

Vol.  
II

# AGE of CTHULHU

Madness in London Town



By Rick Maffei



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# AGE OF CTHULHU

## Madness in London Town

A 1920's  
*Call of Cthulhu*<sup>®</sup>  
Adventure

By  
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**Dedication:** This one is for my beloved Kai,  
my best Halloween surprise ever

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### Table of Contents

Introduction . . . . .	2
Keeper Information . . . . .	2
Player Beginning . . . . .	4
Scene 1, British Museum Gala . . . . .	4
Scene 2, Vernon Whitlow's Flat . . . . .	11
Scene 3, British Museum . . . . .	14
Scene 4, The Funeral . . . . .	17
Scene 5, A Spot of Tea . . . . .	18
Scene 6, The Waxworks . . . . .	20
Scene 7a, Trouble on the Road . . . . .	25
Scene 7b, Adair Merriweather's Cottage . . . . .	26
Scene 8, A Summoning at Stonehenge . . . . .	30
Appendix I: Player Handouts . . . . .	33
Appendix II: Pre-Generated Characters . . . . .	39
Appendix III: New Artifacts and Spells . . . . .	44
Appendix IV: NPC Portraits . . . . .	48

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## INTRODUCTION

Working after-hours in the depths of the British Museum, Dr. Vernon Whitlow makes a horrifying discovery. Alarmed, he approaches his skeptical colleagues, who are long used to his eccentric ways and know him as a brilliant but overwrought researcher. Whitlow comes to suspect that one or more of his colleagues may be involved in a conspiracy to summon a great evil.

Late in the evenings he delves deep into the library stacks and after weeks of fruitless searching accidentally discovers a tome that explains some of the ominous clues he has discovered, but in doing so he has brought to light exactly what his enemies seek most—the recipe for summoning their dread god from dimensions beyond. Desperate and trusting no one, Whitlow sends an urgent telegraph to an old friend across the Atlantic, asking for help. Unfortunately for Dr. Whitlow, it may already be too late.

Madness has come to London, and soon it will spread.

## KEEPER INFORMATION

**Approximately 3100 BC:** Construction of the ancient monument later known as Stonehenge begins. Neolithic tribes construct a banked circular ditch some 320 feet in diameter and bring the ashes of their dead to the site, interring the remains in some 56 pits dug inside the periphery of the ditch.


Drawn by the sacrifices conducted directly atop a *ley center*—a convergence of Earthly ley lines—Shub-Niggurath, The Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young, appears in its unspeakable form. The god consumes the weak, grants boons to the strong, and seeds its ghastly young in the wooded glens about the Salisbury Plain. The tribesmen worship the entity with fearful obedience.

Years later, after final construction of Stonehenge is long since completed, the ancient druids claim the site as their own and continue the sacrifices. The blood of innocents spills across the monument's Altar Stone until the soil around it is soaked red. The Lord of the Woods is pleased.

**47 AD:** The Roman legion Legio IX Hispana, led by Gnaeus Hosidius Geta under Aulus Plautius, sweeps through the region and slaughters the indigenous Celtic tribesmen. Several legionaries leave the area with religious artifacts and soon succumb to madness. Cursed luck follows this legion, and they later disappear without a trace (possibly annihilated by the Picts). Latin accounts of their exploits survive them.

**1781:** The Ancient Order of Druids is formed and organizes its fraternal societies loosely on the precepts of Freemasonry. In August of 1905, 700 modern druids meet at Stonehenge for the first time.





**Present Day, 1928:** Museum curator Adair Merriweather secretly presides over the Black Branch, a maleficent offshoot of the Ancient Order of Druids. For the last eight years he has sought the means to summon his patron god in the hope that eternal youth may be his. Merriweather knows that the ceremony must be held on the winter solstice—some mere four days hence—but he still lacks the details of a few ceremonial rites and is desperate to find them, lest he be forced to wait yet another year.

In the course of reading placard information for the new Roman statuary display, Prof. Vernon Whitlow finds the transcribed *Sera Altaria* deep in the British Museum library stacks. An expert in both Roman culture and ancient Latin, Whitlow finds the contents of the book and its references to a ghastly rite involving the sacrifice of 56 victims deeply disturbing. Days later, whilst working in one of the Museum's cavernous galleries, he overhears a conversation between Marion Ainsworth and another, unknown, male individual. Whitlow only hears bits of the conversation, but a mention of "56 sacrifices in the circle" chills his blood.

Whitlow suspects—wrongly as it turns out—that the male speaker was his fellow curator Christopher O'Donnell. O'Donnell is a relative newcomer to the Museum, replacing a curator that vanished under odd circumstances. The day before the gala, Whitlow speaks briefly with Adair Merriweather and confesses his suspicions that Museum personnel are taking part in cult activities. This is a deadly mistake, forewarning Merriweather to the threat of discovery and alerting him to a source of the last ritual details he sought.

Merriweather agrees to meet Whitlow before the gala, and there he plans to taint his opponent's drink with the dread *Milk of Shub-Niggurath*. Then he shall question the good doctor, learn what he knows, and then contentedly watch the man succumb to mania in front of nearly 80 witnesses. Meanwhile, agents of the Black Branch will search Whitlow's office and flat for the *Sera Altaria*, providing Merriweather a perfect alibi. The knowledge he gains will allow him to summon Shub-Niggurath from the center of Stonehenge when the winter solstice arrives. Soon his dark god will again visit the Salisbury Plain and immortality shall be his!

### Investigation Summary

The adventure is organized into scenes, so that a keeper can flip easily from one to the next as needed. The central part of Madness in London Town, specifically **Scenes 3, 5, and 6**, can be part of a free-form investigation, in which the player characters can take any number of paths (indeed,

even doubling back on their trail) in their quest to solve the mysterious warning and odd death of Doctor Whitlow.

### A Note of Caution

This adventure contains vivid depictions of suicide and contains many gruesome descriptions. It is meant for mature roleplayers with no aversion to horrific scenarios.

**Player Beginning, page 4:** In which the investigators arrive in England in time to attend a grand gala at the British Museum.

**Scene 1, British Museum Gala, page 4:** In which the investigators meet members of the Museum elite and witness the hideous demise of Vernon Whitlow.

**Scene 2, Vernon Whitlow's Flat, page 11:** In which the investigators search the late doctor's flat, and discover possible evidence of a dire conspiracy afoot.

**Scene 3, British Museum – After Hours, page 14:** In which the investigators search the offices and storage rooms below the British Museum's North Wing, are stalked by animated jungle cats, and find more information pointing to the true instigator of the eldritch doom descending on England.

**Scene 4, The Funeral, page 17:** The funeral of the sadly departed Dr. Whitlow, where the investigators are first contacted by Marion Ainsworth.


**Scene 5, A Spot of Tea, page 18:** In which the investigators have a meeting with the charming Marion Ainsworth and gain some clues about Whitlow's horrid demise, and are marked for death themselves.

**Scene 6, The Waxworks, page 20:** This optional side trek gives the investigators a chance to learn more about the cult they face ... if a trio of cultists and a wax simulacrum of one of England's worst serial killers doesn't stop them first.

**Scene 7a, Trouble on the Road, page 25:** The characters have a run-in with deadly cultists determined that they do not interfere in Merriweather's dark designs.

**Scene 7b, Adair Merriweather's Cottage, page 26:** The investigators search Adair Merriweather's haunted cottage and grounds, and discover proof of the curator's plan to summon the Lord of the Woods. The arrival of a Dark Young threatens to cut the investigation—and their very lives—short.

**Scene 8, A Summoning at Stonehenge, page 30:** In which the Investigators arrive at Stonehenge just as the ceremony to summon dread Shub-Niggurath is ready to begin!



**A Note on Skills:** The fifth edition of the *Call of Cthulhu* rules doesn't call for differentiated skill checks. In practice, all uncontested tasks are equally difficult, and it is only the character's skill that comes into question. *Madness in London Town* runs against canon by noting instances in which the task attempted might be more difficult than another: comprehending a coded post-Atlantean spell, for instance, as opposed to simply translating the Latin works of occult magician Johannes Trithemius. Keepers are encouraged to disregard or employ this rule, as they see fit.

When skill checks are listed in the text, they are followed by a percentile figure. For example, **Cthulhu Mythos** (-25%). In this case, the Investigator would reduce his chance of success by 25% ... a challenging task indeed! In some instances, the skill is followed by a bonus, e.g. **Archeology** (+10%). In this instance, the character would increase his skill by 10%, increasing his odds of success.

In some instances, a skill chance might be elevated above 100% or reduced to less than 0%. If the skill check is important to the game, the Investigator should still make the attempt, given that rolls of 01% or 100% are always a success or failure, respectively.

### A Note Regarding British Currency

Merchants and vendors in England prefer to deal in British currency. British coinage in 1929 was organized 12 pence (*d*) to the shilling (*s*), and 20 shillings to the pound (£). Amounts were often expressed in shilling/pence combinations, even for amounts over a pound. For instance, 25/6 would be 25 shillings and sixpence (or £1 5s 6d). Assume that the exchange rate is \$5 US = £1.

### It's All In The Timing

**Timing is crucial in this adventure.** It is the author's belief that an impending deadline is a great way to add tension to a horror campaign and keep the players from wasting undue time in idle pursuits. The investigators arrive on the evening of December 18<sup>th</sup>, and they have until 7 pm on December 21<sup>st</sup> to stop the ceremony or England will be seeded with many Dark Young and doom will surely follow.

The Keeper's goal is to keep the investigators under pressure, striving to accomplish their goal before time runs out. Initially their goal may be to understand Whitlow's death, but they will probably come to learn of the coming ceremony and strive to stop it. Special Timing Notes appear in this adventure to help the Keeper account for player actions and NPC whereabouts.

### Player Beginning

At the start of play, give the players **Player Handout A**, and ask each player in turn to relate her background and relationship (if any) with Professor Whitlow. Sample backgrounds are provided with the pre-generated characters (see **Appendix II**).

The adventure begins as the investigators arrive at the British Museum. The Keeper should read or paraphrase the following:

*Your 6-day trip across the Pond aboard the steamer Atlantic Queen was uneventful, save for an odd telegram received on the penultimate day of your voyage.*

The Keeper should give the players **Player Handout B** at this time.

*The telegram seems out of character given Whitlow's earlier invitation, but your attempts to contact Vernon and receive further details have been fruitless. There is little to do but discover more details in person.*

If any character comments on the unusual word used in the telegram—*Legacy*—allow the player an Idea roll. If successful, the character surmises that the word may actually be a code word used to denote a short sentence; during the telegraph's heyday cipher books provided code words that stood for longer passages, providing some secrecy and saving the sender money (telegraphs are paid for by the word).


The telegraph code word translates as *Exercise extreme caution upon arrival*. A cipher book is required to translate this key word; such a book is easily obtainable in London for approximately 3s.

### Scene 1 – The Museum Gala

Read or paraphrase the following:

*You arrive at the docks very late in the afternoon. A black cab is waiting for you, its bored-looking driver ignorant of the hustle and bustle of the dockhands around him. The streets of London are cluttered with pedestrians, automobiles, overloaded horse-drawn wagons, and the occasional bus, with large buildings looming overhead everywhere. The damp air carries the smell of soot. After a short drive, the hired car stops in front of the ornate, columned entrance to the British Museum. Rooms have been booked in your name at the nearby Grafton Hotel, a few blocks to the west.*

*As you exit the vehicle, a cold wind caresses your hair and a light rain begins to fall from the quickly darkening sky. Inside the historic building lies the gala, and possibly some answers as well.*



The Gala is being held in the upper level of the King Edward VII Galleries, where the new “Grand Statuary: The Art of Rome” exhibit is located. A sign placed just inside the Museum’s Entrance Hall, near a bust of the Duke of Marlborough, welcomes the gala attendees. The festivities begin at 8-o-clock sharp. The Gala begins with an hour-long cocktail hour and then proceeds to dinner, which is to be served in courses. Investigators not garbed in formal attire—suit and tie for men and long dresses for women—suffer a -10% to all **Credit Rating** checks made during the gala. Men arriving in white or black tie and women arriving in fancy evening gowns receive a +10% bonus to **Credit Rating** checks.

Vernon Whitlow appears soon after the investigators arrive, fashionably garbed in a grey suit and striped bow tie. He greets the investigators for a brief moment and gives them an extra key to his Bloomsbury flat. He begs off any real conversation until dinner, asking their patience while he converses with several museum donors and officials. If pressed with questions about the telegram, he vaguely states that he will explain everything later in private and that now is not the time for such questions.

The other key NPCs are already present when the investigators arrive, with the exception of O’Donnell, who arrives late and out of breath.

The cocktail hour takes place within the gallery proper. Two long rows of Roman statues are arrayed for viewing. Most of the statues are busts of important figures, but there is also a larger statue of two rearing horses that dominates the center of the room. It is obvious that some final touches are still being made to the exhibit, but all the statues are in place and the investigators may study them if they wish. If an investigator approaches the statuary, read or paraphrase the following:

*Two long rows of Roman statuary fill the chamber. There are busts and full figures of historic figures—Apollo, Dionysos, the poet Hesioid, Homer, and others—as well as a larger statue of two rearing horses near the center of the room. The blank eyes of the statues almost seem to stare mockingly as you pass.*

The statues are completely ordinary, and there is nothing ominous about them.

It is suggested that the Keeper allow the investigators approximately a half hour of game time to interact with the other party guests—this could be a good time for the players to elaborate on their characters’ backgrounds and motivations. Obviously, if the players are more action-oriented, things may be moved on more quickly. Following are details regarding several guests the investigators may


come into contact with (turn to page 48 to view illustrations of these characters, suitable for photocopying and distributing to players):

### **Adair Merriweather, Head Curator**

Adair is a well-read, cultivated, 56-year-old gentleman. He has worked at the Museum for the last 16 years. He is especially well-learned in Neolithic cultures and ancient England, as well as general archaeology. He speaks in a low voice with a hard edge that commands attention without need for volume. He is glib and can easily speak regarding most fields of science, though he is a bit stuffy, has little patience for the uneducated, and dislikes sports (though he will admit taking in the rare cricket match).

Adair was originally an atheist, but he was drawn to the druidic faith and soon thereafter joined the Ancient Order of Druids. He found the group limiting, but lacked a new direction. In 1921, fate took an active hand; Merriweather was cleaning the basement of his newly purchased cottage and he discovered Wiltshire Urn (see **Appendix III**) hidden away in the basement. The curator’s mind was opened to the darkest regions of Neolithic myth and Adair became obsessed with the image on the basket, staring at it constantly in the evening hours. Adair immediately plunged into research on the dark rites of the Neolithic peoples and, unwittingly assisted by Whitlow, he eventually uncovered the *Sera Altaria*, a text that described the strange rites witnessed by the Roman legions that moved through the British Isles in 47 AD. Merriweather’s recently renewed study of the text revealed the missing details needed to summon forth his beloved entity, Shub-Niggurath. Privately Merriweather greatly fears growing old and hopes to gain immortality through his dealings with Shub-Niggurath.

Adair is responsible for poisoning Whitlow with the dread *Milk of Shub-Niggurath*—something that shall cause Whitlow’s sudden madness and suicide (see **A Ghastly Event**, to follow). Vernon made the mistake of confiding in Adair, telling him of the notes he found in the margins of the *Sera Altaria* and his suspicions that O’Donnell or another curator was involved in cult activity. (Vernon suspected O’Donnell because he is a new curator at the Museum and his predecessor disappeared. In truth, Merriweather and the Black Branch arranged for the death of O’Donnell’s predecessor, Professor Gavin.) Merriweather immediately decided to eliminate Whitlow and seize the book in the hope of finally discovering the final details of a ritual to summon dread Shub-Niggurath. Aware that the ceremony is linked to the winter solstice, Adair is desperate to learn the final ritual elements before the solstice (which occurs two days after the gala).



It was a simple matter, with terrible results, for Adair to pour a bit of the *Milk* into Vernon's wine shortly before the gala opened. Adair is now content to let a police investigation take its course, fully aware that Whitlow's suicide took place in front of many witnesses and confident the police will swiftly rule Whitlow's death a suicide.

Merriweather's greatest threat is the investigators—he greatly wishes to see them depart England or (better yet) disappear forever. He knows he can't poison them in a similar fashion as Whitlow—a *mass* suicide would come under far greater scrutiny—but he plans to order his minions in the Black Branch to take care of the meddling “Yanks” soon enough.

**Sample Dialog:** “Welcome to the Museum, good fellows! I do hope you've found London to your liking. I hope you'll take the time to marvel at our recent Roman additions in-between courses.”

**Information:** During conversation, Merriweather comments, “It's a rare pleasure to break away from our consuming work in the North Wing dungeons and be sociable for a change.” If simply questioned what he means by *dungeons*, he states that he was referring to the basement offices beneath the North Wing where he and the other curators work daily. He can also relate that now that the exhibit work is, in the main, finished, the curators will all be away from the Museum until after the holiday.

### Adair Merriweather, Head Curator, Age 56

<b>STR</b>	<b>CON</b>	<b>SIZ</b>	<b>INT</b>	<b>POW</b>
10	14	13	17	22
<b>DEX</b>	<b>APP</b>	<b>EDU</b>	<b>SAN</b>	<b>HP</b>
12	14	18	48	14

**Damage Bonus:** –

**Spells:** Animate Simulacrum, Deflect Harm, Wrack

**Skills:** Archaeology 85%, Astronomy 30%, Anthropology 60%, Credit Rating 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 24%, Grapple 30%, History 60%, Library Use 60%, Other Language (Latin) 50%, Persuade 40%, Sneak 35%

**Physical Description:** Merriweather is barrel-chested and stout without being fat, and he is quite fit for his age. For his size and weight, he moves very lightly on his feet. Adair's dark brown eyes are steady and unwavering. He carefully waxes his mustache and is always well groomed. He normally dresses in light-colored silk suits and the like.

### Christopher O'Donnell, Curator

O'Donnell has dark eyes, sharp cheekbones, and a cultured manner. He still bears an obvious Dublin accent and visits his home country when time allows. He is an orphan who dislikes speaking about his past, and he is a relative newcomer to the British Museum.

O'Donnell's manner toward the investigators is one of guarded curiosity; he says little about himself but politely asks many questions of others. Questions regarding his family are met with evasion. He has a very good knowledge of the ancient Celts, and can hold his own regarding ancient Rome, Persia, or Egypt. He delights in speaking about ancient tombs and monuments, and he bursts into excited chatter if the subject turns in that direction.

The death of Whitlow will deeply shock O'Donnell; although the two often crossed swords on intellectual matters, Christopher respected the good doctor quite a bit. He immediately begins investigating the suicide, concentrating his attentions on Merriweather. This, of course, soon leads to O'Donnell's own ghastly death (see **Scene 3**).

The O'Donnell character is provided as a possible red herring and it is quite possible the investigators, based on various clues such as Whitlow's notes (see **Scene 2**), will come to suspect him of some wrongdoing. They will discover the truth soon enough (see **Scene 3**).

