal regard. They suspect everything, only because they have met a few things. They certainly don't have a wall chart of the Great Old Ones, with the hierarchy of servitors and beasts laid out. You have the rulebook and you've read it; they haven't, and are making tenuous guesses at best.

*Imagine living in a world where you know some "superstitions" are legitimate. But you know of only a few—what about the rest? Will you believe that it's good luck to throw salt over your shoulder because you've seen a **Shrivel** spell in action? This may sound silly, but that's the kind of numbing re-appraisal of the world that investigators have to make. They don't know the scope of the Mythos. Having seen isolated parts, they are just as likely to chase fictitious vampires or werewolves out of confusion.*

In short, the game's greatest strength and greatest flaw is the Mythos. Once you've learned "the secret," the game can never be the same for you again. Concentrate not on the structure and knowledge of the Mythos—which our investigators will never understand anywhere near as fully as you and I do—but on the construction and enjoyment of rewarding and exciting stories. In that pursuit, the Randolph Pierce Foundation will serve many people quite well.]



...I've been reading TUO since #4, and I wanted to thank everyone at Pagan by telling you so. It's been thought-provoking to me as a writer, very helpful as a gamer, and very creepy period. CoC 5½ is rather convenient because

it provides the game mechanics for things I thought about doing for my campaign, but had no time to do myself. On the first point, I'm glad that the essays and editorials in TUO thoroughly explore subjects that most people in the horror genre seem to overlook.

That dovetails nicely with comment number two. I was so impressed with TUO4, the mayhem issue, that I wanted to suggest that you do something like that again. While everybody else apparently takes the elements of horror fiction for granted, TUO4 actually explored mayhem as a storytelling device and as social phenomenon. Even the letters column pointed out that horror exists in our society, not confined in our favorite books or movies. Any magazine that calls a spade a spade, I pay for.

Joe Medina

via America Online



First of all, I would like to congratulate you all on the high quality of your magazine, which I have been enjoying since TUO4. That said, I have some comments on your latest issue, TUO7.

In regards to the graphology article: it is my understanding that the principles of graphology are considered highly dubious, and that it is probably nothing more than a pseudoscience, of little real value. I will not be using the skill in my campaign. [The accompanying graphology story was funny and enjoyable, though.

I really liked the section on The Last Dawn. This is a really neat cult, with lots of possibilities for use without the Randolph Pierce Foundation. However, I will not use the *de Medici Manuscript* as presented, because I don't like the idea of magic without SAN loss. It seems to me that magic represents an alien and inhuman way of manipulating the universe, thus it costs SAN. The natural, SAN-safe way for humans to manipulate the universe is with machines and technology, something which most of the Mythos races seem to have neglected in favor of magic, which to them is as natural as machines are to us. Magic is unnatural to humans because they are parochial and narrow-minded i.e. sane. As humans use magic, they become more in-tune with the real nature of the universe, and go insane as a result. I would have liked more information on the Revelare Nuncius; is this going to be in a future issue?

Finally, there's the CyberCthulhu scenario: it seemed pretty neat, and I liked the way in which various aspects of UFO folklore (MJ-12, the "greys," etc.) were included. But what about us poor sods who don't get *Interface*?

To my knowledge, it's not in any of the stores around

THE CTHULHU MYTHOS CONVENTION

NECRONOMICON

August 20-22, 1993
Danvers, Massachusetts
At the Sheraton Tara Hotel & Resort

Special Guest of Honor **Robert Bloch**

Artist Guest of Honor **Gahan Wilson**

Celebrating H. P. Lovecraft
and the Cthulhu Mythos in all its forms

Confirmed program participants include:

Douglas A. Anderson, Scott David Aniolowski, Steve Behrends, Rusty Burke, Peter Cannon, Don D'Amassa, Stefan Dziemianowicz, Jason Eckhardt, Kenneth W. Faig, Jr., Sam Gafford, Norman Gayford, Keith Herber, Franklin Hummel, Ron Johnson, S. T. Joshi, J. Todd Kingrea, Robert H. Knox, M. Eileen McNamara, Marc A. Michaud, Robert Murch, Will Murray, Robert M. Price, Kevin Ross, Joan C. Stanley, John Tynes, Hubert Van Calenbergh, and others

Memberships: \$30.00 per person until May 31st 1993
\$40.00 per person afterwards

For more information, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to:
NecronomiCon, P. O. Box 1320, Back Bay Annex, Boston, Massachusetts 02117-1320

The Case Of Mark Edward Morrison



Mark Morrison

I need no longer fear rats in my walls. The feline population here has increased seven-fold. The mother wearies of her six feisty young, but their antics amuse me, and fill this house which has known so much horror with joy and gladness.

I had hoped that I need no longer fear the case, and for a while it seemed that it would be so. The kittens view it as their home, and have spent happy hours sleeping in it, or chewing cheerfully upon its mottled leather bindings. Their innocence has dispelled the pall of murderous gloom that hung over that diabolical piece of luggage. Yet a recent event caused me to lock the case tight and hide it in the attic. The young 'uns have a fine new basket, although daily they mew and search for their old haunt. I will not give it to them.

One of the cats had sicked up in the case, nothing major, but it certainly warranted a quick cleaning. Amidst the rumpled blankets, torn paper, rubber fish bones, missing socks and partially chewed mice, were three photographs. I had not seen them before. The first was tinged with sepia, and the people in it were standing on a pier, ready to depart for some foreign land. Their attitude was stiff and formal, their attire the constricting finery of Victorian England. The second photo was black and white, but faded, and showed a party of young people waving at the camera. They were seated in a Model-T roadster, laden down with the paraphernalia of holiday-making, and from the men's fedoras and the women's cloche hats I am sure that it was taken some time in the Roaring '20s. The

last picture was a color photograph of my jet-lagged self at the airport, pushing a luggage cart, fresh from my 1990 trip to America. At first the trio of views intrigued me. Then I saw something so frightening that I shut the case, and destroyed the pictures.

Like the photographs, *Call of Cthulhu* has three recognized eras: Gaslight, 1920s, and Modern. It's largely a matter of Keeper and player preference as to which is used. Some groups enjoy the variety of all three, others are purists for the 1920s genre, some only find horror in today's world. The rules of CoC are so flexible that in fact it is easy to move between the settings, or any other point in history.

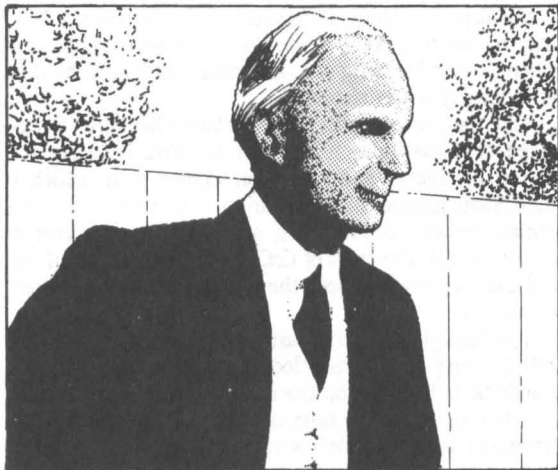
The Gaslight era is the least-used. It was born of author Bill Barton's love of Sherlock Holmes, and has lived a comfortable half-life on the fringes of the game since. It is a dim and romantic time, one of well-dressed investigators in horse-drawn conveyances, speaking properly and sending telegrams. Gaslight games are traditionally British in flavor and locale. There is much to recommend the 1890s, especially in the way of literary precedent. Seminal weird authors such as M.R. James and the Benson brothers were active. A book about a certain Transylvanian appeared in 1897, launching a story which is still being told a hundred years later.

The era offers a veneer of genteel horror, of country estates and correct etiquette. The class system is pronounced and social justice is lacking, but perhaps no more than today, giving late twentieth-century players something to resist and revile. The Keeper must learn a little about the setting, to convey it in realistic detail. Failing that, watch a slew of Holmes films and Hammer films and be ready to improvise.

The 1920s period is the classic setting for *Call of Cthulhu*, and was once the game's only period. More scenario material exists for this than any other era, perhaps on a ten-to-one ratio. It offers the familiarity of 20th century society, made exotic by the gulf of years.

It is a technological era, but one where machines are fallible. Most players have a mental view of a 1920s auto as a crank-started back-firing wheel-wobbling menace. They can accept that it might break down on the way to the Marsh mansion, and are prepared to walk if they must. Modern communications assist research and investigation, but phones are not in every household, there are only primitive duplication machines, and no instant systems of information retrieval exist aside from what you can find in the stacks at the library. The Keeper maintains control over the setting, and the tools of investigation.

DAVID BROWN



Purists argue that *Call of Cthulhu* should be played in the 1920s, because that was what Lovecraft wrote about. This is flawed. Lovecraft invariably set his stories in the year he was writing. The golden years for the Mythos were 1926–28, when he was back from New York, and inspired to pen such classics as “The Call of Cthulhu” and “The Dunwich Horror,” tales which form the core of the game. However, he wrote “At the Mountains of Madness” in 1931. Keepers who are following the Lovecraft Country series will inexorably find their campaigns marches past the Wall Street Crash and into the Depression, because the upcoming *Beyond The Mountains Of Madness* supplement begins in 1930. You’d best take a glance at “Thirties–Something” in TUO7 and get ready. “Shadow Out of Time” takes us further still, to Australia in 1935. There’s no doubt that, had Lovecraft lived longer, he would have continued to write stories contemporary to his own life. So, such would-be ‘20s purists should by rights be playing *Cthulhu Now*.

The modern era gives us more buttons to push, and fewer shadows to run from (or at least more light globes to change). It is our own bright and brash world. Technology abounds, and is more reliable. Tell the players that their recently-serviced Ferrari breaks down on the way out to the Marsh condo, and I bet they’ll gesture hypnotically at you (using the middle finger of the right hand, in a swift upward motion). Who needs Listen rolls when you can pop into an electronics store and buy a directional mike? Who needs Library Use rolls when you can just

modern in to an electronic data base and have your download in five minutes? Who needs Spot Hidden when you can just hit the rewind button and take it frame-by-frame? Who needs Sanity rolls when you’re speeding on amphetamines? Is there a cultist altar in existence that a pound of semiotex won’t put to rights? The Keeper has lost full control over the setting, as the players know just as much about the period, and can enforce their rights.

To keep the game scary, the emphasis must change. Physical and spiritual alienation is a good place to start, as revealed in *The Stars Are Right!* and the CyberCthulhu material in TUO7. There are things abroad in our world today scarier even than Great Cthulhu himself, and by touching on these the Keeper is capable of imparting visions of nihilism and doom more powerful than in any other era.

Why? Is the world not the same as it always has been? Did HPL himself not feel this? The answer is yes, but nothing hits harder than when it hits at home. We are modern players, and this is our world, our times. It reaches out of the game and claws at our face. We have all been witness to modern warfare, homelessness, global poisoning, worldwide recession, mass starvation and political atrocities. We know them and we feel them. *At Your Door* has environmental collapse at its forefront, and *The Stars Are Right!* has enough to make anyone worry about the state of the world. The investigators may have bigger guns in these dark times, but then again, so does the Keeper, whose weapons are psychological, and hurt more.

Most CoC played takes place in one of these three eras, usually dictated by what books and scenarios the Keeper has on hand. Some folks never budge from the 1920s, and hardly need to, given that there’s at least ten years’ worth of ghastriness already in print. But if you like the variety of the three eras, and use them all, you can really begin to have some fun. Start by creating ties and links between your different campaigns.

Some of this is already apparent, such as the NWI connection from *Fungi From Yuggoth* (aka *Curse of Cthulhu*, and hey kids, that book gets the big ten phobias from me, so there) to *At Your Door*. My players were so utterly freaked by Mr. Shiny that naturally I inserted him retrospectively into my 1920s campaign, exactly the same in his quaint mannerisms and winning ways. They knew they were in trouble when they heard his *Twin Peaks* lief-motif creep onto the stereo amidst the usual background music of dixieland jazz. During *At Your*

Door, the investigators contacted a character who survived *Fungi*, now pushing ninety and not pleased to be reminded of the terrible times of her youth. And of course any sprightly twenty year-old Gaslight investigator is only fifty by the time the 1920s bursts in (although remember to take the Great War's toll on health and sanity). By linking the eras in this fashion, you enrich all of your games, and create a larger story. A word of warning: the mere existence of *Cthulhu Now* means that therefore the Earth must have survived the 1920s. Smug between-the-wars players may decide to stay at home and knit the next time Cthulhu rises, figuring that the world will do fine without them, at least until 1993 (or 2020, if you're playing CyberCthulhu as well).

There's nothing to stop you from playing through the decades intervening between 1929 and 1993, if you want to phase from the 1920s to the modern era by going the long way 'round. The CoC rules are so straight-forward they adapt easily to any day and age (GURPS be damned), all you need do is supply the background and trimmings. I've run games set in puritan Arkham in 1692, dreaming Geneva in 1789, darkest Africa in 1938, paranoid America during the cold war, and wild Europe during the acid-tinged 1960s. You can play one-off scenarios of this nature, or whole campaigns. How about ancient Egypt, medieval France, convict Australia, or dust-blown Mars? *Strange Eons*, an anthology-in-progress from Chaosium is all set to romp hand-in-tentacle through seven disparate periods of history.

If such historical detours seem refreshing, but you don't want to lose play-time for your regular game, then embed them within your framework of your existing campaign. It makes for an intriguing change. Phil & Marion Anderson's tournament scenario *Tales From The White Heart* involved a 1990s Antarctic scientific team finding a frozen corpse with a diary lodged in his hand, in which was recorded the terrible fate of the dead man's polar expedition in 1910. Rather than a lengthy players handout, pre-generated characters were passed out, and the players actually went through the events of 1910 as a stand-alone game. At the end of the 1910 scenario, they had experienced first-hand what their 1990 investigators had read in the diary, and indeed shaped those events and set the course for the scenario's resolution. This is much more fun than any handout or summary.

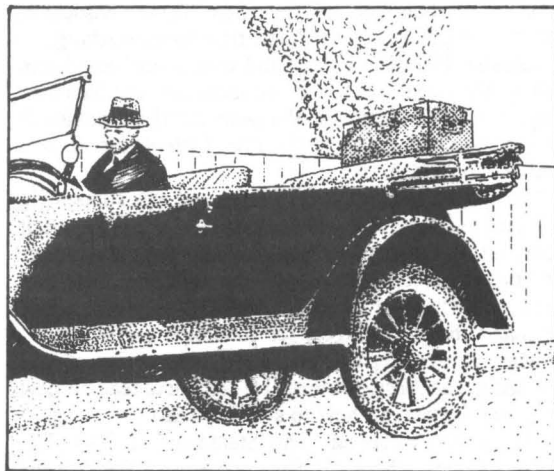
Any adventure can use this technique, whenever the events of the past need be studied. For example, if you

were turning "The Case of Charles Dexter Ward" into a scenario, when it came to learning about the seventeenth-century death of Joseph Curwen, you could put the players into the roles of the townsfolk who raided his house. Torch in hand, they can storm in, see what's in the shoggoth pits, and promptly add their lunch to the squelching bulk below.

Another potential for a scenario-within-a-scenario is Geoff Gillan's "Nightmare in Silence" in *Blood Brothers 2*. As it is a silent film, purportedly screened to shuddering audiences in the 1920s, why not send the investigators to a night at the movies? When the title comes up on the screen, pass out the film's characters, and begin to play through what the investigators are watching.

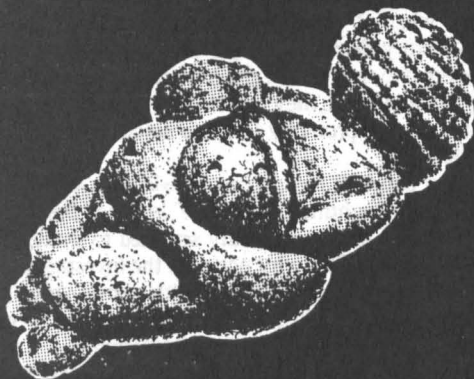
In summary, choose your favorite era and enjoy it, but remember that other times are available and easy to explore. Wherever you find humans in history, you will always find things that scare them, just as I seem to always find things in the case that scare me.

The reason I took the case from the cats and burnt all three photographs was because the case was actually *in* all three photographs. It was on my luggage cart two years ago, it was strapped to the back of the roadster seventy years ago, it was under a hatbox on the dock one hundred years ago. And in each photograph, in the crowd, is the same man. He always dresses in black. I do not know who he is, but his expression is the same. He gazes at the case with the utmost longing. His teeth are many, and he casts no shadow. ☞



DAVID BROWN

The Eye Of Light & Darkness



Various Cultists

The Unnamable II

Prism Pictures

starring Mark Kinsey Stephenson, Charles Klausmeyer, John Rhys-Davies, Maria Ford, Julie Strain, and David Warner.

co-produced by Jean-Paul Ouellette

directed by Jean-Paul Ouellette

reviewed by J. Todd Kingrea

There is an old adage that we've all heard before: "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again." There's wisdom in that simple phrase. And it holds true for everything...

...almost. Hollywood "tries and tries again" and keeps failing. They continue to use the same old tired formulas, and continue to churn out the same old tired movies. A perfect example of this is the film *Unnamable II*, now available on video.

The original was released in 1988, and was supposedly based on H.P. Lovecraft's short story of the same name. It placed several college youths at an old house near Arkham, who proceeded to foolishly enter the place, get drunk and screw, and then get killed by the horrible monster that inhabited the place. Except for Randolph Carter (played by Mark Kinsey Stephenson) who discovers a copy of...you guessed it...the *Necronomicon*! He sets out to read his new prize and figures out how to stop the beast.

This sequel (subtitled "The Statement of Randolph Carter") begins where the first one ended. Police have arrived at the Winthrop house and carted away the

bodies of the slaughtered students. Carter (again played by Stephenson), still hugging the *Necronomicon*, goes to the hospital to visit his friend-and-massacre-survivor Elliot Howard (played by Charles Klausmeyer).

There Carter decides that the creature must still be alive, and that if he could find a way, he could separate the creature from its host—old man Winthrop's daughter. Of course, no one will listen to Carter, even though a handful of students have been munched on by a nameless evil. Miskatonic University's Chancellor Thayer (played all-too-briefly by David Warner) won't believe Carter; neither will his dorm-mates. The only person who gives his theory a chance is Professor Warren (played wonderfully by John Rhys-Davies).

Yanking poor Howard out of his hospital bed, Carter and Prof. Warren take him and return to the Winthrop house. There, Howard stands guard while the two crack-pots descend into the warrens beneath the cemetery, searching for the creature.

And sure enough, they find her. In addition, they find a stone marker with "the language of R'lyeh and Great Cthulhu" chiseled on it. Eh? After a whole lot of supernatural-sounding junk is theorized about, the true reason for the creature's existence is uncovered: quantum physics! Is this H.P. Lovecraft or John Carpenter?

The climax of this film is ridiculous and insulting. It is poorly handled, and even more poorly-written. It is, in no uncertain terms, an affront to the dignity of H.P. Lovecraft and his creations.

The film *does* boast some good special effects, courtesy of R. Christopher Biggs, and a few of the central characters are well-played. But overall, this movie just flat-out fails. The dialog, when not thrown completely over your head, sinks to about the level of your knees. It has a silly, ridiculous plot that has been done hundreds of times, and is guaranteed to leave you scratching your head or cussing the VCR.

All in all, *The Unnamable II* is a flop. It rates only 2-2½ phobias, and should be avoided by all who honor the memory of H.P. Lovecraft. Not to mention sentient beings galaxy-wide.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." In Hollywood, that phrase and its use should be banned, at least until someone can come up with an *original* idea to do justice to our favorite New England gentleman.

Keepers' Kit

game master's screen and accessories for Call of Cthulhu
Chaosium, Inc. \$14.95

reviewed by Liam Routt

I recall an incident a number of years ago when a friend of mine was running sessions for a Call of Cthulhu tournament. Part way through one of the sessions, his knowledge of the system was challenged by one of the players. Without missing a beat my friend looked up quizzically and said: "You mean this game has rules?" Whenever I find myself becoming too tied to the written words in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules I think back on that statement.

Even though I have done my best to avoid being trapped by the mechanics of all roleplaying games, *Call of Cthulhu* included, I have never been able to resist the lure of a keepers' screen. There is something incredibly reassuring about having a barrier between you and the players that I find hard to understand. At the same time, though, the mere presence of a screen makes me wonder continuously whether I am asking for the right rolls, or know the correct damage for the weapons; the minute I look down to check one of those details the game seems to lose its spontaneity as I peer down at the tables, searching for the right answers to unimportant questions. I've always wondered what it was about a keepers' screen that had that effect on me, and whether it would be possible to create one that was useful, but did not eventually erode my enjoyment of the game. I am happy to report that Les Brooks has done just that - and Chaosium has thrown in a scenario, a collection of interesting and useful reference sheets, and a house.

One of the first things you notice about the keepers' screen is that it is long and low. Most screens are upright, with the pages standing lengthwise, like an open book. This screen, however, has been designed as a long (four panels) low wall. As a result it does not obstruct as much as a conventional screen, and it encloses a larger area than most (something that I find is pretty important when trying to run a scenario from a published book).

Physical dimensions aside, the real test of a good keepers' screen has to be the information on it. There is a lot of space on four horizontal pages, and that has been translated into a lot of useful tables and notes. Only a small amount of that space is taken up with the Resistance table that we are all familiar with by now. The rest of the screen is covered with information on a variety of topics.

Let me start with what's not on the screen: there aren't any weapons listings that show damage and base chance to hit, and there aren't any tables showing all of the skills used in the game and their base chances. Instead, there is a simple summary of the combat procedure and the most frequently encountered damage-provoking situations

(drowning, explosions, fire, poisons, etc.). There is also a single table showing the categories that investigators' skills fall into (communication, manipulation, etc.), and a short description of the mechanics behind skill improvement. Also on the screen are references for investigator income in different eras, information about healing rates, a quick reference for characteristics (with a damage bonus table), some sample armor values for common objects, and a summary of the special rules that are used with firearms (point-blank, malfunctions, automatic fire, etc.).

Perhaps the most useful section on the screen, however, is the insanity section. Provided is a concise description of the different types of insanity and their game effects. Sample phobias are listed, along with two sanity loss guides (one showing samples, the other for use as a keeper reference when trying to establish the roll to make for a sanity loss).

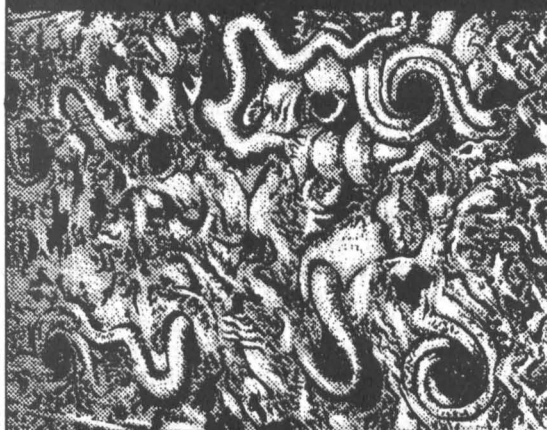
All that is left are the lists of spells, Mythos creatures, mythos tomes, and information on sorcerers. I could have done without these sections, but I can imagine that some people will find them particularly useful.

The layout and content of each of the sections on the screen are probably what make it so much more useful than other screens. In each case the information that is provided is not simply a table lifted from the text, or a few paragraphs straight from the rules – these are clearly written summaries that remind one of the rules without requiring you to refer back to the book. Many of the tables appear in the last few pages of the fifth edition rules, but, to me, they are no more useful there than in the body of the book, when you are actually playing. It is really impressive that all of the major rules for the game can be so elegantly provided on four sheets of paper.

There are a number of other things in the Keepers' Kit, as I indicated above. The reference card with Sample Firearms and Explosives does not provide as much information as John Crowe's listings in TUO did, but it does give a fairly representative list of weapons from across the different eras of the game, and for a concise and readable page that's all you can ask for. The four page "lift-out" from the center of the scenario booklet (which I'll discuss in a moment) provides a number of interesting rules additions and information. There is a summarized listing of more mundane beasts (from apes to wolves, but also including ghosts and mummies), which gives sufficient information for a keeper to use any of the creatures without pre-planning or referring to the rules book. The Automobile Chase rules from *Fearful Passages* have

continued on page 61

The Paranoia Files



Philip H. Garland

As the stars moved into their positions for the New Age of Great Old One activity, it is natural to suppose that those same stars, and the avatars of the Old Ones, will have had some effects on the world before the 1920s. The major historical events that preceded the 1920s are, of course, the Great War of 1914-1918 and the Russian Revolution. I have dwelt on the Revolution, or at least its aftermath, in a previous file. It is the War that I want to deal with in this column.

It may be impossible to trace any single event to intervention by outside forces, but speculation is once again possible. The assassination of Franz Ferdinand, the stubbornness of Allied generals who ordered frontal assaults year after year, the use of gas warfare, the malign influence of Rasputin over the Russian royal family; any of these things might be the result of outside manipulation. Adventures set in the war era or its aftermath might center around any of these major crises.

War adventures in CoC are uncommon, as no resource manuals center on the 1910s, but war *experience* can be common to many investigators. Male characters may have been trench soldiers, pilots, sub-mariners, ambulance drivers, or stretcher-bearers. Female characters may have been nurses or reporters. Any investigator in the 1920s over the age of thirty should have a good chance of war experience, more in the case of European adventurers, less in the case of American (who on the other hand may be younger with war experience than usual—my wife's grandfather went to the war at the age

of 16, and thus was not yet twenty in 1920. My grandfather, in comparison, was thirty when American troops actually began to fight in 1918).

The experience of soldiers in World War One is recorded in many current works available to Keepers and Investigators for background. This was the first major conflict to create a whole memoir literature (mostly European, but some American). Passages in Robert Graves' Goodbye to All That can be as macabre as anything keepers can come up with. The image of mud-caked men filing down a trench preparing for the attack and shaking the dead hand of a soldier buried in the dirt from a near-shell-hit is an image impossible to erase.

What is the effect of such a life in the dirt upon normal human beings? Try Denis Winter's Death's Men, or John Ellis' Eye-Deep in Hell to get a good picture of trench warfare. For pilots, look at Lee Kennet's The Great Air War. The air may not be quite as macabre as the trenches, but how many pilots went up and didn't return? Were all shot down? What about recurrent stories passed around of planes returning and landing with no pilot in them? What remnants might be in such a plane that the authorities try to cover up? Lovecraft himself dealt with submarine warfare in both "Dagon" and "The Temple."

The war created legends and myths that can be used to great effect for investigator background, or if you wish, actual adventures set in the trenches. Paul Fussell's classic The Great War and Modern Memory is the major study of value here. In that work are discussed the legends of the trenches, some of which are appropriate for CoC. For instance, the story of the German Corpse-Rendering Works, where bodies were supposedly boiled down for their fat. Was this story true? If so, was it really because the Germans needed fats so desperately, or was this a rumor that came out of some weird and horrible experimentation of sinister, perhaps occult, intent? Surely the mass destruction of the war would have been a perfect resource for a devotee of the Old Ones to obtain bodies and body parts. In H.P. Lovecraft's story "Herbert West—Re-Animator," for instance, the demented Dr. West enlists as a surgeon and travels to Europe, where battlefield corpses serve as his supply. And even if CoC investigators had no directly occult experiences during the war, their war service may leave them with strange ideas, rumors that they fuse together in the 1920s, and unreasoning hatred of all things German.

Another usable myth of the trench war, which Fussell calls "the finest legend of the war, the most brilliant in literary invention and execution as well as the richest and symbolic suggestion" is the legend of the Dwellers in No

Man's Land. It was said that deserters from various armies had found refuge in abandoned trenches and underground dugouts between the lines and now lived a troglodytic and cannibalistic life, eventually growing so great in numbers that troops had to be sent after them. Was the investigator one of those sent after the deserters? Did he see the truth, either confirming the rumors, or finding strange humanoids with canine features that had tunneled up from below? Can Lovecraft's ghouls *not* have had access to the dead in the Great War? Might the investigator, wounded in an attack, have lain in No Man's Land itself and seen some of this, barely surviving, and having his stories put down to hysteria? Such soldiers from the trenches might actually start their careers as investigators with a little Mythos skill.

For those investigators who were not trench-soldiers, such wartime experience might still fit in many ways. Pilots might crash between the lines. Submarine crews might be dragged into the depths. Ambulance drivers and stretcher-bearers would be sent into No Man's Land after wounded men. Nurses may be present at field hospitals when wounded men are brought in babbling of horrors, or when things that appear to be men are brought in dressed in rags of various uniforms weeping and howling. Reporters may visit quiet sections of the trenches and try to bring together the various rumors and myths in their stories, then try to investigate for themselves.

The Great War is full of useful material for the imaginative Keeper and investigator. Anyone surviving the war may have experiences and mental problems that add color to a game. The war itself scarred the psyche of an entire generation. Even those who did not go will be affected, as the whole world was. We know how the war started, but "why?" is the question that cannot be answered. Is it not conceivable that the whole conflict was plotted by a cultist group which needed a tremendous sacrifice to pave the way for the horrors of the 1920s? Now *there's* paranoia on a grand scale.

If it was a plot, what sort of group existed—or exists—that had such power? Certainly not a group that any investigator in her or his right mind wants to meet up with. Of course, how many investigators, especially those who persist after their first contact with the powers of the Great Old Ones, are in their right minds? Are we intrepid explorers of the unknown trying to save the world from a fate unimaginable by the masses, or are we merely pawns and toys in the clutch of the Things Beyond? Who, or What, is in control? ☹



DAVID BROWN

Mysterious Manuscripts



Thomas M. Stratman

BLAIR REYNOLDS

Fulcoius de Crusade

Adventure tale of the First Crusade

by Friar Rufinus

Original Manuscript (rumored*) circa 1100 AD

Fifty handmade copies (Latin) 1150 AD

Printing House of Schoeffer (French) 1529 AD

St. Viator Press (French-Canadian) 1882 AD

Regent Books (English) 1962 AD

Spells: Blessing, Curse of the Rat-Thing, Enchant Lance, Holy Word, True Aim, Worship

Excerpt: "Was hideous the sight of the slain and dismembered, both Christian and Moslem. Yet more blasphemous still was the fate of those who had fallen captive to the Shi'is, Hussidi El Tarib. Sir Fulcoius of Aquitaine held Vigil amongst the fallen till the third twilight, when the rat-beasts appeared and they did attempt to slay good Fulcoius with rending claws and tearing bites. Their once-human heads bemoaning their accursed fate. Fulcoius wailed in agony at the recognition of many he had once known. His faith was tested by the obvious display of Hussidi's witchery power. Madness fell upon him and, though gravely wounded, Fulcoius beseeched the Lord for strength using the words taught him by Peter the Hermit. A great and good light did shine within

* The stats for the *original* French manuscript (not the one listed in this text) should be doubled because it contains information on subjects which Fr. Rufinus thought inappropriate and dangerous to discuss with the church hierarchy in Rome.

Fulcoius, which did not desist until he had released the spirits from every rat-beast."

The original of this work was hand-copied fifty times and presented to the Pope's court in Rome to establish a case of Sainthood for Fulcoius of Aquitaine. Fulcoius, a supposed commoner on the First Crusade, earned his knighthood during the siege of Antioch and had many adventures in and around the crusader state of Edessa during the first years of the Twelfth Century.

Fulcoius' major adversary was a diabolical sorcerer named Hussidi El Tarib. Hussidi, although he professed to be a Moslem, was a worshipper of Ubbo-Sathla and was an enemy to any follower of the one true God (Jew, Christian or Moslem). The book follows Fulcoius through several quests, where he learns three powerful prayers from holy men and has his lance blessed. He finally defeats Hussidi with the help of a Jewish Kabbalist, a Moslem Fakir and a Christian Healer.

Fulcoius was not made a saint. It was decided that this tale was fictional (if not a heresy). Fr. Rufinus' insistence that he witnessed most of the events told in the book lasted until his loyalty to the church was brought into serious question. The manuscript does not state the final fate of Fulcoius. The knight is last seen riding into the deserts of Arabia on his next quest. Fr. Rufinus died at the age of 126 while performing an exorcism in Acre.

Of Loyalty To The Distant Ruler

Political Hymns & Prayers

by Archibald Penwaite VI

Language: English; Mythos: +4; Sanity: -1D8; Spell Multiplier: x2;

Study Time: 28 hours

self-published, 1773 AD

Spells: Contact Nyarlathotep, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Mesmerism, Red Sign of Shudde-Mell (each spell is very cleverly hidden within a particular poem or weaved into the lyrics of a hymn*)

Excerpt: "Hail hail to he that rightfully rules far away.
Your power is felt though the sea bars your way.
You dream of the time when alone you ruled.
The domination of these men now draws to its Yule.
I pray thee now to send your messenger to me,
To open my longing eyes with what the truth be.
Allow me the knowing gaze which affects the dullard,
And the symbol of the prince to slay those unguard.
I pledge with my intellect to the King.
I pledge with my posterity to the King.

* Any selection read aloud from this book may well bring a reaction of some kind from the Mythos creature concerned.

I pledge with my body to the King.
I pledge with my soul to the King."

Archibald Penwaite VI was a very wealthy citizen of pre-revolutionary New York City who decided that his continued financial growth depended on the continued British rule of the Americas. He secretly worshipped Shudde M'ell and through Nyarlathotep's dark assistance, used Nightgaunts and Chthonians to locate and excavate ore deposits in the marshes of New Jersey. This is a work of propaganda written and published for the supporters of the British during the American Revolutionary period. It offers over twenty hymns to sing and sixteen poems to read aloud, in order to bolster the spirit and lend strength to the British or to curse and damn the Colonial rebels.

Penwaite's book is a very devious attempt to get other Tories to make contact (and make deals) with Nyarlathotep to defeat the American Revolution. Many hideous family secrets of the New England region have their evil source in this book. Copies of this work are in several rare book collections, such as: the Jeffersonian Collection at the Smithsonian, the Tory/Whig Collection at Mary & James College, and the Randolph Carter Collection at Miskatonic.

Existing Spells

Existing spells mentioned in the text can be found in the following locations:

"Curse of the Rat-Thing," CoC5, p.152; "Enchant Lance," CoC5, p.153; "Mesmerize," CoC5, p. 156; "Red Sign of Shudde M'ell," CoC5, p. 157.

New Spells

The following four new spells may be found in sources other than those given above, if the Keeper wishes. Note that almost all of these spells are spells of faith, and will correspond to different Earthly religions, depending on the context they are found in.

BLESSING: There are as many variations of this spell as there are religions. Only the blessing which matches the caster's faith will convey any benefit. This short prayer and hand gesture, which requires a symbol of the appropriate faith, costs one Magic Point and one round to cast. The caster must touch the recipient of this spell; the recipient receives a resistance roll of POW vs. POW if unwilling. If the spell is successful, then one action (which must be stated during the casting) will receive of a bonus of +10% to its chance of success on its next use, if attempted within that same lunar cycle (28 days). This can be used in combat, during study/research, or for any resistance roll. It can not be cast more than once on any

person for a particular action, nor can a person be blessed in more than one thing at a time. The recipient does not need to be a believer to receive the benefits of this Blessing.

HOLY WORD: This is a very powerful spell which may only be cast by an investigator who does not use and has not used any spells which call upon or use the power of any evil force (Keeper's discretion). In the one round it takes to cast, the caster spends 12 Magic Points to proclaim curses and banishment upon one supernatural creature that is within sight and hearing of the caster. The caster must proclaim this spell in the name of the caster's beliefs, and with an appropriate holy symbol strongly presented. The caster matches his or her POWx2 against the creature's present POW or Magic Points, whichever is currently lower. If the caster wins, the creature loses 10D6 hit points of damage. Armor does not protect against this wrathful injury. If the creature lives, it must make a resistance roll on the lower of its POW or Magic Points versus the caster's POW, or it is banished back to wherever it came from.

TRUE AIM: The casting of this spell warps the distance between two points in such a way as to cause them to meet. In combat this means every 2 Magic Points used in casting this spell will add +10% to the chance of a Physical or Ranged attack to succeed. It takes half-a-round for each casting, during which time the caster must be aiming the weapon affected. The spell will only last for one attack, whether it succeeds or not. The disconcerting view of space warping causes the loss of 1 SAN from the caster.

WORSHIP: To perform this ceremony the caster must spend 10D10+20 minutes in a location sacred to the caster's deity. At the end of the Worship, the caster spends one permanent point of POW, and the player attempts to roll under INTx4. If successful, the caster will recover 1D3 POW, up to the original POW of the character when created. Any POW gained above that original level lasts for only the next 24 hours and will not affect SAN or Luck. If performed on a holy day appropriate to the caster's religion, the caster gets the better of 2 rolls and is allowed one point more than their starting POW to be permanent. If performed on an extremely holy day, in a holy spot (Keeper's discretion for both), the caster gets the better of 3 rolls with a +1 bonus to the roll, and all points above the original amount are permanent. 3

Loathsome Lead

an interview with the creator of the Call of Cthulhu miniatures

Scott David Aniolowski

An eldritch evil is stirring in Canada: a new collection of Mythos monsters are being spawned somewhere in Ontario even as you read this. Anyone unfamiliar with the line of miniatures for *Call of Cthulhu* presently being produced by Bob Murch for RAFM Company Inc. is missing something wickedly wonderful. These are not simply fantasy miniatures—these are tiny works of darkling art, capturing the horrific alien nature of Lovecraft's pantheon of outé entities.

After assembling the complete collection of RAFM *Call of Cthulhu* monsters I thought it might be interesting to interview the man responsible: to find out what inspires him, and get a glimpse into the design and production of a miniature. With that in mind, I present the following interview which Mr. Murch so kindly took the time to do for me.

SA: Apparently there is some history behind the creation of the RAFM *Call of Cthulhu* miniatures. Can you explain?

RM: Actually, the miniatures which comprised the initial release of RAFM's *Call of Cthulhu* miniatures range were originally homeless little orphans. At GenCon '89 I'd been approached by someone from Chaosium Games while I was poking around their booth. They asked me if RAFM was interested in licensing the miniatures for their game. I knew that I was quite feverish on the subject but when I approached the owners of RAFM their response was lukewarm. They were not familiar with the subject matter and had a hard time understanding the logic of a game whose ultimate goal is insanity. They thought I was a bit nuts, too. They're right, of course. I set about sculpt-

ing the figures anyway, using my spare time. Over the next two years I produced the first nine monsters in the range and occasionally pestered the owners about my pet project. I was beginning to look for another company to handle the project when the guys at RAFM finally gave in, just to get me off their backs I think. Now they're glad they did. The range is doing very well and I just finished a range of investigator personalities and a 7" tall version of Cthulhu himself. There are several more releases to come yet.

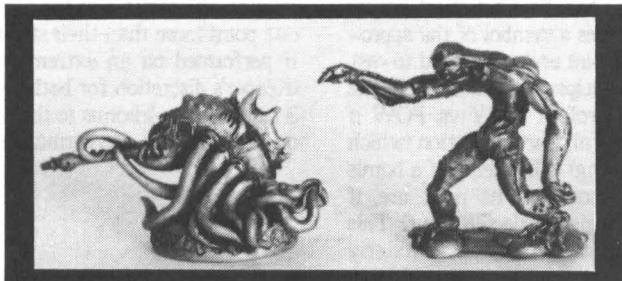
SA: What made you decide to do Cthulhu miniatures in the first place?

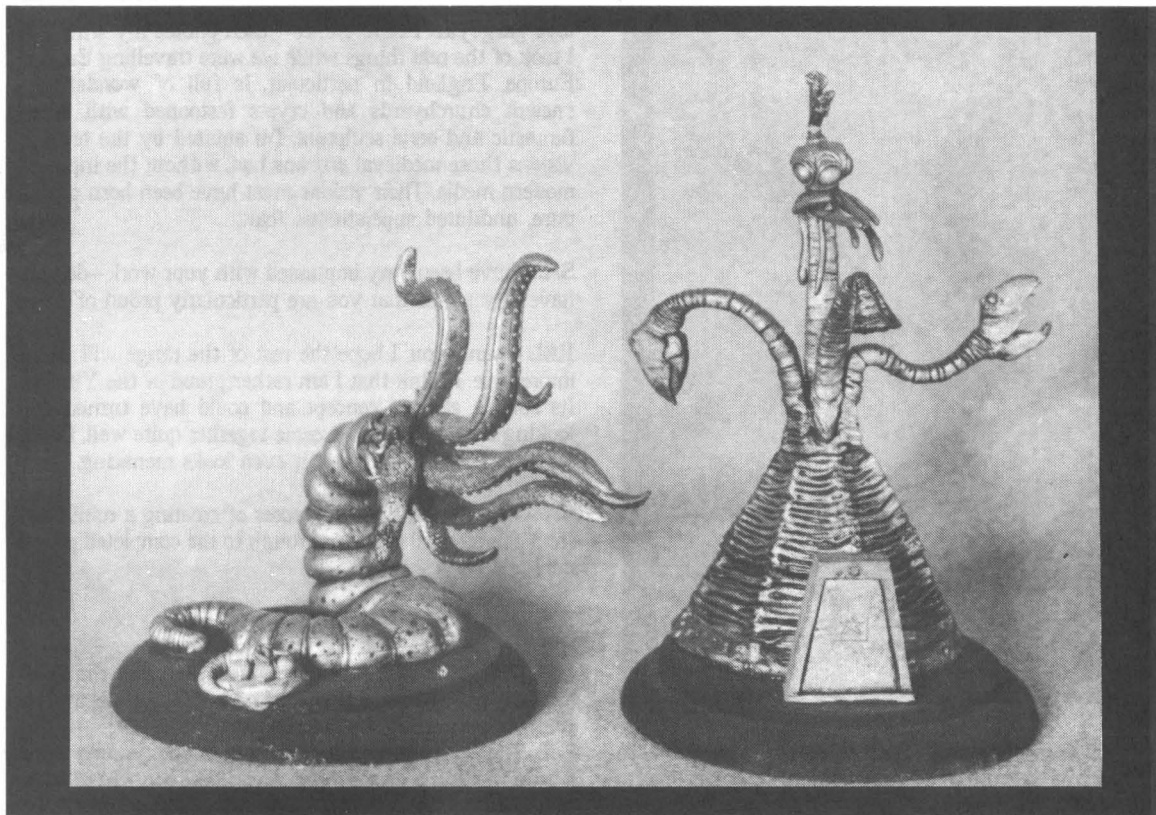
RM: I suppose the primary reason I wanted to do Cthulhu miniatures was the fact that I really love the genre. My first reaction, as an artist, to something I love or am interested in, is to interpret it in my work. I want to become involved in a tangible way with the subject. I also wanted to fill out my own *Call of Cthulhu* miniature collection.

SA: Are you a Lovecraft fan? If so, when did you first discover his works and what are your favorites?

RM: Yes, I am very much a fan of the old Gentleman. Unfortunately, however, I was in my early twenties before I first read HPL. I've since regretted that I didn't discover him sooner, when I was fifteen or so. The impact would have been terrific. That was when I was devouring everything by R.E. Howard. I recall that any Howard story which involved Cthulhu Mythos elements generated a wonderful tingling sensation down my spine.

Fantasy and Sci-Fi were my thing back then but I really began to feel an affinity for that type of pulpish horror. I was still in high school when I came across a copy of Brian Lumley's *The Burrowers Beneath*. It left me so disturbed about the possibility of





PHOTOS COURTESY OF ROBERT MURCH

hungry chthonians lurking beneath the damp concrete of my parent's basement that I constructed a small Elder Sign, from the description in the book, and placed it under the dehumidifier. Lumley's story stuck in my mind for a long time but I somehow managed to overlook Lovecraft himself until I was at art college. He took hold of me somewhat slowly at first, being as my mind was full of lofty artistic ideals, but by the time I was finished with school and working full time as a sculptor and illustrator for RAFM Miniatures, HPL and the whole Mythos thing had a firm grip. Dark fantasy, classic pulp, and gothic horror are the primary inspirations for my work. As far as my favorite HPL stories I'd have to say "The Lurking Fear" and "The Tomb," simply because they re-introduced me, as an adult, to what is now my favorite form of literature.

SA: Are you a fan of the *Call of Cthulhu* game? Do you

or have you played?

RM: I am a fan of the game, I have played it and continue to do so, time permitting. I started playing CoC about four years ago at what was perhaps the height of my Lovecraft fever. It was the first role-playing game I'd been interested in since my high school *Dungeons & Dragons* daze. I was and continue to be an avid historical wargamer, which was one of the things which led me into the world of miniatures in the first place. The *Call of Cthulhu* game has a good mix of history as well as the supernatural and this has great appeal for me. Any game in which I can combine zeppelins, shell-shocked veterans of the trenches and unspeakable alien entities is right up my alley.

SA: How or why did you choose the monsters you did?

RM: I chose the initial group of monsters because they



were either something I greatly desired for my own collection or because they posed interesting and challenging design problems. One of the biggest challenges was making large figures like the Yithian break down and be light enough so that it could fit in one of the standard blister packages. Working under the assumption that the market for these figures would be relatively small when compared to the standard fantasy market I had to keep production costs down while trying to deliver a final piece that would be as good as something I would want for myself.

SA: Considering your work, you must be a monster/horror fan—any favorite monsters/subjects?

RM: Other than the literary sources I've described, I really enjoy old horror movies of almost all types. Anything that requires imagination and a suspension of belief. I'm not a fan of the modern slasher stuff. I find that to be somewhat sadistic and voyeuristic. I like honest supernatural suspense and atmosphere. As for monsters, what can I say? I like the ugly little creeps in whatever form they happen to take. I just finished a batch of gargoyles for RAFM. I

love gargoyles. For reference I used photos my wife and I took of the real things while we were travelling Europe. Europe, England in particular, is full of wonderfully ancient churchyards and crypts festooned with some fantastic and eerie sculpture. I'm amazed by the terrible visions those medieval artisans had, without the input of modern media. Their visions must have been born out of pure, undiluted superstitious fear.

SA: I have been very impressed with your work—do you have any pieces that you are particularly proud of?

RM: Thank you. I hope the rest of the range will be as impressive. I think that I am rather proud of the Yithian. Its such a strange concept and could have turned out looking silly. I feel that it came together quite well. Put it beside a 25mm figure and it even looks menacing.

SA: Can you explain the process of creating a miniature from the original concept through to the completed product?

RM: The process is as follows:

A. The first step is to do a detailed sketch of the piece and to get input from the powers that be as to the commercial and artistic possibilities.

B. The figure is then sculpted out of epoxy putty onto a wire form in a process which can take anywhere from two weeks to two months depending on the complexity of the design.

C. The completed original is moulded into a master mould and several masters are made. Moulds are made from rubber that is formed to the shape of the figure through a process of heat and pressure treatment.

D. Production moulds are made from the masters and the piece goes to the production floor where casters make the actual figures by pouring lead into the mould and spinning it at high speed.

E. To maintain high quality, each piece is carefully inspected and packaged by hand and then the figures are shipped to the consumer.

SA: What other Cthulhu miniatures can we expect to see in the future?

RM: Hopefully everything in Chaosium's bestiary, lots of characters and anything else I can get away with. Everything depends upon long-term sales. The next pieces you will see are a Dark Young, a Byakhee, the Hounds of

Jacob's Forge

a dangerous duo both magical and malign

Per Okerstrom

Here are two items that can be used to add spice to any scenario. Both are of relatively low power but dire consequences can arise through their misuse. They are thought to be the creation of Jacob Whateley, circa the 1720s. These items may be found in and around Dunwich, but can easily be relocated for any scenario.

Echter's Whistle

This item is a small dark-green colored whistle, similar in size and shape to a ten-penny whistle. It is crudely formed, having six uneven holes on the top and an off-center thumb hole. The barrel of the whistle is inscribed with a primitive encircling serpent design. A successful Anthropology roll (or a Library Use roll at half) will reveal the design is vaguely reminiscent of the Native American Chettawat or Quetowat tribes' ritualistic snake designs.

The whistle is easily blown but any hapless investigator who tries to draw out a tune will soon find it impossible to put the thing down as the whistle will now play the user. The whistle draws 1D3 magic points per minute as it is played, plus 1/1D3 worth of SAN as images form unbidden upon the player's mind.

The whistle acts as a powerful version of the Summon Child of Yig spell (see CoC5, p. 158). It summons not only a Child of Yig (CoC5, p. 126), but also 1D10x10 normal serpents, of whatever type is found in the area. The resulting carpet of serpents costs 1/1D10 SAN to those viewing it.

The serpents summoned are not agitated and do not attack. The Child of Yig can be Bound if someone other than the user (who is otherwise occupied) knows the appropriate spell. Otherwise, the snakes undulate about the ground around the user until he stops blowing (see below). The snakes will strike if attacked, but only those directly attacked will respond.

The whistle (and the user) stop when the user reaches 0 magic points and falls unconscious, or when the user goes indefinitely insane from the per-minute SAN loss—whichever happens first. At that point the user drops the whistle, and the snakes disperse.

The whistle was originally used in conjunction with a ritual of worship to Yig, and the whistle and the ritual together have other powers of divination and insight that the whistle alone will not manifest. The ritual may well exist, recorded in some text or other of Whateley's or another wizard. The effects of such a ritual are up to the Keeper to design, and finding it could easily become an adventure in itself.

Absalom's Heart

This item is a small misshapen globe of hand-blown dark glass. It is a deep blood red in color almost bordering on black. Staring into its depths, the investigator will see many dark inclusions of unknown composition. The glass is similar in appearance to obsidian but with an oily sheen and feel. A successful Medicine or halved Knowledge roll will suggest that the item has roughly the same shape and size as a human heart.

The heart has the effects of a Srying Window (see



MATT WILLIAMS

*Your soul is sweet succor
to the agent
of the eternal causeways of night.*

*The arc of ultimate madness stretches far,
but it bends towards ultimate evil.*

*For this reason alone
must you doubt all that is,
and forsake all that was.*

*And know you
in your secret places
that just as we are all children of the atom,
we are also children of the devil.*

DEVIL'S CHILDREN

written by David Conyers,

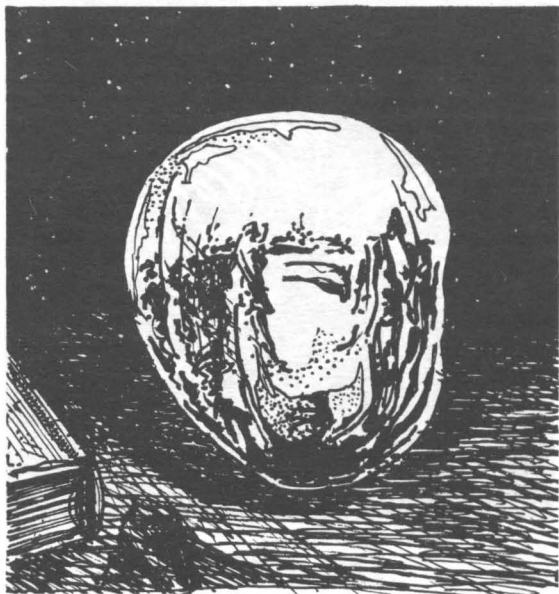
David Godley & David Witteveen

illustrated by Jesper Myrfors and Anson Maddox

A Call of Cthulhu™ adventure spanning 300 years

Recommended for mature readers

See pages 155-159 for ordering information. \$7²⁵



MATT WILLIAMS

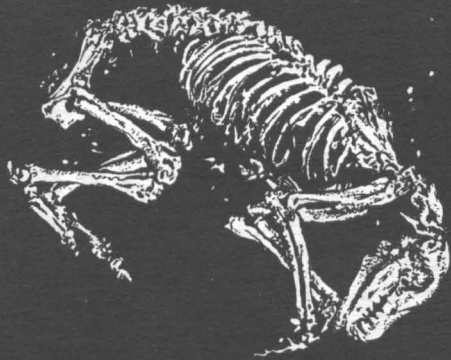
CoC5, p. 151) though not the same form. By looking into its depths, the viewer can see times long past. Each heart is keyed to a relative time period: one might show events in a given spot 800 years ago. This means the same thing isn't seen twice, as the time shown moves forward just as the time of the viewer does. As with the Scrying Window, any person or thing seen through the Heart has a chance of detecting this scrutiny and reacting—again, see the spell for details.

Using the Heart will cost 1/1D4 SAN, plus 1D6 magic points per hour of use. Of course, the things one sees in the Heart may also cause SAN loss.

Unlike a Scrying Window, it is possible to change the time period being viewed. The procedure to do so has been lost, but it is believed to involve a sacrifice of innocent blood over the Heart, which then begins beating until the blood is absorbed. A piece of lore passed down with the Hearts is that if one is broken or destroyed, the shades of those who were killed to steep the Heart in blood will seek vengeance on the breaker.

The number of Hearts created by Jacob Whateley is unknown, and their very existence was in question until the discovery of one by James R. Boone in the fall of 1871, secreted under a pew in the town of Jerusalem's Lot. §

A Tale of Terror



Steve Hatherley

BLAIR REYNOLDS

Dreamfires

Abruptly the investigator awakes. Something is burning, there is smoke in the air. The house is on fire! Opening the bedroom door reveals an angry orange hell. The fire rages fiercely in the hall, the walls and floors are blazing and impassable.

With flames licking at the door, there appears to be only one way out of the house: through the bedroom window. Outside, the street is quiet, nobody has yet noticed that the house is burning merrily. There is noth-

ing to climb down that is not already burning. The only option is to jump.

The investigator leaps out, towards a cold, hard safety. Landing is a sudden shock, a searing pain, and unconsciousness.

Possibilities

1. The investigator wakes up in hospital. There he is recovering from injuries sustained from his bedroom window leap. Returning to the house, it is untouched.

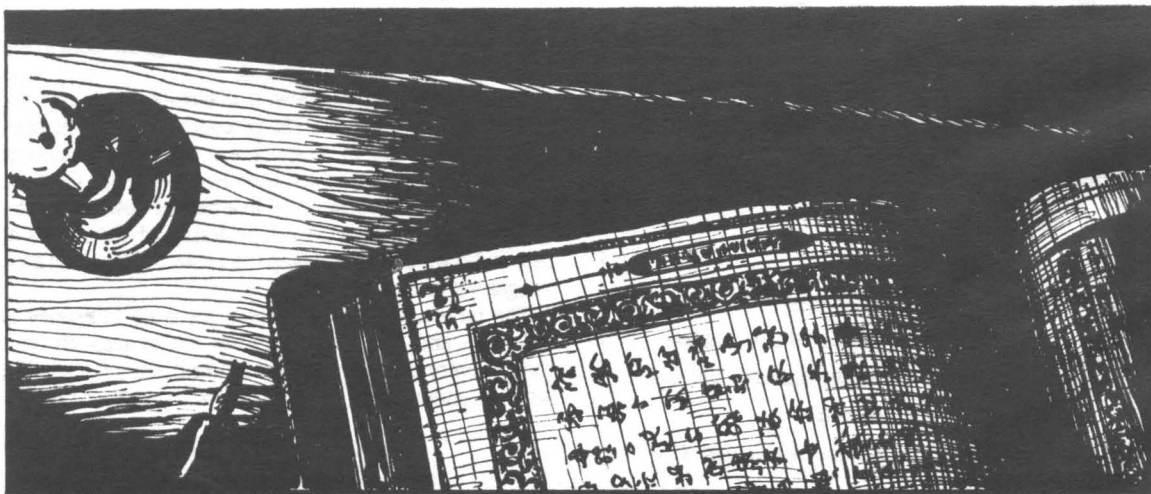
The nightmare is the work of a protective spell in a forbidden book the investigator is translating. Into one of the pages the author has worked a fiendish spell to prey on the fears of those who should not be reading the book.

Each time any investigator studies that book, there is a chance that he will glance at that page, so triggering the spell. Next time the investigator takes a flying leap from a window he might not be so lucky—he might be on the twentieth floor.

2. The investigator wakes up to find himself in the Dreamlands. He has been summoned, ripped out of normal slumber to appear in the Dreamlands. Whether friendly allies or dangerous enemies have summoned the investigator is not yet known.

In the waking world, the investigator appears to have fallen into a coma, having leapt from his bedroom window for no apparent reason. He also has a broken ankle and is currently in the hospital.

3. The investigator sits bolt upright in bed. It is night, the bedcovers are twisted and drenched in sweat. It was only a dream. ☺



MATT WILLIAMS

Kick-Off!

starting a *Call of Cthulhu* game

Steve Hatherley

*this article originally appeared in
Games Master International, May 1991*

The opening of a scenario in any game is important, but for *Call of Cthulhu* it is especially so. In *Call of Cthulhu* the characters are enticed into an adventure that will threaten their lives and sanity. An opening must either pitch them into a situation and force them to react, or be strong enough for characters to choose to abandon the cozy trappings of modern living and pit their wits against the furies from hell.

So why is it difficult to design an appropriate opening to an adventure? The idea is easy: Deep Ones over-running the sewers? A vampire in parliament? Cthugha in the attic? Good, fun, ideas—but how do you get the players involved? Waving the mythos in their faces works, but surely there are better ways to get them involved without resorting to such heavy-handedness?

Different games have different requirements. Campaigns and One-Night-Stands have needs of their own, and a good opening depends on whether the characters are Ordinary People, or Determined Investigators. Either way, the opening must be powerful enough to remind the players later in the game what they are doing and why they are doing it. "Because we read about it in the Guardian," is bad. "Because it killed my wife," is better.

There is a difference between the start of an adventure and the beginning of play. The beginning of play occurs every time the players get together, while an opening happens but once in an adventure. A campaign might have several openings—each one a lead to another piece of a macabre jig-saw. Once complete, the players should know what needs to be done to save civilization—as-we-know-it, and play is continuous.

Types Of Games

Games can be broken into two broad categories: One-Night-Stands and Campaigns. A one-night-stand is a

short self-contained adventure lasting only a few sessions and wraps up at the end. A brief spell of horror, and the players can return to their regular dose of fantasy, cyberpunk, or whatever.

A campaign concerns a group of dedicated characters pitting their wits against the forces of evil, and might ramble on for a year or so. A 'loose' campaign consists of several intermittent one-night-stands (perhaps run over the course of a couple of years) using the same characters. If there is an underlying plot then this might turn into a 'proper' campaign nearer the climax. Shadows of Yog-Sothoth might be considered a loose campaign.

The needs for openings are quite different for the two. A one-night-stand can be as dramatic and contrived as the Keeper likes; it probably features Ordinary People who need something exciting to motivate them. Campaigns can use low-key openings once the ball is rolling, as Dedicated Investigators will be on the lookout for the bizarre and unusual.

