

Whispers In The Dark

By Barras, Pauwels, And Szymanski

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TRIAD Entertainments

R.D. SANFORD JR.

Whispers In The Dark

*Four Harrowing Glimpses Into The
Cthulhu Mythos
By Barras, Pauwels, And Szymanski*

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INFERNO By Michael Szymanski

"Beware the flames of hatred, the searing heat of vengeance."

There are evil men in the world, and they attract evil companions. The terrible injustices they inflict on the innocent often cause those same victims to turn down evil paths themselves. This is one such instance.

Triton Shipping is a company under siege. The docks and shipyard which comprise the company property have come to the attention of a ruthless businessman who will do anything to obtain what he desires.

Jarred Ingram, owner and chairman of the board of Ingram Tanker Lines, wants to expand his docking facilities, and to that end he has attempted to buy out Thomas Remmington, owner of Triton Shipping.

But Remmington has refused to sell, and that refusal has led him into difficult times - and to a tragedy that has sent him down paths that are best left untrodden.

KEEPER'S INFORMATION

In his bid to take over Triton Shipping, Jarred Ingram has contracted the services of what can best be described as an industrial terrorist, a ruthless mercenary with no trace of conscience, who will stop at nothing to get the job done.

This hired gun was responsible for a car crash which left Thomas Remmington's daughter Nicole paralyzed from the waist down. Knowing Ingram was responsible for this unforgivable act, Remmington has hired a mercenary of his own. His only request: destroy Jarred Ingram and his company.

What Remmington does not know is that he has hired the very mercenary who arranged his daughter's "accident", and who will not rest until both companies are destroyed and their owners ruined.

And what neither men know is that their deadly employee is a fanatic supplicant of the Outer Gods, a descendant of the mad Arab Alhazred, who has set out on a holy mission to deliver vengeance to those who have dared to stand against the Mythos - a revenge that will strike down through even the next generation.

A great deal of detective work will be

required in the course of this scenario, for the investigators are not directly associated with anyone involved in the case, and everyone who is involved has no desire to have a bunch of strangers poking about their private business - especially considering the damaging information they might turn up.

To that end, this will be a very handout-oriented scenario. The players will receive all the clues they need to realize that there is a power struggle taking place between Ingram Tanker and Triton Shipping, though some thorough investigating (ie snooping) will be required to expose Ankara Alhazred and her insane plot.

There is no sinister cult involved in this adventure, though the players could easily be led to believe so - another red herring to keep them guessing.

PLAYERS' INTRODUCTION

KEEPER: Before beginning this scenario, give the players the following handouts: "Famed Explorer Dies," "Noted Archaeologist Dies," "Plane Crash Kills Three," and "Disaster at Sea." Present these articles as being simply the top stories of the week in which the scenario begins. The exception will be "Famed Explorer Dies," which appeared three weeks previously, and should be the first article handed out.

The players will be drawn into this adventure by a posthumous letter from an old acquaintance who provided the investigators with much useful information and research material concerning the occult and various obscure facets of the Mythos.

At this point, if the investigators do not make a connection between this letter and the article "Disaster at Sea," have them make an Idea roll at one half. A successful roll will point out that the article concerns the son of Carter Ingram.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

Sir Burtram Winchester, Gerald Enfield, his wife and grandson, and the entire crew of the Gemini II were all murdered, victims of a lust for revenge

CARTER INGRAM'S LETTER

Dear _____:

By the time you receive this letter my spirit may already have passed into permanent residence in the kingdom of dreams. Do not grieve for me too deeply; my body is old and frail, and had I lived on, it would soon have been as a helpless invalid. If I am gone, then rest assured that I am much happier where I am, and content with the afterlife which lies before me.

There is, however, one thing which will disturb my contentment, and that is the fear for the well-being of my son Jarred. He has been experiencing some difficulties lately and though he is reluctant to talk about it, the articles in the newspapers concerning his tanker line have led me to believe the matter is quite serious.

I cannot explain why, but I have a feeling Jarred's troubles are in some way connected to my own - that is, unless I am an old fool with an overactive imagination. Yet I would swear I was being watched, and not by friendly eyes. I think I have been followed on several occasions and once, on returning home, I had the distinct impression that someone had been in the cottage while I was out, though nothing had been disturbed.

I would have looked into these matters myself, but my failing condition prevents me from doing so. It would have been good to get out into the field again, though I hardly think it would be anything like the horror we encountered back in '49.

But that's another story, and the matter at hand is my son's safety. All I ask is that you look into the affair and discover whether this run of bad luck Jarred is experiencing is merely that, or the result of hostile intervention.

The authorities are investigating as a matter of course, but Jarred hasn't told them everything, I'm sure of it. I feel certain that with your special advantages, you will be able to clear the air of this mystery and allow me to get on with my life - or my afterlife, as the case may be.

I am sorry to impose on you, but you and your companions are the only ones I can trust. Visit me when you can, and let me know what you have discovered.

God-bye for now,
Carter Ingram

FAMED EXPLORER DIES

Carter Ingram, world famous explorer and adventurer of the 1930's and 40's passed away late last night due to complications from an extended

illness.

Though having attained renown for many adventures in Africa and China, his name is most widely known in connection with the famous expedition of 1949 to the ruins of Baqtar, Egypt, which was led by Sir Burtram Winchester.

Mr Ingram has been responsible for the recovery of many important archeological artifacts, as well as the discovery of many valuable resources, on which he was able to build his vast personal fortune.

In the later years of his life, Mr. Ingram became noted as a thorough researcher of historical data and obscure occurrences, though for the past three years, he had grown more and more reclusive, seeing only a select clientele who were only occasionally connected to the sciences.

Mr. Ingram is survived by a son, Jarred, who himself has attained a respectable standing in the oil industry.

Services for Mr. Ingram will be conducted tomorrow at the family cemetery; it will be a private ceremony.

NOTED ARCHAEOLOGIST DIES (Monday)

Sir Burtram Winchester, retired Director of the Royal Museum of Archaeology and world-renowned Egyptologist perished today in a tragic explosion and fire at his home in Sussex, England.

Sources at the scene report evidence of a gas leak in Sir Burtram's cottage, indicating that the 83 year old Winchester was overcome by fumes, which were then ignited by the pipe he had been smoking at the time.

The passing of Sir Burtram leaves behind a rich history of discovery and enlightenment. The scholar and lecturer will be particularly remembered for the highly-publicized Baqtar Expedition of 1949, and the fabulous discoveries it produced - as well as the tragic disaster which destroyed that unique archaeological site and caused the deaths of 3 scientists and 9 laborers.

The sudden demise of Sir Burtram Winchester is a loss to the world of a man who was as much a part of history as the countless artifacts he had unearthed. His lecture tours were quite popular on the college circuit, and his great enthusiasm for his profession inspired two generations to seek out the wonders and mysteries of the past.

His presence will be missed, and greatly mourned for some time to come.

Sir Burtram's memoirs, containing a detailed accounting of the Baqtar Expedition, will be opened and examined at the Royal Institute of in three days' time, in compliance with instructions set down in Sir Burtram's will.

PLANE CRASH KILLS THREE (Wednesday)

Rescue parties combing the mountains of the Shenandoah National Park for the past two days have at last located the downed Cesna aircraft reported missing late last week. Sources at the site report that the three occupants of the private plane did not survive the crash and subsequent fire.

The plane took off last Saturday from a small airstrip outside Charlottesville, South Carolina, with a flight plan filed for Front Royal, at the northernmost tip of the park. When the plane failed to arrive and did not respond to radio calls, search parties were assembled to cover the considerable expanse of forested mountains which make up the national park.

The Cesna was discovered today at 10 AM by a group working out of the nearby town of Fairview. Albert Luger, group leader and volunteer fireman, states that the plane apparently suffered some unknown difficulty which caused it to crash and burn.

However, Lowell Weatherby of the FAA arrived on the scene early this afternoon, and is convinced that the evidence at the crash site indicates that there had been an explosion aboard the plane which ignited the fuel and caused the plane to crash.

"We cannot yet determine the cause of the explosion," Weatherby said. "We will have to conduct a thorough examination of the debris before we can be certain of the facts in this case."

Killed in the crash was 80 year old Gerald Enfield, his wife Mona, and grandson Lee.

Gerald Enfield was a respected dealer in antiquities, who made his name as a member of the famous Royal University Expedition of 1949. From that point on, his career and fortune soared, and at the time of his death, he was organizing an exhibit of ancient Chinese artifacts at the New York Institute of Archaeology and Ancient History.

DISASTER AT SEA (Thursday)

The oil tanker Gemini II exploded and sank in the early morning hours 100 miles off the New Jersey coast, killing all hands and creating a column of thick, black smoke that could be seen from the mainland.

"The cause of this disaster may never be known," says Lt. Bradley Magnum of the U.S. Coastguard. "Whatever happened out there happened very fast. The crew never had a chance to send a

distress call, much less lower a lifeboat, so there is no chance of an eyewitness account."

The Gemini II, one of six mid-size oil tankers belonging to Ingram Tanker Lines, was returning to her home port of Clarkson, New Jersey from a run to the Middle East. The tanker had a full cargo of crude oil destined for various east coast refineries.

Losses from the sinking are expected to exceed 100 million dollars, a major blow to a relatively small shipping line, and a terrible setback for entrepreneur Jarred Ingram, who could not be reached for comment.

Damage to the environment is expected to be minimal, since the oil is being consumed by flames and prevailing wind currents are carrying the toxic fumes out to sea.

However, any disaster on such a scale still produces an enormous amount of pollution.

Mr. Raymond Colt of the Environmental Protection Agency stated that pollution on this scale is always a major concern.

"Just because we do not experience the effects of such a pollution doesn't mean they don't exist, or are not ultimately detrimental to the environment."

While the reasons for the Gemini II disaster remain a mystery, the possibility of sabotage has not yet been ruled out. But no matter the reason, it will be years before Jarred Ingram will receive any type of settlement from the insurance companies, and during that time Ingram Tanker Lines will undoubtedly face a string of lawsuits from the families of the crewmen who perished in the explosion.

NEWSPAPER ARTICLES -
KEEPER'S COPY

PLAYERS' COPIES ARE LOCATED
IN THE HANDOUT SECTION

that has spanned a generation and several continents.

Sir Burtram's cottage and the Enfiled plane were destroyed by Fire Vampires, as an act of vengeance by a twisted soul who worships the foulness of the Mythos. The Gemini II was obliterated by the Great Old One Cthugha, whose calling forth was not only an act of revenge, but also the result of a contract made with Thomas Remmington.

The motive for these terrible crimes lies in the past. The 1949 Royal University Expedition which unearthed the ancient city of Baqtar was of truly great importance to the world - but in other ways besides its archaeological ramifications.

For beneath the ruins of the ancient city, Sir Burtram and his companions discovered a sub-city upon whose foundations Baqtar was built. And in this nighted metropolis they stumbled upon a temple to Yog-Sothoth and encountered the repugnant Sand Dwellers who worshipped it.

A frightening battle ensued, which caused the supporting buttresses of the city to crumble, collapsing both the nightmare city and the ruins of Baqtar.

Only six of the twenty men who entered the nether city survived that terrible ordeal. Their names were Thorton Remmington, Giovanni Baretta, Otto Sten, Gerald Enfield, Carter Ingram, and the expedition's leader, Sir Burtram Winchester.

Of the 14 who perished, one was a laborer named Salim Alhazred, descendant of the Mad Arab who penned the Necronomicon, and himself a devoted servant of the Outer Gods.

Alhazred had known for quite some time that Gerald Enfiled and Thorton Remmington, a brash young adventurer, were purloining certain priceless artifacts from the dig site before they were recorded and transporting them out of the country for resale on the black market.

Alhazred assumed that all the whites were party to this theft of his country's national heritage. He spoke much of this to his wife, and together they planned to sabotage the expedition, expose the thievery, and perhaps punish the infidels through use of those terrible spells handed down from the Mad Arab across the centuries.

And as they spoke, their young daughter Ankara listened, absorbing her parents' madness and fanatical hatred. And when her father perished under what were certainly mysterious circumstances, Ankara's hatred for these foreign grave robbers crystallized into a burning desire for revenge against the murderers of her father and the despoilers of her country's treasures.

Now Ankara has grown into a woman, and her lust for vengeance has transformed into a fiery madness that drives her to punish even the descendants of those she feels have wronged her.

And the means she has chosen for her unholy retribution - the purifying inferno of all-consuming fire, as embodied in the Great Old One Cthugha.



Ahnkara Alhazred

Carter Ingram did in fact die a natural death, the only member of the Baqtar expedition to have escaped the wrath of Ankara Alhazred, a fact which has infuriated the woman no end. This goes far to explain her iron determination to engineer the destruction of his only son.

FROM THE PAGES OF THE INQUIRING MIND

The article titled "STRANGE LIGHTS SIGHTED OVER GEMINI II DISASTER SITE" appears in *The Inquiring Mind*, one of those supermarket gossip tabloids that sensationalize everything. Each time the investigators are out on the streets, have them make a Spot Hidden roll at +10% 3 times before they reach their destination. A successful roll will cause them to spot the headline pertaining to the Gemini II disaster.

The Keeper should read this article and familiarize himself with its contents.

What Mr. Moss witnessed was the summoning of Cthugha, which in turn brought about the destruction of the Gemini II. The points of light seen by Mr. Moss converging on the doomed tanker were Fire Vampires, which always accompany Cthugha when it is summoned.

Ankara stowed away aboard the tanker and, shortly before summoning the Great Old One, she created a Gate which would take her safely back to the mainland. That accomplished, she summoned forth Cthugha, thus dooming the ship.

Her spell cast, Ankara stepped through the Gate. Cthugha appeared where it was summoned, and the Gemini II was obliterated. With nothing left to destroy, Cthugha was dispelled, leaving no clues for the frustrated investigating agencies who desperately wanted answers.

STRANGE LIGHTS SIGHTED OVER GEMINI II DISASTER SITE

The recent explosion and sinking of the oil tanker Gemini II last week caused the deaths of over 100 crewmen and produced what is being called one of the worst environmental disasters of the decade.

The Gemini II sank so swiftly and was so thoroughly blown apart that authorities are saying they may never know what actually occurred aboard that ill-fated vessel.

Mr. Frank Moss, a retired executive from Rhode Island, says that he has information pertaining to the disaster - the problem is, no one will listen.

On the night of the explosion, Mr. Moss was enroute to Florida and the Bahamas aboard his yacht, "Mayfly," which he has done every year for the past five years. Mr. Moss could not sleep that night, and went for a stroll around the deck. That was when he notices something strange on the near horizon.

"I was looking up at the stars," Mr. Moss states, "when I noticed some of them were moving. At first, I thought they were commercial aircraft, but as I watched, more of them showed up, until there were about a dozen of them.

"At that point, the lights started to converge on a point just out of sight over the horizon, and the closer they got, the more of them there seemed to be. I lost count, but there must have been several hundred of them.

"Then, without warning, that whole area lit up bright as day - brighter. But the light was orange-red, and flickering like some huge bonfire - but there was no smoke; I didn't see smoke until much later.

"About ten seconds later, there was a tremendous flash of light, and I saw a huge fireball rise into the air. I would've grabbed a camera and taken pictures of it, but right then the shockwave hit, and I was thrown off my feet.

"I must've hit my head on something, because the next thing I know, my wife and guests were all up on deck; they'd been awakened by the blast, and thought something had hit us.

"When I told them about the explosion, we knew something terrible had happened, and we decided to weigh anchor and sail over to where we could still see the flames, just in case there were any survivors - though I didn't have much hope of that.

"What we found was a sea of fire, with no trace of survivors, or even wreckage, though we didn't dare get too close. We cruised around the area for the better part of an hour before other ships began showing up.

"Then the Coast Guard arrived and herded us away from the site to safer waters. I tried to tell

them what I's seen, but I could tell they didn't believe me.

"Oh, they believe I'd seen the explosion, along with about a hundred other people, but as to the rest - well, they hinted that maybe I'd had a little too much to drink that night and, what with the bump on the head, just got a little confused. Hell, I've never been "confused" in my life!"

The Coast Guard and all other agencies involved in the investigation of the Gemini II disaster continue this policy of disbelief, and refuse to comment on any aspect of Mr. Moss' story.

Mr. Moss is a thirty year veteran of corporate business. He was highly valued respected by his peers, and still maintains a high standing in his community. He is quite active in an anti-drug campaign and drinks only rarely, on social occasions.

Why then is his story met with such hardline skepticism, and why do the investigating agencies involved refuse to discuss the matter openly and for the record?

Could it be that they already know that happened to the Gemini II, and that they do not wish the true facts to be made public?

What really destroyed the Gemini II? What were those strange lights in the sky, observed by Mr. Moss as they converged on the doomed vessel?

It could be that a new and top secret weapon was being tested that night, and something went terribly wrong. Naturally, the Pentagon would want to promote a cover story favoring some unknown and unknowable accident to avoid revealing the existence of this weapon to the world - and also to avoid responsibility for the deaths of over 100 men and the loss of a multimillion dollar tanker, not to mention the hazard to the environment created by the malfunction.

Or is it something else? Was the Gemini II attacked by an advanced technology not of this Earth?

It has long been known that the government has been covering up the existence of extraterrestrial visitors on our planet. Perhaps new visitors have found their way to Earth - and perhaps these visitors are not friendly.

Is Earth to become a battlefield in a war between alien civilizations whose very existence has been kept secret from us?

Frank Moss saw what destroyed the Gemini II and he cannot explain it. It is up to you, the reader, to demand an explanation from those uncooperative agencies whose ample salaries are paid by our tax dollars. We are entitled to the answers to our questions - and before it is too late for us to act.

But there was a complication.

Ankara was spotted shortly before she fled through the Gate, and when the crewman, seeing the unnatural fire forming above his vessel, realized the ship was doomed, took a terrible risk and followed the terrorist through the Gate. This action saved his life, but only for a matter of minutes.

The other terminus of the Gate was located in an abandoned barn in the country south of Clarksville. When he arrived there, the hapless crewman found himself confronted by Ankara, who shot him dead on the spot.

Ankara dragged the body into the woods near the barn and hastily buried it in the loamy soil. Unfortunately for her, she did not take into account the possibility of hunters stumbling over the grave - and that is precisely what will happen, three days after the start of this scenario.

On the fourth day of this adventure, the article "Gemini II Crewman Found Dead in New Jersey Woods" will appear in whatever newspaper the investigators normally consult.

RESEARCH

The back issues of the Clarksville Gazette contain a complete record of all the major vandalisms that have taken place both at Triton Shipping and Ingram Tanker Lines, as well as the report of Nicole Remington's accident. At the newspaper morgue, it will require a successful Library Use roll to locate each of the following articles, in the order in which they are listed:

- VANDALISM AT TRITON SHIPPING
- FIRE AT TRITON SHIPPING
- CLARKSVILLE HEIRESS INJURED
- VANDALS STRIKE AT INGRAM TANKER LINES
- OIL SPILL AT INGRAM FACILITY
- BOATING ACCIDENT KILLS THREE

If the investigators look for any information pertaining to the members of the Baqtar expedition, they will find the article "3 Die in Boating Accident," dated June, 5 years previous to the year in which this scenario occurs.

A CLUE TO THE FUTURE

On the second day of this scenario, the article "Ingram Tanker Purchases Oil Rig" will appear in the Financial News section of the investigators' paper. Though it should be presented as just another piece of news, this is one of the most vital clues which the investigators will receive, for it points directly to Ankara's final target.

A BUSINESS CASUALTY

A successful Computer Use roll at the Hall of Records is required to obtain any information on Ingram Tanker Lines, since the city computerized most of its records some years ago.

Success will produce a Certificate of Incorporation dated March 3, 1966, three deeds to the properties now occupied by Ingram Tanker Lines, and an assortment of building permits and certificate signifying compliance with local zoning ordinances. Everything here is quite proper and aboveboard.

Jarred Ingram is a man who maintains a squeaky-clean facade, which even the most determined investigator may not be able to penetrate. But if they are persistent, they will find a crack in Ingram's mask.

The computer will also produce documents dealing with the purchase of six oil tankers over a period of ten years, the most recent being the Gemini I and Gemini II, these having been purchased from Steyr Ocean Freight, owned by Jacob Steyr. It will be noted that the selling price was a remarkably low 175 million dollars.

A second Computer Use roll for Steyr Ocean Freight will produce a filing for that company's Chapter 13: Bankruptcy. A third Computer Use roll made on the name Jacob Steyr will produce that gentleman's address, which the investigators will know is in a strictly middle-class section of town - definitely not the neighborhood of a shipping tycoon.

JACOB STEYR

Should the investigators decide to visit Steyr, they will find him in a modest house set smack in the middle of Suburbia, USA. Jacob will be out front tending his rose bushes when his visitors arrive.

He is a short, stocky gentleman with white hair thinning at the top, and a sort of absent-minded expression on his jovial face. He will greet any visitors cordially, and if the investigators compliment him on his roses - which are indeed spectacular - they may add 10% to any roll used to gain information from him.

If these rolls should fail, Jacob will simply say, "It's in the past now; no use opening old wounds."

If, however, a successful roll is made, Jacob will volunteer the following:

"I'll tell you this: If you're thinking of doing business with Jarred Ingram, think again. He wanted my ships and he got them; the fact that he destroyed my company and all but ruined me financially didn't bother him in the least.

"He'll do the same to you if you're not careful - and maybe even if you are careful. That's all I have to say on the matter."

VANDALISM AT TRITON SHIPPING - March 3

Officers were summoned to the dock facilities of Triton Shipping at 3AM this morning by a night watchman who spotted someone sneaking around the company's repair shed.

The police arrived shortly after, but no trace of the intruder was found. However, it was discovered this morning that the unknown intruder had dumped sugar into the gas tanks of three of the company fork lifts, ruining the engines. The vandal's identity remains unknown, and it is estimated that his handiwork cost Triton Shipping over \$20,000 in repair bills.

FIRE AT TRITON SHIPPING - April 9

The Clarksville Fire Department responded to a call from Triton Shipping at 2:15 this morning to battle a fire at the company warehouse. The fire was quickly brought under control, with damage estimated at \$25,000.

In a recent development, it was learned that this fire was deliberately set, probably by teenagers on a vandalism spree. The investigation into the fire continues.

CLARKSVILLE HEIRESS INJURED - May 3

While enroute home from a dinner engagement late last night, Nicole Remmington, daughter of shipping tycoon Thomas Remmington, apparently lost control of her car, which crashed through the guardrail of Watkins' Hill Road.

The car plunged into the ravine beyond, rolling over several times before coming to a halt. The vehicle was so badly mangled that the Jaws of Life were needed to rescue Miss Remmington from the wreckage.

The 21 year old heiress was rushed to Clarksville Memorial, where she remains in serious condition. The exact nature and extent of her injuries are as yet unknown, though it was said that she had suffered severe damage to her spine.

Miss Remmington was very active in local charities, and beyond Clarksville, she championed the cause of the homeless and teenage runaways. Our good wishes are with her, as are our prayers for a speedy recovery.

GEMINI II CREWMAN FOUND DEAD IN JERSEY WOODS

The body of Uri Kutzoff, a 40 year old sailor from Russia, was discovered yesterday in the woods near Clarksville, New Jersey, by Mr. Patrick Connors, who was out hunting with his dog.

Mr. Kutzoff was shot three times in the chest with a large caliber handgun; he died instantly. The coroner's report places the time of death at approximately 3:15 AM on the night of the widely-publicized Gemini II disaster.

This poses the Clarksville police and the FBI with a mystery which may never be solved. For there is sufficient documentation to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that Uri Kutzoff was aboard the Gemini II when it left the Mid East on its fateful homeward journey. If this is so, then how could he have possibly reached the mainland seven hours ahead of his ship, to be shot to death in the New Jersey woods at the same time as that ship met with its own destruction?

Was the man aboard the Gemini II the real Uri Kutzoff, or an imposter bent on a terrible act of sabotage? If so, why was he not discovered by those who knew the real Kutzoff? The FBI believes the Russian sailor was abducted before the Gemini II set sail for the Mideast, and once the tanker was destroyed, Kutzoff was taken out to the woods and killed.

"There are a lot of holes in this theory at the moment," says Agent Mark Sterling of the FBI, "but it's the only theory we have that fits the facts. Only time and a great deal of work will fill in the gaps, and we still may never know the whole truth about this sabotage."

VANDALS STRIKE AT INGRAM TANKER LINES - June 9

Police were called to the offices of Ingram Tanker Lines last night when vandals broke in to the administrative building. The file room was broken into, company records were strewn over the floor and drenched by the sprinkler system, when was mysteriously activated.

A company spokeswoman stated that, while these records were not vital, the cost of replacing them and cleaning up the mess could exceed \$20,000.

OIL SPILL AT INGRAM STORAGE FACILITY - July 3

An environmental disaster was barely avoided today when early-morning fishermen discovered a large pool of oil just off shore of the Ingram Tanker Lines facility. They reported the sighting to the Clarksville Police, who rushed to investigate.

Someone had diverted crude oil from one of six storage tanks on the property into a storm drain emptying into the sea. There was no doubt this pollution was deliberate.

"We are certain this was the work of vandals," an Ingram spokesperson stated. "As you know, there have been other similar incidents in this area over the past few months."

In light of this most recent dangerous development, Ingram Tanker Lines has announced that it will double its security force in order to thwart any further irresponsible acts.

INGRAM TANKER PURCHASES OIL RIG

In a bid to diversify its assets, Ingram Tanker Lines today announced the purchase of a drilling rig, which is already in place in the South China Sea. This multimillion dollar purchase launches Ingram into a whole new area of the industry, freeing it somewhat from dependence on other oil producers for cargo.

The purchase was spearheaded by Jarred Ingram, president and Chairman of the Board of the highly successful tanker line. Mr. Ingram had to overcome many obstacles to put this deal through, the most devastating being the tragic loss of the Gemini II in September of this year.

In response to the purchase, Ingram stock has jumped three points on the Dow-Jones since the announcement was made this morning. If this trend continues, Ingram stock will certainly exceed its recorded value just prior to the Gemini II disaster.

It is estimated that this new facility, The Phoenix, will pump well over \$1 billion annually into the company coffers.

A company spokesperson said today that Mr. Ingram will be touring the rig on the first of October, and that pumping will begin by the end of the month.

BOATING ACCIDENT KILLS THREE

Retired professor of Archaeology Thorton Remmington and two guests perished in a fiery explosion early this afternoon. The blast completely destroyed "The Aegyptus," Mr. Remmington's yacht, and no trace of the men has been found despite ongoing search efforts. The three men are presumed dead.

It is assumed that a spark from the engine touched off fuel from a leaking tank and triggered the blast which obliterated the yacht. The exact cause of the accident will probably never be determined, since so little of the wreckage has been salvaged.

Mr. Remmington's guests were Professor Otto Sten, an anthropologist from the Prague Institute of Human Sciences, and Doctor Giovanni Baretta, archaeologist and expert of Egyptian antiquities from the National Museum in Rome.

Although each man had attained notoriety as individuals, they are more widely known for their contributions to the Baqtar, Egypt expedition of 1929, which ended so tragically when the entire site collapsed and was buried under tons of rock.

The loss of these three great minds is immeasurable, and will be felt for a long time to come.

KEEPER: The Aegyptus was destroyed by Ankara Alhazred. This was a brilliant coup for Ankara, for she was able to exact her fiery vengeance upon three of her hated enemies in one terrible blow.

Jacob cannot be induced to say any more concerning his dealings with Jarred Ingram, and if the investigators persist, he will politely ask them to leave. If his request is ignored, he will simply walk into his house and shut the door behind him.

If the name Thomas Remmington is mentioned, Jacob will nod sagely. "Ingram's next conquest," he will say. "Remmington has resisted longer than I'd expected, but at a terrible cost."

If questioned about this remark, Jacob will relate the details of Nicole Remmington's accident, ending the account by saying, "It doesn't pay to deny Jarred Ingram what he wants. And that psychopathic megalomaniac will probably never be brought to justice for all the harm he's caused."

CARTER INGRAM

If any of the investigators possesses skill in Dreaming, they will be able to visit Carter Ingram in Dreamlands for a firsthand accounting of his son's present difficulties, and a firsthand recounting of those terrible events which brought the Baqtar expedition to a disastrous end, if he is asked to give it.

Carter will be found at the small estate he has created outside the city of Ulthar. Being a cat fancier, he could not resist the feline allure of the place.

Carter will not see any connection between his horrifying ordeal in Egypt so many years ago and his son's problems. He will say as much to his visitors, but he will reluctantly go on to tell the tale, which the Keeper may paraphrase from "Sir Burtram's Memoirs - An Excerpt."

Carter will be shocked and stunned to learn of his son's dastardly tactics. His afterlife will be eternally saddened; he will none the less advise the investigators to do what they must to set things right.

He will of course anxiously await the outcome of the affair, praying for his son's salvation. If things go bad for Jarred, Carter will disappear from Ulthar, never to be seen again. Otherwise, Carter remains, a sad figure prone to long silences and solitary strolls along the streets of Ulthar.

THE INGRAM OFFICES

Jarred Ingram will not entertain strangers at his home, and so it will be necessary for the investigators to make an appointment with him at his office. The appointment will be for three days from the time the investigators call, and they will only get the appointment if they mention that they are friends of Jarred's father.

While Ingram's corporate headquarters are in the city, he maintains another office at the dock facility, and it is there that he will meet with the investigators.

At the main gate they will be stopped, and a guard will check their names against a list on his clipboard. Anyone whose name is not on the list must make a successful Fast Talk roll, or they will be refused admittance.

As they are waiting to be cleared, the investigators will see a dark foreign sports car exit the facility on the other side of the guardhouse. A successful Spot Hidden roll at +10% will identify the driver as an attractive, swarthy woman with lustrous black hair cut in a mannish style.

She will glance briefly at the investigators before pulling onto the street, and anyone who made their Spot Hidden at one half will see the hatred and contempt blazing in her eyes.

This is, of course, Ankara Alhazred, enroute from a meeting with Jarred Ingram. If anyone can make a successful Spot Hidden roll at one half on the car as it speeds away, they will be able to get the number on its license plate.

If a selected investigator can make a successful Fast Talk roll while talking with the guard, he will relax enough to explain the new security measures. If the person making the roll is female, she may add +10% to her roll for every point of APP above 14.

On a successful roll, the guard will offer:

"Well, security's always been pretty tight around here, ya know, but now with these punks sneakin' in here an' settin' fires and smashin' up equipment, we gotta be real careful who we let in.

"We had a pretty close call a little while back; somebody opened up a coupla valves on a storage tank an' dumped a few hunnert barrels of crude right into the bay. Ya musta read about it; it was in all the papers.

"Anyway, we gotta be on the ball now, 'specially with this Ms Amadori on our cases. She's the new security expert Mr. Ingram just brought in. That was her leavin' when you pulled up. She ain't got much to say an' not much of that is friendly, but she sure seems to know what she's doin'."



Jarred Ingram

It was Enfield who discovered the hidden door behind the altar in the temple of Isis. It was necessary to apply wedges and pry bars to the large slab of rock, for the slow shiftings of the Earth had caused the slab to jam in its frame.

When the two-foot thick block was finally freed, we were assaulted by a blast of foul air which sent us fleeing to the surface. After an hour's time we were able to coax 14 of our native workers to accompany us on our explorations.

The air was much cleaner, but a taint of foulness still lingered. Nevertheless we pressed on, anxious to see what new wonders Baqtar had in store for us.

We knew the instant we set foot in that long-hidden tunnel that we had entered an incredibly ancient place - a place not of Egyptian origins.

The basalt blocks which formed that passageway were so old they crumbled at our merest touch, causing us to fear for our safety. For a time, we considered retreating from that potential danger. If only we had followed our instincts!

Continuing our explorations, we discovered chamber after chamber, some of such vast extent that our lamps could not illuminate their farthest reaches. From these chambers extended countless crumbling corridors which formed a maze we dared not enter, for fear of becoming lost.

Many of these chambers still contained several intact artifacts - but their nature was such that Enfield had to be restrained from destroying them out of hand.

These artifacts - urns, large platelike discs, and small statuettes - were all of a disturbing nature, depicting deities and creatures of a definitely pre-Egyptian mythos, and of a debased and degenerate culture, at that.

These depictions were unsettlingly familiar, for they bore a striking resemblance to beings described in various ancient texts which I have examined in the course of my career - texts which were banned in their own time, and are closely guarded in ours.

About an hour into our explorations one of our workers, young Alhazred, called our attention to a curious and most disturbing sound. As we listened, we identified it as a rhythmic chanting, coming from some hidden chamber directly ahead of us.

The workers were terrified, but to their credit, they remained with us to, as they put it, "Protect you foolish infidels from the evil which dwells here." They were brave men, and it was my honor to have known them.

As we approached the source of the chanting, our tunnel was filled with a weird, pulsing light that did not set well with the eyes, and as we stumbled out into that next chamber, it all but blinded us.

At first I could not take in all that I was seeing - perhaps I did not want to - and I stood rooted to the spot along with my companions as we struggled to free our shock-numbed minds from the paralysis which held them.

It was a temple, that much was certain, but dedicated to what loathsome deity I have yet to learn. Fifty feet high with a domed ceiling, the circumference of the chamber was ringed by thick pillars of basalt.

Onto these pillars had been sculpted the most hideous, abominable pictographs, depicting things of which I refuse to write. Opposite us there was a break in the rank of pillars, and in the gap thus created there loomed a statue.

This statue, made of some strange and unknown alloy, was nothing more than an aesthetic commingling of multicolored spheres of various sizes. There was nothing in and of the carving itself that was in the least threatening - and yet as I looked upon it I experienced a soul-chilling fear such as I never hope assails me again.

And then there were the worshipers.

At first glance, they appeared to be gaunt, emaciated men dressed in animal skins, but as they turned to face us, we saw what they truly were, and realized that we were in grave and mortal danger.

The fur we saw grew from their near fleshless bodies, their feet and hands being razored talons several inches longer than their human counterparts, and their faces - God!

Their faces were rodent-like, yet somehow ursine, with large, baleful eyes and ears much like that of a bat. Their mouths gaped in inimal snarls to reveal long fangs that could literally tear a man's throat out.

We had only a few brief seconds to comprehend our situation when, as a rabid group, they lunged for us. They moved with superhuman speed and agility, but Enfield, Sten, and two of the workers managed to get off a shot or two before they were upon us.

They were remorseless, these horrible things; they slashed and tore and bit until we were all spattered with blood - yet we dared not attempt

a retreat, for we knew these unnaturally swift creatures could easily finish us off if we tried. We fought on.

It seemed like hours, but I am certain it was only a few minutes, when poor Alhazred went mad. It is the only explanation I have for what occurred next.

Throwing down his knife and raising his hands, Alhazred began running - directly at the main body of assailants! Before we could react, he was out of reach.

As he ran, the poor wretch began shouting something like: "Eecya! Eecya! I serve the true gods, as do you! We are one!" But even as the last words left his lips, Alhazred was dragged down and torn apart.

Yet his sacrifice saved our lives, for as the hellish beasts concentrated on him, the rest of us were able to make out escape. At this point, all but three of the workers had been slain, and the rest of us were bleeding freely from a number of deep slashes.

The things of course pursued when they had finished poor Alhazred, and so intent were we on our flight that we did not notice anything amiss until bits of rubble began raining down on us, and great gaping rents appeared in the walls around us.

I can only surmise that the sounds of our gunfire set up reverberations through those cursed warrens, causing the decaying basalt to crumble and collapse. Whatever the cause, the entire substructure of Baqtar was coming down around our ears, and for a time, it was uncertain which would get us first - the cave-in or the creatures that still pursued us.

We lost the remaining three workers - by what means, I will never know, and poor Giovoni had to be all but carried along. When we stumbled out into the ruins of Baqtar, those nightmarish humanoids halted their pursuit, but we were not safe yet.

Undermined by the collapsing warrens below, now Baqtar itself had begun to crumble, and we had to redouble our efforts or be crushed beneath tons of rubble.

By the grace of Providence we emerged from the upper level of Baqtar and scrambled away from the site before that incredibly beautiful city, an archaeological gem, vanished forever, pulled down by that wretched den of horror below.

We resolved to say nothing of what we saw beneath the ruins of Baqtar, putting forth the story that the city's foundations had been unstable, and that our dig had overstressed key weak points, causing the collapse.

But we each carry with us the memory of that blasphemous place, and of the brave men who died there. It was hard for me to inform the families of the men who died that their husbands and fathers would not be coming home, but I felt that it was my duty, my responsibility.

Most heartbreaking was the case of the Alhazred family. I could only stand helpless and miserable as the wife broke down into hysterical sobs. But Ankara, the daughter... The poor child stared at me with deep, soulfull eyes, unable to believe what I had told her. She shed no tears, but I knew she was utterly devastated, and I could do nothing to comfort her.

Of course, we provided for the care of those families as best we could, but it was not enough; it could never be enough to compensate for the loss of a loved one, and to this day, I still grieve for those brave men and the families they left behind.

Perhaps it is best that Baqtar is no more - upon reflection, it is a small price to pay for obliterating that nightmarish warren from the face of a saner world. But its memory shall linger always, and shall follow me to the grave.

KEEPER'S NOTE

What Sir Burtram and his party encountered beneath the ruins of Baqtar was a group of Sand Dwellers conducting a ceremony dedicated to Yog-Sothoth, one of the many deities they worshipped in their forgotten warren. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll will identify the Sand Dwellers, and another will identify the statue described in the diary as being a representation of Yog-Sothoth.

The importance of this diary to this scenario is the mention of the native worker Alhazred. The name itself should grab the players' attention, and hint that that tainted family line still maintains its connection with the Mythos - perhaps even to the young daughter, Ankara.

JARRED INGRAM

STR 15 **CON** 15 **SIZ** 16 **INT** 17
POW 15 **DEX** 15 **EDU** 18 **APP** 16
HP 15 **SAN** 75 **DAMAGE BONUS** +1D4

WEAPON	ATTACK %	DAMAGE
.30 Mauser	35%	1D10
Punch	60%	1D3+1D4
Kick	55%	1D6+1D4

SKILLS: Accounting 50%, Bargain 40%, Computer Use 45%, Credit Rating 75%, Debate 50%, Fast Talk 45%, Law 35%, Law 35%, Listen 30%, Oratory 40%, Psychology 40%, Read/Write German 35%, Sneak 30%, Speak Arabic 40%, Spot Hidden 45%

This is a man who doesn't care what has to be done to get him what he wants, so long as he gets it - and so long as he doesn't have to get his own hands dirty. He is indirectly responsible for several corporate bankruptcies, the loss of a dozen personal fortunes, and at least three suicides. To him, all this is merely part of doing business.