**Sample Dialog:** “I take great pleasure in my work here at the Museum. Of course, I've only been here since the abrupt departure of Professor Gavin, but the work is very rewarding. Do you, too, take an interest in past civilizations?”

**Information:** If asked about Professor Gavin, O'Donnell (or the other Museum staff) can state only that he disappeared unexpectedly a few months ago after failing to show up for work. In truth, Gavin grew suspicious of Merriweather and threatened to reveal his unusual, after-hours research. This earned Gavin a visit from the members of the Black Branch and his remains may be found in Merriweather's cottage (see **Scene 7b**).

If questioned about his lateness, he states that he forgot his billfold and had to return for it; a successful **Psychology** check reveals that he is being untruthful. A separate **Psychology** check reveals that O'Donnell seems nervous tonight, but doesn't reveal the source.

If questioned alone *after* Whitlow's death and a successful **Persuade** check is made to convince him of their sincerity, O'Donnell asks the investigators to meet him in the basement offices beneath the North Wing of the British Museum late the following evening for a private chat. He insists they tell no one of this meeting, and provides the

location of a nondescript basement door near the North Wing. If they arrive at 10 o'clock and knock three times, he will open the door. He reveals nothing further and studiously avoids the investigators for the rest of the evening.

In actuality, O'Donnell has noticed Merriweather acting peculiarly and he spotted the lead curator touching Whitlow's drink. O'Donnell, because of his short tenure and Merriweather's high position, doesn't wish to confront Adair directly. He intends to quietly keep an eye on Merriweather and investigate later, warning Whitlow if necessary. Ironically, Whitlow is sure that the innocent O'Donnell is involved in cult activity, hence the reference to "C.O." in his notebook (see **Scene 2**).

### Christopher O'Donnell, Curator, Age 38

STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW
11	12	11	15	09
DEX	APP	EDU	SAN	HP
16	14	15	45	12

**Damage Bonus:** –

**Skills:** Anthropology 35%, Archaeology 35%,  
Fast Talk 28%, Fist/Punch 55%, History 65%,  
Library Use 40%, Spot Hidden 35%

**Physical Description:** Christopher is a lean, nervous looking man. He tends to wear dark clothing or black sweaters that emphasize his slight build and seem to fade him into the background. His face is angular, with sharp cheekbones and piercing dark blue eyes that dart about constantly. A small scar runs across his chin, the result of a childhood accident.

### Malcolm E. Harrod III, Curator

Malcolm is an affable fellow, and he is happy to chat about museum business. His marriage to Lucy—a woman some 20 years his junior—is the subject of endless speculation in Museum social circles. He loves his wife deeply, but he is endlessly preoccupied with Museum business and works many late nights. Harrod is an expert in the Egyptian culture and history, but he has some knowledge of Roman and Greek culture and he agreed to assist with the new exhibition. He knows nothing about the *Sera Altaria* or the doings of the Black Branch (or its existence).

He returned a few months ago from Luxor after the so-called Chicago House disaster, and recently he has agreed to his wife's request to remain in England for a few months.

**Sample Dialog:** "Smashing gala, eh? Give me the British comforts over Cairo any day! What do you think of our new exhibit? You wouldn't *believe* the trouble we had moving all those statues into the North Wing."

**Information:** Investigators making a successful **Credit Rating** or **History** check impress Harrod enough that he shares detailed information about the exhibit:

- The exhibit is due to open to the public on January 2<sup>nd</sup>. The statues shall stay on display for six months.
- The curators have pooled their talents on the exhibit in the name of expediency, with Whitlow being largely responsible for providing background material about bygone Roman exploration of England.
- Adair Merriweather has overall responsibility for the exhibit as lead curator, but his expertise is actually in Neolithic Peoples and Celtic traditions of the British Isles. He did not get heavily involved in research for the exhibit until the last few days.

Harrod has little else to relate, although his Cairo work led him to become intimate with the details of the Chicago House tragedy (as related in the Goodman Games *Age of Cthulhu* adventure *Death in Luxor*).

### Malcolm E. Harrod III, Curator, Age 55

STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW
09	13	13	16	09
DEX	APP	EDU	SAN	HP
11	12	16	45	13

**Damage Bonus:** –


**Skills:** Anthropology 50%, Archaeology 40%,  
Credit Rating 65%, Fist/Punch 50%, History 78%,  
Library Use 60%, Persuade 44%

**Physical Description:** Malcolm is a short man with coarse features but a fast smile. He wears a well-trimmed mustache and beard and normally wears his round spectacles perched on the tip of his nose. He has a weakness for bowties, striped suits, and champagne.

### Lucy Harrod, Curator's Wife

She enjoys these social functions, and enjoys meeting new people—especially those from outside Europe. She happily flirts with any male investigator with an APP of 14 or higher. She does love her husband, but the age difference has led to both active gossip and also boredom on Lucy's part. Despite the stories, she is faithful to her husband, but she longs for real adventure, away from ancient bones and musty library tomes. As time passes, she feels ever more trapped and wonders if she will ever see the world.





**Sample Dialog:** “It’s good to see a few good chaps not all covered in tomb dust. Tell me about America. I hear New York is a fascinating city!”

**Information:** Mrs. Harrod has no information to share.

### Lucy Harrod, Curator’s Wife, Age 32

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

**Damage Bonus:** –

**Skills:** Credit Rating 60%, Fast Talk 28%, Fist/Punch 50%, History 40%, Listen 35%, Ride 70%

**Physical Description:** Lucy is a very attractive woman in her mid-thirties. She wears her long raven tresses up in a conservative bun most of the time, revealing her high cheekbones and mischievous hazel eyes.

### Jeffrey Davies, Wealthy Museum Donor

Jeffrey is the young, spoiled recipient of the Davies estate. As sole heir, his wealth is enormous and the Museum, having benefitted from the generosity of Jeffrey’s father, treats him like royalty. He arrives elegantly attired in black tie.

Jeffrey’s main loves are sports, automobiles, and women (despite meaning married), but he supplements his lifestyle with occasional donations to academic institutions in the hopes of maintaining the family name. At heart, he is a selfish rogue who, while not evil, cares little about anyone save himself. He knows nothing about Museum matters or academic subjects, but talk of the latest cricket matches will hold his attention for a few minutes. Davies’ goal tonight is to sit through the dinner long enough to make an appearance and then stealthily depart in time to participate in the latest “scavenger hunt” held in London by the Bright Young Things.

**Sample Dialog:** “It’s a nice enough affair, right enough, but the National Gallery *really* knows how to throw a party. Me, I’m off to Stratford for an RSC affair at half-nine. Exactly how is it that you blokes were invited again?”

**Information:** If an investigator speaking with Mr. Davies makes a successful **Credit Rating** check, Jeffrey reveals that he has contributed to many past Museum projects, and that he and Marion Ainsworth have provided the bulk of the funding for this latest endeavor. He also confides snidely that he has found Marion “rather remote and acting above her station” and noted that “she seems

to prefer hanging about with relics like Dr. Merriweather than attending the more fashionable parties.” (Marion has rebuffed all Jeffrey’s romantic forays, such that they are, and she is often in the company of Merriweather because of their recent Black Branch connections.)

### Jeffrey Davies, Wealthy Museum Donor, Age 27

STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW
14	11	12	10	08
DEX	APP	EDU	SAN	HP
13	14	14	40	12

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Skills:** Credit Rating 80%, Drive Auto 50%, Fast Talk 65%, Fencing Foil (he is currently unarmed) 65%, Fist/Punch 70%, Ride 35%

**Physical Description:** Jeffrey Davies is tall, blonde, and handsome. His eyes however are cold and distant. He wears his hair slicked back and often wears a pencil-thin mustache. When he grins, which is often, he reveals a great many white teeth. He gives off an aura of utter confidence and stands at ease in social gatherings, a filled cigarette holder always at the ready.

### Emma Davies, Wealthy Museum Donor

Emma Davies is quiet to a fault. She is a well-dressed woman in her early twenties, and is newly rich, having married into the Davies family last year.

**Sample Dialog:** “My place is with my husband at these gatherings. He gives most generously to the Museum.”

**Information:** A Psychology check reveals that Mrs. Davies is nervous and depressed. She has no useful information to impart—her emotional state is the result of continual abuse by her husband (revealed on a successful **Fast Talk** check if she is somehow isolated from her husband).

### Emma Davies, Wealthy Museum Donor, Age 23

STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW
07	10	07	14	10
DEX	APP	EDU	SAN	HP
13	14	10	50	9

**Damage Bonus:** –

**Skills:** Art (painting) 60%, Credit Rating 70%, Fist/Punch 50%, Library Use 40%, Spot Hidden 40%

**Physical Description:** Emma is a slight, mousy woman who stoops when she stands, making her appear even shorter

than her 5'2" height. She wears her chestnut hair tied back in a severe ponytail and wears very little makeup. She dresses well, but plainly, and normally wears brown outfits that are a mere shade darker than her hair. When speaking, which is rare, Emma tends to keep her brown eyes downcast, rarely looking at those she speaks to. She spends hours lost in painting—something Jeffrey finds a stupid waste of time—and if the subject of art comes up, it might lure a comment or two from her tight lips.

### Richard Evans, Board Member

Mr. Evans has arrived at the gala dressed in white tie. He enjoys eating gourmet cooking, and rarely misses a Museum function wherein dinner is served. He achieved his board position through personal connections and favors, and knows little about academic matters. The Board is more than happy to send Evans out to various functions, freeing them up for other work and the more important engagements with royalty and the like.

Evans is happy to converse with the investigators, asking them about their recent doings and connection to the Museum. Conversation is punctuated by napkin waving, frequent mouth wiping, and pointing with his cocktail fork. He can recommend English restaurants to those interested in such matters, and he hides a secret love of French food and noticeably gets very excited and unduly loquacious if the subject is brought up.

**Sample Dialog:** "Have you tried the potato puff pastries? Quite the thing! But the cheese bites—simply 'orrible." He wipes his mouth hastily with one sleeve. "So what brings you to our little party?"

Evans is originally from Yorkshire and still carries some of the accent, dropping the initial *h* or ending *g* from words when speaking quickly.

**Information:** Mr. Evans has no useful information to impart.

### Richard Evans, Board Member, Age 52

STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW
12	14	16	12	09
DEX	APP	EDU	SAN	HP
07	10	13	45	15

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Skills:** Credit Rating 60%, Fast Talk 25%, Fist/Punch 60%, Law 50%, Psychology 25%

**Physical Description:** Evans is a rubicund, porcine fellow with drooping jowls and a beard that barely hides his double chin. He does not as much walk, but waddle, and he moves

very slowly indeed. He dresses to the nines at all times, but sometimes the remains of a recent meal are readily apparent on his shirtfront.

### Henry Prichard, Scholar And Translator

Henry Prichard is a timid, book-obsessed man, uncomfortable in all social gatherings. Henry is slender, twitchy, and nervous—doubly so when addressing the opposite sex. He says little, and hangs on the fringes of groups, merely observing. If pressed into conversation, he knows little beyond his field of expertise: ancient Latin texts. If spoken to about his work or classic texts, he then explodes into excited conversation. His expertise is extensive, and he possesses a degree from Oxford University's prestigious Oriol College.

**Sample Dialog:** "Um, em, why yes, I rather find Sir Richard Burton's translation of *Priapeia* to be more faithful to the original intent of the work, don't you?"

**Information:** If subsequently asked, Prichard easily (and happily) translates the text of the *Sera Altaria* for investigators; they have merely to ask this shy fellow. Translating the relevant text will take Prichard two days time, if he is given some guidelines what to search for. Transcribing the entire text takes him at least a week. Allow an **Idea** roll (-5%) for investigators to ask Prichard to limit his research to scanning for passages that concern the Salisbury Plain or unusual/supernatural happenings; this reduces translation time (for relevant passages only) to one day.

### Henry Prichard, Scholar And Translator, Age 34

STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW
08	12	11	17	12
DEX	APP	EDU	SAN	HP
12	10	15	60	12

**Damage Bonus:** -

**Skills:** Credit Rating 30%, Fist/Punch 50%, History 65%, Library Use 80%, Other Language (Latin) 85%, Other Language (Vulgar Latin) 55%, Other Language (Greek) 40%, Spot Hidden 40%

**Physical Description:** If Henry Prichard were born an animal instead of man, a field mouse would be as good an incarnation as any. He is nervous to a fault, and gives the impression that he might scurry off if spoken to loudly. He dresses in modest suits and plain bow ties, and often walks about with his hands clasped together or stuffed in his pockets when they're not tightly clutching a handful of books. When speaking he stutters, stammers, and pauses in odd spots.

## Marion Ainsworth, Wealthy Museum Donor

Marion does not give the appearance of the typical museum donor; she is young, attractive, and dresses modestly, given her wealth. Ms. Ainsworth, like her family, has been a regular donor to the British Museum and she avidly attends new exhibits.

**Sample Dialog:** “Fascinating, simply fascinating it is. I could look at this statuary for hours. Pity the Romans didn’t linger, but then the original inhabitants of the British Isles had their own wonderful culture.”

**Information:** Marion is a recent but fanatical convert of the Black Branch. Merriweather showed her some select artifacts and was happily surprised that her mind did not snap completely, but instead turned to his cause wholeheartedly. She delights in retaining an air of normalcy while relentlessly assisting the Black Branch in their attempts to summon Shub-Niggurath. If confronted with the truth, she acts innocent and summons aid. Failing that she draws out her hidden derringer and takes aim.

**Optional Event:** The Keeper may wish to use the following event and modify Marion’s actions during **Scene 4** (see **Scene 4, The Funeral**) if the players are new to investigative games or normally require a bit of extra help/motivation; otherwise, it is strongly suggested that Marion attempt to plant her note during the funeral as detailed later.

Shortly after Whitlow’s death, Marion hurries in “horror” from the scene, bumping into the investigators as she leaves the gallery. Select the quietest investigator—she has slipped a note into that “investigators” pocket or purse. Allow that investigator a **Luck** roll (–10%) to realize the plant has occurred immediately after, and a standard **Luck** roll each day thereafter. If the investigator finds the note, show that player **Player Handout F**.

## Marion Ainsworth, Wealthy Donor, Age 26

STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW
8	12	10	15	14
DEX	APP	EDU	SAN	HP
16	16	14	60	11

**Damage Bonus:** –

**Weapon:** .25 Derringer 45%, damage 1D6

**Skills:** Cthulhu Mythos 7%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 60%, Sneak 32%

**Physical Description:** Marion Ainsworth has long blonde hair, light blue eyes, and an easy grin. She projects an air of confidence and optimism, greeting all comers with wide

eyes and a winning smile. She has tomboyish good looks and wears skirts almost short enough to be scandalous. She prefers simple clothing however, and wears just a touch of jewelry when attending events such as the gala.


## A Ghastly Event

Approximately 10 minutes after guests arrive, jacketed waiters begin circulating with silver trays bearing hors d’oeuvres or slender glasses of wine and champagne. Conversation continues for another 20 minutes, but Whitlow has not yet rejoined your party. Read or paraphrase the following:

*Conversation carries on, with comments about the food quality and previous galas, and then suddenly the room falls silent. The cause for the hush is immediately evident: Professor Whitlow stands in the center of the room, his tie askew and shirt stained, gesturing madly. A waiter strays too close as the professor flails his arms, sending several wineglasses crashing to the floor. A woman screams.*

*“You must listen to me!” the professor shouts in a strained cry. “The time is nearly here! Madness will come and the new young will be born! There are mere days left! The summoning must be stopped and the great circle silenced! Äi Äi!”*





*Whitlow draws a hidden straight razor from his sleeve and, before the nearby guests can take action, slashes the blade across his own throat. He sinks to his knees, his throat gushing scarlet, and utters a few words that bubble into incomprehensibility before slumping to the ground.*

All witnessing the suicide should make a **Sanity** check (sanity loss 1/1d3). A minor panic erupts around Whitlow, but stronger heads prevail and O'Donnell and Merriweather quickly rush to the fallen curator's side. It is no use—Whitlow cut himself dreadfully deep with the razor and is already dead. Merriweather pleads for calm.

## Bloomsbury

The Bloomsbury area of central London has been a picturesque residential area since the late 17th century. It is home to a number of famous institutions, among them the British Museum, the University of London, and St. George's Church with its famous stepped tower topped with a statue of King George I. Bloomsbury contains many scenic garden squares, Bloomsbury Square being its oldest. Bloomsbury is also known as a center for the arts, being home to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and the so-called Bloomsbury Group, a group of creative thinkers that included novelists Virginia Woolf and E. M. Forster, economist John Maynard Keynes, art critic Roger Fry, and painter Vanessa Bell.

The dinner immediately comes to a halt, and the guests converge into small, whispering bands. Overt conversation is quelled and many guests silently lose themselves in a glass of strong liquor or wander off to gaze at the statues. A thoughtful guest places a dinner jacket over Vernon Whitlow's corpse, hiding his sightless, open eyes.

A half hour later the police arrive. They record the names and addresses (or hotels) of all present and they release the group, asking that everyone remain in the general London area for the next few days as a formality. A **Psychology** or **Fast Talk** check will reveal that the police do not suspect foul play—Whitlow was observed committing suicide in front of at least 40 witnesses, so the police are prepared to rule this case a suicide, though they will not state that in an official capacity at this point.

## Scene 2 – Whitlow's Flat

Vernon Whitlow's modest home is on Devonshire Street in the residential Bloomsbury district, just a few blocks east of the British Museum. Whitlow led the life of a dedicated researcher—his small flat was a place to read, eat, and sleep; most of his hours were spent working at the museum. He rents the top floor of a two-story house. The downstairs neighbors have been away for the last two weeks

visiting friends on the continent. The neighbors to either side have nothing to report—and indeed may grow suspicious of strangers asking questions—but Whitlow's living space contains some clues for diligent investigators.

Read or paraphrase the following:

*As you arrive at Doctor Whitlow's flat the rain begins to fall in earnest, filling the streets with cold water. A strong gale blows, howling through the bent trees like a lost soul.*

The door to the flat is locked. If the investigators do not use the key Vernon gave them at the gala, they must make a successful **Locksmith** roll to enter.

**Area 2-1 – Living Room:** read or paraphrase the following:

*This living area is cluttered and tight, and all here is in disarray. Scattered piles of books cover a battered sofa and tossed papers adorn the two adjoining end tables. A threadbare easy chair stands in the corner near an overturned gooseneck lamp. More papers and a shattered paperweight are on the floor. An intact marble bust of Shakespeare adorns the mantle. A small but serviceable writing desk, buried under letters and books, stands in the corner.*

The papers are Museum reports, academic and scholarly papers about ancient cultures (mostly Greek and Roman), and picture books about Roman art. Sifting through the mess takes at least an hour, but those making a **Spot Hidden** (–5%) roll discover a reminder notice sent from the Museum with yesterday's postmark. The note is reminder for Whitlow to return a book called the *Sera Altaria*. (The *Sera Altaria* is not here—it was found and stolen by the Black Branch members that ransacked Whitlow's flat during the gala.)