The most satisfying way to play *Call of Cthulhu* is in a carefully planned campaign, with characters committed to thwarting the evil machinations of the Keeper's creations. There might be a couple of self-contained and totally independent adventures to start with, but the main focus of play should be the campaign. A campaign made up of nothing but single adventures seems unrealistic. One or two such adventures in a lifetime might be excusable, but a non-stop series is not.

Openings can be used to dictate the flow of a game. A gentle start, scholarly and subdued, is suited to a brooding menace, lurking patiently beneath the fabric of society. On the other hand, zombies flailing at the window makes for a grand opening to a frantic tale, the clock ticking ever closer to an apocalyptic deadline.

Getting Involved

All *Call of Cthulhu* characters start out as Ordinary People. The everymen, the Joe Publics, going about their daily business. Then something terrible happens—and their world is suddenly turned upside down. Having experienced the soul-searing horror of the Cthulhu Mythos, the characters may retreat back to mundane normality and out of the game (at least until the sequel).

An Example

What follows is an excerpt from the journal of Dr. Niles Hardcour. This record is actually being kept by a player currently entangled in the intricate plot of *Masks of Nyarlathotep*. Brian Appleton, our proofreader and all around fuggly associate is currently running the venerable campaign. This passage creatively demonstrates his realistic and motivating alternative to the published material's contrived and unlikely introduction:

Friday, March 14, 1924

As I write while aboard the morning train to Arkham, I can not help but feel that even after last night's horror beneath the cemetery stranger things are yet to come. Though the mystery of the bronze head and the sad deaths at the Ausperg Auction have been explained, it is obvious that many a horrid puzzle remains.

What of el' Sufyani, and the severed head from my bloody hotel room? What of this ancient dagger and the mysterious voice? There is still an anachronistic death cult

stalking about New York — poor Mr. Buhtbaumbe is proof of that. There is still the mysterious vial of Mr. James, and there is still the odd black man who calls himself the Royal Pant. And of course, as always, there is still the hope of finding, more so now than ever before, the truth of father's fate.

The train travels north and soon I will be able to show and show-off Clifford to the places and people of my remembered times at Miskatonic. Also, I will be prevailed upon to help Mr. Elias in his researches, and perhaps he in mine, as we try to untangle the mysterious strings of our recent circumstances.

After a short time in Arkham I anticipate a return to England for a deserved rest, and a period of planning for future inquiries. I am certain that though I end my daily writings here, we are only at the beginning and I end my writings in this secret little book only to save pages for continued strangeness. Strangeness that Destiny most assuredly has in store.

That, or they start on the path towards becoming a Dedicated Investigator.

Ordinary People, naturally enough, work best in a one-night-stand with the Keeper taking a handful of innocents and scaring the hell out of them. Dedicated Investigators are those brave souls that keep a campaign moving, ever striving to thwart Dread Cthulhu's plans. Ordinary People do crop up in a campaign—but not for long. They either return to their homes and families (perhaps the character—or player—didn't fit in) or become Dedicated Investigators themselves.

As far as an opening goes, Ordinary People need a more dynamic opening than Dedicated Investigators, who are on the lookout for strangeness.

The ideal supernatural investigator is unencumbered by family and dependants, has plenty of free time, is stout of heart and has an independent income. Most importantly, he has a motive, a reason for doing what he does. This may be the lure of fame or fortune, a yearning for knowledge, simple revenge, a love of excitement, or a sense of duty.

A good opening can capitalize on these motives—perhaps by hinting at fabulous treasures or forgotten lore. Catering for those stricken with a conscience is easy: almost any opening will send them off to right wrongs and do good.

The Corpse

Preferably fresh, and usually a close friend. Corpses are perhaps the most common of all openings, and Masks of Nyarlathotep is typical. The theory is simple: outraged by the sudden death of a close friend the characters are compelled to investigate. For the bond of friendship to work, the victim needs to be in play for some while before execution. Otherwise, these close friends just pop up out of the woodwork, and then die shortly afterwards. Being a friend of an investigator is a hazardous occupation.

To work to dramatic effect, the victim needs to be part of the characters' lives, making it ideal for the middle of a campaign. Near the end of the campaign an investigator might not have many friends left anyway.

On the other hand, a murdered spouse or butchered family is an excellent reason for an Ordinary Person to become a Determined Investigator—making its use ideal for one-night-stands and the start of a campaign.

An interesting alternative is to kill off one of the characters instead, after sounding it out with the player beforehand.

An Occupational Hazard

Or, "Hey Barney, there's some dead geezer downtown with his head missing. Can you cover it?" An ideal opening for journalists, policemen, doctors, private eyes.

and the like. During the course of their normal business they uncover a little more than they bargained for.

This is excellent for bringing individual characters into contact with the Cthulhu Mythos, and starting them on the path to Dedicated Investigator-hood. Good for a one-on-one situation, perhaps as a prelude for bringing a new character into a campaign. In a group situation, with characters from different walks of life, it is less effective.

Other hazards face journalists, artists, and authors: backlash. If a journalist is to cover a story, what's to stop his enemies from reading it? Similarly, an author might want to use real-life experiences in his weird fiction, but should dress it up to avoid retaliation. Artwork has obvious drawbacks.

The Exclusive

An intriguing news story catches the eye, and off the investigators trundle into another episode. The sad fact about newspaper cuttings is that they do not work, especially for one-night-stands. It is very unrealistic for someone to pick up the daily paper, spot a bizarre item and quite uncharacteristically, on the spur of the moment, dash off to investigate. It is likely that the only reason the investigation has begun is because the cutting was photocopied from an adventure, and the player therefore knew it was important. When preparing a published adventure for play, hand-write the cuttings, and throw in one or two red herrings.

Newspapers are useful for information and leads. They are rarely accurate, but they do give an idea of where to search once the game is afoot.

A horror festering just beneath the surface is best introduced with newspapers. These adventures simply lurk, patiently evil and waiting to be discovered. They are often brutal, and are suited to a campaign during which the players, after having their noses bloodied, can retreat for a while and try again later. Chaosium's scenarios "Dark Carnival" and "The Asylum" are typical examples. A few scattered newspaper cuttings may put the group onto the trail. Maybe they investigate, but maybe they don't.

A Friend in Need

In which an acquaintance calls for some assistance, and it all goes horribly wrong. Another popular start and one that works in both types of game, although suited to early, character-building scenes in a campaign.

A problem with this opening is that the NPC needs a legitimate reason for calling on the player. An NPC is unlikely to be aware of any Cthulhu-Busting activities,

so an approach needs to be 'innocent.' Thus "Hey guys, I know you're psychic investigators so can you come and deal with this Thing I'm having trouble with?" doesn't work, while "Hey prof, I've discovered these stone blocks in my garden, can you come and take a gander?" does.

However, the main drawback of this approach is in group play. It works very well in a one-on-one situation, with a single player-character called in for some reason. In a group situation, it is difficult to justify the appearance of the entire group until the juices really start flowing.

Chosen

In many campaigns it can be difficult to bring the characters together, ensuring a good balance of skills and abilities, without appearing too contrived. If a campaign concerns the rise of a particular evil and the long struggle to thwart it, then the characters might be special somehow: Chosen.

Together because they are destined to fight horror, exactly how the characters gather is up to the Keeper. Examples include being 'seen' by a psychic, discovering their portraits in a painting, their names in an ancient text, or just coming together at a fortuitous time.

This works well in supernatural adventures against 'traditional' villains. The characters have been selected by fate to battle against the rise of the Evil Ones. Some characters might even turn out to have psychic abilities, but all have been selected for whatever task lies ahead.

In a long campaign, their true task might not be revealed for some time, hidden at first behind several smaller battles. Special 'powers' might not manifest themselves until required, and the game can build to a really big grand finale.

Jonahs

A special type of Chosen, Jonahs are people to whom things just happen. The strange and mysterious seem to be drawn to these people. Demons stop and chat, vampires live in their cellars, and doorways leading to strange dimensions just fling themselves open at their passing. Jonahs are the sorts of people who are served by the werewolf-librarian, or stop for petrol at the filling station served by zombies.

If there is a Jonah in the party (and it is a decision the Keeper should make—just let the players figure out why all the fun seems to happen to one of them) then he can be used as an excuse for just about anything.

The Big One

The rise of R'lyeh, Azathoth's arrival, the Deep One

invasion of Manchester. Something so huge, so awful, that it affects the entire population. This type of opening is quite dramatic, events overtaking everything and sweeping the characters into adventure. The players can be anyone, struggling to cope now that their world has been turned inside out.

The climax to a campaign differs in that the investigators should be in a position to thwart (or at least hinder) the Bad Guys.

Using *The Big One* as an opening puts the players in a bad position. Things are bad enough for them normally, but now it is worse. Their aims should be much clearer however: *To Put Things Right*. A campaign like this might start after a previous one has failed. New characters, but the same menace—only this time much stronger!

The Big One in a one-night-stand needs to be smaller, and less of a problem. Such as visiting an Aunt and discovering that her village has been overrun by Serpent People. It is still a shock, and the characters still have to cope, but it will only take a few hours of gaming to resolve. Anything really big requires a lifetime of gaming to solve. A campaign, in fact.

Nightmares

One of the characters starts having horrific nightmares,

all of which come true. Nightmares are great in any situation, as a fiendish Keeper can do horrible things to the poor characters time and again. However, to work as an opening, a nightmare must be prophetic.

A character with prophetic dreams is a valuable resource provided the experience doesn't send him screaming to the asylum. Nightmares can be used to start any adventure, and best work in conjunction with another opening. They can also be used to bring a replacement character into a campaign—perhaps the other investigators were seen in a dream.

This works best in a campaign, where such an advantage can be used to good effect. Of course, there may be nasty side-effects, such as violent mood swings, schizophrenia, and firestarting.

Revenge

What has happened to the neighbor's cat? Who broke in but did not steal anything? Why is frogspawn coming out of the faucets? Something is going on, but what? Harassment such as this tends to indicate a particular type of adventure has begun: Revenge. A past, still living (or resurrected), foe decides to put an end to their troublesome meddling and launches an all-out assault. Obviously this is a campaign-only option.



DAVID BROWN

Foes can play it two ways, either a frontal assault, or a subtle game of suspense and paranoia. The assault allows the keeper to hurl wave after wave of monsters at the players, but suspense and paranoia can be more fun.

An Accidental Blunder

In which our intrepid heroes stumble accidentally across an ancient horror so awful they put their lives at risk in order to stop it. This might be uncovering a plot to dig up an old Star Spawn, or finding out that the shy, reclusive neighbor is actually a Mi-Go in disguise. In some cases it can be similar to The Big One.

Accidental Blunders, particularly dramatic ones, work superbly in one-night-stands. In a campaign it only works once, perhaps at the start to get the ball rolling. It is better if a seasoned group find clues pointing towards its existence rather than blunder across it—too much accidental footwork strikes of Keeper manipulation (or perhaps there's a Jonah in the party).

In this sense, random encounters fall into this section. Random encounters simply do not happen in a horror campaign. Encounters need to be carefully crafted to suit the situation.

The Reading of the Will

In which a dear, departed relative leaves something rather rotten to one of the investigators. Such as a mysterious statue, an old book or sinister artifact.

Heirlooms serve two purposes. In a one-night-stand, or at the start of a campaign, they serve to be the focus of an adventure. Half-way through a campaign these are less successful—how many uncles with mysterious pasts can the investigators have? Instead, it is better if the investigators receive the odd piece of information or equipment, perhaps the odd sum of money from grateful individuals.

An entertaining alternative for modern investigators is to receive a package from one of their 1920s counterparts. This might contain all sorts of information, including bits and pieces stolen from a dozen old scenarios. Perhaps the players recognise the name?

Expeditions into the Unknown

To darkest Peru, the bottom of the sea, an uncharted island, or even the moon. An expedition takes the characters from comfortable suburbia to the exciting unknown.

In a one-night-stand, this often turns into An Accidental Blunder when it is discovered that the ancient ruin (or whatever the target of the expedition is) is not quite so

dead as was expected. Dedicated Investigators can find out that the expedition is going to discover more than it bargained for, and then do their best to be invited. In a campaign, the group might even want to initiate an expedition—but that's another adventure.

The Object

Something found in Pre-Cambrian ice, or a painting in a gallery, triggers off an adventure. Perhaps a specialist knows there is something unusual, or perhaps it falls into the player's hands and *something* wants it back. Good occultist objects can be found in museums or at auctions, such as the titular item in "Thoth's Dagger."

An object starting a one-night-stand needs to have something dynamic happen to it immediately. In a campaign it can be lying around for ages before its potential is realized, and this can occur at a quite inconvenient time. In both it is important that someone sooner or later recognizes the object for what it is worth.

Books and tomes are also objects, but tend to be prizes more than anything. However, books should be carefully crafted by a Keeper and not simply handed out like treats to a popular pet. The knowledge inside should be potent, and if carelessly managed can lead to a range of misadventures.

Conclusion

Certain situations work best with certain people. Both the players and the characters, as well as the type of game, should be considered when deciding upon a particular opening. Sometimes it is best to use two or three simultaneously, just to make sure.

Published scenarios can sometimes prove a problem. Their openings are often quite unsuitable for groups other than the original playtesters. A good scenario will have several ways in which the characters can become involved. Alternatively, one way a Keeper can understand more about a published adventure is to rework the opening to suit.

Openings should be fun, relevant, and irresistible, and a little thought can make them so. ☺

Things That Go Bump In The Night

creating mood and atmosphere in your Call of Cthulhu game

J. Todd Kingrea

In the *Call of Cthulhu* third edition hardback, on page 82, Sandy Petersen wrote "Above all, do not forget that *Call of Cthulhu* is a game of mood." He continues, urging Keepers to keep their games full of "bumps in the night, sinister strangers, and dark and stormy nights." For me, this is perhaps one of the greatest advantages of this game. The correct mood and atmosphere in a scenario or campaign can add emotion, fun and chills, and can really make your adventures come alive.

What follows are some ideas that I have found to be worthwhile and productive in my campaign. For beginning Keepers, or for those of you looking to add a little spice to your current game—this is for you!

Atmosphere On A Budget

The great thing about creating a believable atmosphere is that you don't have to go to a lot of trouble, or spend a lot of money. With \$10 in your pocket and a quick trip to the department store, you can have all the atmosphere you want! And it will go a long, long way. In addition, your players can—and probably will—be able to help you out. Creating a plausible atmosphere is not strictly the Keeper's domain; the players should contribute as well. Exactly how they can do this is discussed a little later. Right now let's concentrate on some inexpensive, productive ways to put a little "spooky" in your next adventure.

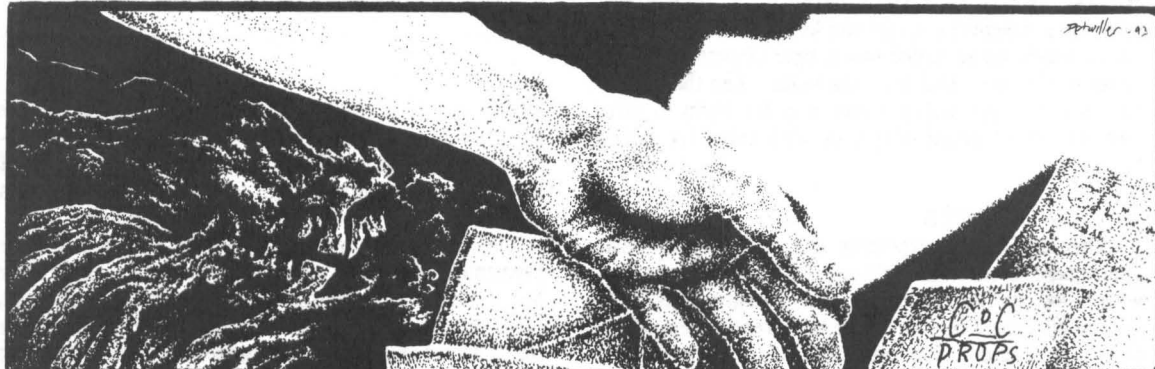
Sound & Music

One of the best ways I have found to build atmosphere is through the use of sound effects and soundtracks in some adventures. This can be done by getting a few blank cassette tapes and preparing them ahead of time. Then have the tape in a cassette player nearby. Your players will be asking you what you're going to do with the tape player. Smile, and tell them to wait and see...or better yet, hear.

For a good rainstorm effect, turn on your shower and record it. Old Halloween records provide many opportunities for screams, laughs, howls and moans. A good way to provide background noise (for those times in a crowd) is to record your television and radio at the same time; likewise, recording a group of your friends talking makes an excellent sound effect for anytime you need the sound of a crowd.

However, all sound effects do not need to be pre-recorded. Many items around the home are within easy reach during a game. For example, instead of telling the players they hear something scratching against the car door, have a fork handy and rake it across the bottom of a pot or pan. This allows the players to actually *hear* what's going on, as opposed to you simply telling them what they hear.

There are hundreds of different items that can be used to make sounds during a game. Look around and experiment with different things: a wet dishrag dropped into a sink could be a Deep One's slimy footsteps; slamming a



DENNIS DETWILLER

cabinet door could be the door of the haunted house "mysteriously" shutting; a 2-liter soda bottle hit with a spoon may be the sound from a Mi-Go mining colony; a piece of paper being torn in two may signal the imminent arrival of a Dimensional Shambler; or the sound of a group of ghouls trying to break into a house could be made by putting a few ice cubes into a plastic bowl and shaking them around. Decide what special sounds you need for your scenario, and then begin experimenting until you're satisfied. It will make a world of difference in your games.

While we're on the subject of sounds, don't overlook the advantages of using a musical soundtrack with your adventure. I have run several adventures in which I had a musical soundtrack, and the results from each session were phenomenal.

You can use a musical soundtrack in the same fashion they are used in a motion picture. That is, to accentuate a discovery, help set the mood for an event, or provide background noise and lend flavor. Perhaps a certain song has a chorus that goes hand-in-hand with the clues your players have been finding. Or perhaps you want a theme song, or music for a special moment. Soundtracks work great for things like this.

I recently ran a gothic romance (yes, believe it or not, you can work a gothic romance into *Call of Cthulhu* entitled "Tears of Dust." I recorded songs from people like ZZ Top, the Beatles, Iron Maiden, Rod Stewart and others. I had planned out when, and in what order, I would play the songs. This way, I could let my players feel the emotions of the adventure through the music; or I could let a particular song say something I couldn't; or I could say something about an NPC or an upcoming event, without having to verbally do so.

Any music you want to use is fine, as long as it's what you want, and you feel it will work. Whether it's rap, classical, country & western, heavy metal, reggae, jazz, folk or instrumental, you can do a lot in an adventure with a soundtrack. As an added bonus, your players may want copies of the assembled tape you made when the adventure is over. This makes a nice way for them to carry memories of a special adventure with them for a long time.

Visual Effects

Another excellent, inexpensive and easy way to create atmosphere is through lighting. This can be done best with a few candles, flashlights or an oil lamp. I generally use the oil lamp. I received mine as a present from one of my players, and it has become a staple in my game.

Soundtrack Suggestions

The following recordings may help you to raise the hairs on the backs of many a player's neck.

Chiller—Telarc CD-80189 by Erich Kunzel and the Cincinnati Pops Orchestra. Don't laugh, Telarc recordings are some of the best you can find. This CD (also available on tape) is a must for anyone who wants to add some music to their game. Terrific sound effects are mixed in with classic horror music. The opening of the recording has wonderful thunder, screams and roars that all lead into the full pipe organ overture from *Phantom of the Opera* (the musical, not the movie). Other selections on the disc include *Night on Bald Mountain*, *Danse Macabre*, *Theme From Twilight Zone*, and even music from *Psycho* complete with shower sounds and screams. All the cuts of music on the disc are perfect, and it's a totally digital recording.

Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country—MCAD 10512, by Cliff Eidelman. This isn't your typical *Star Trek* music, it's very dark and ominous throughout. It is very similar to Igor Stravinsky's *Firebird*, which is another good choice.

Batman—Warner Bros. Original Motion Picture Score Composed by Danny Elfman. Most people are probably very familiar with the music from *Batman*. Much of this score makes for excellent background music. There are several other film soundtracks by Danny Elfman that have the rich Gothic sound he has become known for: *Beetlejuice*, *Edward Scissorhands*, *Nightbreed* and a compilation of his recordings, *Music for a Darkened Theatre*. All of these are outstanding choices for CoC.

The preceding list is a good start for gaming music. To keep this short, the following are also excellent choices.

The Addams Family Motion Picture Soundtrack—

Whenever we reach a part of the adventure that takes place at night (or in places like caves, or during a thunderstorm), I will turn out the overhead light and burn the oil lamp. It provides enough light to see maps and dice with, but isn't as gaudy or common as a normal light.

The lamp itself may cost you \$6-\$12, but it is an investment that will quickly show results. Since most lamps have a wick control, you can push the wick up for more light, or turn it down for minimal light. Of course, the shadows created by the flame can be quite useful, as

Capitol Records, music by Marc Shaiman.

Amadeus Motion Picture Soundtrack—The Saul Zaentz Company. "Don Giovanni" and the Requiem.

Bernard Herrmann, The Concert Suites—Masters Film Music. A boxed 4-disc set of Herrmann's classic movie scores, including *Psycho*, *North by Northwest* and *Vertigo*. Order from Masters Film Music, 1 Nordic Court, Whitby, Ontario, Canada L1N 5N2

Close Encounters Motion Picture Soundtrack—Arista Records, by John Williams.

Dangerous Liaisons Motion Picture Soundtrack—Virgin Records 791057-2, by George Fenton.

Dracula (1979 version) Motion Picture Soundtrack—MCA Records, by John Williams.

Richard Wagner, The "Ring" Without Words—Telarc CD-80154. This contains orchestral highlights from Wagner's immortal ring cycle.

Star Trek: The Motion Picture—Columbia Records, by Jerry Goldsmith. "Vejur Flyover" is very good.

Symphony of Psalms—composed by Igor Stravinsky, many recordings available.

The Elephant Man Motion Picture Soundtrack—20th Century Fox Records, by John Morris.

Tales of Mystery and Imagination—Polygram Records, by The Alan Parsons Project. "The Fall of the House of Usher," complete with intro narration by Orson Welles and thunderstorm sound effects.

The Planets—composed by Gustav Holst, many recordings available.

The Rite of Spring—composed by Igor Stravinsky, many recordings available.

The Witches of Eastwick Motion Picture Soundtrack—Warner Bros. Records, by John Williams.

Twilight Zone The Movie—Warner Bros. Records. "Nightmare at 20,000 Feet" is very good.

—Thomas Hart

well. My lamp has probably been the best prop I've ever used. You create an instant atmosphere when you burn one in place of regular light, and it has been a genuine asset to my game. Try it and see what a difference it makes.

Please note, however, that an oil lamp (and candles, too, for that matter) are not toys. If you use any of these, make sure they won't get knocked over by someone jumping up from the table. And always keep something handy to smother or put out flames in the event an accident should

occur. Creating atmosphere is fine, but be responsible about it and take precautions.

Speaking of candles, they work well for creating atmosphere, too. The biggest problem with them is the fact that they have to be replaced frequently, and you'll find yourself going to the store every week or so to get new ones. The results from an oil lamp and candles will essentially be the same, so deciding what to use will be personal preference.

Flashlights, however, are not very good to use. If you are running an 1890s or 1920s campaign, flashlights will detract from the atmosphere. Candles and oil lamps will work *much* better for these time periods, as it helps keep the flavor of the era intact. It is a good idea, though, for the Keeper to have a small personal flashlight or penlight handy. Once you light your candles or lamp, if you're using GM screens, you may find it difficult to see your notes. Being prepared with a small light will allow you to find information in your notes quicker and easier.

Player Assistance

Earlier I mentioned that your players can help create the atmosphere. They can do this in two ways. One, by being receptive to the fact that you are trying to build up some emotion and mood. Nothing frustrates a Keeper more than players who are laughing and clowning around at a critical stage in the game. Ask your players to be more conscious of the times when you begin to create your atmosphere. They'll support you, because they know it will benefit them.

All players will get punchy and rambunctious at times. Mine do. However, I can simply say to them, "okay, come on people," and they know that means it's time to ease up on the silliness and concentrate on what's going on. It works well. I don't expect them not to laugh or joke around, but I do expect them to pay attention and play a part in what I'm setting up. Talk with your players, individually or as a group—they'll be more than willing to help you out.

The second way players can contribute to the atmosphere of a game is by looking like their characters. Ask your players to wear something to your games that their character wears. For example, if someone in your group is playing a gypsy, ask them to wear some scarves, extra jewelry, or bracelets. This will give everyone a chance to really "see" what each other's characters look like.

Players don't have to be extravagant about this. Look through your closets, hit a few flea markets or bargain clothing stores. You can find something to personalize your character for just a few bucks. Even the slightest

change—a particular hat, an old piece of jewelry, or a certain sweater—can add a lot to your game. This helps role-playing as well; people feel more in-character and consequently they play better.

My old college roommate played a character who wore a patch over his left eye. He found a cheap plastic patch in a store at Halloween, and would wear it during the game. The patch cost all of 98¢ but the amount it added to our game was worth much more. Many of my players have done this, and it never failed to promote better role-playing and atmosphere around the table.

Getting The Gestalt

As an example of using atmosphere, I'd like to describe the set-up I prepared for a Dreamlands adventure. Just about every keeper has a different interpretation of that sleepy realm, so there are no definite rules. If you're going to use the Dreamlands, let your imagination and creativity run wild. Your players will expect something different, so give it to them.

I was very nervous the first time I ever used the Dreamlands. I wanted it to be something special and memorable—not just a fantasy dimension somewhere. About a week before the climax of the adventure (which took place on the Plateau of Leng), I visited a close friend and told him of my predicament.

He said that he could understand my nervousness, and that I should "assault their senses" with all sorts of sensory input. According to him, since they were going somewhere they had never been, they wouldn't know what to expect. "Hit them with everything you can," he said. "Disorient them and make them feel as if they're in a strange, alien, new place."

I took my friend's advice (thanks, Marshall!) and put together "my" Dreamlands:

I purchased a blue light bulb and put it into a lamp near the table. I got an old cassette tape, and proceeded to record noises and sounds on it. These noises and sounds were from anything and everything in my apartment. I put a penny in the bottom of a pot and swirled it around; I drug a stiff-bristled hairbrush across the carpet; I tapped and beat on the floor, furniture, dishes and tape player; I broke pieces of macaroni and dropped them on the floor; I bounced a ball across the room; I sloshed liquid around in a plastic bottle; and generally tried to make as many different sounds as possible. I recorded and re-recorded the Eagles' song "Journey of the Sorcerer" (from the One of These Nights album) along with all of this. The result was a 45-minute soundtrack for the Dreamlands.

The results of all this preparation were phenomenal!

KILLER CROSSHAIRS

A visually-oriented hit location system
for use with any role-playing game.

See pages 155-159 for ordering information.

\$4⁰⁰

WHAT GUN CONTROL WAS MEANT TO BE

My players were used to the burning oil lamp, so imagine their surprise when the table was flooded with weak, bluish light. They were used to the sound of their own voices and movements during a game, and they were completely taken aback and disoriented when I started the soundtrack. Now they knew they weren't in an ordinary session, but in a spot they had never been before.

I told them the noises they were hearing *could* be noises coming from around them on the Plateau of Leng, or it *could* be sounds in the waking world that their sleeping bodies were hearing. Of course, I received a lot of "what was that?", "do we hear that?" and "where's that coming from?" but I was purposefully vague with my answers.

The final thing I did was to sneak my camera flash in before we started the session. No one knew I had it, until I flashed it under the table! Cries of "what the @&^#! was that!?" abounded, but I just smiled.

Needless to say, I was glad I had overcome my nervousness and tried something different. My interpretation of dreams and the Dreamlands probably won't match yours, and my atmosphere probably won't either. The point, however, is to do something radically exotic and unique. Be inventive, and don't be afraid to take chances to achieve an enveloping atmosphere that will make the game more of an immersing experience.

Conclusion

I have presented several ways to go about creating proper mood and emotion for your *Call of Cthulhu* games. It's not hard. It just takes a little preparation.

Keepers and players alike can benefit from good atmosphere. Your games will have a new look and a new life. The role-playing in your group will improve. And the eerie, spooky backbone of the game will be just as it should be. 3

The problem with the plesiosaurus is that it is a reptile. As such, it is cold-blooded, a problem for something living in the frigid waters of Loch Ness. Also, the plesiosaurus would need to come up for air fairly often, moreso than sightings indicate. Underwater caves with air pockets could be the creature's source for air, however, and the sea turtle (which has a special temperature control as part of its biology) provides a model for the survival of a cold-blooded creature in cold waters.

STR 10D6

CON 5D6

SIZ 10D6

INT 1D6

POW 3D6

DEX 2D6+10

Weapons: Bite 55%, 2D6+STR bonus

Armor: 3 points



JONATHAN WOLFE

Giant Seal

A giant humped seal or manatee is another proposed monster. Being mammalian, these creatures do not need to worry about the cold waters of Loch Ness, as layers of blubber and fat keep them warm even in near-freezing waters. The chief problem with mammals is that they constantly come up for air and a giant seal, if it is at all like its relations, it would enjoy lounging about on the shores of Loch Ness.

Seals also tend to live in large colonies, substantially increasing the number of monsters in the Loch waiting to be captured.

STR 8D6

CON 7D6

SIZ 10D6

INT 2D6

POW 3D6

DEX 1D6+10

Weapons: Bite 45%, 1D6+STR bonus

Armor: 3 points



JONATHAN WOLFE

Giant Eel

The giant eel is a good Loch Ness monster. He never needs to come up for air and is at home in icy waters.

The problem is that eels don't greatly resemble the thing seen in Loch Ness and eels never surface, making

this an even less likely proposition.

STR 8D6

CON 8D6

SIZ 9D6

INT 1D3

POW 3D6

DEX 3D6+10

Weapons: Bite 60%, 3D6+STR bonus

Giant Slug

An enormous sea slug has many factors in its favor. Its lack of a backbone allows it to alter its shape to some degree, accounting for the variations in witness reports. The sea slug would not need to come up for air nor would it be annoyed by cold water. The problems with sea slugs are that, like most aquatic mollusks, they are bottom dwellers, feeding upon the refuse that collects at the bottom of bodies of sea water. A bottom dwelling creature would be encountered far less often than the Loch Ness monster is actually reported.

STR 8D6

CON 4D6

SIZ 10D6

INT 1

POW 3D6

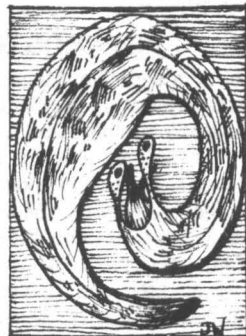
DEX 3D6

Weapons: Bite 45%, 1D4+STR bonus; Engulf 35%, foe is grabbed and held by the monster

Armor: 6 points



JONATHAN WOLFE



JONATHAN WOLFE

Giant Salamander

A huge salamander offers nice possibilities. A salamander is aquatic and resembles the Loch Ness Monster in all but the neck and flippers (salamanders possess webbed feet).

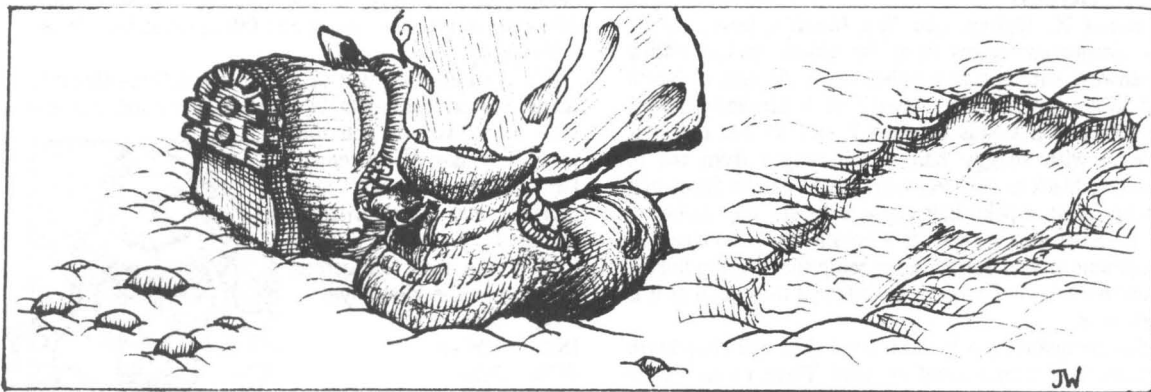
What particularly makes a gargantuan salamander inviting is that fossils of such a beastie have been found in Scottish coal mines.

STR 8D6

CON 5D6



JONATHAN WOLFE



JONATHAN WOLFE

SIZ 10D6

INT 1D6

POW 3D6

DEX 2D6+10

Weapons: Bite 50%, 1D6+STR bonus**Armor:** 6 points

Abominable Snowmen

The late anthropologist and cryptozoologist Ivan Sanderson spent a great deal of his life pursuing the Yeti and its world-wide relations. The theories which he developed about these creatures are quite helpful to those attempting to understand these creatures. They are even more helpful to someone introducing Abominable Snowmen into a role-playing game.

It is important to here note that for our purposes I am limiting the number of hominid species to three: the diminutive Alma, the giant Sasquatch, and the bestial Yeti. I feel justified in doing this for two reasons. First, three species are really all that is reasonable to give credence to from the evidence at hand. Sanderson is a little over-zealous in assuming the possibility for several hominids and a few unknown apes and large monkeys living in central Asia. Second, these species offer Keepers the most variety for use in their games.

I have employed a little dramatic license to spice up these otherwise peaceful creatures. Hominids are said to be shy creatures that do not actively hunt humans, although humans certainly do hunt them. One has more to fear from a wild dog than a roaming Bigfoot.

Alma

(Homo Neanderthalis [Neanderthal Man], Meh-Teh)

The Alma range from the Caucus to the Himalayas to Siberia. Smaller than humans (about 5½') and less civilized than a derelict, Almas are the surviving remnants of Neanderthal Man. They are shy and reclusive although they have, on occasion, had dealings with humans. Almas have sometimes left furs on rocks which Mongolian peasants replace with fruits or other foods in the most primitive of barter systems. Almas have also been known to abduct human wives.

Almas are human in form with thick brows and a peaked forehead. Their eyes are very human and their hands possess manipulative digits. Almas are covered in silky brown fur except for in the area of the face, palms and soles, where tan skin can be seen.

Almas have developed the ability to fashion crude tools and weapons. Their cave homes are sometimes adorned with simple pictures painted with natural pigments. Almas are unable to make fire though they do not fear it. Rather, they revere fire and show great respect for anyone that is able to call forth the mystic bringer of warmth and light.

Almas live in primitive tribes ruled by the strongest adult male Alma.

STR 3D6+6

INT 1D6+2

POW 2D6

SIZ 3D6-2

CON 4D6

Weapons: Club 25%,

1D6+1D4; Maul 35%,

1D8+STR bonus

Skills: Camouflage 65%, Climb

65%, Listen 75%, Track 40%



JONATHAN WOLFE

Sasquatch

(Hominid 'X,' Bigfoot, Dzu-Teh, Mo-Mo, Jersey Devil)
The Sasquatch ranges from the Orient to the Pacific Northwest with sparse populations in the rest of North and South America (the Yowie is an Australian relation). The Sasquatch stands between 7 and 10 feet tall. It is covered with shaggy hair which ranges from red to brown to black to gray. As with the Alma, the Sasquatch has no facial or palm hair; these areas are skin alone.

The Sasquatch represents a parallel evolutionary development to man. Rather than being the 'missing link,' it is another creature entirely, as different from men as it is from apes.

The Sasquatch is a kind creature that will only harm humans if it is mistreated or rabid. These creatures are very curious about humanity, however, a fact which does not endear them to those living at the edge of the wilderness.

Sasquatches eat plants, insects and rodents, though a rogue Sasquatch may be more bloodthirsty (such as the infamous Fouke monster). The extent of tool-usage that Sasquatches understand is limited to that of using sticks to turn over stones so as to get at the rodents and insects beneath them and using boulders as missiles against enemies.

Sasquatches live in small family prides consisting of the parents and pre-pubescent young. Sasquatch are always accompanied by a foul 'garbage-dump' odor which is often noticed before the creature is even seen. These monsters communicate with high-pitched wails.

STR 4D6+6
INT 2D6-2 (min. of 4)
POW 2D6
SIZ 5D6
CON 5D6

Weapons: Maul 50%,
1D6+STR bonus
Skills: Camouflage 50%, Lis-
ten 80%

Yeti

(Gigantopithecus, Yeh-Teh)

The Yeh-Teh or Yeti ranges from the Orient to the Pacific Northwest, where it is only occasionally encountered. The Yeti appear as monstrous gorillas between 8 and 12 feet tall possessing longer legs which allow them fully bipedal motion. Their arms are extremely long, hanging well below their knees. Yeti are loners that hunt

below the mountains in the summer and spring and hibernate during the winter and fall in caves high in the Himalayas.

The Yeti are carnivorous and pose a definite threat to herds and pack animals. If a Yeti is famished, humans may be viewed as potential prey. In times of extremely long winters, Yeti will band together and attack villages in search of food. A hungry Yeti is the most dangerous creature in the Himalayas.

STR 5D6+6
INT 1D6+2
POW 3D6
SIZ 5D6
CON 6D6

Weapons: Maul 50%,
1D6+STR bonus; Bite 45%,
1D6+1D4



JONATHAN WOLFE

Himalayan Notes

The Himalayas are home to all three of these creatures. The small Meh-Teh (Alma) lives almost entirely in the jungles at the foot of the mountains where it hides in caves and crude shelters from the heat of the day. The Yeh-Teh (Yeti) also hunt in the jungles but they prefer the cold of the mountains and it is in the Himalayas that they make their lairs. The Dzu-Teh (Sasquatches) are native to the plateaus of Tibet and only occasionally come to the Himalayas to hunt or hibernate, plunging the native populace in a panic and forcing the Yeh-Teh to seek alternate food sources (i.e. human-kept herds and food stores). ☹



JONATHAN WOLFE

CULT OF CTHULHU t-shirts

A striking illustration by Blair Reynolds
graces the front of this 100% cotton tee.

See pages 155-159 for ordering information.

\$10⁰⁰

ABOMINABLE APPAREL

Wanted: Cthulhu Mythos Fiction

New tales of the Lovecraftian Mythos are now being accepted until July 1st by Thomas M.K. Stratman for possible inclusion in a forthcoming anthology, to be published by Chaosium, Inc. No novel-length works; novella-length works are discouraged at this time. Looking for works in your own voice which utilize the mythology created by H.P. Lovecraft. No pastiches, no comedy rip-offs. If you are familiar with the cooperative spirit that existed between Lovecraft and many writers of that era, then you know what we want to recreate with this anthology. Please, follow the standard rules of submission. Indicate if we may write on the manuscript. May the old man of Providence look kindly upon this project.

Send submissions to:

Thomas M.K. Stratman, Anthology Editor, 5959-A Coronado Ave., St. Louis, MO 63116-3127

Walker ^{in the} Wastes

written by John H. Crowe, III

illustrated by Dennis Detwiler and Blair Reynolds

A massive campaign for Call of Cthulhu™ in the grand style

See pages 155-159 for ordering information. \$18²⁵

*I am the ancient
and my sorrow is great.*

*The cold wind of the far
stars is the breath I draw,
and my veins are as ice.*

I am humbled; I am reduced.

*But the keys of old
shall yet find doors of yielding,
and my fury shall find release
on the cold ice and the burning sands alike,
and my voice shall again be heard
among the stars,
and the spaces between them...*

The Loula Institute

a bastion of the Last Dawn in Boston

Kim Eastland

This article is designed to offer a complete headquarters in the U.S. for a Mythos group called The Last Dawn (see TUO7). This headquarters is the Loula Institute of Theatrical Studies, a private school in Boston. While its intent is to expand upon the Randolph Pierce Foundation Campaign theme (TUO6,7), it certainly can be used by the Keeper for his own game in whatever capacity is desired. The Keeper might want to use it as the location of Deep Ones/Cthulhu cultists (note the basement/river access), of the investigators, or for some other nefarious activities (such as rum-running). Though set in Boston it certainly could be found in nearly any large, modern city in the western world. It is, however, designed for use in the early 1920s (and possibly the '30s), so extensive alterations would have to be made by the Keeper for a Victorian campaign or a game setting in Cthulhu Now.

The RPF Campaign Setting

As mentioned above, this source material is primarily designed for use with the Randolph Pierce Foundation material. Its history is intricately linked with The Last Dawn. In fact, The Loula Institute is the Boston diocese headquarters of the Northeastern American sphere of the North American continent, found in the Sinister Realm (the other two continents in the Sinister Realm are South America and Australia).

James Loula Jr. is the Exarch of the Northeastern American sphere. He controls the U.S. Northeast region all the way down to (but not including) New York City. If you draw a line between NYC and Cleveland, Ohio, all the U.S. land to the North would fall into this sphere. Though this is not a particularly vast or heavily populated area, it does contain many ancient sites of power and early American settlements, and so is quite powerful. Add to this the fact that Loula has the only complete copy of de Medici Manoscritto (see TUO7, page 42) on the North American continent, and one can see why the Loula Institute is one of the most powerful Last Dawn bastions in the Western hemisphere.

The Disciple of the North American continent has not yet been revealed and so is untraceable at this time. The Loula Institute (as it is most commonly called) is the front organization for this diocese. The scion (caretaker) of the Last Dawn diocese of Boston is Johann Tines, who lives and works at the Institute.

The Loula Institute is being offered as both an enemy headquarters from which Last Dawn actions are planned and staged, as well as a site of mystery and menace for the Randolph Pierce Foundation to investigate. As noted in TUO7, the Last Dawn members in Boston have become aware of the existence of another copy of the Manoscritto on the North American continent. It is in the possession of Randolph Pierce, but is known as "the Pierce Papers" to most members of the Foundation. The Keeper may wish to somehow involve the investigators in this dangerous game of cultish espionage as first Loula, and later Pierce, will try to acquire (or maybe even destroy) their opponent's copy. Investigators may be members of the Foundation, or simply "innocent bystander" investigators who somehow get caught in the skein of things. In any case, the Loula Institute is a dangerous place for the naive and certainly a unique establishment bound to be remembered by anyone adventuring into its confines.

The Institute's History

Investigators can check out the Loula Institute through local Law Enforcement and governmental agencies, banks, or whatever and will only find out what is listed below under "The Public Side." The truth of the rumors will come out if the investigators dig deep enough or make exceptional rolls.

If the investigators become involved with the Institute on a covert level (taking classes, mingling with the bohemian theatrical crowd after plays, etc.) they will begin to pick up the rumors listed in "The Private Side." As above, sufficient digging will bring them to the truth of the rumors.

If the investigators somehow infiltrate the organization or "acquire" information from a Last Dawn member (through hypnosis or other practices), they will only be able to pick up tidbits here and there, as leaked to them by the Keeper. They should never have the whole history of

James Loula, Jr. and the Institute clearly explained to them. Unravelling who Loula is, what is in the house, and how it connects to the Last Dawn is most of the fun. If enough Manoscritto spells are used against the investigators, they may eventually realize that Loula also has a copy of the book. Otherwise, no mention of the Manoscritto ever arises.

The Public Side

The Loula Institute of Theatrical Studies was founded in 1889 by James Loula, Sr., a retired actor, director, and teacher who was quite influential in Boston theater circles. It served as a school for advanced studies in acting, directing, and related areas for professional and/or gifted actors. In the beginning, the Institute was located in downtown Boston, but in 1900 Loula purchased the Curtis Mansion (in a then-sparsely-populated hilltop section on the edge of town) and relocated the Institute there. Eventually the Institute gained the same type of reputation in Boston that Julliard and the Actors Studio in New York City have enjoyed in the late twentieth century. This was the only function of the Loula Institute at this time.

James Loula Jr. (or Jimmy, as all his friends call him) took over his father's work in 1912, when he was only 30. Today the Institute's reputation is more avant garde, a bit less respected in traditional circles, but influential nonetheless. The educational focus is more on tutorial methods than in his father's day. Individual students are scheduled for sessions on a non-structured basis, night or day. A student never knows when his next "class" is scheduled until the end of his current one. Works are no longer performed at the Loula Institute itself, but at various other local theaters which make time for these prestigious productions in their own season.

From the start, the Loula family lived in the house, along with a few servants and full time instructors. That is still the case today.

The Public Rumors

Rumor: Since Jimmy took over its operation, the income for the Loula Institute has steadily declined. An "angel" (a secret theatrical patron) must be keeping them afloat because dues and paid performances certainly are not enough to pay for spiraling costs.

Truth: If the investigators have connections in the financial or legal world they may be able to find out that, indeed, many "angels" dole out sizable donations to keep the Institute afloat. There is nothing illegal or nefarious about this on the surface, as they all either like Jimmy or

are doing so to keep his father's dream alive. What is not evident is the influence Jimmy has over some of them through use of subtle spells, the effects of some of his plays on their minds, drug addictions he has afflicted on them, or even blackmail he has committed through use of his Manoscritto spells. All of these "angels" are well-respected and have too much to lose if they resist or go to the police.

Rumor: Jimmy is neither the actor nor the director his father was. His "modern" approach to theatre is mostly a sham to cover his educational deficiencies. Since he has assumed control, the Institute's best productions have primarily been performed by the Institute's repertoire company of faculty, friends, and a few prized students, with very little influence by Jimmy. And it is the same company every year, not a completely different ensemble from year to year, as his father had always done. Many of the rep company members live and work at the Institute itself.

Truth: This is all true. What fledgling talent Jimmy once had was lost in his own ego years ago. He now just takes the credit for other members' work.

Rumor: The recent Institute productions (since 1921) have sometimes been brilliant, but in a different manner from James Sr.'s work. Where "the old man" emphasised technique, timing, education of past masters' methods, and consistency, the new Institute's productions lean heavily on an emotional barrage against the audience; disturbing scripts challenging traditional morals; a confrontational acting style which totally involves the audience—no matter how uncomfortable they may be; and unusual, almost bizarre, lighting, sound and scenic effects. Even his detractors have to admit the performances are powerful, overwhelming, mesmerizing, and quite unforgettable (not to mention disturbing).

Truth: This is absolutely true. Part of the reason the plays have such a disturbing feel is the discordant nature of the music and the sets. Another is the actual plays themselves, which are based on Last Dawn teachings. The plays often focus on the lives of men and women who wrap themselves up in vice, sin, and evil—and suffer the consequences.

Yet they aren't simply morality plays. The works attempt to immerse the audience in the sordid world of the characters, and also introduce many elements of the occult and the supernatural. While viewers may interpret such elements as symbolizing the evil and turmoil within the characters, Loula and his playwrights are actually thinly disguising their own experiences. An experienced investigator who sees one of these "theatre del gasp arte"

productions may recognize occasional and unsettling Mythos-related elements, if a Cthulhu Mythos roll is made.

Rumor: Jimmy's completely different approach to the-atre is believed by the public to have been at the root of the problems between the father and son. Jimmy left the Institute in 1902 in what could only be described as a major falling out. Neither father nor son ever talked of it openly again. During the next decade, Jimmy studied theatre around the world, staying with his mother's widespread family and friends whenever possible.

Truth: This is true, so far as it goes. See "The Private Side" below for the complete story.

Rumor: James & Regina Loula died in 1912, apparently of a car accident. Some people think there was a mysterious aspect to this, but no one knows exactly what it is. Jimmy returned in 1912 to assume control of the Institute upon his parents' death. He was grief-stricken over the loss of his mother, but never mentioned his father again. By 1917 he had replaced most of the instructors and staff with his own appointments.

Truth: Jimmy never hid his disgust for his father's "moldy views on theatre." This hatred eventually spread to encompass his whole attitude toward his father. He never speaks of his father because he is too smart to alienate those people, especially benefactors, who revere his father's name and reputation. They hope Jimmy will return to his father's vision of theatre someday and will help him because of this. If they knew how strong his hatred is, they would distance themselves from him immediately.

As for the "mysterious" nature of the Loulas' death, that rumor started quite by accident. A reporter misquoted the coroner as saying that "the death is a mystery to me." What he actually said was, "How something so unlikely came to pass is a mystery to me." It seems that James Sr. and his wife were driving back from New York

on an early autumn night. A bat flew in through an open window and started fluttering about inside the car, startling James and setting Regina into a screaming fit. In the distraction, James missed a curve and slammed into a huge oak, killing both he, his wife, and the bat. The police found the bat in James' hand (he had just caught it when the collision occurred) and reported that to the coroner.

Jimmy pooh-poohs the "mysterious death" rumor, but in the back of his mind he has always wondered if scheming colleagues within the ranks of The Last Dawn itself caused the accident to force him back to America and out of Europe, where he was gaining influence with powerful people. To this day he is terrified if a bat flies

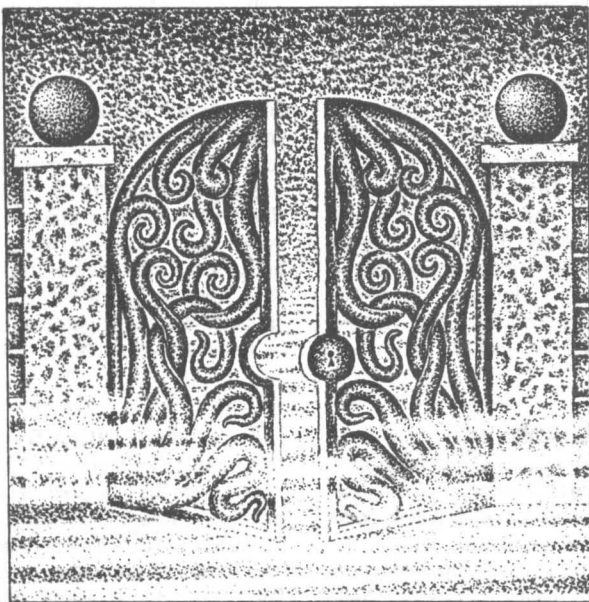
near him (within 3 meters), acting as if he has a full blown phobia. Roll for temporary insanity when this happens (page 48 of CoC, 5th Ed.).

The Private Side

All was normal with the Loula Institute when James Loula, Sr. ran it, but all was not normal in his life. Unbeknownst to him his wife, Regina, was a member of the infamous Cassini family that had controlled the Last Dawn starting in 1523 and regained control centuries later (see TUO7 for the timeline). Though she was not extensively involved in the movement herself, she did believe in their ideals. Thus, when her

son and husband (both of whom she loved with equal passion) had their final, tumultuous quarrel in 1902, she decided to send Jimmy to her relatives overseas.

Her motives were twofold: first, to place him in a protected environment where he could seek out broad varieties of theatrical experiences; and second, to have him introduced to her family's beliefs and influence. The former motive, as has already been explained, was part of the huge rift between father and son in how they approached theatre specifically and life as a whole. The latter motive had been worming its way into Regina's



front gates of the Loula Institute of Theatrical Studies

subconscious for years. Jimmy's adventurous, dangerous, reckless temperament reminded her of her own brothers when she was young and living in Italy. And his constant questioning of traditional values and morals made her realize that if he was not exposed to the ways of The Last Dawn soon, he would be too undisciplined in his later years to ever fully embrace it.

And, of course, there was the power it would grant him. His charm, good looks, and overt sexuality gave him definite advantages in certain situations, but if he was ever to truly achieve power and influence, his mother felt, it would be at the hands of The Last Dawn.

Jimmy returned to America in 1912 upon news of the death of his parents (this can be easily confirmed by any investigator). Though he was only 30 years old at the time, he was one of the most powerful members of The Last Dawn on the North American continent. A decade of study at the hands of his various relatives throughout the world gave him a truly universal feel for the potential of The Last Dawn. He felt that in his lifetime he could accomplish the reunification of The Last Dawn into its former glory. Once this power was re-established, the planning could continue apace for The Last Dawn's ultimate goal: a barrage of Mythos intervention in the modern world which would surely plunge it into global wars, revolutions, pestilence, and such fears that the old values and foundations would be rocked until they

crumbled; only then would people return to the one true God, as they had in ancient times, and realize that life on Earth was meant to be Hell before Heaven. And all of this, Jimmy believed, could be accomplished in his lifetime. But his first task was to establish a power base for himself: the Loula Institute.

Jimmy's copy of de' Medici Manoscritto travelled with him to America and helped him to be completely secure by 1920. He controlled the Institute, the staff, and most of the graduating students by indoctrinating them into The Last Dawn. By the time the Loula Institute is introduced into your campaign, a number of graduate students have already started cells of their own throughout North and Central America. Even if the Loula Institute was to be destroyed, the germ James Loula, Jr. planted has spread far and wide.

It must be remembered by the Keeper that the Loula Institute still functions as a legitimate school, producing many fine actors, directors, and writers who have no knowledge of the occurrences up on the old Curtis Mansion's upper floors. Since Jimmy is known for his liberated, Bohemian lifestyle (as a large segment of the New York theatrical world lived at that time), many activities at the Loula Institute are shrugged off and forgotten as typical of such free spirits. It is highly unlikely an investigator will receive clear-cut evidence or reports of criminal or cult activity from neighbors or

Notes on Climbing

As mentioned in the building descriptions, an investigator has only half his normal chance to Climb when scaling the perimeter fence. Since the mansion's brick is old, smooth, and extremely well-fitted, there is a -50% penalty for climbing the walls of the mansion itself, which must be made every story. A failed roll means a quick plummet. Appropriate climbing gear would be of great help.

The chimneys offer better hand-holds, resulting in only a -25% penalty. The roofs, while sloped, utilize a loose, tucked-shingle method on purpose, so even if a character makes his Climb skill roll, there is a 35% chance of a shingle slipping away (make a Luck roll to see if the climber simply falls down, making a loud thump, or if he slips off that story's roof). The garage is newer and so has no modifiers to climbing. On the plus side, the iron railings atop the building are extremely well-anchored and will hold fast to any grapple coming in contact with them, though throwing a grapple that high from the open ground would not be easy or go unnoticed.

Fireplaces & Chimneys

It is possible for a character of SIZ 9 or smaller to climb about inside the internal chimneys. Entrance from the roof chimney stacks is quite easy. There would actually be a +20% to a Climb skill inside one of these chimneys, as they were designed with easy access for chimneysweeps (this tidbit of info is unknown to Jimmy). It would require a SIZ of 8 or less, though, to exit from the internal chimney to a fireplace. And, of course, there is always the possibility of a fire being started and choking or burning the climber.

The three fireplaces roughly set together in the center of the house are quite massive. Their flues travel quite a distance on each floor before connecting onto the central stacks. Therefore there is no simple connection between fireplaces on the same floor or between the fireplaces above and below each other. It is not easy to hear conversations in (or even crawl through to) an adjoining fireplace on the same floor (-55% to Listen roll), nor the ones above or below (-75% to Listen roll).

members of the Loula Institute.

The Private Rumors

Of course, there are many rumors surrounding the private lives of the Loula Institute residents. Most are of the “those horrible sinners”-type remarks. Nothing should convince the investigators all at once that something is amiss; rather, there should only be hints and suspicions which will slowly grow into fruition. Remember, much of the truly frightening stuff that occurs at the Institute can be done without witnesses and be prepared secretly (see the complete Loula Institute descriptions below).

Rumor: Jimmy's sensory and sexual tastes are liberal and exotic. He believes in completely free love, uses opium and other exotic substances (first experienced on his travels), and becomes bored easily. Numerous rumors abound that most students and staff have been his lover at one time or another. People will gossip that at least he is a decent enough chap about it, though, as he helps set his ex-lovers up when the relationship becomes tiresome to him.

Truth: An exaggeration, Jimmy has been lovers with less than half of the students and staff he has encountered. And he does help them when the affair is through. Of course, for him, this usually means setting them up somewhere else in the country (this is also used as an opportunity to send a the continent to start a new

Rumor: There are secret rooms in the Loula Institute where naughty plays are performed for the theatrical vanguard elite. These plays would never be allowed to play in a respectable theater.

Truth: This is certainly true on occasions, but the rumor itself has been started by Loula, partially to explain why the upper floors are off-limits to most people.

Rumor: Despite his wild side, Jimmy is a nice Catholic boy who still goes to church when he can, hates gangsters,

and rails against crime when anyone is within listening distance and the subject arises.

Truth: Surprisingly, much of this is true. Anyone who has read the background of *The Last Dawn* knows that they are extremely righteous, albeit twisted in their interpretation of what God wants from them and mankind. But Jimmy does hate gangsters (such as bank robbers) and goes to church religiously. His lapses of memory concerning his own sins are convenient. He has never confessed his sins or desires to any priest outside of those few who are members of *The Last Dawn*.

Rumor: Jimmy was left far more money in his father's estate than anyone realizes and has achieved a wealthy playboy status. Only his devotion to theatre keeps him from being a typical "socialite about town" or "international playboy."

Truth: This is totally false, Jimmy squandered his inheritance years ago. His wealth comes from his benefactors and the coffers of The Last Dawn. He finds it easier to gain more funds when people believe he does not really need it.

Rumor: Jimmy has a discreet shrine to his mother's patron saint somewhere in the house, helping to preserve her memory. He is so filled with remorse about his battles with his father that he never mentions him at all. Never!

Truth: As explained above, he never mentions his father because of his

loathing for James, Sr. His devotion and passion for his mother borders on the bizarre. He does have a little shrine for her (not her patron saint) upstairs.

Architectural History

The Curtis Mansion, as it was originally named, was built by an eccentric. Lawrence Curtis had grown up in a fashionable Brownstone townhouse in New York City and had never outgrown his love for that house. When he moved to Boston and became a rich man (his fortune was in hardware supplies) he built a huge, brick pseudo-



fireplace and sculpted book stand, fourth floor

Brownstone/Victorian house. The house was unusual in numerous ways. Its use of interior downspouts and "tucked-away eaves" was unheard-of. No apparent drainage system could be noticed from the ground and nothing was attached to the walls that could be used to scale the building or hang from the roof. A singular lack of shutters or other ornamentation gave most of the lower house a bleak appearance, almost like the Federalist school of architecture. Yet the upper floors featured unusual sloping roofs (at different angles on different floors) with tall, thin windows built to the roof's angle instead of gabled. The addition of a small "tower" of rooms, two balconies, and fancy wrought-iron roof railings only enhanced the building's eclecticism.

In 1910 a few additions were completed. The first and second floor had a small outjut added onto the rear of the house and a large, block carriage house was added to the lot just a few feet from the back door.