Ingram is a cold man, his only emotion being anger, which can express itself in volcanic rages and spiteful actions. These rages are most frequent when his plans are frustrated in any way, as they are at the time the investigators meet him.

But though seething with anger, he is none the less cunning, and will see in the investigators an opportunity to stick another thorn in the side of Thomas Remmington.

He will hint - and none-too-subtly - that Remmington is behind the vandalisms at the Ingram docks, as well as the destruction of the Gemini II. He will imply that, if he only had the proof, he could see to it Remmington was put behind bars, and the threat to Ingram Tanker Lines would be ended.

Ingram has no idea if this is true or not, and doesn't really care, so long as it puts additional pressure on Thomas Remmington.

Ingram has never had the time or inclination to marry; he lives alone in a sprawling mansion surrounded by several acres of forested land on the Atlantic shoreline.

Only his business acquaintances are ever invited there, but if the investigators can dig up any dirt on Thomas Remmington, or at least promise to try, he will extend an invitation for the next evening. He will play the charming host as he pumps the investigators and feeds them even more lies about Thomas Remmington.

Ingram has hired Ankara Alhazred to put pressure on Remmington to sell the docks and shipyard adjacent to his own property so that he can

expand his business.

While he suspects Ankara was behind Nicole Remmington's "accident," it is not a matter of great concern for him. All he is interested in are results, and so far the only major result he's seen is the destruction of one of his own ships.

As more time passes and Remmington does not sell, Ingram will grow more and more frustrated, making insistent - and none-too-pleasantly worded - demands on the services of his hired mercenary.

This will only serve to inflame the hatred of a woman who already despises him and seeks to send him to a fiery doom.

THE MEETING

When the investigators arrive at Ingram's office, his secretary will ask them to take a seat, stating that Mr. Ingram is on the phone at the moment, but will be with them shortly.

The walls here are quite thin, and anyone making a successful Listen roll at +15% will overhear Ingram's side of the conversation:

"That's impossible! I couldn't raise that much in so short a time even if I wanted to!"

PAUSE

"The hell you say! You won't get a stinking dime out of me!"

A SHORT PAUSE

"You're welcome to try! I've got armed men aboard that ship, and they have orders to shoot to kill. You won't take the Gemini I like you did her sister; hell, you'll not take her at all! You're going to pay for interfering with my business, I promise you!"

ANOTHER PAUSE

"Try it, you filth, and you'll end up as dead as the men you murdered aboard Gemini II. And then we'll deal with your boss Remmington!"

PAUSE

"Don't think you can scare me. If you... Hello? Hello!"

The phone is slammed into its cradle, signalling an end to the conversation. Ingram will explode into the reception area moments later and, upon spying the investigators, will fix them with a hostile glare and demand to know what they want.

After identifying themselves, one of the visiting investigators must make a successful Fast Talk roll, or Ingram will tell them to get out.

"I don't have the time or the desire to chew over old times with a collection of strangers," he will growl. "Don't bother me again, and be off the premises in five minutes or I'll have you all arrested."

If the Fast Talk succeeds, Ingram will grumpily invite them into his office and, once the door is closed, again demand to know what they want as he begins pacing back and forth behind his desk.

As the investigators make their pitch, Ingram will stop pacing and turn his back on the party to gaze out the large plate glass window in the wall behind his desk. During the next pause in the investigators' conversation, he will begin to speak as though he hasn't heard a word they've said.

"Look at him, standing down there watching me, taunting me. He thinks he's got the upper hand, but he doesn't know how wrong he is; but he will - he will."

Anyone approaching the window and looking down into the shipyard next door will see a tall, grey-haired man in an expensive suit standing near the end of a dock; his eyes seem to be locked on the window of Ingram's office.

If asked, Ingram will tersely identify the man as Thomas Remmington, then proceed to paint him as the worst villain in modern history, who has set out to destroy Ingram and his company at any cost.

He will blame Remmington's machinations for all his current problems, including the loss of the Gemini II and its precious cargo - with no mention made of the loss of the crew.

If the investigators offer their assistance, Ingram will become considerably more friendly, seeing a chance to use these dupes against his enemy. He will even invite them to his home for dinner the next evening, so that he can give them more "information" on Remmington.

If the investigators are not invited, then they will learn of the events which take place at Ingram's estate from an article in the next morning's paper. (See THE ASSAULT.)

INGRAM'S ESTATE

Jarred Ingram owns a considerable tract of property along the Little Mauskeegit River north of Clarksville, which he acquired by buying out - or bullying out - a number of local residents. He has had all structures on the property razed, and some of these homes were quite expensive - and at least one of them would have qualified as an historical landmark.

Ingram could care less, for he wants nothing to detract from his personal monument - a three story, ultra modern nightmare of painted concrete and glass hulking atop a tall hill overlooking the river. Every room in this archetectual monstrosity is fully lit every night, as are the surrounding grounds - this whether Ingram is in residence or not.

The house is separated from the main road by two miles of gently rolling countryside, most of which is forested. The entire property is surrounded by an ugly chain-link fence topped by three strands of barbed wire, and though there are no warnings posted, the fence is electrified. Anyone about to

scale this fence must make a successful Luck and Idea roll to keep from sustaining 2D10 points of electrocution damage.

At the main gate there is a security camera and an intercom unit. Visitors requiring entry must hit the CALL button on the intercom to alert Ingram; this also activates the security camera. Unless the visitors are invited and Ingram recognizes them, they will not get past this gate.

The blacktop lane leading to Ingram's ugly domicile is unlit, and runs in a straight line across the intervening distance. Along the way, visitors making a successful Spot Hidden roll will spot the site of one of the houses razed by Ingram, all the expensive landscaping still in place where the bulldozers have not destroyed it.

Starting at a point one quarter mile from the house, every tree in the area had been cut, and every hill flattened, so that the house can be clearly seen even from this distance - and so can anyone approaching it.

The house itself looks like a collection of cement blocks painted cream-white, broken only by large sheets of thick glass that is pressure- and bullet-proof. Only the windows of the office on the first floor and Ingram's bedroom are curtained; the rest are left without any kind of decoration.

An immaculate lawn begins 100 yards from the house and runs right up to it, with no effort made at landscaping. This expanse is completely illuminated, either by floodlights or large outdoor lamps, which remain on from dusk to dawn.

The whole place gives off an air of paranoia - and justly so, for Jarred Ingram is an extremely paranoid man.

The front door will open automatically, and close behind the investigators when they have entered the Entry Hall. Ingram will greet his visitors in the Foyer.

He will escort his guests into the Livingroom, offer them a rare wine before dinner, and continue his smear campaign against Thomas Remmington.

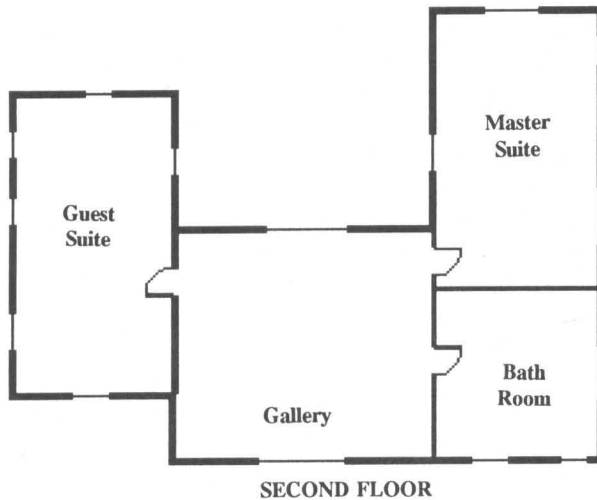
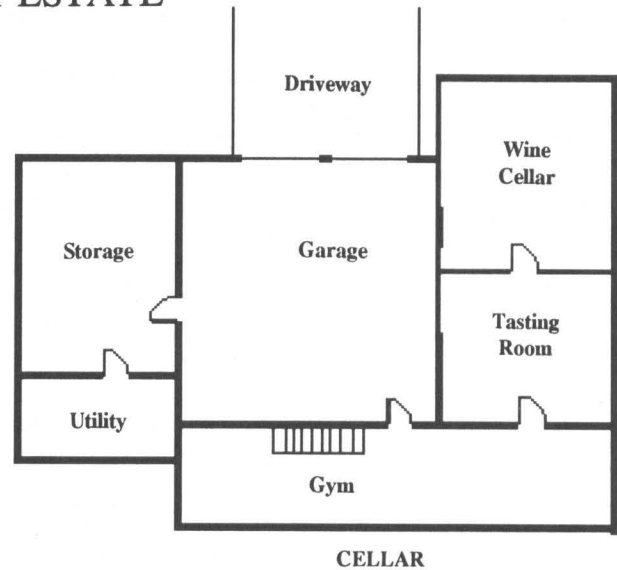
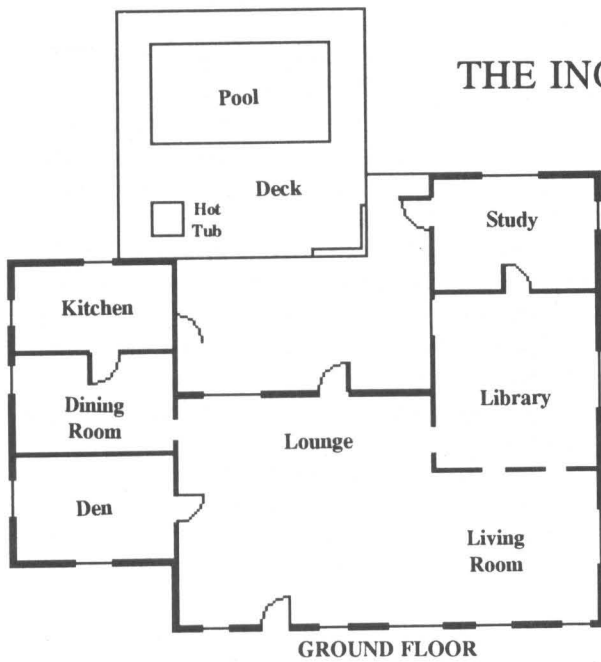
He will continue to stress that it is Remmington who wants to buy out Ingram, and who is willing to resort to any measures to attain his goal. To prove his point, he will produce the following articles, which the investigators may already have found:

"Vandals Strike Ingram Tanker Lines," "Oil Spill at Ingram Storage Facility," and "Disaster at Sea." These articles are found in the Handouts Section, and in "RESEARCH," a previous section.

Ingram will present the articles as hard evidence of Remmington's guilt, but a successful Psychology roll at one half will reveal that Ingram is lying through his teeth.

There is only one source of clues in

THE INGRAM ESTATE



FIRE AT INGRAM ESTATE

The Clarksville Fire Department, responding to a call from a concerned neighbor, raced to the estate of shipping tycoon Jarred Ingram to find a portion of the structure in flames. Though some time was lost in battering down the security gate, the firefighters arrived in time to prevent the blaze from spreading to the rest of the house.

It was later learned that Mr. Ingram, who was present in the house, was unable to contact authorities because the fire had destroyed the phone lines, as well as his automobile.

Mr. Ingram could not be reached for comment on the incident, and is rumored to be staying in his office suite at his corporate headquarters while damage to his home is being repaired.

EXPANSION FEASIBILITY STUDY - AN EXCERPT

CONCLUSION - If the Company is to continue its policy of growth and expansion in the 1990's, it is absolutely essential to obtain the property currently owned by Triton Shipping. Not only is it ideal geographically, but the facilities already in place there make it extremely cost effective. Excluding the purchase price of the property itself, costs for retooling and restructuring the facility should not exceed \$5 million.

A second alternative is purchasing facilities elsewhere, but this will lead to unnecessary duplications at a cost exceeding \$25 million.

The third, and least viable solution, is the relocation of the parent facilities. Such a move would require a minimum of three years at a cost of over \$55 million.

It is the conclusion of this committee that the buy-out of Triton Shipping should be given absolute and immediate priority.

Ingram's home, and that is the Personal Computer in his office. This is a more sophisticated unit than the household models, and it will require someone with skill in Computer Use to understand how to operate it.

A Computer Use roll at +10% along with a Spot Hidden will alert the operator that there is more memory being used by the computer than is taken up by the programs that have been loaded into it. This can only mean that there are hidden files somewhere in the unit's memory.

A second Computer Use roll will reveal that this unit is hooked into the mainframe computer in the Ingram offices, and that any data pulled from the mainframe can be displayed on the PC. Another Computer Use roll is required to break into the system.

KEEPER'S NOTE: Have the investigators make the rolls for both discoveries at the same time. Leave the choice of which avenue to explore first to the players.

Another Computer Use roll will ferret out the files hidden in the PC, one roll per file.

The first is a long list of deposits made to three separate banks in the Caymen Islands. A successful Accounting roll will confirm that these are secret, illegal accounts set up to avoid US income taxes, and perhaps to provide for a hidden nest egg should Ingram ever find it necessary to disappear.

The second is a list of payments made, all drawn on the Caymen Island accounts. A successful Law roll will allow the investigators to realize that these are probably secret payments made for illegal services rendered.

While going down this list, a successful Spot Hidden roll will reveal that a certain name had made its appearance only recently - in February - and has been receiving regular weekly payments of \$20,000 since then. The name is simply ANKARA.

The third file will require a Computer Use at one half to enter, and the first screen to appear will be:

MEMORY DESTRUCT
INITIATE PROGRAM Y N?

Responding YES will produce the following screen:

MEMORY WIPE - ALL SOURCES
ENTER ACTIVATION CODE: _ _ _ _

A Computer Use at one quarter will bypass the security code, which is INGRAM. If this roll fails, this program will discontinue and the screen will freeze; the investigators will get nothing more out of the computer.

A successful roll will bring up the following

screen:

MEMORY WIPE - ALL SOURCES
ACTIVATE PROGRAM Y N?

Hitting YES will cause the mainframe at Ingram's headquarters to erase its memory. It will then wipe the memory of the PC at Ingram's house, destroying any evidence that might have been used against him. The PC screen will go blank, and it will be rendered useless.

A NO response to the activation sequence will return the operator to the original screen, which reads: A >

Access into the mainframe at Ingram's offices will bring up this menu:

MAIN MENU

1. ACCOUNTING
2. LEGAL
3. OPERATIONS
4. RECORDS
5. MISCELLANEOUS

When a selection is made, the following screen will appear:

ENTER THREE DIGIT CODE: _ _ _

A successful Computer Use and Luck roll are required to come up with this code, or a Computer Use at one half to bypass the security code altogether. Once this is accomplished, access into the section selected will be achieved.

ACCOUNTING, LEGAL, and RECORDS are mundane and straightforward, though an Accounting roll is needed to make any sense of the ACCOUNTING file, and a Law roll is needed to do the same for LEGAL.

These three files are normal administrative files, but they do contain all the documentation connected with the purchase of the Gemini I and II, plus all the other properties purchased by Ingram Tanker Lines.

Also, in LEGAL will be found copies of contracts for the upcoming purchase of the Phoenix drilling rig in the South China Sea. (More of this in a later section.)

In OPERATIONS will be found a number of feasibility studies concerning proposed future projects, including a favorable report concerning the purchase of the Phoenix.

On a successful Luck roll made by the investigator operating the computer, a study dealing with company expansion will be displayed. A small excerpt from a secret feasibility study, found in the Handouts Section, will prove of great interest.

MISCELLANEOUS is the company's catch-all file, on which are stored all the business and word processing software programs, tickler files, phone numbers, and the like.

Of particular interest to the investigators will be the SECURITY LOG file. This file records the names of everyone who visits Ingram Tanker Lines, who they saw, when they arrived, and when they left.

A Spot Hidden roll while reviewing this file will draw attention to the name Antonia Ansel. This name does not appear prior to January 9, but thereafter it can be found at least three times a week since then, and she sees no one other than Jarred Ingram.

KEEPER'S NOTE: Antonia Ansel is, of course, one of the aliases used by Ankara Alhazred.

THE ASSAULT

Dinner will proceed uneventfully, with Ingram taking advantage of every opportunity to paint Thomas Remington in a bad light. When the meal is done, Ingram will escort his guests back into the livingroom for after dinner drinks.

During this time, the phone will ring, and Ingram will take the call in the livingroom, so the investigators will be able to overhear his end of the conversation. A moment after answering, Ingram will become quite agitated - and livid with rage.

"Don't threaten me!" he will roar. "I won't give in to..."

At that moment, the entire house and its grounds will be plunged into darkness. This will only serve to further enrage Ingram.

The phone call was from Ankara, using a special device to distort her voice so that Ingram would not recognize her. She made the call on the phone in her car, which is parked just off the highway bordering Ingram's property.

"You are not safe in your concrete prison," she's told Ingram. "There is no place you can hide where I cannot reach you."

Ankara has built a small fire in the bushes nearby, and has used it to summon a Fire Vampire. This creature she has sent to terrorize Ingram, and as it speeds towards the house, it will summon 5 more of its brothers, and they will proceed to make a shambles of Ingram's home.

The first Fire Vampire had made its way into the Maintenance Room, where it has melted through the main electrical lines and, after Ankara's phone call, the telephone lines as well. The house is now completely cut off, and everyone inside it is at the mercy of Ankara's fiery minions.

The remainder of the Fire Vampires will embark upon an orgy of destruction. First, they will ignite the gas in the tanks of all the cars present,

causing them to explode quite spectacularly. A Spot Hidden roll at half is needed for anyone watching the burning wrecks to notice a tiny spark that is behaving in an unnaturally purposeful manner.

After destroying the cars, the creatures will make their way into the house, setting fire to anything flammable that presents itself. A successful Spot Hidden roll will call attention to one of these purposeful sparks as it flits through the darkened house.

Once the Fire Vampires have wreaked as much havoc as they can and setting fire to the office and library, they will vanish without a trace.

Ingram, in a confused daze, will mumble an explanation about the phone call, and the investigators will be left - quite literally - in the dark.

The next morning, the article "Fire at Ingram Estate" will appear in the Clarksville Gazette. The Keeper should give this handout to the players whether or not they were invited to Ingram's estate.

TRITON SHIPPING

This is a large tract of waterfront property occupied by the three cavernous warehouses, an office complex, and docking facilities where up to six cargo vessels may be moored at any given time. A large garage near the docks serves as a storage and service station for the fork lifts and other machinery required to move heavy loads around the facility.

A massive overhead crane has been constructed over the docks in such a way that the ponderous machine can reach any ship at any of the docks and remove or load cargo up to the size of a railroad car, as it often does. A second, stationary crane looms at the foot of Dock 3, a holdover from earlier days which still earns its keep when the mobile crane is in use elsewhere.

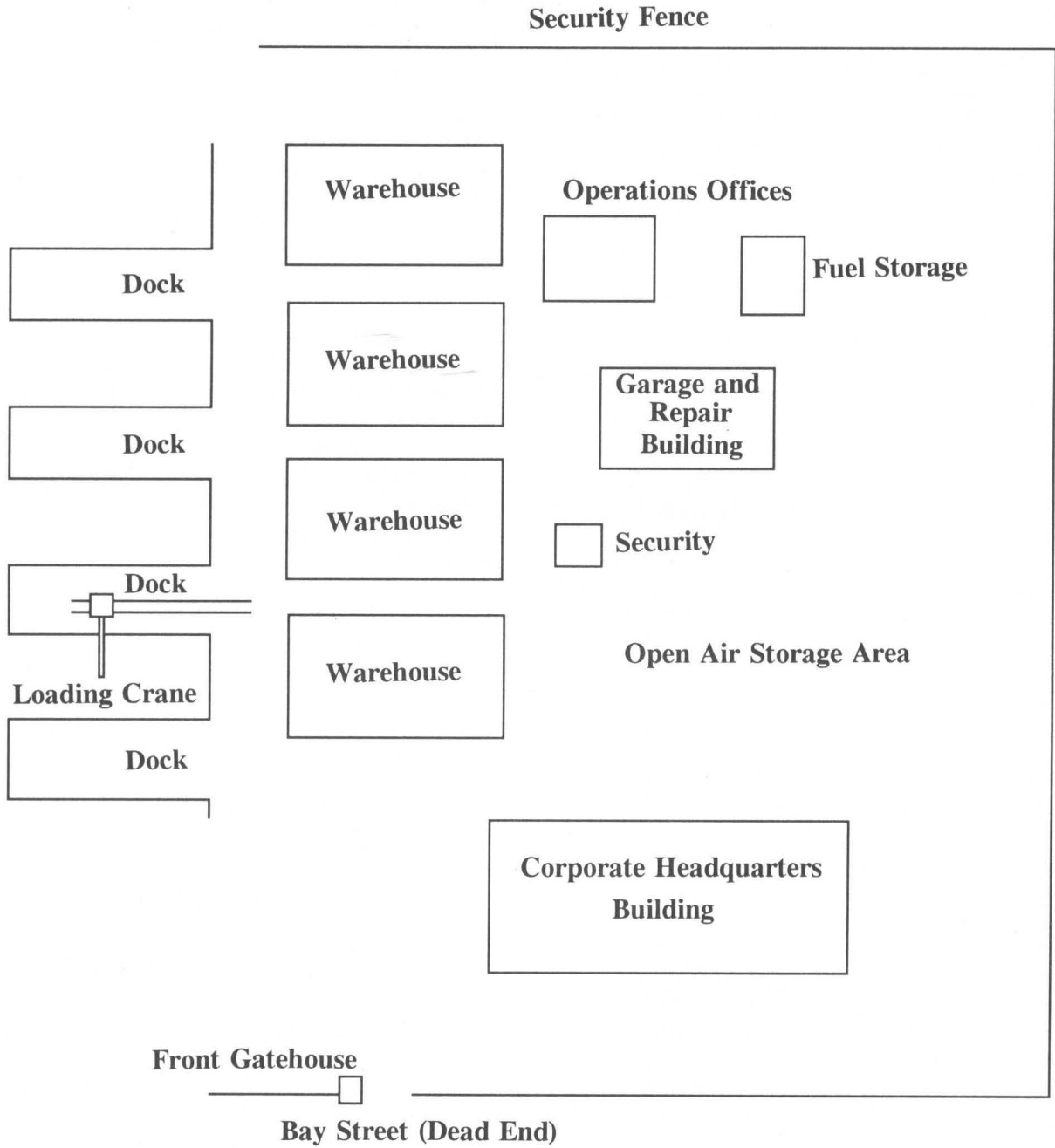
During the day, the air here is filled with raw sound; the yells of the dock workers, the roar of the fork lifts, and the deafening thunder of the cranes as they transfer cargo. Activity is constant, the pace is hectic, and the men who work here have neither the time nor the inclination to stand around chit-chatting with strangers. Any attempt made to strike up a conversation will be met with gruff hostility.

At night, the docks are unsettlingly quiet, the only sounds being the gentle lapping of the waves against the docks and the occasional mournful wail of a fog horn.

The fog rolls in every evening around 7 PM, adding to the atmosphere of weirdness which hangs about the place during the hours of darkness. The only ones about at this time are the three newly-hired security guards who were brought in to supplement the force of six night watchmen whose task it is to guard the front gates and patrol the office complex.

TRITON SHIPPING

REMMINGTON SHIPYARDS



These three guards patrol the docks and the warehouse area, where most of Ankara's vandalisms have taken place. By this time, Thomas Remmington is fed up with these hostile invasions, and so these new men are a bit more unsavory than the watchmen he normally employs - a fact which will put Remmington in a bad light in the early stages of this case.

The three roving guards will shoot first and ask questions later, if at all, usually punctuated by a few well-placed fists. If captured by these men, an investigator can expect a sound beating before being turned over to the police and charged with trespassing and attempted destruction of private property.

If this occurs, the local police, well aware of the vandalism at Triton, will question their prisoner relentlessly, and his bail will be set at \$30,000. If this bail is made, this investigator will be closely watched from this point on. He will be known at Triton Shipping, and under no circumstances will he or anyone with him be admitted.

The Night Watchmen

	1	2	3	4	5	6
STR	12	13	10	14	11	15
CON	14	15	12	13	10	11
SIZ	15	12	13	11	14	16
INT	12	14	13	10	15	11
POW	10	12	11	13	14	12
DEX	12	14	16	15	13	17
SAN	50	60	55	65	70	60
HP	15	14	13	12	12	14

Weapon	Attk%	Damage
.45 Automatic	30%	1D10+2

The Security Guards

	1	2	3
STR	14	12	15
CON	15	14	16
SIZ	13	12	15
INT	12	14	11
POW	14	15	12
DEX	15	14	12
SAN	75	75	60
HP	14	14	16

Weapon	Attk%	Damage
H&K MP5 with burst	30%	1D10
9mm Parabellum	40%	1D10
Blackjack	30%	1D6

SKILLS: First Aid 45%, Hide 40%, Jump 35%, Listen 30%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 40%

NOTE: Skills are for Guards and Watchmen

If the investigators arrive at Triton Shipping during normal business hours, they will be turned away at the front gate. If a successful Fast Talk is

made, the guard will inform the investigators that "Mr. Remmington don't see nobuddy without an appointment. Call the main office."

If the investigators have an appointment, they will be escorted to the office complex, where Thomas Remmington will greet them in a semi-cordial manner.

Should any mention of Jarred Ingram be made, Remmington will grow openly hostile. "Don't ever mention that name in my presence again," he will growl menacingly at the offender.

He will then show his visitors a photo of a young, attractive woman in a wheel chair, who is clutching an old, large book to her chest. A successful Spot Hidden roll will reveal the title of the book: "Revenge."

"This is my daughter Nicole," Remmington will tell the investigators. "Three months ago, she was in an auto accident that left her paralyzed from the waist down. When they went over the wreck, they found the break line had been severed.

"I can't prove it, but as sure as I stand here that -- animal over there is responsible." He will gesture in the direction of the Ingram property.

At this point, it will require a successful Fast Talk roll made by a selected player to prevent Remmington from asking the party to leave - or telling them to get out, if Ingram's name is mentioned.

If the roll is successful, Remmington will go on to tell about Ingram's desire to buy out Triton Shipping, and will point out that all his troubles began soon after he turned down Ingram's by no means generous offer.

He will deny any connection with the vandalisms plaguing Ingram, claiming them to be "coincidences he well deserves."

He will categorically deny any connection to the Gemini II disaster, but a Psychology roll will reveal that something about this subject is disturbing to him.

A NOTE ON "REVENGE"

A successful Occult roll will identify "Revenge" as an ancient volume of some arcane power which, in the right hands, could in fact prove quite dangerous. The nearest copy on record is to be found at the New York Public Library.

A Library Use roll at the New York Public Library will produce the following information, which is also found in the Handout Section:

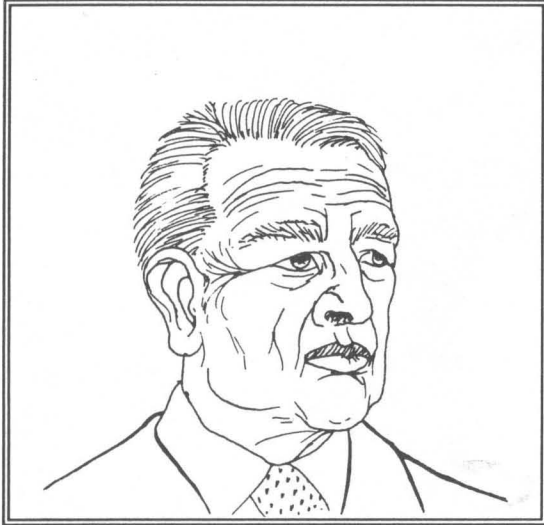
369.663 **REVENGE** - Polidorious, Anton

English Translation 1862 From the Greek ca 1054BC, a collection of ritual curses and arcane incantations designed to visit vengeance upon an enemy. An excellent historical reference.

NOTICE

This book is located in our Special Section. Consult your librarian for further information.

The librarian will inform the investigators that "Revenge" has been checked out. Normally, the book is not to leave the library, but Miss Remmington's father is a large contributor to the library fund and, in light of the young woman's recent misfortune, her strange request was granted.



Mr. Remmington

THOMAS REMMINGTON

STR	12	CON	14	SIZ	13	INT	17
POW	15	DEX	15	EDU	18	APP	12
HP	13	SAN	75				

WEAPON	ATTACK %	DAMAGE
.357 Magnum	35%	18+1D6
Punch	60%	1D3+1D4
Kick	55%	1D6+1D4

SKILLS: Accounting 60%, Bargain 50%, Computer Use 15%, Credit Rating 75%, Debate 45%, Fast Talk 45%, Law 30%, Listen 45%, Oratory 40%, Psychology 40%, Ride 60%, Spot Hidden 45%

A tall, distinguished-looking man with closely-cropped, greying hair slightly receding from his forehead. Normally a congenial man, the pressures and tragedies of the recent months have hardened him and made him suspicious and intolerant of strangers.

Upon the "accident" which left his daughter confined to a wheelchair, Remmington could take no more, and secretly declared war on Jarred Ingram.

He let it be known in certain circles that he was in the market for someone who could handle "certain very special assignments." This was the opening Ankara Alhazred had been waiting for, and she seized upon it greedily. Ironically, Thomas

Remmington had hired the very person responsible for his daughter's injury.

Should Remmington ever learn of this, the terrible shock will unbalance him, for he already suspects that, through Ankara, he is at least partially responsible for the Gemini II disaster.

His mind and spirit broken, he will load his .357 Magnum, make his way to Ingram's office and shoot the man dead on the spot. That done, he will turn the gun on himself, taking his own life. And in a way, Ankara's revenge will be complete.

If the investigators are the ones responsible for Remmington's final tragedy, the realization of what they have done will cost them 1D8 points of Sanity.

Remmington knows nothing of Ankara's history or her methods. He met her once at the beginning of their relationship, and since then they have communicated by guarded phone conversations or coded messages sent directly to the Personal Computer in Remmington's office.

ANKARA'S VISIT

Should the investigators decide to pay a late night visit to the Triton Shipping facility, they will be in for a very interesting evening. This visit is intended to be a spectacular one, during which Ankara Alhazred will attempt to deliver a crippling blow to Triton Shipping.

Ankara will bring with her a pack filled with incendiary devises, which she will place in strategic locations, preferably near something flammable. Any investigator on the scene who makes a successful Spot Hidden roll at -10% will see her nearly invisible form flit from one shadow to the next.

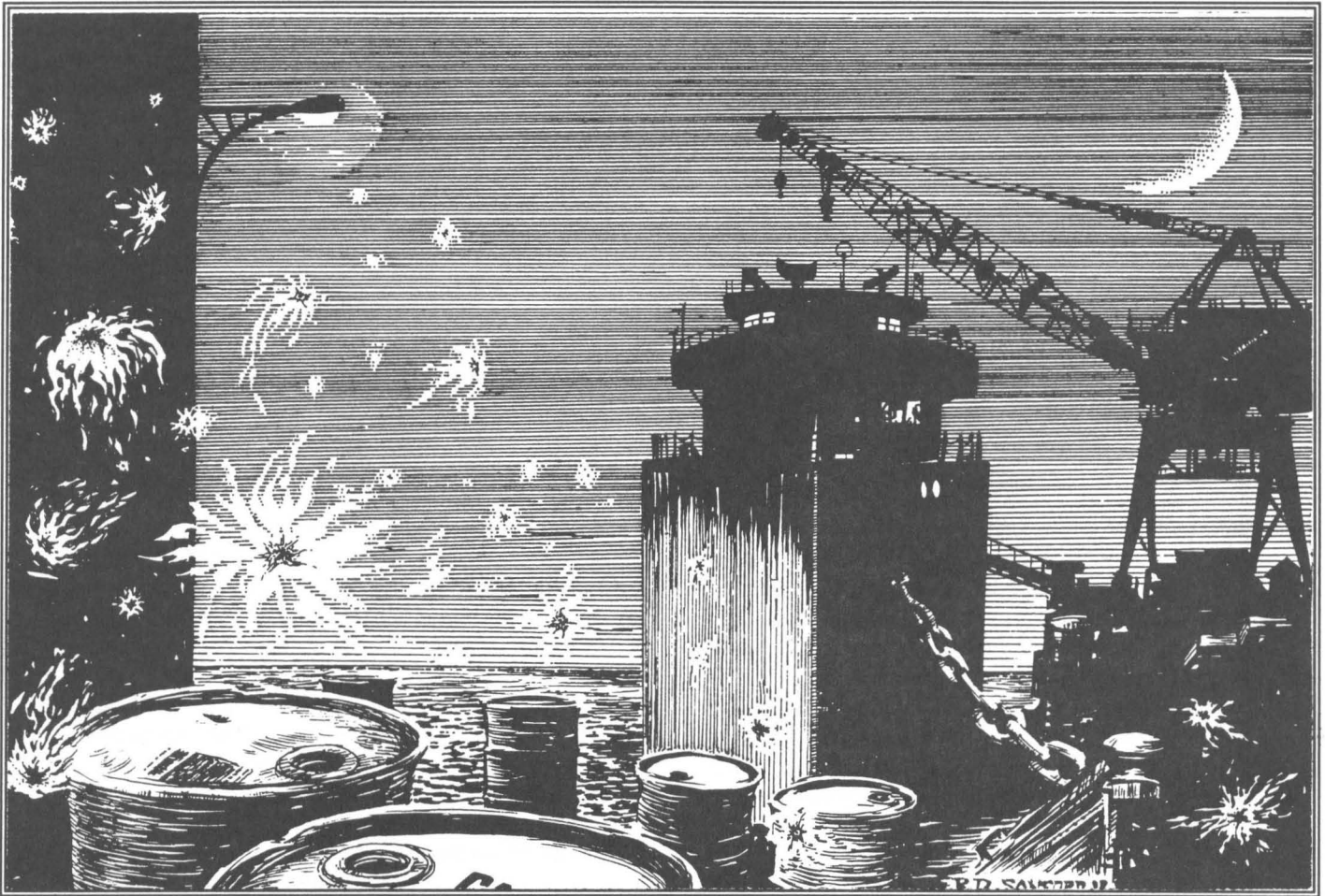
Clad entirely in black, Ankara will be extremely difficult to keep track of if spotted. Each time she moves, she will use a Hide roll to conceal herself, so that her pursuers, if any, must make a Spot Hidden roll every round they spend chasing after her.

There are three other bombs in Ankara's pack, these of an incredibly powerful plastique explosive with 5-minute timers fixeded to each of the charges. These she will attach to key stress points on the overhead crane at the docks.

Her intention is to maneuver the crane over one of three ships presently awaiting cargo, and let the explosives free the ponderous mechanism from its guiderails to send it plunging down onto - and through, most likely - the targeted vessel.

The damage this will cause will be catastrophic, the monetary loss staggering - but still not enough to cause Thomas Remmington to fold - this would not fit into Ankara's plans.

Ankara will wait until her incendiary devices provide her with a fiery diversion before starting up



Fire Vampires at Triton

THE FIRE VAMPIRES

	1	2	3	4	5	6
STR	NA	NA	NA	NA	NA	NA
CON	11	7	12	5	10	9
SIZ	1	1	1	1	1	1
INT	17	10	11	13	12	10
POW	15	12	10	13	12	14
DEX	17	16	13	15	16	17
HIT POINTS	6	4	6	3	5	5
MOVE	11	11	11	11	11	11
WEAPON	ATTK%		DAMAGE			
Touch	85%		2D6 fire damage+Magic Drain			

ARMOR: Not harmed by material weapons, but water does 1 point per half gallon, sand causes 1D3 points per bucket, and a fire extinguisher causes 1D6 points per hit.

SPELLS: ALL - Summon Fire Vampire, Contact Cthugha
1 & 2 - Call Cthugha

SAN: None

the crane and positioning it over her target. No Listen roll will be required to hear the bone-jarring rumble as the steel Gargantua is activated and moved into position.

Should anyone attempt to stop her, Ankara will bring her mini-Uzi into play, holding off her enemies until the crane is in place. She will then shut down the controls and flee into the night, employing all her skills to escape.

The investigators will have three minutes in which to either remove the explosives from the crane or move it into a position of relative safety before the detonations. A successful Operate Heavy Machinery roll is required to operate the crane; this roll can be made once every minute - but remember, only three minutes remain on the detonator timers.

This is only a minor encounter with Ankara, and one from which she should easily escape; after all, the players should be more interested in averting a disaster.

If pressed, Ankara will use her spells against her enemies, beginning with Deflect Harm (on herself) and Fist of Yog-Sothoth (on her pursuers). If cornered she will not hesitate to expend her energies to Call Cthugha - which will result in the total destruction of not only the Triton facilities, but the entire Ingram holdings as well.

This of course is no great tragedy to Ankara but it will disrupt her timing somewhat, and she will be extremely - perturbed, shall we say? - with the parties responsible. The investigators who survive such a disaster must make a SAN roll or lose 1D8 points of Sanity from the realization of the part they played in this holocaust. (There is still a 1 point loss for a successful roll.)

In terms of game play, such an occurrence will have very little effect on the rest of this scenario. Remmington will be balanced on the brink of financial ruin but will still be capable of retribution, while Ingram will be in a near constant state of blind rage.

Both parties will be doubly paranoid after such a disaster, and will be so dead set against listening to outsiders that any investigators attempting to convince either Remmington or Ingram of the true situation must do so at -25% to either the Fast Talk, Oratory, or Debate roll.

In addition, should the investigators be apprehended on the Triton property or while fleeing from its ruins, the full weight of the law will be brought to bear on them, either by Remmington's attorneys, or by legal representatives of both Remmington and Ingram, depending on whose property was destroyed.

As can be guessed, the charges will be quite serious, and the attendant penalties correspondingly severe. If the captured investigators do not have some very good friends in high places, they are

looking at some very long, very hard time in a Federal penitentiary.

THE REMMINGTON ESTATE

This rustic domicile is located in a wooded tract quite near the highway south of Clarksville, at the end of a short lane unguarded by gate or fence. The house itself is of cedar, and was made to blend in with its surroundings. Unlike Jarred Ingram's estate, this is no fortress, rather a peaceful haven.

