



"With five feeble senses we pretend to comprehend the boundless complex cosmos, yet other beings with a wider, stronger or different range of senses might not only see very differently the things we see, but might see and study whole worlds of matter, energy and life which lie close at hand yet can never be detected with the senses we have."

— H.P. Lovecraft

This scenario pits the Investigators against a terrible and sinister plot instigated by a mysterious and possibly inhuman power. Investigators with some prior experience of the Cthulhu Mythos will find their knowledge gives them a slight advantage. Little, however, will prepare them for the terrible awakenings that soon take place both within themselves and in a dark and hidden site unknown to man.

The hideous events detailed herein are nominally set in Arkham and Boston during the Spring of 1928. However, the Keeper needs to change little to relocate the scenario elsewhere or to a different year.

Keeper's Information

Half-remembered tales recall that in aeons long ago the Great Old Ones came down from the heavens to occupy our planet. These stories tell of hundreds of such creatures descending upon our globe, each a horribly individual and unique entity. Yet in the Mythos lore known to modern humanity, a mere handful of such entities is thought to exist on the Earth.

Could it be that the reason for this discrepancy lies not in the disappearance of these deathless things, but in the narrowness of our perceptual faculties? Could the remainder of these eldritch things be in some way invisible to our sensibilities, surviving in imperceptible slumber in long-forgotten places? This scenario deals with one such survival.

Beneath a small hill in the gently rolling landscape west of Arkham lies a shrine that is invisible to all humanity's senses. Within this place sleeps an antediluvian horror, a lesser power among the ranks of those who descended with Cthulhu from the hideously living star Xoth. Being a lesser entity of its kind, the mystical bonds that prevent its existence during certain cosmic phases are weaker. This, coupled with the imminence of the stellar configuration which will free all members of its race, means the time is ripe for this being's awakening. For this to occur, however, the Great Old One must be fed curious occult sustenance and exposed to the non-electromagnetic radiation emitted by the star it once came from.

To arrange such conditions an unknown force has constructed a deceptive conspiracy. Adopting the form of a dark-skinned merchant at a Boston bazaar, it began subtly weaving its strands of deception. As the basis for this evil web it sensed the ambition of an elderly Engineering Professor it knew to frequent the place in search of curios. This man, Professor Graham Duncan of Boston University, soon stumbled into the merchant's trap.

Chancing upon the bazaar stall, his attention was particularly drawn to the curiously opalescent electric lamps on display. His trained eye recognized that these were unlike any conventional forms of electric lighting. In time he unearthed the secrets of the lamps, and learned how to construct them himself.

What he did not discover immediately was the curious effect the light from these lamps had upon living creatures. For this light possessed the power to activate long dormant perceptual faculties within the brain granting a 'second sight'. The gland that embodies this new sense is the pineal.

The motivation behind the deception of Graham Duncan lay in the fact that the fully functioning pineal body contains many occult substances. Several of these are chemicals necessary for the awakening of the entity beneath the hill. The unknown force behind the scheme hoped that Professor Duncan would spread the curious illumination technology throughout the world.

This sinister propagation, it hoped, would produce a sufficiently large 'harvest' of human pineal bodies to revive many of Cthulhu's brood.

To an extent this evil plot is already reaching some fruition. Several weeks ago a set of twelve new street lights were erected on a sleepy street in Arkham's Southside, the long awaited outcome of decades of calls for reform. These lamps, however, do not utilize traditional arc light technology, but instead use a curious new technique recently 'discovered' and documented by Professor Graham Duncan. This technology is, of course, that from the bazaar merchant's lanterns.

Now, three weeks after the installation of the pilot scheme in Southside, strange things are beginning to happen. Stories of a wild pack of rabid dogs roaming the neighborhood are becoming increasingly common. Curiously mutilated animal corpses have been discovered nearby. Many of the more sensitive residents have noted curious short-lived hallucinations. The situation is, however, about to take a serious turn for the worse.