Jimmy took possession of the house in 1912. By this time the neighborhood around the Loula Institute had become quite Bohemian, somewhat due to the Institute's theatrical influence on people moving into the area. Soon this Boston neighborhood began to resemble New York City's Greenwich Village. It is important to remember, though, that by the mid-20s no building close to the old Curtis Mansion is taller than half way up its third floor.

Jimmy's intent was to use the structure for more than merely theatrical endeavors, and so radical revisions and additions were made. Much of the second floor was gutted and secret rooms and stairways were added. The entire third floor was restructured in the same manner, with a cell block and temple thrown in as well. The fourth floor, which was formerly an open rehearsal space had a few walls and secret doors added, including a large trap door onto the roof. The upper tower was left intact.

The majority of alterations inside the Institute in the last few years have been small (but paranoid) ones. Most of the internal doors were rehinged to open and close silently. They have all been hung with the best possible defense in mind, so in the event of attack defenders can look out and fire into the corridors. The floors and stairs have all been re-nailed to eliminate squeaking boards. The walls have been thickened and insulated, so almost no sound carries. Overall, the building is as quiet as a tomb and it is quite easy to sneak about the place noiselessly.

Though there are numerous working fireplaces, coal furnaces have also been installed. Electrical lights and wiring have been installed on the first, second, and third floors, and in the garage.

In 1922 the house was further fortified after a series of

crimes took place in the neighborhood (committed by Last Dawn members to justify the Institute's fortifications). All the windows had heavy iron bars affixed to the outside. The exterior doors were replaced by heavy steel versions with iron bars over the windows and multiple, intricate lock mechanisms. Thus the house was made nearly impervious to normal breaking-and-entering methods. A wicked, exotically-designed seven-foot high cast-iron fence was added to the perimeter (Climb skills cut in half because of its spikes and barbed construction). The fence's design is almost Art Nouveau and features snakes and tentacles sinuously writhing and coiling. Lightning rods were added to the roof and the roof's iron railings were grounded to lessen the chance of fire by storm. The all-important connection to the underground river was also added at this time, as were the two telephone lines, one of which travels many floors inside the house, hidden inside the walls.

Even the 1905 carriage house was revamped. The second story was gutted and turned into a carefully arranged storage area in 1910, while a stairway to the roof and a trapdoor and ladder system to the garage were installed. In 1915, a second-story enclosed passageway was added, connecting the house and carriage house, which would soon be used as a garage instead. 1922 saw the most recent addition, a three-story tall radio antenna affixed atop the garage.

No plans for the house can be found outside of its own library, and those are secreted away. All others were purchased by Loula or purposely destroyed over the years. Strangely enough, the dozen or so architects and workers who worked on the revisions to the house and who were not members of The Last Dawn have moved away or disappeared. Loula saw to that, also.

If investigators dig hard and are persistent, they will discover the varied but strange fates of those who worked on the building. Those they can find and interview are not regular members of the construction profession, but were only hired on a temporary basis. These are members of the Boston flock of The Last Dawn and will report such enquiries immediately. If an investigator persistently digs up that worker's past, he will find a tenuous connection to the Institute, such as a season ticket holder or being a student at one time. If hypnotised or otherwise persuaded to talk, he will only be able to divulge one, specific thing about the structure, such as a secret stairway between the Second and Fourth floors, or a secret tunnel in the basement to an underground river. A Critical result on this hapless member will also divulge the name of another "volunteer" whom the investigators can hunt down.

Magic Items

The magic items included below are designed for a RPF campaign, and are found in the Loula Institute for Theatrical Studies. Keepers may add new ones, delete some or all, or alter them as they see fit.



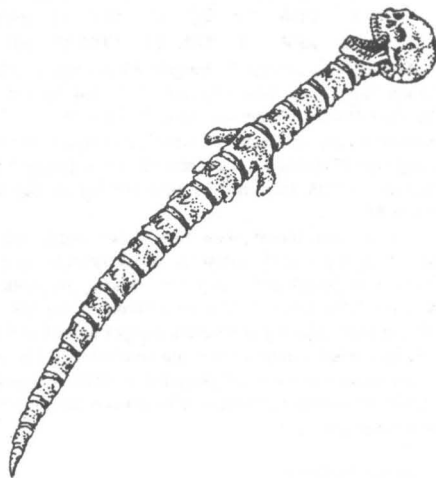
The Eye and Staff of Sumarchan. Two items, the Eye and Staff of Sumarchan, are ancient Sumerian artifacts which at one time were stored in hidden Vatican vaults but were stolen by Lasts in the late 1500s. The staff is the size of a walking stick with the head of Cthulhu carved on it. It is normally kept in an umbrella stand in room 18 on the second floor, between the doors entering into room 24 and the secret, spiral stairway (room 23). This device is normally inanimate unless someone walks into the room within its sight range (10 feet). It then watches them as they move about. It is a sentient item and so recognizes Last Dawn members.

However, if any non-Last Dawn members enter the room it will watch them and "awaken" the Eye immediately. It is impossible to notice the staff watching unless someone actually picks it up, then they have a chance at Spot Hidden (-40% of normal chance) to see the animated head move slightly. Once this is spotted, a SAN roll is required by the holder (SAN loss is 1/1D3). The Eye is a deep golden medallion normally worn by either Loula or Tines. If worn inside a shirt, there is a +10% chance to spot it if someone is using Spot Hidden. The Eye allows the wearer to immediately see what the Staff sees without otherwise affecting the wearer's vision or concentra-



tion. This means that the entrance to the spiral staircase is almost always monitored.

The Staff can also be carried as a walking stick and casually left in a convenient place, such as in a corner of a room at a party, to provide the user with a portable scanning device. There is no known range limit connecting the two artifacts. The Staff can see in even dim light as normal daylight. The Eye will awaken a sleeping wearer if contacted by the Staff.



The Dagger of Sumarchan. This weird artifact looks like it is made from human bone, but is actually carved from some ivory-like substance (said to be a spine from Glaaki itself). The item is wielded like a dagger. It will only do normal large knife damage (1D6 + db) when striking a normal, mortal creature or human. However, it causes 3D6 damage (no damage bonus) when striking any magical creature. Furthermore, the item cannot be cracked, broken, or otherwise damaged, nor is it affected by acid or even unearthly corrosives.

When not in Loula's possession (which it usually is, hidden inside a pocket of his dressing gown), the item is kept locked up in room 3 on the Third Floor.

It is left to the fertile and probably overactive imagination of each individual Keeper as to who the ancient Sumerian Sumar-chan was and how he acquired such wondrous items.

Last Dawn Members Living at the Institute

The following are notes on those Last Dawn members residing within the Loula Institute. New skills referred to can be found in TUO6, unless otherwise stated. Those individuals who carry keys to all of the major doors (front & back entrance, corridor doors, upper floor doors, etc.) will have an asterisk (*) after their name, otherwise they are just carrying their room key with them and any keys which they might use during their normal work day.

Nickie Bailey*

Institute Theatre professor & Last Dawn Instrument Liaison

STR 8 CON 13 SIZ 8 INT 13 POW 15
DEX 15 APP 14 SAN 35 EDU 17 HP 11

Skills: Art (Painting) 45, Bargain 40, Biology 25, Conceal 25, Credit Rating 40, Cthulhu Mythos 20, Dodge 50, Entertain (Act) 55, Fast Talk 35, History 45, Jump 55, Law 30, Look Sincere 60, Natural History 15, Occult 30, Other Language (French) 50, Own Language (English) 95, Persuade 45, Photography 30, Psychology 45, Ride 35, Romance 55, Spot Hidden 50, Surveillance 70, Swim 55

Nickie is also known as the "heat queen" because of her ability to turn up the heat on someone, either through her own sexual devices, blackmail, or bringing in intimidating elements to bear on a target. She loves putting on different costumes and going around town, keeping in constant contact with all of the hirelings and specialists that unwittingly are employed by The Last Dawn. She probably is the most likely place where a scenario might begin as she could provide a link between gangster/cult activity and the Loula Institute.

Nolan Dufluth*

Institute Theatre professor & Last Dawn Jailer

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 16 POW 14
DEX 10 APP 13 SAN 25 EDU 23 HP 12

Skills: Art (Lecture) 45, Bargain 75, Conceal 25, Credit Rating 30, Cthulhu Mythos 20, Dodge 20, Drive Motorcycle 75, Entertain (Act) 65, Entertain (Direct) 70, Fast Talk 75, Intimidate 60, Jump 25, Law 10, Library Use 55, Look Sincere 60, Natural History 25, Occult 45, Other Language (French) 55, Own Language (English) 95, Persuade 55, Psychology 65, Ride 30, Sneak 40, Spot Hidden 50, Surveillance 70

Weapon Skills: Knife 35, Handgun 40

Nolan is a sadistic bastard who loves to order people around. He is a brilliant director, but in the old movie mold, swaggering with a monocle in one eye and a riding crop under one arm. His tirades against actors and critics are infamous in all of Boston's theatre circles. This same attitude makes him a cruel and effective jailer. He is sometimes very difficult for James Jr. to control, as Nolan often believes that the best person to run the Northeastern America sphere is himself.

Mike Lange*

Institute Groundskeeper

STR 14 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 9 POW 10
DEX 18 APP 12 SAN 50 EDU 15 HP 15

Skills: Ambush 35, Animal Lore 25, Bargain 30, Botany 30, Conceal 25, Credit Rating 20, Cthulhu Mythos 20, Dodge 20, Jump 55, Occult 25, Own Language (English) 70, Persuade 25, Psychology 25, Ride 30, Sneak 45, Spot Hidden 80, Throw 30

Weapon Skills: Boxing 55, Shotgun 50

Mike is a real character full of eccentricities and clichés. However, one of the reasons he presents this persona is to cover up his cold heart and frighteningly effective ability to hunt down and eliminate people "just like critters."

James Loula Jr.*

President of the Loula Institute for Theatrical Studies and Exarch of The Last Dawn Northeast American Sphere

STR 9 CON 10 SIZ 11 INT 18 POW 16
DEX 12 APP 13 SAN 80 EDU 16 HP 11

Skills: Anthropology 10, Archeology 10, Astronomy 10, Bargain 40, Biology 10, Conceal 25, Credit Rating 65, Cthulhu Mythos 39, Disguise 65, Dodge 24, Entertain (Act) 40, Fast Talk 45, Hide 40, History 30, Impersonation 55, Library Use 35, Look Sincere 85, Occult 70, Other Language (Italian) 85, Own Language (English) 90, Persuade 70, Pharmacy 20, Physics 10, Psychology 55, Sneak 35, Spot Hidden 50

Weapon Skills: Handgun 50, Shotgun 50

Check the Magic Item section (p. 47) for his ring, dagger, and possibly the Eye medallion. He also sometimes carries a 9mm automatic pistol if he suspects possible trouble. Loula knows all the spells available in de' Medici Manuscripto except for Create Srying Orb (see TUO7). In the end, one can say that Jimmy is the ultimate egocentric with a mother-fixation who fancies himself Don Juan, Napoleon, and the greatest stage actor alive, all rolled into one.

Laura Montroc*

Institute and Last Dawn Head Housekeeper

STR 7 CON 13 SIZ 9 INT 16 POW 17
DEX 10 APP 10 SAN 85 EDU 15 HP 11

Skills: Art (Weaver) 35, Bargain 45, Conceal 55, Credit Rating 45, Dodge 20, Forgery 40, Law 20, Look Sincere 45, Occult 25, Own Language (English) 75, Persuade 25, Psychology 25, Sneak 35, Spot Hidden 80

Laura is a pleasant-looking little motherly-type who is actually as cold as ice inside. She is a fanatic Irish immigrant who blames most of her country's problems on the Protestant church. That is one of the reasons why she originally joined The Last Dawn.

First Floor

The first floor of the mansion is completely innocent. Anyone searching this floor will normally never find anything that would arouse their suspicions.

The first floor is elevated five feet above the ground level, so the bottom of the windows are about eight feet above the ground. The ceilings are twelve feet high on this floor. Most of the walls have intricate wooden panelling up to a height of five feet; above this they are plaster walls covered with elegant wallpaper. The corridors are carpeted, as are rooms 5, 6, 10, and 21 thru 24. The kitchen and pantries have tiled floors. All other floors are of polished wood.

1. Front Stairs. Entrance hall with a simple, curving, open stairway leading to the second floor. You can pass under the stairway to the servants' quarters.

2. Rear Stairs. Anyone can use the narrow "servants stairs" to the second floor, though it is primarily for staff. It is a closed stairway, but has neither a door at top or bottom.

3. Basement Stairs. Because the basement does not have electricity there is an oil lantern hanging on a peg at the top of the stairs, and a box of matches on a little ledge. The first-floor door to this stairway is usually locked. The key is lying flat on top of the jam. The bottom of the stairs has no door.

4. Front Foyer. The front steps are wide granite blocks with no railings on either side. Visitors are asked to wait in Room 9.

Rooms 5 thru 9 have tiny peep holes in the ceilings which allow anyone above the room to spy on those below.

5 & 6. Practice Rooms. They are also equipped to serve as bedrooms for visiting artists who are not members of The Last Dawn. They each contain a bed, desk, extra chair, and makeup table. This is usually where out of town guests, students, or teachers stay if they are trapped here by a snow storm, dead battery, and so on.

7 & 8. Practice Rooms. These are small rooms for vocal warm-ups, rehearsing lines, singing, tap dancing, and one-on-one classes. Each room has a small couch, a chair, a coat rack, and a lamp.

9. The Front Office. It is located right off the foyer, so everyone checks in here when they enter. This is Johann Tines' office, he is the Institute's House Manager and The Last Dawn's Scion for this diocese. He shares this office with his non-Last Dawn secretary, Cheryl Stone. She and he both handle general inquiries and day-to-day business for the Institute. Cheryl is scheduled to work Monday through Friday, 11:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m., but she frequently takes days off.

10. Meeting Room. This rather plush room features numerous couches and chairs, a fireplace, and side tables. It can serve as a general meeting room for staff and faculty, a lounge for students after group sessions, or a business meeting room. Business concerning The Last Dawn is rarely discussed on the first floor and never in here.

The West corridor. This corridor connects Rooms 11 & 12 with the rest of the first floor. Neither of the doors on each end are

kept locked, though the staff and faculty have keys to lock them.

11. Bathroom. This is the only facility on the first floor. It is equipped with a bathtub for the use of the servants who live on the first floor, also for anyone staying in Rooms 5 and 6.

12. Supply Pantry. Non-food essentials are kept here, including cleaning supplies, educational supplies, etc.

13. Food Pantry. Contains non-perishable food stuffs.

14 & 15. Convertible Practice Rooms. These two rooms are connected by sliding doors which disappear into the walls to form one large practice room if need be. Group rehearsals or classes are held here. Both rooms have wooden chairs set against the walls. Room 15 also has a large fireplace. There is a sliding door which connects Room 15 to Room 16 also. When both sets of doors are open it provides a very large rehearsal area.

16. Dining Room/Ballroom. The staff and faculty take their meals here, just as the Loula family and Institute employees always have. Sideboards holding dinnerware, china, and serving pieces line the south wall. An extremely large table sets in the center of the room, and leaves can be added so it runs the entire length of the room. There are enough high-back chairs around the table and walls to seat quite a few people. The table is of the dismantlable variety, so it can be completely taken down and stored in built-in cabinets within the east wall. This room can be used for large parties and even for balls, if the fancy strikes Loula. Often on these occasions the sliding doors to Rooms 14 and 15 are open, presenting a huge party space. A fireplace is on the west wall, as is a large swinging door connecting the dining room to the kitchen.

17. James Loula Jr.'s Office. This is Jimmy's Institute office where he conducts actual business. No paperwork or files exist here to show that the Institute is anything other than what it appears to be. Nevertheless, the office does contain a small safe with some of the Institute's funds in it so the office is kept locked when Loula is not working inside.

18. Rear Pantry. This large room is full of cabinets and holds more food stuffs and miscellaneous items. The room also serves as the cloak room for the staff and faculty's foul weather gear.

19. Kitchen. A large stove, icebox, and preparation area line the west wall, a dumbwaiter to the second floor and a fireplace are built into the North wall, ceiling high cabinets are built into the east wall, along with a swinging door into Room 16, and a servers' area in located on the south wall. This room is the domain of Sara Brandon, the cook (usually just called Cook), who runs it like a small empire. Not a member of The Last Dawn, she is blissfully ignorant of what goes on about her. She lives a few miles away, works Monday through Saturday 7:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m., and Sundays noon to 5:00 p.m. (with every third Sunday and special occasions off). She is assisted by a 17-year-old scullery maid names Doris who works the same hours, lives 20 minutes away, walks to and from work with Cook, and is also in the dark about The Last Dawn. Staff are allowed to fix cold cuts and raid the icebox when Cook and Doris are not around.

Rooms 20-24. Servants Quarters. All the servants who are

live-ins are trusted members of The Last Dawn and reside in this section. Firearms (.38 revolvers) are hidden in each of their rooms and they are trained to use them. This makes them rather an efficient defensive team which is situated to fire directly at either entrance of the mansion if the need arises.

20. Household Phone. The wall phone that hangs in the hall here is the only one the staff has access to for personal use. Its accessibility also prevents loose lips because it is very easy to hear someone talking in this corridor. The second phone line comes in with the first through the back of the house and to this point. The second line then disappears into the ceiling, so it is completely untraceable.

21. Housekeeper. Laura Montroc is the Institute's housekeeper, in charge of the main building's upkeep. She hires and oversees the performances of part-time, non-live-in staff (non-Last Dawn members) for cleaning, handiwork, and building repair. If a door has been jimmied, a window cracked, or other signs of tampering left to be noticed, Laura is the one who will spot it. Any work that needs to be performed in hidden areas or above the Second floor is done by either Laura or assigned to one of the trusted staff or faculty.

22. Butler. Charles Stone is the Institute's butler, ushering guests throughout the first floor and into safe sections of the second floor. He also cares for Jimmy's personal needs and is on call night and day. He is one of the most trusted Lasts, so he also keeps an eye on the others in this section.

23. Groundskeeper. Michael Lange's title may be misleading. He is to the Institute's grounds and outer building what Laura Montroc, the Housekeeper, is to the main building. He employs and supervises any part-time, non-trustworthy outdoor staff (non-

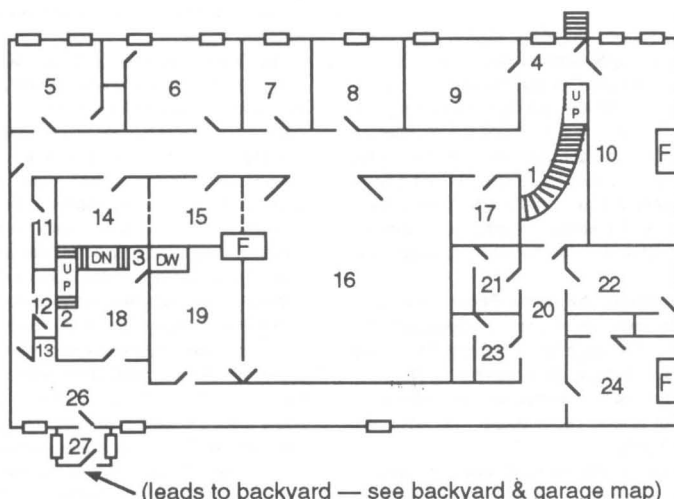
Last Dawn members) for yard work, building repairs, outdoor window cleaning (most of which he does himself, to prevent spying), and so on.

24. The Nelsons. Steve & Carol Nelson are a married couple and enthusiastic Lasts. Steve serves as the Institute's chauffeur and vehicle mechanic, both duties at which he excels. Carol serves as an upstairs maid with Laurie for the secure sections of the mansion. But her main profession is a registered nurse and she is fully trained as a Physician when dealing with gunshot wounds and other injuries due to violence.

25. Hamlet. Note that this does not appear on the map. This is because Hamlet is a Danish Wolfhound, the Institute's pet. He is huge and roams wherever he likes on the first floor and outside. He is always inside at night and will obey Lange, Tines, or Loula to attack. The Keeper should just write "25" on a small piece of paper and keep moving Hamlet around occasionally. He needs no order to attack if he encounters someone sneaking into the house at night.

26. Rear Door. The rear entrance to the mansion opens onto the enclosed back porch. There are windows on either side of 26 and on each side of the back porch. This makes it very difficult to try and approach the back door unnoticed. 26 is usually where Hamlet (#25) sleeps at night (50% chance of being here).

27. Back Porch. This enclosed back porch is very tall, but shallow. It is primarily designed to stop inclement weather from entering the mansion proper. There is usually some form of household tool here (broom, snow shovel, scythe, etc.), Hamlet's leash, and Lange's slicker. The back steps that lead down from the porch are wooden and have no railing.



Second Floor

The second floor of the Institute holds both of the small "public" theaters, workshops, and private bedrooms. The public is not usually allowed up here except for performances, so anyone found on this level better have a good excuse.

The second story's windows are about 18 feet off the ground. The ceilings in here are eight feet high. All the rooms and corridors are carpeted, except for room 9 and the garage annex (which all have a bare-wood floor) and rooms 6 and 7, which are tiled bathrooms. The stages in rooms 15 and 20, of course, are plain wood. The railed floors are like the first floor, as are the windows and hinges.

Rooms 1-5, Bedrooms. These rooms are either living quarters for residential theatre professors or are available for stay-over guests. All have discrete peepholes under a section of carpet so they can spy on rooms 5 through 9 on the first floor.

1. Professor Dufloth's Room, the Teal Room. This is the living quarters of Nolan Dufloth. He teaches acting and directing at the Institute, directs most of their productions, and is also the sadistic jailer for the third floor Last Dawn lockup. Professor Dufloth has a .45 automatic in his bed table drawer. The room has two windows which face North and a wide closet with sliding doors on the south wall.

2. Professor Bailey's Room, the Pink Room. This is the living quarters of Professor Bailey, who teaches advanced acting and is The Last Dawn Instrument Liaison. This means that she leaves the building a lot, and is primarily responsible for non-Last Dawn agents who perform criminal acts for hire. Her room is very feminine, all in pink, but there is also a set of fencing foils hanging on the wall. She will explain that she also teaches stage combat. A single window faces North.

3. Graduate Student Room, the Blue Room. This living quarters is currently occupied by Kimberlina Wagonner, a graduate student who specializes in occult history. Though her room is primarily decorated in blues, there are striking stone carvings on the walls. These are relics of ancient civilizations she discovered during her research. Though none are complete, the one on the west wall definitely has a tentacle coming out of water and a large eye below it. She will explain, if asked, that it is from an ancient tribe who worshipped octopi. She keeps a revolver locked in her steamer trunk in the closet. The room has two windows which face North.

4. Graduate Student Room, the White Room. This living quarters has only recently been taken over by Nolan Dufloth's younger sister, who goes by the stage name "Johnny" Tony. She is the last person one would suspect as a member of The Last Dawn. Everything in her room relates to theatre in some manner, except for her collection of stuffed Teddy Bears. The room has one window which faces North.

5. Graduate Student Room, the Rose Room. This room is slightly larger than rooms 2 through 4, as is proper because its occupant is a lot larger than the other residents. He is Richard Stromeng, a graduate acting student and a dangerous Last Dawn

hit man. A set of weights and his weight bench are the only unusual thing in the room. All of his weapons are kept locked up by Jimmy Loula because he fears Rich cannot control his urge to kill. The room has only one window which faces North.

6. Private Residence Bathroom. This is the bathroom for the residents on this floor. It features all the normal restroom facilities plus a huge bathtub, large shower, and numerous cupboard space. The cupboards are full of normal toiletry and linen articles. A single window faces North.

7. Public Restroom. This small toilet-and-sink restroom is available to the public when they are attending plays here.

8. Upstairs Foyer. This small foyer is at the top of the stairs leading down to the first floor. It has double doors on the south wall marked "Main Theater," a set of double doors on the west wall marked "Arena Theater," and a heavy wooden door on the North wall marked "No Admittance." The two sets of double doors may or may not be locked, depending on whether rehearsals are going on or the theaters are being otherwise used. The heavy door leading to the residence area is always locked with double, complex deadbolts (two locks, each penalize the Locksmith or Lockpick skills by -30%). There is also a little corridor leading East from this foyer to the public restroom (#7).

9. Staging Area. This large space serves many functions. When preparing for a show it serves as the final set and prop construction area. It stores costumes during the run of a show and serves as the makeup room and green room, where the actors rest when they are not on stage. There are always many tools and props stored in cabinets here. It has a large fireplace to keep it warm and two windows which face North. There are normally heavy curtains over the windows to keep the light from spilling out onto the stage.

10. Barb Post's Living Quarters, the Gray Room. This is the living quarters of Barb, who serves as the chief sound and light technician for the Institute and their radio operator. When Barb is not in here, she is usually in room 18, 12, or 11, or hanging lights in either of the two theaters for a production. There is a small, commercial wireless in her room, which is almost continually turned on, so anyone sneaking around outside her door and listening in will hear voices inside, even if she is not there. This is the only living quarters on this floor which has no windows. There is a large closet with sliding doors on the south wall, mostly filled with electrician supplies. No weapons can be found in here.

11. Radio Room. This room looks like a packrat's nest. There are numerous mechanical/electrical devices in here. A large professional ham radio dominates the room, but a ticker tape reader is in here also along with an operating telegraph key and many electrical testing devices. There are coils of wire and cable everywhere. This room is always kept locked.

12. Light Room. This room also looks like a mess. It has dozens of stage lighting instruments in it: hanging from the ceiling, disassembled on a workbench, clamped to metal pipes, and lying underfoot. This is where Barb designs her light plots for the plays

staged at the Institute, and where she maintains the lighting instruments. If an investigator rummages around on the desk, he will see a drawing for a plan to hang floodlights from the roof around the outside of the Institute. This will make sneaking up to the building at night nearly impossible. Though this is only a proposal (at this point), the Keeper need not tell the players that. This type of lighting security is only used for very important places, so the Keeper should allow the investigators to let their imaginations run wild here. The door to this room is always locked.

13. Costume Closet. This sliding-door walk-in closet stores many of the Institute's more elaborate costumes and masks. Certain masks used during crimes or cult activities may have found their way in here, too.

14. Second Floor, Back Door Foyer. This open area usually has a couple of set flats or a large stage piece leaning against the wall that is being transported from the garage to one of the theaters. There is a railing around the open stairwell here, so anyone trying to rush the back stairway can be seen and attacked from above and behind them. There is one window on the south wall, just to the west of the doorway to #21. It is the only window on the rear or sides of the mansion's second floor. From the window you can only barely see the Northern edge of the garage's roof and the upper section of the antennae.

15. The Arena Theater. This is the most-recent addition to the Institute's performance areas. The small round stage is in the middle of the room and the audience is seated around it. Two large fireplaces make this the most comfortable performance area in the

building. Plays staged for the public here tend to be more traditional, such as Greek mask plays or a collection of famous Shakespearean soliloquies. The more private performances staged here in the past have included the more-licentious banned orgies which have already been mentioned in this text.

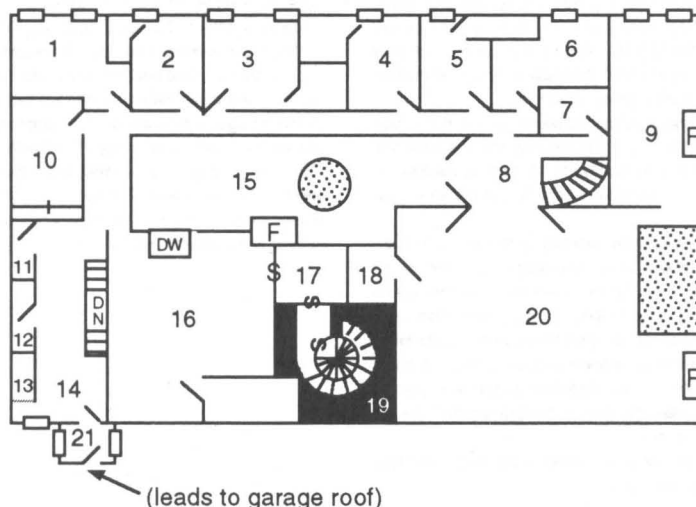
16. Jimmy Loula's Quarters, the Brown Room. This huge room is entirely covered—walls and ceiling—with ornate wood paneling Jimmy brought back with him from Italy. It is so intricate and disorienting that one must make a CON test for losing one's balance when in the room (Jimmy is used to it after all these years). Any type of perception test conducted in here, whether Library Use, Spot Hidden, and so forth, is done with a -40% skill penalty. A serpentine key is mounted within the paneling; see 17, below. Even the carpet is an intricate Persian maze pattern.

Within this room is Jimmy's massive canopied bed, numerous chests and bookcases, armoires, and cabinets, a large Victorian desk, and a large, ornate fireplace (writhing gargoyles sculpted on it everywhere). There is even a dumb waiter that leads to the kitchen below so he can take his meals without being disturbed. A door on the Southeast outjut of the room leads to his private bath.

There is a book case on the West wall, the South wall, and the East wall. Place here whatever tomes you feel appropriate.

One of the armoires swings open when a certain gargoyle is depressed to reveal the secret room, #17. One of the cabinets is locked tight and holds two shotguns and a carbine, plus Jimmy's

continued



handgun and magic dagger (when he is not carrying them). Nothing else in here provides enough clues to lead anywhere. This room is always locked.

17. Secret Room. This room is a simple stone rectangle that has a couple of chests in it and an anchored safe. The locked chests contain business contracts and other paperwork that one would want protected from fire. The safe is also fireproof and contains over \$25,000 in large bills. But when the safe is open and the dial is spun to a different, specific combination, another secret door opens on the south wall. Anyone inspecting the safe door after it is open (or making a Spot Hidden at half normal chance) will notice unusual mechanisms going from the safe door to the back of the built-in safe. Any lockpicking chance for this second combination is at one-quarter the normal chance. This room is totally sound-proof.

18. Light Booth. The entrance to this room is from the back of the Main Theatre (#20). The room has a platform raised four feet above floor level where the lighting technician can sit and see the play through a small window in the East wall. On the North wall is a bank of rotary levers which operate the stage lights. The tech director, usually Barb Post, calls the lighting cues from her chair and a volunteer assistant operates the levers. The room is seldom used outside of rehearsals and performances.

19. Hidden Staircases. This area is entered from the North through room 17, or it can be descended down into from one of the floors above. It contains two spiral stone staircases, one obvious, the other hidden. The landing in area 19 is large enough for the door to room 17 to swing open. It can be opened from the area 19 side by simply turning a large handle. What is not-so-obvious is the unusual hole set on the East wall of the landing. This hole is a keylock which is designed for a serpent-shaped key worked into the panelling of Jimmy's room (#16). Only Jimmy, Johann Tines, and Charles Stone know of the key's location. Picking this lock has a penalty of -40%. Once this lock is unlocked, a curved secret door opens in the core of the larger spiral staircase to reveal a smaller, tightly-spiralling staircase also going upwards.

The large circular stairway spirals upwards to the third floor. There should be a few traps set along the way for unsuspecting trespassers. They should not be too deadly. It is left to the Keeper to set these traps in accordance with the abilities of the investigators.

The small circular stairway ascends directly to the fourth floor. If one is descending from above there is no way to open the secret curved doorway here at #19 without the snake key. The inside lock mechanism is on the right-hand side of the door. The door automatically closes if not propped open and automatically locks when it closes. There should be a few traps set along the small spiral staircase too, but of a much deadlier nature with poison blades and so forth. This passage is far too important to The Last Dawn to allow trespassers in it.

Jimmy, Johann, and Charles all know the locations of the traps, and guide other Lasts up the steps.

20. Main Theater. This is the Loula Institute's main theater, but it may not be too impressive when compared to the larger mainstream theaters in downtown Boston. What is important to the Institute is the quality of performances and impact on the small audiences that attend.

The room is entered by double doors on the North wall. A door on the west wall leads to the light booth, its window can be seen near the ceiling. There is an opening on the Eastern end of the North wall that is covered during performances by a heavy curtain. This opening leads to room #9. Dominating the East wall of the theatre is a large wooden stage which rises only about six inches above the floor. A fireplace is also situated on the East wall, but it is not nearly enough to sufficiently heat the entire room. What is interesting are the small risers on which the seats are located. These little platform-arcs slowly ascend to the back of the room so the audience actually looks down on the stage. The eight-foot ceiling height in here presents a real problem when moving around or lighting the stage. It has a claustrophobic feel, like being inside a small room with too many people. But the Institute knows how to make this work for their productions and this compactness is often emphasised in plays and utilized for bringing out specific emotions.

When the investigators see a play or rehearsal, or even are snooping around when no one is here, they should have an uneasy feeling about the set. Whatever play is being performed, it is one of the unsettling occult-related plays already mentioned. The Main Theater is where all such plays are performed. The abstract sets, the weird lighting, and the bizarre makeup are rather nerve-wracking. It is suggested that "The King In Yellow" is being performed when the investigators visit. See page 111 of CoC, 5th Ed. for general background and page 66 of *The Great Old Ones* campaign book for the play synopsis and effect in a wonderful adventure called "Tell Me, Have you Seen the Yellow Sign."

21. Connecting Corridor between Mansion and Garage. This is an exclusive second-story structure, as there is no building below it. It is a walkway from the workshop area in the second floor of the garage to the second-floor doorway of the mansion, located above the first-floor doorway. The North end of the corridor widens into a room which has a window on the East wall and one facing west on the west wall. The roof of the corridor is peaked at about 9 feet high. The doors at both ends of the corridor are usually locked (around 60% of the time).

Backyard & Garage

The backyard, like the front and side, are completely fenced-in. There are two, huge, sliding gates at the end of the driveway that open into the alley. The brick driveway goes right into the garage, and a brick sidewalk winds around the east side of the garage and up to the back porch. This gives some idea how close the fence is on the west side of the house—a sidewalk would not fit between it and the garage. As a matter of fact Hamlet can barely get through there. The trash cans are kept inside the back gate until trash day (Friday morning).

1. Storage Room. Simple items like oil cans, extra tires, jacks, and so on are kept in here.

2. Work room. There is a large work bench in here, a vise, tools, and so on. Some work is performed out here, especially messy work or Steve Nelson's work on the cars. As a matter of fact, this is Steve's official domain.

3. Hidden Garage Room. This is a hidden chamber behind what appears to be wooden set of shelves. It is virtually impossible to see that there is a door here, let alone figure out how to release the lock. Inside are kept dangerous items one would not want to keep in the house. There are three crates of dynamite here, with 24 sticks in each crate. There is also a carbine here with two boxes of 50 bullets. Different license plates and tires are also in here for altering the cars if need be for a crime. It is possible for a kidnapped victim to be kept here also if brought in by car, though the victim would have to be securely bound and unconscious.

4. Garage. The garage has no windows on the ground floor. It holds three cars easily and a motorcycle (the last in the Northwest corner). There are three garage doors for the cars, so if one leaves, the entire garage is not opened up. There is also a door leading out

of the garage to the North. This crosses a short brick walk to the back porch. All the doors to the garage are kept locked at all times. The garage is solid brick walls and a brick floor. If one studies the ceiling carefully, a trap door can just barely be noticed on the east side of the room.

Vehicles. The Loula Institute has at its disposal a Norton Motorcycle, a Packard 626, a Buick 121, and a Ford Model A, all kept in the garage.

Upper Level

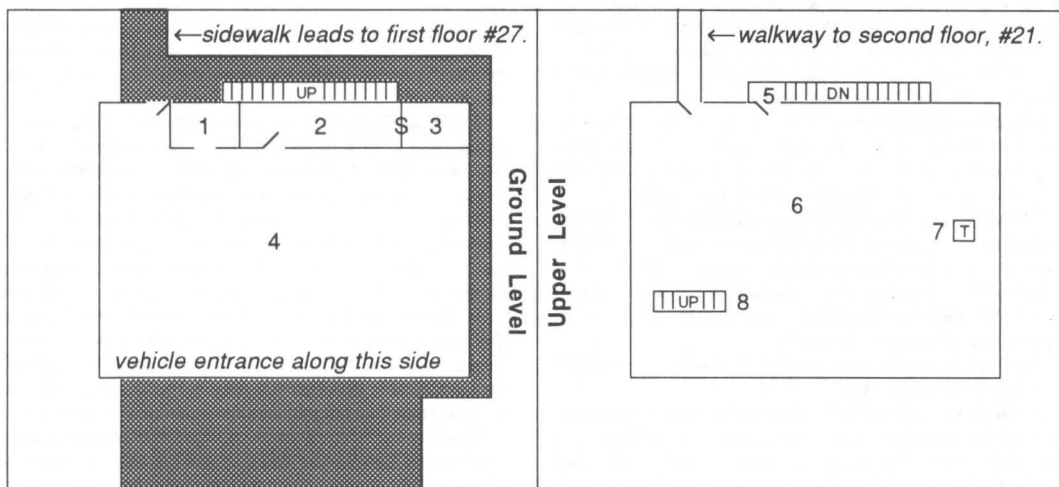
5-8. Workshop Above Garage. All of this space was formerly living quarters for some of the servants who tended the horses below when carriages were kept here. Now the entire space has been gutted.

5. Outside Stairway. This is the outside wooden stairway. Its railings can be removed to haul up large amounts of lumber.

6. Workshop. This is where the set pieces and flats are constructed before final assembly within the theatre itself. This area has stacks of disassembled flats leaning against the walls, piles of stage furniture strewn about, cabinets holding tools and paint, and sawhorses holding current projects. Although it looks open and clear on the map, it is in fact very cluttered and offers dozens of places to duck behind and hide.

7. Trapdoor to Garage. This is an almost-hidden large trapdoor with a hinged ladder which can be lowered to the garage below. In this way items or beings can be transported into the garage, secretly brought up here, then taken across the annexway into the mansion with little chance for outsiders to spot what is happening.

8. Stairway to Roof. This is the fixed wooden stairway to the flat garage roof.



Third Floor

Jimmy and other members of The Last Dawn tell the public that the upper floors (above the second) were sealed off during recent renovation until funds can be allocated for further remodelling. They always do this with a twinkle in their eye and those "in the know" give a short laugh. Everyone thinks that Jimmy has either a secret rehearsal area upstairs or theater upstairs where his taboo performances take place. Nobody raises too much of a fuss because they are hoping that one day they will be invited to one of these decadent shows. And, of course, there are those fools who spread it around that, "Naturally, I've been to some of Jimmy's hidden shows" and "Wow, what they do up there would definitely be banned anywhere" and so on.

In reality the third floor is a Last Dawn sanctuary which is only open to members of The Last Dawn in good standing (this includes all who currently live at the Institute). It is only accessible by coming upward from the second floor, #19.

The only windows on the third floor are tall, narrow ones on the North side which angle with the roof and are slightly silvered. This makes looking into them impossible unless you are within three feet of the window. It may be possible to see light up there (one-half normal Spot Hidden chance), but nothing else. All of these windows have pull-shades for use during services.

The third floor is entirely carpeted except for the cells. All of the security measures that existed below (hinges, floors railed, etc.) are the same here. It should be noted that this is the last floor to have been secured like this, so an investigator standing on the third floor can hear the squeaking of floorboards above him if someone is walking on the fourth floor. The ceiling height on the third floor is eight feet.

1. Outer Curved Stairway Landing. When one climbs to the top of these stone stairs, which are accessed through area 19 on the second floor, one comes to a locked wooden door. The door opens into a small corridor. Note that this door and the door to room 13 are situated so that a party cannot run up the stairs and easily burst into the temple area (#6).

2. Inner Curved Stairway. This stone stairway is connected to area 19 on the second floor and room 1 on the fourth floor. There is no opening onto the third floor. The stone walls prevent any sound from easily passing between the two stairways.

3. Secret Room. This room is accessed from room 15 through a secret door. It is set up like a reading room with comfortable chair, lamp, and table. It contains only one book, which is kept in an anchored combination safe. That book is Loula's *de Medici Manuscript*. It will never be left out if Loula is not in here. This room has a number of magical protections:

Elder Sign. Inside the room, worked into the floor, is a leaden Elder Sign (CoC, page 147).

Voorish Sign. Loula learned in Morocco how to work the written symbol of the Voorish Sign spell (same page as Elder Sign). One exists on the ceiling. It looks like a complex Arabic glyph. Any spell cast from within the room has a +5% bonus chance to work, but casting a spell from inside the room costs the user an extra magic

point and requires a successful SAN roll. SAN loss is 0/1. An investigator cannot simply study this sign and learn how to inscribe it.

Red Sigil of Shudde M'ell. The permanent seal is a lesser version of the Red Sign spell (CoC 5, page 157). It is worked into the safe itself, which is situated so you cannot help but see it when you enter the room. Glancing at the sigil (roll the reverse percentage of the character's Spot Hidden to avoid glancing at it, even if he is trying) or touching the object the sigil is worked into has the following effects: Lose 1 HP per round if within sight but greater than 10 feet away (outside the vault). Lose 2 HP per round if glancing at it and within 10 feet, but not touching the object. Lose 1D3+1 HP per round if touching the object. Vision-blocking spells (smoke, mist) will prevent the line-of-sight damage and reduce the touching damage to 1 HP lost per round. The sigil has no effect on the being(s) who placed it there (Jimmy Loula, in this case).

4. Secret Room. This secret room is entered from behind a full length mirror in room 12, Johann Tines' quarters. It holds the many vestments and artifacts which, though not magical in themselves, are used for most of the magical ceremonies when the Hierophant arrives (see TUO7 for this extremely powerful head of The Last Dawn movement). Many of these "religious" articles are quite expensive and some are irreplaceable. Probably the most important item is a gold-and-ivory-bound book (worth \$50,000 just for the binding) which details all The Last Dawn ceremonies, prayers, and rituals. No magical spell or power can be learned from it, but a complete knowledge of The Last Dawn's purpose and operations will be learned if the book is read. Unfortunately, SAN loss is also possible (loss is 1/1D4+2). This is kept in Tines' room because he is the Scion here. The secret door only opens by pushing a hidden switch on one of the gargoyles sculpted into the fireplace. Finding that switch requires a Critical Spot Hidden roll. A Seal of Isis (CoC, page 157) with 100 magic points is on the door behind the mirror, giving them both massive protection against spells.

5. Living Quarters. This area is full of couches, tables and chairs, and even a bathroom (not shown because it is in the Northwest corner under the slanting roof). It is designed as a living space if many visiting Last Dawn members are here and are not to be seen by the public. Food is brought to them via the dumb waiter in Jimmy's room (second floor, #16), then up the stairs. The room is heated by a small and a large fireplace. Heavy drapes hang over the shaded windows, but can be parted during the day.

6. Tabernacle. The main room on this floor is a sort of chapel. Windows line the North wall, but are shuttered during services. There are pews lined up in most of the room facing East. A platform, lectern, and altar are centered on the East wall. Ranks of blue-glassed vigil lights line the south wall. The door on the south wall (the only exit from the tabernacle) is ironbound oak, and has the Last Dawn crest worked into the inside surface. A plain fireplace heats the room from the west wall. What is most striking about the room is that it looks like a stripped-down chapel. Lasts

do not adorn their Tabernacles (places of worship), except for their altar and priests' vestments, which are only displayed during the service. This is all intended to be the complete opposite of Roman Catholic, Eastern Rite, and Church of England practices. A door on the East wall leads to the vestry.

Johnny Tony is the Consecrator of this Tabernacle. That means that she is in charge of keeping this area clean, in order, and holy by performing certain cleansing rites. Only she, Jimmy, and Johann have keys to this room.

7. Vestry. This room contains the non-"blessed" and less-important altar linens, candles, and other paraphernalia that is used in the Tabernacle. It has a large fireplace in it with The Last Dawn symbol sculpted in the center of the mantelpiece. The priest, who in this case also happens to be the scion (Johann Tines), changes into his vestments here. Johnny Tony also has a small desk here, as this is her workplace for Last Dawn business. Those items deemed too important or expensive to be left here are kept in room 4.

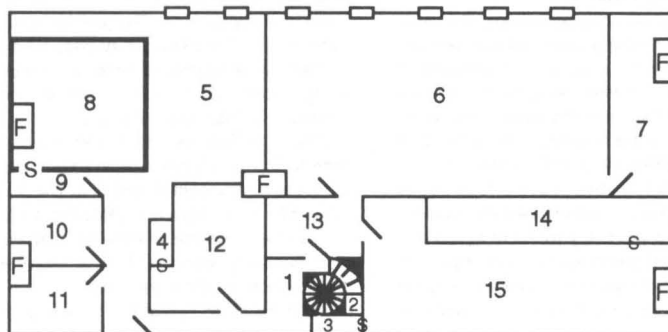
8. Cell. This room can only be entered through the secret passage from room 9. It is completely sound-proofed and has metal bars actually built into the walls, floor, and ceiling. The room is painted black and has various manacles, stocks, and hanging cages strewn about causing one to think of an old dungeon when one first views it. Prisoners who are brought here are usually bound, blindfolded, and gagged or even knocked unconscious, so they probably will believe they are underground when they see it.

for the first time. This is where people are kept for any numbers of nefarious reasons by this diocese of The Last Dawn. The jail is the domain of Professor Nolan Dufloth, who is a sadistic torturer at heart. Any captured investigators will be brought here, gagged, and locked up in some fashion until Dufloth and Loula can extract some information from them as to who sent them, why, what they know, etc.

9-11. Visiting Lasts Quarters. These wood-panelled rooms are bedrooms designed for visiting Last VIPs. That is, 10 and 11 are; number 9 is actually a ruse as its real purpose is an entranceway to the secret jail. There are large beds and armoires in all three rooms. Anyone making a Spot Hidden roll in room 9 after seeing 10 or 11 will notice that the bed is firmer in 9 and there is a lot more dust. Room 9 can be used if absolutely necessary or if no one is being held at the time.

12. Johann Tines Quarters. The Scion of this diocese has a house and apartment in Boston, but his real residence is here, next to his Tabernacle. The room is a spartan collection of chests or drawers, an armoire, a desk, and a plain bed. A large gargoyle-inscribed fireplace dominates the Northeast corner of the room and has the room's only luxury in front of it, a black leather wingback chair. The only other thing of note in the room is a large bookcase, with whatever tomes you see fit to stock. A .30 carbine leans against the Northern side of the bookcase, out of view from anyone just entering the room.

Continued



13. Vestibule. This entranceway is unadorned, painted light gray, and only functions as an extra precaution against intruders. All three of the doors in this room have complex locks (-20% to Locksmith skills).

14. Secret Shrine. This hidden room is an elaborate shrine to Jimmy's mother. It was one of the first rooms he built when he returned. All of her personal belongings, paintings of her, and her ashes can be found within. There is a little altar here with a statue of her upon it, candles, and a kneeler. Jimmy spends altogether too much time in here talking to the likenesses. A desecration of this locale forces Jimmy to make a SAN roll, with a loss of 1D6/1D10+6. If the loss is great enough, determine the insanity which he will experience.

Again, entrance to this room is provided by a switch sculpted in the fireplace, the gargoyle's left eye. (As an interesting aside, Jimmy had his mother and father cremated because that is how The Last Dawn carries out its funeral rituals. They know too much about zombies and skeletons to allow members' remains to stay around. James Loula, Sr.'s ashes were dumped by Jimmy into the

garbage after the funeral, though the container still is in his bedroom.)

15. James Loula, Jr.'s Sanctum Sanctorum. The first thing that occurs to anyone entering this room is how chaotic it looks. The walls are covered with various types of bookcases. The ceiling has painted frescoes of horrific scenes and creatures (SAN roll when first entering here, 1/1D4). The 5-inch-thick carpet is blood-red with the great black seal of The Last Dawn in the very center. There are foreign objects d'art everywhere; in cases, on tables, free-standing. Occupying the Eastern end of the room is a huge carved desk which resembles some misshapen titan holding up a great open book on his shoulders (which forms the desk top). Behind it is a fireplace carved to resemble a huge gargoyle face, its gaping maw holding the fire. Depressing the left eye unlocks the secret door behind a book case to room 14.

The books come in every size, shape, and color. The vast majority are not magical in any way, but deal with foreign travel, theater, depravities, religion, and, even, paranaturalism and magic theory.

Fourth Floor

This is referred to by members as "the Sacred Floor." This floor is normally only visited by Johann Tines and Jimmy Loula when it is empty; when it has visitors only Loula comes up here. The exception to this rule is when some work must be performed on the upper floors, but only rooms 1 and 4 are passed through. There are five chimneys that rise on this level from the sloping roof. The three fireplaces in the middle of the floor are the only sources of heat. The North side of the sloping roof has the only windows on the floor. There are two balconies with doors leading onto them, both on the North side. These are kept from the old days and are never used now, so opening them will be quite a chore. The ceiling height for the fourth floor is a low 7 feet.

1. Small Stair Landing. This little room at the top of the small, circular, stone stairs is designed to keep unwanted snoopers out. The stairs lead down to area 19 on the second floor. The two doors leading from this room each have four locks, all with a -10% Locksmith penalty. The room is fitted with tiny holes in the ceiling which will allow gas through. This gas is turned on in secret room 2, as are the mechanisms for arming all the traps in both the spiral stone staircases. If the gas is released in room 1, everyone standing in it (and up to 10 feet away on either side if the doors are left open) must make a CONx5 roll every round or spend that round hacking and coughing, unable to concentrate or perform physical actions at better than half their normal chances. Anyone inhaling this gas for 8 turns cumulative (not consecutive) within an hour will pass out.

2. Secret Trap Mechanism Room. The entrance to this room is concealed and located behind an old steamer trunk. This room contains all the levers that set the trap mechanisms throughout the house. It also contains the large metal cannister of gas used in room 1.

3. Flamen Living Quarters. This area is set up similarly to

area 5 on the third floor, except that the accommodations here are much finer. A restroom also exists on the west side under the sloping roof. This area is for the flamen who are resting when not serving the Hierophant in room 5 upon his visits. The flamen are the Hierophant's bizarre personal bodyguard (see TUO7). The marble fireplace in the Southeast corner of the room is sculpted and shows two flamen holding up an open copy of *de Medici Manoscritto*.

4. Attic. This area is used as an attic and has chests, boxes, crates, steamer trunks, and piles of old junk laying about. One can see the lathing in the North wall and the beamwork in the west and south sloping roofs. The impression is that this is just one dusty room of many up here. The junk in no way impedes travel from room 1 to the fixed wooden stairway leading to the fifth floor. The fireplace in the Northeast corner of the room is simple brick and is seldom used (but is slightly warm when either of the other two fireplaces up here are burning).

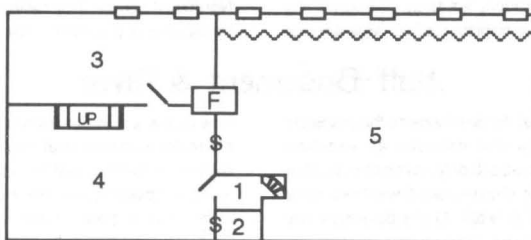
The entire East wall of this room is brick, except for the door into room 1. The secret door to room 2 has an old, open, empty steamer trunk standing upright in front of it. The double set of secret doors into room 5 are cleverly worked into the brickwork, so a Critical Spot Hidden is needed to know that they are there, just as a Critical Spot Hidden is needed to find the proper trip mechanism brick in the fireplace to unlock the doors.

Near the North wall of this room is an open wooden staircase which leads to an opening in the fifth floor.

5. The Hierophant's Apartment. Walking in here is like walking into another world. The walls are all covered with gold leaf and the ceiling is plastered in an Arabesque pattern except for the trap door, which is rich mahogany (see #5 on the fifth floor). Thrown about the floor are a hundred rich Oriental and Persian rugs, making walking in the room a wonderfully soft experience.

The marble fireplace on the west wall goes all the way to the ceiling and is a replica of St. Peter's Basilica in the Vatican. The largest (and thickest) tapestry known to exist is hung parallel to the North sloped roof, so that absolutely no natural light enters here whatsoever. If one were to crawl beneath the tapestry one would see the shutters, then shades, then heavy curtains over the windows here. Two flamen always are hiding back here when the Hierophant is visiting. Ornate silver candleholders hang on the walls everywhere, fitted with strange black dripless candles which burn and provide light, but no heat.

This is the apartment for the Hierophant, The Last Dawn's monstrous leader, when he visits Northeast America. Each of the spheres has a diocesan building with a luxurious secret apartment always kept in waiting for the Hierophant, to which he directly teleports. The Hierophant is not present when the investigators first see this room, but a few advance flamen may be (about 22 hours before the Hierophant travels to his next Apartment, he teleports two advance flamen ahead).



Fifth floor

The fifth floor is mostly rooftop with a tower rising up on the west side. The ceiling height in the tower is 7 feet. The open rooftop on the rest of the fifth "floor" is reinforced and can hold quite a lot of weight.

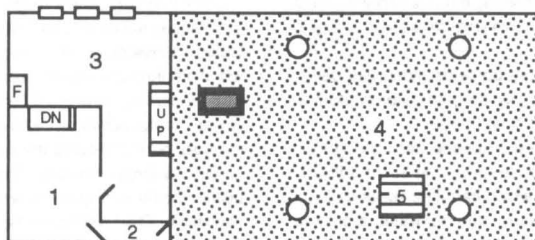
1. Star Vampire's Lair. A star vampire is kept here, enslaved by the will of the Hierophant, who can also make it go anywhere within the building desired. The Star Vampire is so controlled that it will not attack or make itself known to members of The Last Dawn performing normal tasks within its area, but it is unleashed upon anyone else trying to pass through here. The Star Vampire has permission to follow intruders anywhere else on or around the building if they trespass through its area. Other than that, this room looks very much like room 4 on the fourth level, like an unused attic.

2. Roof Exit Corridor. This small room has a bench in it, coil upon coil of rope hanging from wall pegs, and lanterns and matches setting under the bench. The door leading to room 1 is unlocked, the door on the East wall leading outside has two normal locks.

3. Special Quarters. Occasionally a Last Dawn guest arrives for a short period of time or requires absolute privacy. He can stay in this little apartment up here which has its own brick fireplace, bed, and essentials. Oil lamps are set about the room, and wooden shutters are always kept in place over the windows after dark. An open staircase on the East wall leads up to the sixth floor.

4. Fifth Story Flight Deck. It was James Sr.'s desire to someday become a balloonist and he thought this might be a grand place to land and depart. That is why this deck has been reinforced to handle more weight. On the flat, tiled roof is the triple chimney for the central fireplaces below. The roof/deck itself has four big iron rings anchored to it which were intended to be used for tying the balloon down. Around the entire deck is a two-foot high, ornate, wrought iron railing, sturdily-anchored also.

5. Large Trap Door. This seldom-used entrance is only for creatures summoned here by the visiting Hierophant or his flamen, creatures such as a Byakhee or a Nightgaunt. Otherwise, the 10 year old trapdoor has never been used.



Sixth Floor

(not mapped)

Apartment, Attic, & Roof. The sixth floor room has a desk, a couch, a small bed, and a cozy little fireplace. It is the only place in the house that has both North and South windows, and wide windows at that. A telescope is always set up in here, since that is what this room is most often used for.

A ladder is nailed to the railing of the stairway which leads down to the fifth floor. The ladder is connected on top to the frame of the sixth floor roof's trapdoor. This trapdoor leads up through a tiny attic to the roof. The opening for the trapdoor is just large enough

for a Nightgaunt or a Byakhee with folded wings to drop through. This also is a function of the sixth floor, to allow Loula or Tines to summon such creatures here without attracting too much attention and without invading the Hierophant's apartment. The sixth floor roof is also reinforced and has the same two-foot high railing running around it.

The final chimney of the house exits the sixth floor roof on the Northwest corner. The ceiling height for both the sixth floor and its upper attic is a short 6½ feet.

Half-Basement & River

The finished basement is only under the west side of the mansion. It is made of huge stone blocks and provides an excellent foundation. The ceiling height is 9 feet, but only seven of it is below ground. Despite this opportunity for above-ground windows, none were ever installed. The two interior walls of the basement are normal lathing and plaster.

1. Workshop. This large section has an open stairway which leads up to the first-floor pantry. The North half contains large work benches and tool cabinets. This is where normal household repairs can be performed, furniture mended, and so on. The south half is stacked with firewood for the fireplaces, an axe for splitting wood, and a large basket for carrying wood to the various fireplaces.

2. Pantry/Fruit Cellar. Large amounts of non-perishable food is kept down here on the shelves and in barrels and sacks. The cook jars fruit, vegetables, and jellies as a hobby, so the variety of different delectables is quite extensive. Some even look weird in their jars, leading investigators to wonder about the contents, but it is really all quite edible. The dumbwaiter descends to this level for ease of bringing up foodstuffs.

The Southeast corner of the room contains numerous gallon cans full of engine fuel, supposedly for the generator in room 3. In fact, most of it is for use with the boat in area 6.

3. Furnace Room. There is a coal furnace here giving heat through discrete radiators built onto the first and second floors. Also here is a massive water tank which can filter water through part of the furnace to provide the house with hot water, a backup fuel-powered generator in case the electricity goes out, and all the

fuse boxes and water meters. On the North end there is also a coal chute for sending coal down here. The iron fence around the building prevents coal trucks from entering, so the coal must be wheelbarrowed to the chute and dumped down. On the East wall of this room is a secret door. It leads to an old underground riverlet.

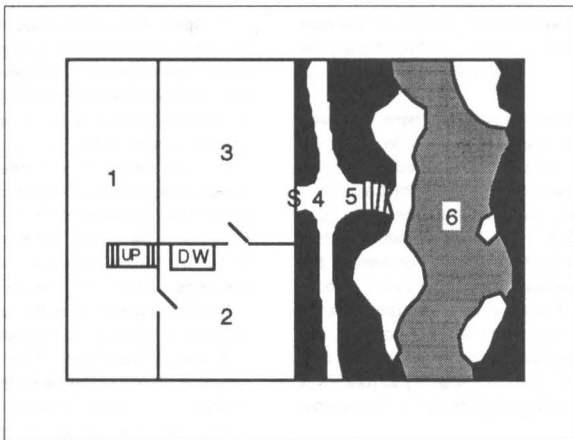
4. Underground Tunnel. The tunnel here has recently been dug out of the living rock. This tunnel leads downward and to the East for about 150 feet, then descends down a flight of steps (#5).

5. Cavern Steps. These man-made steps descend another fifteen feet to the river cavern. The rock ceiling down here drips continuously, causing the steps to be very slippery. Movement through here is at half of normal. Any attempt at running requires a DEXx2 test, failure means falling down these stone steps... hard!