This is the place to which Nicole Remmington retreated after her accident, and where she has remained in seclusion ever since, as her obsession for revenge has grown.

Since Remmington is the relative innocent in this piece, there is really very little information to be gained here. There are, however, a few red herring clues, and the opportunity for the investigators to do a good deed.

There is, of course, Nicole's book, "Revenge," which sits openly on the desk in her bedroom. Despite its rather unwholesome reputation, this is a valuable tome, and should the investigators destroy it for whatever reason, they will be held responsible for the loss. A successful Know roll made by anyone with Occult skill will cause the investigators to realize that the book is worth in excess of \$100,000.

On a table in the living room can be found several coffee table books about supertankers and other oil-transporting ships. This should seem out of place, considering that Triton Shipping has no connection with oil transportation. The simple explanation is that Remmington is considering entering that area, and is undertaking some preliminary research - but the investigators will have no way of knowing this.

The house is equipped with a standard home security system, which will alert the Clarksville police in the event of a break-in. A Spot Hidden roll at -10% will locate the alarms, and an Electronics roll will be needed to bypass them should the investigators elect to break into the Remmington house.

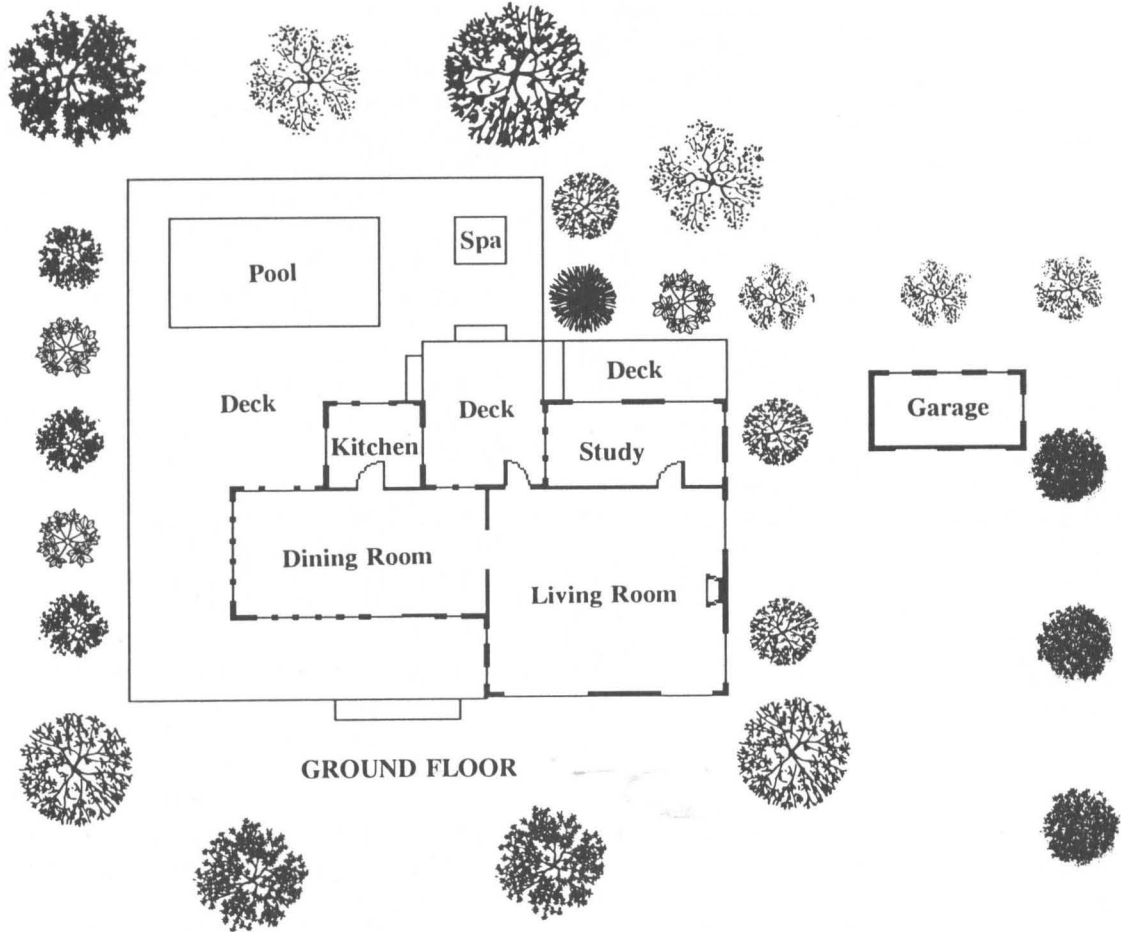
In Remmington's bedroom will be found a few more items of interest, only one of which has any bearing on the case at hand.

In one of the drawers in Remmington's desk there is a thin folder which contains a set of newspaper clippings, which include all the articles found in "Research," a previous section.

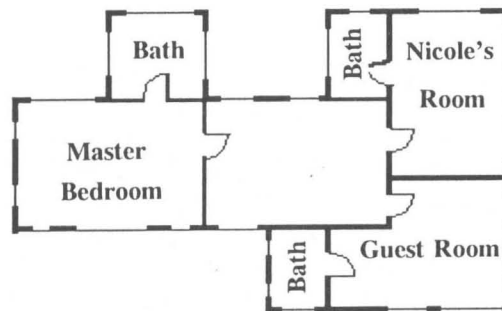
Only one of the desk drawers is kept locked, and a Mechanical Repair roll at -10% is needed to open it. There are only two objects inside: a loaded .45 revolver and a box of cartridges,

In the center drawer of Remmington's desk is a portion of the Physician's Report.

THE REMMINGTON ESTATE



GROUND FLOOR



SECOND FLOOR

KEEPER'S NOTE: It will also be possible for the investigators to obtain this information through their various contacts in the medical community.



Nicole

NICOLE REMMINGTON

STR 10 **CON** 14 **SIZ** 12 **INT** 18
POW 16 **DEX** 9 **EDU** 18 **APP** 16
HP 14 **SAN** 45 (Current status)

SKILLS: Accounting 30%, Bargain 40%, Computer Use 45%, Credit Rating 75%, Debate 40% Law 35%, Library Use 60%, Listen 40%, Occult 35%, Psychology 30%, Speak French 55% Spot Hidden 55%

Nicole is a beautiful, dark-haired young woman, but that beauty is marred somewhat by a cold, hard gleam in her eyes that speaks of dark secrets and hidden resentments. This is a direct result of the trauma this normally active, vibrant woman suffered after her 'accident'.

Anyone with Psychoanalysis skill who makes a successful Psychology roll will see instantly that her ordeal has harmed her mentally as well as physically, though to what extent is uncertain -- but perhaps to the point of arranging for the destruction of the Gemini II.

She surely possesses the strength of character. Refusing brusly any offer of assistance, Nicole has learned to operate her wheelchair with considerable skill, and every morning from 5 to 7 AM she is in the gym exercising her upper body and undergoing the therapy required to prevent the muscles of her legs from deteriorating.

Nicole hates the wheelchair, and spends as much time away from it as possible. This is sadly ironic, in that it is Nicole herself who is keeping her chained to it.

Even though the doctors held no great hope of it, Nicole is in fact capable of recovering from her

paralysis in time, but she has convinced herself and everyone around her that she never will. (See "Physician's Report.") Like Ankara, she has become obsessed with revenge, and her unstable plottings may very well ruin the rest of her life.

Every day she studies "Revenge," the ancient volume of ritual curses on loan from the New York Public Library, and every night she hurls forth terrible curses upon Jarred Ingram and the one who sabotaged her car.

Should any ill befall either Ingram or Ankara (if her involvement is revealed), Nicole will triumphantly claim full credit for it, saying that her many nights cursing Ingram's name have finally borne fruit - and who will say that this is not the case?

Left to continue as she is, Nicole will become a broken, bitter woman whose life will be a misery till the day she dies. There is hope, and it may very well come from the investigators.

If the investigators can prove to Nicole that there is hope, and convince her to undergo both psychological and physiological therapy and at least try to walk again, her life will be changed for the better, and the investigators may be rewarded with 10 extra Sanity points. They will have also earned themselves a powerful and influential friend in the person of Nicole Remmington.

For the purposes of this scenario, Nicole is a very large red herring. The Keeper is encouraged to play up her obsession with the old book and her desire for revenge, so that it appears that she may actually be behind Jarred Ingram's troubles.

Nicole is in no way connected to these events; she is merely a victim - and the most tragic figure in this scenario.

PHYSICIAN'S REPORT - AN EXCERPT

....and while damage to the nerves in the spinal column is severe, there is a slim chance that it is not permanent.

Given time and sufficient therapy a partial, or perhaps even total recovery is possible, though the latter would seem unlikely at this point.

However, the patient is firmly convinced that her paralysis is permanent, and refuses the therapy which could promote recovery. It is strongly recommended that the patient undergo psychiatric therapy as soon as possible, for in her present condition, every day is vital....

FINDING ANKARA'S LAIR

Ankara has rented a small house in Clarksville under the name of Antonia Ansel, using forged identity papers that will establish her as a citizen of Moracco. Because of this, it will be nearly impossible for the investigators to locate Ankara's home base unless they actually manage to follow her there.

The investigators may also try tracking her through her rental car, provided they are able to get a license number. A Fast Talk roll and a \$50 bribe at the Department of Motor Vehilces will prompt the clerk there to run a check on the car, which is owned by Bullet Rent-A-Car.

At the rental office, another Fast Talk and \$50 will produce the desired information. A \$100 bribe is needed if the roll fails. The car in question was rented on a monthly basis by one Allena Amadori, residing at 669 Rose Court, Clarksville.

This address is a run-down apartment building in the seedier section of town; consulting the battered bank of mailboxes in the lobby will reveal that Allena Amadori has apartment 3C.

Ankara does not live here, she merely uses the apartment as a drop point for any deliveries and messages from her terrorist compatriots. She will visit the apartment once a day to check for such deliveries; these visits will always take place in the morning.

The door is locked, but a MEchanical Repair roll will easily defeat it. However, a Spot Hidden roll at -10% at this point will reveal Ankara's security system, an ultrafine filament stretched across the doorway three inches above the floor.

Anyone entering the room in the normal manner will certainly break the filament, causing the detonation of an incendiary device that will completely destroy the apartment and cause 2D10 points of damage to anyone standing in the doorway, or 2D8 to anyone in the hall.

Should they circumvent this booby trap, the investigators will find a run-down apartment, all but empty save for a single small table in the center of the room. On the table is a folded sheet of paper; printed in computer printout type is "Ankara's Message."

ANKARA'S MESSAGE

GEMINI II ENROUT AS SCHEDULED.
SECURITY HAS BEEN DOUBLED. CREW IS
ARMED. TARGET WILL REACH FLASHPOINT
IN SIX DAYS. DEATH TO THE IMPERIALISTS.

A Sport Hidden roll at one half will call attention to a loose floorboard under the table. The board pulls up with little resistance, revealing a nylon

duffle bag containing three changes of women's clothing, a fully automatic Uzi with a dozen clips, an automatic pistol with silencer, \$10,000 in assorted small bills, and a passport with Ankara's photo in the name of Anna Armott.

This bag comprises an insurance policy, in case things get too hot for Ankara and she has to make a swift escape.

The investigators may tail Ankara from the apartment to her rented house if they do nothing grossly stupid and alert her to their presence.

By now, it should be perfectly clear that Ankara Alhazred is a deadly dangerous woman, and a professional in a trade that has no tolerance for carelessness.

ANKARA ALHAZRED

STR	13	CON	15	SIZ	12
INT	17	POW	17	DEX	15
APP	16	EDU	18	SAN	35
HP	12	DAMAGE BONUS	+1D4		

SKILLS: Accounting 20%, Archaeology 15%, Camouflage 60%, Chemistry 30%, Climb 75%, Computer Use 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 65%, Drive Automobile 50%, First Aid 45%, Hide 45%, History 35%, Library Use 50%, Listen 50%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Psychology 35%, Read/Write English 75%, Sneak 55%, Speak French 50%, Speak English 50%, Spot Hidden 50%

Weapon	Att%	Damage
Fist/Punch	60%	1D3+1D4
Head Butt	30%	1D4+1D4
Kick	40%	1D6+1D4
Fighting Knife	50%	1D4+2+1D4
9mm Parabellum	55%	1D10
Mini-Uzi w/Burst	30%	1D10

SPELLS: Call Cthugha, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Cloud Memory, Create Gate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Levitate

Ankara is an unbalanced fanatic, but she is a practical one; thorough and cunning, she is deadly determined to exact her revenge upon those whom she believes killed her father in the name of greed.

A woman of remarkable intelligence, Ankara earned a place at a prestigious European university, from which she graduated with high honors in Computer Science, Political Science, and Electronics.

During her college years she established contact with the black market and certain of the more extremist terrorist organizations. Using her skills, she quickly established herself as an indispensable soldier in the army of anarchy - but she never lost track of her life's goal.

As word came through the underground

grapevine that Jarred Ingram, son of one of her father's murderers, was looking for a mercenary, she called in a great many favors to make certain she was the one who obtained that illicit employment.

When she discovered that the target of Ingram's wrath was the son of another of her hated enemies, she could not believe her good fortune - and she began to take full advantage of it.

Her plan of vengeance is to destroy Thomas Remington and be paid for the pleasure by Jarred Ingram, from whom she will in turn attempt to extort as much money as possible by threatening to destroy his tankers. And then she will destroy them all anyway, driving Ingram to ruin.

She intends to confront Ingram with the truth of the matter at the proper moment, and end his life in a terrible inferno, caused by a summoning of Cthugha. This plan changes slightly as Ankara takes advantage of the situation as described in the section titled "Inferno."

ANKARA'S HOUSE

This is a modest two story house in an equally modest neighborhood populated mostly by young executives and their families - the perfect camouflage for Ankara's hideout.

The house came unfurnished, and for the most part has been left that way. There is, however, a curtain for every window, and every curtain is drawn tightly shut, day or night.

Ankara has thrown a mattress on the livingroom floor, beside which stands a mini fridge containing various edible odds and ends. A small portable television sits at the foot of the mattress.

Other than this, the upper floors of the house are empty. Ankara has a workshop and study of sorts in the basement, and it is there that the investigators will confront one of the unnatural tools of Ankara's fiery vengeance.

THE CELLAR

This is basically a single room of cinder block, the windows boarded over by Ankara for privacy's sake.

One entire wall is taken up by well-stocked bookshelves covering a wide variety of subjects including Chemistry, Computer Science, and Electronics. Also found here will be a great many computer and electronics catalogs, as well as several computer manuals. These are all mundane reference texts, and have no bearing on this scenario.

However, a successful Spot Hidden roll while searching the shelves near the computer will turn up a receipt for the rental of space in the Chen Warehouse, 11 Dock Street, Hong Kong. This receipt is dated June of the current year, and is made out to Antonia Ansel.

Ankara's computer does contain much that will be of interest to the Investigators - or rather, it is some of the many floppy disks stored nearby which contain the data, though a successful Computer Use roll will be required to operate the equipment.

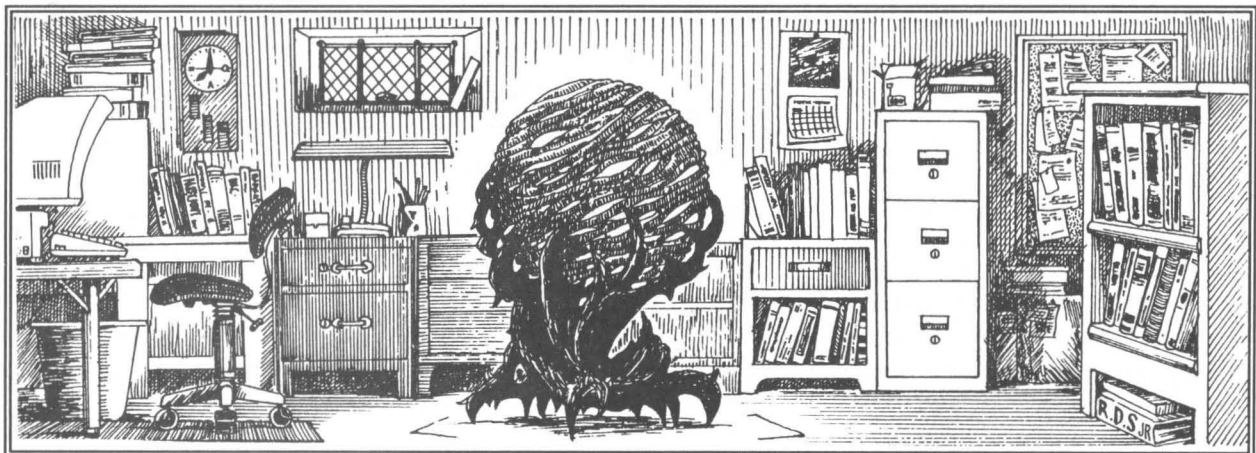
Also, each of these important files is password protected, and only a Computer Use roll at one quarter will be able to bypass a password. After three unsuccessful tries, Ankara's failsafe program will activate, erasing the target file and leaving the investigators with nothing.

There are three such important files; they are codenamed, in order of importance: INFERNO, NECRONOMICON, and ALHAZRED.

NECRONOMICON

This is Ankara's version of a spell book, which also contains copious research material connected with each spell. Scanning the entire file to gain any knowledge from it will require three weeks.

Using her Computer Use skill, Ankara has



Ankara's Cellar

created a special set of software fonts corresponding to the characters of the Arabic alphabet. Therefore, a successful Read Arabic roll will also be required to translate this file.

This data file has a +10% Cthulhu Mythos Knowledge and a +15% Occult Knowledge. It has a X3 Spell Multiplier and a -2D8 San loss.

Contained in this electronic document are the following spells, listed in order of appearance:

Call Cthugha, Summon Fire Vampire, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Cloud Memory, Levitate, Bind Fire Vampire.

These spells must be deciphered and learned in this order.

ALHAZRED

This file was entered using Ankara's self-designed Arabic fonts; therefore, a successful Read Arabic roll is required to make any sense of the information.

The first few lines appear to be a quotation, this followed by a list of names. The document (a copy of which appears in the Handouts Section) reads as follows:

"Death to the enemies of our house;
 "Death to the violators of our heritage;
 "Death to those who would bring death upon us."

Sir Burtram Winchester
 Gerald Enfield
 Carter Ingram
 Otto Sten
 Giovanni Baretta
 Thornton Remmington

"May they suffer unto the last generation."

INFERNO

This file contains a complete listing of every flight to and from Hong Kong, their departure and arrival times, and the number of seats reserved on each flight. Even casual observation will reveal that this data is being constantly updated, and a successful Idea roll will bring the realization that Ankara has somehow tapped into the computers of the three major airlines.

Ankara maintains this file so that she can arrange for trips to Hong Kong whenever the opportunity presents itself. There, she is preparing for her final confrontation with Jarred Ingram by creating the second terminus of the Gate she will create aboard the Phoenix drilling platform. (These events are covered in a later section. The Hong Kong terminus is located in her private space in the Chen Warehouse.

In the center of the cellar, supported by a

shiny black pylon, is an intricately-wrought sphere of silver latticework from which emerges a steady pulsing illumination, much like the flickering of flames. Contained within this sphere are three Fire Vampires, summoned and bound into service as guardians of Ankara's hideout.

From the moment the investigators enter the cellar, there will be a 5% cumulative chance per round that these guardians will emerge from their containment vessel to assail the interlopers. Note that each of the vampires has the spell Summon Fire Vampire; on the round that they emerge from the sphere, each will immediately cast this spell, and each will call forth a fellow vampire that is also capable of the same spell, so that their numbers will steadily grow the longer the investigators remain.

Once they have cast their spells, two of the the original three Fire Vampires will attack the party, while the third races up to the first floor to begin setting the house ablaze, destroying all evidence against Ankara and, incidentally, possibly destroying the investigators as well.

When the entire house is in flames, the Fire Vampires will return to their place of origin, their task completed.

The Fire Vampires

	1	2	3
STR	NA	NA	NA
CON	7	10	8
SIZ	1	1	1
INT	10	11	9
POW	18	19	17
DEX	16	17	19
HIT POINTS	7	10	8
MOVE	11	11	11

WEAPON	ATTK%	DAMAGE
Touch	85%	2D6 fire damage plus magic point drain

ARMOR: Not harmed by material weapons, but water does 1 point per half gallon, sand causes 1D3 points per bucket, and a fire extinguisher causes 1D6 points per hit.

SPELLS: Summon Fire Vampire, Contact Cthugha 1 & 2 ONLY - Call Cthugha

SAN: None

NOTE: Treat any Fire Vampires summoned by the original three as having average stats, save that all will know the Summon Fire Vampire spell.

THE CHEN WAREHOUSE

Located on Dock Street in Hong Kong's warehouse district, this establishment in no way differs from its counterparts all around the world.

The large, central warehouse space handles the corporate trade, while space has been partitioned off along two walls for smaller businesses and private storage. Ankara has rented one of these, Bin 336.

This bin is a 30 foot square room 10 feet high, containing a few empty crates and discarded tarps which Ankara has placed in here for show. Most of the crates are stacked against the wall opposite the door (Mechanical Repair to pick the lock) and are covered over by a tarp.

This arrangement was designed to conceal the symbols of a Gate which Ankara is creating here. It is a one-way Gate, and will not function until Ankara has created the other terminus aboard the Phoenix drilling rig.

The warehouse is guarded at night by three Pit Bulls who have been trained to attack all intruders. They roam freely through the warehouse during the evening, and are kept chained near Mr. Chen's office during the day.

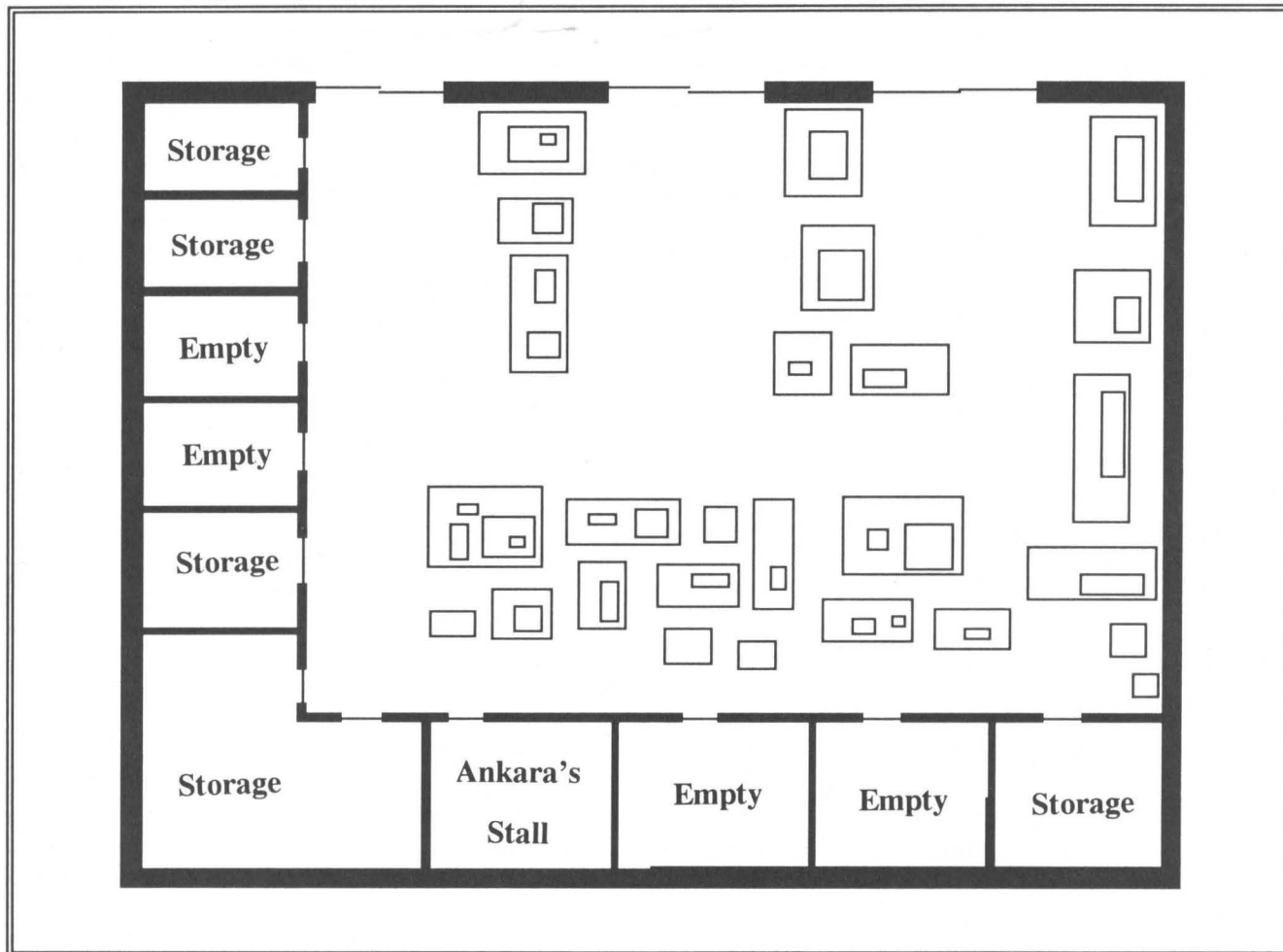
The Pit Bulls

	1	2	3
STR	8	10	7
CON	14	12	15
SIZ	5	6	5
POW	7	7	7
DEX	13	15	12
HP	10	9	10
MOVE	12	12	12

WEAPON	ATTK%	DAMAGE
Bite	35%	1D6+1
Claws (2)	25%	1D4

SKILLS: Track by Smell 80%, Spot Hidden 65%

Mr. Chen will refuse to discuss any of his clients unless suitably bribed, and even then, he will have very little to offer concerning the present rentor of Bin 336, save that she appeared only once and spent a few hours inside the bin. She brought nothing new to store with her, and carried nothing with her when she left.



The Chen Warehouse

THE GEMINI I

This is the sister ship of the ill-fated Gemini II, and is the twin of the doomed vessel in every detail. It is basically a quarter-mile long container with engines.

The Engine Room, Bridge, and Crew's Quarters are located at the stern of the ship, and everything save for the engines themselves is located abovedeck, the superstructure having the appearance of having been added on as an afterthought.

The Bridge is small, cramped, and functional, but is also equipped with state-of-the-art instrumentation. The Bridge occupies the uppermost level of the superstructure, so that the captain can command an unobstructed view of his vessel and the sea around her.

The remainder of the superstructure is taken up by barracks and other support facilities for the crew of 150. They are clean and modern, but somewhat stark and Spartan - but after all, this is not a cruise ship!

The crew is comprised of a wide variety of nationalities, all veterans of the merchant marine, and each having at least ten years of service aboard oil tankers. They are hard-working, professional, and not ever prone to stupid mistakes.

They take their orders from Captain Byron Smyth-Wesson, a British officer recently returned from a company-sponsored anti-terrorist training program.

Even under the best of circumstances, the captain is quite rigid and unimaginative in his thinking, so that any warning of a supernatural threat to his vessel will be dismissed out of hand as poppycock. Should the investigators stow away aboard the vessel and are discovered, Smyth-Wesson will have them thrown into the brig without a hearing, and will release them only into the custody of the police, or on direct orders from Jarred Ingram.

CAPTAIN SMYTH-WESSON

STR 15	CON 15	SIZ 14
INT 17	POW 16	DEX 14
APP 14	EDU 16	SAN 80
HP 15	DAMAGE BONUS +1D4	

WEAPON	ATTK%	DAMAGE
Mini-Uzi		
with Burst	45%	1D10
9 MM Parabellum	50%	1D10
AK 47	35%	2D6+1
Knife	40%	1D6+1D4

SKILLS: Accounting 25%, Astronomy 15%, Climb 45%, Computer Use 20%, Electronics 20%, First Aid 20%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Psychology 45%, Swim 60%



Smyth-Wesson

TYPICAL CREWMAN

STR 17	CON 16	SIZ 16
INT 14	POW 15	DEX 15
APP 14	EDU 13	SAN 75
HP 16	DAMAGE BONUS +1D6	

WEAPON	ATTK%	DAMAGE
AK47	30%	2D6+1
9MM Parabellum	25%	1D10
Knife	45%	1D6+1D6

All guns are kept safely locked away in the weapons locker just off the bridge. Captain Smyth-Wesson has the only key, which he keeps on a chain around his neck.

The mini-uzi, obviously an illegal weapon, is kept in a concealed compartment on the bridge. Only the captain knows of its presence, for use in case of dire emergencies.

The officers and crew of the Gemini I will be on the alert and prepared for any eventuality - so prepared, in fact, that Ankara will abandon the vessel as a potential target. This makes the Gemini I the biggest red herring in this scenario.

THE PHOENIX

This is the new drilling platform recently purchased by Ingram Tanker Lines. It is located in the South China Sea, and is accessible either by the company supply boat or the company helicopter, which is used to transport personnel and emergency supplies.

The supply boat makes its run once a week on Wednesday, leaving its Hong Kong dock at 5AM and returning to port at 6PM. The Sikorsky helicopter is kept in its hanger at the company docks

until it is needed. However, when Jarred Ingram flies out to the platform for his inspection tour, the chopper will remain on the Phoenix until he is ready to depart.

Getting out to the rig will be something of a problem, for outsiders are not welcome. If Ingram is aboard the Phoenix, a Fast Talk roll and a \$50 bribe will convince security at the Hong Kong dock to allow the investigators to speak with Ingram via radio. Once in contact, a Fast Talk at one half is necessary to convince Ingram to allow the party aboard the Phoenix.

Failing this, the investigators may hire a private boat or chopper to transport them; the boat will rent for \$2,500, the chopper for \$3,000. Upon their arrival, the party will be met by a hostile and furious Jarred Ingram; a Fast Talk roll at -10% will keep the investigators from being ungently sent back to Hong Kong.

Accompanying Ingram on this tour is none other than Ankara Alhazred, in her guise as Ms Amadori. Ostensibly here to serve as Ingram's bodyguard, she has accompanied him for a far more sinister purpose - the final destruction of Jarred Ingram.

THE RIG

The Phoenix is an octagonal steel platform anchored 150 feet above the sea on three sturdy pylons constructed of steel pipe. At the base of each of these pylons is a massive float which helps to support the platform, and to assist in keeping it stabilized. Since the sea here is too deep to run the pylons down to the ocean floor, an arrangement of deep-sea anchors have been strategically placed to prevent the rig from drifting.

The pylons also serve as storage space for the facility's 30 lifeboats, and the winches which will move them out away from the rig and lower them to the sea.

The drillhead operates around the clock, manned by three rotating crews of 50 men. The two large cranes on the open deck are used to transfer cargo, but primarily to keep the drillhead supplied with fresh lengths of pipe.

The derrick itself towers some 300 feet high, accessible at various levels by means of the Inspection Walkway and a series of metal ladders.

The Drillhead Building serves to protect the drillhead and the men working on it from the elements. The lower level of this structure contains all the materials needed to keep the drillhead operational, the generators that power the rig, and all the equipment necessary to perform maintenance and repairs on the platform and support pylons.

This equipment includes the Cockroach, a

three-man minisub. The overall design of the submersible does indeed give it an insectoid appearance, and the two mechanical arms at the bow of the craft only serve to enhance that impression.

The sub is used for routine inspections and repairs on the support pylons and the deep-sea anchors. The craft was originally designed for far greater depths, so it has no difficulty operating in these waters. A successful Pilot Minisub roll, or an Operate Heavy Machinery roll at -10% is needed to operate this complicated little craft.

The Cockroach is lowered to the sea by the Diving Dock/Elevator. This is a steel platform extending from the drill rig, which can be raised and lowered as needed. Though primarily reserved for the Cockroach, the company divers must also use it on their inspection dives, and it is also the only means of gaining access to the platform from a boat at sea - short of climbing up the pylons (Climb at -20%).

The Administration Building and Barracks is a sturdily constructed metal building housing all the facilities necessary for the smooth operation of the Phoenix, as well as living quarters for the men who work there. There is also a large rec room near the barracks - a necessity when a normal tour of duty can run from 6 to 9 months.

Responsibility for the Phoenix and the men aboard her rests on the shoulders of two men: Jack Heckler, Director of Operations, and Dr. George Koch. Both are oil men through and through, and are 20 year veterans of sea-based drilling operations.

The Phoenix is an excellent opportunity for both men, and neither has any desire to jeopardize that opportunity, so they will not look too kindly on any outsiders who come in uninvited and try to cause trouble.

However, the safety of their men will always come first, and they will be willing to listen to any reasonable story.



Jack Heckler

THE RIG

Minisub And Diving
Dock/Elevator

Machine Shop/Repair Shed

The Cockroach

Power Station

Radio Room

Diving Ready Room

Storage

Heckler's
Office

Stores

LOWER LEVEL

Sick Bay

Galley

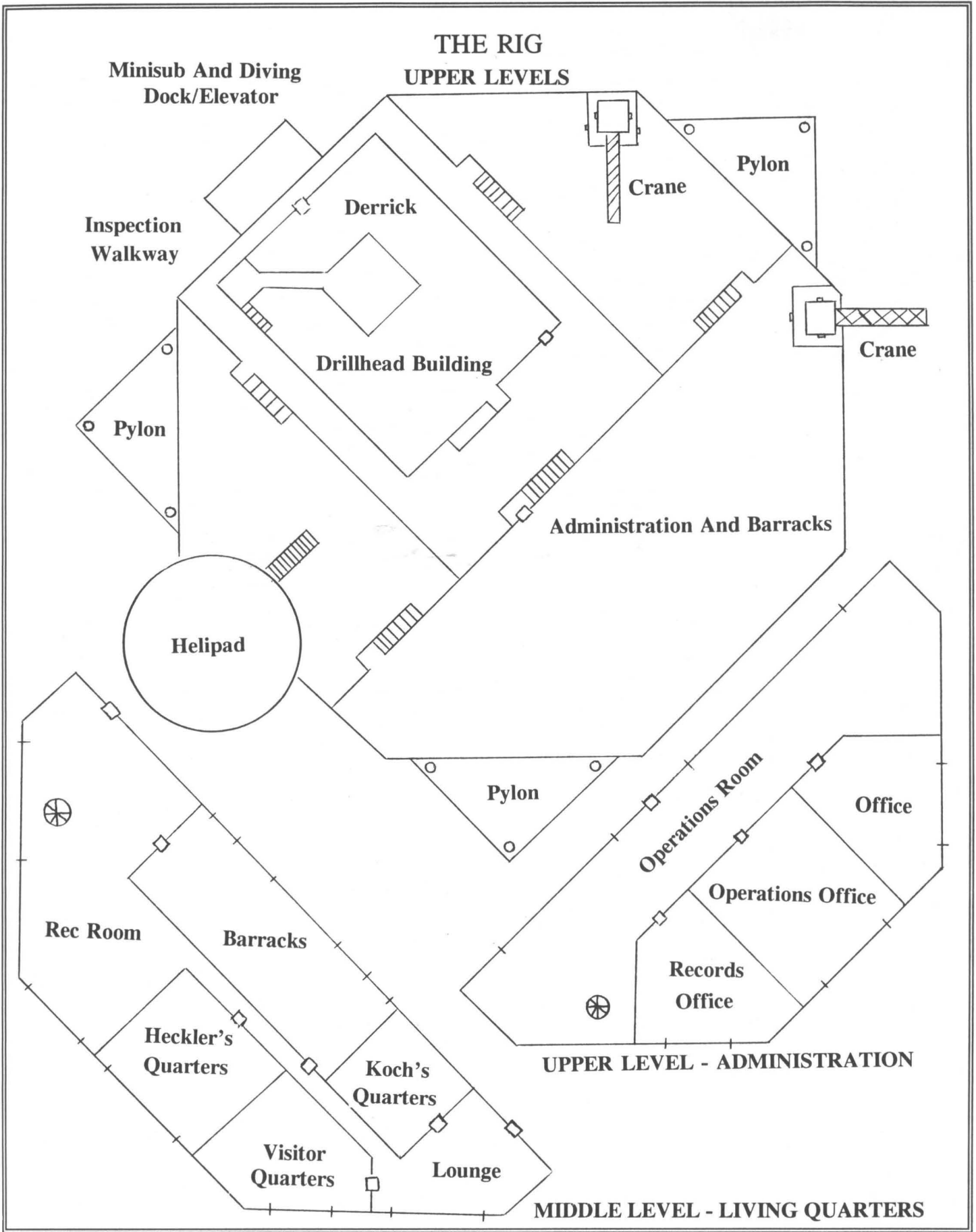
Dr. Koch's Office

Cafeteria

Drill Head

Storage

The Drillhead Building



JACK HECKLER

STR 17 **CON** 18 **SIZ** 16
INT 15 **POW** 14 **DEX** 13
APP 13 **EDU** 16 **SAN** 70
HP 17 **Damage Bonus** +1D6

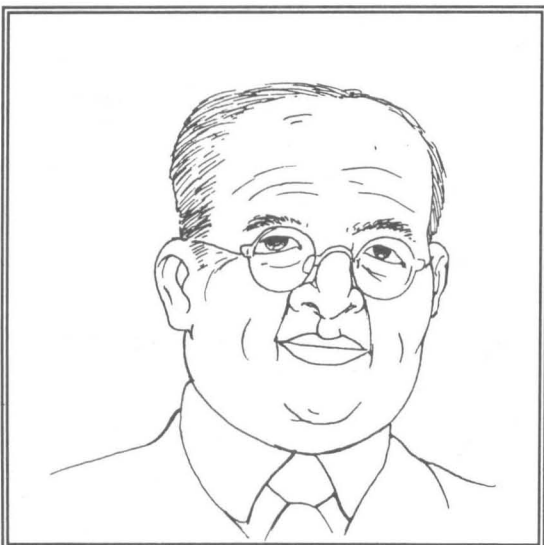
Weapon	Attack	Damage
.45 Automatic	40%	1D10+2
Fist/Punch	50%	1D3+1D6
Head Butt	55%	1D4+1D6
Kick	40%	1D6+1D6
Club	35%	1D6+1D6

SKILLS: Accounting 25%, Climb 55%, Computer Use 40%, Dodge 26%, Electrical Repair 30%, First Aid 20%, Geology 25%, Jump 50%, Law 10%, Listen 40%, Make Maps 35%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Operate Heavy Machine 45%, Pilot Boat 55%, Pilot Aircraft 45%, Pilot Cockroach 45%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 50%, Swim 55%

Jack Heckler is well-liked by the men who work for him, because he puts their safety first - even if it means going against his employers. Which is not to say that Jack is a troublemaker; he has only crossed swords with his bosses on three occasions in the past, and in each instance he was proven right.