**Area 2-2 – Kitchen:** read or paraphrase the following:


*This narrow galley kitchen reflects the sensibilities of a bachelor—a small icebox, sink, and a table with a stack of dishes. Wooden shelves hold clean dishes and glassware. The area seems to have been spared the ransacking the living room suffered.*

There is nothing unusual to be found here.

**Area 2-3 – Bedroom:** read or paraphrase the following:

*This bedroom is a Spartan affair, with a simple bed, chest of drawers, and nightstand. Everything here is in disarray—the covers are thrown from the bed, drawers hang askew, and clothing is littered about the floor.*

A shattered photo in a wood frame is on the floor beneath some clothing (found with a **Spot Hidden** roll). Beneath the



shattered glass is a photograph of Whitlow standing with two men somewhere outdoors. Those present at the gala easily recognize the other men as Adair Merriweather and Christopher O'Donnell.

Tucked in a nightstand drawer, found on a **Spot Hidden** roll, is an envelope containing a letter and accompanying drawing. The envelope is addressed to Vernon from a Ms. Lily Whitefield of Banbury. Show the players **Player Handout C1 and C2**.

Lily is an old flame (now merely friend) of Whitlow's and the cousin of Rose Bollacher. After Miss Christy fled with the twins James and Melanie from Luxor, she came to live in England with Lily. For further information about the twins and the Chicago House tragedy, see the *Age of Cthulhu* adventure *Death in Luxor*.

The drawing is a child's representation of an overhead view of modern-day Stonehenge. Unwittingly attuned to the Mythos, the children have no real idea what they have drawn, and any attempts to locate Lily or the twins during this adventure are fruitless.

**Area 2-4 – Bath:** read or paraphrase the following:

*This tiny bathroom is finished in cold grey tile. A pedestal sink, clawfoot tub, and toilet occupy the room. Black towels hang on rods. A small shelf holds assorted cosmetics, cologne, a shaving brush and cup, and, somewhat disturbingly, a straight razor.*

If any investigator reaches to touch the shelf, the straight razor suddenly falls off the shelf—if the investigator fails a **Dodge** roll they are struck and cut for 1d3 damage. The investigator should make a **Sanity** check; if they are struck by the razor the check is (sanity loss 1/1d2), otherwise the razor falls into the sink and pops open (sanity loss 0/1).

If examined carefully (**Spot Hidden**) the traces of finger-drawn letters may be found on the mirror. Whitlow wrote the words in his fogged mirror after emerging from a shower before the gala; the condensation subsequently disappeared and the letters vanished from easy view. The message is a single word: **S O L S T I C E**.

Those making a successful **Astronomy** roll or **Occult** (–5%) roll can identify the next solstice as the winter solstice—set to occur on December 21<sup>st</sup>.

**Area 2-5 – Closet:** read or paraphrase the following:

*There is a squeal of wood on wood, and the door to this large closet suddenly swings open—gazing at you from the darkness is a pale face with dark, staring eyes.*

A full-length mirror hangs on the inside of this closet, causing the image seen by the investigator opening the door—simply the investigator's own reflection. The first investigator opening the door should make a **Sanity** check (sanity loss 0/1).

The closet holds an old trench coat, a wool jacket, a scarf, several assorted hats, and a pair of rubbers. The top shelf of the closet holds boxes holding gloves and shoes. Tucked in the bottom of one box, found with a successful **Spot Hidden** (+10%) check, is a small notebook. The notebook is devoid of writing except for a single page (show the players **Player Handout D**).

Writing on the page says:

*Conspiracy?*

*Ask A.M. about Neolithic myths*

*Ceremony in circle – when?*

*Who will perform? C.O.?*

*Search offices tomorrow night*

Hanging on a peg on the closet wall is a keychain. On the keychain is an unmarked key (the spare key for Vernon's Austin 16 tourer, parked on the street outside) and a key labeled *BMu* that opens the side door to the basement beneath the British Museum's North Wing.

## Possible Avenues Of Research

### British Museum Reading Room

The famous round reading room of the British Museum is open to the public from 9 am to 6 pm. The enormous circular room is topped by a high dome of glass and iron and can be imposing to visitors. To utilize the Reading Room, an investigator must obtain a pass—a relatively easy matter. Visitor passes are available from the Principal Librarian; those desiring a pass must complete an application providing their name, profession, purpose, current address, and a recommendation from a well-known householder in London. Access without a recommendation requires a successful **Credit Rating** check (+15%), a successful **Fast Talk** check, or proof that the investigator in question holds a degree of higher learning.

All books beyond common reference works must be specifically requested. Radiating out from the central raised platform where the superintendent sits are the General Catalogue and other indexes for use by readers. A successful **Library Use** check allows use of the catalogues and yields the correct “press-mark” (reference number) of a sought work. A form bearing the press-mark and the requestor's seat

number is submitted to the attendants, who deliver the book to the researcher's seat in a half-hour or less. All readers are provided their own chair, folding desk, pens and ink.

The British Museum holds a dreadfully high number of Mythos and occult tomes amid the more than 2 million books in its various libraries, but most are not available to the general public and are kept safely (?) locked away. Diligent researchers making a **Library Use** check (-20%) may uncover an English translation of *Nameless Cults* (dates from the 1850s) and an unabridged copy of the *Golden Bough*. Investigators may access these books, provided they are requested by name (which requires an additional **Fast Talk** check).

If desired, two hours of research here can match the twin's drawing (found at Whitlow's flat) to an overhead view of Stonehenge. Likewise, a mere 30 minutes of research can verify that the winter solstice takes place on December 21<sup>st</sup>.

The investigators may access the transcribed Roman work recently accessed by Whitlow (either by specifically requesting the *Sera Altaria*—see **Scene 2**) or by using a successful **Fast Talk** check to view a record of Whitlow's recent library researches (which consist of the *Sera Altaria* and other rather mundane texts involving Neolithic ruins in Southern England). Investigators making a **Library Use** roll notice that in the last week Whitlow's research switched abruptly from Roman history to texts addressing Neolithic culture and ruins. A successful **Library Use** roll (-10%) reveals that although the *Sera Altaria* was withdrawn by a V. Whitlow, it was returned by one A. Merriweather. (After the Black Branch thugs recovered the book from Whitlow's flat Merriweather hastily translated the relevant passages and then returned it to the library, lest it be declared missing.)

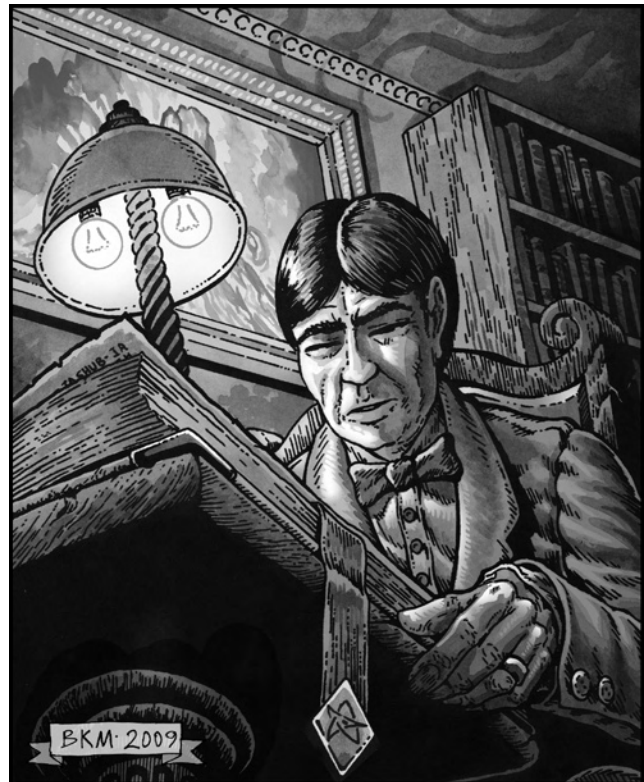
### *Sera Altaria*

This book was transcribed from the original Roman scroll source, but is still presented in the original Vulgar Latin. A hired translator, successful **Other Language (Vulgar Latin)** check, or successful **Other Language (Latin)** check (-10%) is required to understand this very brief work. The text describes the arrival of Roman legions in the British Isles and the horrors they encountered amid the local tribesmen and their artifacts.

### **Sanity Loss 1D3/1D6; Cthulhu Mythos +6 Percentiles; Spell Multiplier ×1.**

If the translated Roman work is perused, the investigators may learn of the disappearance of the Roman legion Legio IX Hispana after a brief sojourn in the Salisbury Plain area. A successful **Spot Hidden** will notice a faint pencil mark in

the margin of this page (absentmindedly made by Whitlow during his research). This part of the work makes reference to the legion interrupting a dire ritual intended to call forth dark gods from beyond. The Roman soldiers slaughtered the tribesmen and afterward they seized some primitive idols at the site, but many of the soldiers suffered bouts of insanity before departing the area. Many odd but specific details are given regarding the ritual and grisly sacrifices offered to the "Lord of the Woods." No mention is made in the text of Stonehenge by name, but the legion is said to have made its last stop at a "great and ancient artifact of the ancients."



### **Newspapers**

The story of Whitlow's public suicide is carried in the next editions of the *Times* and *The Daily Mail*, as well as the weekly *Tatler* magazine. All the mentioned publications are available on the street for 2d (*Times*) or less, but they report little beyond what was observed at the gala. In the *Times*, Merriweather expresses "his extreme condolences and sadness to witness the end of a truly promising career" with regard to Whitlow, and mentions that he and Whitlow recently collaborated on the Roman research for the Statuary exhibit.



## Visiting the Police

Investigators may decide to visit the Metropolitan Police Force for clues. Unfortunately, the police consider Whitlow's death a suicide, as he cut his own throat in front of a hall full of educated witnesses. A successful **Fast Talk** check gets the police to reveal the following detail: flecks of an unknown, chalky liquid residue (actually the *Milk of Shub-Niggurath*) were found on the lips of the corpse.

## Scene 3 – The British Museum After Hours

It is assumed the characters visit the offices at night. A **Sneak** check is required to slip past a roving guard, and if they visit during the day, this check is made at –15%. (If caught, characters nosing around are held and the police summoned. A **Fast Talk** or **Credit Rating** check is required to talk their way out of being held for an hour or more of questioning.) If the investigators attempt to visit or search the offices via official channels (such as approaching Merriweather) they are turned away.

Read or paraphrase the following:

*The moon is obscured by clouds, and sheds little illumination on the wet streets below. You have not seen anyone in the vicinity, and you have approached the great building unobserved, it seems. Now the grey façade of the Museum towers over you ... silently waiting.*

The basement offices of the exhibit curators are located beneath the North Wing. Currently the curators share a section of basement with African exhibit storage, but this is temporary and the offices were moved here to give the curators easy access to the North Wing upstairs. There are no names on the doors, only room numbers. A side door grants entrance to stairs leading downward. The door is locked and requires a **Locksmith** roll to open unless investigators use Whitlow's key (see **area 2-5**). Knocking three times produces no response.

**Area 3-1 – Spare Office:** read or paraphrase the following:

*This Spartan office is simply furnished with an old metal desk, a padded chair, and a tall file cabinet. This area looks unused.*

This spare office is currently unused. The file cabinet and desk drawers are empty except for a few pencils and a stack of British Museum stationery.

**Area 3-2 – Whitlow's Office:** read or paraphrase the following:

*This office is in shambles. Several drawers jut from the desk, and the file cabinet has been emptied, its files flung*

*across the floor. A potted plant has been knocked over, spilling dark earth across the speckled floor tile. From beneath the scattered papers underfoot is the crunch of broken glass.*

This office has been rudely searched. Scattered business cards carry the name **V. WHITLOW**. There are no clues to be found here. The Black Branch searched this office for the *Sera Altaria* and found it after searching Whitlow's flat without luck during the gala. The Roman text has since been spirited away.

**Area 3-3 – O'Donnell's Office:** read or paraphrase the following:

*This office is simply but tastefully decorated. A rural painting adorns one wall, and a small marble bust sits on the desk. Your attention, however, is quickly drawn to the overturned chair and rust-colored smears across one edge of the desk. Dark droplets lead across the floor from the desk to the door.*

O'Donnell returned to the offices earlier in the evening, only to discover Merriweather and other cult members searching Whitlow's office. The Black Branch members overcame the surprised curator and struck him across the head, stunning him. They then left him in his office. Merriweather, not wishing to get blood on his hands, walked over to the African diorama storage and cast the *animate simulacrum* spell. Merriweather then departed with his Black Branch allies, secure in the knowledge that the animated great cats would dispose of O'Donnell. A groggy O'Donnell awoke just in time to be attacked by the leopard. He staggered out of his office, holding his torn gut with one hand and he managed to close himself inside the janitor closet.

An obvious blood trail leads to the door. The blood trail diminishes outside the office, but investigators making a **Spot Hidden** roll can follow it to the janitor closet (**area 3-5**). Those finding the trail and making a **Natural History** or **Track** check identify the paw prints of a great cat in the blood. If the character exceeds the roll by more than 20 points, they identify the print as a leopard print.

The stone bust on the desk is identifiable as the Irish author Sheridan Le Fanu to those making a **History** roll.

**Area 3-4 – Merriweather's Office:** read or paraphrase the following:

*This big office has a large, almost imposing desk of oak and is elegantly furnished with framed diplomas and brass lamps. A metal desk sign states **A. MERRIWEATHER**.*

This is Adair Merriweather's temporary office, but he insisted on bringing down some furniture from his regular office elsewhere. The desk has two drawers: the top



WHITLOW'S FUNERAL  
5 MILES

STONEHENGE & COTTAGE  
MERRIWEAVER'S  
85 MILES

5

2

3


1

4

- 1 BRITISH MUSEUM
- 2 INVESTIGATOR'S HOTEL
- 3 ZEPHRAM'S WAX EMPORIUM
- 4 WHITLOW'S FLAT
- 5 BUSZARD'S TEA ROOM







(locked) drawer and a side (unlocked) drawer. The side drawer holds invoices, records, and other files pertaining to standard Museum business. Amid the papers, found with a **Library Use** check, is a flyer for Zephram's Cabinet of Curiosities and Waxwork Emporium. The top drawer holds a gold pen set (worth £6), a calendar, a small box, and a small, half-full whiskey flask.

If anyone examines the Emporium flyer, show that player **Player Handout E**.

The small box holds colored chalk; a successful **Art** check (+10%) or **Luck** check (-5%) and the investigator notices that the red chalk has been used. A **Spot Hidden** check reveals a single drop of white liquid on the floor behind the desk. This is a dried drop of the *Milk of Shub-Niggurath*, dropped here while Adair was poisoning Whitlow's drink. (Whitlow asked Merriweather for a private word before the gala, and Merriweather invited him into his office for a "celebratory" toast to salute the completion of the exhibit.)

The date of December 21<sup>st</sup> is circled on the calendar.

**Area 3-5 – Janitor Closet:** If the door to this closet is opened, O'Donnell's mauled corpse spills out. All viewing this scene must make a **Sanity** check (sanity loss 0/1D3). The investigator opening the door must make a successful **Dodge** check or the body lands atop them (sanity loss 1/1D3+1).

*O'Donnell's corpse falls to the floor, spilling entrails across the tile. The dead curator stares, unseeing, his mouth still agape as if in a silent scream. The look on the corpse's face is one of sheer terror.*

Close examination (**Medicine** check) of the corpse reveals that although O'Donnell has been disemboweled, he also has a large lump on the back of his head. Inside the closet sits a mop and bucket and a box of cleaning rags. There is blood over everything. There is nothing of interest within the closet.

**Area 3-6 – African Storage:** read or paraphrase the following:

*This area appears to be some sort of storage area. Rows of long metal shelves, at least 10 feet high, occupy much of the room. Dusty boxes and trunks are stacked on some of the shelves. Against the nearest wall lean two long outrigger canoes made of wood. In a far corner stand some ornate shields of African design.*

This area is used to hold pieces and less valuable artifacts for the African displays upstairs. There is little of use in the profusion of items here, but those searching can find African spears and war clubs (treat as large club) if

weapons are desperately needed. If the Keeper intends to run an African scenario in the future, an object might be placed here to foreshadow such an adventure.

**Area 3-7 – Diorama Storage:** read or paraphrase the following:

*Two dioramas are stored in this area: a display featuring a game hunter in full safari gear accompanied by a native guide moving through high brush and a second diorama with trees and paw-printed earth.*

The hunter and guide are simply dressed mannequins. The hunter figure holds a working but unloaded elephant gun. An easy **Idea** check (+15%) suggests that subjects seem to be missing from the second display. Those making a **Natural History** check can identify the paw prints on the second display as tiger prints.

A **Spot Hidden** roll reveals odd markings in red chalk on the rear of the empty diorama. An **Occult** or **Mythos** check identifies them as spell runes. The chalk markings are the runes used to cast the *animate simulacrum* spell. Merriweather inscribed the runes on the diorama to animate the stuffed leopard and stuffed tiger thereon, to eliminate O'Donnell. Unfortunately, both great cats are still animated and lurk in the southern portion of the room. They stealthily creep toward the investigators, trying to sneak up on lone individuals. Investigators making a **Listen** check hear the approach of one or both cats.

If an investigator sees an animated cat, require a **Sanity** check (sanity loss 0/1D4) and read or paraphrase the following description:

*Creeping toward you is a great jungle cat, its glassy eyes burning with an inner light and malice. The cat's fur is torn in places, and as it stalks toward you a tiny bit of sawdust spills from its side to the floor. Except for the clicking of its long claws on the tile floor, it is eerily silent.*

Facsimiles animated by the spell stay active until the sun rises, when they fall lifeless. Before this time the animated cats are stopped for a round if struck for damage, but the easiest way to stop them before daylight is to rub out the markings here, which renders both cats inanimate. A "wounded" great cat spills sawdust and a few tiny beetles.

### **Animated Leopard/Tiger**

**STR 21 CON 10 SIZ 16 POW 10 DEX 19**

**Move:** 6 **Damage Bonus:** +1D6 **Hit Points:** 13 each

**Damage:** Bite 45%, damage 1D10; Claw 70%, damage 1D6 +db; Ripping 80% 2D6 +db

**Sanity Loss:** 0/1D4



These great cats can attack with both claws and a bite. If both claws hit, they may rake with their hind claws.

**Area 3-8 – Locked Gate:** read or paraphrase the following:

*A hallway gate of thick metal has been lowered here. Several padlocks secure it to the floor. The hallway beyond the gate is a bit dusty.*

This locked gate seals off this hallway from the other museum basements. Bypassing the gate requires three successful **Locksmith** (-20%) checks. If the characters are persistent, the Keeper must create new areas—such areas would include other offices, workrooms, studios, a flight of stairs leading up, and many storage areas. An **Idea** roll (+10%) suggests that the area beyond this gate holds nothing of interest to the investigation.

### Scene 4 – The Funeral

Vernon Whitlow’s hastily arranged funeral takes place on the morning of December 20<sup>th</sup>. Word of the ceremony is delivered to the investigators’ hotel the afternoon before. The ceremony is a brief one; friends are invited to gather and hear some remarks, to be followed by the lowering of Vernon’s body into the earth.