6. Underground River. This fast-moving river runs North through the city and eventually empties into an underground lake. Loula only discovered the river when he returned to take over the Institute and has not yet had

a chance to completely map it out or dig new exits. It is his hope to someday set up a tunnel network throughout Boston so The Last Dawn's movements are completely untraceable. Currently there are exits through private businesses which The Last Dawn controls, including: Wong's Chinese Laundry in the west end, the Rialto Theater downtown, and a warehouse on the docks. Strangely enough, no entrance to the bay has yet been found for this river.

On the large rock shelf located west of the river are two flat-bottom boats with gasoline engines that have been beached and tied down. The Last Dawn members use them when they wish to commute to other locations. §



The Eye Of Light & Darkness

continued from page 13

been reprinted, as well. While they provide more detail than might be necessary in all chase situations, it is useful to have them separate from the scenario book. Finally, there are some simple tables for an optional hit location system, including the chances to hit different areas of the body, the effects of damage, and the Hit Points in each location, which I assume are all from the *Cthulhu Now* rules.

Passing mention should be made of the bookmark, an item I initially glossed over as a gimmick. It is more than that, though: listed on the bookmark are the page numbers for several of the important sections of the book — it sure beats flipping back to the index all the time. The real gimmick in the kit is the cardboard model of the Strange High House in the Mist. I haven't tried to assemble it, but it looks as though it would fit together fine. I don't know who came up with the idea, but I have to admit that it sure is strange.

I'm not going to say too much about the scenario in the kit ("The Little People," by Keith Herber). It is around twenty pages, and it looks like it would be great for a single night (maybe two) of play. While pre-generated gangster characters are provided, players can roll up their own if they desire. The premise seems to be sound, and the writing is good. My only misgiving is that I do not know enough about the gangsters of the period to feel at ease with them, and I don't feel that the scenario really gives me enough information to distinguish them from the mobsters of the 30s and 40s. But it is only a short scenario, and a detailed background probably would have taken more space than it was worth.

Altogether, the Keepers' Kit provides a host of useful information for the experienced or novice keeper. I can't speak highly enough about the screen, and the rest of the material is at least interesting and in most cases is pretty useful itself. I should be able to use this material to enhance my games, rather than drag them down into rules debates. That's what a Keepers' Kit should do: enhance the game. That's what this kit does. All in all I think it's worth a nine. Maybe now I can tell my friend that there are, indeed, rules for this game, but that you needn't ever refer to them if you have the proper game aids.

Escape from Innsmouth
sourcebook for Call of Cthulhu
Chaosium, Inc. \$20.95
reviewed by Liam Routt

So, who needs a scenario book about a town full of bug-eyed half-breeds?

"The Shadow Over Innsmouth" is one of the better known stories written by H.P. Lovecraft, or so I am told. In it a man relates his escape from the clutches of the half-amphibian population of the small coastal town of Innsmouth. The narrator tells us that the town has since been raided by agents of the government, and that the blasphemous half-breeds have been dealt with. It is not my favorite Lovecraft story; I prefer the more personal tales, where the danger is out of the sight of most of society. The idea of a town full of degenerate human and fish people is not one with which I am really fascinated — that's simply too much Mythos in everyday life for me.

With attitudes like those, I expected to enjoy "Escape from Innsmouth" about as much as a bath with rotten fish. Boy was I wrong!

Sure, about fifty pages of the 160+ page book give a house-by-house description of the notable people and places in the blighted town of Innsmouth (and that's a lot of fish-men), but that is the sort of detail we have come to expect from the Lovecraft Country series. In that respect Innsmouth is fairly similar to the other books in the series: it starts with a description of the town and its history, as well as the peculiar local customs. There are time-lines for those who like them, and clear prose for those of us who would prefer to read scenario backgrounds rather than classic novels. The town itself is described in the now well-established format for the series, with a map of the town and lots of numbered buildings. While some of the locations are fairly ordinary, most keepers will undoubtedly find the seeds of a number of potent tales in the homes and businesses of Innsmouth, and for those who don't, there are a generous handful of possible scenario ideas for Innsmouth in a section at the end of the volume. All in all, these "research" sections are clearly presented, and seem to accurately represent the material in H.P.'s stories, as has been the case throughout the series of supplements. For me, though, background material for Innsmouth certainly would not make the book a worthwhile addition to my library.

There are two fully realized scenarios in "Escape from Innsmouth." The first is a straight-forward introduction to the town and its inhabitants. I don't think that it is giving away too much to reveal that it bears the same title

as the book itself. In all honesty I'd have to say that it is possibly a bit light on content – I figure that it will occupy a group for about a single evening of play (more if they really get into roleplaying the encounters, and less if they simply want to “get out of there”), but it takes up an overly generous twenty pages.

Overall, though, I must admit that it is exactly that sort of scenario that will be most useful to the keeper who wants to get his investigators interested in the town: it is short, direct, and has fair dash of adventure.

The feature of “Escape from Innsmouth”, without a doubt, is the other, five-part extended scenario in the book. It is this scenario which has really made the book work for me. Part of the attraction of the scenario, it seems, is its topic, and for that reason I don't want to reveal even its title, for fear of spoiling an otherwise magical scenario beginning for any prospective players.

The scenario is really more of a micro-campaign, with five major sections that could be spread over anything from three evenings to five times that, I imagine. It is the form of the scenario that makes it outstanding, and even though it is certainly a large part of its unique appeal, I really must explain it. There are five concurrent stories in the scenario, each of which has three sections. One or more of the player characters takes a central role in each of the stories, with the other players taking the roles of significant minor characters. As a section of one story is completed, the play moves onto to another of the stories, and in that way the action in each of the stories stays roughly synchronized. It is this simultaneous story aspect of the scenario that I think will make it exciting for the keeper and players alike, as the action switches from one situation to another in a well-thought out cliff-hanging cycle.

Each of the five stories in the scenario is interesting in its own right, and should provide enough tense action to keep the players on the edge of their seats, but each of them has a distinct tone, possibly the result of giving each story to a different writer. I must mention that Mark Morrison's story, in particular, has a satisfying twist in it, especially when it is viewed as part of the whole mini-campaign.

Another of the major features of the Innsmouth book is the superlative artwork of John T. Snyder. He does all of the character cameos, and a number of excellent partial page illustrations. His cameos have a real sense of “character” about them, and I can see photocopying almost all of them to use as visual queues for the players. His style is clear and expressive in a way that only a few artists seem to manage, even in Chaosium's products. Tom

Kalichack does a great job with the maps in the book, my only complaint being that a few more would not have gone astray; there are neighborhood maps for a couple of the areas in Innsmouth, but not for most of them. There is a nifty fold-out map of the whole town in the back of the book, but mine does not fold-out, and I am unwilling to risk ruining it. Also, the vital numbers are only shown on the town map that disappears into the middle of the book (no numbers are lost, but it is hard to see them all without bending the spine pretty severely). But these are all minor details.

What have I left out? Well, the manuscript seems to be pretty well put-together: there are few glaring typographical errors or grammatical problems, and the presentation is both professional and clear, as always. There is a balance of text and illustration in the book, even in the heart of the most prose-based sections, which make for a pleasant reading experience. Those are things that I think we come to expect, but rarely seem to acknowledge.

The credits clearly indicate that Kevin A. Ross was responsible for a large proportion of “Escape from Innsmouth”, and certainly a lot of the things which I feel make it an innovative and enjoyable book, so I think that he should receive a fair proportion of the praise for the volume's success. There were a number of people involved in the project, though, and I think that one can identify that all of them have contributed to the overall quality of the book in one way or another.

So, do I need a book describing a town of half-fish monstrosities? No, I still don't. But I do think that “Escape from Innsmouth” is a fine product, and I plan to use it extensively. Luckily for me a book about Innsmouth, no matter how many fish-men are in it, can be a good supplement when it is treated well. It is arguably the high-point in the Lovecraft Country, in my opinion, and contains one of the more innovative scenarios I have read in a while. With all that going for it, I really couldn't give it less than seven tentacles, but writing about it has put me in a good mood, so I think that it deserves eight of 'em; there's plenty of blasphemy in there, and many heads will roll – check it out.

Griffin & Sabine: An Extraordinary Correspondence
illustrated fiction by Nick Bantock
Chronicle Books, \$17.95
reviewed by John Tynes

Griffin & Sabine is that rarity, a national best-seller that truly warrants the attention. The creator of this

precious work, Nick Bantock, has in the past done a number of imaginative pop-up books, including a masterful and darkly hilarious adaptation of the nursery rhyme "Solomon Grundy."

This is a novel of sorts, presented in the form of letters and postcards between two individuals. One, Griffin Moss, is a quiet artist who makes and sells postcards from his London flat. The other, Sabine Strohem, is a stamp designer on a remote tropical island. She writes him out of the blue, with knowledge of his works and life that no one else possesses. Bantock's story concerns Griffin's befuddlement at this strange person, which turns to love and then fear.

Particularly striking about Bantock's tale is its presentation. Each page is a full-color representation of Griffin & Sabine's illustrated (almost illuminated, like medieval books) postcards and letters to each other. The letters *actually come in envelopes*, pasted to the pages of the book, which can be opened and read.

In short, for those *Call of Cthulhu* fans who love Chaosium's trademark handouts & props, this book is a joy and a delight. The meticulous presentation of these paper artifacts is a wonder of production, and devouring the contents of these physical, tactile gems is a tremendous pleasure.

The story itself is equally enjoyable—a mystery, with a masterful sense of character and language. Reading the correspondence of Griffin & Sabine, you will find yourself drawn into their world. And of course, the plot ideas are begging to be worked into a CoC campaign.

The book ends on an alarming and breathtaking note, as Griffin's protests against the actual existence of Sabine are refuted—or are they? Fortunately for us, Bantock has released a sequel in the same format: *Sabine's Notebook*. Both volumes should be available at any bookstore.

I can't recommend these treasures highly enough. For *Call of Cthulhu* fans, reading them represents much the same thrill we get from playing our games. If only they could be longer—or if only the correspondence of Griffin & Sabine were real, and included us amongst its patterns of discussion and romance. Nine phobias, and damn you if you don't seek these out.

Over The Edge

surreal horror role-playing game

by Jonathan Tweet with Robin D. Laws

Atlas Games, \$20

reviewed by John Tynes

this is a biased review. It is impossible for me to review this product objectively. Instead, I hope to present a decent discussion of what it is, and for what uses I think you might put it to in your *Call of Cthulhu* campaign. The reasons for this lack of objectivity are simple: the co-author, Jonathan Tweet, is a contributor to this issue. And, I have accepted and completed a freelance assignment to write a scenario for this game. Please bear these things in mind, and take the following with a grain of salt. This review is written by someone who is an unabashed enthusiast for the product.

Over The Edge is a peculiar new role-playing game. One of its creators, Jonathan Tweet (the other being Robin D. Laws), is the co-author of the original *Ars Magica* RPG and has worked on several other systems as well.

Imagine all the "weird" TV shows and movies and books and comics you've ever read. *Naked Lunch*, *Brazil*, *Twin Peaks*, *Sandman*, what have you. Mash them all together, and litter the contents across a fictitious island setting in the Mediterranean. What you end up with is the island of Al Amarja, the setting for the *Over The Edge* RPG.

OTE encompasses many staples of alternative or avant-garde or just plain bizarre creative works: strange drugs, strange aliens, strange plots, strange groups, strange human powers, and, well, just the strange in general. Playing OTE is somewhat like playing in William Burrough's fictional city Interzone: sort of a mutant-drug-fiend's version of Casablanca, as it was in the movie of the same name. This is not to say that Jonathan Tweet is a mutant-drug-fiend, but frankly nothing would surprise me after reading this game.

The game is set entirely in the modern world, on the fictional island of Al Amarja. Al Amarja is set just off the coast of Italy, and boasts an international population. The government's libertarian bent encourages business: they acknowledge no copyrights or patents, making Al Amarja a haven for knock-off manufacturers. Al Amarja's official currency and language are both American. Al Amarjan customs are strange, ranging from hangman's-noose-neckties to the custom of only serving food in sealed containers, to discourage poisoning and assassination.

Within this setting can be found a bewildering variety of groups and plots. Numerous people on Al Amarja want to rule or destroy the world; many of them can do either, given time. Aliens, mutant powers, mystical beings, and just about anything you can think of can be found within its confines. The premise is simple: as a tourist or a resident in Al Amarja, you pursue your own goals while dealing with those forces who would oppose you.

Before beginning, I have to state something up front:

Importantly to TUO readers, Al Amarja serves as an excellent diversion in your *Cthulhu Now* campaign (using CoC rules), and for this reason is being reviewed in these pages. I used the setting successfully for a two-session game using the "Delta Green" background presented in TUO7. A US senator on an alleged fact-finding tour had vanished, seemingly of his own will; for those of you looking for a scenario idea in this, the agents behind the plot can be found on page 133 of the OTE rulebook.

Considered solely as a setting for *Cthulhu Now*, OTE is excellent. The myriad plots and power groups fit in well with the Mythos (or vice versa), and there is enough weirdness going on in daily life to sustain a campaign. Even after our two-session playtest was over, my players were clearly interested in finding out more about several facets of Al Amarjan life. OTE inspires curiosity in those who encounter it, which is perhaps the highest compliment I can pay this work.

I still haven't done more than skim the rules section, as I was mostly interested in adopting the setting, not the rules (and the text encourages this). They look to be geared towards creative story-telling, as opposed to rules-mongering, and should work well if you wish to run OTE on its own.

In summation, OTE makes a great change-of-pace setting for *Cthulhu Now* campaigns (1920s games will find much has to be changed for this setting to work) and is a thoroughly enjoyable read. The main detriment to this 240-page book's usefulness is in the presentation. The division of material is sensible, but it is impossible to tell at a glance where you are in the book — there is no distinction on the page as to whether you are looking at lists of power groups, locations, or whatever. This makes flipping through the book to find something an impossibility; thankfully, there is a thorough index. A simple notation at the top or bottom of the page labeling which section the reader is looking at would have been of immense aid.

In all, OTE as a *Cthulhu Now* setting rates a solid 7

phobias. In other words, you may not want to set your whole CoC campaign here, but it's a *great* place to visit.

Cause of Death

a writer's guide to death, murder, and forensic medicine
Writer's Digest Books, \$15.95

reviewed by Dennis Detwiler

First of all, let me start this off by saying that if you enjoy horrible grisly *detailed* death in your CoC campaign, do not continue reading this review. Go out and get this book now!

This book — written for the benefit of authors or would-be authors of murder mysteries and the like — describes in detail everything dealing with human death. It has comprehensive sections (including photos and illustrations) on Emergency Room procedures; investigative procedures at a suicide, murder, or natural death; a detailed description of how autopsies are conducted; and a neat little section on capital punishment.

It answers all those nasty questions that crop up at the most inopportune times in CoC games, like: what *does* happen to a body after it is recovered by the authorities? or what happens to the organs during the autopsy (just in case they're maybe not organs — yecch)?

With this guide you can not only create a totally believable murder scene — along with subtle true-to-life clues for your CoC game — but you can also take it a step further and fill out a proper death certificate for the stiff and throw it at your players as a prop!

Also with this guide, when your players are injured and rushed to the hospital you can create a scary and bumpy ride through the ER. Learn the difference between a sucking chest wound and a Pneumothorax, or between a Myocardial infarction and a Ventricular Fibrillation. Scare your players to death!

If you are into detail and accuracy buy this book. It is an invaluable aid in any CoC campaign. This accumulation of everyday horrors deserves a rating of 8 phobias. 3

The Eye Of Light & Darkness

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

The Unmentionable Odor

ISSUE ZERO

APRIL 1, 1993



DENNIS DETWILER

an indigestibly absurd chore for the Call Of Khommoad® role-playing game

The Paranoid Guy

Philip H. Garland

I have elected to forgo searching the historical files today in favor of taking a more current look at paranoia. While history cries out for more research and study, taking only a historical view may result in skewing the picture I mean to paint in the readers' minds. These terrors we speak of are here among us today. They are not simply specimens to be studied and catalogued, as per the "Wilmarth Foundation" attitude. Horrors are everywhere, and paranoia rampant.

Take for instance the appearance of TUO6. First, it arrived at my local gaming store, not as an advance copy in the mail. That in itself was suspicious. Second, a quick glance at the table of contents showed no familiar title and name. Where was "The Paranoia Files," where was my name on the contributors' page? And come to think of it, where were the other familiar articles and names? Something was afoot, and what more natural to explain it than a *plot*. Someone, or something, had obviously undermined Pagan Publishing.

It was not as if I was simply worried about my own articles. Far from it. I would not, of course, imagine that I had been dumped and not even told about the decision. There had to be more to it than that. There had to be something nefarious in action.

It took a while, but I eventually pieced the matter together. The clues were hidden within the pages of the Oath itself. Fitting those clues together showed me a terror almost too horrible to contemplate. A new force had impinged itself upon our world. Pagan Publishing had been taken over by Christian Fundamentalists.

Look at the evidence. What flanks the "In This Issue" box on the cover? Angels! They're all over the place within the issue itself. At the top of every page; within the text. Where did they come from? And on page 31, what is that in the window of the asylum? Linked crosses. A religious investigator class, the illustration of a priest, and, finally, three NPC illustrations on page 57 that look like televangelists. The fundamentalists were within our ranks!

They were out, I was certain, to subvert our work. By pretending to be us, they were seeking to destroy the Oath

and the people behind it. They looked just like John Tynes and the rest of the crew, and only the closest examination could identify them. Belonging to a pretty conservative religious denomination myself, I was in a sense inoculated against the takeover. It would take rapid and meticulous work to deal with this problem.

Hints of such a scenario reached me several months ago when I was deep in conversation with an old friend located somewhere to the North. It seems that in his ancient and mystic city there is a fundamentalist radio program, a talk show, wherein the host discusses numerous occult phenomena, takes in callers, and explains how demons and devils and Great Old Ones are secretly worshipped by all readers of weird fiction, roll-players, and fans of Rock and Roll.

Paranoia is becoming a way of life with many. Indeed, for some people and groups it seems to be necessary for their very existence. (Soon, I expect to see the discussion of how a certain grassy knoll was actually the extra-dimensional outgrowth of one of the Great Old Ones.) Conspiracy theorists are getting more and more strange. On the other hand, there were those who called in to this radio show to explain how they actually worshipped the Old Ones, explaining that they were not malevolent demons but the true gods of the universe. Exactly who was the more weird I leave to the readers' judgement. These discussions warned me that something was stirring. Once again it was proved that fact is stranger than fiction. In fact, fact is bloody bizarre.

Now there were several things that could be done. First, I could hop a plane, fly out to Pagan Publishing, and fight for the very existence of the Oath, just like an investigator in an adventure would do. This option was pretty extreme, and had the disadvantage that I couldn't afford a plane ticket if they cost twenty bucks. Itinerant historians don't get paid much. Besides, flying puts one up there near those Things That Walk In The Air. What exactly was it that ripped the top off of that airplane a few years ago? Forget that.

Second, I could drive out to Columbia. No—that would

**I WAS A
TEENAGE
CTHULHU
CHASER**

OR:

***“Chrome-plated, jukebox-chewing Cthulhu
Killers from Outer Space vs. the Surfing
Neo-Nazi Midget Zombies from Hell!”***

The Fabulous Fifties

Information for role-playing the American 1950s

Teen Slang & Phrases: "See you later, alligator"; "Real cool"; "Far out"; "Real gone"; "Hip to the jive."

Popular Dances: The Twist; The Froog; The Mashed Potato; The Monkey; The Stroll.

Television Programs: "I Love Lucy"; "The Dinah Shore Show"; "Ed Sullivan"; "American Bandstand"; "The Mickey Mouse Club"; "Texaco Theatre" (with Milton Berle); "Gene Autrey"; "The Honeymooners"; "Roy Rogers"; "The Phil Silvers Show"; "Blondie"; "You Bet Your Life"; "77 Sunset Strip"; "You Asked For It."

Teenage Clothing, Girls: Strait skirts with a Cardigan sweater; neck scarves; saddle oxford shoes; "penny loafers" (so named because the wearer usually placed a penny in the seams of the shoes); full skirts (i.e., "poodle skirts") with crinolin petticoats; padded bras; girls most always wore their hair in ponytails or hanging straight; hair was not teased, nor were gels or mousses used.

Teenage Clothing, Guys: "Pegged" pants; jackets; oxford shirts; narrow white belts; "penny loafers" (*always* with white socks); hair was worn straight, in pompadors, "flat tops" (i.e., crew cuts), or DA's ("Duck's Ass," a style wherein the hair was combed in toward the center of the head, and which did resemble the south end of a north-bound duck); guys availed themselves to plenty of "greasy kids' stuff"—grease, oil, jelly, or anything else that was handy to plaster the hair into place and hold it there.

Fads, Trends, Lifestyles, & Events: Hoola hoops were popular; "sock hops" were the "rage" (school dances where everyone danced in their sock feet); there were no movies shown on Sundays; there were very few overweight teenagers, due to the fact that there was little junk food readily available, there was no such thing as a "couch potato," and the teens were generally active (participating in sports, helping with chores, etc.); Elvis Presley was drafted in 1957; Eisenhower was President ("I Like Ike"); Buddy Holly, Richie Valens, and the Big Bopper all died in a plane crash on February 3, 1959; Salk invented the polio vaccine; Hillary climbed Mt. Everest (1953); Measles vaccine found and the first nuclear-powered submarine, the Nautilus, was launched (1954); the stock market plunged in 1955, the worst ever since the 1929 crash; Sputnik was launched in 1957; Pasternak received the Nobel Prize, U.S. launched Explorer I, the Cold War was in full swing, and Khrushchev became Soviet Premiere (all in 1958).

Transportation: 1955 Bel Aire; the Nomad station wagon; Triumph motorcycles; Chevrolet panel trucks; the

Ford Fairlane; the Ford Comet; Lincolns; Edsels; 1940 Ford Willie, 1955, 1957 Chevrolet. "Rag top," slang for a convertible. "Moon hub caps," solid, round hub caps with no decorations, markings, etc.

For Your Listening Pleasure

No performance of "I Was A Teenage Cthulhu Chaser!" would be complete without a proper soundtrack. Keepers with access to 1950's rock & roll songs should make the most of them. When the investigators are cruising around in their car, hanging out, attending the bonfire and dance, in the school parking lot, and just about anywhere else, some good old fashioned rock & roll will add a whole new dimension to this scenario.

Recommended: "Blue Moon" (The Marcells); "Chantilly Lace" (The Big Bopper); "Blue Suede Shoes" (Carl Perkins); "Rave On" or "Peggy Sue" (Buddy Holly); "Maybelline" or "Johnny B. Goode" (Chuck Berry); any songs by Elvis Presley; "Why Do Fools Fall In Love?" (Frankie Lymon); "(Sha-Boom) Life Could Be A Dream (The Crewcuts); "All I Have To Do Is Dream" (The Everly Brothers); "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On" or "Great Balls Of Fire" (Jerry Lee Lewis); "Tears On My Pillow" (Little Anthony & The Imperials); "Long Tall Sally" or "Tutti Frutti" (Little Richard); "In The Still Of The Night" (The Five Satins); "At The Hop" (Danny & The Juniors); "Yakety Yak" or "Charlie Brown" (The Coasters); "Rock Around The Clock" (Bill Haley & The Comets); "Runaround Sue" (Dion); "Earth Angel" (The Penguins); anything by The Stray Cats.

For Your Viewing Pleasure

The films listed here are recommended viewing for anyone playing or running "I Was A Teenage Cthulhu Chaser!" They will help you get a feeling for the era, the lifestyles, the clothing, and the atmosphere, to help flesh out the scenario and really make it come to life.

Heavily Recommended: *Back to the Future*; *The Blob* (1958 version); *Rebel Without A Cause*; *I Was A Teenage Werewolf*.

Also recommended: *Stand By Me*; *Grease*; *Invaders from Mars* (1953 version); *Peggy Sue Got Married*; *The Giant Gila Monster*; *Don't Knock the Rock*; *Horror of Party Beach*.

In addition, the following films are suggested for their atmospheric potential: *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (1956 version); *Phantasm*; *Carnival of Souls*.

Keeper's Information

The quiet little California town of Santa Mira has a problem. A strange rash of bizarre disappearances has the local police department bumfuzzled and the townspeople edgy. And with Halloween only a few days away, the town is awash with ideas, suggestions, theories and gossip.

The cause of all these problems comes from one man: Professor Roderick Corman. Corman, a part-time biology teacher and a full-time nut, is busy trying to create a race of super-beings to combat the Red Scare (the Russians). He plans on developing his idea and selling it to the government, so that armies of his creations can be deployed to stem the savage onslaught that is being planned (no doubt at this very minute) by the Iron Curtain fiends.

Corman's experiments have not gone very well. His first experiment resulted in a blob-like, gelatinous creature that he disposed of in some caves near the ocean. His second attempt has produced six goggle-eyed, rather obnoxious midgets. Originally intended to be man-sized super-soldiers, he had some problems with their size. But the midgets have been responsible for the disappearances in town. Corman has ordered them to steal several things he needs for his next round of experiments: a 1957 Ford Fairlane engine block, several books from the public library, electrical supplies, and two cadavers from the hospital morgue. Corman has even "faked" a theft at his house of several small animals and some plants, to throw suspicion farther from him. All the stolen items are at the decrepit Carradine House on the point, overlooking the ocean. It is there Corman carries out his screwball experiments.

Investigator's Information

This scenario begins with the investigators going about their day-to-day business, working, teaching, researching or what have you. Each investigator is approached by an exceedingly tall, lanky gentleman dressed in an archaic black suit with a white ruffled shirt. His pallor is chalky and his thin, almost lipless mouth seems to slice across his face as he smiles at the investigator.

The gentleman will inform the character that he or she has been chosen for a very special task, one of supreme importance and delicacy. He will then extend his hand, upon the palm of which rests a small white cube about the size of a ring box. It glows with a serene, silvery light and emits a low, continuous hum. A smoky white fog begins to flow from the cube, quickly curling toward the investigator. Characters should be allowed an action, but not-

The Santa Mira Area

The investigators will be located on the regional map at the spot marked "X." Other important areas are described below:

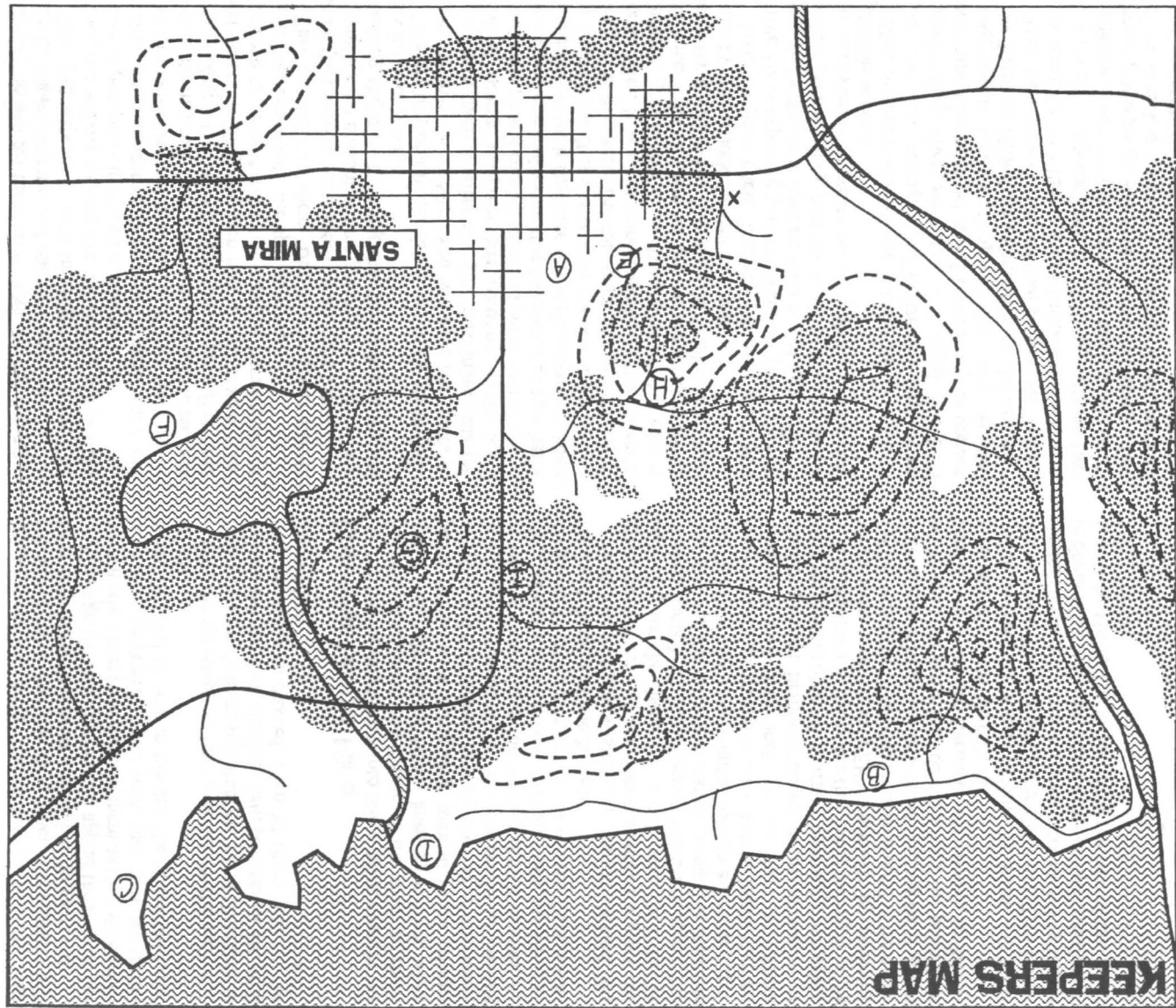
- A. The Town of Santa Mira:** See separate map.
- B. Beach:** A favorite hang-out of the local teens. The beach is a fantastically sunny spot, just right for swimming, sunbathing, or having bonfires. Standing in just the right spot, one can see the old Carradine house (D) and the Sea Breeze Pavilion (C).
- C. Sea Breeze Pavilion:** This is an old pavilion that has been closed since 1945. It is surrounded by a dilapidated chain-link fence. The attractions that are still here include a roller coaster, merry-go-round, House of Mirrors (mostly broken now), several kiddie rides, a ferris wheel, and many buildings, sheds and booths; supposedly haunted by the spirit of the child who died when a ride broke apart in '45 (For establishing proper atmosphere and effect, keepers are urged to see the 1962 film *Carnival of Souls*).
- D. Carradine House:** Run-down old house where Roderick Corman

carries out his experiments in a hidden lab. Creaky, dilapidated, and avoided (due to the dangers of collapse), this weather-beaten two-story house perches atop a narrow cliff overlooking the ocean. Clinging weeds and thick dune grass surround the house, occasionally punctuated by chunks of rock or patches of sand. The house was built in 1908 by Jonathan Carradine, a sailor and collector of antiquities. Upon his death in 1932, he bequeathed his collection to Sierra Valley University, located about four hours up the coast. The house has fallen into complete disrepair since the old man's passing.

E. Lookout Point: Another favorite teen hang-out, although usually only for two who want to...ahem...be alone and practice the fine 1950s art of "star gazing."

F. Black Lake Mill: This is the location of a small steel foundry that employs quite a few men in Santa Mira. On the eastern shore of the lake is an old, decrepit mill that still functions, and is run by "Old George" Zucco.

G, H & I. 'Secret' Teen Hangout Spots. Guaranteed no parents!



ing they do will get them away from the fog. It nimbly engulfs the investigator and obscures his vision.

This will happen to each investigator in turn. The gentleman will say nothing else, and the fog will swallow up all investigators in the same manner.

Once all investigators have been "fogged," they will feel themselves beginning to fall, as if they were plummeting down a hole. They will vaguely be able to see each other falling before everything begins to grow fuzzy and non-corporeal. They will then hear an odd, sexless voice speaking to them. A faint humming or buzzing can be heard just underneath the spoken words.

The voice instructs them: "Due to your special talents and gifts, you have been chosen for an urgent task. There is only a short amount of time granted you, since we are breaking the rules by doing this. Nevertheless, we feel this is the only way.

"We are temporarily displacing you to the small California town of Santa Mira. You will have two duties to accomplish there. Number one, you must investigate the rash of strange disappearances occurring in the town. Determine what is causing them and put an end to it. And two, you are to make sure that Norman Zitmeyer has a date and goes with that date to the Homecoming Dance on Friday night. It is unacceptable for one of you to take Norman to the dance. The date must be a girl already in Santa Mira. It is of extreme importance that Norman Zitmeyer goes to that dance. We cannot explain why at this time. Trust us when we say our reasoning is sound. Saturday is Halloween. You must be finished with your tasks by nine o'clock Sunday morning.

"Look up your uncle, Torrence Johnson, when you arrive. He is expecting you and will give you a place to stay. You will need to fabricate some sort of cover story to explain your presence. And above all, be discreet. Avoid letting anyone know where you are truly from. Good luck. I shall be waiting."

With that, each investigator will see things begin to take solid form once again and realize that they are no longer falling. They are sitting in a royal blue 1955 convertible Chevrolet Bel Aire. Everyone will be dressed in appropriate 1950's clothing (see the sidebar entitled "The Fabulous Fifties" for information on the clothes).

They have none of their original possessions. Instead, male investigators will find a wallet with a few dollars in it, a couple of photographs, a folded-up note or two, perhaps a Trojan condom, and a slick black pocket comb. Female investigators will have a purse containing a few dollars, lipstick, a compact, a comb and brush, assorted notes and slips of paper, a ticket stub, etc. Two random

investigators will have driver's licenses showing their character's name and age (17!); other investigators will have only learner's permits and will be 16 years old.

Although the investigators still appear their actual age to each other, everyone else sees them as they were when they were teenagers. If you wish, they may see themselves like that as well in mirrors (the "Quantum Leap" effect).

Give the investigators time to acclimate themselves to their new surroundings and situation. Allow them time to explore the car, their clothing, hair, possessions, etc. until they are ready to proceed. Then let them head out for Santa Mira.

Entering Santa Mira

As the investigators drive into Santa Mira, describe the peaceful atmosphere and flavor of the town to them: quaint, carefully-tended homes lined up in rows, white picket fences, trees losing their colorful leaves, crickets chirping, and cool breezes blowing down the clean streets. It is Sunday evening, so they may see people out walking or leaving their homes for evening church services. As the characters drive slowly through town, the shadows deepen and cozy golden lights can be seen from behind the laced curtains of the houses.

Flashing red lights suddenly appear behind the investigator's car. A quick glance identifies a police car, signalling for the characters to pull over. Once they've stopped, Santa Mira Police Deputy Ken Curtis approaches and asks for the driver's operating permit. He questions the "kids" on why they're out so late on a Sunday night, where they're going, and so on. When he learns they are coming to visit their uncle, he lets them go without further question. Before returning to his automobile he cautions them to observe the traffic laws and drive safely.

It is important to remember that many teenagers in the 1950s were scrutinized VERY carefully by authority figures, especially those kids who ran around in their own automobiles. Always on the lookout for drag races, games of "chicken," or other hot rod challenges, the police kept careful watch on any teenager old enough to drive—especially if he had his own car.

The investigator who is having the dream will know where Uncle Torrence and Aunt Patty live. That investigator should also concoct a cover story as to why they're in Santa Mira with their friends. One or two investigators should be kin to Uncle Tor, with the rest of the group being friends.

Uncle Tor & Aunt Patty

Uncle Tor and Aunt Patty live in a quaint little two-story house near the towns' center. It is surrounded by a white picket fence and sports a lovely flower garden in one part of the yard. It will be about 7:30 PM when the investigators arrive at the house. Uncle Tor, a balding, expansive man, will be puttering around in his garage, drinking a cup of coffee. When the investigators arrive, he will yell for Patty, and come out to greet them.

Aunt Patty is an auburn haired lady, perhaps 45 years old, wearing a cooking apron. Both she and Tor will be overjoyed to see the relatives, and to meet the friends. Patty will bustle them into the kitchen and begin preparing something to eat for the quite-famished investigators. Tor goes upstairs to make sure the rooms are ready before coming back down and talking with the investigators. The characters have no luggage or extra clothes, a fact which neither Uncle Tor or Aunt Patty seem to notice.

There will be enough rooms so that any female characters get their own room, while every two male investigators will have to share. A quick check of the closets and dressers will reveal plenty of clothing changes for each investigator. All the investigator's rooms are upstairs, along with a linen closet and bathroom. The downstairs is composed of a living room (with television), dining room, kitchen (which connects to the garage), master bedroom, bathroom, and small sewing room.

Town News

While getting settled in, conversations will probably turn toward the strange crimes. Aunt Patty can show the investigators several Santa Mira Examiner articles covering the events. They are briefly described below:

14 days ago: the first incident occurred at Anderson's Boulevard Ford. The entire engine block of a '57 Ford Fairlane was taken. Although the dealer's lot is surrounded by a chain-link fence, no holes were cut in it, nor was there any evidence of the gates being opened. Police believe it was the work of several juvenile delinquents.

10 days ago: Eight books were stolen from the public library. Four were general medical texts, three were "occult" books, and the last was the novel *Frankenstein: Or The Modern Prometheus*. Evidence indicates the thief broke in through a ground-level back window.

8 days ago: Several rather common plants, two rabbits and a guinea pig were taken from the residence of Mr. Roderick Corman. Corman is a part-time biology teacher at Santa Mira High School and lives in a small house on

Route 9, past the public park. Police chief Milton Arbogast believes the recent disappearances to have all been perpetrated by a small gang of hoodlums, pranking people before Halloween.

5 days ago: Almost \$60.00 worth of electrical supplies were stolen from Cushing's Department Store. Some of the items taken were batteries, wire, switches, transistors and such. Store personnel have been investigated; there is no evidence of any of them committing the theft. The police feel that this theft is not related to the earlier occurrences. Several suspects are being sought out.

3 days ago: Two bodies were taken from the hospital morgue. Evidence indicates the theft occurred sometime between 2:00-4:00 A.M., and that the thief gained access to the hospital through a small window leading into the basement. An excellent clue was found at the crime scene; specialists up the coast in Sierra Valley are running tests on it at the time. Chief Arbogast feels that several thieves have been working together to pull off these disappearances, timing them to coincide with the Halloween season. Suspects in this—and the department store theft—have come up clean. Concerned citizens are demanding that Mayor Kenneth Tobey and Chief Arbogast come up with answers soon. Rumors of cancelling Halloween and the Homecoming Dance this Friday night are, at press time, false.

Each article relating to the thefts has been written by Examiner writer James Craig. Several "Letters to the Editor" have appeared over the past two weeks, demanding action, postulating theories, and spouting nonsense. Hints that "supernatural forces" emanating from Sea Breeze Pavilion may be involved are suggested in some letters. The stories have all contained the typical "no comments" and vague answers from administration officials when pressed with revealing questions.

Getting Started

Uncle Tor and Aunt Patty will lay down a few "ground rules" (i.e., everyone must be in by 8:00 PM, homework is to be done before watching television, helping around the house after school will be expected, etc.) for the investigators to abide by. In addition, Patty will tell them that she has registered them for school, and they start tomorrow morning at Santa Mira High School. She will also mention the school is having a bonfire Thursday night, and a Homecoming Dance after the big game Friday night.

If asked about Norman Zitmeyer, Tor and Patty both know him and his parents. They live only a few blocks away. They are good-hearted people; honest and sweet. Norman is very smart: "Got a lot a' future, that boy," Tor



will say. "He'll end up at UCLA or some other big school, you wait and see."

The investigators have several options to pursue with respect to the disappearances. They may check their leads at Anderson's Boulevard Ford, at the library, with Mr. Corman, at Cushing's Department Store, and possibly even the hospital. Each of these areas is described in detail below. Plus, they must devise some way to solve the 'Norman Zitmeier' problem: finding him a date for the school dance.

About Norman Zitmeier

The characters must see to it that Norman has a date for the Homecoming Dance, and goes with her to the dance. Investigators already know that it is not acceptable for one of their number (assuming a female is in the group) to take Norman. They'll have to devise another way. And that's where the fun is.

Norman Zitmeier is a typical nerd. His clothing is atrocious, his glasses are black horn-rimmed, his mother is *highly* overprotective, he lacks self-esteem, grace, poise and just about everything else. He carries too many books, studies religiously and reads EC science-fiction comic books. His hair is too greasy (and out of style), he is awkward, goofy, and shy. Norman is in bad shape.

He is, however, an extremely gifted line drawer. He loves to do architectural drawings, and does them damn well. He also likes doodling space ships, moon colonies and other science-fiction stuff. Characters succeeding in an INTx2 roll will remember Zitmeier's name as being associated with some outstanding building designs in Chicago, Los Angeles, and Dallas in their own time period.

How the characters approach Norman is up to them. As the Keeper, you should strive to role-play this geeky little fellow with all the fumbling nervousness you can muster. Make it difficult for the investigators to get to know him, but not impossible. (During playtesting, the investigators, once they'd won his friendship, had to teach him how to walk, speak strongly and yes, dance.) The Zitmeier plot is secondary; it is in the adventure to give the characters a second objective to deal with. Remember that Norman is *completely* lost around girls, especially attractive ones. This can provide some priceless role-playing opportunities.

Santa Mira High School

Being "undercover" as teenagers in 1958, the investigators will have to go to school during the day. This will put a little more pressure on them, as they have even less time to run around asking questions.

The investigators will have to have a class schedule. There are six periods of classes at SMHS and two lunch periods. Allow the investigators to roll 1D6 to determine what period a particular class they have meets.

Have each investigator roll a die. If they roll even, they attend First Lunch (1st Period, 2nd Period, 3rd Period, Lunch, 4th Period, 5th Period, 6th Period). If they roll odd, they attend Second Lunch (1st Period, 2nd Period, 3rd Period, 4th Period, Lunch, 5th Period, 6th Period).

Investigators will have to take certain classes, based on what grade they are in. These classes are mandatory. Other classes may be whatever the investigator wishes. Sophomores must take English 10, a math, History, and the much-dreaded Physical Education. Juniors must take English 11, a math, Social Studies and Geography. Seniors must take English 12, a math, and government. Homework will be assigned 75% of the time. Characters may roll against the appropriate skill to complete the homework. Successful rolls mean the homework is 85% correct and garners the investigator an 85, 90, 95 or 100 grade (roll 1D4 to determine); failed rolls mean the homework is marginally correct and the investigator receives a 55, 60, 65, or 70 grade.

Have the investigators keep track of their classes, their homework, their grades and everything else. The Keeper's job "in school" is to role-play teachers and friends, and drop clues. It should be up to the players to keep records of how their investigator is doing in each class. And don't forget those great pop quizzes! Make the players relive their high school careers, *doubtlessly* the best years of their lives...

Before & After Classes

Before school, after school, or while travelling the hallways between classes, give an occasional Listen roll to a random investigator. A successful roll will allow the investigator to overhear gossip/speculation/talk about the disappearances. If the Keeper wishes to plant false leads or drop an important clue, this is the way to do it. Any clues or leads the keeper wishes to dangle in front of the investigators should be taken from their respective sections in the scenario. Other clues which the investigators may overhear include:

- Many students believe their arch-rivals, the Central River Bulldogs (whom they play in football this Homecoming Friday), are behind the smaller thefts, trying to stir up trouble before the big game. Nobody has any real revelations or ideas about the thefts at the department store and the hospital.
- Two juniors, Alan Ormsby and Jeff Morrow, have said

that they were attacked by some j.d.'s from Central River. They were short kids, dressed in rags, and they threw bricks and bottles at Alan & Jeff. Rumor has it that there were about four kids, and that they were really strong.

- Several students heard that one of the books stolen from the library was a real "zonker" title. It was "Kuthooloo in the Necremnican," or something like that. It sounded like a "real gone" book.
- Rumors abound that "Buzz" Steckler and some of his hot-rod buddies are behind the thefts, especially the one at the Ford dealership. The police have checked them out (they were clean), but speculations still run rampant.

During Class

Every few classes, ask for halved Luck rolls from random investigators. Failed rolls will mean the investigator receives the typical "new kid in school" looks, but little else. Successful rolls may roll a 1D20 on the chart at right:

If the investigators make friends with Jeff Morrow or Alan Ormsby, they find them quite willing to talk about their experience near the housing development (see the rumors in "Before & After Classes"). Both boys were walking home from a late football practice when they passed near the construction site. They heard grunting and rustling sounds coming from the area and went to investigate. Before they got close enough to make out any important details, the j.d.'s (who were fairly short) began tossing bricks and bottles at them. Their strength was "far out" for kids of their size. Some of the bricks even shattered against the wall behind Jeff and Alan, they were thrown so hard.

The j.d.'s were wearing dirty, baggy clothes, and hissed and grunted a lot. Investigators succeeding in a Psychol-

- 1 Investigator may overhear important lead or clue (left up to Keeper).
- 2-5 Someone near the investigator introduces him/herself and tries to make friends. They may invite the character to eat lunch with them, go to the malt shop, or just try to get acquainted.
- 6-9 Someone near the investigator will introduce him/herself.
- 10 Investigator may overhear important lead or clue (left up to Keeper).
- 11-12 Someone will make derogatory comments on the investigator's clothing, hair, car, etc.
- 13-15 Someone near the investigator introduces him/herself and tries to make friends. They may invite the character to eat lunch with them, go to the malt shop, or just get acquainted.
- 16 Investigator may overhear an important lead or just a red herring.
- 17-18 A nearby student lets the investigator use his/her notes or textbook and tries to make friends.
- 19 Investigator is picked on by a class bully or hotshot.
- 20 Reggie, one of the school greaser bad-boys immediately takes a dislike to the investigator and works to make his life hell while at school. (Reggie hangs out with Del, John, and George, some other "leather jacket, j.d. punks").

ogy roll realize that both boys are keeping something from their story. A successful Persuade roll causes them to look at each other with expressions of doubt and uncertainty before explaining: "It's just that, well, their eyes...their eyes weren't right. Even from where we were.



CHRIS THIEKE

they looked like dinner plates, big and perfectly round. Way out there. Their eyes would have to have taken up half of their face to have been that big. And for such little kids, they moved like lightning. One minute they were there, throwing stuff at us, and the next minute they were gone—just like a shot."

The only explanation they can come up with is jd.'s from Central River or some local kids dressing up early for Halloween. Of course, the boys only sigh and look at each other uncertainly when the supposed-jd.'s speed and eyes are mentioned.

Anderson's Boulevard Ford

Anderson's Boulevard Ford Dealership is surrounded by a 10' high chain-link fence. Inside the fence is a show-room, a garage, a lot of new and used automobiles, and a side lot of wrecked and damaged cars. Once there, the investigators may talk directly to Mr. Anderson, better known throughout Santa Mira as "California Charlie." He is a tall, lean man with a flair for presentation and a smooth, clear voice. He habitually dresses in neatly pressed suits and crisp ties. If the investigators have a decent cover story, he will show them to the side lot where the '57 Ford Fairlane stands, hood up and engine missing.

"California Charlie" explains that he came in about 8:00 AM after the night in question and found the car with the hood up and engine completely gone. He suspects "Buzz" Steckler and his gang of hot-rod delinquents did the job, even though Chief Arbogast has already investigated and cleared them (much to Anderson's dislike). "Buzz" is a local punk who steals cars and gets into trouble for a living. He hangs out at the salvage yard a lot, and few people trust him.

While checking over the Fairlane, investigators will see evidence of the motor having been disconnected from all cables, shafts and wires, and removed from the car. No other damage is evident, and nothing else is missing. Anderson will explain that the engine was a 357 Cleveland, a monster of a motor, and that it would take several men to carry one. He will even admit that "Buzz" and his pals wouldn't be stupid enough to try and lift a 357 Cleveland engine over the fence. But since the gate had not been opened, and the fence was not cut, that's what they must've done. Nothing else on the lot was disturbed. The thieves knew exactly what they wanted.

A successful halved Spot Hidden roll by any investigator looking into the engine well of the Fairlane will notice a small, greasy handprint. It is child-sized, with oddly shaped fingers. The fingers appear to be almost twice the length of the hand. Medicine rolls (or INTx1)

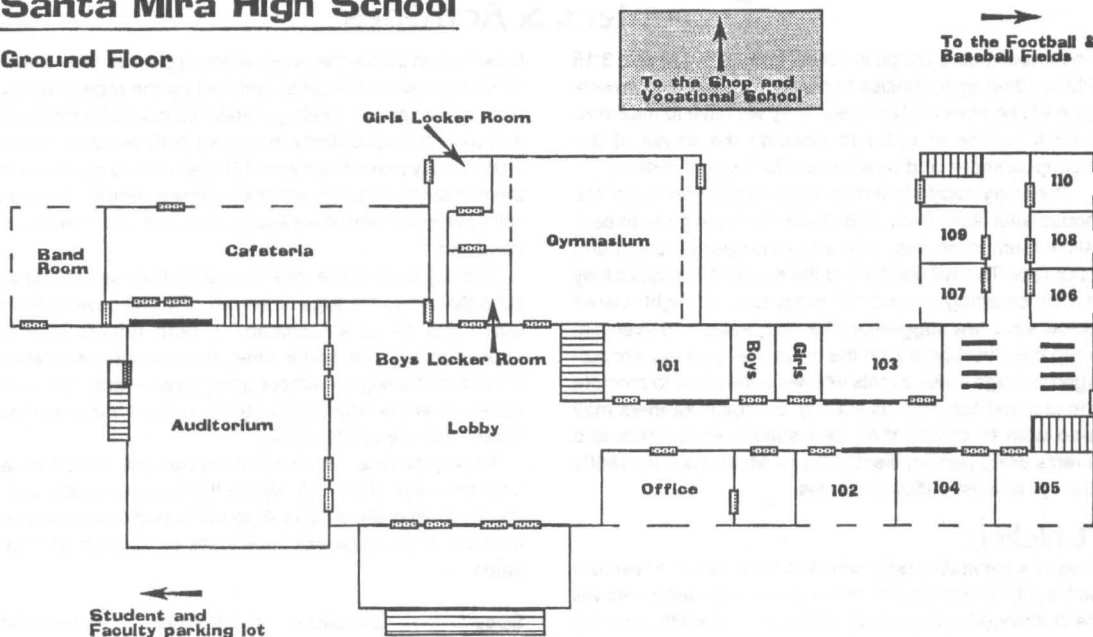
SMHS Map
Santa Mira High School and teachers: Using the S.M.H.S. map, this is the room designations and teachers:

Room	Class	Teacher
101	Home Economics	Mrs. Ida Lupino
102	Typing	Mrs. Mara Corday
103	History	Mr. Mel Wells
104	Reading Room	Mrs. Hazel Court
105	Yearbook & School newspaper	
106	Math	Mrs. Tura Satana
107	Geometry	Mr. William Beaudine
108	Algebra I	Mr. Jon Hall
109	Advanced Math	Mrs. Barbara Steele
110	Algebra II	Mrs. Allison Hayes

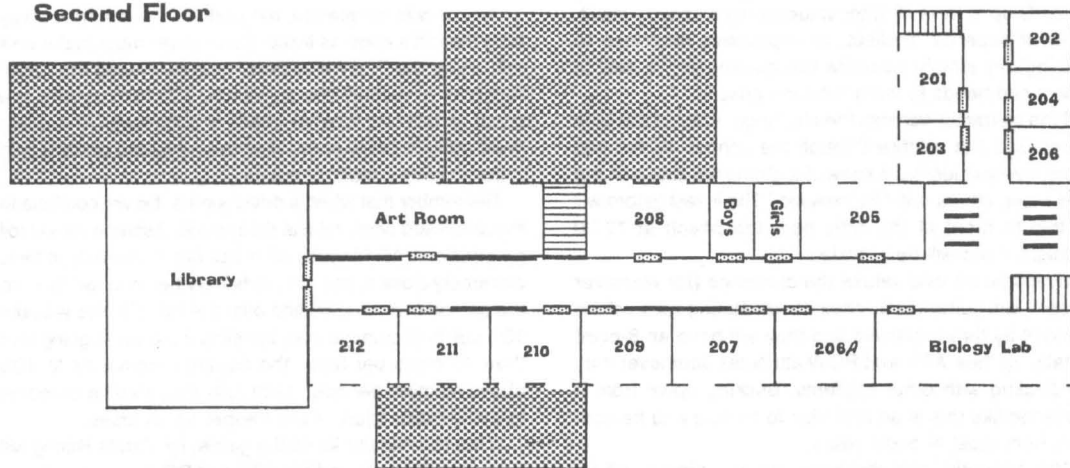
201	English 10	Mrs. Aneta Corseaut
202	French/Spanish	Mrs. Corseaut & Mrs. Estelita
203	English 11	Mrs. Loretta King
204	English 9	Mrs. Dawn Anderson
205	English 12	Mrs. Yvette Vickers
206	English 8	Mr. Bruno VeSota
206-A	Chemistry	Mr. Whit Bissell
207	Science	Mr. Russell Johnson
208	History	Mrs. Claudia Barrett
209	Science	Mr. Richard Denning
210	Geography	Mr. Kevin McCarthy
211	Government	Mrs. Gloria Talbott
212	Social Studies & Government	
	Art	Mrs. Beverly Garland
Art room	P.E.	Mr. Dick Miller
Gymnasium		Mr. Michael Ripper
Band room	Band & Choir	& Mrs. Judith O'Dea
		Mr. Mantan Moreland
		& Mr. Dean Jagger

Santa Mira High School

Ground Floor



Second Floor



Encounters & Activities

The investigators will be in school from 9:00 AM until 3:15 PM, so their opportunities to search for clues and investigate will be severely hindered. They will have to maximize their free time in order to discover the cause of the disappearances and assist poor Norman get a date.

They may decide that they will have to sneak out of the house after Aunt Patty and Uncle Tor have gone to bed. Allow them to do this, with a few successful Listen and Luck rolls. This will put them at the Keeper's mercy, as they will be creeping around the foggy town at night! Listed below are a few suggestions for encounters and events to keep the investigators on the move. Keepers are encouraged to stage these events whenever they like, to promote the plot and keep things flowing. Energetic keepers may also wish to devise their own special encounters and events using people, lifestyles, and situations from 1950s life—or at least 1950s B-movies.

"Chicken"

It will be inevitable (and wouldn't be a 1950s adventure without it): at some point, one of the male investigators will be challenged to a game of "chicken" on the cliffs near the beach. The challenger could be Reggie, one of his gang, or some other greaser in school. Most likely the cause of the challenge will be some wrong-doing perpetrated upon the NPC. Examples would include refusing to let the NPC copy homework or cheat off an investigator's test paper; derogatory remarks about the NPC's girl or car; showing the NPC up in front of other students (by a snappy insult, show of superior intellect, or impressive response to bullying); or simply because the investigator is new in school and needs to learn "who the boss is."

If the character accepts the challenge, word of the race will spread like wildfire through the school. Within two hours, every student will know of it. Some will side with the challenger, others with the "new kid." The investigators will be told to meet at the cliffs near the beach at 12:00 midnight. Cars will be provided.

Investigators who refuse the challenge (for whatever reason) will suffer for it. Their Credit Rating rolls will be reduced by three-quarters and they will have an 8-point penalty on their APP and POW attributes whenever they are dealing with other students. Backing down from a challenge like this is an invitation to ridicule and harassment from most of one's peers.

After accepting the challenge, the investigator will be told to pick a "second" (someone to drive for him, if he were

to be injured before the race). At the appointed time, packs of kids gather on the cliffs, anticipating the race to come. Both drivers and seconds generally introduce themselves, and have the opportunity to inspect both vehicles. Investigators may make Mechanical Repair rolls to determine if there is anything amiss with their chosen vehicle. The cars will have come from the salvage yard, but are in excellent condition.

The objective of the race is to drive the cars as fast as possible toward the edge of the cliff. The first driver to jump out of his car is a "chicken." If both drivers leap at approximately the same time, the person who lands closest to the edge—without going over—wins. The cars careen over the edge, erupting into balls of flame as they smash into the rocks below.

To play the race, assume that the cars line up 200 yards from the edge of the cliff. When the signal is given, both drivers must make a Drive Auto roll to pop the clutch and take off. Both autos will accelerate to 30 mph after 50 yards.

Speed	Distance	POW mod.	Drive mod
35 mph	125 yards	none	normal
40 mph	100 yards	none	normal
45 mph	50 yards	-1	-5%
50 mph	20 yards	-3	-10%
>50 mph	<5 yards	-6	-20%

As the cars accelerate, they will be the distance away from the cliff's edge as listed. Each driver must make a x4 roll, using the POW modifiers. Failure means the driver receives a second check, which, if failed, causes the driver to bail out. If either check is successful, the driver must make a Drive Auto roll at the assigned penalties, in order to keep control of the car.

Remember that when a driver jumps, he will continue to move forward when he hits the ground. Assume he will roll an additional 1D10 yards after bail-out. Obviously, if he is extremely close to the cliff, rolls may be required to keep the person from plummeting over the cliff. Drivers will take 1D4 points of damage from the jump if the car is going less than 45 miles per hour; the damage increases to 1D6 above 45 miles per hour. Luck rolls may also be called for to avoid major injury, if the Keeper so chooses.

If the investigator loses the game, his Credit Rating will be reduced to half, and his APP and POW will be reduced by 4. This is less than what is listed above, as many of the

students will still appreciate the investigator's courage. If the challenger loses the race, he suffers a great blow to his ego, as well as the statistical penalties outlined above. Needless to say, he probably won't be very happy about being "shown up" by the new kid...

Midget Massacre

The midget zombies may attack the investigators if they are in a fairly isolated area (such as Sea Breeze or around Black Lake). The Keeper should be careful in using this, as springing this too early in the adventure will spoil the mystery and the surprise factor will be lost. The midgets could attack a single character or two, or perhaps the entire group. An excellent place for setting something like this up is the Sea Breeze Pavilion. With the vacant booths, dark doorways, and skeletal remains of rides, the midgets could terrorize the investigators very easily. Think of the small hooded figures from the film *Phantasm* for ways to approach the midgets' scare potential.

Dating

If any of the investigators get asked out on a date (or perhaps do the asking themselves), promote this role-playing, even if it deviates from the scenario somewhat. This is a fun adventure—so have fun with it. Role-play the picking of clothes to wear, the remarks from fellow classmates (and fellow investigators), the meeting of the parents (gulp!), even role-play the actual date! Of course, devious Keepers will find some way to incorporate something related to the mystery into the evening...

Helping Norman

As part of their assignment, the investigators must make sure that Norman Zitmeier has a date for the Homecoming Dance, and goes with her to the dance. Norman should be worked into the scenario through school, perhaps meeting him at lunch or in the library. Norman will shy away from girls (*especially* attractive ones) and will keep his guard up around the investigators. Norman's basic question is "why are these new kids in town so worried about me getting a date?" Play this to the limit. Make Norman approachable, but tough to crack.