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Investigator Information

It is a pleasant Sunday morning in Spring. Gentle sounds of bird-song drift on a light breeze. The Investigators, currently between outre assignments, are taking this rare opportunity to relax from their driven efforts against the unknowable. While some bolster their spirits with worship, others merely take the opportunity to bask in the warm sunlight spilling through the window.

At the regular residence of one of the Investigators (of the Keeper's choice), this peace is prematurely shattered. Shortly before midday, the Investigator in question and any others present at the Investigator's house, find themselves roused by a clamor outside. The loud and clumsy noises emerge either from the garden behind the residence (if such exists), or an alleyway running behind the Investigator's abode. The noises seem to be of trash cans or garden tools carelessly being knocked over. As the Investigators strain to hear more, they additionally detect faint sounds of a gibbering human voice.

Whether or not the Investigator's choose to investigate these noises, they shortly afterwards become aware of a second sound: that of a police officer's whistle.

Investigators curious enough to head out to the rear of the house (or into the alleyway) quickly catch sight of a tall thin man. He is dressed in some form of light colored jacket, doubled over in a corner. He is facing away from the direction of the Investigator's approach; they can discern no features of his face.

He stands amid a disorganized collection of upended trash cans, watering cans and broken earthen pots. The man seems not to notice the approaching Investigators, instead occupied with his ceaseless mutterings and whimperings.

As inquisitive Investigators approach, they become aware of running footfalls nearby adding to the police whistles that now seem very close. Additionally, sharp eared Investigators (those who succeed in a Listen roll) begin to make out words in the stranger's low muttering: "Huge ... stars ... living ... waiting ... waiting."

Once the Investigators are within 5 feet of the tall and lanky intruder he suddenly notices them. He spins about to face directly toward those approaching him. It is only then that the Investigators will see, to their horror, that where the man's eyes would normally be exist only empty blood-caked sockets; his eyes have been completely and messily gouged out (0/1D2 SAN). The man's ravaged face bears dozens of tell-tale scratches and cuts; his sandy hair still contains blood-clotted tangles. It is now obvious that the canvas jacket he wears is an unbuckled straitjacket.

An expression of abject fear spreads across his face as he turns his head to 'stare' directly at the face of each approaching Investigator in turn. Each feels unnerved by the way the man's gaze moves directly from one subject to the next. His perception of their precise location seems too exact for a blind man.

Before the Investigators have an opportunity to examine this situation further, three police officers burst onto the scene. The three force their way past the gathered group of onlookers and grapple with the eyeless stranger. After a short scuffle, two officers emerge from the fray with the blind man forcibly restrained between them. The prisoner

The Pineal Gland and its Latent Perceptual Function

The pineal is a gland present in the brains of humans and all other vertebrates. Scholars have recognized its existence since the time of the Latin physician Galen (second century AD). Over the centuries they have attributed this small pine-nut shaped gland with many functions, both medical and mystical in nature.

Descartes identified it as the organ which received and 'synthesized' perceptual impressions received from the sensory organs. He also believed the pineal to be the "seat of the soul."

Less mystically, in 1695 Humphrey Ridley theorized that the pineal had the function of receiving lymph from the lymphducts which pass the third ventricle of the brain to the infundibulum and the pituitary gland. This was the predominant medical theory until the early twentieth century.

Mystical significance of the gland also developed from Descartes' seventeenth century hypotheses. By the 1920's, Theosophists commonly held that the gland would, in a future perfection of the human race, accommodate the "seventh sense." This sense they held to be the power of divine insight.

Despite a significant research effort this century, medical science still does not have a good understanding of the purpose of the pineal gland.

This scenario expands upon the hypothesized semi-mystical perceptual role of the pineal. It takes as its direct inspiration Lovecraft's tale *From Beyond*. The basic premise is that the gland is a vestigial sense organ akin to the visual sense organs, but sensitive to a radiation altogether outside the understood concepts of the electromagnetic spectrum.