Read or paraphrase the following:


*You have been invited to a cemetery in northern London for a brief ceremony honoring Vernon Whitlow. Venerable,*

*bleached tombstones jut from the cold earth all around like the rotted teeth of a wizened man. The grey sky overhead casts a pall over all below.*

*Dr. Whitlow had no close relatives in England, but his Museum colleagues have gathered to say a few words before his burial. Dr. Merriweather, Mr. Prichard, Dr. Harrod, and Miss Ainsworth are in attendance. A short distance away, a tarp has been erected and the undertaker stands by the coffin waiting until it is time to lower the good doctor into the damp, cold earth.*

The memorial service is indeed a brief one. Adair Merriweather speaks for a moment about Whitlow’s fine work for the British Museum, and states that he will be missed by all that were fortunate enough to have worked with him. Harrod reads a brief poem about peace in the hereafter. The investigators may speak about Whitlow if they wish.

The casket is closed, but if a **Fast Talk** check is made *before* the lowering ceremony, the undertaker will honor a reasonable request for a look at the deceased. (The undertaker stays with the investigators during the viewing, and he will not allow and undue touching or inspection of the corpse.) Investigators viewing the body may note a wooden plate placed on Whitlow’s chest that holds a small mound of earth and a pile of salt—this was done to acknowledge Vernon’s birthplace (Leicestershire, in the East Midlands area) and it is nothing sinister (a successful **Know** roll reveals this).



Those bending close to Whitlow's face and making a **Spot Hidden** check (-10%) notice tiny flecks of a white residue beneath Whitlow's chin; this is *Milk* residue missed by the undertaker. If a bit of this residue is retained and tested, a successful **Chemistry** roll reveals it to be an unknown organic substance that reacts oddly with common reagents.

During the lowering ceremony, mourners (including the investigators if they desire) carry the coffin to the burial site and all are invited to place a lily on the casket. As the final flowers are placed, the light drizzle abates and is replaced by a cold English fog that creeps across the graveyard, covering all with an opaque mist. As soon as the crowd disperses, workmen arrive to lower and bury the casket. The lowering ceremony ends at approximately noon.

### Marion Ainsworth

As the investigators prepare to depart, they are approached by a distraught-looking Marion Ainsworth. Read or paraphrase the following:

*As you are preparing to depart, Marion Ainsworth approaches you, wiping her eyes with a lace handkerchief.*

*"It was so ghastly, the other night," she says. "Vernon was far too young to have taken his life in such a way. It's horrible." She collects herself for a moment. "I know you were among the few individuals Vernon marked as friends. Accept my sincerest condolences. We shall all miss him."*

She embraces the closest investigator in an awkward hug, and then swiftly takes her leave. A successful **Psychology** check reveals that Marion was hiding something. Marion has slipped a note into the pocket or purse of the investigator she hugged. Allow that investigator a **Luck** roll (+10%) to realize the plant has occurred a few moments after Marion leaves, and another **Luck** roll each hour thereafter until the note is discovered. If the investigator finds the note, show the player **Player Handout F**. Alternately, the Keeper may only allow a roll to discover a planted note if the characters reach a dead end in their investigation.

### Adair Merriweather

If the subject of the museum basement oddities or O'Donnell's corpse is mentioned, Merriweather feigns shock and states that he was at home the day after Whitlow's death. He suggests that the Metropolitan Police be contacted at once. (If the investigators explored the basement offices the evening before or earlier, everything will have been cleaned up when the police arrive and the dubious authorities express anger at the "poor sense of humor" possessed by the visiting Americans.) If directly accused of wrongdoing or confronted at this point, Merriweather feigns confusion and screams for aid if physically threatened. O'Donnell is single

and his relatives live in the Howth area of Ireland (a short distance from Dublin) so it takes at least three weeks before he is reported missing.

## Scene 5 – A Spot Of Tea

Buszard's Tea Room is a small but cozy establishment that serves light sandwiches and afternoon tea. The place is decorated in tan and brown floral wallpaper and antique wood furniture. Guests are promptly seated, served, and then left to their own devices.

When the investigators arrive at Buszard's, Marion is already sitting at a table, waiting for them. A large pot of tea sits on the table, as does a tiered stand holding a selection of scones and small finger sandwiches. Tiny china bowls of clotted cream and raspberry jam are within easy reach, as is a lace-covered plate with a tiny fork and thin slices of lemon.

Read or paraphrase the following to the players:

*Miss Ainsworth looks rather distraught, and perhaps a bit tired. Her mouth is set in a grim line, and she gathers herself before speaking.*


*"Please do sit and join me in some tea. You'll find the Earl Grey and sandwiches here excellent." She steadily surveys your group, as if deciding whether to trust you, and waits for you to sit. "I expect you've wondered at my presumption in inviting you here like this."*

Marion relates that Whitlow's death was no accident, as far as she is concerned, but she is unsure of the culprit or force behind Vernon's ghastly death. Her goal is to direct the investigators to either Zephram's Emporium (see **Scene 6**) or **Merriweather's Cottage** (the latter, if the investigators seem sure of Adair's complicity or have already visited the Emporium). Her motivation is simple—alerted by Merriweather, she wishes to direct the group of investigators to an isolated location where they may be conveniently disposed of. (Merriweather realizes there is some risk directing them to his home, but the remote location of the cottage makes it an ideal place to do away with them, and he doubts they shall *reach* his home alive; see **Scene 7a**.)

Use the following as a guide if the investigators ask Marion questions:

**What information did you have to share with us?**

*"You may suspect, as I do, that our friend Vernon's death was not what it appeared. Vernon was not the sort inclined to suicide, and I feel dark forces were at work."*



### *What kind of dark forces?*

“I have heard murmurs of Museum personnel involved in some kind of cult activity. These whisperings were bloody disturbing. Whilst I am skeptical of the supernatural, Vernon was trying to warn us of something, I’m sure of it.”

### *What can you tell us of these rumors?*

“Little, I fear, save that Vernon confided in me shortly before his death. He spoke of dark forces at work in the Museum, and of dire meetings being held at odd locations all over England.

[This is a complete falsehood. Vernon was aware of Marion’s involvement and planned to confront her, with Merriweather if possible, after the gala.]

### *Locations? Where?*

“One such meeting took place in a business near Leister Square, on Cranbourn Street. The business was some sort of museum or emporium of some sort. Perhaps some capable souls such as yourselves could pay a visit to this place and see if something can be found there to shed light on this mystery.”

### *Do you wish to accompany us?*

“I’m too well known in London, unfortunately. My presence will only serve to call attention to our investigation. I’ll serve a better purpose following my own leads; there are Museum staff I wish to question.”

### *Do you suspect that Adair Merriweather is involved in cult activity?*

“I have no reason to believe Adair is involved, and our dealings over the years have been good ones. I find him beyond reproach, but he may know something. He has retired to his cottage for the holiday and is not returning to the Museum until January 2<sup>nd</sup>. Perhaps you should seek him out. He often goes on countryside excursions during the day but you could probably find him there after nightfall.”

### **Poisoned Milk**

Marion has added a few drops of the *Milk of Shub-Niggurath* into the teapot. The *Milk* is well diluted by the water and is not strong enough to cause madness (as it did with Whitlow), but the goal of the Black Branch is to “soften up” the investigators for attacks in the near future.

The Keeper should surreptitiously keep track of which investigators drink the tea. (Crueler Keepers may simply assume all the investigators drink unless they say otherwise.) The *Milk* has no discernable taste in its heavily diluted state, but investigators making a **Luck** roll notice some stomach rumblings or mild nausea 1D3 hours after drinking the

tea. Those drinking the tea feel its general effects for the next 48 hours, beginning approximately one hour after first sampling the tea. In addition, those drinking the tea may have special nightmares; these individuals should make one **Sanity** check per evening. If the check is successful, the investigator has ill-remembered nightmares; if the check fails, the investigator has a special dream-vision (see **Dream Table**) and must make an additional **Sanity** check or lose 1 point of **Sanity** (sanity loss 0/1). See **Appendix III** for additional details regarding the *Milk of Shub-Niggurath*.

**Dream Table** Roll 1D8 Repeat results should be rerolled.

**Vision 1:** *Two young children sit on the floor before you, finger-painting on a large white sheet spread across the floor. As you draw nearer, you realize that the children—twins, a boy and girl—are painting in blood. The girl turns suddenly toward you, extending out dripping, gore-tipped fingers, and says, “Will you help us finish our masterpiece?”*


**Vision 2:** *A man, bound around the waist, struggles atop a stone altar. Crickets hum in the background. Around you are many hooded figures. He reaches into his chest, pulls out his beating heart, and holds it toward you expectantly.*

**Vision 3:** *A twisted, dark hall stretches out before you. A smell of fur and animal sweat hangs in the heavy air. Somewhere in the darkness ahead, you hear a low growling and the unmistakable sound of something padding its way toward you.*

**Vision 4:** *You are lying on your back, looking up from an open grave. Around you hovers the scent of decay. A red centipede runs across your leg and twists off into the darkness. From above, clots of earth begin dropping down onto your body, burying you alive.*

**Vision 5:** *Pale, unmoving figures stand around you, following you only with their eyes. A dark silhouette flits across your field of vision—a man-like shape holding something that glints silver. Suddenly you experience a searing pain in your gut, and looking down, you see the tip of a long knife protruding from your stomach. Darkness engulfs you.*

**Vision 6:** *Your companions stand in a circle around you, staring at you but not speaking. Their eyes bulge in terror as they gaze at some unseen horror. Mouth agape, your closest companion staggers, and suddenly his features begin to run like wax. All your companions are melting, uttering soundless howls as their flesh streams in bloody trails to the ground. A sudden realization grips you, and you raise a hand before your eyes ... only to see the flesh run off your finger bones.*



**Vision 7:** *You are climbing a long, shadow-filled staircase. Your progress seems impeded, and you are moving slower than normal, as if treading through deep mud. A misty figure stands on the stairs above you, howling, and gleefully raises an axe overhead. You only have time to stare at the insubstantial figure's clenched teeth and glowing, amber eyes before the axe swings downward.*

**Vision 8:** *You stand on a sparsely wooded plain, staring up at the star-lit sky. Around you the wind howls and tears at your garments. Suddenly storm clouds gather and bunch together in an ugly black conglomeration, blocking out the stars. Tendrils of red mist flow freely from the clouds and they lower toward you. A huge, hooped appendage bursts from the cloud, then another, then a third. Red eyes swim into view and an enormous, indescribable mass that is all tentacles and hooves and straining mouths flows toward you before you bolt awake, screaming.*

Investigators having this last dream-vision are marked by Shub-Niggurath. See **Scene 8** for special details.

## Scene 6 – House Of Wax, House Of Death

Zephram's Cabinet of Curiosities and Waxwork Emporium lies in the Leister Square area at Cranbourn Street. Numerous grand cinemas and buildings stretch off on either side, and nearby is a large park. The Emporium is normally open to the public weekdays from 10 am to 5 pm.

### Timing Notes

If the investigators arrive here after noon on December 21<sup>st</sup>, the cultists (see **Area 6-5**) have departed and taken the bodies to the ceremony site to be cremated there before the summoning. If all three cultists here are slain, other Black Branch members arrive early on the morning of December 21<sup>st</sup> checking on them (and they make panicked arrangements to replace any missing sacrificial corpses—including the use of investigators as fresh corpses if needed).

Read or paraphrase the following:

*You are at Leister Square. A short distance away, nearly obscured by the creeping fog, stands a statue of Shakespeare surrounded by beds of wilting flowers. Grand cinemas and other businesses line the street, beckoning customers to spend idle money. Down nearby Cranbourn Street, just past the Hippodrome and its gaudy adverts for the musical **Mr. Cinders**, lies a slightly run-down, two-story establishment; gold lettering on the green awning reads **Zephram's Cabinet of Curiosities and Waxwork Emporium** in rolling script. The windows are blocked by rolled-down shades and the place does not appear to be open for business. A small placard on the front of the door reads: **CLOSED**.*

### RECEIVING NEW EXHIBITS. PLEASE VISIT US IN ONE WEEK.

The Emporium is indeed closed to business. The Emporium is owned by a member in good standing of the Black Branch. The business is being used to temporarily store some of the 56 bodies to be interred at Stonehenge for the summoning ceremony. The bodies (five total) are currently hidden beneath a layer of wax and the establishment has been temporarily closed to prevent interference before the ceremony.

The shabby lock may be bypassed with a successful **Locksmith** (+15%) roll.

**Area 6-1 – Entry:** Read or paraphrase the following:

*The dark entry foyer is largely empty, except for two large placards that stand against the opposing walls and a podium-like ticket stand. Tall posters of famous figures adorn the walls. The room is ominously quiet.*

One placard advertizes the Emporium's wax figures and unusual wares ("See a Real Merman From the Briny Deep! Wonder at the Wroxton Meteor!"); the other provides the Emporium's business hours (10 am to 5 pm) and prices (adult ticket 1/3, children 6d; admission to the Chamber of Horrors an additional 6d).


At the rear of the ticket podium are several shelves. The shelves hold a stack of flyers similar to the one in Merriweather's office (the Keeper should show the players **Player Handout E** if they haven't yet seen the flyer) and an unlocked metal box (currently empty, as the ticket proceeds are emptied daily). Featured in the four posters are figures reproduced inside the Emporium: William Shakespeare, Admiral Horatio Lord Nelson, Henry VIII, and Attila the Hun.

**Area 6-2 – Gallery:** Read or paraphrase the following:

*You have entered an echoing space with a very high ceiling. This long gallery contains several rows of life-size wax figures of all manner of famous personages—actors, poets and authors, historical and military figures, and royalty. Perhaps it is the very life-like mannequins, but you have the uncomfortable feeling of being watched.*

The wax figures on display are arranged in four long rows, and they are set on a ledge approximately one foot above the ground. The first row contains famous artists, authors, and actors, including Jane Austen, William Blake, Lord Byron, John Keats, and William Shakespeare. The second row contains an assortment of political and military figures, such as Guy Fawkes, Edward the Black Prince, Attila the Hun, Lord Horatio Kitchener, and Admiral





Horatio Lord Nelson. The third row is dedicated to royalty and includes the likes of Elizabeth I, George II, Henry V, Henry VIII, Mary, Queen of Scots, and Richard III.

The mannequins here are harmless. Investigators under the influence of the *Milk of Shub-Niggurath* may think the mannequins are staring at them or even moving when their back is turned. Any very loud noise here, such as knocking over mannequins or discharging a firearm, grants the cultists in **Area 6-5** a **Listen** roll to be alerted to the presence of invaders.

**Area 6-3 – Chamber of Horrors:** Read or paraphrase the following:

*This dark area is set slightly below the main level, and is reached by walking through a broad archway and down two steps. Ornamental torches are set in wall sconces every 10 feet or so. This area is clearly devoted to depictions of gruesome tortures, infamous crimes, and historic villains. The scenes are ghastly and some are bedecked with gaudy smears of what you assume is blood-red paint.*

The Chamber of Horrors is the Emporium's main draw; the owners lavish attention on this area and are quick to add displays depicting recent crimes of passion and the like. Displays include the following:

- An executioner overseeing the execution of a French noble, via the guillotine. The scene is replete with a beheaded victim, and the victim's head lies in a basket near the deadly device.

If a drinker of the *Milk* observes the severed head, they instead see their own head, mouth agape in horror, sitting in the basket (**Sanity** loss 1/1D3); seconds later the horrible vision dissipates and they again see only a mannequin head.

- Jack the Ripper in a White Chapel alleyway, dressed in top hat and flowing cape, standing over the ravaged body of Polly Nichols with a long, bloody knife in hand.
- A medieval torture victim, in obvious pain, being stretched on the rack. Nearby stands a torturer dressed in dark leathers and brandishing a red-tipped length of iron.
- Gilles de Rais, dressed in bloody armor, standing over a fallen knight on the field of battle. To those having imbibed the *Milk*, Gilles appears to wink (**Sanity** loss 0/1).
- A medieval torture victim—now a skeleton—dangling from the ceiling vertically in an iron cage.

An *animate simulacrum* spell has been cast on the Jack the Ripper figure and the mannequin has been tasked with eliminating those not bearing the sign of the Black Branch. A **Spot Hidden** (-10%) roll reveals odd markings in red chalk on the inside lining of Jack's Cape. A few moments after the investigators enter the room, the Jack figure stealthily climbs down from its display and begins to stalk the last investigator in line. Jack will creep up on the hapless victim and attack with the very real butcher knife he carries. Once detected, he excitedly but silently attacks until destroyed or until sunrise (when the spell ends and he falls inanimate). The Ripper, if offered a choice, favors female victims.

Any very loud noise here, such as discharging a firearm, grants each cultist in **Area 6-5** a **Listen** roll to be alerted to the presence of invaders in the building.

### Jack The Ripper Simulacrum

STR 16 CON 10 SIZ 11 POW 1 DEX 13

**Move:** 8 **Damage Bonus:** +1D4 **Hit Points:** 13

**Damage:** Butcher knife (impaling weapon) 1d6 +1D4 db

**Sanity Loss:** 1/1D6


**Area 6-4 – Cabinet of Curiosities:** Read or paraphrase the following:

*The entrance to this narrow but long area bears an ornate sign that says **Zephram's Cabinet of Curiosities**. The room beyond contains all manner of odd specimens and artifacts, held on shelves, sitting on pedestals, or displayed in glass cases. The overall effect is a clutter of weird objects and curios everywhere the eye roams.*

This area is a tiny museum of the unusual, the foreign, and a healthy mix of outright fakes. There is no order or logic of presentation here; everything is arranged to be pleasing to the eye and keep the crowd moving along. Mixed in with the more mundane items are a few truly unusual objects, as described to follow. The Keeper may wish to add her own items here as a way to foreshadow future adventures.

A sampling of items on display include:

- A glass display case filled with pinned unusual beetles of all sizes and types—scarab, goliath, stag, etc.
- A wooden box containing an unusual metallic rock labeled "Meteorite—Landed in Wroxton near Banbury, 1915" (Real)
- A rather ghastly dried creature with a monkey-like head, withered arms, and a fish-like torso and tail labeled "Young Merman, caught near



the Galapagos Islands” (This fake is actually the upper part of a monkey sewn to a large fish tail. A successful **Biology** or **Spot Hidden** roll detects the fake.)