The investigators will probably come up with all sorts of ideas and schemes to get Norman to the dance. In playtesting, the investigators began to build up his self-esteem, thereby making him less nerdy. They helped him with his hair, his clothes, his manners, and his dignity. By the end of the week, Norman was a different person, much to his mother's chagrin.

And as always, if the investigators become too chummy with the "walking science lab," Reggie and his gang of vultures will certainly pop around, harassing the investigators about their taste in friends, stealing books and playing "keep away," and generally being troublemakers.

Getting Grounded

If the investigators get into trouble or disobey Aunt Patty or Uncle Tor, they will probably get grounded. They could be grounded from going to the bonfire, going to the football game, using the car, going out on dates or something similar. They will probably also have extra chores to do around the house. Working their way out of being grounded should be a challenge, and one the Keeper should sit back and enjoy. They can either stay at home and be grounded, or sneak away (which will definitely put them into hot water if they're caught!)



CHRIS THIEKE

suggests that the fingers are too fat and too long for a normal child's hand.

If questioned about the other disappearances, "Charlie" tells them that he thinks they're all connected somehow. Although how those two bodies fit into it, well, that's getting down-right grisly. He will adamantly stick to his belief that "Buzz" Steckler and his no-good gang of thugs is behind the whole affair, no matter what the police think. They're using it for one of their "souped up gassers," without a doubt. "An engine of that size and strength...that's a lot of potential power right there, yessirreebob!"

The Santa Mira Public Library

At the public library the investigators can talk to the head librarian, Mrs. Peggie Castle. She is a short, fiery-tempered little lady with shrewish glasses and a bun of hair that seems to be nailed to her head. She dresses very conservatively and is quite friendly until something angers her (and someone stealing library books is a good "something"). She was the closing librarian the night of the theft. The other librarian, Mrs. Kim Parker, was not working that night.

Mrs. Castle has nothing good to say about the thefts of late. She will comment on their being mean, callous, and downright obscene (meaning the bodies stolen from the morgue). She can tell them that Professor Corman came in the other day and was quite upset about his animals being stolen. "He's a biologist, you know, and the poor man was just heartbroken about his poor little animals."

Mrs. Castle explains that the thief broke in through a ground-level window around back. Chief Arbogast found a few muddy footprints ("...child-sized, to beat all! What these young kids won't do around Halloween!") but he said the mud could've come from anywhere around here. He also found a few fingerprints, but Castle hasn't heard anything else from the Chief on that.

The books that were taken were not particularly valuable. In fact there are a few other books in here that would be worth much more money than those taken. Eight books were taken in all. Four were basic medical and first-aid texts, three came from the "occult/religion" section, and the last was the novel *Frankenstein: Or The Modern Prometheus*. If questioned about the occult books, she will say that they were basic, generalized works talking about the witch-trials, ghosts, astrology, and so on ("Nothing extremely important or useful, but we do like to keep our sections well-stocked."). She will not expound further, unless the investigators can make a successful Persuade roll. If this is done, she will revise her story to say that only one of the occult books was basic. The other two were *Life*

After Death: An Account of Voodoo Practices in Modern-Day Haiti and *Cthulhu in the Necronomicon*.

She informs the investigators that the latter books was part of a small collection donated to the library by old Captain Carradine, who used to live out on the point. He gave a small religion/philosophy collection to the library before he died, which was responsible for over 80% of the current holdings in that section. "All of his antiquities went up the coast to the University," she recites. Investigators will not find anything of Mythos significance in the library, or at Sierra Valley University. Mrs. Castle politely explains that they were getting ready to donate that "Cthulhu" book to the University library, "because no one around here could understand it. It didn't make sense, and I thought perhaps one of those educated college professors may get some good out of it."

If questioned about why someone would want those books, she will stamp her foot and jam her hands onto her hips: "It's these darn kids—no respect for anyone or anything these days! I figure they've done it on a dare, you know, a Halloween prank? I'd like to get my hands on them...teach them a few things about discipline. Halloween? Hrrumpph! Ought to be removed from the calendar. Done away with. A very poor excuse for a holiday, dressing up like ghosts and scaring innocent people. Ought to be done away with..."

Professor Corman

Professor Roderick Corman is the man responsible for the rash of disappearances. While trying to create a race of super-soldiers to throw against the growing spectre of Communism, he has succeeded only in screwing up twice. The first time created a blob-like, oozy mass that Corman had to destroy. He hid the remains of Experiment #1 in some sea caves at the base of the point. The second experiment forged six scampering midget-zombies. Although not 100% successful, they have had their merits for the good doctor. They have been carrying out Corman's orders, stealing items he needs for his next experimental attempt.

Corman "burglarized" his own home in an effort to make it look like he was just another victim. He believes if the town views him as a victim, they'll be less inclined to look closely at what he's actually doing.

If the investigators wish to interview Professor Corman, they can find his home easy enough. It is a small, two-story house in a nice, quiet residential section of Santa Mira. (The house overlooking the ocean is his lab). A small greenhouse can be seen around back and his 1949 Chevrolet truck is parked in the driveway. Professor

Corman is a man of average build, perhaps in his late forties. His hair has a few streaks of grey near the temples, and he dresses in comfortable (although crinkled) suits and ties. If the investigators express an interest in biology, he will offer to show them his small biology lab out back, as well as his greenhouse. He is always interested in helping students learn more about the sciences.

The "lab" is a small outbuilding with a workbench or two, a microscope, several books, a few animal specimens and some other assorted biological bric-a-brac. The greenhouse is common, with nothing exotic about it at all. He will be cordial and warm with the investigators, but will begin "sizing them up" once they start asking too many questions. He will play the wounded, lamenting professor, talking in textbook fashion and scrutinizing these "new kids" who ask so many questions.

In keeping with his deception, he will explain that he heard noises that night coming from out at his lab. Whoever it was must have been fast, because by the time he got downstairs and out the back door, the thief was gone. The thieves took two rabbits ("Abraham" & "Theodore"), a brown guinea pig ("Clark") and a few plants from the greenhouse. He has no speculations as to what someone would want with those things, but he believes it

was just a Halloween prank. Swiping at his nose with a handkerchief, he will say that he wishes whoever took his animals would bring them back. Characters who make a successful Psychology roll will realize that his sorrow is false, and that he is probably lying. Any investigator who had a critical success on the roll also realizes that not only is Corman lying, but he actually knows who is behind the thefts.

Corman will have little to say about the other disappearances, except for the recent morgue theft. This, he says, is very serious and could point to the operations of some sort of cult in the area. Black Lake or Sea Breeze Pavilion would be excellent places for a cult to gather undisturbed. He has noted these opinions to Chief Arbogast, out of concern for the community.

Professor Corman will talk with the investigators for as long as they wish, continuing to put on his facade of the weak and grieving biologist. If the investigators try to separate and explore his house while others keep him busy talking, he will recognize this tactic and let them do it. Once inside the house, investigators swiftly come face to face with Corman's servant, Mr. Salazar. He is a tall, dark-haired man with a scowling face and a tough-looking, powerful body. He dresses in typical servant



The Carradine House

Known throughout Santa Mira as the Carradine House, or "the house out on the point," this rotten, creaky domicile is where Professor Corman carries out his cornball experiments. The investigators should have enough clues or ideas to eventually check it out. If they uncover the professor's involvement, checking his house in town will prove to be risky and fruitless. They'll have to follow him out to the cliffs, or arrive there by following their own clues.

Corman has been working at the house for about ten months. He is very careful not to let anyone see him coming here. He takes side roads and goes miles out of his way before backtracking to the house. So far he has been successful. No one has seen him. Deputies Meyers and Curtis came within inches of discovering his secret, but didn't take the time to look close enough.

The room designations on the map refer to what the rooms originally were when Captain Hubbard lived here. Now they consist of broken bits of furniture, water stains, loose boards, busted windows, moldy pieces of curtains and dirt-clogged fireplaces. Rat packs, roaches, bats and other vermin have claimed the house, and the flooring is treacherous.

On the right hand side of the ground floor (Corman's rooms) the flooring is secure. Elsewhere, investigator's SIZs will be a factor. Up to 40 SIZ points may occupy any given 10 foot area on the ground floor without breaking (the floor will protest noisily, and should keep the investigators very cautious).

On the second floor, up to 25 SIZ points may occupy a ten foot area. The second floor is more dangerous, and Keepers should make it well known by the creaking, sagging and popping of the floorboards. Anyone falling through the second floor will take 1D6+1 points of damage, and must make a roll to avoid crashing on through the ground floor, thereby sustaining another 1D6+1 points of damage.

If the ground floor should give away with investigators standing on it, they should make a Luck roll. Successful rolls mean the investigator has fallen down into the foundation of the house and takes only 1D3 additional damage; they may climb out easily. If the Luck roll fails, the investigator was standing on a portion of the floor over the cellar. The hapless investigator will crash through the floor, receiving 1D6+1 points of damage, and plunking down right in the middle of Professor Corman's lab.

Once inside the house, the characters will be in a precarious position and it would be an excellent opportunity for the midgets to attack. After all, the midgets aren't worried about falling through the floor—they're dead! Keepers can create some nice tension and atmosphere in this creaky old house with several midgets prowling around, badgering them.

Rooms 1-4 are special rooms used by Professor Corman. The windows are boarded up from the outside and inside, and each room shows signs of recent use.

Room 1 is just an empty room, cluttered only with bits of broken furniture, debris and a grimy fireplace. When the door is opened, the first two investigators each receive a Spot Hidden roll. A successful roll will reveal a thin wire running across the floor, near the door. It is a trip-wire that causes an old copper bell on top of the fireplace to be pulled off onto the floor. It alerts Corman that someone is in the house, should he be present.

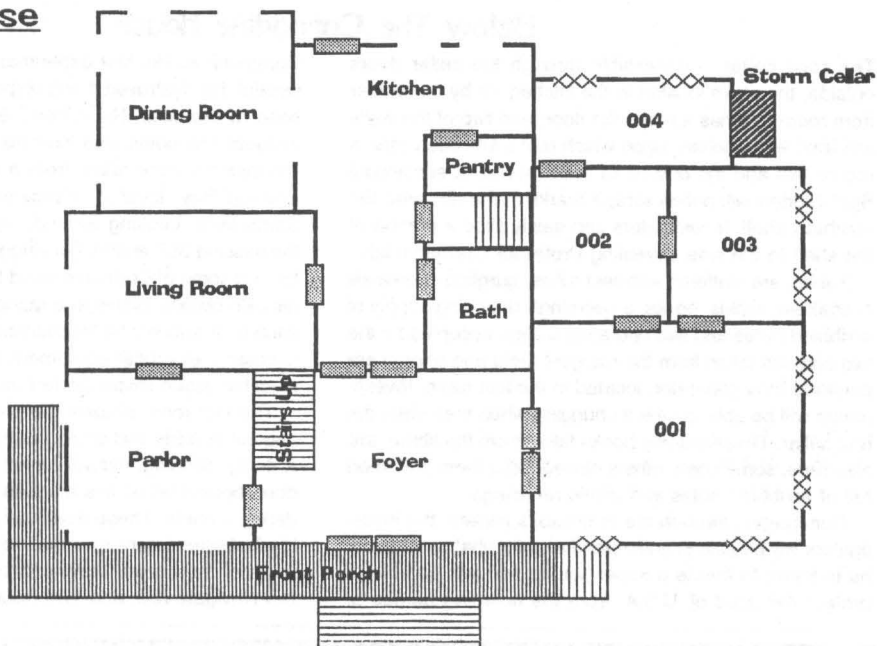
Room 2 looks similar to a bathroom. Two large sinks occupy one wall. On the other wall hangs several white lab coats. The coats are fairly dingy and dirty, covered in mud, chemicals and blood.

Room 3 contains a small writing desk (empty), a chair, two shopping bags with non-perishable food and a cot. Ink stains are obvious on the desk, and the cot has a blanket and pillow. Spot Hidden rolls will show indentations on the desk surface. Closer inspection will show the indentations to be caused by someone bearing down on their writing instrument. An INTx3 roll will reveal odd mathematical calculations, symbols and formulae from the indentations. A hardcover book bearing a "Santa Mira Public Library" stamp on it lies on the table. It is *Frankenstein: Or The Modern Prometheus*.

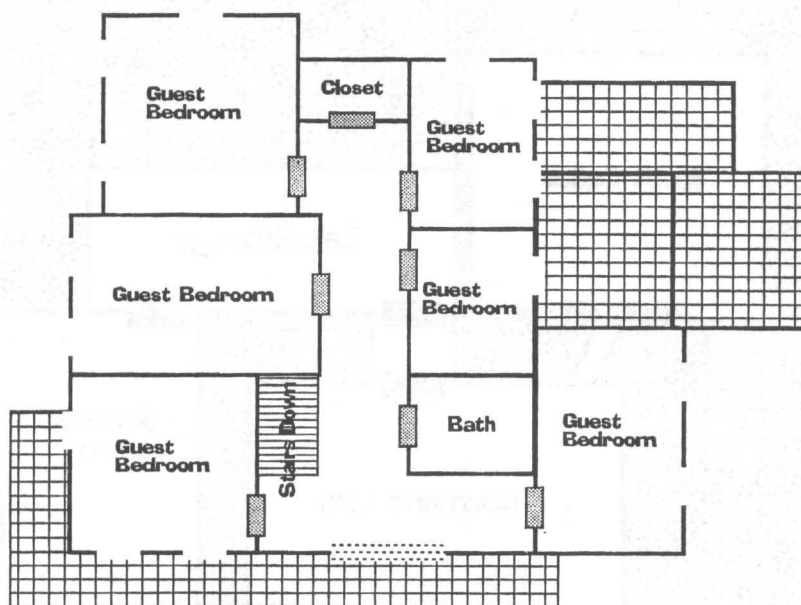
Room 4 is vacant except for a man-sized trapdoor in the floor. It is of recent construction, and opening it reveals a pole with pegs alternating along its length, forming a primitive ladder. It descends into the root cellar (see next page).

Carradine House

Ground Floor



Second Floor



Below The Carradine House

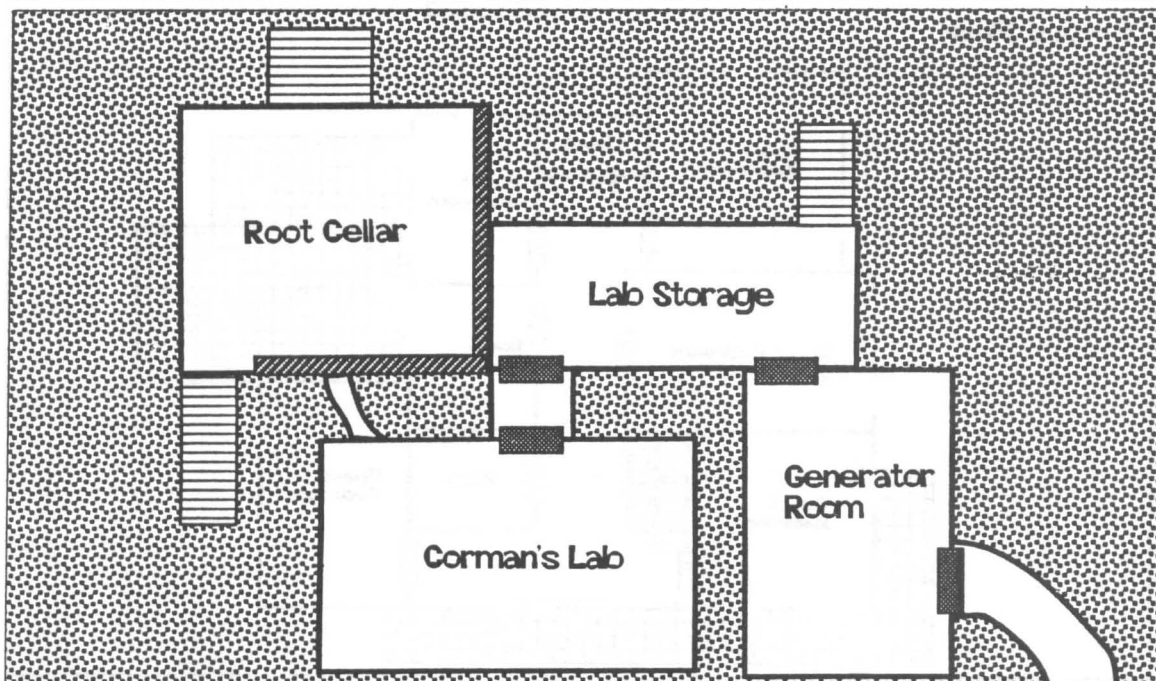
The **root cellar** is accessible through the cellar doors outside, the stairs located in the kitchen, or by the ladder from room 4. It has a moist dirt floor, and two of the walls are lined with shelves, upon which rest a few dusty jars, a rag or two and the odd bit of rotten wood. A successful Spot Hidden will notice scrape marks in the dirt near the southern shelf. Investigators can easily slide a portion of the shelf to the side, revealing Professor Corman's lab.

Tables are cluttered with test tubes, gurgling chemicals in beakers, scales, books, a seemingly unending supply of scribbled notes and two operating tables, occupied by the two corpses taken from the morgue! Light and energy are provided by a generator, located in the last room. Investigators will be able to hear it chugging when they enter the root cellar. The remaining books taken from the library are also here, some open, others closed, still others crammed full of scribbled notes and idiotic ramblings.

Rummaging through the professor's papers, the investigators will be able to understand exactly what he is doing: he is trying to create a super-soldier that will be able to protect the good ol' U.S.A. from the ravening hordes of

Communists. His first experiment, it seems, wasn't successful. He destroyed it and disposed of it in a cave at the base of the cliffs. His second experiment produced the midgets. His notes also indicate that the bodies used for the midgets were taken from a cemetery in the town of Bodega Bay, located approximately 8 hours south of Santa Mira. Looking around, investigators can uncover the missing 357 engine (jury-rigged as part of the generator and some of Corman's weird lab equipment), and even his own rabbits, plants and guinea pig (these all safe and sound). A successful Mechanical Repair roll reveals that Corman's electrical equipment is designed to stimulate massive tissue response through electrical impulses.

The last room houses the professor's generator, fuel, and some odds-and-ends: packing crates, a toolbox, etc. A drafty, winding, natural tunnel leads to a stout wooden door, behind which lies a series of sea caves and meandering tunnels. These eventually lead to the cave where his first experiment was dumped, and then out onto the rocks of the ocean. Moving through the tunnels requires two Navigate rolls and 1D4 hours.



J. TODD KINGHEA

attire and bears a nasty-looking scar down the left side of his Mexican features. Salazar is also Corman's lab assistant. He speaks little English, growling and gesturing menacingly at the trespassing characters. There is nothing incriminating in Corman's house, although this would make an excellent red herring for the investigators.

Professor Cornan will see the investigators off at his front porch when they are ready to leave, watching them until they get out of sight.

Cushing's Department Store

Cushing's Department Store carries just about everything: 45 RPM records, snow tires, clothing, toys, household items, sporting goods, furniture, and so on. The store is very clean, organized and well-managed. The investigators may talk with any of the store personnel in their investigations. Very persistent investigators can talk with Mr. Cushing himself. He is a tall, thin man with a full head of thick, silver hair; prominent cheekbones, and a pronounced aquiline nose. He is very gentlemanly and patient, but he will not spend too much time with the group, as he has other duties to attend to.

He can tell the investigators (with a successful Persuade roll and a good cover story) that \$57.80 worth of electrical equipment was stolen from his hardware department. No money or other merchandise was taken. Whoever did it knew exactly what they wanted. The missing items are things like switches, transistors, wires, circuit boards, batteries, and conductors. With all of this stuff, someone should be able to wire up a lot of small things or a very big something.

The night watchman, Arnold Zitmeyer, reported hearing a crash from the front of the store about 2:00 A.M. He went to investigate and found a broken bottle outside the front doors. That's when he heard something fall in the hardware department. It took him about a minute to get to the hardware section, but again, he found nothing. He did notice some items disturbed, and saw where someone had burglarized the electrical aisle.

After searching the store, Arnold found a window half-open in the back bathroom. He then telephoned Mr. Cushing and the police. He's sure that no one could've gotten to the back of the store without being seen or heard. But somehow they must have.

Mr. Cushing will continue, telling them that Chief Arbogast thinks the bottle out front was a distraction, and while Arnold was investigating that, the thief slipped in through the bathroom window. The police did find a few fingerprints, though, and are following up on that. Mr. Cushing will agree that the felon must've been extremely

quick to get to the hardware section, grab his stuff and make it out again before Arnold came around.

Searching the Store

Looking around the store, the investigators can quickly realize that the hardware section is located right next to the children's clothing section. A successful Idea roll will show that, if a small-sized thief pulled the robbery, he could've theoretically hidden under the counters in the children's section. Then once everyone was gone, he could have slipped out the back with the items.

If the characters wish to search through the children's section, it will take several minutes and a successful Luck roll (to avoid being followed around by one of the happy salesladies). A Spot Hidden roll reveals a small clump of dirt at the base of one of the display counters. Looking behind the sliding storage doors under the countertop, the characters can discover that the boxes have been pushed aside, and the clothing is mashed—as if someone had been laying on them. They will also find several small pieces of dirt and a bit of torn cloth. A successful Geology (or an INTx2) roll will show the dirt to be from a root cellar or storm cellar. The torn piece of cloth will (if checked under a microscope) show traces of pollen. A successful Biology roll will reveal it to be pollen from a lily. Know rolls will show that lilies do not bloom in this sort of climate, except in a greenhouse.

The Hospital Morgue

For investigators who decide to inquire about the missing bodies, things will not be easy. Most people are going to look very oddly at a 1958 teenager (especially a girl!) who wants to ask a lot of questions about stolen corpses and morgues. Tact, a strong cover story, and yes, even deceit will come in handy.

With a successful half-Persuade roll, a nurse or orderly in the hospital can provide the following info.

The morgue is located in the basement of the hospital. The thieves broke in through a basement window and made their way to the morgue. They took two bodies, both male. One had died from natural causes and the other died from pneumonia. The men were 78 and 73 years old, respectively. They had both died about 24 hours prior to the theft.

A few fingerprints were found by the police, as well as some small, dirty footprints. The footprints were like those of a midget and Arbogast said there was some sand mixed in with the dirt. In addition, a scrap of cloth was found clinging to one of the glass shards from the broken window. There was something on the cloth, but no one

has heard what it is.

No one at the hospital has any enlightening theories about the thefts. Most people believe them to be Halloween-related, except for the corpses. That particular theft has unnerved and upset most everyone in the hospital—and the town.

The Santa Mira Police

The Santa Mira Police Department employs three officers: Chief of Police Milton Arbogast, Deputy Russell Meyers, and Deputy Ken Curtis. Arbogast is investigating the disappearances.

Talking with the policemen will prove more difficult than talking with the hospital personnel. Persuade rolls and Luck rolls should be called for, at extreme minuses—and that's assuming the investigators have an excellent cover story. Investigators who have a flimsy cover, who are unsure of themselves or who waste the police's time will get no information. The police department has more important things to do than play here-we-go-round-the-mulberry-bush" with a bunch of nosy teenagers.

Arbogast knows that all of the fingerprints found so far match, but they seem to be prints of small children, due to their size. He can place between four and six different sets of prints at various crimes. However, the prints seem incomplete, unfinished—there are not enough lines and whorls to make up a complete print. Arbogast believes the prints to have been fabricated somehow. So far the California State Police have not found a match for them either.

The bit of cloth found at the hospital contained a tiny scrap of skin on it. After extensive testing, the flesh is a good six to eight months dead, yet there is evidence of chemical and electrical activity in the tissue! With the theft of the bodies, this goes beyond mere Halloween trickery. He suspects, as Professor Corman said, a cult or group of deviants around somewhere. Meyers and Curtis have searched Sea Breeze, the old Carradine House ("That place is a fallin' in rat trap, chief! Somebody ought to burn it down. It ain't nowhere nears' safe. Russ and myself looked around, but we didn't go into the house. Ain't nothin' in there except some fat rats and probably a dozen snakes or so."), around Black Lake, and just about every other place a group of degenerates might hide out.

The deputies know the above information as well. A Psychology roll made while talking with either of the deputies shows that they did not investigate the Carradine House properly. The two men drove out there, walked around the house, went up on the porch, looked around some more, and left, concluding that everything was all

right. They missed the thin tire tracks from Corman's truck, as well as the small footprints near the root cellar door. They are not lazy or inept. They honestly believe they made a good search, except for the rickety, dangerous house (which they also believe could not hold up one person, let alone several).

Keepers should remember that police often kept a scrutinizing eye on teenagers in the '50's. Asking too many questions and being obvious will put the investigators into a rough situation when the police question *their* overwhelming interest in all this, especially since they are new in town.

Barney Lang

Barney Lang is the town bum, the "local color." He is a crumpled old man in crumpled old clothes. His hair and beard are greying (weathering?), he can't hear well, and he depends a great deal on his next jolt of "ack-e-hall." He has no teeth, and only sometimes remembers to put his dentures in. This results in his mouth looking like it is trying to crawl under his nose. He can be found just about anywhere in Santa Mira, and can show up whenever the investigators are doing something they shouldn't.

Barney is a walking encyclopedia of Santa Mira-related knowledge, since he does get around. Unfortunately, he is drunk 90% of the time, so just about all of his information may be slightly "colored" and open to interpretation. Most folks in town don't care too much for Barney, although they do look out for his well-being more often than not. Of course—in the manner of all good B-movies—the drunk knows more than anyone else. People just won't listen to him.

Investigators wishing to talk with him have to succeed in either a Persuade or Fast Talk roll and may even have to give him some money to convince him to share his knowledge.

They must also be careful, for if Aunt Patty or Uncle Tor (or someone who knows them) sees the group talking with Barney, they could get in trouble. Role-play this for maximum effect, as the investigators try to keep Barney talking in the alley while he tries to keep getting out on the street.

Barney has also seen the midgets around town. If asked, he will say "they're a bunch a' little shits, all dressed in tatters and rags and junk. Got really big, big eyes. Probly see for miles wiff them damn creepers." He will describe their unnatural quickness, stealth, and strength. (He saw them throwing stuff at a couple of high school kids near the new housing development.) He suspects they're either midget Commies, trying to tear apart Small

HERE ENDS TUOØ • HERE ENDS TUOØ • HERE ENDS TUOØ • HERE ENDS TUOØ

ing up that part of their assignment. Once the dance is over (assuming Norman goes) and Corman is apprehended, the adventure will come to its conclusion.

Aftermath

The strange white fog will again settle around each investigator, and they will be pulled back up a chromatic tunnel of wind and fog. As they rise higher and higher, the Keeper can allow his devious little smile to spread into an overjoyed grin, and announce that the particular

investigator who was having the dream awakens. It is morning, and they had a good nights' sleep. And one hell of a strange dream, which they are probably ready to share with their associates!

Since this whole episode was a dream, no actual hit point loss or SAN point loss occurred. To keep the players from rioting, tossing stale Cheetos at you, and gnawing on their pencil erasers, each investigator should be awarded 1D3 points in the skills successfully used during the adventure. 3



NPC Stats

Professor Roderick Corman, age 48, wacko scientist

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 16 POW 15

DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 17 SAN65 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Biology 75%, Chemistry 45%, Credit Rating 30%, Electrical Repair 42%, First Aid 57%, History 33%, Library Use 48%, Listen 35%, Mechanical Repair 41%, Medicine 30%, Persuade 53%, Physics 15%, Spot Hidden 44%

Description: Professor Corman is of average build and height. He has dark brown hair with a few prominent streaks of grey near his temples, and green eyes. He dresses in comfortable but nice suits. Although not really a bad person (no one has actually been hurt yet), he is very adamant about his plans and will not back down. He is quite determined.

Midget Zombies (6), experimental "super"-soldiers

STR 15 CON 18 SIZ 7 INT 5 POW 6

DEX 12 APP 3 EDU NA SANNA HP 13

SAN loss: 1/1D6

Move: 9

Attacks: Claw/Fist 50%, 1D3; Bite 40%, 1D4+1; Butcher

Knife 35%, 1D6; Other hand-held weapon (rocks, sticks, clubs, etc.) 40%, 1D6

Skills: Climb 65%, Conceal 25%, Dodge 35%, Hide 45%, Jump 48%, Sneak 75%, Throw 45%

Description: Each of these critters are dead, given an electrified "life" by Professor Corman. They can be permanently stopped by either a strong shot to the heart or a fairly strong electrical jolt (both of which do double-normal damage). Other damage is only cosmetic, knocking off chunks of rotten, cakey flesh. Each midget is approximately four feet tall with a pallid complexion. They wear a variety of ill-fitting clothes, mostly rags and scavenged pieces too big for them. The midget's teeth are sharply pointed, and placed rather haphazardly in the mouth. They are various sizes and set at various angles.

They possess a limited intelligence that allows them to follow instructions given to them by Professor Corman. With this minimum intelligence they can follow simple commands and instructions. Every few days, Corman revitalizes his midgets with a series of electrical shocks.

continued

continued from previous page

The midgets have been stealing the items around town at the request of Corman. When not needed, the professor keeps them in the cellar of the Carradine House.

Mr. Salazar, age 35, manservant & lab assistant

STR 16 CON 16 SIZ 17 INT 12 POW 12
DEX 13 APP 9 EDU 12 SAN55 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Attacks: Fist/Punch 75%, 1D3+db; Kick 40%, 1D6+db; Grapple 50%; .32 revolver 30%, 1D8

Skills: Conceal 25%, Electrical Repair 25%, Listen 30%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Other Language (English) 25%, Own Language (Spanish) 60%, Spot Hidden 50%, Serve Food 70%, Clean & Straighten 85%.

Description: Mr. Salazar (no one knows his real name) works for Professor Corman as a manservant and lab assistant. He is dark-haired with a perpetually scowling face, which is marked by a tough-looking scar on the left side. He is tall and powerful, with compact shoulders and long arms. He has bushy eyebrows and slicked down hair. Mr. Salazar dresses in dark pants, white shirts, and dark jackets, typical of a butler or manservant. He moves swiftly, silently, and purposefully.

Reggie, Del, John & George, ages 17-19, high school troublemakers

STR 14 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 10 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 10 SAN55 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Attacks: Fist/Punch 58%, 1D3+db; Kick 30%, 1D6+db

Skills: Drive Auto 75%, Fast Talk 15%, Listen 33%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Persuade 32%, Sneak 30%

Description: These four guys are the local "bad boys" at Santa Mira High School. Although not as despicable or sneaky as "Buzz" Steckler and his ruffians, Reggie, Del, et al., are the school bullies.

They all dress in dirty jeans, white T-shirts, and black leather jackets. Each carries a pack of cigarettes rolled up in one shirt sleeve. They all wear slicked-back hairstyles, gummed up with "greasy kids' stuff," except for Del, who sports his blonde hair (the only one of the group with light-colored hair) in a crew cut. They harass, tease, threaten, and generally make life hell for most of the students. None of the guys carry knives (which is something Steckler and his goons do). Reggie's favorite "target" for their ridicule is

none other than Norman Zitmeyer. Investigators befriending Norman had best get ready to deal with Reggie as well.

Norman Zitmeyer, age 16, class nerd

STR 9 CON 10 SIZ 11 INT 16 POW 11
DEX 9 APP 10 EDU 11 SAN55 HP 11

Skills: Art (drawing) 70%, Biology 35%, Chemistry 40%, History 40%, Library Use 65%, Physics 10%

Description: Norman is a nerd, plain and simple. He has very poor self-esteem and is picked on by many of the other students. He is viciously coddled by his obese mother and spends all of his time in school *actually* doing his work and studying. In his free time he *actually* does his school work and studies.

Norman has slick, greasy black hair that is hopelessly out of style. His mother dresses him in sweaters, bow ties and pants that are too short. His socks don't match and he is constantly pushing his black, horn-rimmed glasses (complete with white tape in the middle) back up on his nose. He is nervous, shy, and in need of some serious building-up.

He has a fantastic gift for freehand drawing; he does fabulous architectural renderings without the aid of a straight edge. He also likes drawing spaceships, Martian death beams, intergalactic space stations—the kind of things he reads about in EC science-fiction comics. He is extremely secretive and shy about these drawings, and will require a great deal of persuading to allow them to be seen by others.

Milton Arbogast, age 51, Santa Mira Police Chief (use same stats for the deputies)

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 14
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 15 SAN70 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Attacks: Fist/Punch 55%, 1D3+db; Kick 28%, 1D6+db;

.38 automatic 37%, 1D10; Shotgun 38%, 4D6/2D6/1D6

Skills: Bargain 28%, Fast Talk 25%, Law 73%, Listen 37%, Persuade 40%, Psychology 15%, Spot Hidden 53%

"Buzz" Steckler and pals, ages 21-25, local ruffians

Use the statistics for Reggie and his buddies, increasing STR, CON, DEX, and SIZ by 1D3 points each. Add 10% to all attacks and skills. "Buzz" and his gang (Al, Cameron, Andy, and Phil) are much more violent, and fight dirtier.

dedicated to John, Tanith, Lynn & Hal — who did it first, and who did it best!

Fear Of Falling

in which a short interlude brings plummeting horror

Steve Hatherley

This is a really, really horrible thing to do to an investigator. Let's face it, if there's an investigator in a parachute then something has gone very wrong. It would have to be an absolute disaster...

In The Air

It is a routine flight, between one point of the current adventure and another. Fairly long, very dull. The monotonous droning is almost soporific enough to send the investigators to sleep. Everything is going smoothly. The weather is fine and the flight is on schedule. Then everything goes wrong.

The sound of breaking glass alerts the investigators to trouble. The pilot shrieks as something slits his throat. A ghoulish tittering and giggling mingles with agonised screams. The co-pilot stares in horror as the bloody outlines of a star vampire becomes visible.

The star vampire (1/1D10 SAN loss) finishes with the pilot before starting on the co-pilot. It hauls him free of the seat and drags him out of the cockpit and onto the wing. There it sits, happily picking holes in the wing and drinking the poor co-pilot's blood. Controls smashed and broken, the plane starts to enter a dive.

The aircraft is not in an airworthy state and is going to crash. Soon. The investigators will have to jump for it. It is unlikely that they have had much interest in parachutes until now. Fortunately, several are within easy reach and it is a simple matter (a successful Idea roll) to fit the harness correctly. Then it is all just a question of taking a deep breath and leaping out.

Parachuting

The jump begins in freefall. Terminal velocity, 120 miles per hour or 180 feet per second, is reached within moments—the investigators need to be thinking about deploying the canopy.

Pulling the ripcord releases the canopy, which fails on a roll of 96–100: the investigator loses 0/1D6 SAN and falls helplessly to his death. Otherwise the canopy is open.

Once open, the parachute is at the mercy of the winds. The investigators can only wait for the star vampire to join them.

The Star Vampire

STR 14 CON 1 SIZ 34 INT 10

POW 15 DEX 8 HP 25 Move 6/9 flying

Damage Bonus: +2D6

Weapons: 1D4 talons 40%, 1D6+ 2D6 damage; bite 80%, 1D6 STR (blood) drain

Armor: 4 point hide plus invisibility (50% reduction to hit). Bullets do half damage.

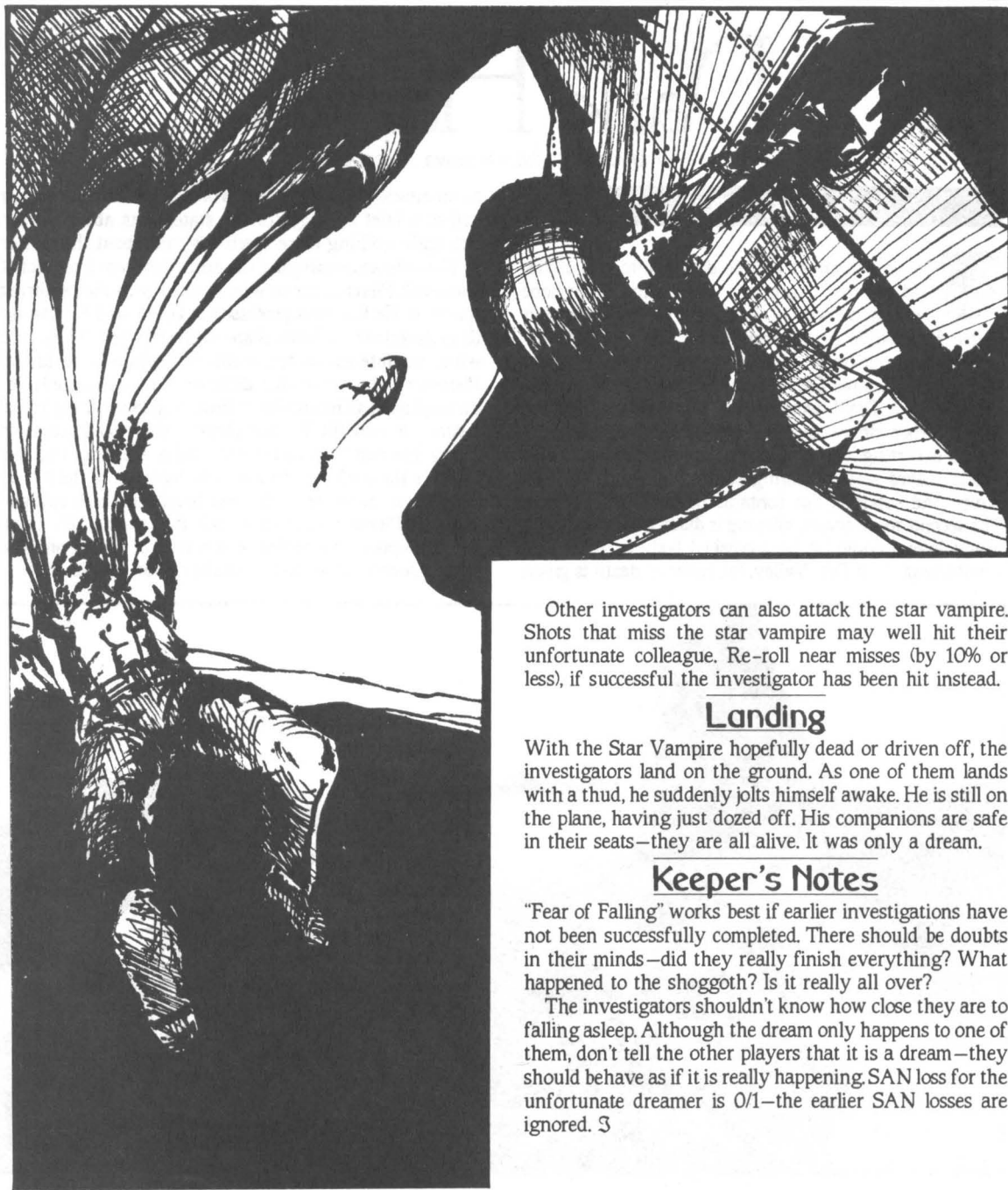
SAN: 1/1D10 SAN when visible

The star vampire, a huge member of its race, is not entirely keen spending time in a frail human aeroplane. After indulging itself in the dispatch of the pilot and co-pilot, the creature wrecks the plane and waits for its targets—the investigators—to leave. There will be plenty of time to deal with them then. If the investigators decide not to leave, it picks sadly through the wreckage, mourning the loss of a fine meal.

Otherwise, it soon enough arrives. Invisible once more, it falls behind as the investigators plummet earthwards in freefall, but catches up once canopies are open. Brave investigators might want to wait until the last possible moment before pulling the ripcord. If they fail an Idea roll then they have left it too late and land with a sickening squelch. If the successful Idea roll is followed by a failed Luck roll, the star vampire arrives before they land. Otherwise they are on the ground and able to prepare for the star vampire's attack.

Going after any targets in the air, the star vampire gets it wrong the first time. It tears through the canopy to get at its target beneath, collapsing the canopy. The terrified investigator immediately drops out of reach. SAN loss 0/1D6, and the investigator plummets to his death. Scratch one meal.

Wiser now, the star vampire leaves the canopy alone and goes directly for its victim. Suspended in the harness, the investigator can attempt to defend himself. With nothing to brace against, all gun skills and melee skills suffer a penalty of -20%.



MATT WILLIAMS

Other investigators can also attack the star vampire. Shots that miss the star vampire may well hit their unfortunate colleague. Re-roll near misses (by 10% or less), if successful the investigator has been hit instead.

Landing

With the Star Vampire hopefully dead or driven off, the investigators land on the ground. As one of them lands with a thud, he suddenly jolts himself awake. He is still on the plane, having just dozed off. His companions are safe in their seats—they are all alive. It was only a dream.

Keeper's Notes

"Fear of Falling" works best if earlier investigations have not been successfully completed. There should be doubts in their minds—did they really finish everything? What happened to the shoggoth? Is it really all over?

The investigators shouldn't know how close they are to falling asleep. Although the dream only happens to one of them, don't tell the other players that it is a dream—they should behave as if it is really happening. SAN loss for the unfortunate dreamer is 0/1—the earlier SAN losses are ignored. 3

Dark Harvest

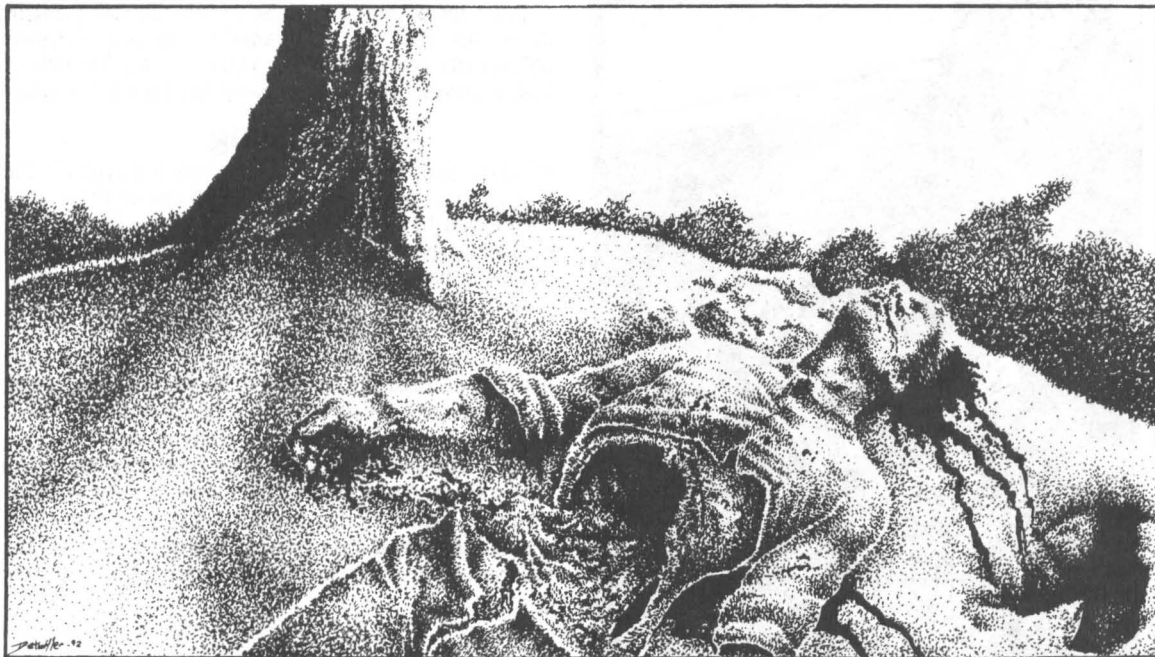
in which that which is sown, is reaped

Kevin Ross

The investigators will be drawn into this 1920s adventure through a slim envelope which arrives in late July at the Randolph Pierce Foundation in Arkham. Inside are two brief articles clipped out of an Ames, Iowa newspaper. The first concerns one Lonnie Garber's claim that he has witnessed the rites of a Devil-worshipping cult near Oak Valley, Iowa. Garber claims to have seen a number of naked people cavorting and performing animal sacrifices. The article makes several jeering comments about Garber's sanity and sobriety, but contains no other information. The second, more cryptic clipping is dated a little over two weeks later. Lonnie Garber's crushed body is found in a small stream near Oak Valley; the cause of death is given

as an attack by an unknown wild animal. The newspaper makes a brief apology for the statements about Garber, but again nothing more specific is said about the matter.

The note accompanying the articles is from a contact of Randolph Pierce's, a man who worked with Pierce during the War. He is now a professor of Greek and Roman art & architecture at Iowa State University in Ames, and while his interest in the occult is negligible, he knows Pierce's view is somewhat different. This associate is left undeveloped, as he can be of little help beyond the initial contact. If you think your players may need some aid ("Dark Harvest" is a rather formidable scenario) feel free to make the professor an associate member of the Foundation, and therefore much more helpful to the investigators that Pierce dispatches to look into the matter. If you use this option, the professor is a man of action, and can recruit several able-bodied students for muscle.



DENNIS DETMILLER

Keeper's Information

Strange as it may seem, the story behind this adventure begins during the Roman occupation of Britain. Many bizarre ancient mysteries came to light at this time. Odd stone formations such as those found at Stonehenge and Avebury were "discovered" by the Roman invaders. More deadly secrets were also uncovered: the bloody rites of the Druids, for instance. Far worse were the Romans' encounters near present-day Berkeley (with the creature which would come to be known as "the Berkeley toad," Byatis) and, more importantly, near present-day Goatswood.

While the Romans were able to achieve a victory of sorts over Byatis, they met their match near Goatswood. Here the invaders discovered a Druidic splinter-group which worshipped the Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young—the dreaded Shub-Niggurath. The Romans apparently realized that they were powerless against such a terrible foe, and they too began honoring the alien “Mother-goddess.” They built massive temples for the Black Goat deep beneath the earth, temples rumored to have “extensions” to other worlds—perhaps even to Shub-Niggurath’s native world.

The Romans also developed another means of summoning the Black Goat: a device called the "Moon-Lens." The Moon-Lens enabled the cult to Call Shub-Niggurath during the full moon, which meant that the cult could now meet with their god twice as often. The Moon-Lens was built near present-day Goatswood, and both it and its attendant cult of Shub-Niggurath still exist there at the time of the present scenario.

One reason the cult has survived in Goatswood is that most of its members have been given immortality by Shub-Niggurath. To this end these cultists were "swallowed" by Shub-Niggurath, and within His/Her/Its bowels they underwent a gruesome physiological change. Although remaining human these mad folk suffered mutations of varying severity: goatish facial characteristics, claw-like hands, hooved feet, and small horns on the head were common transformations of this type. (Ancestral memories of mutated cultists such as these may have given rise to the "myths" concerning satyrs, dryads, and fauns in other parts of the world.) In return for accepting this transformation these cultists' aging processes were stopped; thus they can die by physical means (heart attack and disease, though unlikely because of their body's young age, are considered physical means) but they cannot die of old age. During this "rebirth" Shub-Niggurath drains 6 points of POW and some blood from

each of the now-immortal cultists.

Many years later another cult devoted to Shub-Niggurath formed in what would at first appear to be an unlikely place: the state of Iowa. This group was formed in 1885 when a particularly insidious worshipper (now thankfully deceased) duped a handful of financially-struggling Oak Valley, Iowa farmers into believing his tales of a benevolent agricultural deity called He Who Walks Behind the Rows. This creature (actually Shub-Niggurath, though the farmers weren't told this at first) allegedly granted His worshippers greatly favorable crop and weather conditions in return for blood sacrifices. The farmers grudgingly consented to try out the new "god," and soon they fell prey to the Black Goat's inescapable and evil influence.

At the time of the present scenario the Oak Valley cult of Shub-Niggurath is prospering. Though the sorcerer that originally started the cult is dead, the cult's numbers have increased dramatically. More than 10% of Oak Valley's population (which is about 250, counting the families residing on nearby farms) belongs to the cult. Though the other townspeople know that something is amiss (there have been disappearances, livestock mutilations, and other nocturnal goings-on) they do nothing for fear of retribution from the cult.

The cult of He Who Walks Behind the Rows is led by Wanda Simon, a farm-wife. Her husband Lloyd serves as her bodyguard and as the cult's "enforcer"; Lloyd is the reason for most of the townspeople's fear. The cult is governed at all times by a High Priestess, and Wanda's current "understudy" is Regina Walton. Only these two women, Regina's husband Cale, and a farm-youth named Alden Price know any magic, but they know very strong sorcery indeed.

For the last few months Wanda Simon has been corresponding with the leader of the Goatswood cult of the Black Goat. This correspondence was set up by Shub-Niggurath, of course, so that It could spread Its influence throughout the Midwestern US. To this end the Goatswood cult agreed to help their Oak Valley counterparts construct a Moon-Lens.

Unfortunately for the cultists a couple of Oak Valley hunters stumbled upon one of the cult's weekly meetings late one night; there they overheard a discussion of these nefarious plans. Later that night Lonnie Garber and Abe Riker (the eavesdropping hunters) debated whether or not they should tell others what they had heard. Abe Riker's son Eugene overheard this conversation. Though the elder Riker tried to talk him out of it, the next day Lonnie Garber decided to tell the newspapers about what

he had seen and heard. His story about "Devil-worshippers right here in Boone County" was printed, along with a jeering editorial note, in an Ames newspaper. A little more than two weeks later Lonnie's mutilated body was found in a creek near Oak Valley—a victim of the one of the Black Goat's Dark Young. Abe Riker, meanwhile, remained wisely silent about the incident.

While the Americans were busy taking care of interlopers and gathering the necessary building materials at their end, the Britons sent agents to the dreaded Plateau of Leng in the mountains of Tibet. There they haggled with the stunted and abominable Tcho-Tcho people for the procurement of a large piece of the fabled Glass from Leng. At last successful in their quest the Brits returned to Goatswood to await the completion of the Glass (which would become the Moon-Lens itself). When the Lens was completed the Goatswood cult sent one of their number to accompany it to Oak Valley.

Terrence Bloom, the sorcerer sent from Goatswood, is to oversee the construction of the pylon on which the Lens rotates, the placement of the Lens itself, and the instruction of the Oak Valley cult in the use of the Lens.

Oak Valley, Iowa

Oak Valley (pop. approximately 250) is located at the very center of the state of Iowa. The nearest city of any size is Ames, about 15 miles to the southeast. Several other small towns dot the countryside around Oak Valley, the closest being about 7 miles away. The roads between the smaller towns in the area are rutted and packed dirt affairs, the only exception being the better-kept "highway" to Ames. Unless the investigators drove to Iowa or purchased a car there, transportation will probably have to be either on foot or by hitching or hiring a ride. Hitched or hired rides will usually be in the backs of pickups, horse-pulled wagons, etc.—no luxury trips here in the Corn Belt.

Most of the families in the area reside on farms of 100 to 250 acres. This means that most farmhouses lie about half a mile apart from each other. Only the farmhouses of the characters important to this scenario are detailed on Map I: Oak Valley & Environs. If the investigators get into trouble and run to a farmhouse for help (and sooner or later they probably will), they have a 5% chance of going to the home of one of the lesser cultists (see the Cult Notes section later on).

Oak Valley itself barely qualifies as even a village. There are about four dozen homes in Oak Valley, most of which are strung along the town's main street. Note that there are no boarding houses or other lodgings in Oak Valley, so the investigators will probably initially have to

Typical Oak Valley Family

Husband

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 13 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 11 SAN55 HP 13
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Wife

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 12 SAN55 HP 12

Skills: Botany 30, First Aid 40, Hide 20, Listen 50, Mechanical Repair 50, Operate Tractor or other Farm Machinery 40, Sneak 20, Spot Hidden 45, Swim 35, Throw 35, Track 20, Zoology 20

Attacks: Rifle 35; Shotgun 40; Fist 55; Grapple 35; Knife 30; Pitchfork, Sickle, Scythe, Axe, or Other Farm Implement 30

Description: Typical farm families consist of a husband, a wife, and at least 1D6 children aged 1 to 18 years. Offspring aged 18+ years should be treated as adults. Younger children are basically noncombatant, but may distract or otherwise inconvenience the investigators or others they encounter.

Farm Weapons

Type	Attk%	Damage	HP
Shovel	15%	1D6+2	12
Hoe	15%	1D6	8
Pitchfork	15%	2D6	10

Notes: All these weapons are used two-handed. The pitchfork is capable of impaling. Very capable.

stay in Ames. Once they have encountered the Rikers (qv) they may be able to stay there during their investigation. These houses are exactly what one would expect to see in a tiny Midwestern town: small, unspectacular structures which under some circumstances might seem "cozy." Here the townspeople carry out their daily affairs almost furtively. Suspicious eyes peek out at strangers from behind curtained windows. Children play quietly, seldom laughing, shying away from those they don't know. Dogs, cats, and other animals also avoid contact with outsiders and residents alike. It should be readily apparent that this town is in thrall to some unseen fear. Questioning the townspeople only serves to increase their fear; with a Luck roll, however, residents will advise the investigators to talk to Abe Riker, who found Garber's body.

Points Of Interest

With the exception of Harv's General Store each of these

locations is to be found on Map I: Oak Valley & Environs. Following the description of each location is a list of the important characters and cultists residing there. The stats for the typical Oak Valley family should be used for both the typical family members and the lesser cultists referred to below, but the cultists' SAN is 0 and they have the following additional skills: Cthulhu Mythos 12, Occult 20. Note that in some cases no skills are listed for a character; only the relevant (attack) skills of characters such as shopkeeper Harv Taylor and schoolteacher Winnifred Corby are given. Again, the Keeper should use the skills of the typical Oak Valley character as a guideline when running these individuals. Younger characters such as Alden and Annie Price or Eugene Riker should have roughly the same skills as adults, but at perhaps half the percentages listed for the older characters.

Harv's General Store

At the very center of town is the only store in Oak Valley: Harv's General Store. The first floor of this large two-story building is packed full of goods ranging from penny-candy to dry goods to hardware, foodstuffs, etc. Shotgun shells and rifle bullets are available for most varieties of these weapons, but the weapons themselves (and ammunition for handguns as well) must be special-ordered. There is a phone in the store, and Oak Valley's mail service is handled (and when necessary, mishandled) by the proprietor—Harv Taylor. Harv lives in a small, sparsely-furnished set of rooms above the store. Several crowded storage rooms occupy the rest of the space on the second floor; the building has no basement or cellar.

Harv Taylor is a slightly overweight bachelor in his forties. He is generally helpful and friendly, but he is also a member of the cult of He Who Walks Behind the Rows. Harv's suspicions will be aroused if the investigators start asking questions about Lonnie Garber (like most townsfolk, he knows only the general area in which to find Lonnie's shack and where they found his body). If Harv learns the investigators' intentions he will sabotage any communications attempted in his store, either by "losing" letters or other mailed information or by telling them his phone is out of order. He will then read any written information that comes into his hands and relay this information to Wanda Simon. He always carries his bowie knife in his boot, and there is a well-hidden sawed-off double-barrelled 12-gauge shotgun (loaded, of course) under the cash-register counter. An un-sawed-off duplicate is kept in Harv's room, along with a box of shells.

Harv Taylor

owner/operator of Harv's General Store (cultist)

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 12 POW 9
DEX 10 APP 12 EDU 13 SAN 0 HP 15

Age: 45

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Attacks: Double-barrelled 12-gauge shotgun 40, fist 70, bowie knife 45, club 50

The Price Farm

("A" on Map I): The Prices' small, 70 acre farm is located at the intersection of two narrow roadways. The Prices raise pigs in addition to their crops. They seem to have run into a bit of trouble recently, though: a couple of months ago the family dog ran off, while just a few weeks ago they lost one of their best breeding sows.

The Price family consists of Dad, Mom, 16-year-old Alden, and 11-year-old Annie. Of these only the continually-smirking Alden is a cultist. Another young cultist, Jack Walton, is a friend of Alden's. Alden is responsible for the two disappearances mentioned above; he recently learned the Summon Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath spell from Wanda Simon and decided to try it out. The dog-sacrifice was a failure, but the sow was very gratefully accepted. See the Events section below for Alden's plans for a third Summoning of the Dark Young.

Alden Price

farm youth/minor sorcerer (cultist)

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 16
DEX 8 APP 13 EDU 7 SAN 0 HP 12

Age: 16

Attacks: Fist 60, Kick 40, switchblade knife (1D4 damage) 45, Club 30, Pitchfork 25

Spells: Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath.

Lonnie Garber's Place

("B" on Map I): Most townsfolk know only the general direction in which Lonnie lived—"somewhere north of town." Abe or Eugene Riker (see location "D" below) could give accurate directions to Lonnie's shack. Lonnie's tiny two-room shack is reached only by a narrow path that cannot be traveled by car. Located only a few yards from the muddy bank of Smith Creek, Lonnie's shack is nearly ready to fall in. Inside, the place is a shambles—torn clothing, a broken wooden chair and cot, pots, pans, hunting and fishing gear all scattered about. Someone has very thoroughly and very obviously searched the place. Predictably, there are no clues to be found here.

Where Garber's Body Was Found

("C" on Map I): The investigators will only find this place with the help of Abe Riker (see the next location). The

townspeople only know Lonnie's body was found somewhere north of town on Smith Creek. Abe was the one who found the body (stuck on a tree limb in the creek), and he also found something else. On the muddy bank were the deep marks of dozens of hooves, ranging from the size of a dinner plate to nearly four feet across. He kept quiet about this, of course, and now the prints in the bank have been washed away by recent rains. If the investigators have convinced Abe to help them, he will tell them he followed the tracks to the east about a half-mile before losing the trail.

The Riker Place

("D" on Map I): On a bumpy road due north of Oak Valley is the tiny (40 acre) run-down farm of Abe Riker. The only livestock on the place are a couple dozen scrawny chickens. Abe's crops are sickly and heavily overgrown with weeds. The roof of his barn is sagging, and the machinery within is rusting and badly in need of repairs. The house has a few broken windows, some of which have been "repaired" with cardboard or newspaper.

There are only two people living here—the prematurely graying, alcoholic Abe Riker and his son Eugene. Abe's wife and newborn son died in the flu epidemic of 1918, leaving him to raise little Eugene alone. Abe spends most of his time hunting or half-heartedly tending his fields, the remainder drinking or sleeping off a drunk. Abe feels as if everything he holds dear is bound to slip through his fingers: first his wife and baby, then his friend Lonnie, next the farm, Eugene, the town.

It will require a successful Persuade roll to get Abe to help the investigators in any way, though after a few hours he'll slip back into his melancholy again and another Persuade must be made to get anymore out of him. Abe only knows a little about the "devil-worshipping cult" Lonnie told the newspaper about. He knows where they meet on the other side of Smith Creek ("G" on Map D)—this is where he and Lonnie saw them that ill-fated night not so long ago. He's pretty sure Lloyd and Wanda Simon are cult-members, and he can name a couple of the lesser cult-members.