At some point in distant prehistory, some ancestor of humanity was endowed with this additional sense through a fully functional "third eye." Through some consequence of the grand cosmic cycle, this sense gland slowly atrophied into the modern pineal body. Given the correct stimulation, however, these glands still have the potential to mutate back into the sense organs they once were.

struggles little, instead concentrating on his now-frenzied low muttering. Any attempts by the Investigators to intervene in the police apprehension of the man are not appreciated. At the very least they risk stern warnings, at the worst threats of violence if they persist.

As the two police officers drag away the eyeless lunatic, the third officer, a Sergeant, apologizes to onlookers for the disturbance, reassuring them that all is now in order. If questioned about the escapee, the extent of the Sergeant's knowledge is that the man somehow escaped from an ambulance carrying him from St. Mary's Hospital to the Sanitarium.

Any Investigators watching the captive as he is led away by the police officers notice that the man's eyeless gaze fixes on some point on a nearby tree. His head turns as he is dragged away, keeping his stare always towards the same spot. A moment after the madman is gone, perceptive Investigators (those who succeed in a Spot Hidden roll) notice a small butterfly take flight from the same spot.

Arkham Preliminaries

The blind madman whose recapture the Investigators have witnessed is a young man by the name of Michael Farr. The horrible mutilations to his eyes are self inflicted, insane attempts to blot out the sights of an eldritch horror he witnessed last night. These unearthly visions were a result of his latent pineal sense becoming active. Ironically, although Farr's bloody act robbed him of his normal vision, his outre second sight still functions. With this sense he still sees the horrors which drove him insane as well as shadowy intimations of more conventional living things.

The unnerving mannerisms of the deranged Farr should pique Investigator curiosity; his actions seem to impute him with a sense of sight he could not possibly still possess. Investigators choosing to look into the matter further have a number of avenues they could consider.

This Morning's Newspaper

Any Investigator who has read the morning paper will recall a news article which seems related to the Farr incident.