- Two shrunken heads (Real)
- A unusual horn labeled “Unicorn horn” (Fake; actually a Narwhal tusk)
- A stuffed baby crocodile, a stuffed muskrat, and a stuffed dodo
- A selection of coral specimens in a long case
- A dusty skeletal hand attached to a lacquered wooden board. (This is actually a special “hand of glory”; it is the hand of a former sorcerer and disciple of Nyogtha and it grants a bonus 5 magic points to those that use it in conjunction with summoning rituals.)
- A glass jar of formaldehyde containing a weird, newt-like creature with six clawed legs (Real; a genuine unknown)
- A large skull with a label reading “Triceratops skull—uncovered in Debonshire” (This is really a rhino skull with ox horns attached. A successful **Natural History** check discerns the ruse.)
- An ostrich egg
- A bizarre little statue carved of a dark wood. The statue appears to be a squat, hunched but muscular man with a fish-like face. (This old, worm-eaten statue is actually a Deep One image; a successful **Cthulhu Mythos** check discerns this.)
- An immense stuffed wolf in rather poor shape, labeled “The Beast of the Salisbury Plain—Shot by F. Huttinton after a Fierce Battle” (Real)
- A large dried shark jaw (Real; a **Biology** check reveals it to be a tiger shark jaw, given the shape of the teeth)
- Several jagged hunks of flint, labeled “Stone Age axeheads and assorted tools” (Fakes)

Those under the influence of the *Milk of Shub-Niggurath* view these items very differently. After a moment, many of the items will seem to take on a life of their own—the specimen in the glass jar writhes, the shrunken heads stretch their jaws, the beetles wriggle, etc. This horrid display lasts but a moment—but long enough to require those seeing it to make a **Sanity** check (sanity loss 0/1). Those not under the influence of the *Milk* notice nothing unusual (barring the unusual natures of the exhibits themselves).

**Area 6-5 – Workroom:** Read or paraphrase the following:

*Enormous bubbling vats, each taller than a man, stand in the center of this area. Worktables around the periphery of the room hold molds, hammers, containers, and tools. Some crates are stacked here and there, some open and spilling hay packing. Five roughly cast wax figures, bald and featureless, stand near the northern wall. A steep stairway leads to an iron catwalk high overhead.*

This workroom is where the wax figures are cast. Vats of hot wax are poured down into molds to create the rough figure torsos and limbs. After the forms are cast, assembled, and cooled they are moved to a different workroom (see **Area 6-6**) for finishing and detailing. The Black Branch is using the Emporium to store five of the cadavers to be used in the coming summoning ceremony—all are here, hidden beneath a layer of wax. Mere observation cannot detect these corpses, but prodding or otherwise physically examining the wax reveals the bodies (this discovery necessitates a **Sanity** check [sanity loss 1/1D3]).

Three cultists lurk here on the catwalk, about 20 feet overhead. If the investigators met with Marion Ainsworth or confronted Merriweather, they are expecting the party. If alerted to the presence of intruders, they attempt to hide among the crates and containers littering the catwalk. Once the investigators climb up to the catwalk or linger here, they attack. These fanatics only retreat if confronted with two or more large-caliber firearms, in which case they retreat to the office and lock the door.

The cultists are dressed as workmen. The cultists each wear a pendant of Shub-Niggurath underneath their shirt. Any person wearing one of these pendants is not attacked but instead completely ignored by the animated Jack the Ripper figure in **Area 6-3**. The first cultist carries a note in his pocket that reads: “*Bring the last of the departed to complete the 56. Arrive at the circle by 7. To be late is your doom.*” If Stonehenge has already been mentioned in the investigation, an investigator may remember the 56 cinerary holes of Stonehenge—often called the Aubrey Holes after John Aubrey, the antiquarian said to have first identified them—with a successful **History** check or **Idea** roll (–15%). These cultists carry no other valuables or information, and they grimly refuse to speak if captured.

**Combat Notes:** Any character or cultist on the catwalk struck for 3 or more points of damage or more may fall from the catwalk. If an investigator or cultist is wounded for 3+ damage, a successful roll on the **Resistance Table** is required or the individual falls. The Keeper should use a value equal to the damage + 5 as the active characteristic,



opposed by the individual's Strength. Those falling from the west-east running catwalk have a 30% chance of landing in a vat of hot wax, otherwise they fall to the ground for 1D6 damage.

Anyone landing in a vat of wax takes 2D4 damage per round they are in the vat. A successful **Climb** check is required to clamber out after the first round (allow an attempt each round starting the beginning of the second round *before* damage is taken, and grant a +30% bonus to the **Climb** check if another person assists them). Those taking damage from the hot wax lose 1D6 APP permanently and those seeing their scarred countenances afterward for the first time (including their fellow investigators) must make a **Sanity** check (sanity loss 0/1).

If Cultist #2 falls from the catwalk, is killed, or is knocked unconscious, his dropped blowtorch catches the room alight! (See **Fire!** below.) If Cultist #1 falls into the hot wax, the note he carries is unrecoverable.

### Fire!

A dropped blowtorch or the use of explosives here will set the place afire. If the room is set ablaze, the flames quickly spread to nearby wall hangings, crates, and packing material. Investigators not exiting the room after 3 rounds take 1D6 cumulative fire damage every round thereafter from smoke and heat exposure until dead. In the meantime, the wax limbs and figures here begin melting—slowly at first but then rapidly. On the second round after the fire begins, those within 15 feet of the wax figures here may notice (**Spot Hidden** check) bits of skull and bone peeking out from under the figures' wax. On the fourth round, this is obvious to all those within visual range. Any character realizing the wax figures contain corpses must make a **Sanity** check (sanity loss 1/1D3).

### Cultist #1

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
12	11	10	15	8	11

**Damage Bonus:** –

**Skills:** Hide 50%, Listen 25%, Sneak 40%

**Weapon:** Switchblade (impaling weapon) 40%, damage 1d4

### Cultist #2

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
14	12	12	11	8	12

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Skills:** Hide 50%, Listen 25%, Sneak 40%

**Weapon:** Blowtorch 45%, damage 1D6

### Cultist #3

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
16	14	15	8	8	15

**Armor:** 1 (thick leather apron)

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Skills:** Hide 40%, Listen 25%, Sneak 35%

**Weapon:** Unarmed. This huge fellow attempts to grapple an investigator, disarm him or her, and toss them off the catwalk into a vat of wax.

**Area 6-6 – Finishing Room:** Read or paraphrase the following:


*This is obviously a workroom of some type. Tables hold boxes of different sizes, as well as a large selection of sculpting tools, brushes, and paints. One table holds a row of three dummy heads in varied stages of completion. An open box nearest to you holds eyeballs of all colors.*

The boxes hold clothing, wigs and hair materials, and other accessories (none of any real value). The heads are unfinished and not particularly recognizable, though one bears a slight resemblance to the current Prime Minister. Sitting on one of the tables are awls, knives, carving tools, sewing implements, and other tools used for finishing the fine details on the wax figurines.

**Area 6-7 – Office:** Read or paraphrase the following:

*This rectangular room is obviously an office of some sort. A shabby desk is littered with old records and bills, and the walls are adorned with old Emporium flyers and circulars. An ancient water cooler stands in one corner near a heavily repaired chair.*

This small, cluttered office holds various records pertaining to delivery of curios and materials, payment of staff, and the like. Those spending 10 minutes thoroughly searching the desk (**Spot Hidden** or **Luck** check) find Adair Merriweather's business card. Handwritten on the rear of the card is the address of Merriweather's cottage. If the card is found, show the players **Player Handout G**. If the handwriting on the back of this card is compared to the note borne by the cultist (**Area 6-6**), they are found to match.



Folded in a small pile near the rear of the office are three black, hooded robes. The cultists plan to bring these to the summoning ceremony.

If the cultists retreat, they temporarily take refuge in here.

### Scene 7a – Trouble On The Road

The Black Branch, aware of the “meddlers” by now, has taken pains to arrange an ambush. A single twisting road leads from the Amesbury area in a southwesterly direction toward Merriweather’s cottage. A group of four cultists sit in a running Crossley saloon, ready to ambush the investigators after they round a particularly sharp bend in the road. The black auto appears from behind a thicket, seemingly from nowhere, and tails the characters’ car in an attempt to run them off the road.

The cultists sitting in the front passenger side and backseat fire their pistols at the investigators while the driver attempts to overtake the investigators’ auto. The driver’s intent is to overtake and then sideswipe the investigators’ automobile in an attempt to drive them off the road and into a deep nearby gully. The dirt road is barely wide enough to accommodate both vehicles.

This encounter uses the optional Vehicle Chase rules. The tailing car appears two car-lengths behind the investigators’ car. The following chart explains cultist actions and other items of note:

<b>ROUND 1</b>	Cultists fire pistols at investigators
<b>ROUND 2</b>	Cultists accelerate to overtake and perform a <i>Ram</i> (sideswipe) maneuver
<b>ROUND 3</b>	Cultists shoot and driver attempts to overtake this and subsequent rounds.
<b>ROUND 4</b>	<i>Sharp corner.</i> Drive roll modifier of –10% for all drivers.
<b>ROUND 5</b>	—
<b>ROUND 6</b>	<i>Sharp corner.</i> Drive roll modifier of –10% for all drivers.
<b>ROUND 7</b>	—
<b>ROUND 8</b>	—
<b>ROUND 9</b>	<i>Very sharp corner.</i> Drive roll modifier of –15% for all drivers.
<b>ROUND 10+</b>	Road straightens hereafter, standard <b>Driving</b> checks.

**Note:** This encounter assumes the investigators are using Whitlow’s Austin 16. If they are using a hired car, assume the driver has a **Drive Auto** of 60%—or better yet, the Keeper should have the driver be struck in the head by the first bullet automatically (pretend to roll) and force the nearest character to make a successful **Drive Auto** or **Jump** check to swiftly assume control of the vehicle! (Grant the investigator 1 bonus **Sanity** point if this timely attempt is successful.) Likewise, if the investigator driving the Austin 16 is disabled, one of his or her companions must attempt to take control of the speeding vehicle.

If used, Whitlow’s Austin 16 has the following stats:

**Max Speed:** 7   **Hit Pts:** 30   **Handling:** 6

**Driver & Passengers:** 4   **Accel/Decel:** 2X

The cultists’ Crossley 20.9 Aero saloon has the following stats:

**Max Speed:** 6   **Hit Pts:** 25   **Handling:** 5

**Driver & Passengers:** 4   **Accel/Decel:** 2X

If this encounter takes place during the day, modify the following descriptive text as needed. Remember to decrease all **Drive** checks by –10% if the encounter occurs at night.

Read or paraphrase the following:

*As you turn a sharp corner, you hear the thrumming sound of a motor behind you. From out of the darkness emerge a pair of headlights directly behind your automobile. The other vehicle races next to you on the narrow road—the other driver clearly intends to collide with your motorcar!*

If the cultists successfully sideswipe and the investigators cannot evade the maneuver, their vehicle immediately goes into a bad fishtail (lower **Drive Auto** skill by 30% next round). If the car goes into the gully, this causes 1D3 damage to each investigator and 2D3 damage to the vehicle, rolling once each per **Speed** traveled (e.g., traveling at **Speed** 4 means characters take 1D3 × 4 damage). If the car crashes in this manner, the driver may make a final **Drive Auto** roll to lessen the damage by 1 **Speed** factor; if this roll fails badly (resulting roll 30 points or more above success number) the car overturns, leading to a gas tank explosion 1D3 rounds later (causing 2D6 damage to all still within 15 feet).

If the cultists succeed in driving the investigators off the road they immediately drive away, not stopping to check their handiwork.



### Cultist Driver

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
12	10	10	13	8	10

**Damage Bonus:** –

**Skills:** Drive 55%

**Weapon:** Knife 35%, damage 1d4

### Passenger Cultists (3)

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
12	10	12	11	8	11

**Damage Bonus:** –

**Weapon:** .32 Revolver 30%, damage 1d8

## Scene 7b – Merriweather's Cottage, Or, No Use Dying Over Spilt Milk

Adair Merriweather's home is a modest Tudor cottage set in the wilderness outside Amesbury. The area is relatively isolated and his nearest neighbor is nearly a mile away; Adair prefers it that way.

The original owner of Adair's cottage was a corrupt businessman named Rudolph Hess. One day while hunting, Hess discovered the Wiltshire Urn in a thicket, partially exposed after centuries by a particularly strong seasonal runoff. Captivated by its gruesome imagery, Hess uncovered the relic and brought it home. He hid it in a secret room in his basement and eventually it drove him to madness. Hess' madness took the form of homicidal mania, and he soon began hunting for more intelligent game, "bagging" victims from the nearby villages and burying their remains in his vegetable garden.

Late one night, while burying his latest victim in the driving rain, Hess slipped into the grave with the body. His efforts to free himself only succeeded in pulling a vast quantity of dirt into the hole on top of himself, and he soon perished, a victim of his own machinations. Friendless and shunned by his distant neighbors, his death went unnoticed and it was assumed he had moved on and abandoned his homestead. The restless, murderous spirit of Hess remains bound to the homestead; sensing a like spirit, he has left Merriweather unmolested, but the ghost has no compunctions about harassing the investigators. In one or more investigators have drunk the *Milk of Shub-Niggurath*, his evil spirit is more energized and dangerous.

Merriweather purchased the cottage for a song in 1920, liking its remote location. A few months after moving in his belongings, he discovered the secret room in the cellar

and the Wiltshire Urn. Like so many others before him, Adair found it hard to tear himself away from the gruesome yet captivating imagery of the urn. Eventually he tired of descending into the basement to view his prized (and secret) possession, and he moved it into the bedroom upstairs for easier access. The disturbing images haunted his dreams and helped his innermost selfishness and callousness flourish; he grew tired of the Ancient Order of Druids and began his research into the Mythos legends soon after. Merriweather would happily murder any that dared attempt to take the Wiltshire Urn from him.

Unfortunately, Merriweather buried the late Prof. Gavin in his garden, causing the ghost of Hess to become more active and actively seek victims. The ghost senses a kindred spirit in Merriweather and has not attacked him, but the investigators will not be so lucky!

### Timing Notes

If the investigators arrive here on the 19<sup>th</sup>, Merriweather is here reading in his study. He has no information to impart (and does everything to steer the investigators away from Stonehenge or the *Sera Altaria*) and states he is recovering from the event of the evening before and preparing remarks for tomorrow's funeral service.

If the investigators arrive anytime on the 20<sup>th</sup> or 21<sup>st</sup>, Merriweather is away elsewhere, finalizing details for the 56 interments and live sacrifices to come.

Read or paraphrase the following:

*A lonely Tudor cottage stands at the end of a winding, wooded road, surrounded by hunched trees. To the south the thicket seems to be stealthily creeping up on the vine-covered house, as if intending to engulf it. The house stands quiet; even the sound of birdcalls is curiously absent.*


The front door is always locked, but may be bypassed with a standard **Locksmith** roll.

### Ground Floor

**Area 7-1 – Receiving Hall:** read or paraphrase the following:

*This entry hall is decorated with small, tastefully framed photographs. The pictures depict many famous archeological sites and foreign locations, such as Ollantaytambo, the Great Pyramid, Khajuraho, the Congo, and the British Honduras. A walking stick leans against the wall near hanging pegs for coats.*

Careful examination of the photos reveals several Museum employees in various shots, including Whitlow. A light jacket hangs from one of the pegs. The walking stick



is a shortish, wooden staff topped by a piece of spherical, polished amber. (A **Spot Hidden** roll reveals it to be a sword cane.) There is nothing else here of great interest.

**Area 7-2 – Living Room:** read or paraphrase the following:

*A few comfortable chairs, an antique card table, and a sofa fill most of this space. A large fireplace to the west is flanked by pokers and a small stack of logs. Simple framed prints of birds and wooded scenes adorn the walls.*

A successful **Spot Hidden** or **Luck** roll reveals a partially burned scrap of paper in the ashes of the fireplace. (If the investigators specifically search the fireplace, grant them a +20% bonus to find the note.) The note fragment is burned and almost unreadable, but a few words of Vulgar Latin and a few English words are across the bottom. Show the players **Player Handout H**. This is all that remains of Merriweather's translation notes for the *Sera Altaria*.

A **Spot Hidden** check directed toward the couch finds two bob (shillings) deep in the cushions.

**Area 7-3 – Dining Room:** read or paraphrase the following:

*A long, rectangular oak table dominates this room. A crystal chandelier hangs over the center of the table and a china cabinet occupies the space between the doorways. A well-fortified spirits table stands ready against one wall.*

Shortly after the PCs enter this area, the ghost of Hess makes an appearance. The last character to enter the room will sense a shadowy movement behind them. If they turn around, they will glimpse a dark silhouette that resembles a man-sized figure with hollow eyes holding an axe overhead. The apparition then vanishes. This sighting costs the investigator a **Sanity** check (sanity loss 0/1D3). There is nothing special to be found here.

If the closest investigator to the ghost (determine randomly if necessary) has drunk the *Milk of Shub-Niggurath*, the ghost actually manifests and silently attacks once before disappearing. (The ghost appears to attack with a translucent axe, but the Keeper should treat this as a standard ghost attack.)

**Ghost of Hess** INT 10 POW 13

**Area 7-4 – Kitchen:** read or paraphrase the following:

*The kitchen is cramped with a large icebox, chopping block, and cupboards. Long shadows stretch from the knife rack across the floor.*

After a few minutes here, a regular *tap-tap* sound comes from the rear window. If the party investigates nothing can

be seen through the window save shadows, but the Keeper should allow an **Idea** roll to surmise that the sound is merely the result of the wind whipping a tree branch against the pane.

**Area 7-5 – Scullery:** read or paraphrase the following:

*This area is littered with spare dishes, a box of vegetables, and a grey icebox.*

A spare icebox here held a jug partially filled with the *Milk of Shub-Niggurath*. Merriweather spilled some of the *Milk* in the icebox in his haste departing the house before the investigators arrived. If the icebox is opened, allow a **Spot Hidden** check to discover a splash of spilled white-grey liquid. Small tendrils emerge from the liquid and wriggle before the investigators' eyes, and some nearby food—notably a wrapped whole fish and some prawns—begin to wriggle as well. This sight requires a **Sanity** check (sanity loss 0/1). If an investigator reaches toward the *Milk*, the tendrils reach toward *them*. The spilled *Milk* cannot cause the investigators harm directly, but its scent draws any nearby Dark Young.


**Area 7-6 – Study:** read or paraphrase the following:

*This well-kept study contains a large writing desk and a circular card table and chairs. A framed map of the British Isles is on display. Several tall bookshelves filled with books and bric-a-brac line the walls.*

The books here cover many subjects, such as travel, British history, archaeology, anthropology, paleontology, and philately (stamp collecting). On the desk is a large (dead) scorpion under glass, a gold pen, a clay paperweight in the form of a pyramid, and a datebook. A heavy tumbler, still holding an inch of scotch, sits on the table.

Behind the framed map is a small wall safe. Inside the safe, which may be opened with a **Locksmith** check (–10%), are Merriweather's diplomas, a gold ring (worth \$200), a peculiar tan bag, and a metal box that holds £940 in medium and large notes.

The leather bag is deer hide, and it holds an amulet. The two-sided bronze amulet is covered with verdigris. It bears a sickle/branch motif on one side and a barely-discernable crossed hoof and tentacle design on the other. Worn Latin writing around the sickle design says “**ETERNAL CHILDREN HOLD SWAY,**” and similar writing around hoof side says “**MOTHER HEED YOUR FOLLOWERS.**” The writing is readable with a standard **Other Language (Latin)** check. This amulet is a spare; Adair wears an identical amulet the day of the ceremony.