He says the meeting he and Lonnie eavesdropped on had something to do with spreading the worship of someone they called "He Who Walks Behind the Rows." Abe figures this must be their god or devil or whatever. Abe can also show the investigators where he found Lonnie's body, and where he saw the nearby hoof-prints. Lonnie's body, he says, "wuz all crushed-up, with big bites tore out of it hyar and thar—bigger 'an any animal I know of in these parts, I don' care what the newspapers

sez." Keeper's Note: Lonnie was killed by one of the Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath. Unlike most attacks by these creatures Lonnie Garber was not drained of blood, at the cult's orders (to avoid too much suspicion).

Abe Riker

melancholic, alcoholic hunter/farmer

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 11 POW 11
DEX 11 APP 9 EDU 10 SAN46 HP 12

Age: 39

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Botany 30, First Aid 40, Hide 35, Listen 50, Mechanical Repair 50, Sneak 35, Spot Hidden 45, Swim 35, Throw 40, Track 40, Zoology 30

Attacks: 30-06 or 22 bolt-action Rifle 55; double-barrelled 12-gauge Shotgun 60; hunting Knife 30; Pitchfork, Sickle, Scythe, Axe, or other farm implement 30

Young Eugene Riker doesn't suffer from the same depression as his father. He may be of some help to the investigators, but unfortunately he's not as powerful an ally as his father could be. There are a couple of ways the investigators can meet Eugene. First, every day the investigators are in or around Oak Valley there is a cumulative 10% chance Eugene will hear of them and look them up. Then there's always the possibility that Eugene is hanging around Lonnie Garber's place when the investigators go to search it. When encountered, Eugene is anxious to find outsiders who can help his dad. He'll probably drag the investigators to his house, hoping to get his dad to tell them what's been going on. Eugene is a fan of the pulps, and will suspect the investigators are "G-Men" here to save the town from the bad guys.

Eugene Riker

Abe Riker's son

STR 8 CON 11 SIZ 8 INT 11 POW 10
DEX 15 APP 10 EDU 7 SAN50 HP 10

Age: 12

The Walton Farm

("E" on Map I): One of the larger, more prosperous farms in the area belongs to Cale and Regina Walton. The Waltons own nearly 250 acres on the west side of the north-south road here. Their farm is a diverse one—cattle, hogs, and chickens are raised in addition to Cale's corn crop.

Cale Walton is a large burly man in his thirties. He is very close-mouthed and somewhat sinister-looking. He is never seen without a massive wad of chewing tobacco in his cheek, and he often spits dangerously close to the feet of those he converses with. Regina Walton is also the silent type. She frequently visits her friend Wanda Simon,

and the reverse is also true. The Waltons have three sons—Aaron, David, and Jack—aged 6, 7, and 16 respectively. Cale, Regina, and Jack are all members of the cult (the younger children will be brought into the cult when they are teenagers). As stated earlier, Jack is a good friend of Alden Price.

Cale Walton

farmer/minor sorcerer (cultist)

STR 16 CON 13 SIZ 15 INT 10 POW 14
DEX 11 APP 8 EDU 9 SAN 0 HP 14

Age: 38

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Attacks: Fist 65, Pitchfork 50, Bowie Knife 45.

Spells: Call Shub-Niggurath, Voorish Sign.

Regina Walton

Cale's wife/minor sorcerer (cultist)

STR 8 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 14 POW 15
DEX 9 APP 11 EDU 12 SAN 0 HP 11

Age: 35

Attacks: Butcher Knife 35.

Spells: Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Call Shub-Niggurath

Jack Walton

Cale and Regina's son (cultist)

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 11 POW 10
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 7 SAN 0 HP 11

Age: 16

The Simon Farm

("F" on Map I): Possibly the largest farm in the county, the Simons' place is even more impressive than the Waltons'. The Simons own nearly 500 acres, including several acres in the area south of the road on which they live. Included in this area are the site used by the cult for their regular worship (location "G" on Map I, see also Map II), and the site on which they are now building their Moon-Lens (location "H" on Map I, see also Map III). The Simons have several different types of crops and a large number of livestock (cattle, hogs, a very few sheep).

The large two-story farmhouse is home to Lloyd Simon and his lovely wife Wanda. The Simons are very close friends with the Waltons. They are also the chief cultists in Oak Valley. The Simons have no children. They do have a guest, however: Terrence Bloom, the sorcerer from Goatswood, England. Together they plot and plan the future of the Iowa cult.

Wanda Simon

Oak Valley high priestess (cultist)

STR 9 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 20
DEX 12 APP 16 EDU 13 SAN 0 HP 12

Age: 27

Skills: Botany 35, Cthulhu Mythos 49, Dodge 29, Hide 50, Listen 55, Occult 30, Psychology 35, Read/Write 25, Sneak 35, Spot Hidden 45, Survival 15, Throw 30, Track 15

Attacks: 30-06 Rifle 25, Kick 45, Small (1D4) Knife 60

Spells: Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Call Shub-Niggurath, Voorish Sign, Mindblast, Enthrall Victim

Description: Wanda Simon is the high priestess of the Oak Valley cult of He Who Walks Behind the Rows. Wanda is very attractive, a feature she uses to great effect in getting what she wants from her husband, the cult, and anyone else she encounters. Unfortunately she is also ruthlessly dedicated to her god. Anyone who crosses her or interferes in any way with the cult's activities will incur Wanda's wrath. If attacked personally, Wanda will attack with spells while Lloyd and the other cultists melee with their enemies. If cornered alone she might use her looks and the Enthrall Victim spell to seduce one of the investigators, claiming to be a prisoner of the cult rather than its leader. See also the section below entitled Notes On The Cult.

Lloyd Simon

Wanda's husband/bodyguard, and "hitman" (cultist)

STR 16 CON 12 SIZ 17 INT 8 POW 10
DEX 9 APP 8 EDU 5 SAN 0 HP 15

Age: 34

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Attacks: 30-06 Rifle 50, Fist 80, Grapple 50, Bowie Knife 70, All Farm Implements 60

Description: Lloyd Simon is a massive, hulking figure whose entire countenance is alive with menace. He is unbelievably hairy, almost beast-like in appearance. Lloyd isn't very smart, but he's even more ruthless than his wife. He's the enforcer of the cult; anyone marked for assassination by Wanda had best avoid Lloyd. Regardless of where he is, Lloyd always wears his bowie knife in a very conspicuous sheath at his side.

Terrence "Terry" Bloom

the sorcerer from Goatswood (cultist)

STR 17 CON 18 SIZ 14 INT 18 POW 28
DEX 15 APP 12 EDU 23 SAN 0 HP 16

Age: 109 (body appears to be 39)

1D). This tree almost seems to "squat" over the low stone altar at "B." A closer inspection of the tree reveals that its color is a sickly gray, and its limbs hang suspiciously close to the ground and sway menacingly. Shub-Niggurath manifests Itself through this oak, the tree actually becoming the god when the cultists Call It. This tree is known to the cultists as "The Tree of the Avatar."

The altar is literally covered with brown stains, as is the ground nearby and the base of the "diseased" tree. At "C" is a large pile of bones which extends somewhat into the woods to the south. Possibly hundreds of animals—and yes, some humans (SAN loss 1/1D4)—are represented by this pile of bleached, shattered, and partially burnt bones. A Spot Hidden roll made while inspecting the ground here will reveal several sets of human tracks, plus the large and innumerable hoof-prints of some unknown creature (SAN loss is 0/1D3). A Cthulhu Mythos roll will tell the Investigator that these are the tracks of at least a moderate Mythos being.

If any of the investigators tamper with the altar or the diseased oak (i.e. touch it or appear to intend harm to either), a guardian Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath will stalk out of the wood to the southeast. The Keeper *might* wish to warn the investigators by telling them something

big is pushing through the trees, preceded by a stench reminiscent of several graves left open a few weeks. The Dark Young will attack until all non-cultists present are slain, tracking them through the woods and across the countryside if necessary. The Dark Young will also attack anyone who approaches its hiding place in the trees ("D" on Map II) without offering it a small sacrifice of some kind (a dead bird, rodent, etc. will suffice). A narrow path leads past this point on toward the Moon-Lens site ("H" on Map I) a quarter of a mile east of here. Similar trails lead north and south from here which join up with rough backroads which in turn lead to the Simons' farm in the north and the main road through Oak Valley in the south (see Map I).

The Guardian Dark Young Of Shub Niggurath

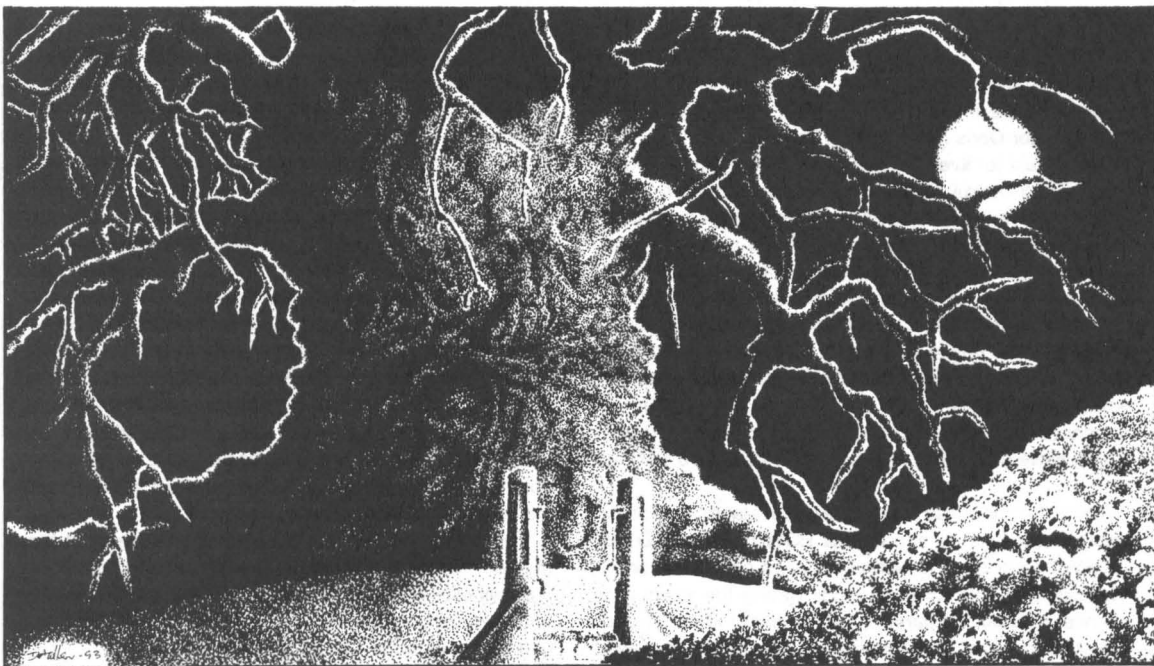
STR 48 CON 14 SIZ 45 INT 16

POW 22 DEX 21 HP 30 Move 8

Skills: Sneak 65%, Hide in Woods 90%.

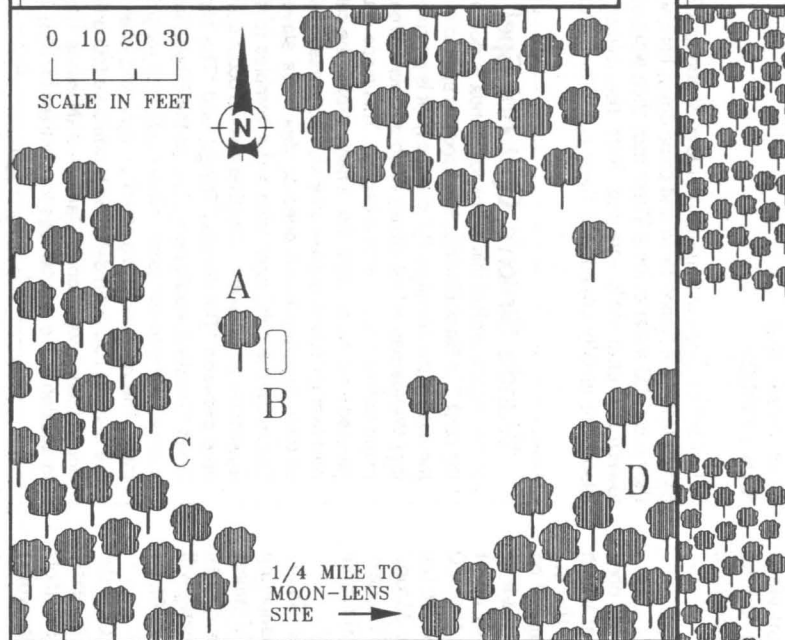
Attacks: (4) Tentacles at 70% each, for 5D6 each. (Permanent) STR loss is 1D3 every round thereafter, automatically. Victims held by tentacles and drained in this way can do nothing except writhe and scream.

Armor: Bullets do 1 point of damage on a normal hit, 2 on



DENNIS DETMILER

MAP II: REGULAR WORSHIP SITE



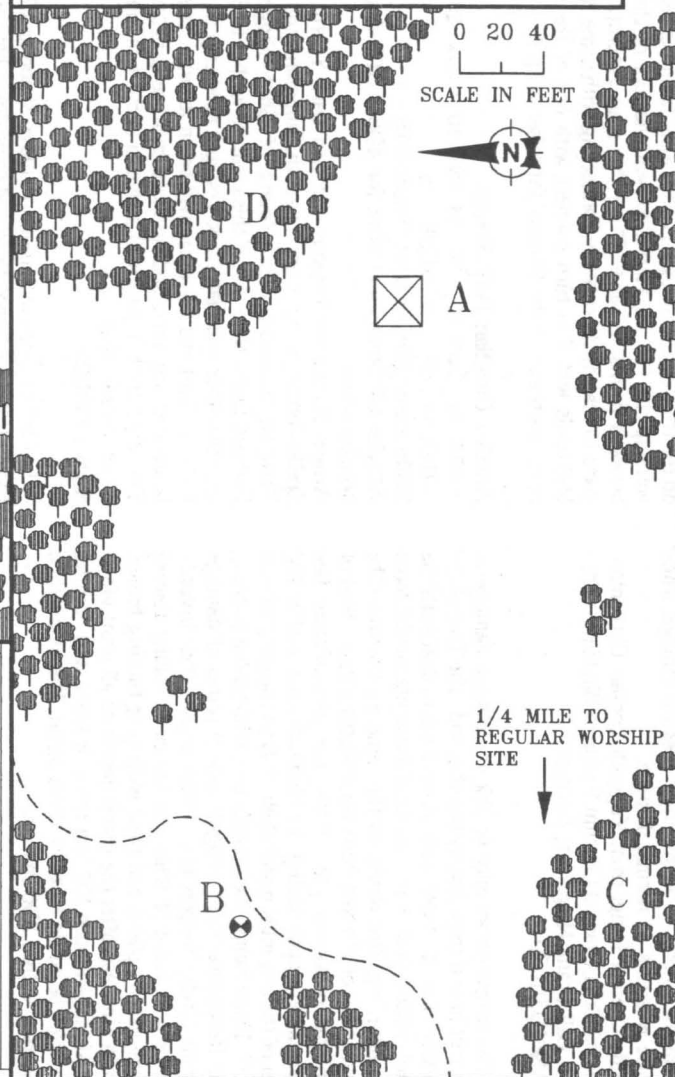
MAP II LEGEND

- A) "THE TREE OF THE AVATAR"
- B) BLOOD-STAINED ALTAR
- C) LARGE PILE OF BONES
- D) GUARDIAN DARK YOUNG

MAP III LEGEND

- A) THE MOON-LENS PYLON
- B) "FOCAL POINT"
- C) GUARDIAN DARK YOUNG
- D) CONCEALED BUILDING MATERIALS
(NOT LENS ITSELF, HOWEVER)

MAP III: THE MOON-LENS SITE



an impale. Shotguns do minimum possible damage, while melee weapons do normal damage.

Spells: Contact Fungi from Yuggoth, Contact Chthonian, Voorish Sign, Grasp of Cthulhu, Summon/Bind Star Vampire, Call Shub-Niggurath, Levitate

SAN: 1D3/1D20

The investigators may be able to do some damage to the cult here if they destroy the altar and "The Tree of the Avatar," but of course they would have to deal with the Dark Young first. A few sticks of dynamite would doom the altar, and fire would do the same for the tree. The destruction of the tree, however, releases a large cloud of stinking poisonous gas. Unless the investigators flee immediately upon seeing the cloud, anyone within 100 feet of the tree must match their CON vs. the gas' Potency of 17. Those failing die immediately, while those winning this Resistance Table struggle take 9 points of damage. Again, kindly Keepers might wish to give their investigators a warning of what's in the cloud rolling toward them: nearby plants and trees wilting or turning brown, etc. In any case, after the tree is destroyed all plant life in the aforementioned 100 foot radius is killed, and nothing can ever be made to grow there again. The cloud then disperses within 5D6 minutes.

The Moon-Lens Site

("H" on Map I, see detailed Map III): This relatively open area (which is also devoid of wildlife) is the site at which the cult is building its Moon-Lens. At "A" is the in-progress tower (which slightly resembles a windmill) on which the Lens itself will be placed. The tower is made of lengths of thick metal pipe and at present it is only about 30 feet high. When finished it will stand more than 50 feet above the ground. The spot marked "B" is where the concentrated moonbeams will point when the Moon-Lens is completed and put into use on the night of the next full moon (see Night Of The Moon-Lens section for more details).

At "C" is another guardian Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath which will attack any non-cultists tampering with the tower or the building materials at "D," unless these persons have made a small blood offering (ie. a small dead animal of some kind) before it. The Dark Young will also come forth if anyone attacks the cultists working on the tower (see below).

Note that buried just beneath the ground at "C" is the Moon-Lens itself. The five-foot diameter Lens is nearly indestructible, so attempts to break it up with the tools here is impossible. Two or three sticks of dynamite would

do the trick nicely, though. A path leads from the regular worship site ("G" on Map I) to near the foot of the hill between points "B" and "C" on this map. Another trail leads to the east, eventually connecting with some rough backroads which in turn connect with one of the main roads southeast of the Simons' farm (see Map I).

Another Guardian Dark Young

STR 44 CON 13 SIZ 44 INT 10 POW 20

DEX 14 HP 29 MOVE 8

Skills: Sneak 50%, Hide in Woods 80%.

Attacks: (4) Tentacles at 80%, for 4D6 + STR drain as detailed above.

Armor: As per the previous guardian Dark Young.

Spells: Contact Fungi from Yuggoth, Summon/Bind Star Vampire, Summon Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Dampen Light. Note that if this creature wishes to Summon the other guardian Dark Young it need expend only 1 Magic Point and the other will be on its way. This can be done at any time, and no blood sacrifice is necessary. The other Dark Young will arrive in about two minutes if not already dead.

SAN: 1D3/1D20

Just before dawn each morning Lloyd Simon and Terry Bloom leave the Simon farm and come down here, where they meet 1D3 lesser cultists. These men then work on the tower/Lens until early evening. Note that Simon and Bloom are usually armed, and there is a 10% chance for

Wanda Simon's Optional Spell

In the original draft of this scenario, Wanda Simon had the spell The Black Binding. She used this spell to raise the dead in the cemetery ("J" on Map I). (It is presumed that Wanda has a half dozen or so zombies already made before this adventure begins). This tactic could be used a couple of ways: first, it helps explain the cult's hold over the townspeople—after all, who wants to think of their departed loved ones as deathless slaves? Secondly, the cult might raise a few zombies to use against the Investigators. This Event would occur sometime between "The Sunday Driver" and "The Night Road." Ideally it would take place at the Rikers' farm soon after the Investigators have made their lodgings there. The zombies would attack at night, and when all the undead had been defeated it would be found that one of them is/was Lonnie Garber—SAN loss is 1/1D6 in addition to the regular loss for zombies (1/1D8).

each of the other men to be armed with a rifle or shotgun as well. Otherwise they will have to make do with a knife, shovel, hammer, length of metal pipe, etc.

As with the regular worship site (see above), the investigators can definitely inconvenience the Oak Valley cultists by wreaking havoc here. Dynamiting the tower, destroying the tools and building materials at "D," perhaps shooting a few of the workers themselves—any of these would hurt the progress of the Moon-Lens, but the cult would certainly be out for blood then. If the Lens itself is found and destroyed, the cult would really be in trouble. Bloom would return to England, disgusted with the ineptitude of the American cultists, and Oak Valley would have to continue worshipping Shub-Niggurath the "old way." (See also the section on The Aftermath).

The Schoolhouse

(T on Map D): Here all of Oak Valley's children come for an education. It is a one-room affair which holds about 50 children or so, mentioned here only because the kindly old schoolteacher is a particularly sadistic cultist. Oh what she dreams about doing to unruly kids_.

Winnifred Corby

the schoolteacher (cultist)

STR 8	CON 8	SIZ 12	INT 16	POW 12
DEX 9	APP 11	EDU 18	SAN 0	HP 10

Age: 70

Attacks: Tiny Knife (stiletto, 1D3 damage) 40

Events

Though there is no set timetable of events for "Dark Harvest," there is a predictable order in which some of the following events will occur. It is assumed that the investigators will arrive a few days before or after one of the regular worship nights—on a night of the dark of the moon. Two weeks after the regular worship night is the night of the full moon, when the newly completed Moon-Lens will be used for the first time in Oak Valley. This gives the Keeper anywhere from two to three weeks to in which to set the adventure. The events entitled "The Sunday Driver" and "The Night Road" are best played in that order, while "Alden's Sacrifice" can be inserted at any time. Any of the three could be ignored without harm to the integrity of the adventure, as could "The Regular Worship." And "The Night of the Moon-Lens" is directly dependent on the actions of the investigators.

The Sunday Driver

This event will occur two or three days after the investigators begin delving into the mysteries of Oak Valley.

Necessarily it can only occur if the investigators are traveling by car to or from town late in the day. As the investigators' vehicle slowly plugs along trying to avoid the larger potholes a battered black truck pulls up behind them, then alongside. The driver and passenger of the truck wear masks similar to those worn by Ku Klux Klansmen, and before the investigators can react the truck sideswipes them. The driver of the investigators' car must attempt a Drive Auto roll; if successful their car slips harmlessly off the road. If the roll fails the car hits a tree or overturns or a similar catastrophe occurs and each of the car's occupants must try a Luck roll; if successful they are uninjured. If this roll fails they take 1 point of damage for every 5 percentage points by which they missed the roll (round any fractions down). The truck, meanwhile, swerves dangerously toward the side of the road but recovers and speeds off. The investigators will be unable to catch up with these hellions as they're familiar with the area and they also have a head start. The truck will then be hidden away in somebody's barn until things cool off. This was a warning from the cult.

The Night Road

This one takes place under circumstances similar to the first event—on a road outside of town, preferably after dark. The investigators will have to have done something to really infuriate the cultists for them to try something like this. This time the investigators come upon a narrow point in the road that is heavily overhung with tree-limbs. Suddenly one of those “tree-limbs” snakes down at the car or targets an Investigator, if on foot. It’s SAN rolls all around as one of the Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath steps into the roadway. A successful Drive Auto roll on the part of the driver of the investigators’ car will do one of two things: ram head-on into the terrible mass of mouths and tentacles, or get the car turned completely around and ready for a quick getaway. Ramming the monster does damage equal to 2 points for every percentage point by which the Drive roll was made (unfortunately, the car is totaled by the impact and the effects of the Dark Young’s corrosive ichor).

Example: A character with a 40% Drive Auto rolls a 13, making the roll by 27 points. The Dark Young takes 54 points, killing it easily! If the driver has turned around and wishes to flee the Dark Young merely breaks a window and/or tears off part of the car's roof as it speeds away. If the driver goes insane at the wheel or fails the Drive roll the car goes in the ditch. Each round thereafter the driver can try another Drive roll to get "unstuck" if he is still sane and does nothing else (it takes a round to

change drivers). Meanwhile the Dark Young tears off the roof on the first round and begins attacking the occupants on the second round. As soon as the driver makes his Drive Auto roll he can speed off, but those in the clutches of the Dark Young will be left behind.

Yet Another Dark Young

STR 43 CON 20 SIZ 45 INT 17 POW 22

DEX 19 HP 33 MOVE 8

Skills: Sneak 55%, Hide in Woods 85%.

Attacks: (4) Tentacles at 95% each, for 4D6 + 1D3 STR drained per round

Armor: Bullets do 1 point on a normal hit and 2 on an impale, while shotguns do minimum possible damage. Melee weapons affect it normally.

Spells: Though the Dark Young will only be attacking physically, here they are—Summon/Bind Byakhee, Call Ithaqua, Mindblast, Call Shub-Niggurath, Shrivelling, Summon/Bind Star Vampire, Contact Fungi from Yuggoth

SAN: 1D3/1D20

Alden's Sacrifice

As mentioned briefly in the description of his character, Alden Price has been experimenting with the Summon Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath spell. He wants to try it again, and this time he wants to show his pal Jack Walton what he can do. So sometime during the investigation in Oak Valley, Alden and Jack are going to haul poor Annie Price out to the woods near the Price home ("A" on Map I) and sacrifice her to Summon one of the Dark Young. There are a number of ways the investigators can learn of this. Maybe Eugene Riker overhears the two older boys talking about it in school. Maybe the investigators hear screams in the forest as they're driving home one night. It's even possible they won't hear of it at all until Annie's body is found. The exact circumstances are left to the Keeper, and in any case this event is entirely optional.

Still Another Dark Young

STR 48 CON 20 SIZ 44 INT 9 POW 16

DEX 14 HP 32 MOVE 8

Skills: Sneak 60%, Hide in Woods 80%

Attacks: (4) Tentacles at 85% each, for 5D6 + STR drain (see above)

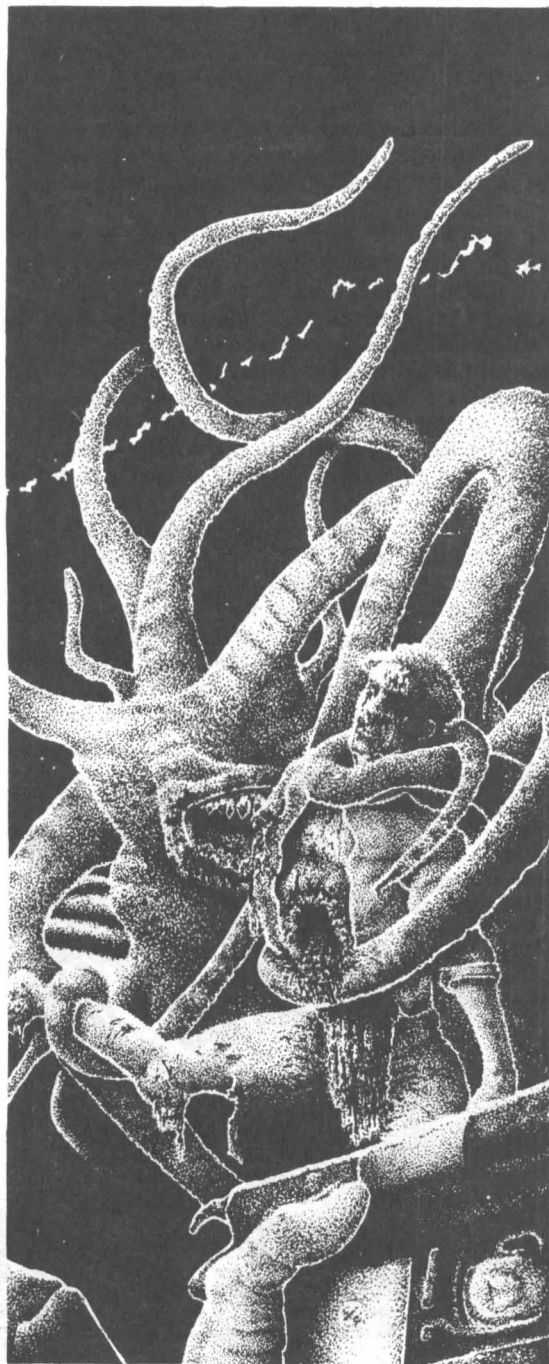
Armor: Again, see previous Dark Young

Spells: Brew Space Mead, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Call Shub-Niggurath

SAN: 1D3/1D20



DENNIS DETWILER



The Regular Worship

The night of the dark of the moon is the big night for the Oak Valley cult, at least until the Moon-Lens is completed. The festivities begin about midnight, when several men and women in cars, wagons, on horses, and on foot begin moving onto the streets and roads around Oak Valley. These people leave their transports at the places marked with an "X" on Map I, and from here they move along the trails and backroads into the woods towards "G." Once at the regular worship site all cultists disrobe (remember that the SAN loss for seeing Terry Bloom's satyrish form is 0/1D6), and the guardian Dark Young steps out of the wood (SAN loss 1D3/1D20). A few men go into the woods to fetch the animals to be sacrificed—usually a cow or two; these creatures were brought here earlier on the day of the ceremony. Wanda Simon then proceeds to lead the chant for Calling the god, and she and the other cultists expend as many Magic Points as possible—19 from Wanda, 14 from Terry Bloom, 7 each from Cale and Regina Walton, and about 25 more from the rest of the "congregation."

The chant goes on for nearly two hours, at which time "The Tree of the Avatar" begins to wriggle and grow (if the investigators have carved an Elder Sign on the Avatar's Tree, it bursts into flame at this time). The animals are quickly sacrificed, and He Who Walks Behind the Rows appears where "The Tree of the Avatar" had been—a massive greenish bulk "with terrible red eyes the size of footballs" (SAN loss is 1D10/1D100, and in all other respects this avatar conforms to the statistics given for Shub-Niggurath in the CoC rulebook) accompanied by an overpowering stench of "cornhusks dried years in some dark barn."

He Who Walks Behind the Rows/Shub-Niggurath eagerly takes the sacrifices, tearing them apart effortlessly and devouring the choicer morsels. (If the investigators carved an Elder Sign upon the altar, the avatar bursts into flame when it takes the first sacrifice; note that this dispels it only until it is summoned again, be it by regular worship or the Moon-Lens. If the Tree or the avatar is destroyed by either of the methods described here the Tree is gone for good, though the avatar may reappear). Then a frenzied orgy begins, over which Shub-Niggurath presides. Both He/She/It and the Dark Young occasionally take part in this blasphemous "rite" (additional SAN roll—loss is 1D3/2D8). The festivities end just before dawn, at which time everyone exhaustedly returns home.

The Night Of The Moon-Lens

First, a little background information on the Moon-Lens:

The Moon-Lens is a device which allows the cultists of Shub-Niggurath to Call their deity more than once per month. Normally Shub-Niggurath is only able to manifest Itself here on Earth on nights of the dark of the moon. With the Moon-Lens, however, Shub-Niggurath's followers can perform a successful Calling on nights of the full moon as well.

The first step in creating a Moon-Lens is the procurement of a huge piece of the infamous Glass from Leng. As its name would suggest, this crystalline substance is obtainable only from the degenerate Tcho-Tcho people living on the Plateau of Leng in the mountain fastnesses of Tibet. This Glass will become the Lens itself.

Next a large tower or pylon (about 50 feet high) must be built near the site where the cultists wish to Call Shub-Niggurath. Around the top of the pylon a number of mirrors are placed to focus the moonlight on the Lens, which is positioned in the center of the circle of mirrors. The Lens/mirror apparatuses are set on a swivel-mount and controlled by ropes leading to the ground. On the night of the full moon the cultists use these ropes to position the mirror/Lens combination so as to create a concentrated beam of moonlight which will point to the place they must then consecrate for Shub-Niggurath. The Lens and mirrors are rotated until the strongest beam

of moonlight is created, and where it points the cultists perform the consecration ceremony. (If the investigators have created an Elder Sign on the Lens it will explode at this time).

The consecration requires the cultists to bloodily sacrifice 400 SIZ points worth of victims at the spot shown by the moonbeam. These sacrifices need not be human, but often are. Remember that the focusing and consecrating must take place on the night of the full moon.

Once the consecration ceremony has been completed Shub-Niggurath can be Called (as per the other Call Deity spells in the CoC rulebook with respect to Magic Point expenditure and chance of success) on any night of the full moon (including that same night). The Moon-Lens is used to focus a beam of moonlight on the place of consecration; Shub-Niggurath then manifests through a "doorway" which opens at that site. This method of Calling the god differs from the usual method in that it need not be performed in a wood, and the usual blood sacrifice (of 40 SIZ points) is not needed. Instead a single human victim is set aside for Shub-Niggurath's pleasure.

On the first night of the full moon after the set-up is completed, the consecration ceremony will occur. It will consist of the slaughter of more than a dozen cattle from nearby farms, plus any interlopers that might have been captured by the cult. As the guardian Dark Young (SAN loss is 1D3/1D20) stands by, Terry Bloom and Lloyd



DENNIS DETWILER

Simon will be fiddling with the control ropes of the Moon-Lens to find the point of optimal concentration. The Waltons will be in charge of the cultists slaughtering the sacrifices, and after the cultists disrobe (again, the SAN loss for seeing Bloom's deformities is 0/1D6) Bloom leads the Calling of He Who Walks Behind the Rows/Shub-Niggurath. When the Calling has been completed, the spot on the hillside ("B" on Map III) will darken and a doorway will form. Moments later Shub-Niggurath comes through in the form of He Who Walks Behind the Rows (SAN loss is 1D10/1D100).

Tonight's final sacrifice then takes place: Winnifred Corby is the one given to the god, but instead of being torn limb from limb and devoured she is swallowed whole—only to be regurgitated moments later! Now a monstrous half-goat, half-human thing (SAN loss is 1D3/2D6 for viewing the disgusting regurgitation ritual), Winny lets out a joyous animalistic bleat and gallops off into the wood. She is the first of the Oak Valley cultists to be given immortality in the bowels of Shub-Niggurath. That night Wanda and Lloyd Simon become the second and third recipients of this "gift." Future ceremonies will introduce the other cultists into this exclusive group of Shub-Niggurath's chosen.

Notes On The Cult

The Oak Valley cult of Shub-Niggurath has a total membership of 32 people. Included in this figure are: Wanda Simon, Lloyd Simon, Regina Walton, Cale Walton, Jack Walton, Harv Taylor, Alden Price, Winnifred Corby, and 24 "lesser" cultists. As stated earlier the lesser cultists have the same stats and skills as the typical Oak Valley characters, except the cultists' SAN is 0 and they have a Cthulhu Mythos skill of 12 and an Occult skill of 20. These people are the "cannon-fodder" of the Oak Valley cult—more or less expendable as far as the hierarchy of the cult is concerned. They will gladly risk their lives to protect their high priestess, Wanda Simon. If the investigators get into trouble outside of town and happen to run to a cultist's house (5% chance, as mentioned earlier) the cult-members of the household will send one of their number (possibly even an innocent child) to get help from other cultists nearby. The Keeper might allow suspicious investigators a Listen roll to overhear these nefarious plans. Then again, the cleverer cultists may try to drug the unsuspecting investigators before sending for help.

Discerning readers will no doubt have noted and scoffed at the Oak Valley cult's ability to Summon Dark Young on nights other than the dark of the moon. Though the CoC rulebook states that they can only be Summoned on

nights of the dark of the moon, the author has assumed that in places where Shub-Niggurath's worship is especially strong there are exceptions to this rule. The woods around Oak Valley are one such place, and the twisted forests and hills of Goatswood, Gloucestershire, in central England are another.

The Aftermath

Several methods for thwarting the Oak Valley cult have been discussed at the appropriate locations above — the regular worship site and the Moon-Lens site. But in spite of these relatively safe methods for disrupting the cult's activities, "Dark Harvest" is potentially a very combat-heavy adventure. The more adventurous investigators might even try to attack the cult during one of its ceremonies so that all of the villains can be taken care of at once. Though extremely dangerous, this strategy might pay off if enough explosives and/or automatic weapons are brought to bear...

Sanity Rewards

There are a number of different sanity rewards possible for successfully completing this scenario. Killing or capturing Terry Bloom gains the investigators 1D6 SAN each. They also get 1D4 SAN for each of the following NPCs they manage to dispose of: Wanda Simon, Lloyd Simon, Regina Walton, and Cale Walton. They also receive 1 SAN for getting rid of either Alden Price or Harv Taylor (2 SAN if they manage to nail both).

Each Dark Young slain nets the investigators another 1D20. Destroying the altar at the regular worshipping site gains 1D10 (nothing is gained for destroying the "Tree of the Avatar," though it's not a bad idea). Foiling the completion of the Moon-Lens gives the investigators 1D20 SAN, due to the fact that if the Lens stays up the Oak Valley cult will not only grow but become virtually immortal as well. Note that these last two sanity rewards assume the investigators have done away with most of the cult hierarchy — Wanda Simon, Regina Walton, and Terry Bloom in particular. In fact, unless these cult-members are taken care of, the Oak Valley cult will survive despite the damage investigators do.

Ideas For Follow-Up Adventures

It is almost certain that some of the Oak Valley cultists will escape the scrutiny of the investigators, possibly even some of the more important ones. Most lesser cultists that manage to escape will live out the rest of their lives committing petty crimes in Oak valley, while others will commit suicide rather than live without their god, and a

very few will seek vengeance on those that brought down the cult. The more important cultists will certainly try to get revenge on the investigators, though the Simons and Waltons might be content to relocate and start a new cult. Terry Bloom will simply return to Goatswood.

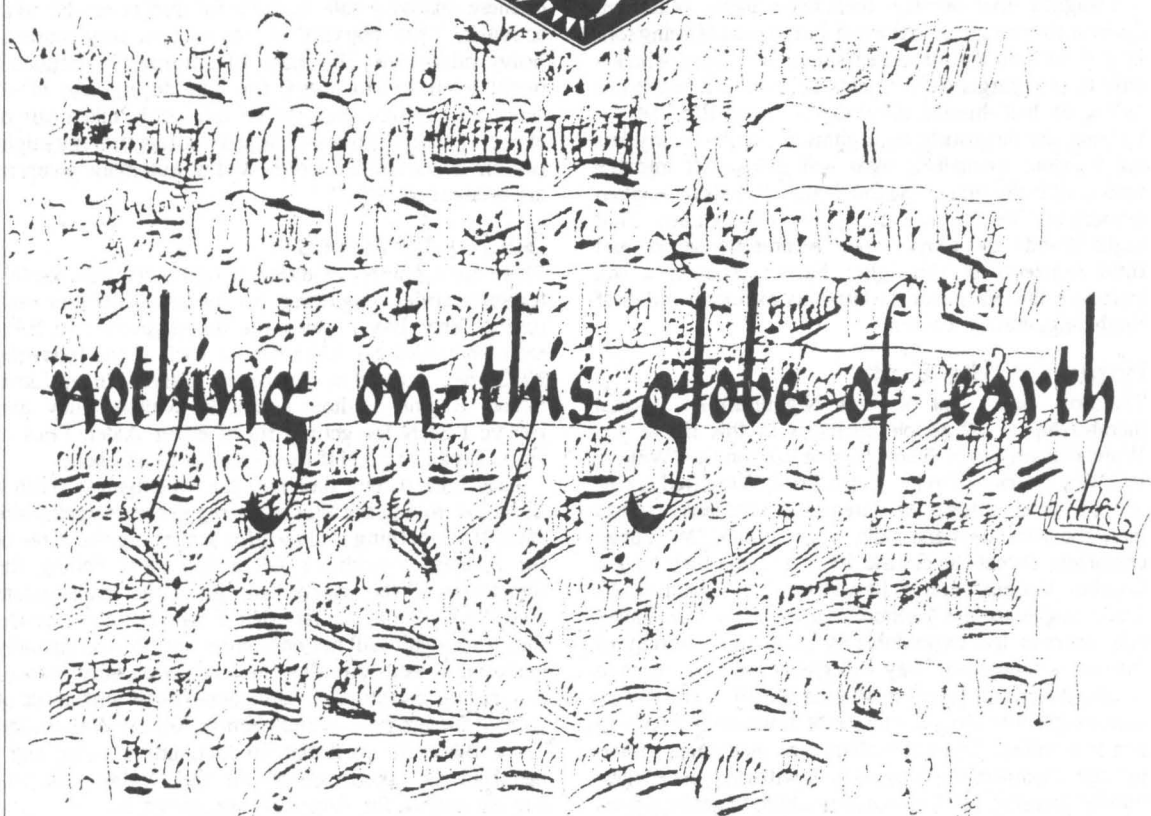
The investigators may try to track down some of the

escaped villains, perhaps even to dreaded Goatswood. The Goatswood cult is very similar to Oak Valley's, though its members have much more magical knowledge. Many are "immortal," as detailed above. The spaces under the nearby hills contain many frightening scenes, including a rumored Gate to Shub-Niggurath's home world! ☹

Rich Marinaccio



bq Mackintosh




Pagan Publishing proudly introduces its first musical release. Commissioned exclusively for readers of The Unspeakable Oath, nothing on this globe of earth is a cassette single with two original musical works by Rich Marinaccio and bq Mackintosh. Totaling about ten minutes, these pieces embody the ageless menace and malignity of the Cthulhu Mythos in a powerful musical statement. See pages 155-159 for ordering instructions. \$4⁰⁰

Albert Pitler

in which an exercise in science produces a calm but chilling horror

Jonathan Tweet

 lbert Pitler" is not an adventure in itself. Instead, what follows is a description of an interesting NPC with a dark secret. How you use this professor in your campaign remains fully your choice. He can be an ally of the investigators, an enemy, a curiosity, or some combination. Suggestions about how to incorporate Pitler into your campaign are given at the end. Pitler can be located anywhere there is a medical school—Miskatonic University's medical school would work fine. Dates given assume a campaign in the 1920s, and certain details assume a location in the United States or similar country. Keepers interested in the Gaslight period may find Albert Pitler's genteel creepiness well-suited to their game.

Keeper's Information

Doctor Albert Pitler is a prominent old professor who teaches at the local medical school. The general opinion held of him is that he is a strange but harmless old man. He lives without relatives in his house near the campus.

Pitler is actually something of a mad scientist. He has perfected a chemical formula which prolongs corporeal (but not mental) life indefinitely. His taciturn servants, a butler and a maid, are actually zombies created by this process. Though Pitler does not by himself provide the standard adventure situation, he and his creations may be incorporated into your campaign in many ways—see the section entitled “Using Pitler” at the end of this adventure.

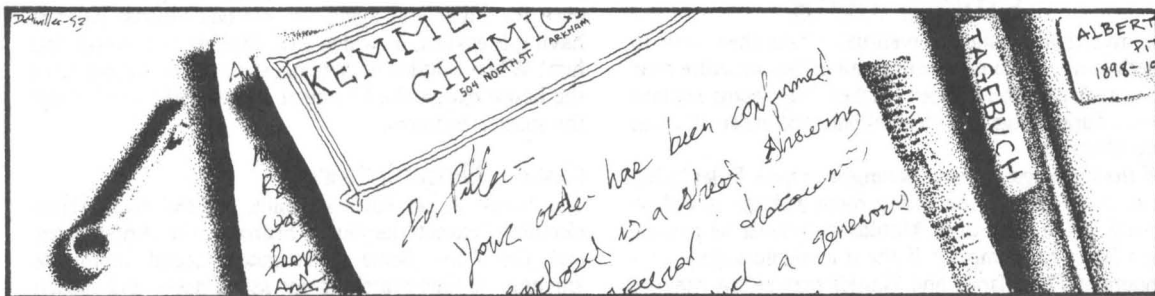
Albert Pitler, Mad Scientist

Dr. Albert Ignatius Pitler was born in 1858 in Germany. Since he was a child, he has been a genius at biological science. His interest in life prolongment began in his graduate studies, but his experiments did not get fully underway until he became a professor at the local medical school. He got tenure and began devoting more time to experimentation until 1909. At that time the administration, repulsed by the nature of Pitler's experiments, forced him to stop using university facilities; but that only made Pitler move his lab to his basement. Soon thereafter he perfected the formula which produced his zombie servants.

Now his experimentation is limited, and the laboratory serves mostly to brew more batches of the chemicals needed to sustain his servants. (Of course, as Keeper you may introduce to the scenario some new experiment on which Pitler is working.)

The Life-Extension Process

The life-extension process includes injection of various chemicals into the veins of a corpse. Within a few minutes, the corpse "comes to life." The corpse requires reapplications of the formula about every six months. A zombie more active than normal will require more frequent "booster shots," while a sedentary one will require shots less often. The higher functions of the brain, such as will, never recover, though the zombie will retain ingrained habits from life. Thus human zombies will be able to "understand" (i.e. react appropriately to) simple com-



mands spoken in their native tongue. The zombies Pitler has will follow all of his orders and no one else's. A zombie might respond to another person's request as long as the situation demands it and compliance does not contradict Pitler's orders.

The subjects of the process have no metabolism. They need no oxygen, no food, and no rest. Their blood soon coagulates into a thick jelly. While these effects may let the investigators differentiate between living and dead in the Pitler house, they also make the zombies formidable opponents. They suffer no pain and never go into shock from wounds. Lacking pain, they exhibit tremendous strength. These factors are represented in the stats given later in the text. Such zombies cannot talk.

The Results

As mentioned, Pitler has two servants, both zombies. In 1911 he robbed several graves for his experiments. With two subjects, the formula worked. James, the butler, is the zombie most often seen by outsiders. He answers the door, serves dinner, brings Pitler his pipe, and performs all the other tasks that a living butler might do, except that he never talks. Matilda, the maid, cooks and cleans. The investigators probably will not see Matilda as much as they see James. As zombies, the servants are cold to the touch, feel no pain, do not breathe, cannot talk, and have no circulation. Eventually, these attributes might reveal the truth to the investigators. The zombies are able to perform all the tasks Pitler asks of them, though they cannot think up responses to new situations. They might appear to have initiative, but this is because Pitler has "programmed" them to react independently to certain possibilities. For instance, James and Matilda both have orders to kill anyone who breaks into the house. As Keeper, you may decide whether or not the zombies can react to a peculiar new situation when one arises, and you should base your decision at least partly on how you want the adventure to progress.

Pitler's Home

The investigators should eventually find their way to Pitler's home. It is a relatively small gothic structure near the university where Pitler teaches. The rooms contain modest furnishings and decorations, and most of them have electricity.

If the investigators have arranged to meet Pitler in his house, he will be in the sitting room and James will be waiting at the front door. Matilda will never be present when Pitler has company. If the investigators come unannounced, Pitler, James and Matilda may be any number

Who Is Where & When?

Night, generally 9pm to 6am

roll	Pitler	Matilda
01-90	asleep	room 3
91-00	lab	cleaning

Morning, 6 am to 8 am

01-20	asleep in bedroom	room 3
21-60	breakfast in kitchen with Matilda	kitchen
61-00	out	cleaning

Day, 8am to 6pm (Pitler eats lunch out)

01-65	out	room 3
66-85	out	cleaning
86-90	lab	cleaning
91-00	library	cleaning

Dinner, 6pm to 7pm

Pitler eats with James and Matilda waiting on him.

Evening, 7pm to 9pm

01-15	out	room 3
16-60	lab	room 3
61-00	library	room 3

Unless otherwise noted, James is always in room 3.

of places. If you do not want to use Keeper fiat to determine locations, consult the following tables. James will always be in room 3, the Servants' Quarters, except for dinner and for receiving company. Roll percentile dice once for Pitler and again for Matilda (unless Pitler is having breakfast, in which case Matilda will be serving him). When Matilda is cleaning, she may be anywhere in the house except the basement and (if Pitler is sleeping) the master bedroom.

Room Descriptions

The house is old but well-built. All the rooms have electricity except the Guest Bedroom, the Ante Room, and the Attic. Some investigators spend inordinate amounts of time searching for secret doors and hidden

items, so each room—whether or not it contains anything interesting—will have a search time. To determine how long it takes for a group of investigators to search a room carefully, divide the search time by the number of investigators searching. Count more than four investigators in the same room as only four; too many, and they get in each other's way. If they give a room only a cursory search (not careful enough to find well-hidden items), let the investigators finish the search in half the listed time.

The Front Door. The front door is a large, oak door with narrow glass windows running its height on either side. A knocker in the center of the door serves to announce one's presence. Hanging on the wall to the right of the door is the mailbox, from which Matilda takes the mail every day.

Room 1, The Hall. The hall has a few portraits adorning the walls and a hatrack, but little of interest. The paintings are mediocre, displaying Pitler's lack of artistic taste. Search time: 5 minutes.

Room 2, the Sitting Room. Here Pitler will entertain guests. A fireplace sits in a corner and silver vases adorn the mantle. Near the fireplace is Pitler's high-backed chair, the one he uses when having company. Simple, wooden Shaker chairs (that do not match the rest of the decor) usually line the walls, but James will have arranged them around Pitler's if company is coming. More paintings—portraits and landscapes—evinced Pitler's lack of taste. A grandfather clock stands in one corner, so a constant ticking noise will fill the room and sounds of the clock chiming will fill the house every half hour. Search time: 30 minutes.

Room 3, the Servant's Quarters. During their long periods of inactivity, James and Matilda wait in this room. They stand rigidly near the door, waiting with perfect patience to be called or for the time at which they are programmed to go to work. If anyone opens the door to this room, they will immediately attack if Pitler is absent or asleep. They will feign life if Pitler is present and awake. The curtains over the one window are always closed so no one can see in. Search time: 5 minutes.

Room 4, the Kitchen. This room includes simple facilities and a small table. Pitler eats here every morning, but does nothing else in this room. Dinner is prepared here but eaten in the dining room. The cabinets provide plenty of diversions in a search, so the search time is one hour.

Room 5, the Lower Bathroom. This bathroom contains a toilet, a sink and shelves with toiletries. Search time: 10 minutes.

Room 6, the Dining Room. In this room Pitler eats his evening meal accompanied by his two servants. The table has four chairs. Search time: 10 minutes.

Room 7, the Library. Here Pitler has his personal collection of books. Most of them are scientific, and he has a nearly complete collection of "Science" magazine (which began in 1896); but he also has most of the classics that a well-read man should have—among them, *Frankenstein*, by Mary Shelley. Unfortunately, Pitler has been too busy with his experiments to read more than a third of his non-scientific books. If you want Pitler to have an interest in the occult, you should include some minor occult book, such as *Monsters and their Kynde*. Search time (looking through the books): one hour. Search time (not looking



DENNIS DETWEILER

through books): 30 minutes.

Room 8, the Guest Bedroom. Pitler never uses this room, so it is kept locked. The key is in a drawer in the Master Bedroom. The air in this room is stale and slightly musty. The bed is made and an empty kerosene lamp sits on the nightstand. An empty chest of drawers and wardrobe, also empty, complete the furnishings. (The locked door should pique the investigators' interest, but nothing important is to be found here.) Search time: 30 minutes.

Room 9, the Master Bedroom. This room contains a bed with an electric lamp on the stand beside it. Also on the bed will be a scientific book of some sort—whatever Pitler is currently reading. A chest of drawers filled with the doctor's clothes and a chest with blankets and a spare pillow stand against one wall. On the chest is a small, ticking clock.

Pitler's writing desk sits against another wall. Covering the desk are many papers, paperweights, pencils, pens, et cetera. Among these papers are numerous receipts from Kemmer Chemical Supply for various chemicals. An investigator who makes her Chemistry roll will recognize that these chemicals have medical uses of some type. Pharmacy skill will do the same, but the roll must be made at one-half the normal chance because these chemicals are not drugs, per se. (An investigator gets one roll, either Chemistry or half Pharmacy, whichever is the higher.)

This desk has items of interest for any who want to search through the piles of papers and the numerous drawers. The two interesting items are not hidden, but searching through all the desk takes quite some time. For each minute of searching, an Investigator may make one Spot Hidden roll, and each may search for three minutes before exhausting possibilities. If two investigators try to search the desk at the same time, they will get in each others' way, so each will have his Spot Hidden reduced by a fourth. No more than two investigators may search the desk at one time.

The first interesting item is a sheaf of about thirty letters which are the correspondence about Pitler's experiments. Pitler has collected the related letters, about twenty-five of them, and tied them together with string. These letters, in German and English, range in date from 1896 to 1913. If an investigator reads through these letters, he will learn that Pitler was involved in experiments of varying success and popularity. For more details, the reader must make an English or German roll. A successful English roll reveals that Pitler was involved in reanimation—bringing the dead back to life—and that the writers of several letters condemn the experiments as evil. A successful German roll reveals that Pitler was success-

ful after he was kicked out of the medical school laboratories, and that his servants are results of the experimental process. If the reader (and anyone she tells) did not know this already, she must make a SAN roll or lose 1D4 SAN. This amount is smaller than what one would lose if the nature of the servants was undeniable, as the reader will no doubt find the letter hard to believe. If undeniable proof is later discovered, the reader will lose an additional 0/1D3 SAN.

The second item found is the key to the guest bedroom. Actually, this find probably has less importance than the investigators think it does, unless you wish to use the guest bedroom for some purpose other than that given here.

Also depending on your plans, you may want to put other clues in the desk, such as recent correspondence referring to more experiments.

Search time (not including desk): 30 minutes.

Room 10, the Upper Bathroom. This room has a sink, a toilet, cabinets, and a bathtub. Search time: 15 minutes.

Room 11, the Attic. One can reach the attic through a narrow set of creaking steps. The room has no lighting of its own and the air is full of dust. In the cramped quarters of the attic are items in permanent storage from Pitler's past. Boxes contain used experimental equipment, old photographs of family, and some miscellaneous clothes. Ad lib more junk if the players demand more details. Search time: one hour.

Room 12, the Ante Room. This room is crowded with firewood, kerosene, tools, and anything else you can think of that would belong in a basement. If Pitler has an experiment in progress or is making more of his formula, any investigator who makes a Listen roll will hear miscellaneous bubbling and hissing sounds coming from the next room, the Laboratory. Search time: one hour.

Room 13, the Laboratory. This is it, the mad scientist's laboratory. The investigators will be faced by a room filled with twisting glass tubes, Erlenmeyer flasks, test tubes, et cetera. The first priority, however, will be a zombie dog programmed to attack anyone who enters without Pitler (it will also attack at Pitler's command). The dog stands rigid near the door waiting for someone to enter. In combat, it neither growls nor barks—rather, it is quick, silent, and lethal.

Once the investigators are past the dog, they will be able to examine the rest of the laboratory. If the laboratory is active, liquids and gases will be moving about through coiled tubes, combining in beakers, and simmering over Bunsen burners. The air is filled with the sounds of the experiment, liquids bubbling and dripping, bunsen

another 0/1D3 when they learn that the reanimation is undeniable truth.

If Pitler has some new experiment in the works, you may want to make additions to the laboratory.

Search time: one hour.

Investigator Information

The investigators have many ways of finding out about Pitler, though they may see no need to do so at first. Possible sources of information are:

Talking to Pitler. Pitler will talk freely to those who pose no threat to his secrecy and ask innocuous questions. When an investigator questions Pitler more directly about his work, however, Pitler will react in one of two ways (your decision). He might become defensive and refuse to talk. He might instead unconsciously try to reveal his secret.

Pitler is torn between conflicting motives. He wants to keep his experiments a secret for personal safety, but he also wants the recognition due his genius. Subconsciously he might resolve this conflict by consciously saying nothing revealing, but unconsciously dropping hints. You should ad lib these hints as the opportunity presents itself, but they may include comments about the faithfulness of his servants, comments about the amount of work being done in the medical attempt to discover what life is, or verbal attacks against the medical school administration for closing down his laboratory. Ideally, you should set up a situation in which Pitler drops hints, enough to tantalize the investigators, but not enough to let them solve the mystery. The investigators should get an extra feeling of creepiness when they realize what Pitler was hinting about.

Asking around the campus. Discreet questions of the faculty, staff and students over the course of a day or so can give the investigators some helpful leads. Indiscreet questions, of course, will cause those questioned to tell Dr. Pitler that so-and-so has been asking about him. Use Persuade rolls to determine success. Depending on how well the players roll, whom they ask, and how they ask, give them some, none, or all of the following information.

- Pitler is highly respected among the faculty and student body. (easily found out)
- Pitler used to be involved in strange experiments, but he has given that up now with the passage of youthful ambition. (easily found out)
- Pitler confronted the administration over his experiments in the school year of 1908-09. The administration stopped him from conducting those experiments. No one remembers completely what those experiments

were about because Pitler was secretive. (must talk with faculty for this information)

- Rumor has it that Pitler experiments in his home. (give only for exemplary conduct or rolls)

Campus Newspaper. The February 1909 issue of the school newspaper, copies of which are readily available in the library, has an article about the cessation of Pitler's experiments. If an investigator does not state specifically that he is looking in the school paper, but rather just says he looks in the library, then he must make a Library Use roll to find this information. Otherwise, it's just a matter of time to find the article. The administration stopped the experiments because they caused a high loss of lab animals and because Pitler could not justify their significance.

Meeting Minutes. In the campus archives are the minutes of the Executive Committee, and in the minutes of the meeting of January 1909 is the decision to prohibit Pitler from continuing his experimentation. The reasons given are that he was investigating "subjects of Nature that science were better to leave alone."

Spying. Keeping surveillance on the Pitler house will reveal in the course of a week that the servants never leave the house, except for Matilda who opens the front door every noon to take the mail out of the mailbox. Pitler always buys his mundane supplies in person, and investigators who ask specifically will notice that the food he buys is only enough for one. Depending on how the investigators spy, the Keeper must decide how to determine whether or not Pitler notices the surveillance.

Intercepting Mail. Because Pitler buys all his chemical supplies by mail order, it will be hard for investigators to find out how large a supply of chemicals he uses up. If they intercept his mail for a week or so, they will probably find at least one package from Kemmer Chemical Supply. It will contain chemicals of no apparent scientific value.

You may wish to add other clues depending on your own use of Pitler in your campaign.

Using Pitler

Pitler and his servants can perform many functions in different campaigns. Possibilities include:

Mentor. Pitler becomes an ally of the investigators. He has some interest in the occult, and would like to help the fearless adventurers in their never-ending battle. The investigators might meet him when he invites them to his house, where he then sends them on some adventure not related to his secret. In this option, the most highly recommended, the investigators could get to know Pitler as a friend, not as a mad scientist. Perhaps they will never

find out the truth about him. This option can lead to almost any of the following, as well.

Accidental Revelation. The investigators know Pitler and visit him (perhaps according to the Mentor option above). One night, however, they discover the truth. Perhaps James spills scalding coffee on himself and fails to notice. Perhaps someone accidentally bumps him into the fire. In some way or another, it becomes obvious that James and Matilda are not normal people.