It will take a lot of cold, hard facts to convince Jack to take any exceptional actions, but if the safety of the rig is involved, he will at least be willing to listen. But if anyone should make the slightest reference to the supernatural, the investigators will immediately lose Jack as an ally.

Jack Heckler is a big man in his late forties with close-cropped sandy brown hair which he keeps under a baseball cap most of the time. While on the stocky side, Jack is still mostly muscle, and is still capable of besting any man on the rig in a fight.



Dr. Koch

DR. KOCH

STR 10 **CON** 11 **SIZ** 11
INT 15 **POW** 14 **DEX** 12
APP 11 **EDU** 16 **SAN** 75
HP 11

SKILLS: Chemistry 40%, Computer Use 25%, Diagnose Disease 60%, First Aid 85%, Library Use 35%, Listen 30%, Pharmacy 55%, Psychology 40%, Read/Write Latin 50%, Spot Hidden 40%

George Koch is a company man, more so now than ever, for the Phoenix is his last assignment before retirement, and he wants nothing to interfere with his smooth progress toward that happy goal.

He will resist any attempts to convince him of any threatening danger to the rig or the men aboard, but even if he is eventually made to see the light he will do nothing about it. "What can I do? I'm just the sawbones here." will be his standard excuse for inaction.

Dr. Koch has become too used to a life without major incident, and if face with such a disaster, he will begin to slowly crumble until he is completely useless, even for his medical skills.

The doctor is a short, plump man in his early sixties, his pure white hair beginning to thin out at the top. He wears a pair of old fashioned wire-rim bifocals that give him the look of a country doctor. He his friendly and jovial so long as everything is running smoothly, but he will always go out of his way to avoid anything that he perceives to be a confrontation.

THE CREW

STR 16 **CON** 15 **SIZ** 15
INT 14 **POW** 15 **DEX** 15
APP 14 **EDU** 16 **SAN** 70
HP 15 **Damage Bonus** +1D4

WEAPON	ATTK%	DAMAGE
Fist/Punch	60%	1D3+1D4
Head Butt	25%	1D4+1D4
Kick	50%	1D6+1D4
Lead Pipe	35%	1D8+1D4

SKILLS: Climb 55%, Dodge 30%, First Aid 30%, Jump 40%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Operate Heavy Machine 60%, Pilot Boat 30%, Swim 45%, Throw 50%

The 150 men who work the Phoenix are strong, straightforward, hard-working fellows who have served many years in hostile environments under some of the harshest conditions known to mankind. They have no time for outsiders, or for any nonesence about the supernatural.

They have a job to do, and they will not

respond well to anyone they see as attempting to interfere with that job.

THE NIGHT OF TERROR

On the night of her arrival aboard the Phoenix, Ankara will set into motion her final plan of vengeance. At 1AM, well into the graveyard shift, she will sneak out of the guest quarters dressed all in black and clinging to the shadows. Any investigator up and about at this hour will need a Spot Hidden roll at -20% to catch sight of her furtive skulking.

Ankara's first objective is the sabotaging of the rig's lifeboats, as well as the company helicopter and any craft the investigators have brought with them. She will set small charges of plastique explosive in each boat, detonators set for 1 hour.

This will give her sufficient time to smash the controls and radio aboard the helicopter and other craft, and to render the Radio Room useless. To accomplish this, Ankara will use her Cloud Memory spell on the radio operator to make him forget her presence there. She will destroy the radio and be back in the guest quarters before the plastique charges detonate.

The Phoenix will now be totally cut off from the outside world - and no one will seem more concerned by this than Ms Amadori. She will demand that Ingram return to his quarters, or at least the Operations Room, and loudly insist that someone immediately attempt to repair one of the radios.

This, of course, will be impossible. The only way off the Phoenix now is the Cockroach, and this only because Ankara could not reach it without being seen. However, the vessel's radio is not powerful enough to reach beyond the vicinity of the drilling platform, and its batteries are not sufficient for an extended journey to even the next nearest rig.

There will be no hope of rescue for at least twelve hours, and in that time Ankara intends to carry out her plan.

She will again summon and bind a Fire Vampire, which in turn will call forth others of its kind until there are a total of 30 fiery demons aboard the Phoenix ready to begin a campaign of death and destruction.

KEEPER'S NOTE: Treat all but the Primary Vampire as average with no spells.

THE PRIMARY VAMPIRE

STR NA	CON 9	SIZ 1
INT 12	POW 17	DEX 17
HP 9	MOVE 11	

WEAPON	ATTACK	DAMAGE
Touch	85%	2D6 fire damage plus magic drain

ARMOR: Not harmed by material

weapons, but water does 1 point per half gallon, sand causes 1D3 points per bucket, and a fire extinguisher causes 1D6 points per hit.

SPELLS: Summon Fire Vampire, Contact Cthugha, Shrivelling

The Primary Vampire will remain aloof, directing the actions of the others from a lofty vantage point out of harm's way. It will use its Shrivelling spell only if events turn against the Fire Vampires, and will join the attack only if the situation turns desperate.

The Fire Vampires will prowl the rig, keeping out of sight until a lone workman is encountered. The Vampires will then converge on their victim, swarming over him to ignite his clothing and hair.

The screams of the doomed wretch will be heard by his fellow workers, but by the time anyone arrives on the scene the Fire Vampires will be gone, leaving behind a charred and blackened corpse.

There will be no clue as to the cause of the victim's immolation, and Doc Koch will be at a loss to explain how a body could be so badly burned in so short a time.

"It's as if someone went over him with a blowtorch," he will say of the first victim as he wipes heavy beads of perspiration from his forehead. "It's like nothing I've ever encountered before. It's... It's... unnatural!"

Also, when the opportunity presents itself, the Fire Vampires will ignite small fires all over the rig. This will keep firefighters on the move, steadily increase the panic of the workers, and plunge the Phoenix into chaos, as is Ankara's plan.

At 3AM, the Fire Vampires will abandon all pretext of stealth and converge on the derrick itself in an attempt to set the drillhead ablaze. Should this happen, a raging pillar of flame fed by the China Sea oil will erupt skyward, destroying the Drillhead Building and everything in it - including the Cockroach.

This is only a diversion to allow Ankara the chance to slip away unnoticed (a Spot Hidden at -20% will call attention to her absence). As she did aboard Gemini II, she will find a quiet area - in this case, the guest quarters - and there create a Gate to a pre-selected location in Hong Kong.

INFERNO

Her escape route established, Ankara will then conduct the ceremony to Call Cthugha. This accomplished, she will return to the platform for her final confrontation with Jarred Ingram.

"Jarred Ingram," she will scream at the surprised tycoon, "You are cursed, as was your father before you! He was destroyed by the cleansing flames of the True Gods for daring to steal the treasures of my people, and for murdering my father!"

"I am the daughter of Achmed Alhazred, and I shall avenge my father's death down to the last generation!"

Anyone making a successful Spot Hidden roll while Ankara is raving will notice an ever-increasing number of tiny points of light forming in the sky above the rig. These will continue to form until the night sky is packed with them.

This is a massing of Fire Vampires which heralds the coming of Cthugha. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll will identify it as such, and call for a Sanity roll or the loss of 1 point of SAN. (No Sanity is lost for a successful roll.)

Ankara will continue venting her wrath, revealing that she was behind the sabotage not only of Triton Shipping, for which Ingram had paid her, but for the vandalisms and the Ingram facilities, as well as the destruction of the Gemini II.

"Your company is ruined, your crimes exposed for all to see, and your secret wealth is in my hands. But that still isn't enough! Only the purity of the flames can cleanse this world of your foul existence, son of a murderer, and The One Who Is Flame shall destroy you and your monuments utterly!"

So saying, Ankara will duck out of sight to make her way back down to the guest quarters and the Gate to safety. The investigators will now have 9 minutes in which to find a way off the Phoenix before Cthugha appears and obliterates the rig and all aboard it.

Ankara has rented private space in the Chen Warehouse in Hong Kong (See: "The Chen Warehouse"), where she has created the other terminus of her Gate spell.

Upon stepping from the Phoenix, she will get into the rental car she has waiting for her there and drive off.

She will leave the Gate from the Phoenix open, and when Cthugha destroys the rig, a portion of that tremendous energy will burst through into the warehouse, completely destroying it and the Gate.

Ankara will drive to the airport, board a plane for Athens under the name Antonia Ansel, and will for all intents a purposes vanish from the face of the Earth.

Only by piecing together the clues found in Ankara's computer files will the investigators have any chance of tracing the terrorist to her home in Cairo - assuming they are able to escape the Phoenix and the fiery visitation of Cthugha.

Even then, they will have no real proof

against Ankara, and in the end it will come down to their word against hers, and no action will be taken against Ankara unless the investigators themselves take it.

They may in fact ultimately be able to defeat Ankara, but they must be extremely cautious lest they face a charge of murder in a foreign country.

WRAPPING IT UP

If the investigators can stop Ankara before she calls Cthugha - thereby saving the Phoenix and Ingram's miserable hide - they should be awarded 1D20 points of SAN.

Because of Ankara's computer tampering, Jarred Ingram will be financially ruined, and will become the object of a Federal investigation that will eventually see him in prison for tax evasion, extortion, industrial espionage, and conspiracy to commit murder.

If Cthugha destroys the Phoenix and Jarred Ingram, but if Ankara herself is defeated, the SAN reward will be 1d10.

In either case, the investigators will hold the fate of Thomas Remington in their hands, if they have managed to break into Ankara's computer files. There is enough information in those files to implicate him in the destruction of the Gemini II which, though he would remain financially well off, would ruin his company, force him out of business, and see him in prison for three years.

The decision will remain with the investigators; they will have to decide what justice is in this case.

Also, knowing that someone is hunting her, Ankara will have little time for her vendetta against those she feels have wronged her family, and those attacks will cease.

In a worse-case scenario, Ankara destroys the Phoenix, killing Ingram and 150 others, then makes good her escape. She will see to it that Remington is implicated in the Gemini II disaster, and inform Remington what is was she who arranged Nicole's accident.

This news will drive Remington over the edge, and he will commit suicide. Any hope for Nicole will be lost and the investigators, realizing the magnitude of their failure, must suffer a 1D10+3 point loss of Sanity.

To end on an upbeat note, if the investigators can encourage Nicole Remington to turn away from her vengeful obsession and concentrate on a recovery, reward them with an additional 1D8 Sanity points.

WEB OF MEMORY By Michael Szymanski

" Oh, what a tangled web we weave..."

KEEPER'S INTRODUCTION

The Keeper should select one of the investigators before play begins. It will not be necessary to brief the player, since his or her character has amnesia, and will receive all available information through the Players' Introduction.

This investigator has come to San Francisco on business (the Keeper may decide what type, based on the chosen investigator's profession), but at some point has had an encounter with something unnatural and frightening, an encounter so horrible that it has induced a protective case of amnesia.

THE SITUATION

Sinjit Dinhcara, a Hindu worshiper of the dread spider god Atlach-Nacha, is determined to spread his cult throughout the world. To that end, he has established himself in San Francisco, setting up a small importing business.

What he imports are large porcelain Budah's, within which are concealed the eggs of a species of spider native to India, but which have been altered to be the size of a rat, with enough poison to kill a human being with one bite.

Each Budah is being shipped to a different city across the country, where other members of the budding cult nurture the spiders as earthly representatives of their god. But there was an accident.

Three dock workers at the warehouse to which the Budahs were sent accidentally dropped one of the crates, smashing the porcelain statue and releasing the newly-hatched spiders within. The dockworkers were bitten, and subsequently died of the poison. The newspaper report of this incident is what first drew the amnesiac investigator into this nightmare.

Dinhcara (which is Arachnid spelled backwards) is a fanatic who has mastered the Body Warping of Gorgoroth spell, and on a regular basis he invokes this spell to become an abominable man/spider hybrid to feast upon human prey in the manner of his deity.

To accomplish this, Dinhcara approaches foreign sailors at The Grog Shop and, under the pretense of offering them employment, lures them to Golden Gate Park, where he assumes his spider form and kills his victim, consuming the body in the manner of a spider and leaving behind an empty, shrivelled husk for the police to puzzle over.

Dinhcara has also killed and assumed the identity of a local realtor named Carl Gresham, using the Consume Likeness spell. In this manner, he has come into possession of the long-abandoned Tollotson Estate, which he has converted into a shrine to Atlach-Nacha.

The interior of the mansion is literally crawling with the Spawn of Atlach-Nacha, those deadly poisonous spiders, and it is also the lair of a Leng Spider, which

Dinhcara has brought into the world through a gate into Dreamlands located in the cellar.

It was the exploration of the mansion and the confrontation with the Leng Spider which induced amnesia in the investigator, and also instilled in him/her an abject fear of spiders.

The Keeper should bear this in mind at all times, and work it into the scenario on several occasions. At any location where one might expect to find spiders, have the stricken investigator make a Spot Hidden roll at -25%. If successful, the roll will cause the investigator to become aware of the multi-legged creature, thus triggering an hysterical reaction and the loss of 1 Sanity point. Since this investigator is suffering from amnesia, he or she will be at a loss to explain the outburst after recovering.

DO NOT inform the player of the investigator's phobia; let the players figure out what's going on for themselves, and thus gain an important clue to the solution of this mystery.

Once a week, Dinhcara must provide the Leng Spider with a meal. Using much the same tactic by which he obtains victims for his own needs, the priest of Atlach-Nacha approaches street people and lures them to the mansion, where he renders them senseless and leaves them for the spider to consume.

This scenario begins in ignorance. The one member of the group who could shed any light on the case cannot remember anything, and the only hints as to where to begin are the items found in his possession when he stumbled into San Francisco Memorial Hospital.

These items include:

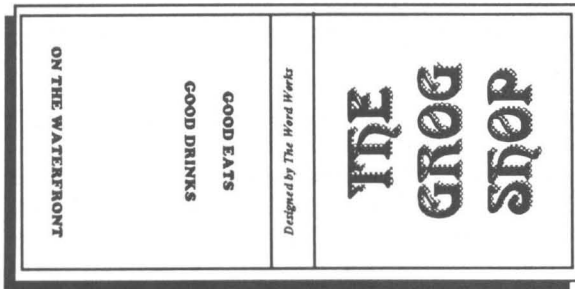
- 1) A matchbook from The Grog Shop
- 2) The note from Professor Brown
- 3) The investigator's scribbled note
- 4) The Article "Three Dock Workers III"
- 5) The Article "Three Dock Workers Die"
- 6) A map of San Francisco

With the exception of the San Francisco map, these items are found in the Handout Section. Locations marked by the investigator on the map are listed in the section "The Map," but if possible, it would be more effective to obtain a copy of one such map, either from AAA or some other such source.

Beginning this scenario is quite easy. Simply read aloud the Players' Introduction, then hand out the clues listed above. From this point on, it is up to the players to decide what they will do and where they will go.

Present all information in the usual manner, but remember that the amnesiac investigator has been to most of these locations before, and will be recognized by the individuals he has already interviewed. This does not necessarily guarantee that those individuals will be willing to repeat that interview.

CONTENTS OF THE PATIENT'S POCKETS



UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
AT SAN BERNARDO
Department of Entomology

*You were right about the spider venom.
How did you know?*

E. Brown
Professor of Entomology

THREE DOCK WORKERS ILL

Three workers at the Imberson Warehouse have been reported in serious condition at San Francisco General Hospital. The three men were all admitted within a period of 48 hours, suffering from high fever, irregular heartbeat, and dizziness.

Because Imberson's handles international imports, the possibility of an exotic, contagious disease is being investigated.

THREE DOCK WORKERS DIE

Over a period of 12 hours last night, the three Imberson Warehouse workers who were admitted to San Francisco General Hospital this week each fell into a coma and died shortly after.

Though the investigation into these deaths continues, no conclusions have as yet been reached. However, informed sources have hinted that the cause of these three tragedies may not have been disease, but as the result of some form of poisoning.

PLAYERS' INTRODUCTION

You have all come to San Francisco at a moment's notice, hastily clearing your schedules and making profuse but brief apologies for your sudden absence. One of your fellow investigators is in trouble, and that takes precedence over all else.

You all met at the hotel where you arranged to stay as a group, then made your way to San Francisco Memorial Hospital, where your friend was admitted the previous evening, suffering from minor bruises, cuts, mild hysteria - and, as it turns out, a case of partial amnesia.

At the front desk, you ask after your friend, and are told that he is resting comfortably, and is able to have visitors. Finding the right room, you enter to find your companion propped up in bed, bandages covering a number of small cuts on his arms and face, and a number of dark bruises which, he assures you, look far worse than they feel.

Your friend is in good spirits and remembers you all, in fact remembers just about everything - except for a period covering the previous 48 hours. He remembers coming to San Francisco for purposes of business associated with his profession, remembers reading an odd article in the morning paper 2 days ago, and then... nothing.

The staff on duty the night he was admitted say he staggered in off the street, moaning and casting fearful glances over his shoulder, and nearly collapsed at the admissions desk, muttering something like "... Don't let it get me..."

At first it was thought the patient was either drunk or suffering the effects of drug abuse, but blood tests indicated this was not the case. Further examination indicated some traumatic experience - a mugging, most likely - had taken place, but then under questioning the patient revealed a totally memory loss specific to the previous 48 hours.

It is the doctors' diagnosis that the patient has witnessed or experienced something so traumatic that he has completely blocked it and the events preceding it completely from his mind. This has led to some concern that some terrible crime was witnessed, but there is nothing anyone can do about it until the patient recovers - if in fact he does recover.

Fortunately, you are not left completely in the dark, for in the bedside bureau will be found those items found in your friend's pockets at the time he was admitted. It is an odd assortment, consisting of a matchbook cover, 2 newspaper articles, a map of the city, a letter, and a crumpled piece of paper bearing your friend's handwriting - a note he has no recollection of writing.

What does it all mean? Clearly, something of an extraordinary nature has occurred here, but is it in some way connected to the ghastly realms of the dread Mythos?

The doctors say that your friend's memory lapse could be permanent. The only way he - and you - will ever know for certain is to trace his steps of the past two days, learn what he learned, and put the pieces of the puzzle together.

It will be difficult, but it is something which must be done if your friend is to recover from this malady that has suddenly and mysteriously befallen him.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Though the patient's room key has been lost, a bit of time spent phoning the local hotels will easily locate the one in which the investigator was staying. This room also holds clues to the mystery, should the players think of looking there. (Knowledge roll at -10%)

The following is a list of what is to be found in the investigator's room:

- 1) The letter from Willona Huntington
- 2) Floorplans of the Tollotson Mansion
- 3) Newspaper articles concerning the bodies found in Golden Gate Park
- 4) Articles dealing with the disappearance of a number of street people

The letter and articles are reproduced on the following page, but in the interest of space, the floorplans are presented in the Handouts section.

NOTE: This would be a good time to trigger the patient's fear reaction to sight of a spider.

It is now up to the players to sift through this mass of information and settle on a plan of action. The Keeper should allow them as much time as necessary to examine the material and formulate a plan of action. The afflicted investigator will be released from the hospital whenever he likes, so he too can be a part of the inquiry.

WHAT THE POLICE KNOW

The police have kept a tight lid on the case of the Golden Gate murders, due to the condition of the bodies. At first they suspected that someone was using some sort of device or chemical to produce the drained and desiccated condition of the corpses, but autopsies in each case revealed a set of large puncture marks in the victim's chest, and chemical testing identified both a toxic poison and a potent digestive fluid in uncommonly large amounts.

They too have consulted with Professor Ernest Brown, a noted Entomologist (more of him later), but they do not believe the victims were done in by some huge spider which can travel about at will and never be seen.

The police favor the theory of a human killer, who uses fluids extracted from spiders to lend a bizarre quality to his crimes for the sake of sensationalism.

They also see no connection between the deaths of the seamen and the disappearances of the street people, and they are being handled as two separate cases.

Captain Vince Junger will not be pleased by any questions concerning the case, and if he catches sight of the amnesiac investigator, he will be quite upset.

"Stop pokin' around police business," he will snap. "Like I told you before, we've got a sicko on the loose, and the last thing we need is an amateur running around tryin' to scare up some publicity. This is the second time I've warned you, and believe me, it'll be the last! Take care of your own business, go home, and leave criminal investigation to the people who were trained to deal with it."

Captain Junger will answer no questions, or even speak about the case to civilians.

ITEMS IN THE INVESTIGATOR'S ROOM

Twin Peaks Historical and Preservation Society

Dear _____,

Enclosed please find the information you requested concerning the Tollotson Mansion. These are the original architect's blueprints, and as such do not show any modern renovations. It is this blueprint that we intended to follow in the restoration of the house.

Unfortunately, it does not appear that we will have the opportunity of undertaking that project, since the house has been sold to a private individual.

On behalf of the Society, I would like to thank you for your interest in the Tollotson estate, and offer any further assistance you might require in your research.

Yours sincerely,

Willona Huntington, President

THIRD BODY FOUND

(June 23)

A third body was discovered this morning by a jogger in Golden Gate Park. The victim was another foreign national, as were the previous two victims found on June 3 and June 13.

Despite the similarities in these cases, Captain Vincent Junger of the SFPD denies that any connection exists between them, and that the killings are not the work of a serial killer.

Despite this assertion, it has been learned that a special taskforce has been formed to further investigate these killings, and that security in the park has nearly tripled since the killings began.

WOMAN VANISHES

(June 2)

Carla Zapiti, a maid at the Carlton Arms Hotel, was reported missing today after having failed to report in for work yesterday evening. Though Miss Zapiti has no family, she is well-liked at the hotel, and has never been known to miss work without at least calling in.

A neighbor in Miss Zapiti's apartment building state that she had left for work at her usual time, and had in fact been wearing her maid's uniform under her coat.

Anyone with any information should contact the Missing Persons Division of the San Francisco Police Department.

BODY FOUND IN GOLDEN GATE PARK

(June 3)

The body of an unidentified male was discovered early today in Golden Gate Park. The victim, apparently a seaman from a ship of Turkish registry, was found at 8 AM by a grounds keeper in the Japanese Tea Garden.

Police suspect robbery as a motive, though Captain Vincent Junger, the officer in charge of the case, could not be reached for comment.

This case further underscores the pressing need for increased security within the boundaries of the park during the midnight hours.

BAG MAN MISSING

(June 9)

A semi-famous local character was reported missing today.

Wonder Walter, a street person well known for his street-magic performances, has not been seen for at least 24 hours, and friends are concerned for his safety.

Despite this concern, police speculate that no foul play is involved, and that Wonder Walter has merely moved on, stating that this is usually the case with street people.

Yet friends have doubts, stating that Walter gave no indication of his intent to leave the city.

BODY DISCOVERED

(June 13)

The body of a foreign national was discovered last night in the Pioneer Log Cabin in Golden Gate Park. Police speculate that the Merchant Mariner's death was the result of an argument.

A police spokesperson states that at present there is no connection between this murder and the case of the June second killing, which also took place within park boundaries.

Still, it has been learned that the police presence in the park has been doubled since this second body was found, and that there will be increased patrols during the evening hours.

PHONE WORKER DISAPPEARS

(June 16)

George Borlund, a California Telephone lineman vanished last night while working the graveyard shift performing underground cable repairs.

While foul play is not suspected at this time, it is possible that Mr. Borlund fell victim to an accident, such as an electrical shock. It is very likely he is wandering the streets with temporary amnesia.

Mr. Borlund is five feet, six inches tall, weighs 225 pounds, and has thinning, sandy-brown hair and beard. He would most likely be dressed in a telephone company coverall, which is bright yellow. If you see this man, please report his location to the SFPD.

IMBERSON'S WAREHOUSE

The San Francisco docks are typical of their kind, though somewhat larger and more international in their clientele. And Imberson's is typical of the many warehouses found here.

Activities at the warehouse are overseen by one Jerome Corby, a short, balding man who is never seen without an old, half-smoked cigar sticking out of his mouth. He is gruff and distracted by the demands of his job, and may come across as somewhat rude, but it is merely that he doesn't have time to waste on small talk.

If the 3 dead dock workers are mentioned, Corby will growl in frustration. "Rotten thing to happen to three good men," he will grumble sourly. "It was a week of bad luck for all of 'em. First they drop that crate on Tuesday - chewed 'em out pretty bad for that one - then on Wednesday they take sick. By Thursday, they were gone. They were good guys; it shouldn't have happened to 'em."

If questioned about the dropped crate, Corby will tell the investigators that it was one of 6 crates shipped from India for delivery to International Importers, Inc., which leases space at Imberson's. The crates were to be offloaded and stored until picked up for delivery elsewhere. Since the accident, 2 of the crates have been taken, while the other two remain in their bay.

Corby will remark that "Mr. Dinhcara," the owner of International Importers, was very understanding about the breakage, and was perfectly willing to accept the insurance company's settlement, though he did inquire about the disposal of the shattered Budah.

"Had to disappoint him again," Corby will conclude, "We swept up the whole mess and threw it in the trash. Nothin' there worth savin' anyway."

If asked about the two crates that were picked up, Corby will inform the investigators that two swarthy foreign types in an unmarked panel truck showed up on each occasion, presented the proper documents, each signed by Mr. Dinhcara, and took possession of the shipment. One crate was destined for New York City, the other for Chicago.

It will require a Fast Talk roll to convince Corby to allow the investigators to examine the area where the accident took place. The player making this roll can increase his/her chances by 10% for every \$25.00 they slip Corby as they make their pitch.

If the roll is successful, Corby will quickly pocket the money and escort the investigators to a small storage area near the rear of the warehouse. He will point out the two remaining crates, stating that the accident occurred right in front of this bay. Wishing the party good luck in whatever they are trying to do, he will stalk off and begin snapping orders to his workers.

Casual inspection of the area will reveal nothing, but a Spot Hidden roll at -20% will turn up a few porcelain shards, bits of packing material, and a number of shell-like spheres about the size of a thumbnail. The only feature to be found on the shell is a single hole bored into the surface, indicating that the sphere is in fact hollow.

A Zoology roll or Biology at half will indicate that this is the egg of some sort of spider, a fact which should set off the amnesiac's phobic reaction. Without specific knowledge of Entomology, it will be impossible to identify the species of spider which produced the egg.

These are of course the eggs of the deadly Indian hybrid which Dinhcara is smuggling into the country. A number of the horrid little creatures had hatched during the sea voyage, and were lurking inside the hollow Budah when it shattered. It was these newborn spiders which inflicted the fatal bites on the doomed dock workers as they attempted to clean up their mess.

The remainder of the eggs were destroyed when the trash was disposed of, but the already-hatched arachnids will still be prowling around the dockyards, causing a number of unexplained illnesses and fatalities.

INTERNATIONAL IMPORTERS

If the investigators decide to stake out the warehouse, it will be 3 days before the unmarked panel truck returns for another pickup. As per Corby's description, it will be occupied by two gentlemen of obvious Hindu descent, who will present their paperwork and supervise the loading of the crate.

Anyone observing this process who makes a successful Psychology roll will realize that these two are exhibiting an inordinate concern for their cargo. They hover and fret, breaking into loud torrents of shouted Hindi at the slightest slip, and will hurriedly usher everyone away from the van once the loading is completed.

They will drive off at an extremely slow rate of speed, which will make following them a simple matter. They will drive to a cargo terminal at San Francisco International, where they will repeat their frantic hovering as the crate is unloaded and transferred to a waiting cargo plane.

A few moments' conversation with one of the personnel present will identify the plane's destination as Dallas, Texas.

If still followed, the delivery men will drive into a low-rent office district near the waterfront and enter one of the slightly run-down structures facing the narrow street. They will emerge momentarily and head off on foot in different directions, both heading home to their apartments and leaving the van in its parking slot.

An examination of the building directory will show International Importers, Inc. as occupying an office on the third floor.

The office door is locked, and there does not appear to be anyone inside. In fact, no matter when the investigators visit, this office will be vacant. A successful Locksmith roll will gain entry, but it will be an effort for nothing.

The one room office contains a desk and a filing cabinet which are both empty. The only piece of information present is the paperwork for the pickup and delivery of the third crate, which is lying on top of the desk. Dinhcara will pick this up in the small hours of the night.

This office is a front, rented only to provide Dinhcara with a mailing address which was necessary to obtain an importer's license. And once all the crates have been delivered, he will no longer need the office, and will so inform the landlord by letter.

The delivery men are members of Dinhcara's spider cult. They are not the same two who made the previous pickups at the warehouse; that unfortunate pair was sacrificed to the Leng spider as punishment for the loss of the shattered Budah.

These two men are fanatics as well as deadly

fighters, and their only response to unwanted questions will be violence. They will fight to kill, and fight to the death. If they are captured, they will seek any opportunity to kill themselves, by whatever means available.

THE DELIVERY MEN

STR 15	CON 14	SIZ 13	INT 12
POW 12	DEX 17	EDU 13	APP 12
HP 14	SAN 45	DAMAGE	BONUS +1D4

WEAPON	ATTACK %	DAMAGE
Knife	50%	1D4+2
Punch	60%	1D3+1D4
Kick	55%	1D6+1D4

SKILLS: Climb 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dodge 45%, Hide 30%, Jump 45%, Listen 55%, Occult 5%, Spot Hidden 55%, Throw 50%

SPELLS: None

THE GROG SHOP

This is a typical seedy, rundown waterfront dive, where dock workers and ships' crew congregate for a few brews after work. The place looks as though it hasn't been cleaned since World War II, it is a haven for unpleasant odors, and a clean glass is an extinct species here.

Any investigator entering The Grog Shop will instantly realize that he is out of place here. If the investigator is female, this impression is amplified a hundred-fold. All conversation will cease, and the intruder will become the target of a number of hostile and suspicious glares. Conversation will resume momentarily, but in low, hushed tones, and the investigators will never shake the feeling that they are being watched - because they are!

A grubby bartender stands at his post, puffing on a Turkish cigarette as he wipes glasses with a gray piece of rag which may have at one time been a white towel. While keeping an eye on the newcomers, he will not display any particular interest in them.

No one but the bartender will speak to the investigators, and should they persist in pestering the clientele, a fight will surely ensue, and some of these gentlemen carry an assortment of rather large knives.

If the amnesiac investigator is present, the bartender will speak directly to him. "Back again, huh? Thought you had your fill last time."

The bartender's information must be purchased with \$20.00 for each additional 10% chance of a successful Fast Talk roll. If the roll is unsuccessful, the bartender will pocket the money and say, "Told you everything I know last time, an' I don't like repeating myself." No further information will be forthcoming.

If the roll succeeds, the fellow will grumble the following:

"Like I said b'fore, we get lotsa strangers in here. Hell, most of these wharf rats in here now I ain't ever seen b'fore. I got one regular, comes in every coupla weeks or so, one of them guys with a towel wrapped around his head.

"Seen him talking to sailors, an' I got the impression he was doin' some hirin'. Don't know his name or his business, but I do know every night he came, he hired sombody, 'cause he never left alone. An' like I

said, I don't remember any of the dates he was here."

If the amnesiac is present, he will conclude with, "That was the guy who came in while you were here. You followed him out, so you prob'ly know more about him than I do."

The individual being discussed is of course Sinjit Dinhcara, and the men he left with were destined to provide a monstrous sustenance for Dinhcara in his hybrid form.

The bartender will recognize a picture of Dinhcara if shown one, but cannot identify any of doomed crewmen.

There will be a 20% chance that one of Dinhcara's minions will be present in The Grog Shop when the investigators visit. If so, he will eavesdrop on the conversation, wait for the investigators to depart, then make a full report to Dinhcara, who will in turn take the steps outlined in the section "Retaliation."

PROFESSOR BROWN

This gentleman is a professor of Entomology, the study of insects, whom the amnesiac investigator consulted about spider venom. His office can be located by consulting the campus directory of the University of California at Berkeley, where he is currently guest lecturing.

Professor Brown will be anxious to speak with the amnesiac investigator, and will willingly agree to meet with any of his friends.

If told of the investigator's condition, the professor will express his sympathy and proceed to review what he knows.

The day before the amnesia struck, the investigator in question visited Professor Brown. He gave the professor a phial of clear, thick fluid, which he requested be analyzed. When Brown inquired why the investigator had come to an entomologist, the investigator replied that he suspected the fluid to be some kind of spider venom, but he would not elaborate on the subject.

Brown tested the fluid, and sure enough, it was venom, from a species which is native to India, but in uncommonly large quantity.

What concerned Professor Brown was the fact that the fluid also contained human blood. The bite of such a spider is not normally considered fatal, but the concentration of venom in the sample was more than ten times the fatal dose, indicating that a theoretical victim would have sustained several hundred bites, which would in turn indicate the presence of thousands of these spiders in San Francisco.

Since there have been no other reports of such spider attack, something very strange is obviously happening, and the professor is very interested in learning the explanation.

While Professor Brown is offering this information, have the amnesiac investigator make a POW X 3 roll. If successful, he will experience a brief flashback into those hours he cannot remember.

He will remember himself surrounded by trees, crouching in the bushes in the darkness. He sees a man, caught and struggling with something unseen, and a SAN roll is required as the investigator remembers the man screaming hideously as the flesh of his face collapses into itself, as if the juices were being drawn out of it... The Sanity loss is 1 point on a missed roll.

The investigator will come out of the flashback with a frightened outcry, and will be otherwise unharmed by the experience.

This is a flashback to the night the investigator followed Dinhcara from the Grog Shop and witnessed his transformation and subsequent feeding of his victim in Golden Gate Park. After Dinhcara had departed, the investigator had taken a blood sample from the desiccated corpse, and presented it to Professor Brown the next day.

The professor will assist the investigators in any way possible, asking only that he be kept informed about the case in regards to the presence of the foreign spiders.

But more importantly, the professor can supply the investigators with an antidote to the spider venom. He can supply each investigator with two phials, each containing two doses. More can be manufactured, but it will require at least another three days.

GRESHAM REALTY

Upon their arrival at Carl Gresham's realty office, the investigators will be told by the secretary of the small one-girl office that, regretfully, Mr. Gresham has gone on vacation for an indefinite period. A successful Psychology roll made on the secretary will indicate that she is somewhat puzzled and more than a little ticked off about this circumstance.

If questioned with a Fast Talk roll, Miss Doster will explain that Mr. Grasham's departure was unannounced except for a brief note left on her desk, and that his absence has made life more than a little difficult for Miss Doster. Add to this the fact that Miss Doster hasn't received her paycheck for last week, and it becomes clear that Mr. Grasham is not a popular fellow around the office these days.

It will require a successful Fast Talk roll and a bribe to convince Miss Doster to allow the investigators to examine her boss' files. For each \$25 of bribe money offered, the chance of success is increased by 5%. If a bribe of \$100 dollars is offered right off, Miss Doster will offer to locate whatever files the investigators are interested in.

Should this happy event take place, or if Miss Doster overhears the investigators talking about the Tollotson mansion, she will mention the fact that, just prior to his vacation, Mr. Gresham was quite excited that he had finally lined up a buyer for the old mansion, someone who was willing to offer considerably more than the Twin Peaks Historical and Preservation Society.

This information will be at odds with what is discovered in the Tollotson file, for there is no copy of any transfer of title to a new owner and, as far as the record here shows, the property is still owned by the Gresham Realty Company.

Dinhcara murdered Carl Gresham and assumed his identity in order to gain ownership of the estate without suffering the financial burden. Rather than trouble himself with maintaining the Carl Gresham persona, he arranged for "Gresham" to go on a spur of the moment vacation.

But before he was so foully slain, Gresham couldn't help boasting about selling the Tollotson Estate for a hefty profit, despite his informal agreement with the Twin Peaks Historical Society.

If asked about the supposed buyer, Miss Doster

will reply that it was a foreign gentleman with a name she cannot really pronounce, though he seemed to be Hindu. She will of course recognize the name Sinjit Dinhcara.

If the investigators cannot get on agreeable terms with Miss Doster, they will have to come back after hours and break in to get the information they seek. This will call for a successful Locksmith roll on either the front or rear door, though a successful Spot Hidden roll made prior to the attempt will reveal the tell-tale wires of the office security system.

It will take a successful Electrical Repair roll to bypass the alarms, which if tripped will summon the police in 1D10 rounds. The filing cabinets are also locked, requiring another Locksmith roll to open.

For each round the investigators spend in the realty office there will be a 30% chance that a patrol car will pass by the building, followed by a 20% chance that one of the officers inside will notice something suspicious and decide to investigate.

THE MAP

One of the most valuable clues the investigators will have is the map of San Francisco, for on it, the amnesiac investigator has circled several key locations, including the location of The Grog Shop, Imberson's Warehouse, and the Tollotson Mansion. Also, a close examination of the Golden Gate Park area will reveal additional locations.

Locations circled in the park include the Hall of Flowers, Japanese Tea Garden, the Rhododendron Garden, the Lily Pond, and the Pioneer Log Cabin. These are all locations in which the police have discovered the bodies of Sinjit's victims.

Fortunately for the authorities, there is a police station right in the park, so the more bizarre and horrible aspects of these deaths have been kept under raps so far.

Should the investigators venture into the park during the daylight hours, they will learn next to nothing, but they will have an enjoyable time doing it. There is, however, a ray of hope.

There is a 50% chance that the investigators will encounter a middle-aged street person named Zeke, who will try to panhandle a dollar off them. If he gets his dollar, he'll smile and nod his thanks.

"Appreciate it," he'll say. "And it ain't goin' for booze 'r drugs either. Well, I'll leave you to your walk, but a little advice: Spend all the time you want around here, but do it during the day. When the night comes, you get the hell outta here!"

If questioned about this odd statement, Zeke will maintain that he is referring to muggers and other low-lives who make the park unsafe at night, but a successful Psychology roll will reveal that he is not being truthful. A successful Fast Talk roll and the promise of another \$10 will get Zeke to open up.

"You're not gonna believe me, I know that," Zeke will begin, "but you're good people, and you got a right to know. There's some kinda big animal runnin' around the park at night. I don't know where it hides during the day, and I'm sure not going to look for it!"