**Area 7-7 – Bathroom:** read or paraphrase the following:

*The bathroom is nicely furnished in country style, with ornate wallpaper, small decorative wall hangings showing countryside scenes, and guest towels. Everything here is immaculate.*

The fancy exterior here covers the horrors beneath. Stuffed in an old box beneath the sink are bloody rags (the blood now faded to rusty stains), the last evidence of Prof. Gavin's murder. A successful **Medicine** or **Pharmacy** roll can identify the stains as bloodstains.

## Second Floor

**Area 7-8 – Spare Bedroom:** read or paraphrase the following:

*This room carries the slight smell of dust. White sheets cover all the furniture here. Near the center of the room, a human-shaped outline bulges up from beneath one of the cover sheets.*

The ominous outline is merely a dress dummy covered by a sheet. This spare bedroom contains a bed, empty wardrobe, and a nightstand. A candlestick in a holder sits on the nightstand.

Moments after the investigators enter the room, a branch from the tree behind the cottage slams through the window, sending glass spraying across the room. This event may startle the investigators, but the event is caused by the increasing gale outside, nothing more.

**Area 7-9 – Upstairs Bathroom:** read or paraphrase the following:

*This bathroom is simply but fashionably adorned in black and white tile squares laid out in a checkered pattern. An oval mirror in a golden frame adorned with flying cherubs occupies one wall and a shelf of toiletries and towels occupies another.*

The shelf holds some expensive colognes and bottles of scented toilet water. There is nothing unusual here.

**Area 7-10 – Bedroom:** read or paraphrase the following:

*This bedroom would seem to be that of a well-heeled gentleman. The matching furniture is made from dark mahogany. The large bed is heaped with brown and white blankets and comforters. A nightstand holds a few books. Across the room, a large window looks out over the front yard.*

The books are works on Celtic history and a volume of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's short stories. Standing on the windowsill is the Wiltshire Urn. Obsessed with the artifact, Merriweather eventually brought it up from the secret room in the basement and placed it here so he can gaze at it in the moonlight before going to sleep. Additional details regarding the Wiltshire Urn are provided in **Appendix III**.

Behind the door is a loaded 12-gauge double barreled shotgun. A box of ammo is in the bottom drawer of Merriweather's nightstand.

## Cellar

**Area B7-1 – Coal Storage:** read or paraphrase the following:

*This basement room is empty except for a large coal bin beneath a delivery chute. The walls here are made of rough, jutting brick. The floor is well oiled dirt. At the back of the room is a low door.*

The door at the back of the room leads up a few steps to the garden behind the cottage. If an investigator examines the walls, allow a **Spot Hidden** check to find a darker brick that, when pushed inward, opens a narrow door to **area B7-3**.

**Area B7-2 – Old Storage:** read or paraphrase the following:

*This dark area is filled with old furniture, molding books, and a woodworking bench and tools.*

The woodworking bench is little-used and is a holdover from the previous occupant. Usable, if very old tools—vice, saws, awl, plane, hammers, files—are on the bench. The molding books are slimy and fall apart at the touch. There is nothing of great value here amid the rubbish.

**Area B7-3 – Secret Room:** read or paraphrase the following:

*The sliding door reveals a long, dark room beyond. A musty smell emerges and beneath that is a slight scent of death.*

This low-ceiling area is narrow and unlit. Hanging on pegs here are four black, hooded robes and one crimson robe of a finer make with a long cowl. Smears of what appear to be blood are on the dirt floor.

Scrawled across the wall in Merriweather's own blood, possibly written in an ecstatic frenzy, is a message of sorts:

**ĀÍ SHUË-NÍËËURATH! CH'NGULI!**

The message translates roughly as “Hail/come Shub-Niggurath! Cross over the threshold!” Investigators making a successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll can discern the basic meaning. This area is used by Merriweather to conceal cult paraphernalia. This was also the place where he first found the Wiltshire Urn and a place where Hess tortured some of his unfortunate victims.

## Outside Yard

**Area 7-11 – Garden:** read or paraphrase the following:

*The area behind the cottage appears to once have been a garden surrounded by a low fence, but all has long since fallen into disrepair. The fence is peeling paint and missing slats, and jutting, rusty nails threaten the incautious. The vegetation here has run rampant in some areas, but in other places the yard is mere dirt with sunken, muddy ruts. Lightning flashes, illuminating a sickly tree with bare, almost skeletal branches.*

This dreadful place still holds the shallowly buried remains of Hess’ seven victims, as well as the remains of Hess himself. Digging here in one of the sunken areas turn up old bones and perhaps a skull (25% chance) after about 10 minutes—finding a skull necessitates a **Sanity** check (sanity loss 0/1).

Every investigator walking across the garden should make a **Luck** roll; the unfortunate character with the worst failing roll (if some fail) treads on the grave of Hess. If this occurs, the ground immediately gives way. Read or paraphrase the following:

*Without warning, the muddy ground gives way beneath your feet and you plunge waist deep into a vile mire of swirling, wet earth. Something long and yellow pokes up next to your waist—a long bone! More bones surface, and as you attempt to pull free of the mud, something seems to hold you back and you sense the source of the resistance—what feels like the unmistakable clasp of bony fingers around your wrist!*

The investigator falls waist deep into a tangle of mud and bones. The investigator must make an immediate **Sanity** check (sanity loss 0/1D4) and make a successful **Climb** check to extract themselves. (Grant a +15% bonus if allies quickly assist.) The investigator may try to climb out multiple times, but each failure requires an automatic **Sanity** check (sanity loss 0/1).

Extracting the skeleton of Hess from this misbegotten grave dismisses his spirit.



## The Dark Young

After the investigators spend a few minutes in the garden, or (if they don’t investigate the rear yard) when they emerge from the cottage, a Dark Young appears, drawn by the fresh scent of the *Milk of Shub-Niggurath* coupled with the blood of innocents. It lurches forward and attempts to consume all investigators within reach.

When the Dark Young arrives, read or paraphrase the following:

*A fetid scent becomes apparent—a cloying, coppery, blood-like smell that grows stronger until the oppressive malodor threatens to overwhelm your senses. From the wooded darkness, something large lurches your way, a hideous monstrosity that resembles a gnarled, sickly tree with a maw of jutting teeth that drip black ichor. The abomination shambles forward, its slime-covered roots twisting across the earth like so many great worms or perhaps swollen intestines tipped with cracked hooves, coiling and writhing as they pull its obscene bulk relentlessly toward you.*



### Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath

STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW	DEX
46	16	44	12	17	16

**Move:** 8      **Damage Bonus:** +5D6      **Hit Points:** 31

**Weapons:** Tentacle 80%, damage db + STR drain; Trample 40%, damage 2D6 + db

**Armor:** Non-terrene skin: Immune to heat, blast, corrosion, electrical charge, poison; firearm (except shotgun) does 1 damage, firearm impale does 2 damage; shotgun does only 4/2/1 damage.

**Spells:** Contact Shub-Niggurath, Create Gate; Bait Humans, Create Mist of Releh, Power Drain, Wither Limb.

**Skills:** Sneak 60%, Hide in Woods 80%.

**Sanity Loss:** 1D3/1D10

### Scene 8 —The Summoning

Stonehenge is the scene of the ceremony to summon Shub-Niggurath. The Black Branch has arrived here in force and are prepared to meet their god after years of waiting. All 18 members of the Black Branch are here (21 if the cultists from Zephram's Emporium survived), dressed in black robes. Adair Merriweather, garbed in an ornate crimson robe, is

here leading the ceremony. Marion Ainsworth is here as well, her blonde hair visible despite the black cowl she wears. The Black Branch members have poured the cremated remains of 56 sacrifices over the ancient depressions, and they are prepared to offer a final sacrifice in a well-like altar at the center of the monument, inside the bluestones.

### Timing Notes

If the investigators arrive at Stonehenge before 6 pm on December 21<sup>st</sup>, the Black Branch cultists are not present. They have coordinated their movement to arrive here with the smallest of "safety margins"—it is not their wish to draw unwelcome notice before the ceremony begins.

Read or paraphrase the following:

*As you approach the ancient monument to the dead, the gale whips up in a howling frenzy and the clouds above seem to gather and combine into a black, raging mass. The driving rain falls at an angle, stinging bare skin with its velocity, and from the sky above comes a dreadful thunderclap that nearly throws you off your feet. A sour electric tinge fills the air, and slowly the scent is replaced by something far, far worse—a disgusting smell that evokes blood and decay. Before your horrified eyes, the enormous cloud-like mass moves down toward the ground, hovering above the center of the circle of monoliths.*

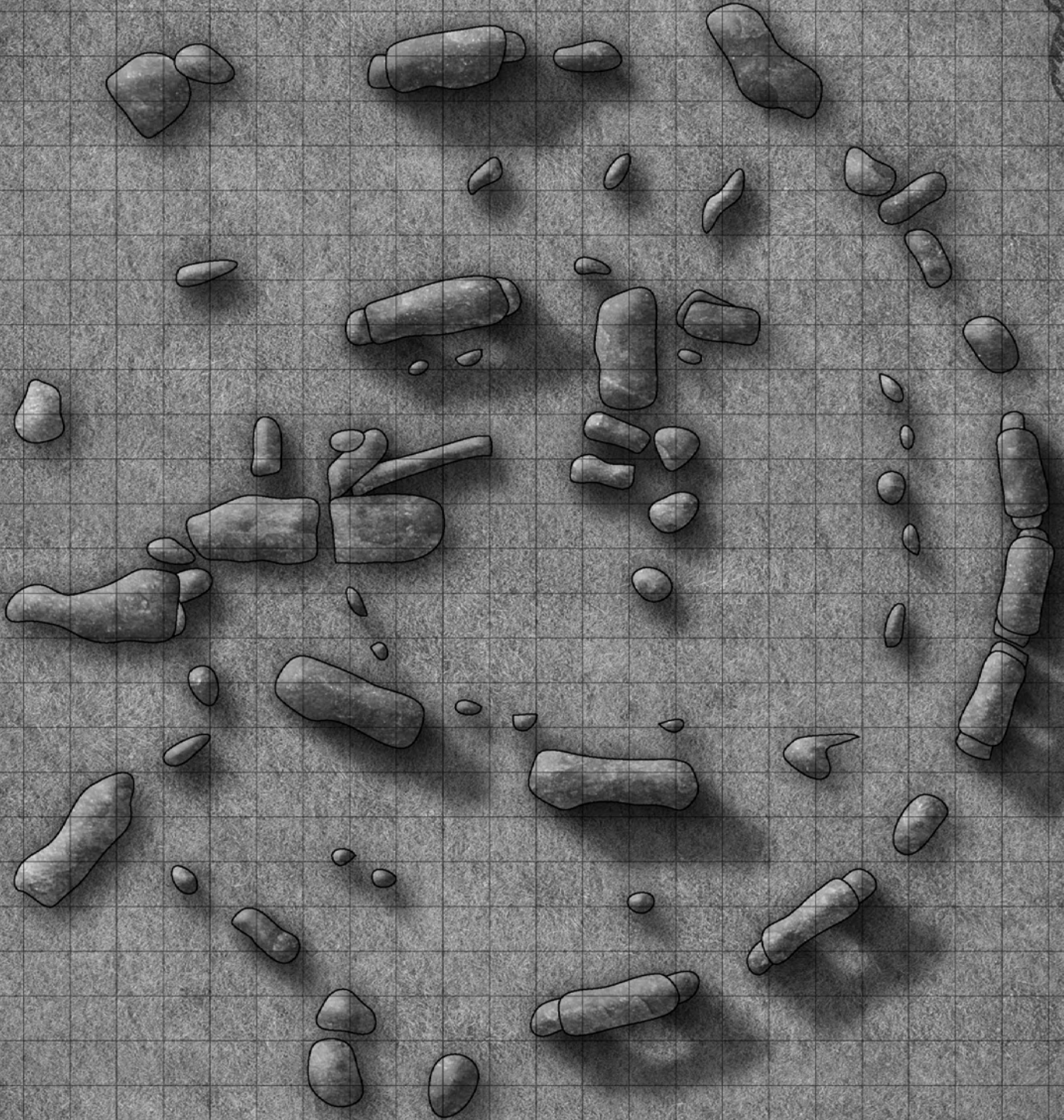
*Below the ominous cloud a score of men in black robes scurry about, sprinkling ashes across the ground while they chant unfathomable words "Nog Shub-Niggurath, yeg hrii ilyaa f'fhalma..." A figure in a distinctive red robe carrying a wooden staff chants "Äi Shub-Nuggrath!" in response. The red-robed figure stands before a circular, well-like altar. He upends a crystal container of something over the altar and cries above the howling tempest "Äi Shub-Nuggrath! Ch' nguli!" Something of disturbingly rufous shade has already been spilled across the so-called Slaughterstone.*

*The cloud above seems to hear the horrid invocation. It trembles and the grey mist begins to take on a blood-red hue. Inside the dark mass, something indistinct stirs...*

Those making a successful **Cthulhu Mythos** check recognize the chanting as part of a ritual calling Shub-Niggurath from dimensions beyond. The figure in the red robe is Adair Merriweather, pouring the *Milk of Shub-Niggurath* across the altarstone.

Allow the characters to take action if they wish. The Black Branch members are focused on the ceremony and easily surprised the first round. Immediately after the players declare their character's actions, read or paraphrase the following:

50 feet





*From the stirring mass of dark carmine mist a fulvous appendage extends outward, flexing and unclenching to reveal a pulsing yet somehow chitinous limb that reminds one of an enormous praying mantis arm. A similar limb extends from the opposite side. Writhing tentacles wriggle down from the bottom of the mass, along with hooved appendages with black tufts of fur. Pulsing red lights that may be eyes swim forth from the roiling mass. The whole unimaginable body of fleshy chaos is slowly coming into focus.*

This dread summoning can be ruined if the high priest (Merriweather) is knocked unconscious, gagged, or slain, or if the central altar is somehow destroyed. Most of the cultists must continue chanting, but they will send 10 of their number to handle the investigators. These fanatics die rather than see the ceremony ended prematurely.

If the players disrupt the ceremony in the next three rounds, the summoning will fail. In this event, Shub-Niggurath will consume 2D6 cultists (including Merriweather, if he still lives) before returning from whence it came. In this instance, read the following (eliminating the sentence about Merriweather if needed):

*Your actions have an immediate result—the tentacles and limbs dangling from the red cloud above flail wildly, hurling one unfortunate cultist from the circle. The very air seems to vibrate, and grotesque limbs lash out, seizing wriggling cultists and dragging them into the cloudy mass. Adair Merriweather himself is seized in a unearthly pincher and shouts as he is dragged off, uttering a final blood-chilling scream before he disappears into the vile cloud; seconds later an enormous spray of dark blood spatters a nearby monolith. There is a final vibrating shudder from within the mass, perhaps the moan of a creature from eons past that is felt more than heard, and suddenly the mass twists and implodes inward with a rush of air. The gale dies down, and the only sound is the patter of raindrops on the earth.*

If the summoning is not stopped in time, Shub-Niggurath arrives, eats 1D6 random individuals (any investigators marked in Scene 5 are eaten first), and gives birth to 1D20 Dark Young. Its ravenous young immediately attack and attempt to consume anyone lacking a protective amulet. Merriweather is not harmed, and he gains immortality and 10 points of POW, but loses 2 **Sanity** points and his eyes forever take on a reddish tinge. Merriweather will later show his gratitude by introducing the fresh *Milk* Shub-Niggurath produces into the Salisbury water supply, driving all the inhabitants mad as a mass sacrifice. The investigators lose.

The Keeper should note that although the investigators are outnumbered, they have the initial advantage of surprise and may have superior weapons (only Marion Ainsworth carries

a gun). Only 10 cultists break off the ceremony to attack the intruders, and if the investigators render Merriweather inactive or destroy the altar these cultists flee for their lives.

The cultists have brought the ashes of 56 recent victims to the ceremony, and nothing can be done for these unfortunates. If the ceremony is successfully stopped in time, grant all surviving investigators 2D4 **Sanity** points.

### Adair Merriweather, Cult Leader

<b>STR</b>	<b>CON</b>	<b>SIZ</b>	<b>INT</b>	<b>POW</b>
10	14	13	17	22
<b>DEX</b>	<b>APP</b>	<b>EDU</b>	<b>SAN</b>	<b>HP</b>
12	14	18	48	14

**Damage Bonus:** –

**Weapon:** Staff 35%, damage 1D4

**Spells:** Animate Simulacrum, Deflect Harm, Wrack

**Skills:** Archaeology 85%, Astronomy 30%, Anthropology 60%, Credit Rating 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 24%, Grapple 30%, History 60%, Library Use 60%, Other Language (Latin) 50%, Persuade 40%, Sneak 35%

### Cultists #1-6

<b>STR</b>	<b>CON</b>	<b>SIZ</b>	<b>DEX</b>	<b>POW</b>	<b>HP</b>
13	14	12	12	09	13

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapon:** Sickle 40%, damage 1D6+1+db

### Cultists #7-9

<b>STR</b>	<b>CON</b>	<b>SIZ</b>	<b>DEX</b>	<b>POW</b>	<b>HP</b>
11	12	10	14	09	11

**Damage Bonus:** –

**Weapon:** Deer antler knife 35%, damage 1D4+db

### Marion Ainsworth, Cultist #10

<b>STR</b>	<b>CON</b>	<b>SIZ</b>	<b>INT</b>	<b>POW</b>
8	12	10	15	14
<b>DEX</b>	<b>APP</b>	<b>EDU</b>	<b>SAN</b>	<b>HP</b>
16	16	14	60	11

**Damage Bonus:** –

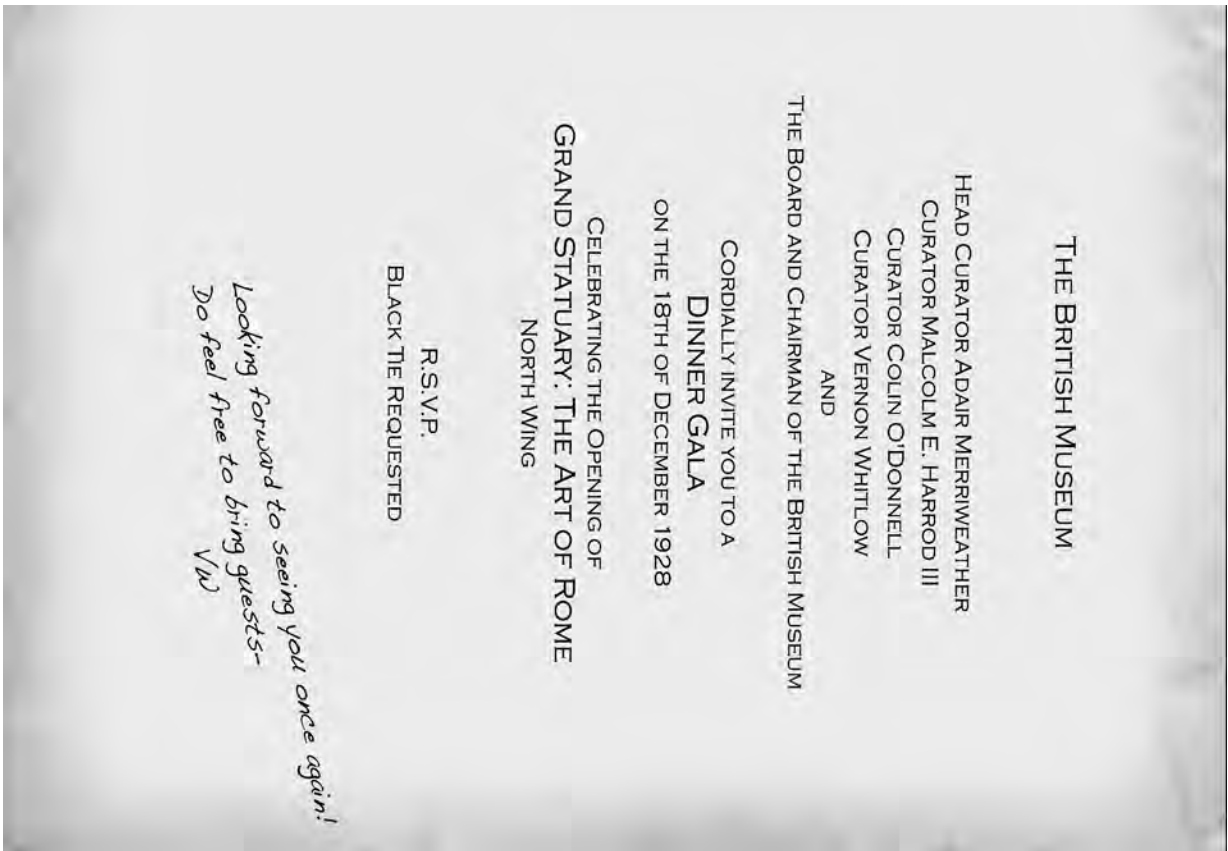
**Weapon:** .25 Derringer 45%, damage 1D6

**Skills:** Cthulhu Mythos 7%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 60%, Sneak 32%

### A Note About Historical Accuracy

The author has taken pains to utilize real locations, businesses, societies, and historical events, but this adventure is not meant to present a wholly accurate representation of England in the 1920s; where needed details have been changed to aid the adventure plot or facilitate play. All named individuals are fictitious.