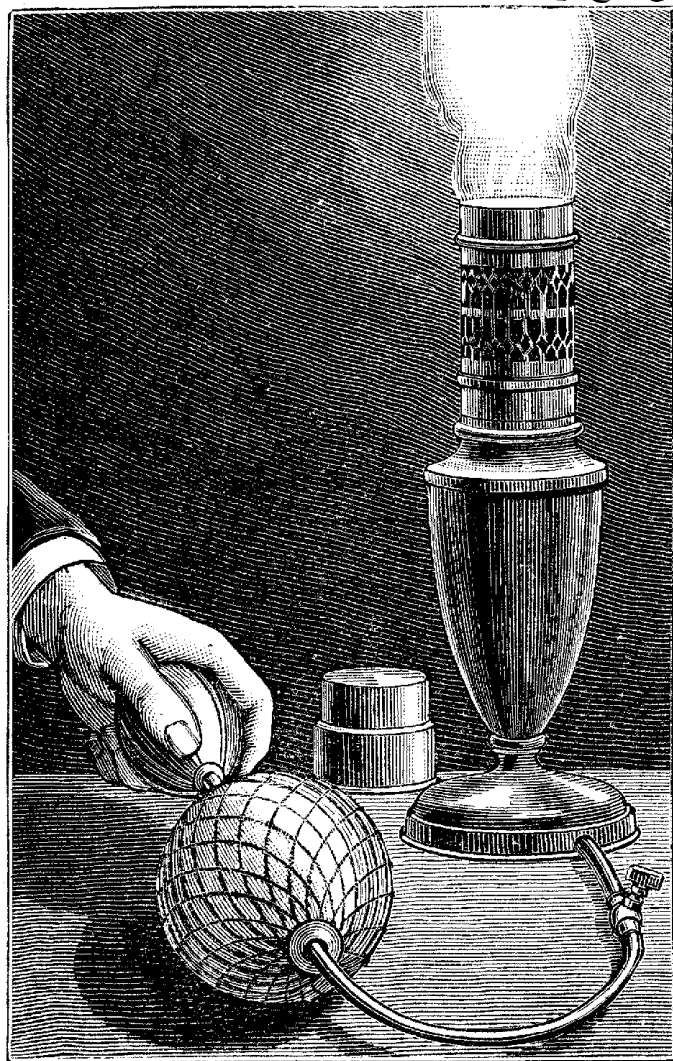
Disturbance in Southside

Residents in the Simpson Apartments in Arkham's Southside were last night awakened by what witnesses describe as "horrid and unholy screeching." The source of these deranged sounds of screaming was apparently Apartment 5, rented by a reclusive man in his mid twenties. Once police had been called, and a locksmith employed to open the fastened door, a horrible scene was discovered. While the specifics of the bloody scene are unsuitable for publication in a reputable newspaper, it is sufficient to say that the man had apparently lost control of his senses and hideously blinded and mutilated himself. He was taken into custody to protect him against further insane actions against his person.

Visiting the Sanitarium

Investigators may wish to question the insane man about the events of the previous night. A visit to the Arkham Sanitarium can facilitate this. Before any visitors are permitted to see the new patient, however, they must convince institution head Dr. Hardstrom of the necessity of their visit. A plausible medical or legal reason (successful Law, Medicine or Persuade Roll) will gain Investigators entry. The doctor himself offers no opinion on the patient's state of mind, pointing out that he has yet to have an adequate opportunity to observe the man.

The blind Farr is in a small room with barred windows, his strait jacket now removed. He sits precariously on the wood-frame bed, staring vacantly at a point on the far wall. He seems oblivious to the presence of any visitors. If questioned, he turns to face whoever is speaking and begins the same incoherent rambling as before. As he speaks,



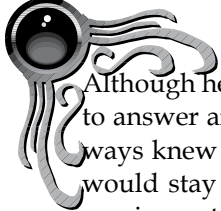
his eyeless gaze turns away from his questioner's face and instead focusses on something unseen behind the Investigator's shoulder. His vacant eye sockets track the motion of this invisible object.

A successful Psychoanalysis roll brings the young man back to a semblance of sanity for a moment. Even under this spell of lucidity, all he will tell inquiring visitors is that "the star, the tentacled star ... it's out there ... it's coming ... I found it ... will they name it after me?" After this he will collapse into an insane giggling.

Farr's room

The Simpson Apartments are situated in a poor district of Arkham, huddled between French Hill and South Hill. The building is on Walnut Street in an area predominately populated by Italians. Despite a certain degree of squalor, and the randomly strewn remnants of some recent city construction, the street has a certain simple beauty. As the Investigators approach the apartment building they see smiling Italian children playing marbles and riding Pogo sticks. All along the street, women cheerily perform domestic chores, hanging out laundry and beating rugs.

Inside the Simpson Apartments the atmosphere is subdued but still pleasant. It seems that even the horrible events of the previous night cannot spoil peoples' enjoyment of so fine a Spring day. When the Investigators enter the building, the smell of a zesty Italian dish assails their noses. The odors waft through the open door to Apartment 1, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cilauro.



Although her husband is working, Mrs. Cilauro will agree to answer any questions. As far as she is concerned "I always knew that Farr man was not right in the head .. He would stay up until all hours of the night just peering .. peering out of his window at the stars. Does that sound a normal way to spend your life? And another thing .. they say that he's a divorcee .. heavens!" Despite the fact Mrs. Cilauro will happily talk to the Investigators for several hours more, this is all she knows of Farr.