"I've seen it a couple of times this last month, and I'm sure it has something to do with these killings goin' on here. You've heard about them, haven't you? Well anyway, it's big and it's nasty, and you don't want

to be around it, so stay out of the park at night, okay?"

Additional questioning will cause Zeke to remember that he had seen this animal near the Lily Pond and in the Japanese Tea Gardens, and the next day, he learned another body had been found.

If asked what the animal looked like, Zeke will say that it was too dark to see it clearly, but a successful Psychology roll at half will reveal that he is lying. If pressed, Zeke will admit that the animal he saw looked like "...this big.... spider, about six feet tall."

Should the investigators return to the park in search of Zeke after this initial meeting, they will be met with disappointment. Having never been accused of stupidity, Zeke will have removed himself from the park environs to seek less dangerous accommodations elsewhere in the city.

IN THE PARK AT NIGHT

Golden Gate Park has the potential for danger for a lone investigator, in the person of a mugger (20% chance) or a roving street gang (10% chance). Muggers will not harass groups of two or more, and the appearance of a gun will cause the street gang to back off with poor grace. However, on certain evenings, the investigators have a chance to encounter something far less mundane, and far more deadly.

Sinjit can resist the urge to feed for a maximum of 10 days, whereupon he will venture to The Grog Shop and snare another victim. This pattern will be consistent and quite easy to spot, as the police have already done. It will be a simple matter to predict when the next of these grisly murders will take place. Keepers should remember that the murders all take place on the evening before the date on the newspaper articles describing the crime. Also note that Sinjit's next feeding will take place July 3, and in 10 day increments thereafter.

Sinjit is an arrogant, cunning devil who delights in eluding the police net - and anyone else who may be searching for him in the park. He thinks ahead, and plans several alternate escape routes should something go amiss.

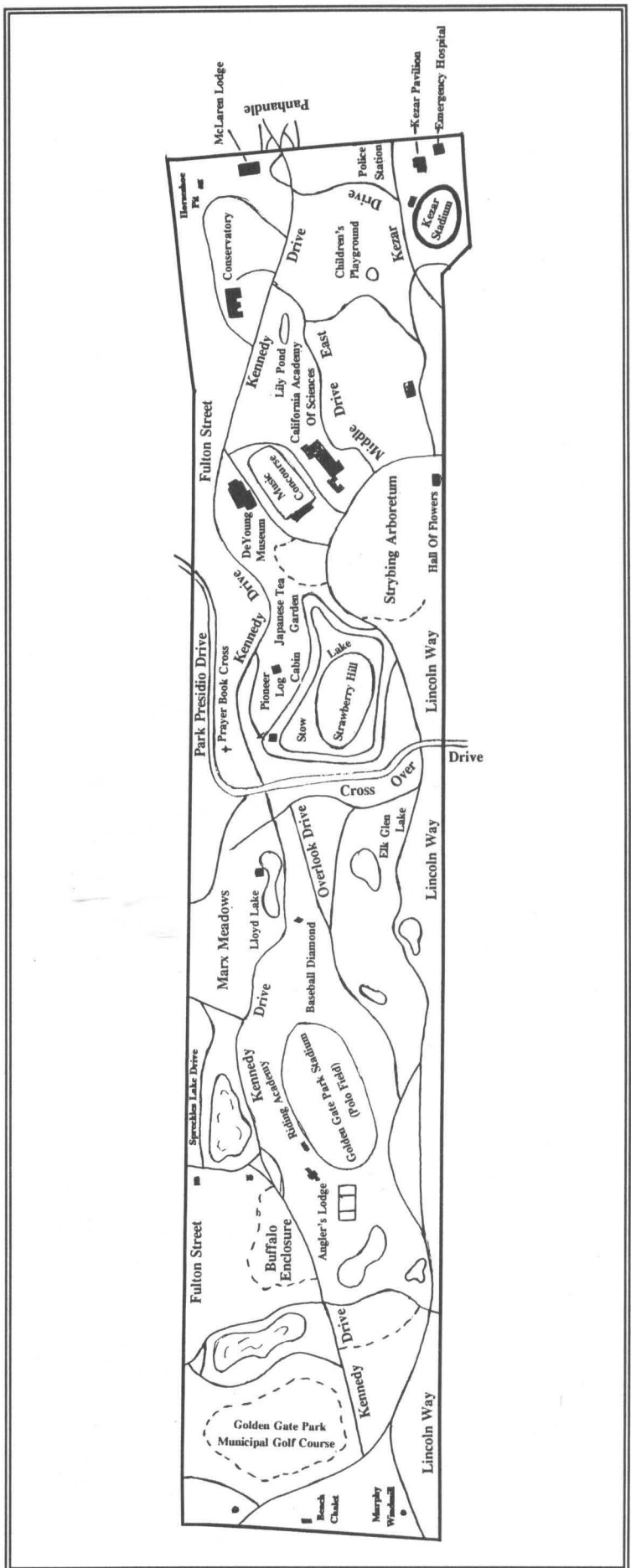
In the guise of Carl Gresham, he has leased a nondescript car under the name of George Webb. This car is stored in a parking garage, also under the name of Webb, and is always parked two blocks from The Grog Shop when Sinjit is stalking. If it becomes necessary, Sinjit can abandon the vehicle and not be concerned about it being traced.

The diabolical killer has timed his slayings to coincide with the passing of a Metro bus, which picks up passengers just outside the park. If forced to abandon the car, Sinjit can easily make use of public transportation to flee the scene.

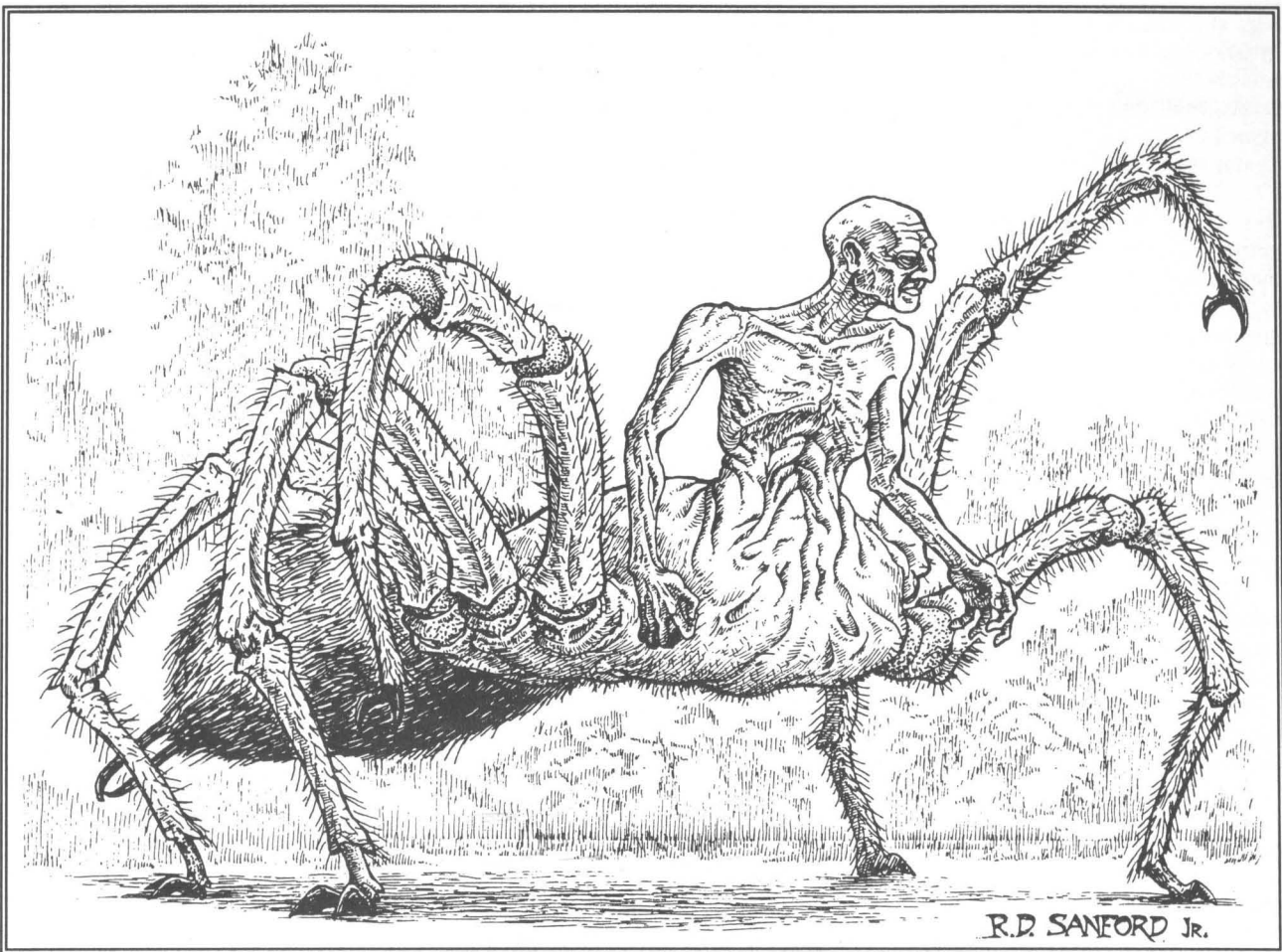
Failing that, Sinjit will simply remain in his man/spider form and take to the trees, using the upper branches as an unassailable route to safety.

Sinjit takes great pleasure in committing his crimes under the noses of the park police, and will go to great lengths to place the corpses of his victims in locations designed to taunt the authorities without actually alerting the public to the monstrous threat he represents.

This is accomplished by leaving the desiccated bodies in locations where they will be found by park workers, but not by the general public. Such locations



Golden Gate Park



Sinjit in Spider Form

include the middle of the Lily Pond, the mulch pile behind the Hall of Flowers, and in a storage shed in the Japanese Tea Garden.

There is no rhyme or reason to the placement of the corpses, so the investigators will be hard pressed to predict where Sinjit will appear next. If the luckiest investigator of the group can make a critical Luck roll (10% of LUCK), they will be in the right place at the right time.

If Sinjit has fed before he is discovered, he will simply attempt to flee, employing his spells only when necessary. If he has not fed, he will attack anyone who attempts to interfere, using both spells and the abilities granted to him by his spider form.

If his Hit Points are reduced to half, he will break off the attack and devote all his energies to escaping. If Sinjit has been deprived of his vile meal, he will be forced to hunt again that same evening. Driven nearly mad with hunger, he will stalk the denizens of the park, select the most isolated and devour him, tossing the body into the underbrush nearby.

Should these events come to pass, there will be a 45% of a citizen discovering this grisly corpse, and the police will be forced to put forth the story that the victim had been dead for several weeks when it was found, and must have been disposed of in the park only recently.

This is not a very good story, and the police know it, so they will redouble their efforts to catch the killer.

The police could also provide some difficulty for the investigators. Patrols of the park have been doubled, and should any untoward events take place, the officers on duty have orders to arrest anyone near the area of the crime. Needless to say, it will not go well for any investigator discovered near the body of one of Sinjit's victims.

Not only that, it will bring the investigators once more to the attention of Captain Vince Junger. If the arrested investigators are known to Junger, he will have them held, and subject to a thorough interrogation anyone who comes to bail them out. Thereafter, he will have a tail put on the investigators, and it will require a Spot Hidden at -25% to reveal their presence.

THE TWIN PEAKS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This is a private organization of well-to-do native San Franciscans who have dedicated a portion of their time and wealth to the preservation of historical structures and the restoration of period homes which have not fared well under the onslaught of time.

The current president of the Society is a rotund matron named Willona Huntington, the very same Mrs. Huntington whose letter is to be found in the amnesiac's hotel room, along with the floorplans to the Tollotson Mansion.

Mrs. Huntington will recognize the amnesiac investigator immediately, and inquire if the information she'd sent was helpful. If the situation is explained to

her, she will tell her visitors that the investigator in question came to the Society's office to request information about the Tollotson Estate for a proposed article on endangered San Francisco landmarks. Mrs. Huntington agreed to put a package together and send it to the investigator at his hotel room.

The only useful bit of information the investigators will get here is that the Society had been on the verge of purchasing the estate from Carl Gresham when they received a letter informing them that the property had been sold to a third, unnamed party. Since no legal documents had been signed, there was nothing the Society could do about it, and Mr. Gresham has avoided any contact with the group since the sale. In Mrs. Huntington's opinion, this is due to a guilty conscience.

However, Mrs. Huntington will remark that this cessation of communication is not like Mr. Gresham, who is normally an outgoing sort who took some modest pleasure in assisting the Society in making new acquisitions.

As the investigators are leaving, Mrs. Huntington will remark that she is sorry she cannot supply her guests with more information, but there is nothing left to tell, save for some native superstition.

If questioned, Mrs. Huntington will relate the fact that the Indians who once lived in the area around the Twin Peaks district considered the two hills to be sacred ground, a place of great magic that held terrible dangers for those not equipped with the knowledge of the Spirits and the influence they exerted over that area.

Legend has it that, if one were to climb the peaks on certain nights without knowing how to prepare, that one would find himself forever lost in the world of his own dreams.

A Cthulhu Mythos roll at -5% will call attention to this veiled reference to the Dreamlands. Any investigator with Dream Lore will immediately pick up on the possible significance of this tale.

THE TOLLOTON MANSION

This is the place where all paths will eventually lead; the lair of Sinjit Dinhcara and the many horrors he has summoned there.

The estate itself is set high in the wooded hills, and is quite isolated from the neighborhoods of the Twin Peaks district. In fact, most of the people living there would be surprised to learn of its existence. It is surrounded by a thick forest of pines, which covers the slopes of the two steep hills which give the area its name.

The front gate is securely locked, as are all doors, and the windows are solidly shuttered. The grounds have been reasonably cared for, and the structure itself shows signs of recent repair. Carl Gresham was no fool; he knew the value of this property, and did his best to both keep it up and to preserve it from vandals.

A successful Locksmith roll is required to defeat the lock on the front gate, but a successful Climb roll will make it a simple matter to scale the wall and drop down on the other side. The house doors will require a Locksmith roll at -20%, and the shutters will yield to nothing less than a crowbar.

Oddly enough, if one of the shutters is in fact pried open, or if someone simply squints through the

louvers, they will see that all of the glass panes have been painted over from the inside, insuring that next to no light seeps into the mansion during the day. A Spot Hidden roll will draw attention to the fact that the paint job was done from the inside of the house.

For the main part, the mansion is empty; only three rooms on the ground floor and two rooms in the cellar contain anything pertinent to this scenario; thus, only these rooms are discussed in the following paragraphs.

The first room is the Rear Lounge, through which the investigators may attempt to enter if they are paying a surreptitious visit. This long, low room is located at the center rear of the house, its outer wall a series of French doors opening onto a wide flagstone veranda. These doors have also been shuttered, and their glass panels painted over from the inside.

Within this room are an old end table and a decomposing sofa - not to mention approximately 100 Children of Atlach-Nacha, which Sinjit has begun breeding in the house.

Any investigator attempting to pass through this room must make a successful Luck roll to avoid aggravating the spiders, thus triggering an attack.

The second room, accessible from the Rear Lounge, is the Ballroom. Three great crystal chandeliers depend from an intricately carved ceiling supported by delicate marble columns which completely surround the room.

The entire chamber is, of course, infested with the Children of Atlach-Nacha, their webs enfolding the chandeliers and stately columns in layer upon layer of eerie, deadly silk.

This room is still negotiable, but the investigators will have to make 3 consecutive Luck rolls at -10%, -20%, and -30% respectively to make it safely across this chamber and through the archway into the next room.

THE CHILDREN OF ATLACH-NACHA

STR	7	CON	8	SIZ	7	INT	1
POW	1	DEX	12	HP	7	MV	10

WEAPON	ATTACK %	DAMAGE
Bite	30%	Poison*
Implant Eggs	15%	Special**

ARMOR: NONE

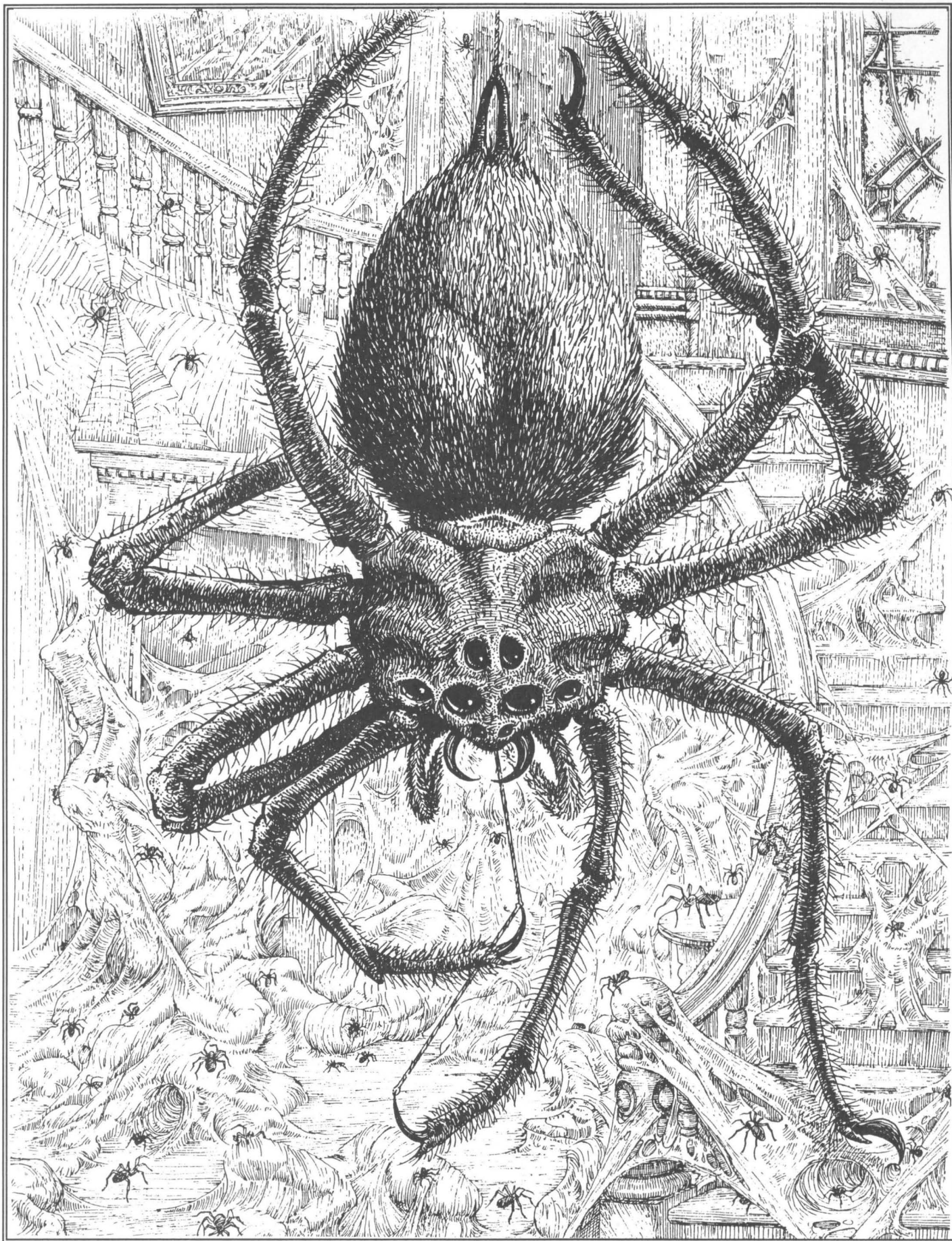
SAN: 0/1D2

* The victim must make a Resistance Roll against a poison of Potency 9 each day for 9 days. Success means the permanent loss of 1 Hit Point. Failure means a 2 point loss, and the victim will be bedridden with fevered delusions for the entire day.

With each missed roll, all skills are reduced by 10%; after the 9 days pass, these skills will return over the next 3 days.

**Spider eggs are implanted under the victim's skin. The spider must first make a critical Bite attack before this may be attempted. The victim will become weak and listless, and in 3 days' time a blackened, tumorous growth will have formed around the area of the bite.

On the third day, this tumor will burst open, and hundreds of fledgling Children will emerge from the pried



The Leng Spider

embryonic sac. The SAN loss for the victim is an automatic 1D8+3; for those observing it is 1/1D3. The victim will also suffer the loss of 1D6 Hit Points from the whole disgusting experience, but will recover in the normal manner.

NOTE: The Keeper should be reminded that the webs of the Children of Atlach-Nacha are extremely flammable, and that a single misplaced match could turn both these rooms into raging infernos in the blink of an eye.

The stairwell is a circular room containing a grand oak staircase that spirals up and around the wall to balconies affording access to the second and third floors. At present, it is completely cocooned in a silken-white blanket of webbing, over which scamper 1D10+10 hybrid spiders. An archway across the room leads into the rest of the house.

There are a number of egg pods held securely in the web, as well as a number of large and disturbing shapes, which a successful Spot Hidden roll at -10% will identify as cocooned human bodies.

There are two important features to this chamber. The first is a gaping hole which takes up a major portion of the floorspace. Since it has been covered over by webbing, a Spot Hidden at -20% is needed to discover the absence of flooring. Anyone taking more than two steps into this room will plunge through the flimsy webbing and down into the cellar below, sustaining 1D4 points of damage.

The second and most deadly feature is the horrid Leng Spider which hangs from a silken thread attached to the center of the ceiling. The spider will be curled up and dormant when first encountered, but any disturbance beyond a quiet investigation will rouse the arachnid horror. Slowly, horribly, it will unfurl its great, hairy legs and descend to pursue the intruders. So single-minded of purpose will it be that, should the investigators flee the mansion, it will tear down an exterior wall and pursue them across the estate and into the woodlands beyond. However, it will not follow into any of the surrounding neighborhoods, but remain in the woods, lurking amongst the upper branches until Sinjit calls it back to the house.

THE SACRIFICES

The Leng Spider harbored by Sinjit must be fed every 7 days, thus establishing a pattern that should be easily detected. On every Thursday, Sinjit will bring a victim to the Tollotson mansion and offer him or her up to the avatar of his deity.

Complications arise from the fact that not all of these disappearances have been reported, or even noticed. A bag lady downtown, a street punk from a low rent neighborhood, and a streetwalker have all vanished without trace and have not been missed, thus breaking up the pattern.

The dates on the articles concerning the disappearances will vaguely hint at a pattern, but a successful Idea roll at 1/4 is required to allow an investigator to realize that there may be missing pieces to this puzzle.

The victims will be cocooned by the Spider and devoured over a period of 6 days. This is an excruciatingly agonizing process, and the pain will drive the

victim mad by the end of the first day.

By the end of the second day, so much of the sacrifice's internal organs will have been dissolved that any hope of rescue will have vanished. Only if the victim is rescued within 3 hours of being presented to the Leng Spider will his/her life be saved, but the unutterable horror of the experience will cause the victim seek the protection on amnesia, and will remember nothing of these horrifying experiences.

If deprived of a sacrifice for more than 7 days, there will be a 10% cumulative chance per hour that the Leng Spider will escape the mansion in order to hunt on its own.

It should be borne in mind that Sinjit will never sacrifice anyone he has met in The Grogg Shop to the Leng Spider. The Shop and Golden Gate Park are his playground alone, and since the spider's dietary requirements are slightly more demanding than Sinjit's, he will stick to easier, less noticeable targets for these weekly sacrifices.

The next sacrifice is scheduled for the 24th, and so on in 7 day increments.

THE CELLAR

This area of the mansion is a maze of rooms, alcoves and passages, all blanketed with dust and mildew, but containing nothing of any pertinence to this scenario, with the exception of the room directly beneath the stairwell.

This is a large chamber, made larger by the demolition of a number of the surrounding walls. The walls and ceiling of the room are covered with webbing, but not a single spider is to be found here. Curiously, the floor is quite clear of any webbing, and is reasonably clean.

In the center of the room is what at first appears to be a pool of darkness bounded by a ring of strange hieroglyphs. A successful Mythos roll will identify this to be a Gate; anyone who has seen a Gate before will automatically recognize it as such. Anyone possessing Dream Lore will note that certain of the glyphs mark this as a Gate into Dreamlands. It was through this portal that Sinjit brought the Leng Spider into the waking world.

Closer inspection of the Gate will reveal what is essentially a ramp spiralling down and around the circumference of the Gate. This is the route into Atlach-Nacha's realm, and beyond, Dreamlands.

It is reasonably safe to travel through this Gate, though doing so will take the investigators first to the great web of Atlach-Nacha, and there will be a 30% chance of encountering the spider deity while in its domain.

Once safely past that point, the investigators will find themselves in Dreamlands. Unfortunately, they will emerge in a vale in the Plateau of Leng, which is infested with the dread Spiders of Leng.

Since neither Atlach-Nacha's realm or Dreamlands has any great bearing on the outcome of this scenario, the Keeper is encouraged to exercise his or her imagination in presenting events occurring there. Consulting the rule book will provide stats for the spider god, while the Dreamlands sourcebook can provide inspiration for a sidebar adventure which could take place in that realm.

NOTE: The Keeper should note that, should

the investigators enter into Dreamlands through the Gate in the Tollotson mansion, they will be physically present in that realm. That means, if they are killed there, they are irretrievably *dead*.

SINJIT'S WHEREABOUTS

There is a 25% chance that Sinjit will be present at the mansion when the investigators pay a call. If this is the case, he will remain out of sight, hoping to isolate individuals and demonstrate to them his more gruesome spells.

If not at home, there will be a 50% chance that Sinjit will arrive while the investigators are poking about. A successful Listen roll will alert the party to this arrival, though again, Sinjit will play a waiting game with the intruders.

SINJIT DINHCARA

STR 14	CON 15	SIZ 13	INT 18
POW 17	DEX 14	EDU 21	APP 12
HP 14	SAN 0	DAMAGE BONUS +1D4	

WEAPON (HUMAN FORM)	ATTACK %	DAMAGE
Knife	50%	1D4+2
Punch	60%	1D3+1D4
.45	30%	1D10+2
(SPIDER FORM)		
Webbing	25%	1D4
Bite	30%	1D2+Paralyze

SKILLS: Accounting 15%, Archaeology 20%, Astronomy 10%, Bargain 30%, Chemistry 10%, Climb 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 55%, Dodge 35%, Hide 40%, Jump 45%, Library Use 60%, Listen 40%, Occult 60%, Pharmacy 20%, Psychology 40%, Read/Write English 50%, Read/Write Latin 40%, Spot Hidden 55%, Throw 40%

SPELLS: Body Warping of Gorgoroth, Consume Likeness, Dampen Light, Deflect Harm, Enthrall Victim, Flesh Ward, Mind Blast

RETALIATION

Sinjit may be a raving madman, but he understands the benefits of anonymity. This being the case, he will deal quite severely with any who interfere with his plans, or who have even the slightest hope of exposing him.

Sinjit will be unaware of the identity of the amnesiac investigator, but knows that someone invaded the Tollotson mansion, so he will be on the alert should someone else come snooping.

For a small or inexperienced group, it is suggested that the Keeper allow the investigators to carry out their investigations in obscurity. Only if they make themselves obvious should Sinjit become aware of their presence.

For a larger or more experienced group, it is suggested that Sinjit learns of the curious case of the amnesiac investigator's case through an article in the newspaper. Through the course of the scenario, Sinjit can pop up at various locations which the investigators have recently visited in an attempt to obtain more information about this potential enemy.

The most likely locations would be the hospital the stricken investigator staggered into, the Twin Peaks

Historical Society, and, perhaps, Professor Brown.

On the second and all subsequent visits to these locations, have one of the players make a Luck -20% roll. A successful roll will prompt the memory of the Professor, Willona Huntington, or a nurse at the hospital. They will then reveal to the investigators that a Hindu gentleman was asking questions concerning the party and, in particular, the amnesiac.

In either case, should the party come to Sinjit's attention, his response will be instantaneous - and quite deadly.

He will target the amnesiac investigator, reasoning that, with this person out of the way, the others of the group will either be warned away or be left without enough information to continue. He will detail two of his minions (use the stats for The Delivery Men) to this task, commanding that the death appear to be the result of a mugging.

Should this fail - and after killing the two hapless minions - Sinjit will take charge of the project personally, employing all his spells and abilities to end the life of the interfering investigator and any who stand with him.

Sinjit's attacks will be carefully thought out, and executed with lightning speed. And should something go wrong, he will be prepared with a number of alternate escape routes.

A suggested first attack is as follows:

Learning the location of the amnesiac's room, Sinjit will go to that hotel at night, change into spider form, and climb the wall to his victim's room. Upon gaining entry to the room, he will awaken the investigator and allow him a front row view of his spider form, in the hopes of driving his victim insane.

The hapless victim of this assault must make a Sanity roll each round Sinjit is present in the room, with a failure resulting in an instant loss of 2D8 points of sanity for each missed roll. Also, for each roll, there is a 5% cumulative penalty to the SAN roll. So for example, the first roll would be at full SAN, the second at SAN -5%, the third at SAN -10%, etc.

If this ploy should fail, then Sinjit can resort to more physical and permanent means of dealing with his problem.

THE WRAP-UP

In order to receive the full 1D20 point SAN reward for this scenario, the investigators must defeat Sinjit, deal with the Leng Spider and its smaller cousins, and close off the Gate to Dreamlands. If Sinjit remains at large at scenario's end, the reward will be only 1D8 points. If, however, the investigators only succeed in arranging Sinjit's downfall, the reward will be 1D10+3.

If the Dreamlands Gate remains open, it can provide the hook for a number of scenarios in Dreamlands, or perhaps what may venture through it, as the Keeper decides.

Oh, yes, and if the party is totally successful, the amnesiac investigator will be freed of his mortal fear of spiders, though he will from time to time experience a frightful nightmare in which he is pursued through the woods by a monstrous, multi-legged hulk which has its home in the realm of dreams, a creature whose memory will be forever captured in a web of horror amongst the golden hills and parklands of San Francisco.

OUT OF THE CELTIC TWILIGHT By David Barras

" In every legend, there lies a grain of truth.."

This is a scenario set in the Highlands of Scotland in mid-April of 19-, where the investigators discover that the legend of The Worm in the Hill is more than just a near-forgotten tale of simple, superstitious folklore, and that a darker reality behind the legend is arising from out the Celtic twilight.

BONNY SCOTLAND

The investigators are in Scotland, enjoying a walking holiday amongst the country's magnificent scenery. The first pull towards the village of Rosehill comes in the form of a newspaper report appearing in all the major papers attesting to a major archaeological find near the village of Rosehill at the foot of Glen Carey.

An ancient Celtic burial mound has been uncovered, and along with several well-preserved skeletons were found a number of Celtic art treasures. The mound was discovered on the land of one Dougal Menzies, a wealthy farmer, and the treasures will be placed on temporary display in Rosehill before being removed for careful study; all in all, a prime opportunity to broaden the mind.

THE SITUATION

William Black, Ancestor of the ill-fated Helen Black, holds the people of Rosehill responsible for his lowly standing in life and the lack of success of his various endeavours. Bitter and vindictive, he became obsessed with the legend of the Worm in the Hill and the Cloaked Man, and decided to use both to wreak vengeance upon the town.

From many shunned tomes, Black learned of the true nature of the worm, and determined to call it up from its ages-long sleep. To disguise his midnight wanderings, and to play upon the superstitions of the villagers, William resurrected the Cloaked Man, creating a period costume and obtaining an antique blunderbuss as carried by his original counterpart. Those few who glimpsed him naturally assumed it was The Cloaked Man himself, a sure sign of terrible things afoot - and they were entirely correct in that assumption.

Black's attempts to rouse the Worm were moderately successful; the beast stirred, causing a number of minor tremors, but it did not leave its ancient burrow, for it had a much more important task to perform - the guarding of its eggs.

One of the Worm's stirrings caused a minor tremor which split part of the hill above its resting place, revealing the ancient Celtic burial chamber, a portion of which also served as the creature's hatchery. When the chamber was discovered and explored, the eggs were

removed, since they were mistakenly thought to be artifacts of some sort.

Unfortunately, they were not, and the Worm of the Hill wants them back!

CELTIC RICHES

On a farm outside the village of Rosehill in the Highlands of Scotland, a remarkable archaeological find was recently made. Archie Donaldson, an employee of land owner Dougal Menzies, noticed that one of the Menzies estate's many pasture hillocks had partially collapsed, revealing what he quickly decided was a man-made chamber. As Mr. Dougal Menzies tells it:

"Well, Archie came running in while I was eating my breakfast, and excitedly held up a bit of jewelry which he'd taken from the chamber, a sort of rounded bracelet, and told me how he'd found it.

"Now I'd always believed those mounds to be natural features of the landscape, and so I was most excited to learn the contrary. My uncle had been something of an historian, and so I was quite aware of the significance of what Archie had found. Between Archie, myself, and two men from the village, we were able to salvage the rest of the find."

And what a find! Although the relics have yet to be examined by experts, it is expected that they are from the eighth or ninth century. Mr. Menzies is allowing anyone who is fortunate enough to be in the area a viewing of the find until the arrival of the archaeological team from Edinburgh University.

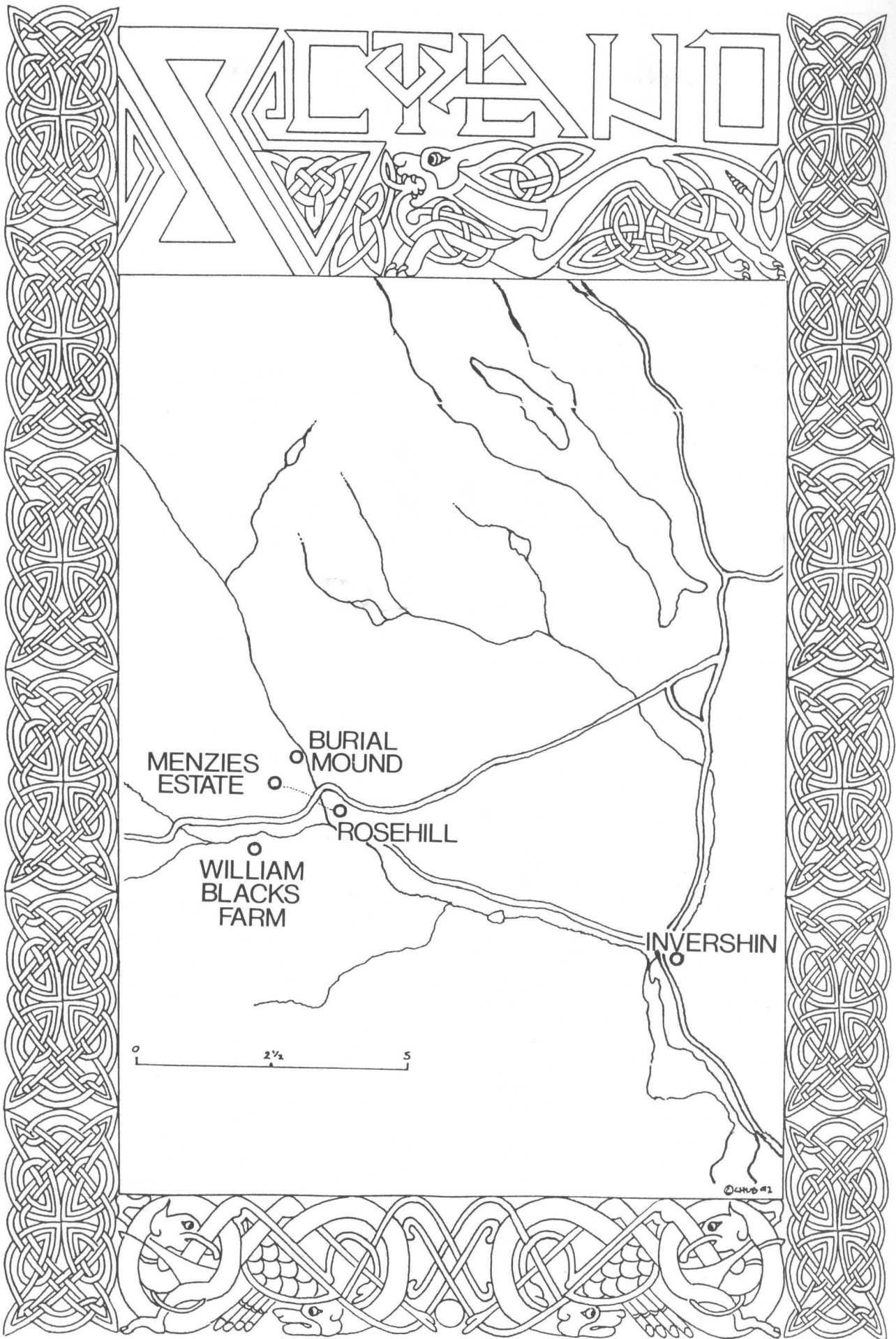
At that time, the artifacts will be handed over for cataloging and dating. After that, the pieces will go on show at the Chambers Street Museum in Edinburgh.