**Player Handout A**



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**Player Handout B**

## Player Handout C1

December 10, 1928

Dear Vernon,

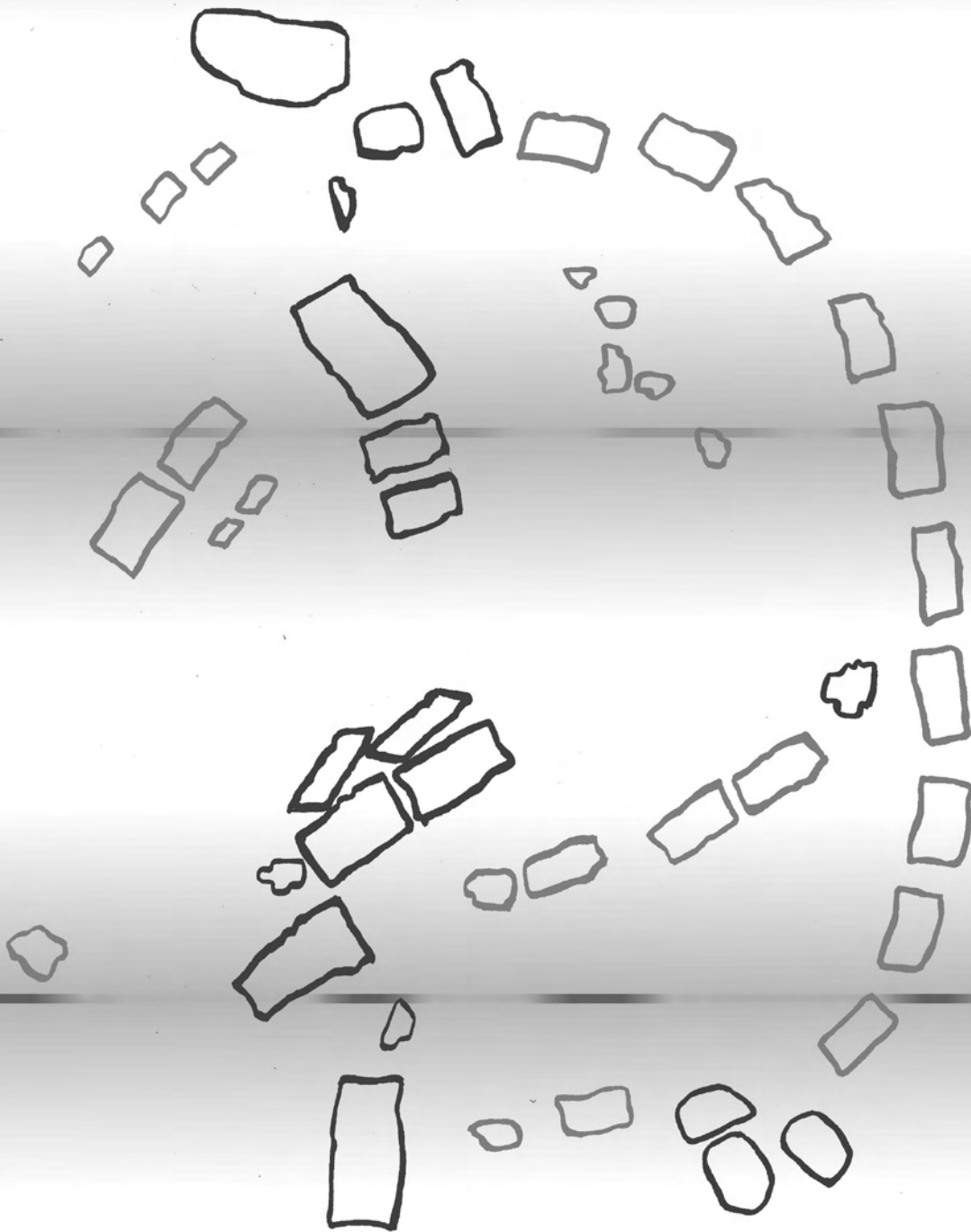
I hope this letter finds you well.

I trust your new exhibit is coming along well and all will be ready in time for your big gala. I regret I cannot attend personally, but the children and my work take all my time.

James and Melanie are doing well all things considered. Miss Christy has moved in with us, and the twins seemed to be largely ignorant of the horrors that transpired in Luxor. Speaking of the twins — I've enclosed a recent drawing of theirs. I recalled that you found their drawings curious when you visited so I thought I'd send you a recent drawing. James and Melanie collaborated on this one. I'm thankful they have returned to normal play.

I wish you luck on your grand opening and I hope the gala is a smashing success. Please do write when you find the time.

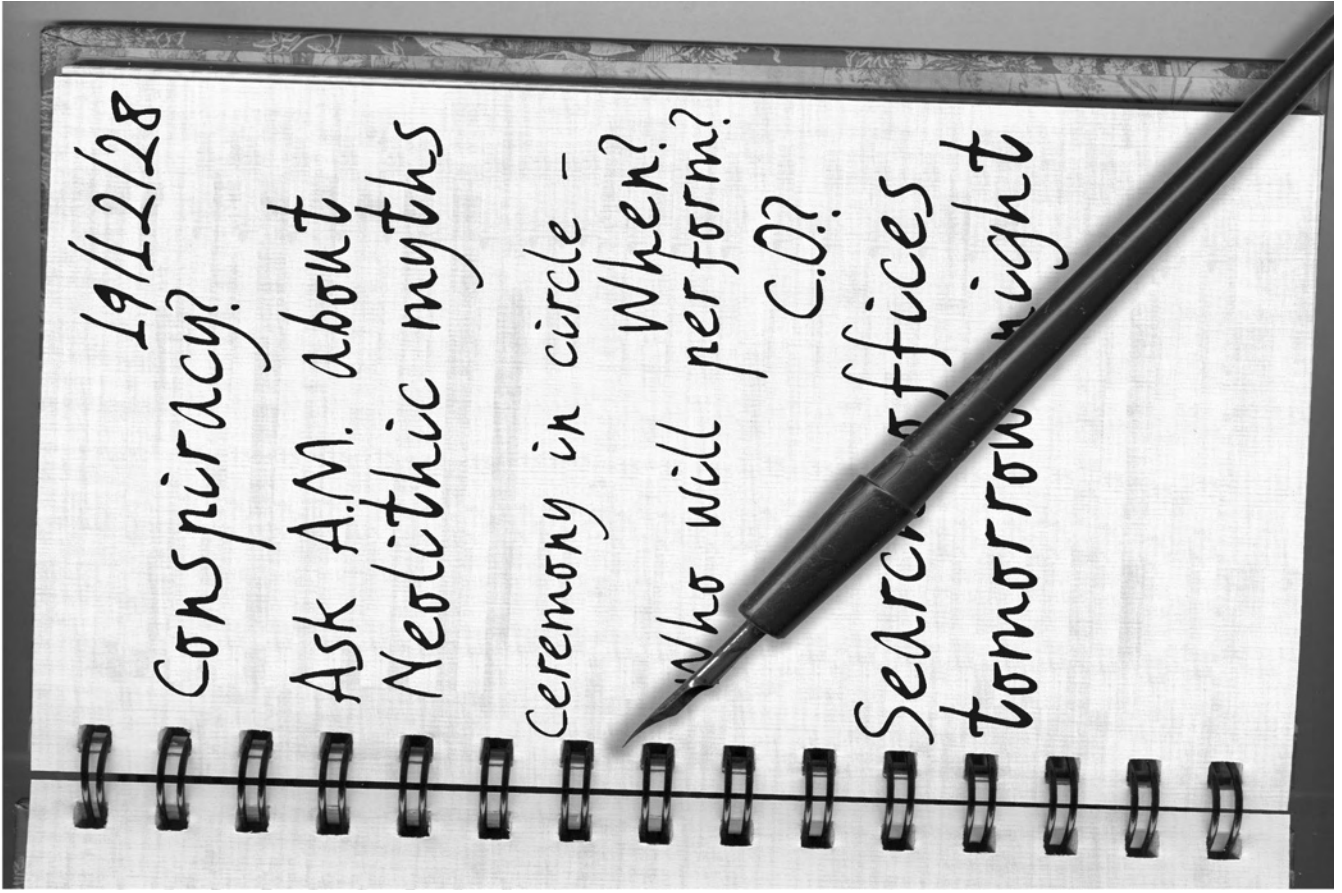
Yours very truly,  
Lily



*James*

*Melanie*

Player Handout D




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Player Handout E

Zephram's Cabinet of Curiosities  
 and Waxwork Emporium

See faithful wax rizations of  
 history's most colorful characters!



See foreign wonders and grotesqueries!



Brave our  
 Chamber of Horrors  
 if you dare!

18 Cranbourn Street, Bloomsbury  
 Open Monday through Saturday, 10 am to 8 pm

*Please meet me at  
Buszard's Tea House  
on Oxford Street at  
4-o'clock this afternoon*

*I have important  
information for you*

*Come alone*

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**The British Museum**

**A. Merriweather**  
Head Curator

By appt only

Office: BRI-1543

*17 Old Sarum Road  
near Amesbury*

(Rear side)



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**Name:** Garrett Hartford

**Occupation:** Graduate Student

**Sex:** Male      **Age:** 25

**Marks, Scars, Mental Disorders:** \_\_\_\_\_

**STR:** 14      **DEX:** 8      **INT:** 13      **Idea Roll:** 65%

**CON:** 13      **APP:** 13      **POW:** 14      **Luck Roll:** 70%

**SIZ:** 13      **SAN:** 70      **EDU:** 16      **Know Roll:** 80%

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4      **Hit Points:** 13      **Income:** \$6,500



### Skills

<b>Anthropology</b>	15%	<b>Bargain</b>	35%
<b>Credit Rating</b>	25%	<b>Dodge</b>	40%
<b>Fist/Punch</b>	70%	<b>Handgun</b>	40%
<b>Natural History</b>	65%	<b>Library Use</b>	51%
<b>Other Language (Latin)</b>	65%	<b>Persuade</b>	35%
<b>Pharmacy</b>	25%	<b>Psychology</b>	45%

### History

In 1922 you attended a lecture on ancient Rome given by visiting Professor Whitlow, and you were surprised by the man's brilliance and insight into ancient cultures. That lecture inspired you to dedicate yourself to the study of archeology. You lingered after the speakers finished, and a brief encounter with Whitlow led to a longer conversation over coffee. You eventually co-authored two papers with the professor, and you came to count him among your small group of friends.

When the professor took the enviable assignment at the British Museum, you knew he would be sorely missed at Miskatonic University, but it was the chance of a lifetime for Vernon and you wished him well. In the meantime, you continued your own research and look forward to your next in-person discussion with the good professor about the people of ages past.

Now Professor Whitlow has suddenly sent an invite from across the Atlantic. What a great opportunity it is—to confer again with a great mind and see one of the world's greatest museums in the same visit. You cannot refuse.



**Name:** Reginald Gray

**Occupation:** Big Game Hunter

**Sex:** Male      **Age:** 50

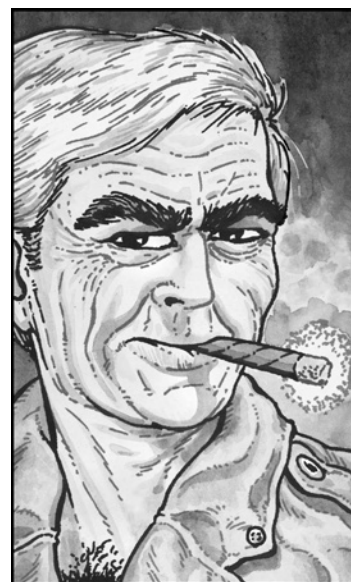
**Marks, Scars, Mental Disorders:** \_\_\_\_\_

**STR:** 15      **DEX:** 12      **INT:** 13      **Idea Roll:** 65%

**CON:** 18      **APP:** 10      **POW:** 12      **Luck Roll:** 60%

**SIZ:** 16      **SAN:** 60      **EDU:** 8      **Know Roll:** 40%

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4      **Hit Points:** 17      **Income:** \$8,500



### Skills

<b>Climb</b>	45%	<b>Dodge</b>	24%
<b>Drive Auto</b>	45%	<b>First Aid</b>	50%
<b>Fist/Punch</b>	50%	<b>Listen</b>	45%
<b>Natural History</b>	10%	<b>Navigate</b>	20%
<b>Other Language (Yoruba)</b>	40%	<b>Psychology</b>	25%
<b>Rifle (elephant gun)</b>	75%	<b>Sneak</b>	60%
<b>Spot Hidden</b>	35%	<b>Track</b>	30%

### History

For the last eighteen years, Africa has been your home. You lead safaris and serve as an expedition guide for cash. It's a surprisingly good living, and folks need your valuable services to merely survive the Dark Continent. You've traveled from one end of the continent to the other, and you've seen some mighty unusual things, but only once did you question your choice of occupation—the day the university expedition went so terribly wrong.

You didn't think much of Vernon Whitlow the day you met him. He was a sheltered professor, not used to sunlight and harsh conditions, his hands as pink as a baby's. You gave him two days on the trail at most before he looked to head home. You were wrong. Initially he trudged along with the other pale professors, huffing his way over the many hillocks so common to Nigeria. But on the dark day when the expedition went south, Whitlow was the only person, excluding you, to make it out alive. The professor turned out to be pretty strong after all. Hostile natives, dangerous reptiles, disease ... and far worse things best left unmentioned. You both put the memory of the horrible expedition behind you, and out of tragedy a loyal friendship was born.

**Name:** Leo Worthington III

**Occupation:** Playboy

**Sex:** Male      **Age:** 24

**Marks, Scars, Mental Disorders:** \_\_\_\_\_

**STR:** 11      **DEX:** 15      **INT:** 11      **Idea Roll:** 55%

**CON:** 11      **APP:** 16      **POW:** 12      **Luck Roll:** 60%

**SIZ:** 12      **SAN:** 60      **EDU:** 14      **Know Roll:** 70%

**Damage Bonus:** none      **Hit Points:** 12      **Income:** \$16,500



### Skills

<b>Art (sculpture)</b>	55%	<b>Astronomy</b>	30%
<b>Credit Rating</b>	75%	<b>Cthulhu Mythos</b>	8%
<b>Dodge</b>	60%	<b>Fist/Punch</b>	60%
<b>Handgun</b>	60%	<b>Locksmith</b>	30%
<b>Other Language (French)</b>	50%	<b>Persuade</b>	65%
<b>Ride</b>	45%		

### History

You're no stranger to the good life. You've happily spent your days racing automobiles, gambling, socializing, and doing what you could to avoid an honest day's labor. Everything you needed was at your beck and call, and the future seemed wide open.

That all changed last year. The death of your parents, and your discovery of their gruesomely torn remains, put an end to your freewheeling ways. Cut off from future inheritance you thought certain was yours, you didn't feel anger but instead a new sense of purpose. You wanted to find those responsible for your parents' death and make them pay dearly.

The search for answers led down many dark roads, and you came to know your remote father far better *after* his death than before. Your search also made you aware that agents of creatures from beyond this realm existed here on earth and the knowledge staggered you to the core. Recently Vernon Whitlow, a friend of your father's in England, initiated contact with you. Your father kept few friends, but obviously he saw something in this researcher that drew his intellectual curiosity. Their correspondence about topics such as history and politics showed you a side of your father that wasn't all business. This invite was unexpected, but perhaps going to this gala will allow you to learn more about your father through Whitlow.

**Name:** Ruby Price

**Occupation:** Author

**Sex:** Female    **Age:** 27

**Marks, Scars, Mental Disorders:** \_\_\_\_\_

**STR:** 11    **DEX:** 14    **INT:** 14    **Idea Roll:** 70%

**CON:** 8    **APP:** 15    **POW:** 15    **Luck Roll:** 75%

**SIZ:** 10    **SAN:** 75    **EDU:** 15    **Know Roll:** 75%

**Damage Bonus:** none    **Hit Points:** 9    **Income:** \$9,500



### Skills

<b>Astronomy</b>	40%	<b>Dodge</b>	48%
<b>Fast Talk</b>	25%	<b>Fist/Punch</b>	50%
<b>Handgun</b>	60%	<b>History</b>	60%
<b>Library Use</b>	55%	<b>Occult</b>	65%
<b>Own Language (English)</b>	75%	<b>Other Language (Italian)</b>	50%
<b>Persuade</b>	50%	<b>Photography</b>	30%
<b>Psychology</b>	45%	<b>Spot Hidden</b>	65%

### History

It's been a struggle at times, but you never regretted leading a rather solitary life devoted to intellectual pursuits and your writing. There simply hasn't been time for the family life, and you prefer a writer's creative isolation broken up by the occasional adventure abroad.

Vernon Whitlow was your first critic, of a sort. Your first book, a ghost story penned under the name R. Price, was actually fairly dreadful, but the good professor wrote a kind critique of your work. The insightful letter helped turn your writing in the right direction, and you've only improved since. It turns out the professor is quite the fan of gothic fiction. A long correspondence followed, though you've never met the professor in person.