In the course of their chat with the rotund Italian woman, the visitors will notice a tortoise-shell cat saunter casually in from the stairwell and settle on a lounge chair next to Mrs. Cilauro. "Tsk Tsk Tsk," she says, "you shouldn't be in here, Sammy. You can't fool me .. I know Mr. Sabatino feeds you good." She smiles, excuses herself from the Investigators for a moment and fetches the cat a saucer of milk.

Apartment 5 is on the second floor of the building. When the Investigators approach, they notice that the door to this room is ajar. Inside, two men in white overalls clean splattered blood from the walls of the apartment. The room reeks of ammonia.

The two workmen are not very talkative, but if pressed one explicitly recounts a dramatized story of how the insane Farr was found with eyes gouged out writhing on the floor. He graphically tells how all four walls of the apartment were splattered with blood. Any Investigators squirming at his lurid description will only spur the man on to even greater heights of morbidity. He obviously enjoys disgusting the inquisitive visitors. If he feels that his tale has sufficiently horrified the inquisitive strangers he will finish with one tasteless tiny tidbit: "you know, we've cleaned through this entire apartment, and we've found no sign of that madman's eyes. Maybe what they said is true after all — that he ate them himself."

If the Investigators wish to search through Farr's belongings, no one impedes them. The two cleaners simply don't care, and the authorities have already made their searches of the premises. Two articles among the amateur astronomer's possessions may be of interest: his telescope and his notebook. Any investigation of Farr's telescope determines it to be perfectly normal and uninteresting. Farr's astronomical notebook is a thin blood-splattered volume. An Astronomy Roll learns that, for the most part its entries are mundane observations of the moon and various constellations. The last page, however, is more interesting to the Investigators — see nearby box.

Walnut Street Gossip

Investigators wishing to question Southside locals about the recent happening have little difficulty finding talkative individuals; reticence seems not to be a problem with these folk. These neighbors have nothing more to add to the story of the previous night, besides additional scandalous comment on the fact that Farr was a divorcee.

In conversation, however, one Southsider tells the Investigators "I swear it's getting mighty hard to get a good night's sleep around here nowadays. What with the Star boy last night and the Milk deliverer a few nights back." If questioned further about this previous incident, the garrulous neighbor will say more. Three nights ago, the street was awakened in the early hours of the morning by the sounds of incoherent screaming from the street. The police were called then too, but by the time they found the howling man, who turned out to be the local milk deliverer, he was all right.

Other Newspaper Clues

If the Investigators search through the Newspapers previous days in search of this earlier happening, they find nothing. If they conduct a search of the Advertiser morgue (which only journalists or Persuasive others have access to), however, they soon discover that an article was written about the incident but never published.

The article states that Milk deliverer Georgio Caruso reportedly had some form of hallucinatory fit or seizure three days prior to the Farr happening. The terrible cries he gave out as he ran screaming down Walnut Street caused many residents to contact the authorities. By the time police had arrived on the scene, Caruso, who was found cowering in a slim alleyway just off Walnut, had regained his senses. Though obviously shaken, he was given a clean bill of health. A small piece of paper is attached by paper clip to the morgue article. On it is written an address on S French Hill Street.

The same information concerning the hallucinations of Georgio Caruso can be found in police records. These records are only available to Investigators who have either worked previously with the Arkham constabulary, or who succeed in a Law roll. The address on S French Hill Street is listed on these records as the home of Mr. Caruso.

Last Page from Farr's Notebook

clouding over. Better skip looking at Pleiades, go straight to Saturn rings. I wish those lights would be switched off ... can't see a damned thing with all that light streaming in. Wish to blazes they'd never put them in!

(10:00pm) Must be getting tired. Just saw strange geometric hallucination. Take a rest then resume, get some fresh air! Must be working too hard .. ha ha!

(12:00am) Still looking at those beautiful rings -- God, I fall in love every time I see the blasted things! Saw a shadow of a moon across the rings.

(12:15am) Another wretched hallucination ... really, what's wrong with me tonight. Must remember to buy a new brand of cocoa next time.