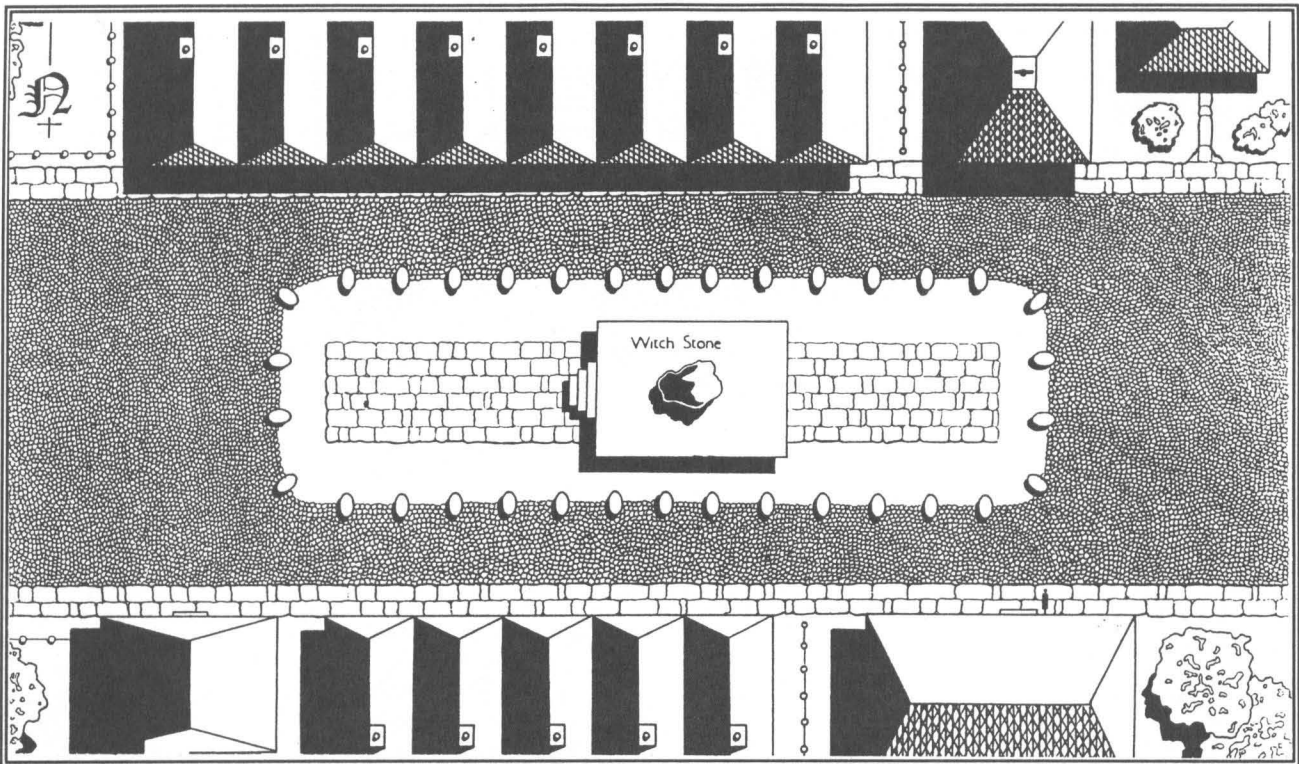
The last word goes to Mr. Menzies: "It just goes to show that the past is much closer to us than we think." Just so.

ROSEHILL

Rosehill is a small community in the south of Sutherland, in the Highlands of Scotland, a town with a population of a little over two hundred. This population is split between the village itself and the surrounding farms, which account for over one quarter of the official figure. The surrounding countryside is mountainous, wide, and wild.

The climate is ever-changing here in the Highlands, though it is never *really* warm. The region is





Rosehill

steeped in tradition and folklore, and the communities are relatively friendly towards outsiders - so long as they're not overly nosy or bothersome.

Rosehill itself is built around a market square, which sports an interesting monument at its center (more of this later). Around the central square is arranged a town hall/library, a small church, a guest house, and a small number of houses and shops.

The main road runs through Rosehill and the town square, and several additional houses have sprouted along it as the town's population grew.

The guest house doubles as a public house and, there being no prohibition in Scotland, it is a gathering place for the locals in the cool evenings when the work of the day is done.

The house is operated by Margaret and Robert Dunnet, and has the singular honor of being the only place to stay in town. Margaret is a large, likeable middle-aged woman who will be able to assist the investigators should they require any local information or gossip.

Her husband Robert is somewhat older, and seems to spend the greater part of his time reading the paper and grumbling about the state of affairs.

No-one is staying at the guest house at the moment, so this will give Margaret an opportunity to fuss over the investigators.

If questioned concerning local gossip, Mrs. Dunnet will reveal the fact that Vivienne Menzies, Dougal's daughter, is having an affair with one Archie Donaldson, the gentleman who works for Dougal. She will confide that this circumstance displeases Dougal, but he had long ago promised Archie's father - who had also worked at the Menzies estate - that his some would have employment for life, and so Dougal cannot simply fire the fellow.

Not being able to vent his anger upon Archie, Dougal began to turn his resentment on Vivienne. They

had a terrible fight one night, and eventually Vivienne had moved in with Archie, further infuriating her father.

The village gossips have made a big issue of the entire affair, especially with the couple living in sin and all. Mrs. Dunnet will observe that she is not akin to such behavior. Gossiping, that is; living in sin is another matter entirely.

The Keeper should allow the investigators the luxury of a calm and quiet night in Rosehill before they move on to the Menzies Estate. This will give the investigators a chance to look around town and take in some of the elemental harmony of a land that is for the most part still unspoiled by the hand of man.



Mrs. Dunnet

AT THE GUEST HOUSE

The tavern of the guest house provides the only

major entertainment in Rosehill, and many of the locals will be found here at night relaxing by the fire with a mug of local ale.

Gossip and tale-telling are the mainstays of the evening, and if the investigators can penetrate the local accent (Linguist at +25%), they will learn that Dougal Menzies is not looked upon with a high degree of respect. He is considered callous and unyielding, a tough man who pays a poor wage yet lives like a lord.

If questioned, Mrs. Dunnet will advise the investigators to ignore this talk, for it stems from the fact that Dougal has suspended all unnecessary work on the estate until it can be determined if other mounds might exist on the property.

While no one in the tavern is particularly keen to engage the investigators in conversation, they are not shunned, and a certain amount of small talk will be welcome.

A successful Spot Hidden roll in the tavern will draw attention to a piece of framed crochet work, which offers the reader the following poem:

OMENS

*I heard the cuckoo with no food in my stomach,
I heard the stock-dove on the top of the trees,
I heard the sweet singer in the copse beyond,
And I heard the screech of the owl of the night*

*I saw the lamb with is back to me,
I saw the snail on the bare flag-stone,
I saw the foal with his rump to me,
I saw the wheat ear on the dyke of holes,
I saw the snipe while sitting bent,
And I foresaw that the year would not go well with me.*

SEEING THE SIGHTS

The Market Square - A cobbled street surrounds the market square and its central monument. The monument is dedicated to the last witch to be burned here in 1692; her name was Helen Black, and she was only 22 when she died.

The Church - Situated in the northeast section of the square, the church itself is not as impressive as the extensive cemetery which stretches out behind it. The graves here date back several centuries, and most of the plots are ill-kept, with weather-beaten headstones whose carefully chiseled epitaphs have fallen victim to the windswept Highland rains. The small cottage next to the church is the abode of the village minister.

Shops - There are two shops in the village; a general grocery, and a small hardware/agricultural supply shop. Both are family businesses run by locals. They are open from 8 AM to 6 PM, and offer the essentials of food-stuffs and hardware supplies.

While they are exploring the village, there are two elements which can be used to unnerve the investigators, and warn them that something is amiss in Rosehill.

First, anyone roaming the town at dusk who makes a successful Spot Hidden roll will notice a dark figure observing them from afar, black cloak billowing out behind him in the chill evening breeze. All attempts to confront this mysterious watcher will be met with disappointment, as he will be long gone before the investigators can close in. Further information on this fellow

is forthcoming.

If this encounter is mentioned to a villager, he or she will nod sagely and tell the investigator that the cloaked man is a ghost, one of the spirits doomed to forever haunt the streets of Rosehill. In life, he was a man who betrayed the village in the 1500's, and upon his death was made to atone by walking the earth in this ghostly guise.

The investigators will be cautioned not to talk of this again, for to speak of the Cloaked Man is to bring down ill fortune.

KEEPER'S NOTE - An interesting aspect of the Highlands' night sky is the unheralded appearance of brightly colored lights, which cover an extensive expanse of the heavens. Any investigator making a successful Idea roll will realize that these are the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, which are often seen here this time of year.

THE MENZIES ESTATE

The morning after the investigators' arrival will dawn sunny and warm, perfect weather for hiking the mile's distance to the Menzies Estate. This should provide a pleasant interlude, and nothing out of the ordinary will happen along the way.

Before the group reaches the main gate of the estate, the figure of a man will be seen approaching from the opposite direction; this is Dougal Menzies.

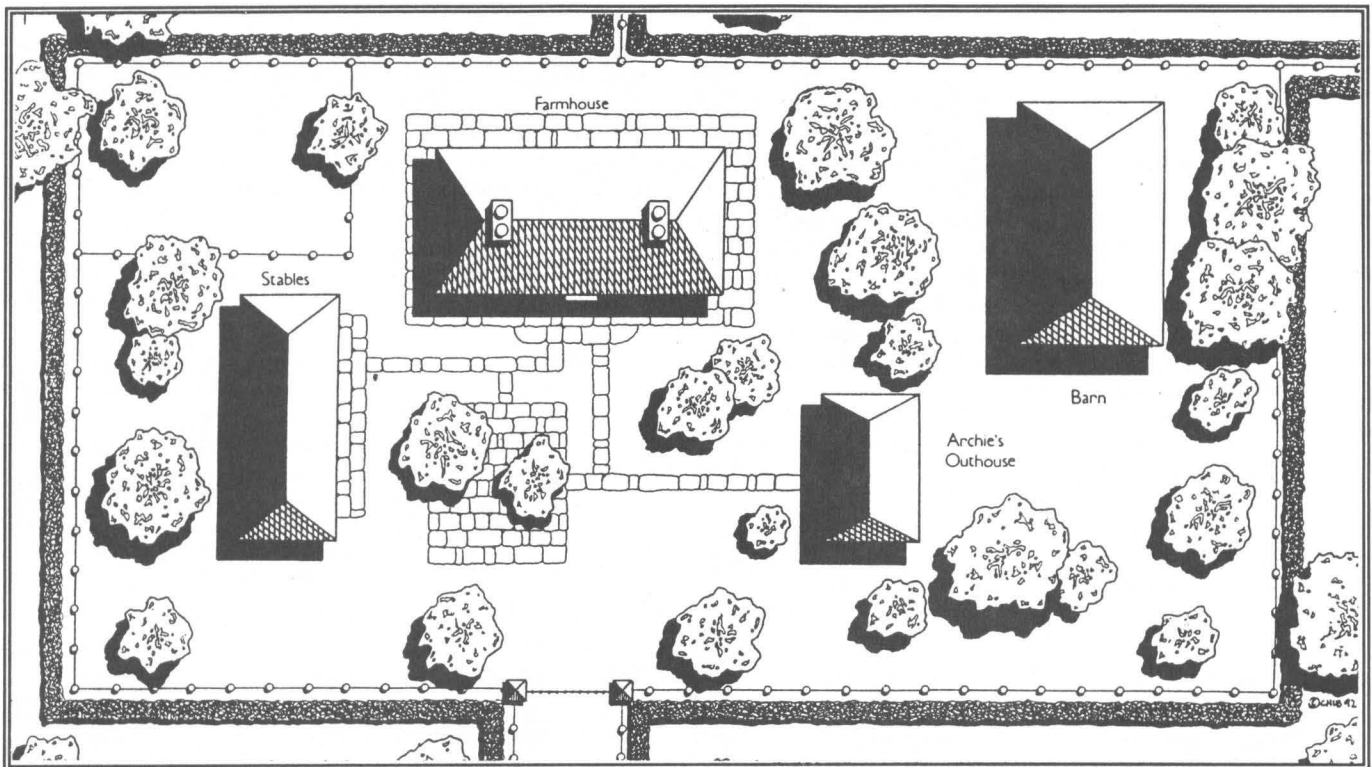
Dougal is on the chubby side, with wispy, gray hair atop a rounded, cherubic face. His skin is flushed and slightly blotchy, and by the way he is puffing when he arrives at the gate, exercise does not agree with him. Yet in his fine tweed suite, he is every inch the country gentleman.



Dougal Menzies

Dougal will address the investigators as "the University group," for he mistakenly believes them to be the party sent from Edinburgh to evaluate the financial and archaeological worth of his find. If the investigators correct him, he will consider a moment, then cheerfully welcome them to the estate anyway, inquiring as to the nature of their interest in the find.

As Dougal chatters about the find, he will lead the investigators back to the house. Looking around, the party will be able to view the entire estate from the low



The Menzies Estate

hill where the entrance gate is located.

This is not the sort of estate one would normally associate with wealthy landowners. The main building is no more than a large, single-story farmhouse; it is certainly no manner house.

Dougal will escort the investigators to the stables next to the main house, where the Celtic relics are being kept at the moment. A part of the stable has been converted into a makeshift museum, with rough planks set up on barrels to provide a display space for the artifacts. However, the investigators will note that there are currently only 10 items on display, and that the reported skeletons are not to be seen.

If anyone comments on this, Dougal will explain that the skeletons were taken for examination and subsequent re-burial, while the remainder of the artifacts are in the keeping of his daughter Vivienne, who has an interest in Celtic history. She is currently cleaning the pieces, readying them for display.

Dougal will go on to say that Vivienne has taken a few of the finer pieces to Edinburgh in order to impress the University with the importance of the find.

Among the items actually present are several pieces of jewelry. Necklaces and wrist pieces fashioned from bronze, shaped in the form of serpents, and inscribed in a language that is unknown to all but the most scholarly of Investigators. This is of course Gaelic, ancient tongue of the Celts, which is still widely spoken in parts of Scotland to this day.

Dougal will explain that the inscriptions are a warning concerning an old enemy of the Celts, a huge and blasphemous worm which had once terrorized this region. If the investigators express an interest in this legend, Dougal will tell them that there is a book in his private library which contains the story of the worm, and he will offer to allow the investigators to read it.

The remainder of the pieces on display are day-

to-day items such as cups and pots, and they are not as impressive as the jewelry. If any of the investigators are Archaeologists, they will be allowed to closely examine the artifacts, take photos, or "whatever it is you folks do."

However, Dougal will caution that, once the team from Edinburgh arrives, the entire find will be given over to their safekeeping.

Once the investigators have seen enough in the stables, Dougal will offer to take them out to the mound, which is about half a mile into the estate.

Though quite visible from a distance, it is for the most part covered by thick vegetation, primarily wild rose bushes. It is this hill from which the town of Rosehill took its name. The field from which it rises is currently being grazed by a number of Highland cows, who remain unconcerned about this invasion of their home.

Curiously, on the far side of the field a section of fence has been damaged, and the earth around it has been churned up. If the investigators fail to see this with a Spot Hidden, Dougal will remark upon the fact, grumbling that he will have to get someone out here to repair the damage before any of his cattle wander off.

A close investigation of the damage will reveal that the fenceposts were literally uprooted, a feat which would require some sort of machinery, or enormous strength. A successful Spot Hidden here will reveal no vehicle tracks, only that the earth has been churned up to a depth of nearly two feet.

As Dougal leads the investigators up the side of the mound, he will recount the tale of its discovery. Dougal's story parallels the information contained in the newspaper article "Celtic Riches."

After speaking at some length, Dougal will curb his excitement and say, "Enough from me, then. Shall we enter the earth where the dead have rested so long?"

So saying, he will precede the party down a

makeshift ladder which protrudes from a narrow opening in the side of the mound. This ladder descends twenty feet into a damp, earthen chamber which serves as an antechamber to the mound proper.

While the investigators are climbing down, Dougal will light a torch which is kept nearby, holding it aloft to afford his guests a view of the tomb itself. All present will get the impression that the light does not belong in this place, and that it seems to linger unnaturally on the soft contours of the loamy earth.

There is actually very little to the tomb itself, which is more or less a simple hollow in the ground. One side of the mound has obviously suffered a recent collapse, as the rough symmetry of the interior has been lost to fallen rocks and soil. Other than this, the chamber is perfectly preserved.

Dougal will allow the investigators to poke about all they want, but cautions them not to remove anything without his permission. He will then excuse himself and return to the surface. Making a successful Psychology roll on Dougal at this point will reveal that he suffers a slight case of claustrophobia, compounded by a superstitious unease at violating the burial chamber.

Very little remains in the mound by now, but anyone making a successful Spot Hidden roll will easily discover something white protruding from the earth at the side of the chamber which has recently collapsed.

A hefty tug will unearth a large bone which, though covered in mud, shows every sign of recent origin, even though it has been picked thoroughly clean.

The bone also bears traces of a mucous substance which can be detected with another Spot Hidden at half. If this substance comes into contact with human flesh, it will produce a slight tingling sensations and a reddening of the skin. A successful Chemistry roll made by anyone examining this irritation will realize that it bears a striking similarity to a mild acid burn.

A successful Zoology roll on the bone will identify it as belonging to a cow, from the upper portion of the hind leg. This is the only such bone that will be found here in the burial chamber.

After approximately ten minutes, Dougal will call down that it is time for them to be leaving. He explains that, while he doesn't mind showing people around, he cannot let it interfere with the day-to-day operations of the estate. He will escort the investigators back to the main house and offer them a brandy and, if any are curious enough, a glance at the book containing the legend of the Worm of the Hill, an excerpt of which is presented below, and in the Handout section.

CNOC NA CNOIMH - THE WORM OF THE HILL

Around 800 years ago in the Valley of Carey in Sutherland, the legend of Cnoc Na Cnoimh was born. A giant of a female worm was said to have driven her home into a hill which stood in a shallow valley. The once fertile valley was laid waste by this awesome worm, and her poisonous breath could be spied curling up out of the rotten earth; a sure omen of doom.

For the people of Glen Carey, this doom had come to pass with the arrival of the worm. Many fled the area, fearing for their lives, and rightly so. Nearly all had lost livestock to this deadly menace, and a number of farmers fell victim to the beast, never to be seen again. And the worm curled itself around the Hill of

Roses and viewed the results of its efforts.

But the Scots are at heart a brave and resilient people, and it was inevitable that the worm was challenged. Indeed, the king of Scotland himself heard of the terrible worm, and offered a sizeable reward to the man or men who could slay the ravening beast.

Many knights attempted to slay the worm, but failed. Its awesome size and deadly breath were more than a match for the chivalrous attackers.

Then it was that a local farmer named Hector Gunn made his way to Cnoc Na Cnoimh with the stout-hearted intention of killing the worm. Brave Hector charged the sleeping beast, hoping to catch it off guard, but he was driven back by the scent of her poisonous breath.

Feeling weak and faint, Hector retreated into the moors to think. Seeing a peat bog gave Hector the notion that by creating a torch of the stuff might ward off the effects of the worms breath.

With a smoldering mass of peat firmly affixed to the end of a long pole, Hector charged again. Not only was he able to approach the worm, but was able to thrust the fiery peat into the worm's very mouth.

The beast thrashed and writhed, creating the strange spiral grooves still visible in the landscape to this very day; and even so, Hector held his ground and was triumphant.

Hector received gold and land from the king, and lived a prosperous, happy life as the hero of Glen Carey.

FURTHER INFORMATION

A successful Library Use roll made in Dougal's library will turn up a tome entitled "Cults of the Celtic Albyn," and another roll will draw attention to a volume titled "A History of Rosehill." These books contain the following information, which is also reproduced in the Handouts section.

CULTS OF THE CELTIC ALBYN

The Cult of the Shuddering Earth was not considered to be common to the British Isles; indeed, very few references to it can be found. There are those who believe that the cult existed only in certain areas of the West Indies, and it is strange that evidence of its presence should surface in Celtic Scotland.

It is written that a Cloaked Man appeared to a clan of Celts in the wild Sutherlands, and though he was not easily accepted into the community, the clansmen did come to trust him.

In time, the Cloaked Man taught the Celts the ways of the Shudderer, an obscure form of serpent-deity. He slowly converted them into a Druidic existence, and instructed them in the ways of the Earth God; how to respect nature and how to supply her with gifts so that in turn nature would treat them kindly.

Blood sacrifices were made, and the clan came to look upon their neighbors as lesser beings. One of the clan was chosen to be the divine communicator, and he would protect the god and her offspring, organize rituals, and lead the clan in the worship.

Such worship flourished for nearly two hundred years, until a vengeful attack from a neighboring clan wiped out the Cult of the Shuddering Earth for all time.

Yet the destruction of the Cult has not prevented new stories coming to light concerning great worms in

the Sutherland. There is a story involving one such worm which terrorized that area for as much as one hundred years following the destruction of the Cult.

NOTE: Anyone examining this book who makes a successful Spot Hidden Roll will take note of the fact that it has been dedicated to William Black of Rosehill.

A HISTORY OF ROSEHILL

BLACK, HELEN - In Rosehill stands a monument to Helen Black. It is the simple center stone of the Marketplace, but its origins are unusual, and steeped in tragedy.

Helen Black was born in 1670, and was in all respects a normal, god-fearing child who, as the years went by grew to be an attractive young woman.

In 1700 the General Assembly of the Church had warned all ministers "carefully to take notice of witches, charmers, and all such abusers of the people." And Tom Calder, the young minister of Rosehill, took those words to heart.

Not once since becoming a minister had he ever encountered a witch, and nor would he ever, but being an impressionable sort, he was fair game to the scheming of others.

Helen, being a winsome lass, attracted the fancy of many a townsman, and to her detriment, Helen did not dissuade them.

Unwilling to stand for this, a number of jealous village women approached their young minister and testified to having witnessed Helen Black doing "unnatural things," and Tom Calder zealously seized the opportunity and, after a brief mockery of a trial, condemned Helen to be burned at the stake.

Helen steadfastly proclaimed her innocence, and with her dying breath cursed the town "til the Worm in the Hill goes to her final rest!"

Eventually, ridden by guilt, Helen's accusers confessed their lies, and to placate the spirit of Helen Black a stone was set in the center of the market square, where it stands to this day, a grim reminder of a less forgiving time.



Helen Black and Friend

TREMORS!

Upon their return from the Menzies estate, the investigators should be allowed to do as they please for a time, perhaps to gather information and local gossip. But an event that will shake the entire town will occur that evening, and it is but a hint of worse to come.

As the investigators dream their shadow-haunted dreams, a moderate earth tremor shudders through the village and countryside. The investigators will be jarred from their slumber to find the furniture in their rooms dancing across the floor, pictures falling from the walls, and loose bric-a-brac tumbling off shelves as a deep basso rumble fills the air.

The tremor lasts for approximately 20 seconds, the reverberations of the quake replaced by the frightened voices of the villagers, who are gathering in the market square.

Should the investigators join the crowd, they will find almost the entire village present, and that no serious damage has been inflicted upon any of the surrounding buildings.

However, the witchstone in the center of the square is a trifle lopsided, for its foundation has been disturbed by the shifting of the earth.

Within half an hour, the villagers have calmed down, assessed the damage, and returned to their homes with plans of rising early to effect repairs.

The next day, the talk about town is centered not so much on the quake itself as its foretelling by the local seer, Alex Cameron.

If asked, any villager will explain to the investigators that a seer is able to view events in the future by use of "da-shealladh," or literally, "the two sights," conveying the supposition that he or she is viewing another world which reflects future events.

A successful Fast Talk roll will coax the villager into confessing that Cameron was at one time the town drunk, and that, ever since the passing of his wife, Alex has been "a bit off."

NOTE: The tremor which strikes in the night is of no natural origin, but is in fact the result of the Worm of the Hill as she stirs restlessly in her nether lair and emerges into the night to seek sustenance, and to pay a destructive visit to the Menzies estate (more of this later).

THE SEER

Anyone in town will direct the investigators to Cameron's home, a small cottage on the outskirts of the village.

He appears to be in his sixties, but no-one in the village is certain how old he truly is. He will greet visitors cordially, and even invite them into his cozy livingroom for a cup of tea, but a successful Psychology roll will reveal that he is a sad and broken man, haunted by a tragedy in his past.

Cameron's story, which can be obtained from Mrs. Dunnet, is indeed lamentable.

At the age of 18, he was married to a village girl by the name of Mary McTeagle, an attractive lass of 16. The marriage soon proved to be an unhappy one; Cameron drank heavily, and began to mistreat Mary. The young bride suffered her lot with a typical Highland resilience, but one day all the wordless conflict came

to a head.

Cameron returned home in a wretchedly drunken state, and he and Mary fell into a heated argument; and in a fit of alcoholic rage Cameron struck his wife for the first time.

It was also to be the last, for Mary packed up her few belongings and left Cameron that very night. Not knowing where she might go, Mary was last seen heading into the Highlands, where she became lost.

Frantically searching for the route back to Rosehill, Mary stumbled into a bog and drowned. Her body was found a week later, and it was Cameron himself who told the authorities where to find it; this was the first occurrence of da-shealladh, and it was clear that Mary had cursed her husband with her dying breath.

The authorities cleared Cameron of any overt involvement in his wife's death, and Cameron mourned her passing by intensifying his drinking. Yet even though alcohol is supposed to dim the second sight, Cameron was continually afflicted with visions of the future.

For the next 20 years, Cameron was cursed with the waking dreams; he foretold births, deaths, marriages, and even a few world events weeks before they occurred. And then, on the twentieth anniversary of his wife's death, the visions ceased.

Cameron became a changed man. He stopped drinking and turned to religion, praising God for lifting his affliction from him. He was humble and kind, and was always there to lend a helping hand. But there always remained that shadow of sadness in his eyes...

And then, only a week before the discovery of the burial mound, Cameron was visited by yet another vision, of which he spoke at church that week, perceiving it to be a message from The Lord.

"She will return," Cameron was remembered to have said, "and her return will cause the earth to tremble. But the strangers will know what to do, even though they will not realize it at first."

At first the villagers suspected Cameron had had a guilt-induced nightmare and was referring to his late wife, but now, after the tremor, they are coming to suspect otherwise - and to realize that the investigators are the only "strangers" in the village.

Some will see the investigators as the people who will solve whatever problem the town may be facing, but others will see them as the cause of any misfortune lurking in the future; this can be the cause of a hostile encounter or two at the tavern, as the Keeper decides.

THE WARNING

Cameron welcomes the attention of the investigators, and seizes the opportunity to talk with newcomers. Religion is his favorite subject, and he will of course tell the tale of how he was saved and allowed to atone for his past sins.

On the subject of his visions, he will answer in short, clipped sentences that mirror his reluctance to speak on the subject. He will say, however, that he has never always "seen" with total clarity, and so he sometimes cannot discern the meaning of a vision until the actual event occurs. Yet he will be almost certain that the investigators are the "strangers" who appeared in his last vision.

As the conversation continues, Cameron's face

will suddenly go blank as the teacup falls from his hand. Head lolling to the side, he slurs something in Gaelic before opening his eyes to gaze unseeing at the investigators. When next he speaks, it is in English.

"Beware the Cloaked Man," he says, "for he deals in the basest emotions. He is a servant of fear and death. He contaminates the land and drives the life from Mother Earth Herself. Beware, for the Cloaked Man is near!"

With a start, Cameron emerges from his vision. He is visibly shaken and, upon recovering sufficiently, he politely asks the investigators to leave.



Alex Cameron

UNIVERSITY CHALLENGE

The day after the midnight tremor rattles Rosehill, there will be new guests at Mrs. Dunnet's, these being the team from Edinburgh University. The new arrivals, two men in their forties, will first be encountered in the company of a beautiful young woman, who will be introduced as Vivienne Menzies, Dougal's daughter. These guests will arrive late in the afternoon, and will be having a hot bowl of Mrs. Dunnet's soup should the investigators return at this time.

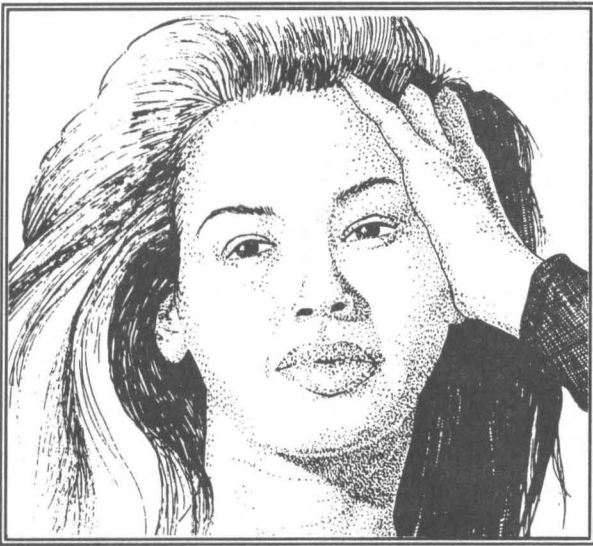
At any rate, the two archaeologists will go out of their way to introduce themselves to the locals, and they will be delighted to meet with such scholarly travelers as the investigators.

They are Donald Cowan and Stewart Ferguson, whose fields are archaeology and anthropology, respectively. They will of course inquire if the investigators have been to the mound, and question them in detail if indeed they have. They will also ask about the recent tremor, remarking that such events are relatively common in Scotland, though they are seldom reported.

The two savants will invite the investigators to join them at the mound, where they are bound as soon as they finish their meal. Even as this invitation is given, their ride will arrive. This, of course, is Vivienne.

Vivienne Menzies is a true Highland beauty, lush red hair flowing over her shoulders to fall teasingly down her face, occasional catching in her full, red lips before she brushes it aside.

Upon her arrival, Vivienne will announce that she has a surprise for the scientists, in the form of a



Vivienne

heretofore undisclosed collection of artifacts from the mound, which she has kept out of sight on her father's estate. She will confirm the scientists' previous invitation, and welcome them out to take a look.

DISASTER

From the moment the Menzies estate comes into view it will be clear that all is not well. A Listen roll will indicate an eerie silence which permeates the grounds, leaving no room for even as much as the chirp of a cricket. And a single look at the structures of the estate will pinpoint the disaster site.

Where the home of Dougal Menzies and the outbuilding of Archie Donaldson once stood, there is now nothing but rubble. The fields surrounding the area look as though they have been ploughed, though not by horse and man, nor even by machine. The estate appears as if it were the epicenter of the previous night's earthquake.

Upon sight of the wreckage, Vivienne gives voice to an awful scream and runs frantically towards her old home, with Donald and Stewart trailing in her wake.

But, instead of making for the main house, Vivienne heads for the outbuilding where Archie had made his home. Scrambling through the remnants of walls and roof, she is sobbing hysterically as she begins tearing madly at the debris.

As the investigators reach her, she will abruptly stop, gazing down in horror at something she has just uncovered. Crying out, she will fall to her knees and begin weeping uncontrollably.

The body of Archie Donaldson lies face up, cut and bruised from fallen masonry, his face bearing a look of wild terror and horrific surprise.

Removing the remainder of the rubble covering him will reveal that he died grasping his shotgun in a vice-like grip. His clothing is in tatters, revealing that his flesh is unaccountably singed - or simply dissolved away. Most of his body is covered with patches of a thick, slimy substance similar to that discovered on the cattle bone in the burial mound.

This scene of tragic, violent death requires a

SAN check, with a loss of 1D4 Sanity if the result is a failure. There is still a 1 point loss on a successful roll.

Meanwhile, Donald and Stewart have been checking the main house. Anyone answering Stewart's call will find him and Donald balancing on a piece of stone above the half-buried body of Dougal Menzies. The man is alive, but badly hurt; his legs have been trapped beneath a thick beam, which will require a combined STR of 30 to hoist off him.

Dougal will require immediate medical attention (ie First Aid) if he is to survive the trip back to town, and it will be up to the investigators to provide it.

DOUGAL'S STORY

Upon receiving ministrations from the town doctor, Dougal will be sufficiently recovered to give a brief account of what occurred.

He was literally jolted from his bed in the middle of the night as the Earth trembled beneath the house. As his mind cleared, he naturally assumed this to be a tremor, and began crawling across the floor to the bedroom door.

Then, above the rumble of the quake, Dougal is certain he heard several gunshots, one of them followed by a woman's scream...

This last causes Dougal to start, and to ask if his housekeeper, Alice is safe and well. He will be deeply concerned to learn of her absence, and will ask the investigators to organize a search for her.

As the sedatives begin taking effect, he will mumble a request that the investigators see to retrieving the artifacts stores in what is now the ruins of the stable. But Dougal will stress that finding his housekeeper is of greater importance. Then he will slip into a deep, healing sleep.

It should be noted that at this time, Vivienne is being treated for shock, and seems totally unconcerned for the fate of her father. She will respond to questioning only if it is delivered in a tactful manner, accompanied by a successful Fast Talk roll.

Vivienne will confess that, upon her suggestion, Archie had removed several mineral samples from the mound before anyone else had seen them. He had also appropriated a number of artifacts, of which he'd hidden in his domicile.

Vivienne had hoped to sell these objects to the museum or the University so that she and Archie would have enough of a nestegg to leave Rosehill and her dominating father. No sale was made, however, and the artifacts are under study in Edinburgh

It was the stones, however, which had aroused their curiosity, for several were holed, a sign of magic in the Highlands. But there were others which were not holed, yet gave every indication of being hollow. The two lovers thought they might have some value as a curiosity, and hid them in a trunk until some future date - which now will never come. The trunk, Vivienne will neglect to mention, currently resides in the safe of the Rosehill post office.

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER

The curious stones discovered by Archie were in fact the eggs of the Worm of the Hill. Archie had kept one of the eggs in order to study it at his leisure, an act

which sealed his doom. Its presence on the Menzies estate attracted the Worm there, and in the process of retrieving the egg, the creature destroyed the homes of Dougal and Archie.

William Black was also present on the estate that night, revelling in the destructive power he had summoned up. He was seen by Alice the housekeeper as she fled the destruction, and Black was forced to kill her to prevent her from implicating him in this night's terrible work.



William Black as the Cloaked Man

THE SEARCH

Interesting and disturbing things will be found should the investigators conduct a search of the Menzies estate, and these are related below:

The Stable - A subsidence has taken place here, and most of the stables have fallen into it. Even to the untrained eye, this is clearly an unsafe place, and any attempt at a search here could only lead to disaster.

Still, if an investigator is foolhardy enough to take the chance, have them make a Luck roll at one quarter. A successful roll will produce a safe but unfruitful search of the area. No artifacts will be found, and no trace of the strange stones which Archie has cached there.

Also, a successful Spot Hidden roll made while down here will reveal that the area where the stables once stood is slowly settling into a larger cavity of unknown depth, and the entire site could give way at any moment.

If the Luck roll is missed, the investigator will step onto a particularly weak section of ground and be dropped some 20 feet into the earth for 1D6 points of damage, to be faced with what is covered in the section titled "Going Underground."

The Main House - Nothing untoward will be discovered here, unless someone makes a successful Spot Hidden roll at one half. This will call attention to the fact that the entire house looks as if it had been lifted as much as three feet by something pushing up from beneath the earth. A successful Geology roll will confirm that such a localized effect is extremely rare.

The Remainder of the Estate - A search of the estate grounds will show that the number of cattle grazing in the fields seems to have been halved, and those

which remain are agitated and nervous in the extreme. One would even venture to say that they were terrified.

Any investigator making a successful Spot Hidden roll at this point will spot behind one of the spooked cows what appears to be a body lying in the field.

The body is face down in the muck and mud, and is that of a woman dressed in a nightgown. In the center of her back is a gaping wound that could only have been caused by the devastating punch of a shotgun. This, of course, is the unfortunate housekeeper, Alice.

Alice has been dead for at least 24 hours, since the evening of the earthquake. If she is turned over, the tortured expression on her mud-smearred face suggests that she knew her fate even as she attempted to flee it.

GOING UNDERGROUND

While the investigators are examining Alice's body, another, less violent tremor will shake the estate. Allow all present - NPCs included - to make a Dodge roll. Anyone failing is swallowed up by the earth as the ground beneath their feet gives way, tumbling them into a large and slime-drenched tunnel.

Since these tunnels all have a definite downward slope and the slime has made the walls and floor quite slick, the investigators will find themselves hurtling along an underground pathway which seems to have been bored out by some monstrous cousin of the earthworm.

These hapless sliders will become liberally coated with the slime, which splatters into their eyes, blinding them to their impending destination.

As the investigators reach the end of their journey, they will feel the floor beneath them suddenly vanish, and for a few mind-numbingly horrifying seconds find themselves plummeting into a nighted abyss!

The fall, however, quickly ends with an abrupt splat within a fair-sized natural cave. Damage from the journey and its termination is a mere 4D4 thanks to the slime.

At this point, the investigators will be approximately 100 feet beneath the surface. The chamber they stand in is coated with the strange slime, and is in fact knee-deep in the stuff. Because it is mixed with and diluted by loose dirt, its caustic properties are lessened somewhat.

However, note that, after an hour's exposure, the investigators will sustain 1 point of damage per hour until they can thoroughly cleanse themselves of the sticky substance.

One of the first things to be noticed here is the stench. It is an unpleasant mixture of earthiness and the reek of an abattoir. Occasionally, a powerful blast of putrid air blows out of the tunnels and through the cavern on its journey to the surface.

Anyone digging around in the slime will encounter several large bones, these belonging to the cattle which were eaten here. Anyone moving around in this charnel pit will have a 30% chance of simply bumping into such a bone. This roll should be made one per round for each player to stress the enormous quantity of bone hidden here.

Within this cavern are the mouths of three tunnels, each approximately 30 feet in diameter, and it is clear that they are not of natural origin. Two of the tunnels slope up towards the surface, while the third plunges sharply into the depths of the earth. Anyone ap-

proaching this tunnel opening must make a successful DEX X 3 roll to avoid slipping on the muddy earth and plunging down and down into the wormy heart of the Earth, never to be heard of again, save for the screams of profound, abyssal terror which soon fade as the Stygian depths swallow them whole.

On the far wall of this cavern have been carved curious glyphs. Anyone making a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll will know these to be symbols used in the creation of a Gate. Anyone who has ever seen a Gate before will recognize these glyphs without having to make a roll.

A successful Spot Hidden roll while exploring the cavern will call attention to a shallow pit in the center of the chamber. Within the pit, covered by at least six inches of slime, are two spherical object similar to those discovered by Archie Donaldson.

Upon their removal, a successful Geology roll will determine that these are not mineral formations, while a successful Zoology roll will indicate that they may be some form of egg. These are in fact the eggs of the Worm (more of this later).

At the edge of the pit will be found the carcass of a Highland cow. Through the coat of slime which sheaths it, the body of the cow can be seen to be dissolving away to the bone in a manner similar to that of Archie Donaldson's corpse.

The investigators may attempt to climb to the surface through one of the upward-sloping tunnels, but they must make 6 successful Climb rolls, or be sent slipping and sliding back down into the cavern.

Any investigators still left on the surface may of course attempt a rescue. If all the investigators are down below, their absence will be noted by evening, and a rescue party will discover the disaster site three hours later.

With lighting being as poor as it is in this nether chamber, it is almost impossible for the investigators to see the roof of the cave without the use of a flashlight or some other light source.

However, a search of the chamber will reveal a series of hand and foot holds which extend up into the darkness. These extend to a ragged opening in the ceiling, which offers access to a low, cramped, earthen tunnel. A Climb roll at -10% is required to make it up to this opening.