The recent invite to the British Museum gala was a pleasant surprise, and offers the opportunity to see a new country, meet your old mentor, and perhaps even get new ideas for your next spooky novel. You look forward to finally meeting Vernon ... and won't be shocked to learn you're a woman!

**Name:** Christopher Darrow

**Occupation:** Antiquarian (Criminal)

**Sex:** Male      **Age:** 38

**Marks, Scars, Mental Disorders:** \_\_\_\_\_

**STR:** 13      **DEX:** 10      **INT:** 16      **Idea Roll:** 80%

**CON:** 12      **APP:** 14      **POW:** 14      **Luck Roll:** 75%

**SIZ:** 12      **SAN:** 70      **EDU:** 14      **Know Roll:** 70%

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4      **Hit Points:** 13      **Income:** \$10,500



## Skills

<b>Art (oil painting)</b>	70%	<b>Bargain</b>	75%
<b>Chemistry</b>	30%	<b>Dodge</b>	20%
<b>Fast Talk</b>	40%	<b>Fist/Punch</b>	50%
<b>History</b>	60%	<b>Law</b>	45%
<b>Library Use</b>	45%	<b>Occult</b>	35%
<b>Other Language (Arabic)</b>	20%	<b>Other Language (Latin)</b>	35%
<b>Spot Hidden</b>	65%	<b>Sword cane</b>	45%

## History

If an epitaph were to be written for you, “He was resourceful” would do as well as any. You haven’t had an easy life so far, but you’ve lived by your wits and taken opportunities that have come your way without hesitation.

Your love of ancient cultures soon led to your dealings in antiques—statues, paintings, and odd objects d’art, the older the better. Of course, business has its ups and downs, and the profits from your antique and oddity sales simply wasn’t enough to pay down your gambling debt. And that debt needed to be paid off with interest, and quickly. You always had a flair for art, so in desperation you forged a Klimt and to your shock it sold immediately. That painting led to forgeries, and you began dealing in objects “acquired” by their owners by odd circumstance as well. You paid off your debt and began to turn a real profit.

You barely know Prof. Whitlow, beyond a chance meeting at the Museum of Natural History in New York City some years ago, but it was enough for you to wrangle an invitation to the upcoming gala at the British Museum. With luck, you’ll expand your relationship with Vernon Whitlow and spot a few European opportunities. Let no opportunity go unexplored.



## APPENDIX III. New Artifacts And Spells

### The Milk Of Shub-Niggurath

The vile *Milk of Shub-Niggurath* is a substance discharged by Shub-Niggurath when she first gives birth to her many young. The *Milk* is emitted in large quantity, but for obvious reasons the substance is very rare and prized by followers of the Outer God.

The effect of the *Milk* on humans varies wildly, depending on how it is diluted (if at all) and the nature of the person drinking it. Individuals of evil mien may receive prophetic visions or be swayed to the worship of Shub-Niggurath after ingesting it. Individuals of a more upstanding nature experience visions of a more disturbing nature and can easily be driven to madness by the *Milk*. Ghosts, undead, spectral beings, and agents of the **Mythos** can detect the taint of the *Milk* and are drawn to manifest themselves or otherwise seek out those that have recently drank the milk of this Outer God.

The *Milk* is very dangerous to keep for any length of time; the liquid possesses the ability to reanimate dead things (or even simulacrum if used in conjunction with the spell *animate simulacrum*) for a short time. Worse yet, the Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath can somehow sense the milk of their parent and relentlessly seek out *Milk* in any quantity. (In game terms, if an investigator retains a pint or more of *Milk*, there is a 25% chance per day that any Dark Young within 50 miles start moving toward the *Milk* at full speed. On arrival, the Dark Young usually look for an easy meal...)

If drank, the *Milk* can be considered to be of three intensities: **a)** heavily diluted (one drop per pint or more of other liquid), **b)** mildly diluted (one drop per ounce of other liquid), or **c)** undiluted. In addition, the nature of the drinker is of great importance. Drinkers of an evil nature or with inherent cruel or sociopathic tendencies respond quite differently to the milk than a moral person—Shub-Niggurath often reaches out telepathically to evil individuals that imbibe the foul liquid. If an imbiber of the *Milk* is treated with a successful use of the Pharmacy skill within one hour of consumption, the duration of the *Milk*'s effects are halved and the dilution level is lessened one level (Heavily diluted is treated as no *Milk* being drank).

The following table may be used as a guide to the effects of consumed *Milk*:

### When Drank By Person With Average Tendencies/Personality

**Heavily Diluted:** **Sanity** check (sanity loss 0/1D3).  
Horrific visions.

**Mildly Diluted:** Immediate **Sanity** roll (sanity loss 1D3/1D10). Horrific visions.

**Not Diluted\*:** Death or instant madness (50% either).

### When Drank By Person With Evil Tendencies/Personality

**Heavily Diluted:** Lose 1 SAN. Drinker may be granted obscure visions of future events as granted by Shub-Niggurath.

**Mildly Diluted:** Immediate **Sanity** roll (sanity loss 1D3/1D10). Those losing 3 or more **Sanity** points fall under the sway of Shub-Niggurath.

**Not Diluted\*:** Death or instant madness (50% either).

*\*Treat less than one teaspoon of Milk as mildly diluted instead.*

### The Wiltshire Urn

The Wiltshire Urn was unearthed in a barrow somewhere south of Stonehenge by Rudolf Hess in 1898. The Urn is roughly round in shape and approximately 14 inches tall. This cinerary urn is now empty and the clay seal that topped it is long since gone. Most distinctive is the ornamentation on one side of the urn—animal bones, human teeth, and twigs have been set into clay creating a intricate mosaic of an antler-wearing high priest standing before a round altar with a sacrificial heart held high, flanked by tall standing stones. The Urn once held the remains of a high priest of Shub-Niggurath.

Anyone examining the mosaic must make a **Sanity** check (sanity loss 0/1); those failing the check must make an additional check (with no possible SAN loss) or they find themselves unable to look away, and stand rapt for 1D3 hours unless physically dragged away. Those standing before the mosaic for more than one hour suffer an additional 1 point of sanity loss and find themselves drawn to worship Shub-Niggurath.

The Outer God gets psychic impressions from the area and individuals near the Urn. The god uses the vessel as a low-level conduit to reach out to new devotees on this plane of existence.



If an investigator destroys the Urn, they and any witnesses not already worshipping Shub-Niggurath gain 1D3 sanity points.

### **New Spell – Animate Simulacrum**

In this spell the caster invests a simulacrum with a portion of her spiritual energy. The simulacrum must be an inanimate reproduction of a living creature—a doll, dummy, mannequin, stuffed animal, or the like. The animated simulacrum has little intelligence, and instead carries out a simple command set by its animator. Sample commands would be “Slay all trespassers” or “Pursue and destroy anyone stealing this statue.” The simulacrum possesses roughly the same psychical skills and strength as its real-life counterpart would have. This spell must be cast after dusk and at dawn the simulacrum falls inanimate once again. Most simulacrums are affected by normal weapons, but exceptions exist.

The main ingredient of this spell is a drop of the *Milk of Shub-Niggurath*, combined with several herbs gathered in the moonlight. The caster must sprinkle the herb and *Milk* on the selected simulacrum and chant the words of power. The spell costs the caster 1D3 Sanity points and 10 magic points to cast.

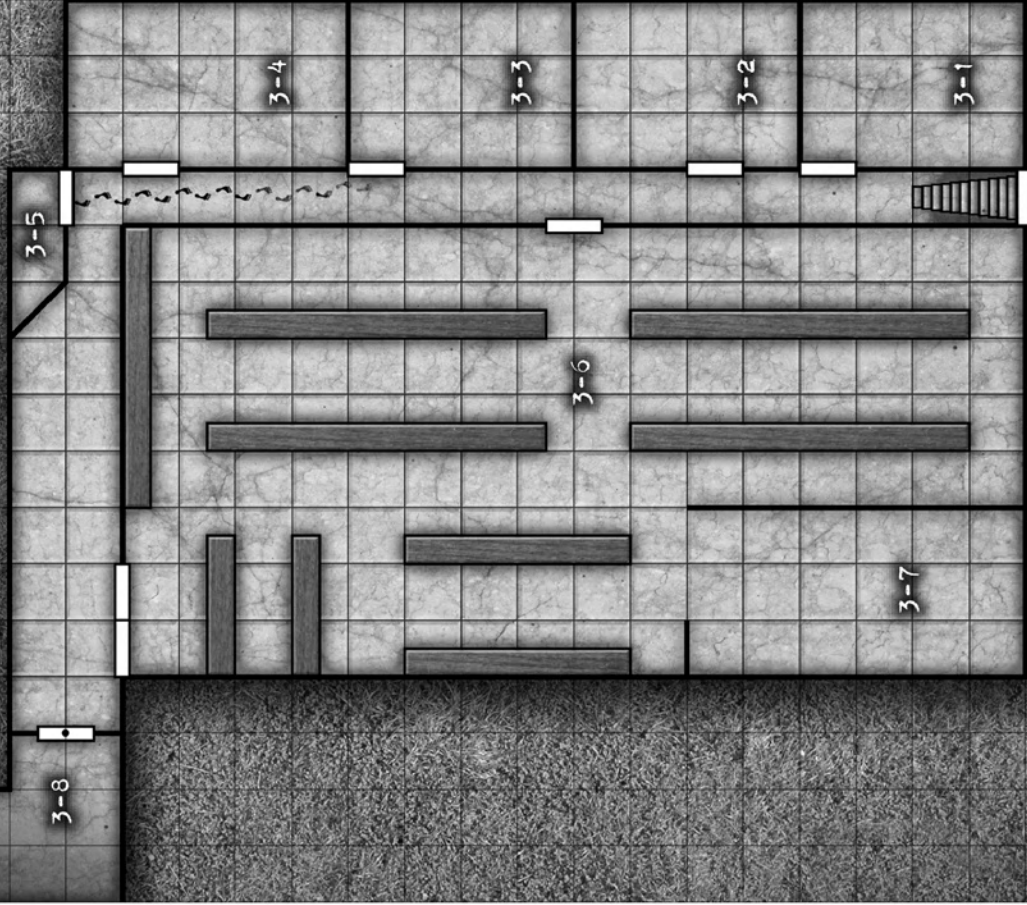


MERRIWEATHER'S COTTAGE

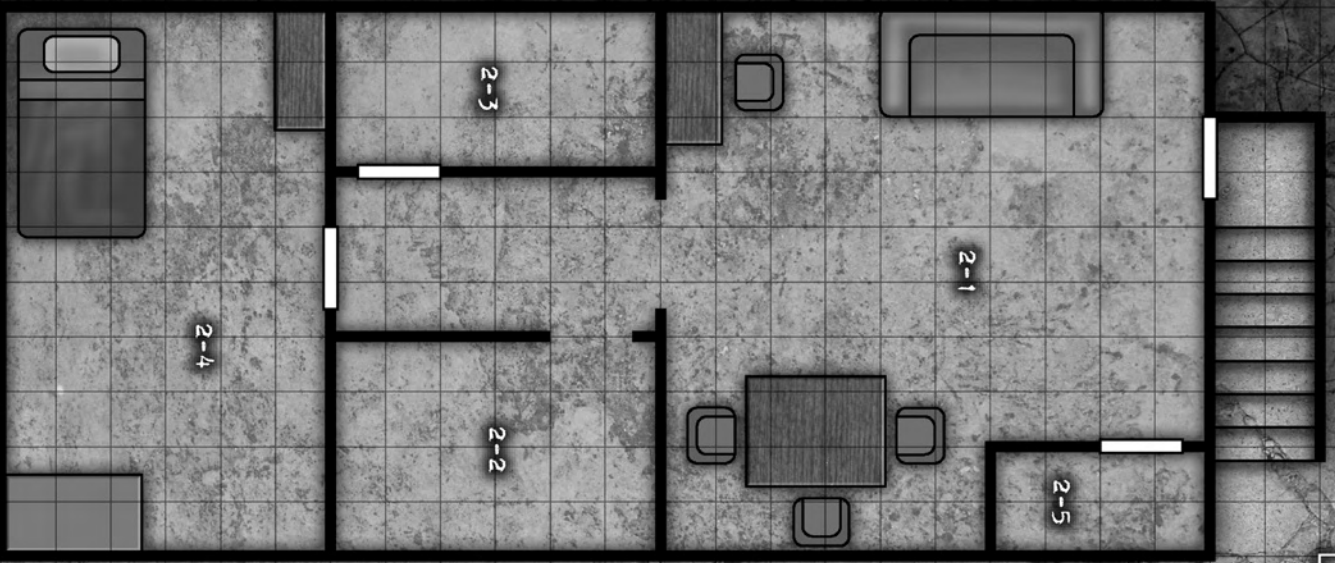


BRITISH MUSEUM

5 feet

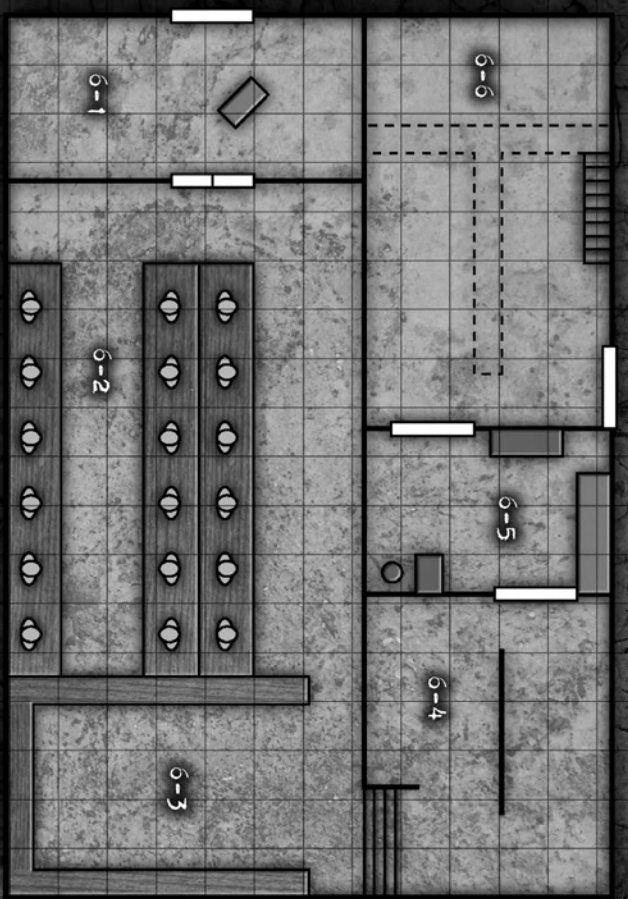


# WHILLOW'S FLAT



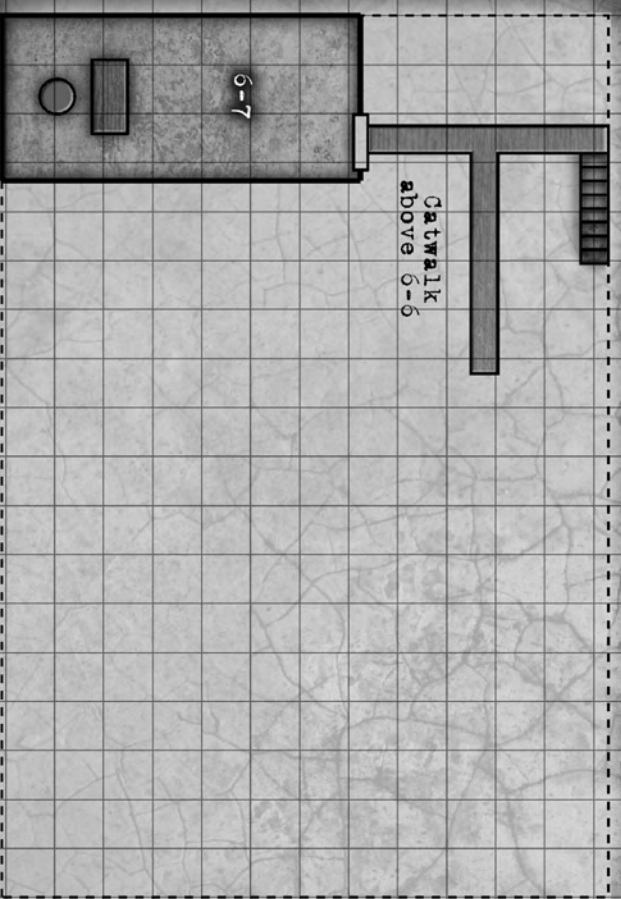
□ - 5 feet

# THE WAX EMPORIUM



□ - 5 feet

## Ground Floor



## Upper Floor





Vernon Whitlow



Richard Evans



Adair Merriweather



Henry Prichard



Marion Aimsforth



Jeffrey Davies



Emma Davies



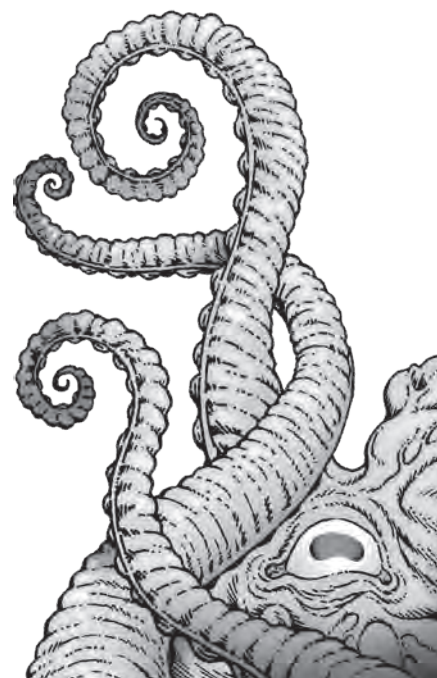
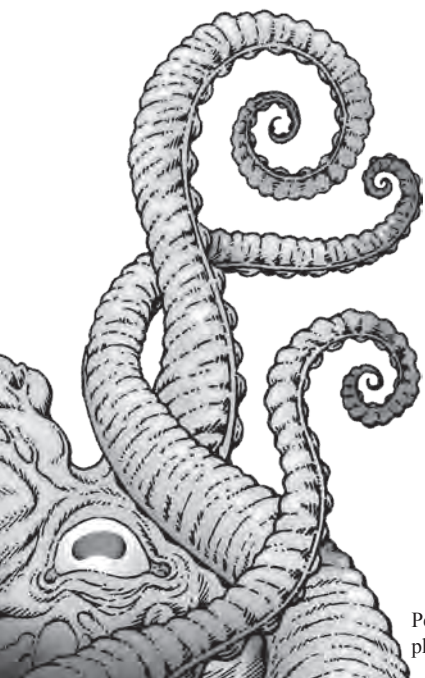
Malcolm E. Harrod III



Christopher O'Donnell



Lucy Harrod



# AGE of CTHULHU

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Fifty years after the death of Christ, the Roman legion Legio IX Hispana, led by Gnaeus Hosidius Geta, swept through the region, slaughtering the indigenous Celtic tribesmen. Those that stole the religious artifacts soon succumbed to madness, and the legion vanished from the annals of time.

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