NOOOOOOOO! After me! Coming ... now.

STOP!! Evil putty jelly ... Close my eyes! Yes!

Yellow! Yellow! But red in the middle! Go AWAY!

<unintelligible scrawl>

There is only one way! NO!!

Man Hideously Murdered in Arkham Street

Mutilated Corpse Found in Southside

Street Bathed in Blood

In the early hours of this morning, police were called to investigate an unholy shrieking and wailing heard by residents of Walnut Street in Arkham's sleepy Southside. The racket apparently was coming from the street. But, by the time the police had arrived on the scene the clamor had ceased. Casual investigations lead them to discover the horribly mutilated body of a man in his early forties.

The man, respected Southsider Georgio Caruso, was found decapitated, with hundreds of deep slashes covering more than half his body. His skull had been cloven in two, surgical incisions made into the brain within. Walnut Street was bathed in his blood.

The disgusting extent of the mutilations inflicted upon the corpse has lead police to suspect the involvement of some form of obscene cult. As yet, however, the police have not formally announced any suspicions as to the motive for the slaying. It is understood that they are awaiting the findings of an autopsy to be performed today. As yet no eye witnesses to the grisly murder have come forward.

A local resident told this reporter that the prevalent mood among the community in Walnut Street is one of shock. "Peoples just don't want to believe that a monster of the type that could do this could be roaming our street."

Readers of the *Advertiser* will recall that last week we reported the finding of mutilated animal carcasses in the neighborhood. Today's occurrence seems to cast an altogether more sinister light on this earlier discovery.

While it is not our intention to panic residents of the area, we respectfully suggest that people take care when visiting the streets of Southside at night.

Investigators interested in checking Newspaper records in an attempt to locate unusual happenings on Walnut Street prior to the Caruso affair, discover the following:

- Ten days ago the *Advertiser* carried a small article reporting the circulation of a pack of rabid dogs about the area of Walnut Street. Residents were warned to keep careful watch when walking that neighborhood at night.
- A week ago, a cache of curiously mutilated animal carcasses, primarily cats and dogs, was discovered in a small alleyway just off Walnut. The article offers no definite explanation as to how these freshly killed creatures came to be piled in the alley, but uses this as another opportunity to condemn fraternity pranksters.

Hunting Down Caruso

It is possible for Investigators to interview the Milk deliveryman any time during the two days following the Farr incident. After that time, however, he is fated to become another victim of the awakening and his story will be lost.

Visitors arriving at the S French Hill Street house before about 4pm will run the risk of waking the delivery man and placing him in a foul mood. The man's story is simple and short: he was doing his delivery round, as he does each morning, when suddenly everything seemed to change. He could see weird transparent jelly things floating everywhere he looked. The bewildered Caruso watched them sliding into and out of solid objects, devouring one another and hovering in mid-air. He watched these strange hallucinations for a moment, but suddenly, from the corner of his eye he spied something else, a large thing which made him afraid. The next he remembers he was running down the middle of the street screaming, barely in control of himself. Acting on intuition he ran into an alleyway running off Walnut, and suddenly everything returned to normal.

Southside Characters

During their questioning, the Investigators will encounter many residents of Arkham's Southside. The following individuals are available to the Keeper as sources of information or frustration. Some characters have specific roles in the plot as victims or witnesses of the Walnut Street murders. Others may be used in whatever role the Keeper sees fit. Bear in mind that the general attitude of all individuals on or near Walnut Street changes as events unfold. Early in the scenario the Southsiders are a smiling and jovial group, happy to talk to strangers. Later they become sullen and brooding, barely interested in conversing with anybody.

Georgio Caruso



Stocky and olive-skinned, the 46 year old milk deliverer Caruso is a powerful looking man. The constant physical exercise occasioned both by his job and his former hobby (amateur boxing) has kept him lean and fit. His face, however, shows his years very heavily. Immediately noticeable amid his careworn visage are a multiply fractured nose and many small scars.