The tunnel is collapsed in one direction, but reasonably clear in the other. Following it, the investigators will eventually arrive at a small chamber with an ancient trap door in its ceiling. This door has seen no use in the past two centuries, and will require a STR of 18 or more to force open.

The investigators will emerge in the barn of a farm neighboring the Menzies estate, the surprised owner of which will stutter out the directions back to town if approached in a civil manner. But remember, the investigators are coated with slime and dusted with loamy earth from their subterranean journey, so they will not be at their best.

NOTE: Be sure to find out if the investigators are taking the strange "stones" along with them when they leave the cavern.

If cracked open, amidst a wealth of slimy fluids will be discovered a small, reptilian-like worm. It will demonstrate a profound dislike of light, writhing and squalling in an unsettling whine before curling up and

dying.

Upon its death, the creature will commence to dissolve, and will be utterly evaporated within 30 seconds. However, a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll can still classify the worm as a fledgling Dhole.

OF WILLIAM AND HELEN BLACK

The moment the investigators begin looking into the mystery at Rosehill, they will become the mortal enemies of William Black. Having killed once, Black will no longer hesitate to do so again, and will stalk the party in the guise of The Cloaked Man, using the cover of night to conceal his comings and goings.

While carrying the blunderbuss for show, Black will also have slung under his cloak a double-barrel 12-gauge shotgun, the very same weapon he used on Dougal Menzies' housekeeper.

But William has stirred forces of which he has no concept, and a spirit from the past has been drawn forth to warn and protect the innocent of Rosehill.

The ghost of Helen Black Will appear on three separate occasions during the course of this scenario: Once just prior to the disaster at the Menzies Estate, again just as William is preparing to kill an investigator, and last, just prior to the Dhole's attack on the town.

She will appear out of nowhere, deliver her warning and, with a final appeal to "stop my kin before he shames our family further," she will fade away into the night.

THE VISITATION

The Worm of the Hill is attempting to gather together her eggs, and will destroy everything in her path to attain that goal. And since the remaining Dhole eggs currently reside in the Rosehill post office, the town is in serious danger.

Vivienne is the only one who knows the location of the remaining eggs. She will turn them over to the investigators if they know enough to ask for them, for they are of no use to her now.

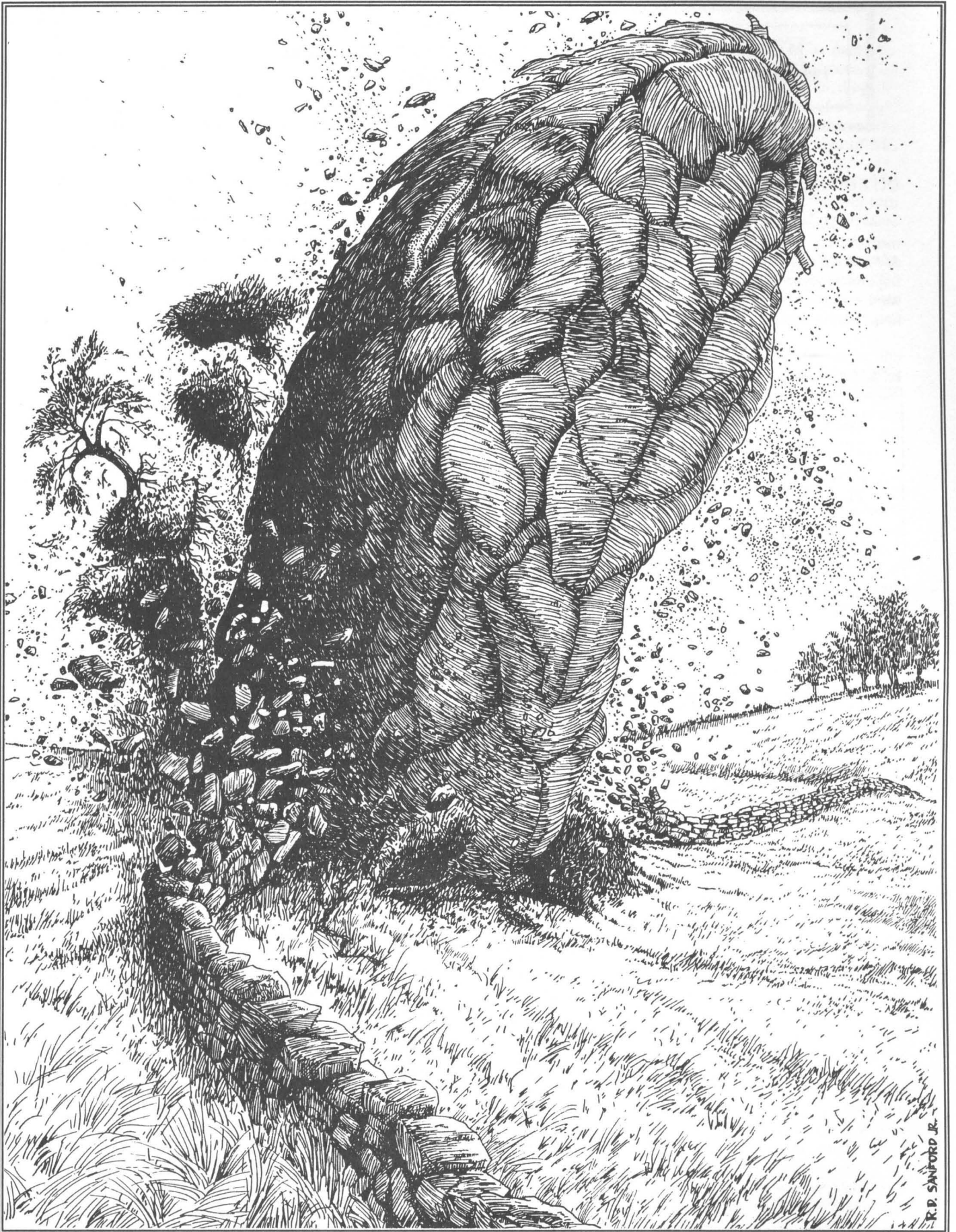
If these eggs are destroyed, the Worm will still attack Rosehill, for the creature will still sense that this was the last location of her brood.

The parent Dhole will emerge from the earth at twilight in an awesome display of alien power. The Worm will attack with the terrible ferocity of a protective mother, and nothing will be able to withstand its onslaught.

THE RESOLUTION

In order to reap any rewards from these calamitous events, the investigators must realize that the Worm is only after its offspring and return them to her, after which they must return the Worm to her own world - and this means defeating William Black. If all of this is accomplished, award each investigator 1D20 points of Sanity.

If the investigators return the eggs and defeat Black but do nothing about the Dhole, there will be no reward. If Black and the Worm are still active at the conclusion of this scenario, there will be a 1D10 Sanity loss as the players realize the monstrous doom that has settled upon Rosehill.



R. P. SANFORD JR.

The Worm of the Hill

END OF THE WORLD by David Pauwels

" Step right up! Pay your money and take your chances!"

INTRODUCTION

This scenario takes place at the Crowe Amusement Arcade which, as luck would have it, is within a day's drive from the investigators' home town. It is important to remember that in the 1920's, roller coasters were not as common as they are today, even though the first 'coaster was constructed in the late 1800's.

KEEPER'S INFORMATION

IMPORTANT THAT YOU COME
TO CROWE'S AMUSEMENT
ARCADE THIS FRIDAY STOP
THE MATTER IS OF VITAL
IMPORTANCE STOP BELIEVE
YOU HAVE DEALT WITH THIS
SORT OF THING BEFORE STOP
PLEASE HURRY STOP

EDWARD CRENSHAW

The Crowe Amusement Arcade has a new addition this season. Now, along with the funhouse, freak show, and assorted attractions, there is a new ride, known as a roller coaster. It is called "End of the World," and is expected to be a big draw this season. As rumors of the new attraction spread across the county, its designer, Titus Moras, is putting the finishing touches on his greatest achievement. Moras, while unconcerned with the public's appreciation, has lofty but decidedly dastardly plans for his creation.

The "End of the World" was actually invented two years previous to the opening of this scenario. Moras had studied architecture for a time, but found no interest in designing such mundane necessities as buildings and bridges, and quickly developed a passion for more unique design projects.

While studying a number of old and esoteric blueprints, Moras began to notice certain patterns of construction that were of some obscure occult origin. Moras began delving into the occult, and the more he did, the more obsessed he became with the connection.

Over the years he developed a talent for certain unsavory sorceries and, just before designing the coaster, fell to worshipping an obscure but horrific deity known as Nyogtha.

Moras easily found employment with Crowe Amusement Arcade, Inc. after he had revealed a number

of his rather unique ride designs. He created a string of quite exciting and popular rides, each success paving the way for his crowning achievement.

While it appears to be nothing more than an ornate and imaginatively designed roller coaster, the "End of the World" is in fact a great sacrificial machine designed to call forth Moras' god and eldritch patron, Nyogtha.

Various key points along the route of the coaster correspond to the arcane focus points employed in the summoning of the Great Old One. The passengers' progress along the ride will trigger the geometrical/arcane mechanisms that will open a Gate into the realm of Nyogtha, eventually allowing the abomination to enter into this world.

To comply with the strict procedure for calling up his deity, Moras has constructed a huge cavern-like structure at the very end of the ride, where the cars are out of sight of the rest of the midway. It is through this pseudo cavern that Moras plans to deliver his sacrifices to Nyogtha.

To accomplish this vile deed, Moras will trigger a hidden mechanism that will divert selected cars into a concealed portion of the artificial cavern. By the time the car arrives here, Moras will have completed the necessary incantations, allowing the Gate to Nyogtha's realm to open for the horrid deity and allow it free entry into our world.

Moras' sinister intentions were discovered three days before the opening of this scenario by Edward Crenshaw, the carnival's resident "mind-reader." Crenshaw recognized some small extent of the coaster's arcane potential, and snuck into Moras' trailer to confirm his suspicions.

After searching through various occult paraphernalia, including the infamous *Sussex Manuscript*, Crenshaw fully comprehended Moras' intentions. Stunned by his discoveries, Crenshaw stumbled out of the trailer, only to blunder into the mad designer himself. Moras, quite enraged by this trespassing, threatened to kill Crenshaw in a horrible, lingering, and unavoidable manner. Well aware that Moras would willingly carry out his threat, Crenshaw has remained in his trailer since the confrontation, leaving only once to send a telegram to one of the investigators, begging that they pay a visit to the Arcade, but not elaborating on the reason for the invitation.

Moras, not intending to allow anyone or anything to interfere with his planned summoning, began preparations for the calling of a lesser creature to deal with the untrustworthy Crenshaw. (More of this later.)

The investigator who receives Crenshaw's telegram (see the Handouts section) will vaguely remember speaking with Crenshaw at an occult symposium at the Miskatonic University two years past. He or she will recall him as a carnival mind reader whom they found amusing and entertaining, and with whom they had

exchanged addresses.

The telegram will arrive on Thursday and, should the investigators choose to look into this matter, they will find that the Arcade is within a few hours' drive from home, so the investigators can easily arrive there by Friday afternoon.

THE ARCADE

The Arcade is spread over approximately five acres. Here will be found a number of food booths, midway games, and other assorted attractions and amusements. Beyond these are arranged the various rides, including a Tilt-A-Whirl style ride and a large, spooky-looking fun house billed as "The Mansion of Terror," with skeletal figures lurking in the windows and eerie music piped through concealed speakers. At the very end of the midway looms the "End of the World."

It is a bizarre, imposing structure which, though made of wood, looks as if it had *grown* in its present location. A large sign hangs over the entrance to the ride, depicting the gaping maw of a cave with "End of the World" scrawled above it in dark red paint.

Beyond the carnival itself is the residential area, where nearly 20 trailers are parked in crude organization. This is home to the carnies, and this is where Crenshaw will be found.

The carnies are wary of outsiders, and will be reluctant to give the investigators information. A successful Fast Talk roll at -10% will be required to learn the location of Crenshaw's trailer from them. Otherwise, a trailer by trailer search will be necessary.

CRENSHAW'S TRAILER

Edward Crenshaw's trailer will be dark, the door locked. Knocking or calling out will receive no response, and should the investigators break in, they will discover the entire trailer in a terrible state of disorder; books strewn about, lamps knocked over, and furniture overturned. There will, of course, be no sign of Mr. Crenshaw.

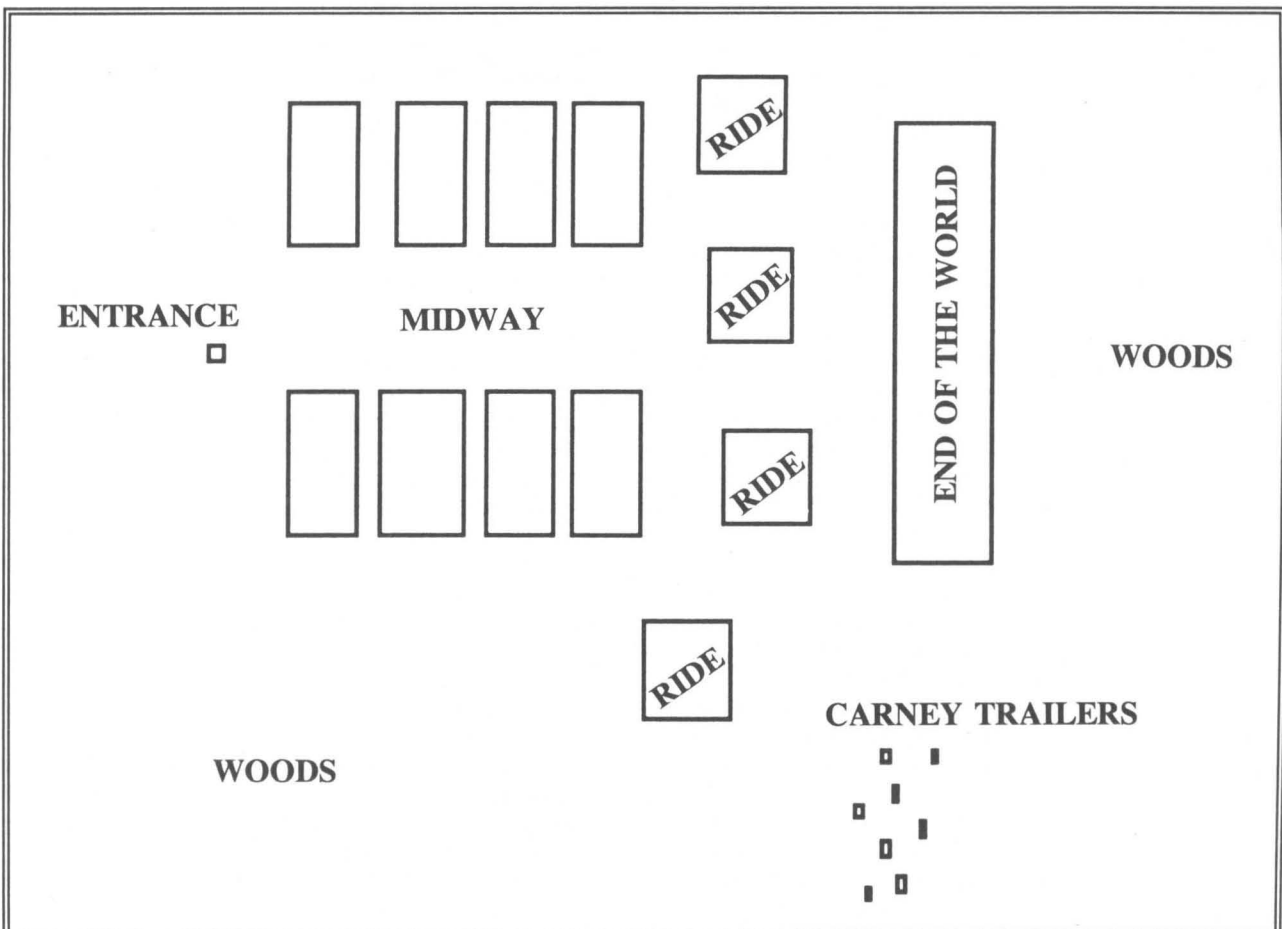
Should the investigators go through some of the strewn papers, a successful Spot Hidden roll will turn up a slip of paper bearing a note addressed to the same investigator who received the telegram.

It states briefly that the trailer is no longer safe, and that Crenshaw is hiding out somewhere that is. He wishes to meet with the investigators immediately after his mind reading performance that evening, which begins at 10 o'clock.

Titus Moras is responsible for this mess, the result of his enraged search of the trailer in an attempt to determine how much Crenshaw truly knows. He has seen the note to the investigators, so he will be aware of their impending arrival.

SEEING THE SIGHTS

From this point to the opening of Crenshaw's act, the investigators are free to roam about as they wish, perhaps to visit some of the Arcade's attractions. The Keeper is encouraged to add as much detail as necessary to make the Arcade more interesting. Perhaps the investigators might try their hand at a game of skill -



and a chance to increase one of their Throw skill by a point or two.

Make the funhouse reasonably scary, and the Tilt-A-Whirl stomach wrenching (a CON roll would not be out of order here). The remaining rides are quaint, but not very exciting (Ferris Wheel, Carousel, etc), and the food booths are early versions of their modern counterparts.

THE MIND READER

The Arcade will have thinned out somewhat by 10 PM, and only diehard fans of the supernatural and a few ride fanatics will remain. The mind reader's tent is fairly large, and will house about 30 people. It is not quite full for the show; only about 18 are in attendance.

At precisely 10 PM, a man dressed in oriental style garb will step onto the stage accompanied by an attractive young woman who serves as his assistant. The investigator who received the telegram will recognize the man as Edward Crenshaw, and a successful Psychology roll will confirm that the man is definitely frightened of something.

The mind reading act is simple; Crenshaw describes the nature of some object that his assistant borrows from a member of the audience. The pair are remarkably adept at their profession, making for an entertaining and amusing performance.

A Spot Hidden made during the act will draw attention to a young man dressed in a grey suit who enters the tent at the halfway point of Crenshaw's act. He stands at the back of the tent studying the mind reader with an intense expression. When the 20 minute act concludes, Crenshaw will remove his blindfold and immediately spot the grey suited figure. Appearing more frightened than ever, he quickly departs the stage; leaving the investigators to follow along behind.

Crenshaw will be waiting in his dressing room and, while energetically chewing his fingernails, he suggests they walk along the midway as they talk.

As they walk, Crenshaw will slowly begin his curious story, describing the weird and sinister aspect of the coaster and hinting of the arcane potential hidden within its design. He will tell of breaking into Moras' trailer and finding a number of old, unsavory books.

By this point, the party will have wandered into the trailer area, which is quite deserted at this time of night, since the carnies are at work closing down for the night. A successful Listen roll will cause an investigator to become aware of a deathly silence which has descended on the trailer park, and of a muted flapping sound fluttering down from the night sky.

HORROR IN THE NIGHT

From out of the darkness will descend a Hunting Horror, summoned by Moras to rid himself of the meddlesome Crenshaw and those he has drawn into this affair. The creature's primary target is the mind reader, but any who stands between the nighted horror and its intended victim will earn the full force of the creature's wrath.

The initial attack will be swift and with little warning; thus, Crenshaw will be struck a mortal blow before the Horror turns upon the party. If reduced to half its hit points, the creature will flee into the night,

leaving the investigators free to rush to Crenshaw's side.

"You must stop him," the dying mind reader moans, "Stop him before the sacrifices begin!" And then he breathes his last.

The police will approach the slaying with little real interest, assuming the man had been mauled by one of the wild animals that are part of the Arcade exhibits. Should the investigators object, they will come under close scrutiny, which will make it quite difficult to do anything about Moras. Even if they remain silent, there will be a number of officers patrolling the carnival from this point on, with a 30% chance of one making an appearance just as the investigators are about to do something of questionable legality.

MORAS AND HIS CREATION

The investigators will be faced with two courses of action; they can investigate Moras or the coaster itself. Each will produce its own discoveries, as described hereafter.

The Coaster - Riding the End of the World is quite an exciting experience. It twists and turns, rises to great heights and plunges earthward at breakneck speed, climaxing in a headlong plunge into a dark tunnel.

Under normal circumstances, the cars will emerge from the tunnel and slow to a halt at the boarding platform. The spur track which will divert a car into the sacrificial cavern is located at the midpoint of the tunnel's length. A section of the tunnel wall will pivot inward to allow the diverted car access to the chamber beyond, after which it will quickly swing back into place before the next car passes.

Snooping around the ride itself will produce no information unless an investigator makes a successful Mythos roll, in which case it will be made obvious that the entire ride could be seen as a three dimensional glyph that could be employed in a summoning ceremony of some sort, though such glyphs usually require a human sacrifice to be activated.

In the control booth, a successful Spot Hidden will draw attention to a control lever that seems to be designed like some sort of railroad switch. This is the apparatus by which Moras will divert his victims to the sacrificial cave.

If the investigators explore the tunnel portion of the ride, a successful Spot Hidden roll will locate the branching track, which in turn will lead them to the secret door.

Forcing this door to open will require a STR vs STR struggle on the Resistance Table against the door's STR of 30, this due to the fact that the investigators will be fighting the door's mechanism, which will not activate unless someone pulls the actuating lever in the ride's control booth.

THE CAVERN

Beyond the concealed door, the investigators will find an artificial cavern roughly 30 feet in diameter, painted floor to ceiling with flat black paint. The coaster tracks stretch straight across the chamber, vanishing into what appears to be the mouth of another tunnel directly across from the entrance.

A successful Luck roll at 1/2 will call attention to a faint tingling sensation, which begins the moment

the investigators enter this chamber. This is caused by the aura given off by the Gate into Nyogtha's realm.

The Gate is, of course, the apparent tunnel mouth across the chamber, into which the coaster track disappears. Should an investigator venture down this "tunnel", they will be in for a most unpleasant surprise.

The investigators will emerge into a mammoth cavern of glistening black granite deep within the bowels of the earth. No beam of light can span this chamber, and it will require a full hour's walk to reach the opposite wall.

The coaster tracks continue another hundred feet before terminating at the lip of a vast, abyssal pit which plunges endlessly down - into the very lair of Nyogtha itself!

For each round spent in this chamber, there will be a 5% cumulative chance the Nyogtha will be roused by the investigators' presence. It will flow up the pit, bursting forth like an abominable ebon geyser that will descend upon the intruders and attempt to drag them down to their doom.

Nyogtha's arrival will be presaged by a roaring blast of fetid air and the ponderous, slimy sucking sound of the loathsome deity's progress up the pit.

Since this cavern is part of Nyogtha's realm, there is no way to dispel the Great Old One from this place. The investigators' only hope is to flee back along the coaster tracks and through the Gate into the artificial cavern that is part of the End of the World.

Nyogtha cannot pass through this Gate until and unless Titus Moras completes his diabolical ceremony.

NYOGTHA

STR	85	CON	40	SIZ	80	INT	20
POW	28	DEX	20	HP	60	MV	10

WEAPON	ATTACK %	DAMAGE
Tentacle	100%	1D10*

ARMOR: 1D10 per round

SPELLS: All Call and Contact Spells, Create Gate

SAN: 1D6/1D20

* entrap and grapple

TITUS Moras

Titus will make himself very scarce until a quarter to midnight on that fateful Friday. He will then make his way to his monstrous creation and take over from the carny operating it. As the final ride of the evening climaxes, he intends to operate the railroad switch and send the careful of unsuspecting revelers into the realm of Nyogtha, whose manifestation will then not be long in coming.

Should the investigators try to find Moras, they will eventually arrive at his trailer. If present (30% chance), he will not respond to any amount of knocking, and should anyone attempt to break in, he will bring his trusty .45 into play with deadly intent. If any struggle goes against him, he will make his escape through a window and hide himself in the crowd at the Arcade. If at all physically able, he will attempt to reach the roller coaster by midnight of Friday night.

Moras' trailer contains everything Crenshaw had previously spoken of, including *The Sussex Manu-*

script (Sanity loss 1d3/1d6, +7% Mythos Knowledge, containing the spells Call Nyogtha and Summon/Bind Hunting Horror). A successful Spot Hidden will also unearth the blueprints for The End of the World and, being similar to a Mythos tome, it will cost D3 Sanity to study this blasphemous document, and it will add 3% Mythos skill.

Study of the blueprint will make it obvious that the roller coaster is actually some sort of sacrificial machine designed to harness arcane power for some dreadful purpose.

Moras will strive to remain within sight of the coaster at all times, even when hiding out. If he sees anyone tampering, he will not hesitate to attack, whether by employing the few spells he has, or simply by using club or gun. If he fails to stop the progress of the meddling investigators, he will attempt the sacrifice prematurely, regardless of the alignment of planets. In this case, there will be an 80% chance that Nyogtha will come forth.

It is important to remember that Moras will stop at *nothing* to trigger the sacrificial potential of the End of the World. While fanatically insane, he is crafty and intelligent, setting the stage for the very real possibility that Nyogtha will indeed be summoned, creating the ultimate challenge for the investigators.

TITUS MORAS

STR	15	CON	14	SIZ	13	INT	12
POW	12	DEX	17	EDU	13	APP	12
HP	14	SAN	45	DAMAGE BONUS	+1D4		

WEAPON	ATTACK %	DAMAGE
.45	30%	1D10+2
Knife	50%	1D4+2
Punch	60%	1D3+1D4
Kick	55%	1D6+1D4

SKILLS: Accounting 20%, Astronomy 40%, Climb 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Dodge 45%, Fast Talk 35%, Hide 30%, Jump 45%, Listen 55%, Occult 45%, Spot Hidden 55%, Throw 50%

SPELLS: Call Nyogtha, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror

THE AFTERMATH

If Nyogtha is summoned, the entire occurrence will later be attributed to a combination of a faulty roller coaster and superstitious hysteria on the part of the locals and carnies.

If Moras is defeated and the Gate is destroyed, award the investigators an extra 1D10 SAN points. If Moras escapes, their reward is only 1D4. If Moras is successful, the survivors will suffer a 1D10 SAN penalty.

Only the investigators will know the entire story of what took place on that Friday night at the Crowe Amusement Arcade. If Moras fails to call Nyogtha due to the destruction of either the roller coaster or himself, the investigators might have some explaining of their own to do to the local authorities concerning said destruction.

But then, there are things for which there is no explanation...

FAMED EXPLORER DIES

Carter Ingram, world famous explorer and adventurer of the 1930's and 40's passed away late last night due to complications from an extended illness.

Though having attained renown for many adventures in Africa and China, his name is most widely known in connection with the famous expedition of 1949 to the ruins of Baqtar, Egypt, which was led by Sir Burtram Winchester.

Mr Ingram has been responsible for the recovery of many important archeological artifacts, as well as the discovery of many valuable resources, on which he was able to build his vast personal fortune.

In the later years of his life, Mr. Ingram became noted as a thorough researcher of historical data and obscure occurrences, though for the past three years, he had grown more and more reclusive, seeing only a select clientele who were only occasionally connected to the sciences.

Mr. Ingram is survived by a son, Jarred, who himself has attained a respectable standing in the oil industry.

Services for Mr. Ingram will be conducted tomorrow at the family cemetery; it will be a private ceremony.

NOTED ARCHAEOLOGIST DIES

Sir Burtram Winchester, retired Director of the Royal Museum of Archaeology and world-renowned Egyptologist perished today in a tragic explosion and fire at his home in Sussex, England.

Sources at the scene report evidence of a gas leak in Sir Burtram's cottage, indicating that the 83 year old Winchester was overcome by fumes, which were then ignited by the pipe he had been smoking at the time.

The passing of Sir Burtram leaves behind a rich history of discovery and enlightenment. The scholar and lecturer will be particularly remembered for the highly-publicized Baqtar Expedition of 1949, and the fabulous discoveries it produced - as well as the tragic disaster which destroyed that unique archaeological site and caused the deaths of 3 scientists and 9 laborers.

The sudden demise of Sir Burtram Winchester is a loss to the world of a man who was as much a part of history as the countless artifacts he had unearthed. His lecture tours were quite popular on the college circuit, and his great enthusiasm for his profession inspired two generations to seek out the wonders and mysteries of the past. His presence will be missed, and greatly mourned for some time to come. Sir Burtram's memoirs, containing a detailed accounting of the Baqtar Expedition, will be opened and examined at the Royal Institute of in three days' time, in compliance with instructions set down in Sir Burtram's will.

FOR "INFERNO"

Dear

By the time you receive this letter my spirit may already have passed into permanent residence in the kingdom of dreams. Do not grieve for me too deeply; my body is old and frail, and had I lived on, it would soon have been as a helpless invalid. If I am gone, then rest assured that I am much happier where I am, and content with the afterlife which lies before me.

There is, however, one thing which will disturb my contentment, and that is the fear for the well-being of my son Jarred. He has been experiencing some difficulties lately, and though he is reluctant to talk about it, the articles in the newspapers concerning his tanker line have led me to believe the matter is quite serious.

I cannot explain why, but I have a feeling Jarred's troubles are in some way connected to my own - that is, unless I am an old fool with an overactive imagination. Yet I would swear I am being watched, and not by friendly eyes. I think I have been followed on several occasions and once, on returning home, I had the distinct impression that someone had been in the cottage while I was out, though nothing had been disturbed.

I would have looked into these matters myself, but my failing condition prevents me from doing so. It would have been good to get out into the field again, though I hardly think it would be anything like the horror we encountered back in '49.

But that's another story, and the matter at hand is my son's safety. All I ask is that you look into the affair and discover whether this run of bad luck Jarred is experiencing is merely that, or the result of hostile intervention.

The authorities are investigating as a matter of course, but Jarred hasn't told them everything, I'm sure of it. I feel certain that with your special advantages, you will be able to clear the air of this mystery and allow me to get on with my life - or my afterlife, as the case may be.

I am sorry to impose on you, but you and your companions are the only ones I can trust. Visit me when you can, and let me know what you have discovered.

Good-bye for now,

Carter Ingram

PLANE CRASH KILLS 3

Rescue parties combing the mountains of the Shenandoah National Park for the past two days have at last located the downed Cessna aircraft reported missing late last week. Sources at the site report that the three occupants of the private plane did not survive the crash and subsequent fire.

The plane took off last Saturday from a small airstrip outside Charlottesville, South Carolina, with a flight plan filed for Front Royal, at the northernmost tip of the park. When the plane failed to arrive and did not respond to radio calls, search parties were assembled to cover the considerable expanse of forested mountains which make up the national park.

The Cessna was discovered today at 10 AM by a group working out of the nearby town of Fairview. Albert Luger, group leader and volunteer fireman, states that the plane apparently suffered some unknown difficulty which caused it to crash and burn.

However, Lowell Weatherby of the FAA arrived on the scene early this afternoon, and is convinced that the evidence at the crash site indicates that there had been an explosion aboard the plane which ignited the fuel and caused the plane to crash.

"We cannot yet determine the cause of the explosion," Weatherby said. "We will have to conduct a thorough examination of the debris before we can be certain of the facts in this case."

Killed in the crash was 80 year old Gerald Enfield, his wife Mona, and grandson Lee.

Gerald Enfield was a respected dealer in antiquities, who made his name as a member of the famous Royal University Expedition of 1949. From that point on, his career and fortune soared, and at the time of his death, he was organizing an exhibit of ancient Chinese artifacts at the New York Institute of Archaeology and Ancient History.

DISASTER AT SEA

The oil tanker Gemini II exploded and sank in the early morning hours 100 miles off the New Jersey coast, killing all hands and creating a column of thick, black smoke that could be seen from the mainland.

"The cause of this disaster may never be known," says Lt. Bradley Magnum of the U.S. Coastguard. "Whatever happened out there happened very fast. The crew never had a chance to send a distress call, much less lower a lifeboat, so there is no chance of an eyewitness account."

The Gemini II, one of six mid-size oil tankers belonging to Ingram Tanker Lines, was returning to her home port of Clarkson, New Jersey from a run to the Middle East. The tanker had a full cargo of crude oil destined for various east coast refineries.

Losses from the sinking are expected to exceed 100 million dollars, a major blow to a relatively small shipping line, and a terrible setback for entrepreneur Jarred Ingram, who could not be reached for comment.

Damage to the environment is expected to be minimal, since the oil is being consumed by flames and prevailing wind currents are carrying the toxic fumes out to sea.

However, any disaster on such a scale still produces an enormous amount of pollution.

Mr. Raymond Colt of the Environmental Protection Agency stated that pollution on this scale is always a major concern.

"Just because we do not experience the effects of such a pollution doesn't mean they don't exist, or are not ultimately detrimental to the environment."

While the reasons for the Gemini II disaster remain a mystery, the possibility of sabotage has not yet been ruled out. But no matter the reason, it will be years before Jarred Ingram will receive any type of settlement from the insurance companies, and during that time Ingram Tanker Lines will undoubtedly face a string of lawsuits from the families of the crewmen who perished in the explosion.

STRANGE LIGHTS SIGHTED OVER GEMINI II DISASTER SITE

The recent explosion and sinking of the oil tanker Gemini II last week caused the deaths of over 100 crewmen and produced what is being called one of the worst environmental disasters of the decade.

The Gemini II sank so swiftly and was so thoroughly blown apart that authorities are saying they may never know what actually occurred aboard that ill-fated vessel.

Mr. Frank Moss, a retired executive from Rhode Island, says that he has information pertaining to the disaster - the problem is, no one will listen.

On the night of the explosion, Mr. Moss was enroute to Florida and the Bahamas aboard his yacht, "Mayfly," which he has done every year for the past five years. Mr. Moss could not sleep that night, and went for a stroll around the deck. That was when he notices something strange on the near horizon.

"I was looking up at the stars," Mr. Moss states, "when I noticed some of them were moving. At first, I thought they were commercial aircraft, but as I watched, more of them showed up, until there were about a dozen of them.

"At that point, the lights started to converge on a point just out of sight over the horizon, and the closer they got, the more of them there seemed to be. I lost count, but there must have been several hundred of them.

"Then, without warning, that whole area lit up bright as day - brighter. But the light was orange-red, and flickering like some huge bonfire - but there was no smoke; I didn't see smoke until much later.

"About ten seconds later, there was a tremendous flash of light, and I saw a huge fireball rise into the air. I would've grabbed a camera and taken pictures of it, but right then the shockwave hit, and I was thrown off my feet.

"I must've hit my head on something, because the next thing I know, my wife and guests were all up on deck; they'd been awakened by the blast, and thought something had hit us.

"When I told them about the explosion, we knew something terrible had happened, and we decided to weigh anchor and sail over to where we could still see the flames, just in case there were any survivors - though I didn't have much hope of that.

"What we found was a sea of fire, with no trace of survivors, or even wreckage, though we didn't dare get too close. We cruised around the area for the better part of an hour before other ships began showing up." Then the Coast Guard arrived and herded us away from the site to safer waters. I tried to tell them what I's seen, but I could tell

they didn't believe me.

"Oh, they believe I'd seen the explosion, along with about a hundred other people, but as to the rest - well, they hinted that maybe I'd had a little too much to drink that night and, what with the bump on the head, just got a little confused. Hell, I've never been "confused" in my life!"

The Coast Guard and all other agencies involved in the investigation of the Gemini II disaster continue this policy of disbelief, and refuse to comment on any aspect of Mr. Moss' story.

Mr. Moss is a thirty year veteran of corporate business. He was highly valued respected by his peers, and still maintains a high standing in his community. He is quite active in an anti-drug campaign and drinks only rarely, on social occasions.

Why then is his story met with such hardline skepticism, and why do the investigating agencies involved refuse to discuss the matter openly and for the record?

Could it be that they already know that happened to the Gemini II, and that they do not wish the true facts to be made public?

What really destroyed the Gemini II? What were those strange lights in the sky, observed by Mr. Moss as they converged on the doomed vessel?

It could be that a new and top secret weapon was being tested that night, and something went terribly wrong. Naturally, the Pentagon would want to promote a cover story favoring some unknown and unknowable accident to avoid revealing the existence of this weapon to the world - and also to avoid responsibility for the deaths of over 100 men and the loss of a multimillion dollar tanker, not to mention the hazard to the environment created by the malfunction.

Or is it something else? Was the Gemini II attacked by an advanced technology not of this Earth? It has long been known that the government has been covering up the existence of extraterrestrial visitors on our planet. Perhaps new visitors have found their way to Earth - and perhaps these visitors are not friendly.

Is Earth to become a battlefield in a war between alien civilizations whose very existence has been kept secret from us?

Frank Moss saw what destroyed the Gemini II and he cannot explain it. It is up to you, the reader, to demand an explanation from those uncooperative agencies whose ample salaries are paid by our tax dollars. We are entitled to the answers to our questions - and before it is too late for us to act.

VANDALISM AT TRITON SHIPPING

Officers were summoned to the dock facilities of Triton Shipping at 3AM this morning by a night watchman who spotted someone sneaking around the company's repair shed.

The police arrived shortly after, but no trace of the intruder was found. However, it was discovered this morning that the unknown intruder had dumped sugar into the gas tanks of three of the company fork lifts, ruining the engines. The vandal's identity remains unknown, and it is estimated that his handiwork cost Triton Shipping over \$20,000 in repair bills.

FIRE AT TRITON SHIPPING

The Clarksville Fire Department responded to a call from Triton Shipping at 2:15 this morning to battle a fire at the company warehouse. The fire was quickly brought under control, with damage estimated at \$25,000.

In a recent development, it was learned that this fire was deliberately set, probably by teenagers on a vandalism spree. The investigation into the fire continues.

CLARKSVILLE HEIRESS INJURED

While enroute home from a dinner engagement late last night, Nicole Remmington, daughter of shipping tycoon Thomas Remmington, apparently lost control of her car, which crashed through the guardrail of Watkins' Hill Road.

The car plunged into the ravine beyond, rolling over several times before coming to a halt. The vehicle was so badly mangled that the Jaws of Life were needed to rescue Miss Remmington from the wreckage.

The 21 year old heiress was rushed to Clarksville Memorial, where she remains in serious condition. The exact nature and extent of her injuries are as yet unknown, though it was said that she had suffered severe damage to her spine.

Miss Remmington was very active in local charities, and beyond Clarksville, she championed the cause of the homeless and teenage runaways. Our good wishes are with her, as are our prayers for a speedy recovery.

GEMINI II CREWMAN FOUND DEAD IN JERSEY WOODS

The body of Uri Kutzoff, a 40 year old sailor from Russia, was discovered yesterday in the woods near Clarksville, New Jersey, by Mr. Patrick Connors, who was out hunting with his dog.