Intentional Revelation. The investigators know Pitler, but do not know his secret. One night, he reveals it in hopes of getting help with further experiments he plans to make. Will the investigators rob graves for Pitler's mad schemes? Will Pitler and his mindless servants turn against them if they balk?

Death. No one hears from Pitler for a few days. The investigators go to visit him, either out of concern or by prearrangement. James answers the door as usual and silently ushers the investigators into the sitting room, as usual. As usual, Pitler is sitting in his favorite chair, but this time he is dead of a heart attack. The servants go about their business as usual.

Guinea Pigs. The investigators know Pitler, but they do not know that he has taken up a new line of experimentation. Now he hopes to give a living organism indefinite, *conscious* life. He has had success with animals, but now he needs a human guinea pig. According to some convenient attribute (e.g. gender, race, size, age) that will make an investigator a good subject, he singles one of them out as a "volunteer." James and Matilda restrain the investi-



DENNIS DETWILER

gator if he is unwilling while Pitler injects his new formula. Possible results include painful death, insanity, and success. "Success" means that the investigator has an indefinite life span (e.g. will not die of old age or disease, but can be killed violently) but is chemically dependent on monthly injections. The Keeper and the dice should determine the outcome. In any case, Pitler should not have consistent success if other investigators line up as guinea pigs.

Outside Concern. Someone, such as administrators at the medical school or worried neighbors, wants an investigation made of Pitler. The investigators will probably wind up breaking into the house. This option would probably be the shortest from start to finish. It is also like a standard adventure, but it does not use Pitler to his full potential.

Berserk Zombie. Pitler tries to give autonomy to a new line of zombies. His first nearly successful attempt is a disaster. The resulting zombie becomes a maniacal beast who kills or wounds Pitler and rampages through the countryside. Investigators can either get on the case through Pitler, or track Pitler down through this zombie. The zombie should be tougher than James if it is to stand a chance against a group of investigators.

Mortician Plot. Pitler and a mortician are collaborating on an evil plot. The mortician is using Pitler's formula to "embalm" the dead. When enough people have died and Pitler and the mortician have enough zombies lying in their graves, phase two of the fiendish plan will go into action. The zombie army attacks personal enemies of the collaborators (perhaps the administrators who attempted to stifle Pitler's work). The investigators should probably discover the plan or at least get hints of it before the assault is ready.

Dr. Hill. Dr. Hill, a recent addition to the medical school's faculty, has learned something of Pitler's old experiments. He is able to get Pitler access to the school's labs again, and the two set to work as a team. Dr. Hill's motives may not be benevolent, however.

New Experiment. Pitler is working on some new, bizarre experiment. The nature of this experiment is up to you.

Stats

Albert Pitler. He is a tall, thin, clean-shaven, white-haired man of German descent. His clothes are always conservative.

STR 7 SIZ 10 CON 9 INT 18 POW 11
DEX 9 APP 10 EDU 24 SAN 50*
Hit Points 10 Move 8

Skills: Biology 95%, Chemistry 95%, Credit Rating 30%, Cthulhu Mythos ?, Diagnose Disease 95%, Drive Auto 05%, First Aid 65%, Medicine 65%, (optional: Occult 35%), Other Languages: English 95%, Latin 60%, Own Language: German 95%, Pharmacy 80%, Treat Disease 60%, Treat Poison 70%

*Pitler is immune to further SAN losses from his bizarre experiments

If Pitler is interested in the occult and has an occult book in his library, give him a Cthulhu Mythos equal to the Knowledge bonus of that book.

The Servants. As zombies, these two are especially resistant to damage. Impaling weapons (including bullets) do only 1 point of damage to them, and other weapons (including fire) do half normal damage. In addition, they never suffer from shock and so must be dropped to 2 HP to be stopped. At 2 HP, they cease to be functional, though they may still jerk around, attempting to fulfill their commands. At 0 HP, the body is too damaged to move and may be considered "dead." Breaking open the skin of a zombie releases a fetid stench, but one of chemicals, not decay.

James

STR 18 CON 20 SIZ 12 POW 1 DEX 5 APP 7
Hit Points 16 Move 8

Weapons: Fist 50%, 1D3+1D4

Matilda

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 8 POW 1 DEX 7 APP 5
Hit Points 12 Move 6

Weapons: Fist 45%, 1D3

SAN: Upon finding out that either Matilda and/or James are corpses, an investigator will lose 0/1D6 SAN. If the discovery is made but can be denied, even irrationally (as is possible when reading Pitler's notes), the investigator only risks 1D4 SAN, but she will then risk losing another 1D3 when the truth becomes undeniable.

The Zombie Dog

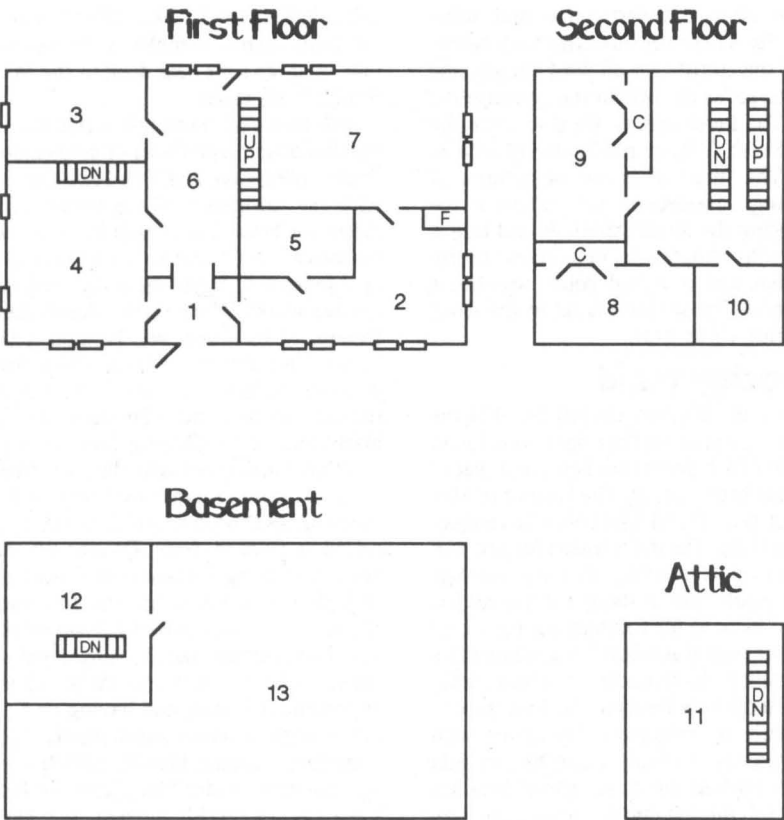
This beast is a short-haired, lean, tawny mutt. Its mouth, with which it attacks, is dry. As a zombie, it resists damage like Matilda and James: impaling weapons do 1 HP and others do half normal damage. Again, cutting the skin will release a stench like that near the bisected guinea pig in Pitler's laboratory.

STR 9 CON 18 SIZ 4 POW 1 DEX 9
Hit Points 11 Move 8

Weapons: Bite 55%, 1D6

SAN: Upon finding out it is a zombie, and investigator who fails a SAN roll will lose 1D4 SAN. 3

Albert Pitler's House



What Goes Around, Comes Around

in which the investigators examine an act, and its repercussions

Jeff Moeller

This scenario stresses investigative and role-playing skills. There are no Cthulhoid beings to kill, and the cultists are all dead already and staying that way (except for one whom the investigators will not encounter). The investigators' job is to solve the bizarre "murder" of Sarah McCorkindale, elderly wife of a local pharmacist. The "murder" is one of a series of related deaths, although discovering the pattern is the primary challenge facing the investigators. A cold trail, a sinister, red-herring farmhouse, an obnoxious, nearly insane police detective, and a locked police warehouse hinder the investigation. The scenario is set in the small college town of Charing Cross, N.H.

Background

The scenario begins on July 30, 1925. On July 14, 1924, the right half of 70 year old Sarah McCorkindale was found in the middle of a sidewalk between her home and that of a friend, whom she had been visiting. The balance of Mrs. McCorkindale has not been found. The police "investigation" has turned up nothing. The main reason for this lack of success is the person conducting it, Detective Sgt. Howard Fetz. Fetz is nearly insane, though still at his job, having taken a major blow to his faculties during a 1919 raid on a cult (the Primal Song) at a farmhouse a few miles outside of town. Fetz suffers from panzaism, which manifests itself as a near total unwillingness on Fetz' part to acknowledge, cope with, or investigate any crimes with supernatural overtones, and to bully those he connects with the supernatural (such as the investigators). Fetz has done nothing toward solving the murder in the year since it occurred, and will be doing nothing, either, beyond devising excuses.

McCorkindale is the fourth victim in a series of similar deaths that have occurred in Charing Cross over the past five years. Each "murder" occurred thirteen months after the last, corresponding with the opposition (closest and brightest approach to Earth) of the planet Jupiter. On June 13, 1923, Jackie Johnson, an alcoholic vagrant who frequented a park bench near the spot where McCorkindale's

body was found, met a fate similar to McCorkindale's (his right hand is still around, although it has not been found). Few know of this death, and establishing a pattern will be difficult. On May 12, 1922, Matthew Smith, a seven-year old local urchin, completely disappeared while playing hide-and-go seek near dusk in the same park. His sister, Susan, holds clues.

The source of the trouble stems from the death of Prof. Hardy Carlson, a professor of mathematics at tiny Charing Cross College, on April 11, 1921. Carlson was fascinated with the calculation of the value of pi to a number of places far beyond any usefulness in the 1920s. Pursuing his avocation, Carlson took a sabbatical to the University of Alexandria, Egypt to study medieval Islamic mathematics works. While there, Carlson found a unique tome, *Dreams of the Circle*, and brought it back to the United States. This disturbing book, containing dream-inspired outlooks on geometry, led Carlson to duplicate what he thought to be a non-Euclidean analysis of pi on his blackboard at his Charing Cross College office.

What Carlson actually did was create a Dimensional Circle (described more fully below), a dimensional fabric-thinning spell used to aid Gate travel. Carlson misinterpreted a passage from *Dreams of the Circle* warning against creating Dimensional Circles during oppositions of Jupiter, a time at which the dimension-warping effect of the Circle is maximized beyond stability. The unfortunate Prof. Carlson, like the subsequent victims, was hit by "stray voltage" from the Circle: fueled by the proper alignment of Jupiter, and having no Gate to make use of the energy, distance momentarily twisted in Carlson's immediate vicinity, literally taking the good Professor's legs out from under him. Currently his legs are orbiting Vega. Carlson quickly expired from blood loss and shock.

The blackboard was removed by Fetz, who "investigated" the Carlson case, to the police warehouse "pending further investigation." It sits there today. Each time Jupiter nears and reaches its opposition, stray voltage from the Circle causes increasingly strange occurrences in the area, culminating in random distance warping on the night of the opposition itself. As the scenario opens, Jupiter will reach its next opposition on August 15, two weeks away.

Involving the Investigators

A private eye, or anyone who may have earned a reputation for dealing with the paranormal, will be contacted by Robert McCorkindale, a somber-looking, 70ish gentleman dressed in a dark suit.

McCorkindale will be polite initially, but as he tells his tale will become angry, possibly using foul language. A Psychology roll directed at him reveals a very bitter, frustrated man (he has had enough of Fetz to last him two lifetimes).

McCorkindale wishes to hire the investigators to solve the

JEFF BARBER

murder of his late wife, Sarah, and will offer to pay "their usual" fee. Unscrupulous investigators may take advantage of McCorkindale in this regard: he is distraught and not thinking clearly.

If you are using the Randolph Pierce Foundation for your campaign, then Robert McCorkindale contacts the Foundation and is put in touch with the investigators.

McCorkindale informs the investigators that he is a pharmacist from the town of Charing Cross, and can relate that he found his wife's body in the early hours of July 14, 1924 in the Apple Lane park in Charing Cross. Apple Lane Park is a wooded area set against a branch of the Miskatonic River. Sarah had gone to the house of a friend, Margaret Dupres, a few blocks from his pharmacy that evening to play Mah Jongg. McCorkindale expected her

to return by 11. When she didn't, he went to Mrs. Dupres' house to look for her, around midnight. Mrs. Dupres informed him that she had left around 11. Concerned, he went to look for her. (In truth, both he and DuPres did. McCorkindale omits to mention this because he lost 6 SAN and fainted at the sight of his wife's half-missing body, and has sanitized the facts somewhat). McCorkindale says he found his wife's body "horribly mutilated" in the middle of the path through the park.

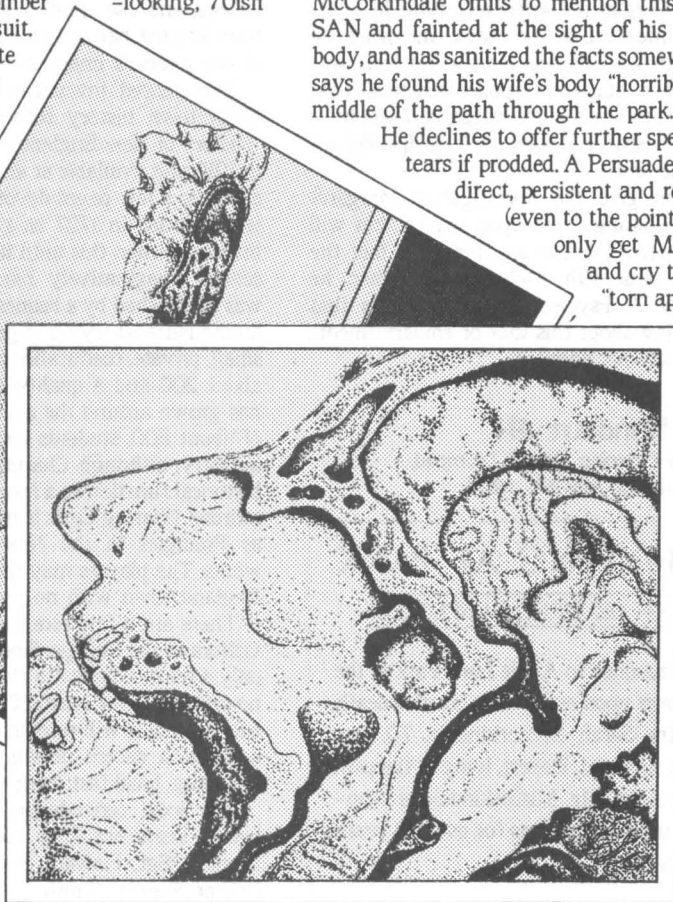
He declines to offer further specifics, breaking into tears if prodded. A Persuade roll, combined with direct, persistent and repeated questioning (even to the point of being rude) will only get McCorkindale to sob and cry that Sarah had been "torn apart."

McCorkindale brought a clipping from the town paper, the Charing Cross Trumpet discussing the gruesome find. See Investigator handout #1.

The article is signed by Nick Richards, a reporter for the Trumpet. A photograph of the scene (which is also taken by Richards) shows two officers keeping back a crowd of about a dozen people. A third, large, ugly

man in a police uniform [Fetz] is standing apart from the rest of the police, looking away while scratching the back of his head. A stained sheet covers an obscured object (obviously the body) lying on the ground. An Idea roll notices that the object seems too small (narrow, actually) to be a complete body. The left half of Sarah McCorkindale is at the bottom of a crater on the moon. Perhaps it will be found someday.

Once the investigators have looked at the article, McCorkindale will display his considerable knowledge of Anglo-Saxon epithets, all directed at Fetz. Fetz will,



according to McCorkindale, have done "absolutely nothing" over the past year. At first, McCorkindale says that Fetz brushed him off, always telling him that "everything was under control and that he'd be hearing from the police shortly." Later Fetz began not even returning his calls. Yesterday, he ran into Fetz in the street, and when he asked him how the investigation into his wife's death was going, Fetz told him to "stay out of police business." That was when he decided to hire the investigators. There have been no further newspaper stories, and no (publicized) developments in the case.

McCorkindale can give the investigators Margaret Dupres' address in Charing Cross upon request, but will suggest that "she doesn't know anything." In fact the nosy Mrs. Dupres was with McCorkindale when he found Sarah's body. A Psychology roll suggests that McCorkindale is lying about this (out of embarrassment), but McCorkindale will not admit it.

Handout #1

*from the Charing Cross Trumpet,
week of July 14, 1924*

GRISLY FINDING AT PARK

WILD DOGS OR FIEND SUSPECTED

Police were summoned to Apple Lane Park in the early morning hours upon report of a horrible death. The body of Mrs. Sarah McCorkindale, 70, was discovered by her husband, Robert, lying in the park path around midnight. Mr. McCorkindale, a reputable pharmacist in Charing Cross for over 40 years, was visibly distraught.

Detective Sgt. Howard Fetz, in charge of the scene, described the scene as "frightful." Fetz speculated that "a pack of wild dogs, or a crazy man must have been responsible" for the tragedy, and vowed that "he would not rest until he was convinced that the Town of Charing Cross was safe for decent citizens to walk the streets." Sgt. Fetz added that "I'd never seen anything like it in all my born days." The Trumpet will continue to provide the latest on this story as it develops.

Charing Cross

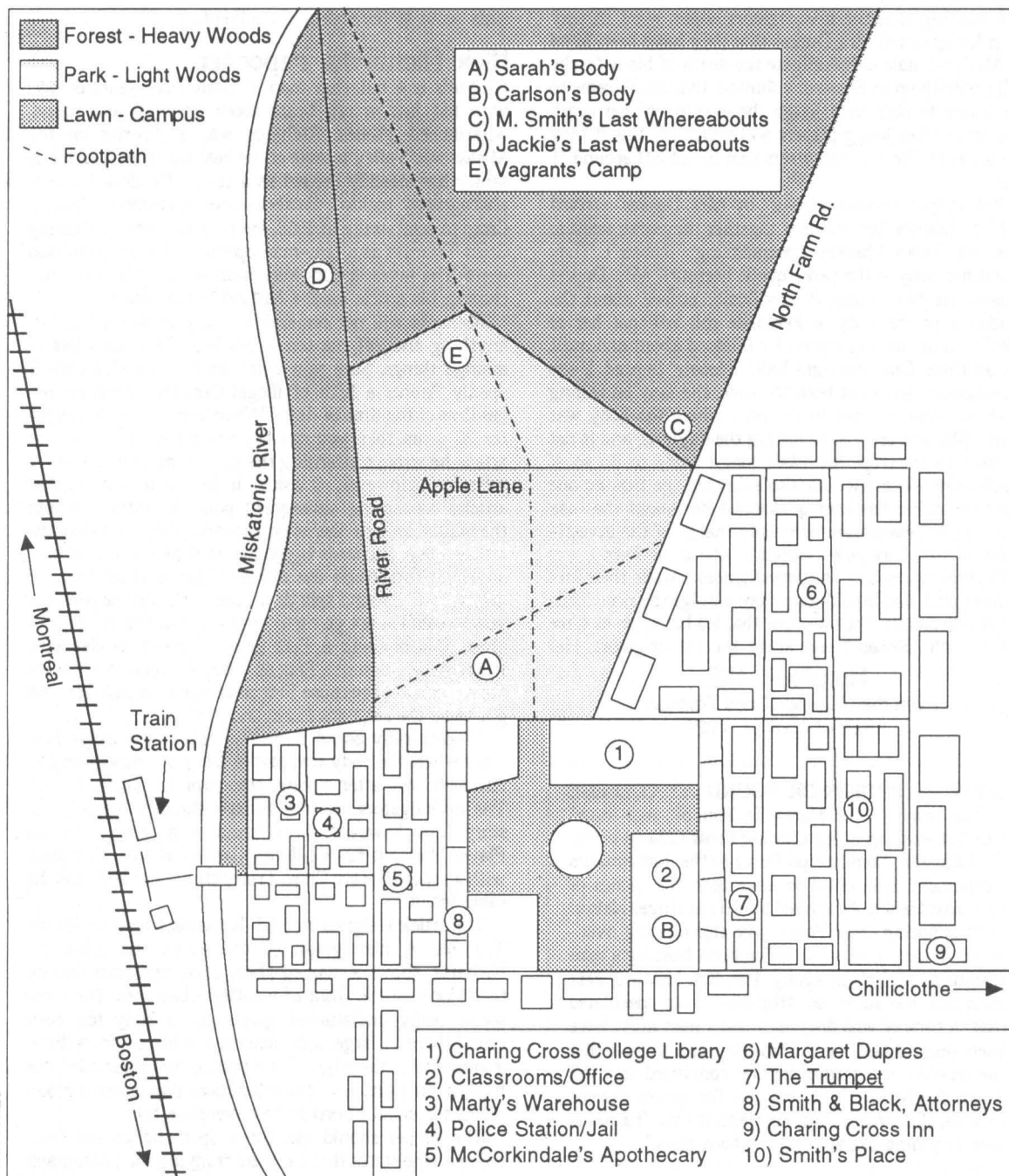
Charing Cross, N.H. is 25 miles east of Brattleboro, Vt. on the Boston to Montreal rail line. There is a stop for the college, and the train is by far the superior method of traveling to Charing Cross. Events on the train trip are up to the Keeper's imagination.

Experienced investigators will try to find out a bit about town history before setting off. A text entitled "History of New England," written by no one in particular in 1910 and available at any decent library in the North-east, has a few pages devoted to the town. Charing Cross was founded in 1727 as a farming market town. It was little more than this until 1872, when a small engineering school (imaginatively named "Charing Cross College") was established by a bequest from J. Paddington Prufrock, an industrialist trying to get in good with his maker. The small, private, coeducational school has a student body of about 200 and a quality engineering library. The town has grown around the college and now has a population of about 500, students included. The college is the local industry, although Charing Cross continues to serve its historical function as a farming market town, aided by the railroad. Charing Cross is not mentioned in any texts such as Prodigies in the New-England Canaan or similar works. The players may find it unthinkable: a small New England town with no pre-Revolutionary cult history?

There are a few nice inns in town, catering mostly to visitors to the College. Since it is the summer session and only a few students are about, finding accommodations is no problem. The Charing Cross Inn (founded 1734) is what McCorkindale will recommend. It is modern and pleasant, and has a decent dining room. \$5 a night per person, including breakfast, bath and dinner.

The local constabulary is discussed in more detail below. There are three officers who do double duty as firemen: Sgt. Howard Fetz, Officer Roger Nelson and Officer Stanley Smith.

Margaret Dupres is likely to be the first stop for the investigators. Mrs. Dupres is a 70ish widow who lives alone in an old, gambrelled Revolutionary-era home in Charing Cross, a few blocks from McCorkindale's apothecary shop and on the other side of the park. A faint trace of a French accent still decorates Mrs. Dupres' speech (she is from Quebec originally). Mrs. Dupres is at home on a successful Luck roll. On a Friday night, she along with three other elderly ladies will invariably be present, decked out in kimonos and too much Japanese make-up, playing Mah Jongg. If any of the investigators express an interest in Mah Jongg, they are welcome to play.



Assuming that the investigators either want to play Mah Jongg or tell Mrs. Dupres that they have been hired by McCorkindale to investigate the death of his wife, she will invite them in. She will volunteer that Sarah came to her house to play Mah Jongg the evening of her death (the other Mah Jongg players will vouch for this if they are present). She also volunteers that Sarah left around 11, that

Robert (pronounced "Robair" by Mrs. Dupres) arrived at 12 to look for her, and that together they both went to look for Sarah (thereby contradicting "Robair"). They found her body in the park, "quelle horreur!" Mrs. Dupres shakes her head sadly. If specifically probed about the condition of the body, a Persuade roll will get her to describe it as "having a good bit of blood about and...well, not all there. Only the right half." "Robair" faints. If the investigators have not been too rude, she may be willing to show them the spot in the park where the body was found. She will only do so during the daytime, and is not inclined to interrupt her Mah Jongg party to do so. If specifically asked, she will also acknowledge that no one from the police has ever questioned her about the case. She does not even know who is in charge of the investigation ("Non, I 'av never talked to Monsieur Fetz.")

Depending on how the investigators handle their encounter with her, Mrs. Dupres may indulge the nosier side of her personality (the same one that led her to go look for Sarah with "Robair") and assist the investigators. Her

Handout #2

*from the Charing Cross Trumpet,
week of April 11, 1921*

BODY OF PROFESSOR FOUND AT COLLEGE

The body of Prof. Hardy Carlson, 57, was found late last evening in his Charing Cross College office. Prof. Carlson, a tenured professor in the mathematics department, is believed to have been the victim of foul play. He was discovered by Officer Roger Nelson of the Charing Cross Police, who this reporter overheard to say came to the office upon hearing a man scream as though in agony. Det. Sgt. Howard Fetz described the scene as "frightful." Fetz speculated that "a pack of wild dogs, or a crazy man must have been responsible" for the tragedy, and vowed that "he would not rest until he was convinced that the Town of Charing Cross was safe for decent citizens to walk the streets." Sgt. Fetz added that "I'd never seen anything like it in all my born days."

stats occur at the end of the adventure.

Nick Richards, reporter

Richards is a tall, thin man, roughly fifty years of age, with red hair, a red beard (both graying) and round, wirerimmed glasses. Richards was a reporter on the Miskatonic Valley bizarre crime beat for many years. His sanity has steadily eroded as a result. He does his own photography, making matters worse. He came to Charing Cross to semi-retire in 1918. He runs the weekly Charing Cross Trumpet as a one-man operation, focusing on local news. The investigators may wish to speak to him concerning his article on the McCorkindale case.

Richards will not remember much about the case (or anything else) off the top of his head ("I've seen lots of strange things. Sure you don't want a belt?") Richards openly flaunts a fifth of illegal Canadian whiskey, regardless of the time of day. ("When you've been at my job for 28 years, then you can badmouth me.") If shown the article he wrote concerning the subject, his memory is not refreshed. However, if asked if he wrote any further articles concerning subsequent police investigation into the matter, an idea dawns on Richards. After perusing the article again, Richards is positive that he has not written anything further on the matter. "This is about that old lady who was found split down the middle in the park last year! Yeah, I'm not going to be able to tell you guys much about this one—it's a Fetz case." If asked to elaborate, Richards will describe Fetz as a lazy buffoon. "Fetz' cases are never solved because Fetz never solves a case. How he got to be the sergeant is beyond me."

If specifically asked if he remembers any other Fetz cases where the body was part missing, all chewed up, etc., Richards will, after a long, jaw-stroking pause, say no. The investigators are free to look through his personal story files, however. Four hours of digging turns up Player Handout #2. A Library Use roll at any other place with a set of Charing Cross Trumpets back to 1921 has the same result.

The article is signed by Nick Richards, a reporter for the Trumpet. A photograph of the scene, also taken by Richards, shows a stained sheet covering something on the floor near the front of a college classroom. The room seems oddly undisturbed given that a body has been found there. A large, ugly man in a police uniform (Fetz) is standing at the edge of the photograph, scratching the back of his head. An Idea roll notices that covered object seems too small (short) to be a complete body.

The keeper should ask for a Spot Hidden roll from anyone who states that they are studying the photograph

closely. Success indicates that the investigator notices that something seems missing from the classroom (besides part of Carlson). An Idea roll reveals that there is no blackboard to be seen in the classroom, peculiar for any classroom, but especially a math professor's classroom.

Reports of no other similar incidents can be found in the Trumpet's archives. If the players broaden their search to include all murders in Charing Cross in the past four years, the keeper is encouraged to lead them off on a wild goose chase. This would be a good point to feed in information on any subsequent adventures planned. Note that the death of Jackie Johnson is not reported at all, and the death of Matthew Smith is not reported as such (see below).

Meeting Sgt. Fetz

The investigators may decide to go and pump Fetz for information. Alternatively, if the investigators do something that might attract Fetz' attention (snooping around the warehouse, bothering Susan Smith, or trying to manipulate Officer Roger Nelson into doing something illegal are three ways) they might get run in and interrogated by Fetz.

Fetz is a bullying lout when sane. Complicating the

investigators' lives is the fact that he currently is nearly insane, having lost a good bit of SAN during the police raid on the Primal Song cult (more below) in 1919. Through the miracle of 1920s medicine, Fetz is no longer indefinitely insane. Fetz' panzaimism still manifests itself, however, in his permanent backburnering of any investigation smacking of the Mythos, and abusing investigators he associates with Mythos activity. Persons who are forced to deal with Fetz in connection with any Mythos-related occurrence will describe him as lazy and uncaring. Others, including the town hierarchy, believe his stories of diligent efforts producing no leads. Fetz has kept his job and manages to muddle through.

Fetz can be found at the police station during normal working hours. He will have very little to say to the investigators (he has consciously made it his business not to have anything to say). If the investigators ask him about either the McCorkindale or Carlson cases, Fetz will become noticeably agitated, and warn the investigators in no uncertain terms to "stay out of police business." Fetz will warn the investigators that the penalty for interfering with police business is up to five years in prison, and that if the investigators know what's good for them, they'll remember that. A Law roll reminds the investigator that the actual maximum penalty is 90 days in prison and a \$100 fine. Correcting Fetz once he has become agitated is a bad idea. A Psychology roll directed at Fetz when agitated suggests that the man is deeply disturbed, possibly insane. Although a successful Psychoanalysis roll will get Fetz to behave more rationally when dealing with the unusual, Fetz will not voluntarily allow himself to be psychoanalyzed by an annoying investigator.

Breaking into the police station to snoop for Fetz' investigatory files of any death pertinent to this scenario is likely to lead to arrest. However, the investigators find nothing of interest, since there is nothing in the files beyond the very bare minimum required by the state.

Getting Run In

If Fetz becomes agitated toward the investigators—and any questioning of him concerning any death in this scenario will accomplish that—the investigators learn why people outside of the police force speak of Fetz in such glowing terms. Each day after their encounter with Fetz have the investigator with the lowest Luck make a roll. The first time that investigator fails, the investigators are rousted out of their beds before sunup by Officer Nelson and Sgt. Fetz, and taken downtown for questioning. Investigators who have never met Fetz are spared this fate, and may be used to obtain bail money and get a



JEFF BARBER

Handout #3

*from the Charing Cross Trumpet,
week of November 1, 1919*

POLICE BATTLE ARMED CULT

Police from Charing Cross and towns throughout the county converged upon a midnight ceremony last evening, resulting in a pitched gun battle that ended with the deaths of all 11 members of a strange religious sect apparently calling itself the Keepers of the Primal Song. Police, many of whom seemed visibly shaken by the incident, then burnt down the abandoned farmhouse at which the sect had been meeting just outside of town on the North Farm Road. This fire is the apparent source of the strange purplish smoke noticed by town residents this morning. One officer, later identified by this reporter as Howard Fetz, was hospitalized for treatment. Several other officers were treated for injuries and later released.

lawyer.

What follows is a grueling 12-hour interrogation by Fetz. Fetz has no questions to ask the investigators about any Mythos-related investigations. Instead, he grills them incessantly about their whereabouts on some random date, their activities on some other random date, their connection with any shady characters the investigators might know, along with whatever else the keeper can dream up. No food, water or breaks are permitted (regardless of the investigator's gender, age or health). Bright lights in the investigators' faces, clouds of nauseating cigar smoke (bad cigars), Fetz screaming in the investigator's faces while they are handcuffed to the chair, and suggestions that the other investigators have "cut a deal" and implicated the investigator being questioned are all standard parts of Fetz' repertoire. Anyone making comments concerning constitutional rights, calling a lawyer or police brutality are treated to a Fetzian diatribe concerning his view of the almost sub-human status of criminal suspects.

Investigators failing to make a CON x5 roll take 1-3 hit points of damage as a result of the ordeal. Any investigators who wise off to Fetz risk an overt incident of police brutality worth another 1-3 points of damage.

Following the "questioning," Fetz will inform the investigators that they are being held "on suspicion" (of what, Fetz never says). They are then led to stark holding cells (men to one, women to another). If all the investiga-

tors are "run in," Fetz will keep them there 1D3 days before letting them go (possibly after another interrogation). Fetz is the loutish 1920s police detective in fullest flower.

Fetz allows no visitors. Bribing a guard (Officer Nelson or Smith) is a waste of time, increases that particular investigator's stay another 1D3 weeks, and gets that investigator another session with Fetz.

The quickest way out of jail is to be bailed out. This requires \$50 cash per investigator plus a successful Law roll (Fetz will never agree to just let the investigators go early, and a court order must be obtained). If the investigators have met Josiah Black or Tharrington Smith, and not alienated them (see below) they are obvious candidates for obtaining the release papers. Black will refer the investigators to Smith, who handles the criminal work. Smith has a Law skill of 88%.

Getting run in also costs each investigator 1D6 points of Credit Rating. Fetz, if nothing else, is fastidious about forwarding arrest records to the police authorities in the investigator's home state. Investigators on probation be warned.

If the keeper feels that the investigators need some help, a possibility worth considering is that of introducing one of the vagrants from the park into the investigators' holding cell (see "Apple Lane Park" for more details).

When released, any investigators who want any possessions they may have had on them at the time returned will be told by the booking officer to go down to the warehouse with Marty and get them. The town rents space in a secure warehouse. Marty the warehouseman will make them sign some papers and then return their belongings. Marty will not permit the investigators inside the warehouse, pulling the sliding steel gate behind him, barring a request made at gunpoint. Nothing interesting can be viewed from the doorway of the warehouse. A more detailed discussion of the warehouse occurs near the end of the scenario.

If the investigators check the newspaper files for anything that might shed light on Fetz' behavior, a Library Use roll yields Investigator handout #3.

Town tax records show the land as being owned by Nils Carlsen, a man whom neighbors described as aloof and unfriendly. Carlsen's body could not be positively identified amongst those recovered after the fire.

This land was bought soon after by Professor Hardy Carlson. The investigators may well suspect a connection between Nils Carlsen and Hardy Carlson, given the similarity in names and the fact they both owned the same peculiar piece of land. There is no connection beyond their

owning the farmhouse land, but allow the investigators to think otherwise if they wish.

An accompanying photograph shows a structure burned to the ground and about a dozen men milling around, most armed with shotguns. Fetz is nowhere to be seen.

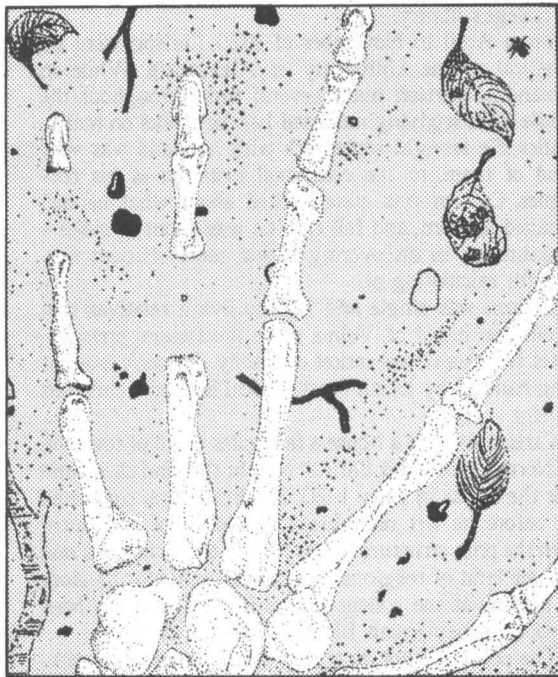
Astute investigators might wonder if there were not 13 members to the Primal Song cult, and where the other two (Carlsen being one) might be.

Apple Lane Park

Investigating the park isn't a bad idea, but then again Mrs. McCorkinale died a year ago—evidence isn't likely to turn up. Determined investigators will no doubt look anyway. If they want a guide, recall that Mrs. Dupres will not go to the park at night.

The park itself is unimportant other than its proximity to the police warehouse, making it a more likely place for the bizarre to occur as Jupiter nears its opposition.

Going to the park during the day reveals nothing of any use to the investigators. Officer Nelson may happen by at the end of his beat, if the investigators go first thing in the morning, if the keeper so desires. If the investigators have already been run in, Nelson will probably follow them around for a while, or ask them to state their



business.

Mrs. Dupres can show the investigators the spot where the right half of Sarah's body was found. It is remarkable only for being a piece of sidewalk in plain view of most of the park—not the sort of place you would expect to find half of a vertically transected corpse. It is however also near the banks of the Miskatonic, whose murky waters contain whatever red herrings the keeper places there.

If the investigators return after dark, on a successful Luck roll the weather is good. That being the case, the investigators notice a group of vagrants (3-6) sleeping under the stars. Locals can tell the investigators that the park is the place where the police tolerate vagrants sleeping at night, rousting them out in the morning. If the investigators decide to strike up a conversation with the group, a Persuade roll gains their confidence. None of them were in Charing Cross the night of Sarah McCorkindale's demise, (or, if the investigators have learned of it, the night of Prof. Carlson's). They know nothing about either death, but if the topic of conversation turns to strange goings on in the park, a grizzled old timer named Red has a story to tell.

Red and a traveling companion, Jackie, stopped in Charing Cross on their way to Boston to find work. This was near the middle of June, 1923. Red is sure because he remembers being in Boston for the Independence Day celebrations. He and Jackie had just bedded down for the night, when Jackie got up to "water the bushes." Jackie went off into some bushes. Jackie never came back. Red "never did quite figure out what had happened to ol' Jackie. He never came out of those bushes that I could see, though. I went to look for him and he was just gone. I still don't see how he could have gone far, with that bum leg of his." Red adds that Jackie took a slug in the leg in the Great War and limped. If asked, Red never reported the disappearance to the police. "They'd a-thought I was loco and locked me up for sure in the insane asylum." If pressed to explain the remark, call for a Persuade or Psychology roll. Alternatively, \$5 and a promise not to tell the police suffices. Red concludes, "Well, the funny thing was that it had rained that day, and the ground was soft. There were tracks a-leadin' into them bushes, but twarn't none comin' out."

If the investigators search this set of bushes, they find a soggy, muddy area. A cursory investigation discloses nothing. An Idea roll reminds the investigators that two years and two months have passed (assuming the investigators are prompt). Searching the ground with rakes or spades turns up several small bones and fragments of various shapes and sizes, most 2 or 3 inches long and half

an inch around. A Zoology or Anthropology roll identifies them as human. With painstaking effort, they can be reconstructed into the right arm and hand of a human. The arm was all that was left when Jackie turned from his horticultural project and walked into a dimensional rift. He never even had a chance to scream.

A Pattern?

If the investigators find out about the McCorkindale, Jackie, and Carlson cases (July 14, 1924, middle of June, 1923, and April 11, 1921, respectively), they may begin to perceive a pattern. Persons are disappearing (excepting a part or two) every thirteen months. The investigators should begin to wonder at some point what might occur every thirteen months. If so, make a secret Astronomy roll. Success reminds them that each of these dates coincides with an opposition of Jupiter, which occurs every one year and 31 days. If/when the investigators pick up on the pattern, they should realize two things: a May, 1922 case remains unaccounted for, and an August 15, 1925 opposition is due shortly. The keeper should make additional Astronomy rolls, assuming the players fail to perceive the pattern, when the players investigate into the Matthew Smith case, and if/when another stray voltage incident occurs. Alternatively, if the investigators ask someone with an Astronomy roll about the significance of the dates, allow them a roll. Most mathematics academicians should have an Astronomy roll in the 30-70% range. Dr. Ferdinand Sieglitz, head of the Miskatonic observatory, has a 95% Astronomy skill and will pick up the pattern immediately.

Prof. Hardy Carlson

A logical place to begin would be the Charing Cross College mathematics department. Charing Cross College is a small, private engineering school located in downtown Charing Cross, and founded in 1872. It has a student body totaling only about two hundred students and a faculty and staff of about thirty. There are two dormitory buildings, two classroom/office buildings, and a library packed into an acre of land. The buildings are arranged around the perimeter of a square courtyard. The College library is exclusively math, science and engineering oriented, but contains an impressive 30,000 volumes, making it an excellent place to research engineering questions. There are no occult or Mythos works anywhere to be found (barring only Carlson's thesis paper).

At the center of Charing Cross College's courtyard is a reflecting pool. Undergraduates find this a convenient place to rendezvous. On a nice summer day a good portion

of the summer session student body might be found here studying, tossing a football, or soaking up sunshine. At night the reflecting pool is in theory deserted, Charing Cross College enforcing a strict in-dorm-by-10 curfew. Nonetheless, the reflecting pool is also the site of mid-night rendezvous as well. Non-students do not frequent College grounds.

Any of the late Prof. Carlson's colleagues, or the department secretary, Velma Valentine, will provide the following information to nosy investigators who ask the right questions. Investigators able to stifle their yawns during turgid mathematical discussions are likely to get more information than those who cannot.

- Prof. Carlson died on April 11, 1921. This information is given to those who ask for specific dates. Otherwise, "around the end of April" is the stock answer. His body was found in a classroom by Officer Roger Nelson of the local police. Reports are that the body was mutilated almost beyond recognition (not true, just the bottom half was missing).

- Carlson worked late at night frequently in that particular classroom. Carlson was interested in devising a new, quicker method of calculating the value of pi out to hundreds of places.

- Carlson wrote a paper on calculating pi. It should be in the college's library.

- From April to November of 1920, Carlson went on sabbatical at the University of Alexandria. While in Alexandria, Carlson made several trips throughout the Middle East, studying medieval Islamic works on mathematics. He brought some back with him, and was very proud of them, to the occasional irritation of his colleagues. Carlson was quite excited about what he had managed to learn, and felt that he was about to make a breakthrough in discovering a new, more efficient formula for calculating pi.

- Carlson was single and had no living relatives that anyone has heard of. Velma made the funeral arrangements. It was a closed casket ceremony. Carlson's estate is being handled by Josiah Black, a local lawyer. Velma has his card.

- Carlson lived in a house a few miles north of town, on the North Farm Road. Carlson bought the land cheap and built the house in early 1920. The house was completed just before he left on sabbatical. The police had burnt down the prior structure in late 1919, in the course of a raid on some kind of religious sect. [See Investigator handout #3] No one at the college knows if the house has been resold. Attorney Josiah Black probably does.

- The police did not do a very thorough job of investi-

gating the case. The officer in charge (Fatz? Fitz?—"Oh, that's right, Sgt. Fetz") asked everyone a few questions like "Did you see anything?" (No) and "Did he have any enemies" (No), but never came back.

•Fetz did have one of his officers, Roger Nelson, clean out the classroom. This included a wheeled blackboard. Fetz merely said "Evidence" when asked about it. The college has never gotten it back. Everyone guesses the police still have it, "wherever they keep things like that."

•Carlson did not keep an office at the college. Usually he worked either in his classroom or at home.

•Carlson's father was American, and his mother was from Egypt. Carlson spoke fluent Arabic, but was always complaining that his reading skills were rusty. Both are long dead.

The College Library

If the investigators check out the library for anything written by Carlson, they find a listing in the catalog for Carlson's paper on calculating pi, entitled "Toward a new theory of calculating pi," dated 1918. The paper has been shelved carelessly and has fallen in back of the bookcase where it belongs. Review of the library records assures the investigators that it has not been checked out. Either a Critical Spot Hidden directed at the bookshelf where it belongs or someone looking behind the bookshelf specifically discovers it. The paper is rather dry and esoteric. 10 hours of study is required. A Read English roll enables the investigators to come up with Investigator Handout #4, a synopsis of Carlson's paper.

Persons studying the paper gain +1% to History, +1% to Mathematics and +1% to Occult. They also find themselves realizing that calculating pi beyond sixteen places or so has no practical scientific or engineering application in the 1920s, and wondering why someone would bother calculating it out any further. With the advent of computers, running pi equations is useful as a method of testing computer accuracy, but computers have yet to be invented (outside of the occasional forward-looking cultist).

The County Coroner

If the investigators want to see the coroner's reports on Sarah McCorkindale or Carlson, they will have to go to Chillicothe, the county seat, 10 miles east of town across a poor quality country road. Fetz does not have jurisdiction in Chillicothe, so this may be a pleasant break from police harassment. A letter from McCorkindale gets access to Sarah's coroner's report; a letter from Josiah Black gets access to Carlson's. Otherwise, the office clerk will

have to be Fast Talked or distracted long enough for someone to snoop through the helpfully alphabetized files. Carlson's cause of death is listed by coroner Farley Fenstermocker as a traumatic amputation of both legs at the hip, death occurring from loss of blood. The case is listed as "apparent homicide—under investigation." The coroner's report lists the cause of death for McCorkindale as "???" Most of the form is not even filled in. A few typewritten sentences, under "Other Comments," note "Remains were found on path in Apple Lane Park in Charing Cross. Body transected from head to toe. Very clean edge—not a blade or chemical cause. Left half not recovered." A black and white photograph of the cadaver is in an envelope attached to this report. It shows the right half of Mrs. McCorkindale on the autopsy table. SAN loss Q/1D3.

Attorneys Smith and Black

Josiah Black and Tharrington Smith operate their law partnership out of the second floor of a two-story building near the center of downtown Charing Cross. A dentist's office is located on the first floor. An occasional shriek of pain emanates from below. Black, a 60ish gentleman never without a walking cane, practices civil law (trusts and estates being a specialty). His parter Smith has a reputation region-wide for being a skilled criminal defense lawyer, drawing clients from as far away as Boston. He is a short, balding fellow who is 30 years of age but looks 40. Statistics for both Black and Smith appear at the end of the adventure.

Investigators who call upon Mr. Black without an appointment risk disappointment. The keeper should require a Luck roll from the lowest person present to have Mr. Black be present, and a Credit Rating roll from the lowest person present to have Dora, the receptionist, admit them. Dora has dealt with too many slippery lawyers in her time to be Fast Talked. An investigator who calls for an appointment should make a Credit Rating roll. Success gets the investigator an appointment within 1-2 days. Failure results in an appointment in 3-7 days.

Smith's son Matthew was a victim of the stray voltage; if the investigators have done something to annoy Smith in the course of their investigation they have no chance of getting an appointment with Black.

When the players do meet with Mr. Black, Dora will show them through a functional office at which another woman (Mary) and a young man (Gerald the law clerk) are busily at work on typewriters. Mr. Black's personal office will impress even the wealthiest investigators. Expensive antiques, oil paintings and Persian rugs deco-

rate the room. All four walls are covered from floor to ceiling with expensive books. The rug is covered with legal documents in an appalling state of disarray. Mr. Black greets them warmly, and apologizes for the mess: "This is a working office, not a show office." He keeps a straight face after making this statement, even as he lowers himself into his chair. An Art roll identifies the chair as a Louis XIV, and worth a lot of money.

Handout #4

a synopsis of Carlson's paper

The Middle east, exposed to an influx of ideas from India, was the focal point of mathematical progress during the middle ages. Carlson is particularly interested in al Kashi, d. 1436, a prominent Arab mathematician. al Kashi wrote a treatise in which he calculated pi out to 16 places, a few years before his death. al Kashi utilized the Archimedean method of pi calculation, which involves approximating the circumference of a circle by circumscribing a polygon into a circle and calculating the circumference of the polygon. The more sides to the polygon, the closer one comes to the true value of pi. A six-sided hexagon, for example, only yields a value of 3. al Kashi painstakingly used a polygon with over eight billion sides to calculate pi out to 16 places. In 1596, Ludolph van Ceulen, a mathematician from Leiden, used this method to calculate pi out to 35 places. When van Ceulen died in 1610, he had three further places inscribed on his tombstone.

The modern method (as of the time of Carlson's paper) is to calculate pi by means of an infinite equation. One simple equation, known as Gregory's equation, equates pi to $4 - 4/3 + 4/5 - 4/7 + 4/9 - 4/11 \dots$. A variation on Gregory's equation, devised by Machin, is the state of the art method for calculating pi circa 1920.

Carlson was seeking to improve on Machin's equation by finding one that would calculate pi out to more places without having to make as many calculations. Carlson posits that the answer lies in non-Euclidean geometry. Much of the rest of Carlson's paper discusses non-Euclidean geometric principles and models. Carlson's paper reaches no particular conclusions, but suggests that a reexamination of medieval Islamic mathematical technique, integrating it with non-Euclidean theory, might hold the key.

Presumably the investigators have made an appointment and told Dora that they wish to see Mr. Black concerning the Hardy Carlson estate. Mr. Black immediately and without prompting asks the investigators if they want to buy the farmhouse. Black (truthfully) informs the investigators that selling the house is the last thing he has to do to wind up the estate. Carlson's will, he (truthfully) tells the investigators, appointed him executor and directed him to sell off all Carlson's assets and donate the proceeds to Miskatonic. Black has been trying to sell the house for 4 years, and blames his inability to do so on a slow market. (Actually, the locals know about the goings-on at the place involving the Primal Song cult in 1919 and are in no hurry to buy it. Black knows this is the real reason he cannot sell the house, but will not mention this to the investigators.) Black lies by omission, never by commission. Black wants \$4,500 for the house and acre of land surrounding it. A Bargain roll reveals the price is discounted substantially for the current market. Black is happy to show the house to any potential buyers.

If the investigators quiz Black about anything unusual found in wrapping up the estate (a Law roll reminds the investigator that the executor of an estate has to inventory all the belongings and pay off any debts), Black asks the investigators if any of them speak any Arabic. If none of them do (or cannot acknowledge that any investigators not present and who might be summoned do), Black goes

Handout #5

a letter in Arabic dated February 27, 1921, on University of Alexandria letterhead.

Dear Prof. Carlson,

I am writing concerning the volume by ibn Abbas that the University permitted you to take back with you to America for further study. Our understanding was that you would not be needing the volume for more than a couple of months, and would send it back via insured post, to arrive here not later than February 1. To date we have not received the volume.

Although the volume is not part of our library, the University of Alexandria is entrusted with the preservation of antiquities discovered within our borders, regardless of by whom. I am certain this is merely an oversight on your part, and that you will send the volume back promptly.

Cordially,
Dr. Faisal Hamadi
Director, University Library.

back to the topic of the house. If one of them can, Black offers them a \$10 "consulting fee" to have a look at Investigator handout #5. Anyone with at least 20% in Read Arabic can decipher it. Others with at least some Arabic skill or Linguistics can attempt a roll at x5 their skill.

Black will not recall any volume by any ibn Abbas amongst what he inventoried. Black will speculate that Carlson must have sent the book back.

Should the investigators inquire of Dr. Hamadi whether the volume ever came back via wire, they will receive a stern wire back from Hamadi about a week later stating that it did not and demanding its immediate return. Hamadi will reference numerous letters he has sent since that have come back marked "Undeliverable." Hamadi makes clear that he views continued retention of the book as illegal (a Law roll suggests that this is arguable) and threatens serious consequences should it not be returned at once. The keeper should take careful note of any investigator who gives his name or address to the good Dr. Hamadi, for their troubles with him may be just beginning. See the epilogue.

The Farmhouse

Presumably the investigators take advantage of Black's offer to show them the farmhouse. After all, he has the keys. Otherwise, the investigators might resort to burglary. As discussed in the next section, however, the neighbors might be watching. Allow a basic 30% chance for Mr. Dunne next door to spot any burglars. If they are clumsy burglars, flashing lights around, breaking windows, leaving cars where they can be seen, increase Mr. Dunne's chance of spotting them and calling the police to 100%. Only if Mr. Black's distinctive blue Daimler-Benz roadster is parked out front does Dunne not call the police. The constabulary (Fetz, Nelson, Stan Smith and 1D6 deputized citizens) arrives 1D6 x 10 minutes later. Fetz does not like burglars. Burglars at this place, the source of his current mental problems, greatly agitate him. The author recommends letting the party escape unidentified, but not until they have had a good scare.

Assuming the investigators pursue the more legal (and easier) course, the farmhouse lies about 3 miles outside of town, at the end of a spur road locally known as the North Farm Road. Across the road and up a slight hill is another, much older farmhouse, complete with operating farm. The house across the street appears occupied. The neighbors (the Dunnes) are discussed in the next section.

Carlson's farmhouse looks new. The grounds look twisted, sickly and mostly dead, as though the ground

had been poisoned or overfertilized. The air is still and soundless. Of course, no birds or insects can be heard. Call for a Cthulhu Mythos roll. Success leaves the investigator feeling as if things are not quite natural at the Carlson place. If the players walk around the back of the house, things are even worse. A roughly circular area behind the house is burnt and completely barren of life. A tree is split down the middle as though a titanic bolt of lightning had sundered it. Call for another Cthulhu Mythos roll. Success indicates that at least a major Mythos being has laid waste to the immediate area. The discolored area, especially the tree, has a faint purplish tinge to it. Black will not tarry too long back here, preferring to show the investigators the more pleasant aspects of the property.

The farmhouse itself is empty and dusty, but in good condition. There are two stories and a cellar. The cellar can be accessed either from the house or from outside doors set at an angle into the ground. Unlike the rest of the house, the cellar shows signs of smoke damage on the walls. Black offers to have them painted.

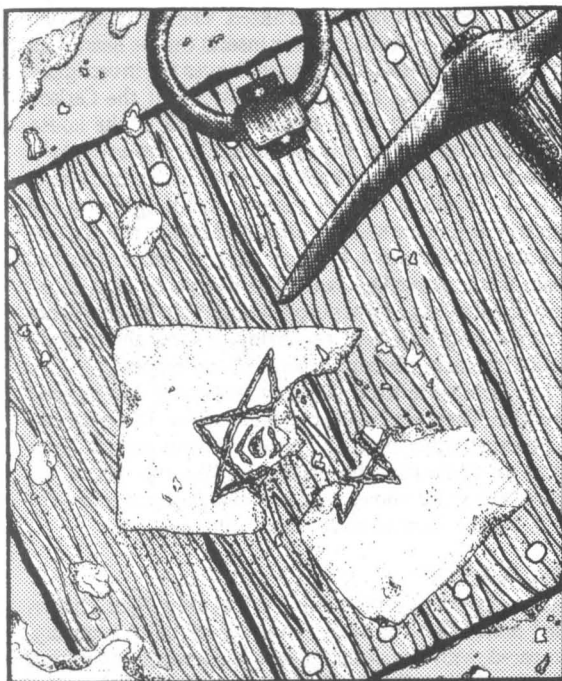
The Cellar

Persons examining the cellar very closely (Spot Hidden rolls) notice that the floor cement is of inferior quality, compared with the stout granite stonework comprising the rest of the cellar. A Know roll suggests that quick-drying cement was used to pour the cellar floor. The cellar doors leading both to the inside and to the outside are iron, extremely heavy (STR 20 to open) and have brackets to set a bar—on the outside. The cellar (Idea roll) appears to be designed to hold something in. Persons opening the door to the outside observe that the worst patch of vegetative blight leads from the cellar door out to a large circular area (like something got out). Black places no credence in such wild theories, although he has no explanation for the state of the yard. Under the soot on the walls will be found more of the peculiar purplish tinge that lends character to the back yard.

Persons who set about to tapping on the cellar floor near the middle are rewarded (on a successful Listen roll) with the ubiquitous hollow sound. Someone (the constabulary?) has cemented something over. Black will not permit exploratory digging.

Of course, if the investigators buy the place, they can dig all they want. Breaking in is another alternative. If they manage to get into the cellar unseen, no one will hear the digging through the thick walls and heavy doors (assuming they are closed). It will take about 2 man-hours with appropriate tools to dig through the hastily-poured concrete over the hollow place. The investigators cannot

JEFF BARBER



help but be impressed by the amount of quick-drying concrete somebody poured on the cellar floor.

Below The Cellar

After two man-hours, an investigator's shovel or pick strikes something that breaks with an ominous snap. Sifting through the wreckage reveals half of a star-shaped symbol engraved on greyish-green stone. The other half remains affixed to a stone surface resembling the cellar walls (smoke damage and purplish tinge included). Call for a Cthulhu Mythos roll. Success recognizes the stone as half of a now-broken Elder Sign. Those with prior knowledge of the Elder Sign also recognize it for what it is. Investigators who grasp the potential significance of what they have done, may make a SAN roll (SAN loss 0/1). Investigators who are too persistent to reseal the floor or flee in terror can finish the excavation, uncovering a man-sized trapdoor set into the floor with a ring.

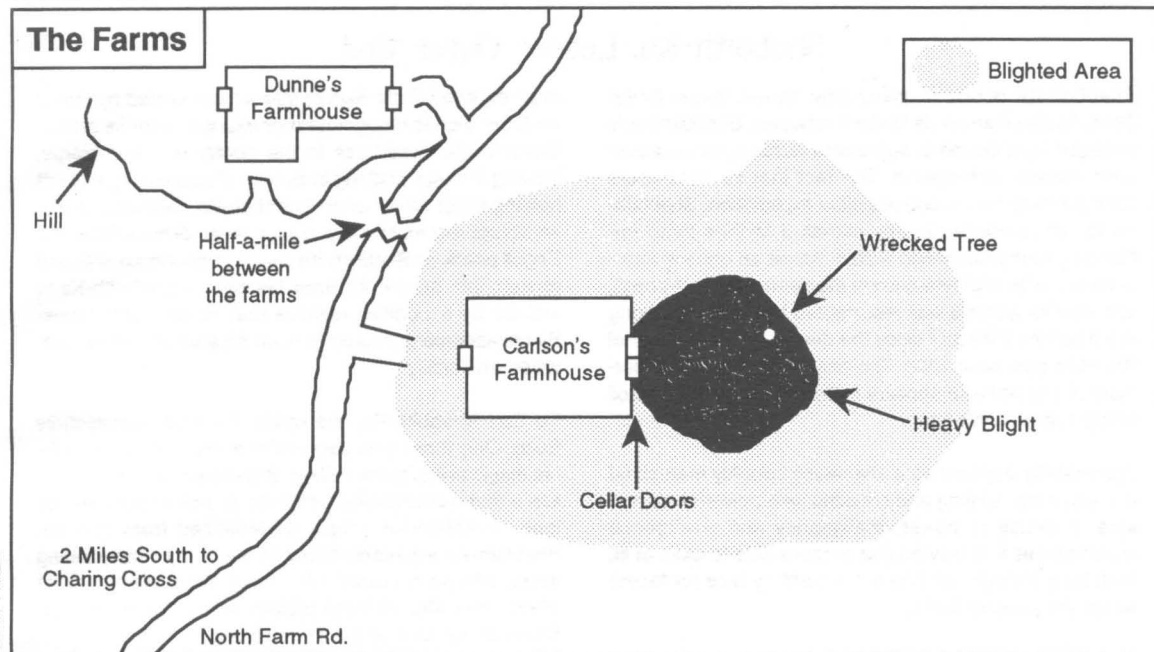
Opening the trapdoor reveals a narrow, stone-walled shaft going down into a Stygian blackness. The smell of rotting flesh is overpowering: CON x3 or less to avoid incapacitating nausea. A sturdy-looking iron ladder, fastened to the wall, leads downward, beckoning the inves-

tigators to see where it leads. If anyone bothers to look, or makes a Spot Hidden roll, there is no smoke damage in the tunnel. There is, however, a good bit of the purplish discoloration coating the tunnel walls. A Chemistry roll directed at the purple stains (while in a lab!) reveals that is comprised of no known natural element. Looking at the underside of the trapdoor, the investigators observe brown stains (over the purple ones) smeared all over it, as well as gouges. An Idea roll suggests someone trying to claw their way out until their fingers gave up the ghost. SAN loss 0/1D3.

The shaft leads down about 20 feet into utter blackness. The stench is overwhelming. Note that the shaft is very narrow. One investigator must descend at a time. Persons descending the normal way cannot see what lies ahead, if anything. Persons descending with their back to the ladder and a light source can. Lying face up at the bottom of the ladder is a foul sight: the corpse of a thin, emaciated man with long, white hair, head split open, eyes gouged out, fingers worn to the bone from scratching at a thick stone door. Limbs lie at a funny angle, as though he had fallen 20 feet or so. This is the body of Nils Carlsen, former farmhouse owner and erstwhile leader of the Primal Song. The worst thing is that Carlsen has appar-



JEFF BARBER



*In the deeps there is no light, and divine grace is shallow comfort.
There, you must trust in a different grace...*

GRACE UNDER PRESSURE

*the TUO2 classic, revised & expanded for
THE RESURRECTED, vol. 1
Reprints from the pages of TUO
written by Jeff Barber & John Tynes
illustrated by Jeff Barber
See pages 155-159 for
ordering information. \$5⁹⁵*

Shabbith-Ka, Lesser Outer God

Shabbith-Ka is one of many little known lesser Outer Gods. Unlike many of its kindred, however, Shabbith-Ka is intelligent and seems to appreciate worship, for whatever alien reason motivates it. The fact that its worshipers supply it easy prey is one plausible explanation. Shabbith-Ka is not mentioned in any standard Mythos tome (although Unausprechlichen Kulten makes an oblique reference to it in its brief reference to the demise of Pont-Voisys), and until its worship was resurrected by the Primal Song cult it had no followers since the demise of the equatorial Shabbith tribe circa 1300. The only comprehensive treatment of Shabbith-Ka appears in the unique, untitled scroll telling Hafnirsson's tale.

Shabbith-Ka appears as a shapeless, roughly man-sized purplish aura, spitting and cracking with powerful electric arcs. A sense of power, malignancy and intelligence accompanies it. It may be that persons able to gaze at its form long enough can see a rudimentary face (or faces) within the glowing mass.

Shabbith-Ka does not deign to communicate with mere humans. It attacks by means of engulfing any one victim at a time. Those engulfed by Shabbith-Ka take 6D6 damage per round as they are burned and disintegrated by unearthly energies. Persons killed by Shabbith-Ka are left as purple husks which quickly dissolve into dust. Material weapons are useless against Shabbith-Ka, which attacks anyone present who is not continuing to successfully sing the spell Call Shabbith-Ka or prominently displaying the Elder Sign. For this reason, calling Shabbith-Ka is unhealthy.

Shabbith-Ka can disintegrate its way through any terrestrial barrier with ease. However, Shabbith-Ka can not be Called within 100 feet

of an exposed Elder Sign or into a room sealed by one. If an Elder Sign is brought near or exposed after its arrival, Shabbith-Ka flees back to the center of the universe, blasting through anything in its way. Those nearby and not holding Elder Signs when Shabbith-Ka decides to make an abrupt exit must make Luck rolls at -50% or face one Engulf attack as Shabbith-Ka swells to enormous size and rockets into space. An area blasted by Shabbith-Ka is stained by a purplish residue that never totally fades. Plants attempting to grow in such an area will be stunted, wilted and sickly.

To Call Shabbith-Ka, the chant must be successfully Sung. Only those who succeed in a Sing roll can contribute magic points to the calling. Worshipers of Shabbith-Ka are either accomplished singers or not worshipers for long. Shabbith-Ka simply materializes from thin air. Shabbith-Ka voluntarily takes its leave (by simply fading away, without a violent exit) when either dismissed or when it has killed all those present not singing its praises. Shabbith-Ka, God of the Primal Song.

STR 0 CON 100 SIZ 20 INT 20
POW 30 DEX 6 HP 60 Move 50 flying



Attacks: Engulf 90%, Damage 6D6.

Armor: None, but material weapons, magic or not, fire, acid, electricity, etc. are useless, passing right through it. Spells work normally. If Shabbith-Ka is somehow reduced to 0 hit points, it makes a beeline for the center of the universe.

SAN: Viewing Shabbith-Ka costs 1/1D20 SAN.

Seeing Shabbith-Ka disintegrate someone, or seeing a disintegrated purplish husk, costs another 0/1d6 SAN.

ently been dead only a few months. SAN loss for viewing this horrific scene is 0/1-6. If the investigators know that the Primal Song cult was raided in 1919, an Idea roll suggests that Carlsen managed somehow to survive, trapped in, for the better part of five years. This realization is good for another 1/1D4 SAN loss.

The bottom of the shaft, where lies the late Nils Carlsen, can be seen when an investigator is 10 feet down, assuming a light source is trained in that direction. If someone goes insane at the sight, they take 1D6 points worth of falling damage, plus 1/1D4 more SAN for having an up-close-and-personal encounter with the deceased.

Those descending the ladder in a more conventional manner see nothing, but do step in something squishy. When they see what they have unwittingly stepped in (Keeper's choice as to precisely what body part), the person loses 1/1D6 SAN, plus the potential 1/1D4 loss charged for realizing how disturbingly fresh the corpse is. Forewarned being forearmed, subsequent investigators going down the shaft are subject only to a 0/1D3 loss.

At the bottom of the shaft, the investigators find a circular room roughly 200 feet in diameter. There are no other exits. The room is lined with shiny, black stone. Any noise (including the screams of maddened investigators) echoes eerily several times. Art(Sing) rolls are at +25% in the room. A Geology roll fails to identify the stone. In the middle of the room is an altar of the same black stone, fitted with chains, to secure arms and legs. A person who touches his bare skin to the altar is drained of a magic point, which causes the altar to begin to glow with an eerie purplish light, faintly illuminating the room for 2 hours. Around the walls of the room are a long series of intricately carved words, about 1000 in all. The carvings are in Middle English; a Know roll identifies the language. The runes, on a successful Read English roll at -40% due to the archaic grammar, spelling and use of now obsolete words, seem to be a spell intended to Call a being referred to as Shabbith-Ka. Shabbith-Ka is not described in the carvings, beyond such adjectives as "mighty," "all-powerful," etc. Underneath each carved phrase is inscribed a small rectangular shape, at varying heights beneath the words. A History or Music roll identifies these as musical notations for a chant. Call Shabbith-Ka is a spell that must be successfully sung with Art(Sing).

Also in the room, on the floor across from the ladder, is a partial skeleton with its skull cracked, a stone knife lodged there. The limbs, oddly, are scattered across the room. All bones have been cracked open and show signs of gnawing upon examination. SAN loss for those undertaking such an examination is 0/1D4.

Inside a secret compartment in the altar (Spot Hidden while actually feeling one's way around the altar to find) is a musty, crumbling manuscript roughly the size of a dictionary, bound between copper plates set with human bones in a pretty mosaic, in Middle English. The untitled manuscript tells the tale of John Hafnirsson, son of a Saxon earl who in the Year of Our Lord 1302 found himself outlawed by a petty Norman baron who coveted Hafnirsson's daughter. The Norman baron, one Guillaume de Pont-Voisie, is given brief treatment in Von Juntz' Unausprechlichen Kulten as a minor wizard slain along with all his followers circa 1310 in a strange fire that stained the nearby land purple. Fleeing England for France aboard his vessel, the Stag, Hafnirsson and his crew were blown off course by a freak storm and, after a year of wandering, starvation, mutinies, and attacks by sea monsters, ended up (with only his first mate still accompanying him) in an equatorial jungle inhabited by a degenerate people calling themselves the Shabbiths. Hafnirsson tells of hideous rituals (one involving the sacrifice of his first mate to a horrible monster named Shabbith-Ka) and joining the Shabbith tribe. Hafnirsson likens the fearsome Shabbith-Ka to "dauncing wicche-fyr, purpel-hued, yet poss'd of Spirit most Foul." Hafnirsson relates that after his sacrifice to Shabbith-Ka, his first mate, Erik, was little more than purplish dust.

Hafnirsson finally escaped from the Shabbiths only by creating and concealing a strange symbol in his robes, and thrusting it forward at a ritual sacrifice to Shabbith-Ka. The "dauncing wicche-fyr" turned on the Shabbiths, slaying hundreds before shooting into the sky and allowing Hafnirsson to escape in the confusion. Hafnirsson returned to England and turned his "wicche-fyr" loose on M. de Pont-Voisie and his followers, and ends his tale by proclaiming himself avenged.

Hafnirsson is an accomplished story teller: +3% to Cthulhu Mythos, -1d6 SAN, and two spells (INT X3) (in order): Create Elder Sign, Call Shabbith-Ka. The version of the Elder Sign discussed in the tale requires carving the sign into the skull of a cannibalized human. Hafnirsson's tale is fairly straightforward and not couched in code and allegory, cross-referenced to other arcane works, etc. Study time is only 150-(Int x5) hours. A successful Read English at -40% is required. Although perhaps of interest to the investigators, it provides no clues to the deaths occurring around Charing Cross.

The Neighbor

Mr. John Dunne has lived across the street from the farmhouse for longer than he would care to admit. Mr.

Dreams of the Circle

a new Mythos tome

This unique manuscript, in medieval Arabic, is dated 1456 and authored by Hassan ibn Abbas, who describes himself as a mathematician and student of al Kashi. Hassan tells of a journey along the east coast of the Arabian peninsula. Beset by bandits, he escaped by fleeing out into the desert. Short of supplies, Hassan became disoriented and delirious. Hassan beheld strange visions while desperately searching for water, lost in the middle of the Arabian peninsula. Hassan writes of inhuman voices whispering secrets to him on the wind, and of half-glimpsed figures peering at him over the dunes. Near death, Hassan underwent a fantastic nightmare involving an ancient, ruined city with towering pillars of basalt. In this nightmare, all the voices Hassan has half-heard while searching for water join together, whispering dark secrets from the tallest tower in the black-pillared city. Hassan relates several of these secrets, and alludes to others too blasphemous to relate. Included is a discussion of space-time, other dimensions and how, as Hassan puts it, "paths unseen to places unknown and times undreamt of exist, and can be found by those willing to sacrifice their soul for such knowledge." Hassan lost consciousness but revived to inexplicably find himself at the feet of the Sphinx. The book concludes with a calculation of pi out to one thousand places. Hassan's method of calculation involves casting the second spell listed and getting some hints.

Readers of *Dreams of the Circle* add +5% to Cthulhu Mythos (Hassan hints at much, but his fear of committing blasphemy often has him leaving thoughts unfinished). SAN loss is 2D4. Reading the manuscript requires 60 hours of study time and a successful Read Arabic roll. The book contains four spells. The first is set forth in great detail (INT x5): Contact Sand Dweller. Three other spells are set forth, in fragmentary fashion (INT x1): Contact Nyarlathotep (as the Black Man), Create Dimensional Circle, and Create Gate.

New Spell

CREATE DIMENSIONAL CIRCLE: A Dimensional Circle acts as a Gate turbocharger, and is normally cast only in conjunction with the spell Create Gate. It greatly lengthens the usable distance of Gates by eliminating the magic point expenditure required to travel through a Gate. To Create a Dimensional Circle, the caster needs to inscribe a circle on a flat surface suitable for a Gate (which is

subsequently inscribed in the middle of the circle). A chalkboard works well. The circle must be drawn with a special bluish chalklike mineral found only at some unknown location in the Arabian desert. A person possessing *Dreams of the Circle* who sets out to retrace Hassan's wanderings has an INT x1 chance of stumbling upon some of the mineral per month (assuming the denizens of lost Irem permit it).

Once the Dimensional Circle is inscribed, a process that takes only as long as is needed to draw a circle, the caster must chant "Irem! Fth'nagl hazz-nath Irem!" for a number of hours equal to the number of points of POW he wishes to infuse the circle with. Each point of POW given to the circle decreases by one the amount of magic points that must be spent when traveling through a circumscribed Gate. A Dimensional Circle, to be effective, must be exposed to a cloudless night sky. More than one person may volunteer POW to create a Dimensional Circle. Note that the "turbo" effect is limited to that side of the Gate on which the Circle has been inscribed. A completed Circle looks like nothing more than a big circle drawn in bluish chalk (although the Gate it is normally drawn around will look somewhat more remarkable).

Example: John Smith, devotee of Hastur, wishes to travel to the Lake of Hali to pay homage to the King in Yellow. Unfortunately, a Gate to Aldebaran would require 14 magic points to use, and John only has a POW of 13. Smith, having learned the Dimensional Circle spell from the Whispering Voices of Irem, gets some fellow cultists to help him create both a 14 POW Gate and a 14 POW Dimensional Circle. John can now travel to dim Carcosa without spending any magic points (lucky him). Unfortunately, unless there is also a Dimensional Circle inscribed around the other side of the Gate, getting back is another story.

The only known place that this spell is recorded is in *Dreams of the Circle*. Because of the extended Gate travel made possible by the spell, any slave of the Mythos worthy of the name who learned of its existence would stop at nothing to obtain it.

for \$100, and addressed to a Dr. Faisal Hamadi in Alexandria, Egypt, c/o the University. Scrawled across the face of the package are the words "Insufficient Address—Return to Sender." Inside the package are a letter in Arabic, Investigator Handout #6, and a very old, crumbling book, in poor condition, written in Arabic. The title page identifies the book as *Dreams of the Circle*, a manuscript dated 1456, authored by one Hassan ibn Abbas. The same parameters for reading Handout #5 apply to #6.

Astute investigators will notice that Carlson's cover letter predates his death by one day.

If the investigators have tied the Charing Cross deaths to oppositions of Jupiter, and then turn to *Dreams of the Circle* as a research aid, after 1D3 days of study and a successful Read Arabic roll they should be given Investigator Handout #7.

The excerpt alludes to the stray voltage problem discussed in more detail in the next section. Leave this for the investigators to puzzle out for themselves, however.

Stray Voltage

Ordinarily a Dimensional Circle is tied to and powers a gate, by focusing the light of Jupiter as a sort of arcane battery. What happens when, as with Prof. Carlson's Circle, there is no connected Gate to go along with it? The answer, at least when the light of Jupiter nears its opposition, is that the power leaks from the Circle, causing a chance of progressively severe distance twisting events.

The scenario starts on July 30th, 1925, which should put the investigators in Charing Cross on August 1st. The opposition is the night of August 15th. Strange things begin happening throughout town when the investigators arrive. Each evening after sunset, check for the weather conditions. Assume a basic 50% of the sky being clear enough for something weird to potentially happen. The sky is automatically clear the night of August 15th. If the sky is clear, assume something strange happens to the investigators on a basic 20% chance. This should tip them off that something is amiss without bombarding them with constant bizarre occurrences. The keeper is encouraged to use his imagination, but to follow a pattern of increasing intensity and to focus on distance shifts and distortions.

August 1–August 10

Minor occurrences. Suggestions include small possessions suddenly disappearing and unable to be found, losing your keys only to have them reappear somewhere you are sure you have not been, etc.

August 11–August 14

Increase the weirdness in intensity. A good one is for someone to walk down the park path in half the time it normally takes. If the investigators are in jail, maybe the keys to the cell are suddenly spotted on the floor.

At some point between the 11th and the 14th, one of the investigators (the one with the highest Dreaming skill, or highest POW) should experience the following dream. It will be obvious to the investigator that he/she is dreaming, and he/she should be told as much:

You find yourself on an empty, black plain, surrounded by a featureless white sky. Turning, you see, far off in the distance, a cylindrical black tower. You move toward the tower, but it only seems to get farther away. You take a step back and turn and suddenly the black tower is there, inches from your face and stretching higher than you can see. The plain you were standing on is now white and the sky gray. You take a step back, startled, but the plain is gone, and you find yourself falling, falling toward a black circle far below. The black circle rushes up, and you land with a bone jarring crunch. Picking yourself up, you look over the edge of the circle and see the white plain far below—you are atop the black tower! At the center of the circle lies an open door set in the floor. You feel compelled to move to the door. As you near, a wind begins to blow. The wind carries the sound of inhuman laughter and it forces you to the door. You fight the wind, clinging to the edge of the door, but finally your strength fails and you fall through. Suddenly, you find yourself back at the foot of the tower. You look up, and this time you can see the top of the black tower. Looking down at you is yourself, but you have only one, red, three-lobed eye. How can you be in two places at once?

The dreamer awakens. SAN loss from this highly realistic nightmare is 0/1 SAN.

The events that will happen on the 15th are discussed in "Ending the Adventure."

Matthew Smith

Matthew Smith, aged 7, stayed out too late on the evening of May 12, 1922. Given Smith's small size, a stray voltage incident twisted him through space and deposited him in Carcosa, leaving nothing behind to be found. When the investigators have pieced together the pattern and go to the files of the Charing Cross Trumpet for the week of May 12, 1922, looking for anything bizarre, they easily find Investigator Handouts #8 and #9. Both articles are by Nick Richards, and there are no accompanying photographs.

No further Trumpet articles appear. Richards or most

residents can tell the investigators that nobody has the faintest idea what happened to Matthew Smith—no trace of him was ever found.

The investigators may approach Tharrington Smith (Josiah Black's law partner) with questions about his son's disappearance. Judge Smith's reaction to questions from the investigators should be based on their prior dealings, if any, with either him or his law partner, Josiah Black. Black will be certain to have told Smith about any bizarre or rude investigator behavior (such as insisting on digging up the floor of a basement that they do not own). Smith knows nothing more than what is in the two articles.

Susan, now 12, has more information. Assuming the investigators are on at least neutral terms with Smith, a Persuade roll convinces Smith to allow the investigators to talk to her. Alternatively, the investigators might attempt to accost Susan on her way to the store or something. Questions about her brother sought in this fashion elicit only tears and complaints to her father, who in turn notifies the police, who in turn tell Fetz, who in turn runs the investigators in and does his best to pin the disappearance of Matthew Smith on them. This time, of course, Smith has no interest in representing the investigators.

Assuming a more amicable questioning of Susan, a Psychology roll indicates she is holding something back when she tells them that she and her brother were playing hide-and-go-seek in the park when he just disappeared. Pointing this out to her in a gentle and professional fashion (successful Psychoanalysis roll) elicits, between sobs, a disquieting fact: Susan, who had been "It," had followed her brother's shoeprints into a small clearing surrounded by thick brush. There, Susan smelled an awful smell, like after lightning, but it had not been raining. No footprints led away from the clearing. Susan

can show the investigators the clearing, but there is nothing to be found there.

Officer Roger Nelson

The investigators might meet up with Nelson in one of several ways. He may be drafted to assist Fetz in running the investigators in. If so, any contact he has with the investigators afterwards will be unfriendly ("Run along, you lot, before I arrest you for loitering.") Alternatively, the investigators might question him about his involvement in responding to the Carlson murder and removing the chalkboard from Carlson's office the night of his death. Unless he has formed a bad opinion of the investigators, Nelson is a decent, outgoing person, but not one inclined to assist investigators in breaking the law. Assuming no ill feelings on his part, Nelson does not mind telling the investigators where the chalkboard is—at the police evidence warehouse (actually a secure private warehouse that the police rent part of to put evidence in). Nelson reports the investigators' interest in the warehouse to Fetz, however, who has his third officer, Stan Smith, discretely follow them to find out what they are up to. A Spot Hidden, commencing the next day, notices the tail. Leaving town for a day (or going to Chillicothe to check the coroner's reports) gets rid of the tail. Investigators who return to Charing Cross have a 30% chance each day of picking up the tail again, increasing to 100% if they approach any police officer.

Nelson does not discuss what he saw on the chalkboard ("Police business.") Nelson does not under any circumstances help the investigators get into the warehouse. Nelson does not know anything about the Primal Song cult; he joined the force in early 1921. Nelson responded to the scene of the McCorkindale murder, and is in the

Handout #9

from the Charing Cross Trumpet, week of 6/10/22

POLICE DRAG RIVER

STILL NO LEADS ON SMITH DISAPPEARANCE

Police dragged the Miskatonic River yesterday in an effort to find the missing Matthew Smith, age 7. The dragging uncovered no new evidence. Smith disappeared on the evening of May 12th while playing hide and go seek in the Apple Lane park with his sister, Susan. Police remain hopeful that Smith is still alive. Sgt. Howard Fetz, speaking on behalf of the police department, vowed continued efforts to find the missing youth.

Handout #8

from the Charing Cross Trumpet, week of 5/12/22

LOCAL BOY DISAPPEARS

Matthew Smith, age 7, son of local barrister Tharrington Smith, disappeared while playing in the park off of Apple Lane. Young Smith was last seen shortly before nightfall, playing hide and go seek with his sister Susan, age 9. Police have no leads on the disappearance.

photograph, but will not discuss an "ongoing investigation." Nelson also patrols the Apple Lane park area, from 10 PM to sunrise, and might be observed running off Red and his fellow vagrants at the end of his shift. This makes Nelson a good target for a stray voltage incident when the time is right.

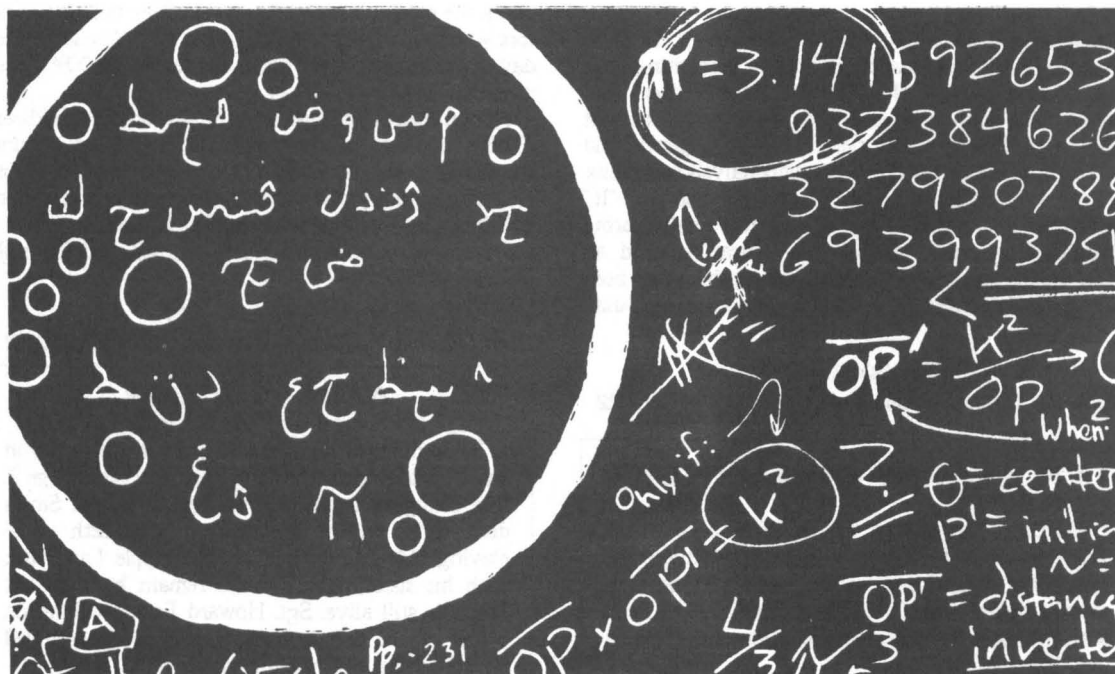
The Shuttered Warehouse

Eventually the investigators will focus their attention on Marty's warehouse. The warehouse lies between Apple Lane park and the train station, overlooking the Miskatonic River. The warehouse is a single-story, functional wood structure, with the roof 12 feet from the ground. A large double door is the only way in. There is no permanent staff or watchman at the warehouse; Marty keeps it locked except when someone needs something out of it. Marty then goes in and retrieves whatever is needed. A steel pull-down-and-lock gate (STR 30 to snap the lock and lift it—two people can try at a time) bars the door. Since the door is in full view of the police station, any such foolhardy attempt to break in almost certainly attracts police attention. Nelson arrives in D4+1 minutes after the gate is broken, which is before the investigators

are able to break through the heavy double doors (also STR 30). This section assumes the investigators proceed under cover of darkness. Otherwise, would-be burglars are quickly apprehended, before they can even get inside.

Investigators who case the joint find a single window on the park side (out of view of the police station), 8 feet off the ground, set with 3 rusty iron bars. This side of the warehouse is conveniently shadowed. It takes 10 minutes with an appropriate tool to work a bar loose. With one bar gone, an investigator of SIZ 10 or less can squeeze through (after knocking out the glass). However, to reach the window, the investigators will need a way up to it. Two crates out of a nearby pile might be moved over to act as a stepladder. Getting a boost from another investigator is also an option.

If the investigators are being tailed when they decide to break into the warehouse, the tail, accompanied by Fetz and Officer Nelson, appear as soon as the investigators get a bar loose. A nervous Fetz launches into crazed ramblings about how he knew the investigators were "agents of that purple thing" all along and that at last he has caught them red-handed. Nelson firmly and more sanely advises the investigators that they are under arrest and to drop any



JEFF BARBER



JEFF BARBER

visible weapons. It is entirely possible that a determined investigator up at the window might nonetheless get in. Subsequent combat and legal proceedings are left to the imagination of the keeper.

If the investigators shook the tail, the police leave the investigators unmolested, assuming a reasonable amount of stealth on their part. The keeper is within his rights to have a sizable group (more than 4) attract police attention, particularly if they are brandishing unconcealable weapons like shotguns or being careless with light sources.

An investigator peering in the window sees a dim jumble of crates, boxes, etc. Training a light around the warehouse has various results, depending on if the investigators are looking for a blackboard. If so, they easily spot a movable blackboard covered with equations, all having to do with the calculation of pi (Gregory's equation is present). Drawn on the chalkboard is a circle in a bluish chalk. The chalkboard looks completely unremarkable. The Dimensional Circle (POW 1; Carlson felt oddly drained after the first hour of his little experiment and gave up) is indistinguishable from an ordinary chalk doodle, and looks quite at home amongst the circle-related equations covering the rest of the board. Cthulhu Mythos rolls reveal nothing.

Ending the Adventure

The easiest way for the investigators to end the threat is simply to enter the warehouse and erase the Dimensional Circle from the blackboard. A nub of the chalklike mineral needed to create a Circle (enough for 1 use) is in the chalkholder. This ends the threat. An Elder Sign affixed to the blackboard is unnecessary, but works just as well.

I have left the climax of this adventure open-ended. The keeper might want to manipulate events so that the first clear, informed opportunity the investigators have at the warehouse is the evening of the opposition, the 15th. Jail stays are useful for this. This works well in conjunction with a confrontation with Fetz, Nelson and Stan Smith at the back window of the warehouse. As Fetz concludes his speech about purple things, a smell of ozone fills the air. Fetz' hair (what there is of it) stands on end and begins to crackle as though from a static charge. Then, as the investigators watch, Fetz begins to oddly curve and distort, as the sound of discharging static grows louder. Fetz screams for help. As Stan Smith bravely grabs Fetz by the seat of his pants, the back half of Fetz comes into proper focus as the front half of Fetz continues to distort. Finally, there is a loud pop. The front half of Fetz is drawn along curvilinear space to the third planet orbiting Sirius. The back half, restrained by Smith, flops in a bloody mess

to the ground along with Smith. SAN loss is 1/1D8. Both Nelson and Smith fail their SAN rolls (badly) and run screaming into the night. The police do not show up for another hour (when Nelson regains his wits), affording those investigators still alive and sane some time to operate. Both Nelson and Stan Smith would prefer to forget about the entire affair; Fetz' death will be explained away as the work of a pack of wild dogs, or a crazy man. Investigators still hanging around Charing Cross may be the subject of unwanted police attention, but should they take the opportunity to leave town, they are not pursued, and Nelson orchestrates the police coverup of Fetz' death.

Truly astute investigators who read the excerpt from *Dreams of the Circle* will foresee the possibility of danger when approaching the warehouse and cover the window with something opaque after someone goes in. This prevents the Dimensional Circle from operating (breaking the connection with the light of Jupiter) and prevents a stray voltage incident. Of course, Fetz takes any opaque barriers down should he show up.

A second possibility would be an investigator-led trap, based on the premise of some sort of creature being responsible. This puts the investigators in the park on the worst possible night. At least this way they get to see a stray voltage incident firsthand, as it happens to one or more of them. Being dissected along some plane of symmetry is invariably fatal. Yet another possibility is that some Cthulhoid menace exploits the weakness in space to manifest itself. The excerpt from *Dreams of the Circle* leaves this possibility open. If your group is the type that will insist on something to shoot at to end an adventure, a Circle Creature might be substituted for the ultimate stray voltage incident. A sample creature that would work out is included in the NPC stats.

Rewards

Erasing the Dimensional Circle from Carlson's blackboard results in the award of 2D4+2 SAN for a job well done. For each stray voltage death that occurs after the investigators become involved in the case, charge 1D3 SAN upon their learning of its similarity to the McCorkindale case.

Repercussions

The keeper should keep track of what the investigators do with the *Dreams of the Circle*. Faisal Hamadi is a minor priest in the service of Nyarlathotep, and wishes to obtain *Dreams of the Circle* with a minimum of fuss. Hamadi has been attempting for the past four years to locate the manuscript through the use of a scrying window, only to

be frustrated at each turn. While the manuscript was collecting dust in the Dunnes' closet, the Sigil of Eibon protecting the Dunnes' home rendered the tome invisible to Hamadi's arcane probes. If it is removed from the Dunnes' home by nosy investigators, Hamadi becomes aware of where the tome is, but moves cautiously. The keeper should run another adventure or two, so that the events in Charing Cross are not foremost in the investigators' minds, before Hamadi makes his move.

If the investigators send the tome back to Hamadi, c/o Alexandria University, they receive a polite letter thanking them and are left unmolested. If they never remove the book from the Dunnes' home and do not otherwise call themselves to Hamadi's attention, they also remain unmolested.

It is more likely, however, that the investigators will have taken possession of the book. As (arguably) part of Carlson's estate, Josiah Black will probably demand some compensation for it, say \$100 subject of course to Bargaining. If the investigators wind up with the book, take note of precisely who has it and precisely where it is kept. If Black has the book, it simply disappears out of his office's storage room without a trace.

At a propitious time, Hamadi sends in a nightgaunt to pinch the book and carry it back to him in Egypt. The investigators may not even notice it gone for some time. Inquiries to the University of Alexandria find no one named Faisal Hamadi. ☹

Alone On HALLOWEEN

*a solo scenario against
the children of the night*

written by Scott Aniolowski,

John Tynes & C.L. Werner

illustrated by Dennis Detwiler,

Blair Reynolds and Jesper Myrfors

See pages 155-159 for ordering instructions. \$8⁹⁵

Stats

Howard Fetz, age 46

insane detective

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 18 INT 11 DEX 9
POW 8 APP 7 EDU 13 SAN 28 HP 16

Note: Fetz' low SAN as a result of a 1919 raid on the Primal Song cult. Fetz withers immediately when confronted by any Mythos monsters or anything that might cost SAN to view.

Skills: Law 50%, Spot Hidden 50%, Drive Automobile 50%, Psychology 55%, Handgun Attack 44%, R/W English 65%, R/W Old Norse 10%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%

Attacks: Fist 60%, 1D3+1D4; Kick when down 60%, 1D6+1D4; Insane Flailing 40%, 1D3+1D4; .38 Revolver 44% 1D10 x2

Roger Nelson, age 25

well-intentioned underling of Fetz

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 11 DEX 12
POW 12 APP 13 EDU 11 SAN60 HP 14

Skills: First Aid 50%, Law 20%, Spot Hidden 40%, Listen 40%, RW English 55%, RW Swedish 40%, Nightstick Attack 50%, Play Clarinet 50%

Attacks: Nightstick 50%, 1D6+1D4

Stan Smith

cop #3

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 11 DEX 11
POW 11 APP 12 EDU 13 SAN55 HP 12

Skills: Law 20%, Sneak 70%, Hide 70%, Track 70%, Spot Hidden 50%, .38 Handgun 40%, 1D10 x2

**A Circle Creature from Beyond,
(if you think you need one)**

STR 30 CON 30 SIZ 20 INT 15
DEX 15 POW 18 EDU 0 HP 25

The Circle Creature appears as a hazy, semi-gaseous horror. It does not appear in any one location, but in bits and pieces over an area, a

hazy, misty tentacle materializing here and then vanishing, a maw appearing and then disappearing there. Its "here one minute, gone the next" nature makes ordinary weapons useless. Attacks affecting an entire area (like a bomb) do 1D6 points of damage. Spells do normal damage if aimed at any materialized portion of the creature. The creature fades in and out of this dimension at will; only attacks triggered before its DEX rank or after it has attacked (while it has someone) can be effective.

Attacks: Tentacle, 100% (appears from nowhere), grapple at STR 30 and drag toward maw in 2 rounds. Up to 3 tentacles at a time can attack Maw, only vs grappled prey, 70%, slices victim into pieces and carries some off to other space/time, doing 5D6 damage

SAN loss: 1/1D10

Blocking the connection between Jupiter and the Dimensional Circle forces the Creature back to whence it came.



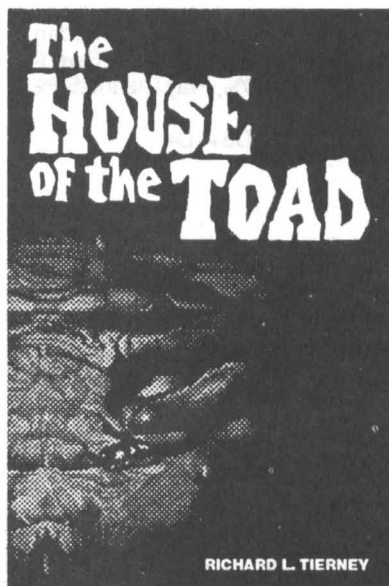
A NEW CTHULHU MYTHOS NOVEL FROM RICHARD L. TIERNEY

For years James Kerrick scratched out a living as an antiques poacher for the archaeological black market—until, in a ruined city in Mexico, he makes a find that could set him up for life. Millionaire J. Cornelius Wassermann offers to pay a fortune for the peculiar artifacts Kerrick has discovered.

It is a chance for Kerrick, an American ex-patriot, to quit his dangerous profession and return home. But the homecoming is not what he expected. To his mounting terror, he is inexorably swept into a vast conspiracy involving ancient cults, inhuman races, demonic possession, and international intrigue. **Worse still, the stars are becoming right!**

The House of the Toad is the long-anticipated horror novel by one of America's foremost Lovecraftian scholars. Combining Lovecraft's dark vision of cosmic chaos with the pulse-pounding, page-turning action of Dennis Wheatley and Sax Rohmer, Richard L. Tierney has produced one of the finest Cthulhu Mythos novels ever written. Hardcover.

\$24.00 plus \$1.50 shipping and handling.



FEDOGAN & BREMER, 700 Washington Ave., Suite 50, S.E., Minneapolis, MN 55414

W/ INTERSTICES OF THIS WHITE FORTHE TIME OF THE REPT
THE OF ~~THE~~ 140 LBS REPTAN ~~THE~~ I spread manifest the board

I am a scholar.

A man of learning

BEWARE!
OF THE
GREAT
CONSPIRACY

For this.

For my pains,

I am watched.

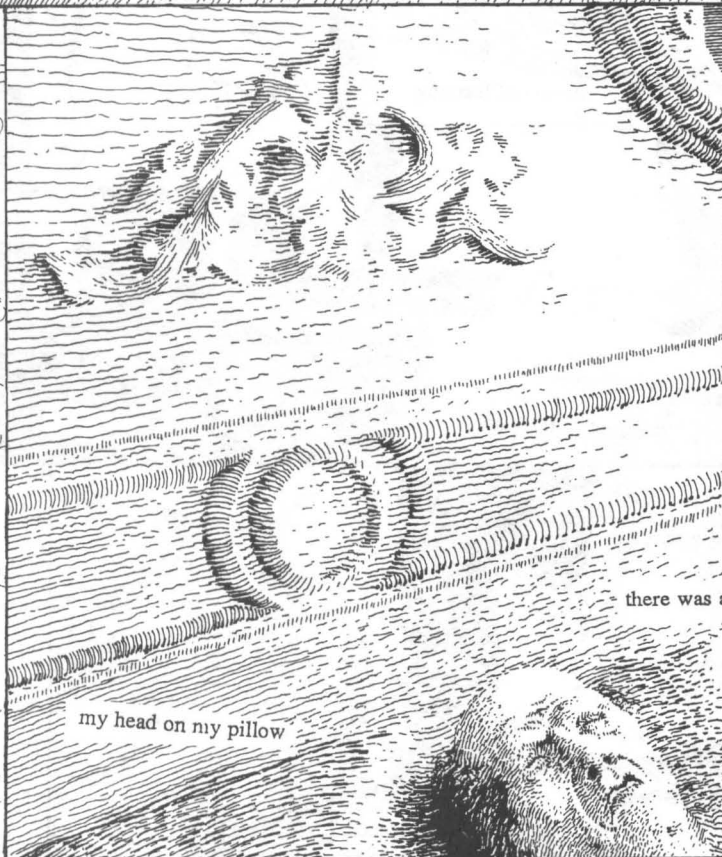
BITTER BONES & HORRORS

John Tynes & Dennis Detwiler

THE TIME MYSELF FROZE UPON THAT CURSED PLACE. MURDERER

This morning before the sun's rays came

OST
OR
EE
OS
ATL
CH
L

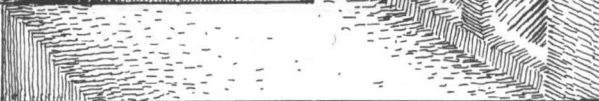


LOOK TO A TIME
MOTHER WICH BE
WILL DANCE 'N THE
ENRASHIP HER INT
TIME FEES SLO
GRIPS, PAIN AND
BECOME AS O

there was a scratching at the window.

my head on my pillow

TARES 2 F ALL WIA
40 2 FARNED WIA LIA



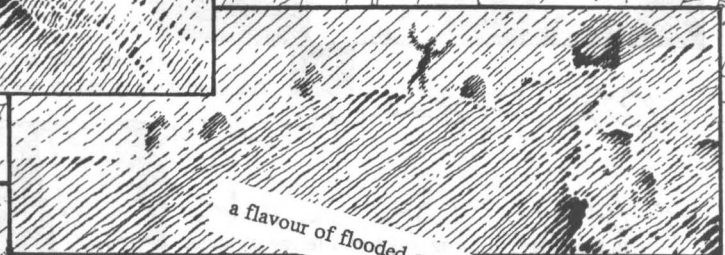


I could smell it out there

SEEN WILL TUMULT + THEM,
IN SUCH WAYS LOOKING PA
THY THINGS WILL FE
FUTURE IS SEEN THE LO
IN THEIR PLACES RESTING
A DISTANT CRYAL FEE

LOOKING THROUGH
FEELING DREAD

HA! NOT
DESTROY
MAY SE



a flavour of flooded cemetery,

DETERME THY QUEST
WHO OPPOSE HIM, THEN SE
THEY BELIEVE I WILL

FA I WILL

channel ruin drifting, in the rivulets of rain

I will BATTLE

skrit, skrit
skrit, skrit

OF A
WHO OPPOSE
DARK LO

scent captured under grubby fingernails against the glass



THEY ARE CLOSER THAN I CAN SEE
I listen, wrinkled old man's ears,
tired eyes straining against the lids
daring to open and see the scratcher.
COOPER LOOK FROM SEEN

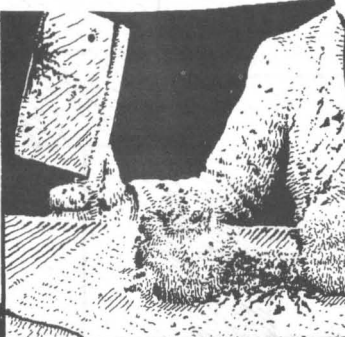
Only my face in the glass.
The scratching of rough aged skin on memory?

LOOK FOR THE SIL

THE AT THE
In these days of being watched, I refuse paranoia
though I remain aware of inspection still.

I read my newspaper.

I read my books.



THE H
ARE
FLA



What say you, Lovecraft?
What say you, Poe?
Chambers?
Machen?
What is it?



Which one of you does it belong to,
this thing worrying at my peace?
Sitting in the library, reading them all again.



I am not bored.



I am watched.

Mythos Mail Order

Horrific Things You Can't Blow A SAN Roll Without!

Welcome, fellow cultist! On the next few pages you'll find the complete Pagan Publishing library of curiosities & weird stuff in general. This is our largest and most comprehensive listing ever, so check it out!

On page 158 you'll find *almost* complete ordering instructions. Page 159 has additional information for ordering subscriptions and Cthulhu dolls.

Call of Cthulhu gaming items

Alone On Halloween

PAG1000 68 pages, \$8.95

On a dark Halloween night, you find yourself plunged into mystery and danger in this lengthy solo scenario as 666 numbered entries guide you through a journey into the macabre. Plus a bonus scenario: "The Old Dark House" is a Keeper's toolkit, with a variety of NPCs, monsters, villains, and plots, to mix and match throughout an extensively-mapped British manor house and estate. (Available)

Devil's Children

PAG1001 48 pages, \$7.95

Salem Village, 1692. Do you know who your God is? This chilling tale of evil and destiny takes the players on a gruesome ride stretching across 300 years. Designed for up to four players and a Keeper, *Devil's Children* includes ready-made characters and numerous handouts for the players. Recommended for mature readers. (July)

Walker in the Wastes

PAG1002 192 pages, \$18.95

The Franklin Expedition vanished in 1848, searching for the Northwest Passage. Eighty years later, you and your associates travel to Northern Canada to research the disaster – and find yourselves launched in a globe-spanning race to defeat the terrible god of the icy wastes. Hundreds of hours of research have gone into creating the most realistic 1920s campaign ever. Japanese gangsters, Alaskan cults, Iraqi archeological digs, secret airships, and a legend older than humanity serve to challenge even the most experienced of players. Walker in the Wastes is a huge campaign of discovery and horror, and is recommended for experienced Keepers. (August)

The Unspeakable Oath digest

The Unspeakable Oath #5

PAGTU05 80 pages, \$4.00

Our first 80-page issue, TUO5 is written almost entirely by British contributors. Within you'll find a look at the legends, lore, and horrors of Great Britain. Covering topics as diverse as ley lines, barrow mounds, and the Ottery Tar Barrels, this issue provides a colorful and engaging approach to playing Call of Cthulhu with a British setting. Includes two scenarios and a map of Great Britain with numerous locations of ill repute marked clearly for your reference. (Available)

The Unspeakable Oath #6

PAGTUO6 80 pages, \$4.00

With Chaosium's release of Call of Cthulhu Fifth Edition, the game took a significant step forward in clarity and playability. With TUO6, you can expand your game to new horizons beyond the rulebook. Extensive articles on new occupations, new skills, new ways to use magic and insanity and much more. A complete campaign background, The Randolph Pierce Foundation, is presented in detail with an accompanying scenario. (Available)

The Unspeakable Oath #7

PAGTUO7 80 pages, \$4.00

Eighty pages of cool stuff including a lengthy addition to the Randolph Pierce Foundation campaign. This issue, the Foundation's nemesis — The Last Dawn — is examined, including their magic items, spells, and a detailed history spanning hundreds of years. In addition, a modern-day scenario kicks off our Cyberpunk / Call of Cthulhu crossover with Interface magazine. (Available)

The Unspeakable Oath #8/9

PAGUO89 160 pages, \$8.00

A double issue of TUO, with enough Call of Cthulhu material to choke a Dhole! Lots of scenarios, articles, and weirdness that we've been saving until The Stars Are Right. Our Randolph Pierce Foundation series continues, in addition to many other things Man Was Not Meant To Know. It's the biggest issue of TUO ever, with more Mythos madness than you can shake a fetch stick at. (Available)

The Resurrected • Volume One

PAG2100 32 pages, \$5.95

The first in a series reprinting the most-demanded material from out-of-print issues of The Unspeakable Oath, revised and expanded. Volume One pre-

sents our landmark scenario "Grace Under Pressure." The players are researchers on the RSV Wallaby, an experimental prototype ocean floor research vessel. At the bottom of the ocean the crew faces hideous danger and incredible action. Includes ready-made characters, guidelines on dramatic presentation, 25mm deck plans for the Wallaby and 25mm cardstock stand-ups to go with them. (June)

TUO Subscription

PAGSUBS \$16 in the US, \$24 elsewhere

You can get a year's worth of the world's premiere digest for Call of Cthulhu delivered by first class mail (or air mail, if you're overseas) to your front door.

Other Items

Creatures & Cultists

PAG2000 128 cards, \$6.95

Our furiously fuggly card game is now available everywhere! Fast, funny, and full of Cthulhuoid delights! From 3-5 players take the roles of Cthulhu cultists, bent on world domination. Each player sends out their thugs, sorcerers, and monsters to obliterate the enemy. Special event cards like Suck The President's Brain and the notorious Girl Scout Raid add to the wacko mix. (Available)

Cult of Cthulhu T-Shirts

PAGTSHL/PAGTSXL L and XL, \$10.00

Our exclusive Cult of Cthulhu shirts feature a stunning design by TUO cover artist Blair Reynolds. A group of daring investigators fight a horde of bloodthirsty cultists as bullets fly, machetes hack and limbs and blood spray through the air. Behind the fight stands a massive temple, while over it all hangs a menacing symbol: the symbol of the Cult of Cthulhu! (Available)

ORDER FORM

To order, mark the items you want below. Total them up, and add \$5 for shipping. Overseas orders should add 30% for surface mail or 80% for air mail. Send this form with a check or money order to: **Chaosium, Inc. 950-A 56th St. Oakland, CA 94608 USA.** Or, use your Visa/MC and call: **[510] 547-7681.** For subscriptions and Cthulhu dolls use the forms on the next page.

Item	Available	Price	Quantity	Cost
Alone On Halloween	Now	8.95		
Devil's Children	July	7.95		
Walker in the Wastes	August	18.95		
The Unspeakable Oath #5	Now	4.00		
The Unspeakable Oath #6	Now	4.00		
The Unspeakable Oath #7	Now	4.00		
The Unspeakable Oath #8/9	Now	8.00		
The Resurrected • Volume One	June	5.95		
Creatures & Cultists	Now	6.95		
Cult of Cthulhu T-Shirt Large	Now	10.00		
Cult of Cthulhu T-Shirt X-Large	Now	10.00		
Killer Crosshairs	Now	4.00		
In The Time Of Lovecraft	August	8.95		
nothing on this globe of earth	June	4.00		
A Cthulhu Mythos Bibliography	September	7.95		

Subtotal

Shipping

Total

(\$5 in the U.S. & Canada; 30% of subtotal surface rate, 80% of subtotal air rate)

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State/Province _____

Country _____ Zip/Postal Code _____

☐ **Check** ☐ **Money Order** ☐ **Visa** ☐ **MasterCard**

Credit Card # _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____ Rev. 5/93

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

A one-year (four-issue) subscription to *The Unspeakable Oath* costs \$16 in the U.S., and \$24 everywhere else. Subscriptions are sent by first class/air mail in sturdy mailers. To order, send a check or money order to: **Pagan Publishing 403A N. 8th St. Columbia, MO 65201 USA.** *Subscriptions can not be ordered through Chaosium, nor by credit card.*

Name _____ Address _____
City _____ State/Province _____
Country _____ Zip/Postal Code _____
Phone # _____ Favorite Mythos Being _____

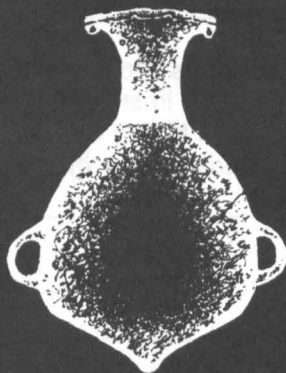
King Solomon says: "Divideth ye thine photocopy in twain. And verily, the leftmost half shall be rendered unto the Chaosium, and the rightmost half shall be rendered unto Pagan Publishing. Delivereth ye not the leftmost half to Pagan Publishing, nor the rightmost half to the Chaosium, for verily I say unto you that locusts and boils shall inhabit your flesh all of your days." (Page 158 goes to Chaosium, page 159 goes to Pagan Publishing. Neither should go to the other! Got it?)

CTHULHU DOLLS

Now you can have your very own plush Cthulhu Doll in your choice of color. Cthulhu Dolls sell for \$20 in the U.S., \$26 everywhere else, and are made by hand. To order, send a check or money order to: **Pagan Publishing 403A N. 8th St. Columbia, MO 65201 USA.** *Cthulhu Dolls can not be ordered through Chaosium, nor by credit card.*

Name _____ Address _____
City _____ State/Province _____
Country _____ Zip/Postal Code _____
Phone # _____ Color (any) _____

Message In A Bottle



Marie E. Listopad

BLAIR REYNOLDS

From the dream diary of Melissa "Misty" Martin:

February 29, 1956

I had that white dream again last night, except this time there was more to look at.

First, I saw a man with an elk's skull mask on, his eyes darting back and forth, back and forth. They were brown eyes.

I saw the white space as before, seemingly endless. The white dust in the air was lit by a light whose source I could not find. There were people at the edge of my sight but I could only see them as silhouettes.

I saw the old, dead, white tree with white leaves anchored in a pile of white rocks. Next

to the tree ran a stream of water so clear that you couldn't see it. Beneath some white rocks under the tree and below the water I saw a white octopus stretching its arms out and curling them back.

A great, multi-level cairn of white stones rose across the stream from the tree. On it and around it were small white animals of every kind — squirrels, mice, rats, lizards. Inside the top-most circle a two-month old baby and piglet were fighting. The baby was not winning. Its blood stained the white rocks.

The hands of the man in the elk's skull mask were tied to a pole. His body was covered with white dust. The mask was ingeniously made to fit over his head so that his eyes looked out the empty sockets of the elk's skull and counter-weighted to compensate for the horns.

A figure draped in black cut the man in the elk's skull mask in the neck with a slender knife. The blood spattered the rocks, animals, water, tree, people, light until everything was red and I woke up.

If this was a dream, why did I awake with white dust on my feet and red stains on my hands? 3

Join Us On America Online!

If you have an IBM or Macintosh computer and a modem, you can now reach us almost daily on the nationwide America Online computer network. We sponsor discussion groups, offer regular conferences, give quick answers to your questions, run weekly online games, and (soon) you can download articles from out-of-print issues. Almost every other game company is there as well (including Chaosium), and America Online's features are extensive.

If you'd like to try AOL out, just call 1-800-827-6364 (3 pm.-11 pm. EST) and request the free start-up kit. This kit includes instructions, free software, and free time to try AOL out. Remaining on AOL costs \$9.95 a month, which includes five hours of connect time. Each additional hour is \$3.50.

To reach us on AOL, send mail to "Pagan Pub" and we'll get back to you within a day or two. Or, use the keyword "GIX" for the Gaming Information Exchange, where you'll find discussion groups for our products and many other gaming companies' as well. AOL is a lot of fun, and we recommend it very highly.

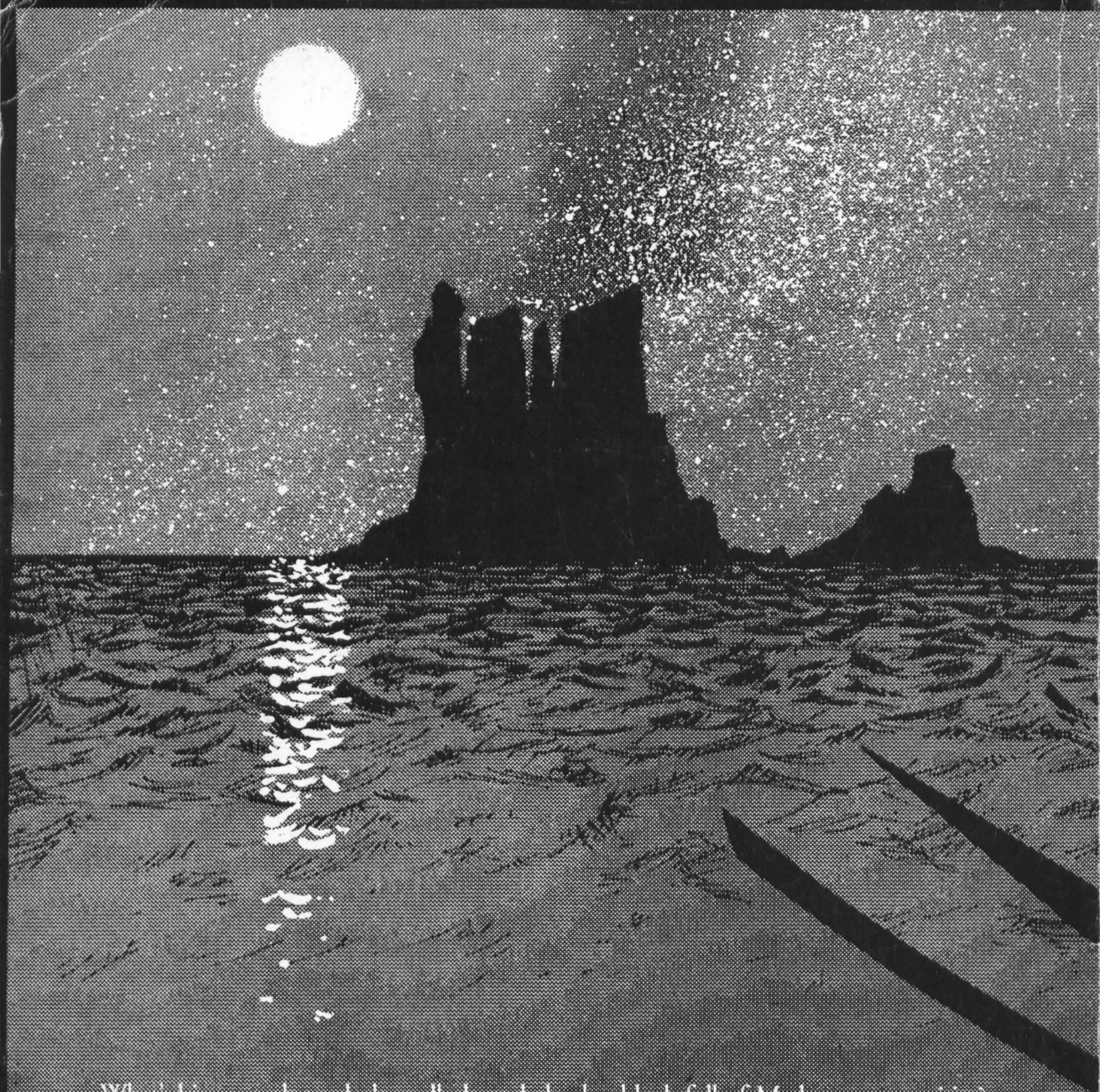
Contributors

Scott David Aniolowski is actually named Jonathan Wolfe, but cleverly changed his name to ensure it would come before that of **Brian Appleton**, who would otherwise be the lucky first wacko on this list but who nevertheless takes pride in staying a step ahead of **Jeff Barber**, erstwhile Art Director and a *Mad Max* fanatic unequalled since the glory days of **Jason Bov'ee** when Jason used to ride the post-apocalyptic wastes in his souped-up Gremlin with wild man **Chris Bridges** and avoided a sad end by the skin of their teeth only due to the intervention of **David Brown** and his rootin'-tootin' cowboy crew of rough-and-ready cowpokes, who were fed by trail cook **Dennis Detwiller's** dubious cooking and were entertained by his singular passion for bovines inspired, no doubt, by the homespun tales of **Kim Eastland's** days on the RST Radio Ranch when he and **Philip H. Garland** rode the trail from dusk to dawn eating dirt and drinking sweat, much to the disgust of **Thomas Hart** and the Unspeakable Compadrés, which included the occasionally lethal **Steve Hatherley**, the recently-a-father **J. Todd Kingrea**, and the hideously disrespectful **Chris Klepac** and in fact he also recalled the day that saloon owner "Madam" **Marie E. Listopad** and rowdy lawman **Jeff Moeller** lassoed and hogtied **Mark Morrison**, a confused Australian who can relate to Mad Max but thinks this Cowboy stuff is for true-blue Yaks, I mean Yanks, such as demented demento **Jesper Myrfors** and the occasionally invisible **Per Okerstrom** but not including **Blair Reynolds** who may or may not be a Yank, a Human, Nyarlathotep, or some combination of the preceding as is **Kevin Ross** — but which combination we're not saying — and of course **Liam Routt** who will no doubt be surprised to find that I'm revealing his secret name ("Otter") which allows anyone to command him to buy spinach from Eldritch Greengrocer **Thomas M. Stratman** who in turn keeps a firm rein on **Chris Thieke** so that he may go no more a-roving on Al Amarja with suspected Throckmorton Dupe **Jonathan Tweet** or even acknowledged Shriner Dupe **John Tynes** who types this wishing that **C.L. Werner** was named C.I.A. Werner because that would be good joke material unlike **Matti Williams** who lives in a big city and can mock us bottom-feeding trench dwellers with the exception of freelance cowboy **Jonathan Wolfe** who used to be Scott Aniolowski but changed his name to be last in this interminable list because it tends to get funnier towards the end. Well, *we sure fooled him* didn't we? Yee-Ha, frosty mug!

Needless to say, we're always looking for more contributors to write and draw for *The Unspeakable Oath*. To get writer's guidelines, send a SASE or an IRC to our address below. If you're an artist, send photocopied samples of your work (preferably Mythos/horror) and a SASE or an IRC to Jeff Barber, Art Director, again at the address below. You can also reach us over the internet worldwide computer network (which includes services such as CompuServe). See our internet address below. Finally, feel free to call or fax us with questions or comments, or a funny joke.

Pagan Publishing, 403A N. 8th St., Columbia, MO 65201 USA

Phone: [314] 442-4301 Fax: [314] 443-3892 ("Attn: John Tynes") Internet Address: PaganPub@aol.com



What's big enough to choke a dhole and chock-a-block full of Mythos monstrosities? This special double-issue of *The Unspeakable Oath*, of course! Inside you'll find scenarios, new monsters, new spells, bizarre articles and a big parody section with its own adventure. You'll never see another magazine with this much Call of Cthulhu™ weirdness again, so take your vows and join us inside before the Last Dawn arrives...