Mr. Kutzoff was shot three times in the chest with a large caliber handgun; he died instantly. The coroner's report places the time of death at approximately 3:15 AM on the night of the widely-publicized Gemini II disaster.

This poses the Clarksville police and the FBI with a mystery which may never be solved. For there is sufficient documentation to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that Uri Kutzoff was aboard the Gemini II when it left the Mid East on its fateful homeward journey. If this is so, then how could he have possibly reached the mainland seven hours ahead of his ship, to be shot to death in the New Jersey woods at the same time as that ship met with its own destruction?

Was the man aboard the Gemini II the real Uri Kutzoff, or an imposter bent on a terrible act of sabotage? If so, why was he not discovered by those who knew the real Kutzoff? The FBI believes the Russian sailor was abducted before the Gemini II set sail for the Mideast, and once the tanker was destroyed, Kutzoff was taken out to the woods and killed.

"There are a lot of holes in this theory at the moment," says Agent Mark Sterling of the FBI, "but it's the only theory we have that fits the facts. Only time and a great deal of work will fill in the gaps, and we still may never know the whole truth about this sabotage.

**FOR
END OF---
THE
WORLD**

IMPORTANT THAT YOU COME TO CROWE'S AMUSEMENT ARCADE THIS FRIDAY STOP THE MATTER IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE STOP BELIEVE YOU HAVE DEALT WITH THIS SORT OF THING BEFORE STOP PLEASE HURRY STOP

EDWARD CRENSHAW

VANDALS STRIKE AT INGRAM TANKER LINES

Police were called to the offices of Ingram Tanker Lines last night when vandals broke in to the administrative building. The file room was broken into, company records were strewn over the floor and drenched by the sprinkler system, when was mysteriously activated.

A company spokeswoman stated that, while these records were not vital, the cost of replacing them and cleaning up the mess could exceed \$20,000.

OIL SPILL AT INGRAM STORAGE FACILITY

An environmental disaster was barely avoided today when early-morning fishermen discovered a large pool of oil just off shore of the Ingram Tanker Lines facility. They reported the sighting to the Clarksville Police, who rushed to investigate.

Someone had diverted crude oil from one of six storage tanks on the property into a storm drain emptying into the sea. There was no doubt this pollution was deliberate.

"We are certain this was the work of vandals," an Ingram spokesperson stated. "As you know, there have been other similar incidents in this area over the past few months."

In light of this most recent dangerous development, Ingram Tanker Lines has announced that it will double its security force in order to thwart any further irresponsible acts.

INGRAM TANKER PURCHASES OIL RIG

In a bid to diversify its assets, Ingram Tanker Lines today announced the purchase of a drilling rig, which is already in place in the South China Sea. This multimillion dollar purchase launches Ingram into a whole new area of the industry, freeing it somewhat from dependence on other oil producers for cargo.

The purchase was spearheaded by Jarred Ingram, president and Chairman of the Board of the highly successful tanker line. Mr. Ingram had to overcome many obstacles to put this deal through, the most devastating being the tragic loss of the Gemini II in September of this year.

In response to the purchase, Ingram stock has jumped three points on the Dow-Jones since the announcement was made this morning. If this trend continues, Ingram stock will certainly exceed its recorded value just prior to the Gemini II disaster.

It is estimated that this new facility, The Phoenix, will pump well over \$1 billion annually into the company coffers.

A company spokesperson said today that Mr. Ingram will be touring the rig on the first of October, and that pumping will begin by the end of the month.

BOATING ACCIDENT KILLS THREE

Retired professor of Archaeology Thorton Remmington and two guests perished in a fiery explosion early this afternoon. The blast completely destroyed The Aegyptus, Mr. Remmington's yacht, and no trace of the men has been found despite ongoing search efforts. The three men are presumed dead.

It is assumed that a spark from the engine touched off fuel from a leaking tank and triggered the blast which obliterated the yacht. The exact cause of the accident will probably never be determined, since so little of the wreckage has been salvaged.

Mr. Remmington's guests were Professor Otto Sten, an anthropologist from the Prague Institute of Human Sciences, and Doctor Giovanni Baretta, archaeologist and expert of Egyptian antiquities from the National Museum in Rome.

Although each man had attained notoriety as individuals, they are more widely known for their contributions to the Baqtar, Egypt expedition of 1949, which ended so tragically when the entire site collapsed and was buried under tons of rock.

The loss of these three great minds is immeasurable, and will be felt for a long time to come.

SIR BURTRAM'S DIARY - AN EXCERPT

It was Enfield who discovered the hidden door behind the altar in the temple of Isis. It was necessary to apply wedges and pry bars to the large slab of rock, for the slow shiftings of the Earth had caused the slab to jam in its frame. When the two-foot thick block was finally freed, we were assaulted by a blast of foul air which sent us fleeing to the surface. After an hour's time we were able to coax 14 of our native workers to accompany us on our explorations.

The air was much cleaner, but a taint of foulness still lingered. Nevertheless we pressed on, anxious to see what new wonders Baqtar had in store for us.

We knew the instant we set foot in that long-hidden tunnel that we had entered an incredibly ancient place - a place not of Egyptian origins.

The basalt blocks which formed that passageway were so old they crumbled at our merest touch, causing us to fear for our safety. For a time, we considered retreating from that potential danger. If only we had followed our instincts!

Continuing our explorations, we discovered chamber after chamber, some of such vast extent that our lamps could not illuminate their farthest reaches. From these chambers extended countless crumbling corridors which formed a maze we dared not enter, for fear of becoming lost.

Many of these chambers still contained several intact artifacts - but their nature was such that Enfield had to be restrained from destroying them out of hand. These artifacts - urns, large platelike discs, and small statuettes - were all of a disturbing nature, depicting deities and creatures of a definitely pre-Egyptian mythos, and of a debased and degenerate culture, at that.

These depictions were unsettlingly familiar, for they bore a striking resemblance to beings described in various ancient texts which I have examined in the course of my career - texts which were banned in their own time, and are closely guarded in ours.

About an hour into our explorations one of our workers, young Alhazred, called our attention to a curious and most disturbing sound. As we listened, we identified it as a rhythmic chanting, coming from some hidden chamber directly ahead of us.

The workers were terrified, but to their credit, they remained with us to, as they put it, "Protect you foolish infidels from the evil which dwells here." They were brave men, and it was my honor to have known them.

As we approached the source of the chanting, our tunnel was filled with a weird, pulsing light that did not set well with the eyes, and as we stumbled out into that next chamber, it all but blinded us.

At first I could not take in all that I was seeing - perhaps I did not want to - and I stood rooted to the spot along with my companions as we struggled to free our shock-numbered minds from the paralysis which held them.

It was a temple, that much was certain, but dedicated to what loathsome deity I have yet to learn. Fifty feet high with a domed ceiling, the circumference of the chamber was ringed by thick pillars of basalt.

Onto these pillars had been sculpted the most hideous, abominable pictographs, depicting things of which I refuse to write. Opposite us there was a break in the rank of pillars, and in the gap thus created there loomed a statue.

This statue, made of some strange and unknown alloy, was nothing more than an aesthetic commingling of multicolored spheres of various sizes. There was nothing in and of the carving itself that was in the least threatening - and yet as I looked upon it I experienced a soul-chilling

SIR BURTRAM'S DIARY - PAGE 2

fear such as I never hope assails me again.

And then there were the worshippers.

At first glance, they appeared to be gaunt, emaciated men dressed in animal skins, but as they turned to face us, we saw what they truly were, and realized that we were in grave and mortal danger.

The fur we saw grew from their near fleshless bodies, their feet and hands being razored talons several inches longer than their human counterparts, and their faces - God!

Their faces were rodent-like, yet somehow ursine, with large, baleful eyes and ears much like that of a bat. Their mouths gaped in inimical snarls to reveal long fangs that could literally tear a man's throat out.

We had only a few brief seconds to comprehend our situation when, as a rabid group, they lunged for us. They moved with superhuman speed and agility, but Enfield, Sten, and two of the workers managed to get off a shot or two before they were upon us.

They were remorseless, these horrible things; they slashed and tore and bit until we were all spattered with blood - yet we dared not attempt

a retreat, for we knew these unnaturally swift creatures could easily finish us off if we tried. We fought on.

It seemed like hours, but I am certain it was only a few minutes, when poor Alhazred went mad. It is the only explanation I have for what occurred next.

Throwing down his knife and raising his hands, Alhazred began running - directly at the main body of assailants! Before we could react, he was out of reach.

As he ran, the poor wretch began shouting something like:

"Eeeya! Eeeya! I serve the true gods, as do you! We are one!"

But even as the last words left his lips, Alhazred was dragged down and torn apart.

Yet his sacrifice saved our lives, for as the hellish beasts concentrated on him, the rest of us were able to make out escape.

At this point, all but three of the workers had been slain, and the rest of us were bleeding freely from a number of deep slashes.

The things of course pursued when they had finished poor Alhazred, and so intent were we on our flight that we did not notice anything amiss until bits of rubble began raining down on us, and great gapping rents appeared in the walls around us.

I can only surmise that the sounds of our gunfire set up reverberations through those cursed warrens, causing the decaying basalt to crumble and collapse. Whatever the cause, the entire substructure of Baqtar was coming down around our ears, and for a time, it was uncertain which would get us first - the cave-in or the creatures that still pursued us.

We lost the remaining three workers - by what means, I will never know, and poor Giovoni had to be all but carried along. When we stumbled out into the ruins of Baqtar, those nightmarish humanoids halted their pursuit, but we were not safe yet.

Undermined by the collapsing warrens below, now Baqtar itself had begun to crumble, and we had to redouble our efforts or be crushed beneath tons of rubble.

SIR BURTRAM'S DIARY - PAGE 3

By the grace of Providence we emerged from the upper level of Baqtar and scrambled away from the site before that incredibly beautiful city, an archaeological gem, vanished forever, pulled down by that wretched den of horror below.

We resolved to say nothing of what we saw beneath the ruins of Baqtar, putting forth the story that the city's foundations had been unstable, and that our dig had overstressed key weak points, causing the collapse.

But we each carry with us the memory of that blasphemous place, and of the brave men who died there. It was hard for me to inform the families of the men who died that their husbands and fathers would not be coming home, but I felt that it was my duty, my responsibility.

Most heartbreaking was the case of the Alhazred family. I could only stand helpless and miserable as the wife broke down into hysterical sobs. But Ankara, the daughter... The poor child stared at me with deep, soulful eyes, unable to believe what I had told her. She shed no tears, but I knew she was utterly devastated, and I could do nothing to comfort her.

Of course, we provided for the care of those families as best we could, but it was not enough; it could never be enough to compensate for the loss of a loved one, and to this day, I still grieve for those brave men and the families they left behind.

Perhaps it is best that Baqtar is no more - upon reflection, it is a small price to pay for obliterating that nightmarish warren from the face of a saner world. But its memory shall linger always, and shall follow me to the grave.

EXPANSION FEASIBILITY STUDY - AN EXCERPT

CONCLUSION - If the Company is to continue its policy of growth and expansion through the 1990's, it is absolutely essential to obtain the property currently owned by Triton Shipping.

Not only is it ideal geographically, but the facilities already in place there make it extremely cost effective. Excluding the purchase price of the property itself, costs for retooling and restructuring the facility should not exceed \$5 million.

A second alternative is purchasing facilities elsewhere, but this will lead to unnecessary duplications at a cost exceeding \$25 million.

The third, and least viable solution, is the relocation of the parent facilities. Such a move would require a minimum of three years at a cost of over \$55 million.

It is the conclusion of this committee that the buy-out of Triton Shipping should be given absolute and immediate priority.

PHYSICIAN'S REPORT - AN EXCERPT

...and while damage to the nerves in the spinal column is severe, there is a slim chance that it is not permanent. Given time and sufficient therapy a partial, or perhaps even total recovery is possible, though the latter would seem unlikely at this point.

However, the patient is firmly convinced that her paralysis is permanent, and refuses the therapy which could promote recovery. It is strongly recommended that the patient undergo psychiatric therapy as soon as possible, for in her present condition, every day is vital....

FIRE AT INGRAM ESTATE

The Clarksville Fire Department, responding to a call from a concerned neighbor, raced to the estate of shipping tycoon Jarred Ingram to find a portion of the structure in flames. Though some time was lost in battering down the security gate, the firefighters arrived in time to prevent the blaze from spreading to the rest of the house.

It was later learned that Mr. Ingram, who was present in the house, was unable to contact authorities because the fire had destroyed the phone lines, as well as his automobile.

Mr. Ingram could not be reached for comment on the incident, and is rumored to be staying in his office suite at his corporate headquarters while damage to his home is being repaired.

369.663 Revenge Polidorious, Anton

English translation 1862 from the Greek ca 1054 BC, a collection of ritual curses and arcane incantations designed to visit vengeance upon an enemy. An excellent historical reference.

NOTICE

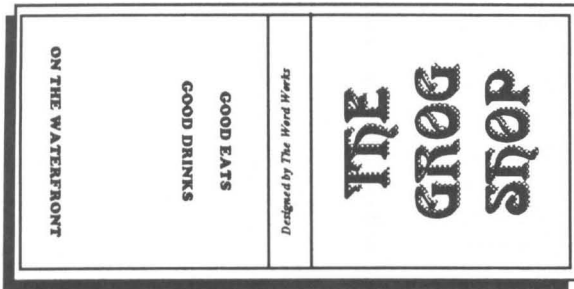
This book is located in our Special Section. Consult your librarian for further information.

**GEMINI II ENROUTE AS SCHEDULED.
SECURITY HAS BEEN DOUBLED. CREW IS
ARMED. TARGET WILL REACH FLASHPOINT
IN SIX DAYS. DEATH TO THE IMPERIALISTS.**

Death to the enemies of our house;
Death to the violators of our heritage;
Death to those who would bring death upon us.

Sir Burtram Winchester Gerald Enfield
Carter Ingram Otto Sten
Giovanni Baretta Thornton Remmington

CONTENTS OF THE PATIENT'S POCKETS



Dinhcara?

**UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
AT SAN BERNARDO
Department of Entomology**

*You were right about the spider venom.
How did you know?*

E. Brown
Professor of Entomology

THREE DOCK WORKERS ILL

Three workers at the Imberson Warehouse have been reported in serious condition at San Francisco General Hospital. The three men were all admitted within a period of 48 hours, suffering from high fever, irregular heartbeat, and dizziness.

Because Imberson's handles international imports, the possibility of an exotic, contagious disease is being investigated.

THREE DOCK WORKERS DIE

Over a period of 12 hours last night, the three Imberson Warehouse workers who were admitted to San Francisco General Hospital this week each fell into a coma and died shortly after.

Though the investigation into these deaths continues, no conclusions have as yet been reached. However, Informed sources have hinted that the cause of these three tragedies may not have been disease, but as the result of some form of poisoning.

FOR WEB OF MEMORY

ITEMS IN THE INVESTIGATOR'S ROOM

BODY FOUND IN GOLDEN GATE PARK

(June 3)

The body of an unidentified male was discovered early today in Golden Gate Park. The victim, apparently a seaman from a ship of Turkish registry, was found at 8 AM by a grounds keeper in the Japanese Tea Garden.

Police suspect robbery as a motive, though Captain Vincent Junger, the officer in charge of the case, could not be reached for comment.

This case further underscores the pressing need for increased security within the boundaries of the park during the midnight hours.

WOMAN VANISHES

(June 2)

Carla Zapiti, a maid at the Carlton Arms Hotel, was reported missing today after having failed to report in for work yesterday evening. Though Miss Zapiti has no family, she is well-liked at the hotel, and has never been known to miss work without at least calling in.

A neighbor in Miss Zapiti's apartment building state that she had left for work at her usual time, and had in fact been wearing her maid's uniform under her coat.

Anyone with any information should contact the Missing Persons Division of the San Francisco Police Department.

BODY DISCOVERED

(June 13)

The body of a foreign national was discovered last night in the Pioneer Log Cabin in Golden Gate Park. Police speculate that the Merchant Mariner's death was the result of an argument.

A police spokesperson states that at present there is no connection between this murder and the case of the June second killing, which also took place within park boundaries.

Still, it has been learned that the police presence in the park has been doubled since this second body was found, and that there will be increased patrols during the evening hours.

BAG MAN MISSING

(June 9)

A semi-famous local character was reported missing today.

Wonder Walter, a street person well known for his street-magic performances, has not been seen for at least 24 hours, and friends are concerned for his safety.

Despite this concern, police speculate that no foul play is involved, and that Wonder Walter has merely moved on, stating that this is usually the case with street people.

Yet friends have doubts, stating that Walter gave no indication of his intent to leave the city.

THIRD BODY FOUND

(June 23)

A third body was discovered this morning by a jogger in Golden Gate Park. The victim was another foreign national, as were the previous two victims found on June 3 and June 13.

Despite the similarities in these cases, Captain Vincent Junger of the SFPD denies that any connection exists between them, and that the killings are not the work of a serial killer.

Despite this assertion, it has been learned that a special taskforce has been formed to further investigate these killings, and that security in the park has nearly tripled since the killings began.

PHONE WORKER DISAPPEARS

(June 16)

George Borlund, a California Telephone lineman vanished last night while working the graveyard shift performing underground cable repairs.

While foul play is not suspected at this time, it is possible that Mr. Borlund fell victim to an accident, such as an electrical shock. It is very likely he is wandering the streets with temporary amnesia.

Mr. Borlund is five feet, six inches tall, weighs 225 pounds, and has thinning, sandy-brown hair and beard. He would most likely be dressed in a telephone company coverall, which is bright yellow. If you see this man, please report his location to the SFPD.

Twin Peaks Historical and Preservation Society

Dear _____,

Enclosed please find the information you requested concerning the Tollotson Mansion. These are the original architect's blueprints, and as such do not show any modern renovations. It is this blueprint that we intended to follow in the restoration of the house.

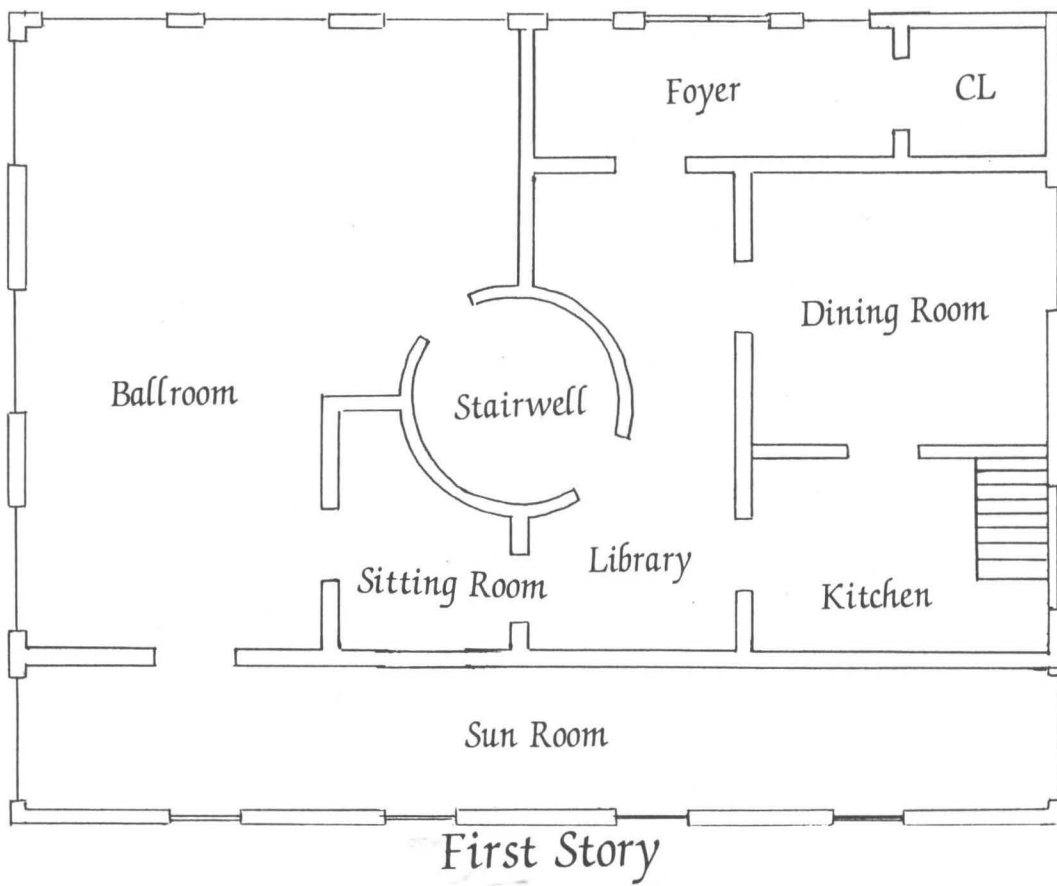
Unfortunately, it does not appear that we will have the opportunity of undertaking that project, since the house has been sold to a private individual.

On behalf of the Society, I would like to thank you for your interest in the Tollotson estate, and offer any further assistance you might require in your research.

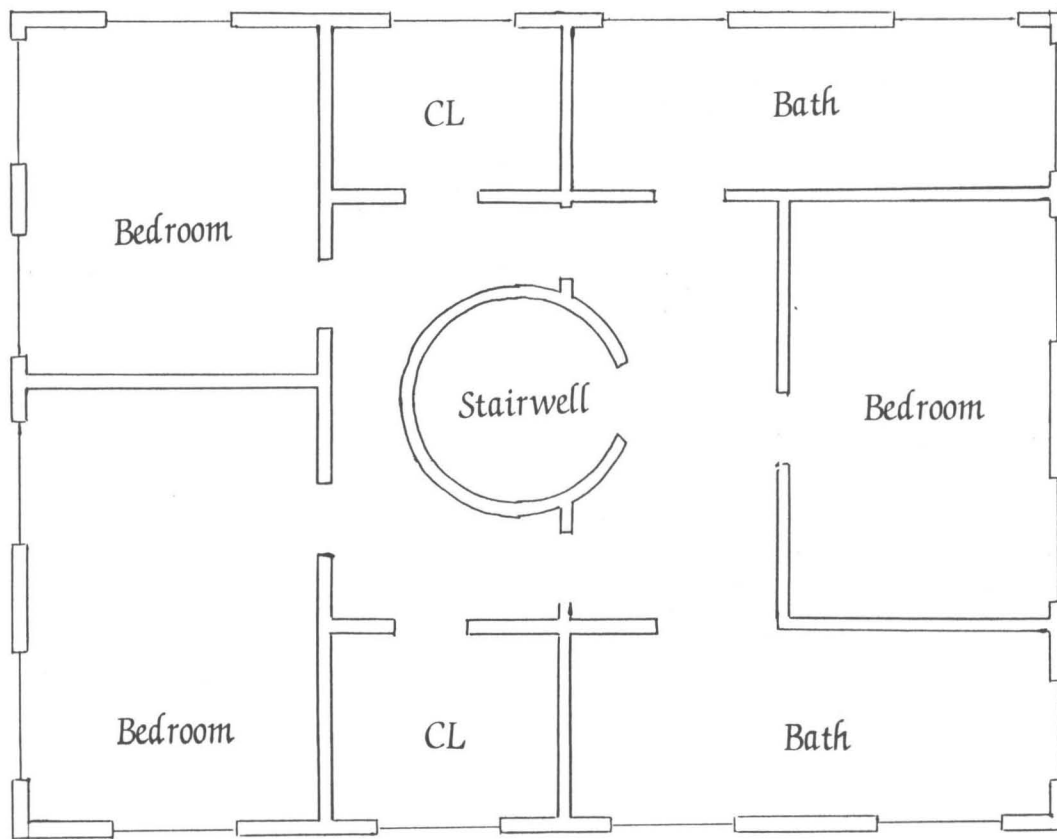
Yours sincerely,

Willona Huntington,
President

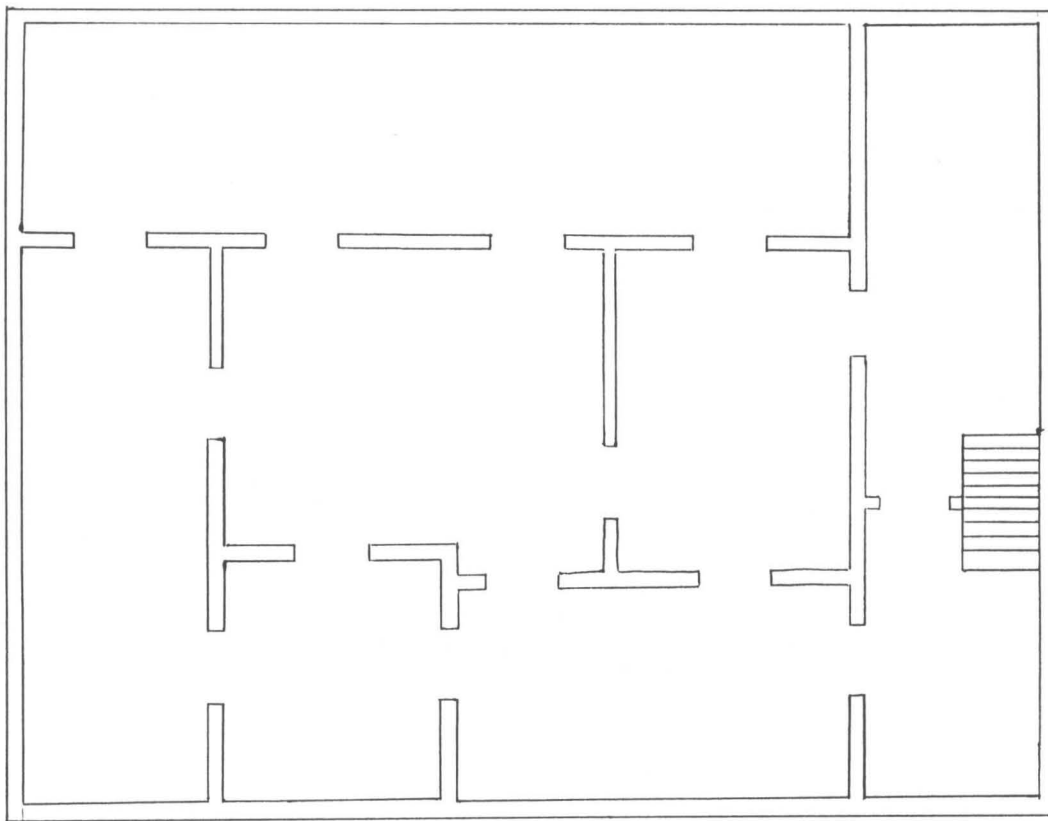
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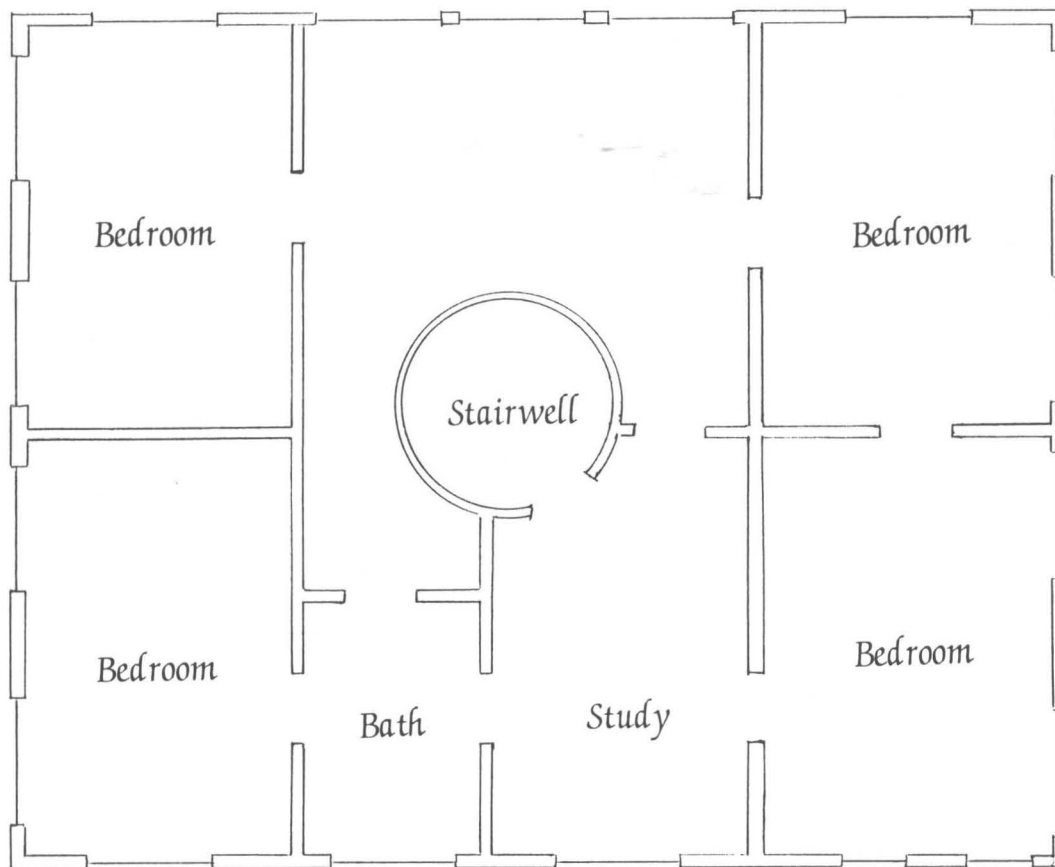
First Story



Second Story



Cellar



Third Story

CELTIC RICHES

On a farm outside the village of Rosehill in the Highlands of Scotland, a remarkable archaeological find was recently made. Archie Donaldson, an employee of land owner Dougal Menzies, noticed that one of the Menzies estate's many pasture hillocks had partially collapsed, revealing what he quickly decided was a man-made chamber. As Mr. Dougal Menzies tells it:

"Well, Archie came running in while I was eating my breakfast, and excitedly held up a bit of jewelry which he'd taken from the chamber, a sort of rounded bracelet, and told me how he'd found it.

"Now I'd always believed those mounds to be natural features of the landscape, and so I was most excited to learn the contrary. My uncle had been something of an historian, and so I was quite aware of the significance of what Archie had found. Between Archie, myself, and two men from the village, we were able to salvage the rest of the find."

And what a find! Although the relics have yet to be examined by experts, it is expected that they are from the eighth or ninth century. Mr. Menzies is allowing anyone who is fortunate enough to be in the area a viewing of the find until the arrival of the archaeological team from Edinburgh University.

At that time, the artifacts will be handed over for cataloging and dating. After that, the pieces will go on show at the Chambers Street Museum in Edinburgh.

The last word goes to Mr. Menzies: "It just goes to show that the past is much closer to us than we think." Just so.

CNOC NA CNOIMH - THE WORM OF THE HILL

Around 800 years ago in the Valley of Carey in Sutherland, the legend of Cnoc Na Cnoimh was born. A giant of a female worm was said to have driven her home into a hill which stood in a shallow valley. The once fertile valley was laid waste by this awesome worm, and her poisonous breath could be spied curling up out of the rotten earth; a sure omen of doom.

For the people of Glen Carey, this doom had come to pass with the arrival of the worm. Many fled the area, fearing for their lives, and rightly so. Nearly all had lost livestock to this deadly menace, and a number of farmers fell victim to the beast, never to be seen again. And the worm curled itself around the Hill of Roses and viewed the results of its efforts.

But the Scots are at heart a brave and resilient people, and it was inevitable that the worm was challenged. Indeed, the king of Scotland himself heard of the terrible worm, and offered a sizeable reward to the man or men who could slay the ravening beast.

Many knights attempted to slay the worm, but failed. Its awesome size and deadly breath were more than a match for the chivalrous attackers.

Then it was that a local farmer named Hector Gunn made his way to Cnoc Na Cnoimh with the stout-hearted intention of killing the worm. Brave Hector charged the sleeping beast, hoping to catch it off guard, but he was driven back by the scent of her poisonous breath.

Feeling weak and faint, Hector retreated into the moors to think. Seeing a peat bog gave Hector the notion that by creating a torch of the stuff might ward off the effects of the worms breath.

With a smoldering mass of peat firmly affixed to the end of a long pole, Hector charged again. Not only was he able to approach the worm, but was able to thrust the fiery peat into the worm's very mouth.

The beast thrashed and writhed, creating the strange spiral grooves still visible in the landscape to this very day; and even so, Hector held his ground and was triumphant.

Hector received gold and land from the king, and lived a prosperous, happy life as the hero of Glen Carey.

For Out of the Celtic Twilight

CULTS OF THE CELTIC ALBYN

The Cult of the Shuddering Earth was not considered to be common to the British Isles; indeed, very few references to it can be found. There are those who believe that the cult existed only in certain areas of the West Indies, and it is strange that evidence of its presence should surface in Celtic Scotland.

It is written that a Cloaked Man appeared to a clan of Celts in the wild Sutherlands, and though he was not easily accepted into the community, the clansmen did come to trust him.

In time, the Cloaked Man taught the Celts the ways of the Shudderer, an obscure form of serpent-deity. He slowly converted them into a Druidic existence, and instructed them in the ways of the Earth God; how to respect nature and how to supply her with gifts so that in turn nature would treat them kindly.

Blood sacrifices were made, and the clan came to look upon their neighbors as lesser beings. One of the clan was chosen to be the divine communicator, and he would protect the god and her offspring, organize rituals, and lead the clan in the worship.

Such worship flourished for nearly two hundred years, until a vengeful attack from a neighboring clan wiped out the Cult of the Shuddering Earth for all time.

Yet the destruction of the Cult has not prevented new stories coming to light concerning great worms in the Sutherland. There is a story involving one such worm which terrorized that area for as much as one hundred years following the destruction of the Cult.

BLACK, HELEN - In Rosehill stands a monument to Helen Black. It is the simple center stone of the Marketplace, but its origins are unusual, and steeped in tragedy.

Helen Black was born in 1670, and was in all respects a normal, god-fearing child who, as the years went by grew to be an attractive young woman.

In 1700 the General Assembly of the Church had warned all ministers "carefully to take notice of witches, charmers, and all such abusers of the people." And Tom Calder, the young minister of Rosehill, took those words to heart.

Not once since becoming a minister had he ever encountered a witch, and nor would he ever, but being an impressionable sort, he was fair game to the scheming of others.

Helen, being a winsome lass, attracted the fancy of many a townsman, and to her detriment, Helen did not dissuade them.

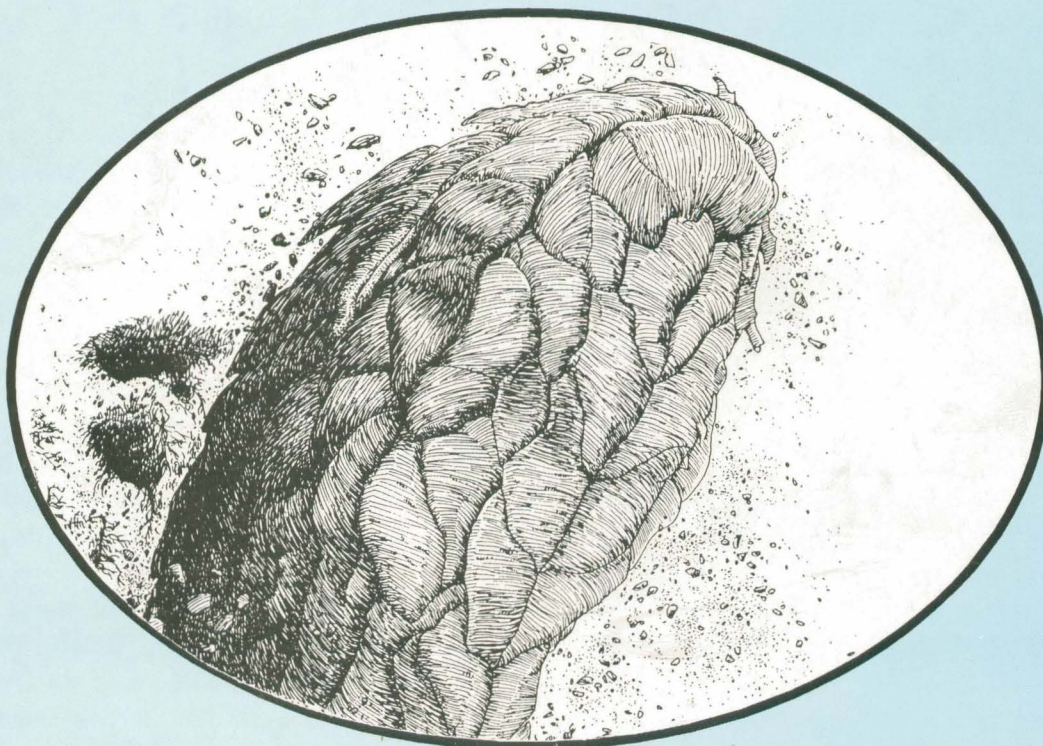
Unwilling to stand for this, a number of jealous village women approached their young minister and testified to having witnessed Helen Black doing "unnatural things," and Tom Calder zealously seized the opportunity and, after a brief mockery of a trial, condemned Helen to be burned at the stake.

Helen steadfastly proclaimed her innocence, and with her dying breath cursed the town "til the Worm in the Hill goes to her final rest!"

Eventually, ridden by guilt, Helen's accusers confessed their lies, and to placate the spirit of Helen Black a stone was set in the center of the market square, where it stands to this day, a grim reminder of a less forgiving time.

What have we here?

The investigator's lot is not an easy one; here are a few more reasons why. From Golden Gate Park to an oil rig in the South China Sea, no place is safe from the insidious tendrils of the Cthulhu Mythos. Here are four opportunities to thwart the horror, and to right terrible wrongs inflicted upon the innocent. A tough job, but only you can do it.



Four scenarios and nearly 30 handouts create hours of gaming and puzzle solving as players travel across the globe to test their mettle against the worst the Mythos has to offer. Within these pages are confrontations with the dread Spider God, a Celtic legend come to life, and a woman obsessed with revenge - who may very well prove the most deadly of all! Also included is a brief bonus scenario that offers a new reason to be terrified of roller coasters....

From the creators of *Lurking Fears* and *Grimrock Isle* - TRIAD ENTERTAINMENTS, Western New York's own little shop of horrors.

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