Not all these injuries stem from the boxing ring, however. For many years Caruso was involved with the gang headed by well-known Southsider Joe Potrello. Several years ago he renounced this life and "went straight."

Talking to Georgio, Investigators will discern the Italian's lack of formal education. He seems to particularly have difficulty in grasping abstract concepts, a trait that may prove frustrating to questioners attempting to learn about the strange visions he witnessed. He is, however, very enthusiastic and will do almost anything within his capabilities to help.

Unless the Investigators are very quick in eliminating the threat to Walnut Street residents, Georgio will become the first murder victim.

Dominica Cilauro



Short, black-haired and rotund, Mrs. Cilauro is the very picture of the stereotypical Italian 'mama'. At 58 her face and hands are beginning to show the accumulated wear of a lifetime of domestic work. Her spirit, however is bright, bubbly and above all friendly.

Dominica spends most of her life either collecting rent from tenants in the Simpson Apartments (which her husband owns), or cooking. The latter is her great passion -- she prides herself on being able to cook a better Italian meal than the chef at nearby Anton's Restaurant. Most people who have been fortunate enough to sample her food have agreed.

Mrs. Cilauro's attitude and outlook alter drastically as the scenario progresses. Early meetings with her will show her to be happy, contented and above all loquacious. Her favorite topic of discussion is the moral decline of the young people of today. Her strongest condemnation is reserved for the rising incidence of divorce in Arkham, something that her Catholic sensibilities abhor. Later in the scenario, she becomes morose and fatalistic, barely able to raise a smile. This dramatic transformation lasts until the lights on Walnut have been destroyed.



Southside Characters

Wojtek Przedworski



At 47, Wojtek's appearance seems more appropriate to a seventy year old. His face is leathery and wrinkled, his useless eyes sunken pools amid these fleshy undulations. The small shock of hair atop his head is pure grey, as is the raspy stubble he sometimes allows to grace his chin. The rest of his body seems limp and flabby, the product of a long and painful life as a cripple.

Blind and crippled from birth, Wojtek's life has little to give it meaning. His brother Chris sees to all his needs, giving him little reason to ever leave his house on Walnut Street. Besides his brother, he has no friends — his is a world of loneliness.

In the course of events in this scenario, Wojtek will gain a sight of sorts in time to witness his brother's shadowy outline being devoured. This occurs as part of the "Bizarre Night on Walnut Street" (see section below). After watching this horrible slaying his tender mind will retreat into temporary insanity.

Chris Przedworski



Like his brother, Chris bears a face scarred by many years of suffering. His skin is coarse and pockmarked, a product of countless years of manual labor. The most readily noticeable feature of his worn and tired countenance is his bushy moustache, a veritable forest of grey hair. More often than not it conceals a frown.

At heart Chris Przedworski is a kind and unselfish man, although he often feels that his nature leads others to take advantage of him. Additionally he constantly curses the miserable life that fate has dealt him: for the past forty years his life has been dominated by the necessity to look after his younger brother. He feels that in a sense this part of his life has been stolen from him.

As part of the prescribed events for this scenario, Chris is destined to become the second victim of the "Walnut Street Slasher."

Herbert Wade Slocum



Tall and thin, almost to the point of gauntness, Slocum is a very odd-looking man. His face is sunken and hollow, making his curiously dreamy blue eyes the immediately obvious feature. The remainder of his facial features are fine, almost to the extent of being feminine. He walks with a stoop, his motions oddly stilted.

By profession, Slocum is a freelance author of pulp fiction. A few of his short tales have been published in small magazines. This has served to make Herbert Wade Slocum a figure of some adulation among the small body of pulp fans in New England. Since many of his stories have heavy overtones of the occult, Slocum was invited to join the Eye of Amara society. He declined, however, since other than in fiction, the man has no interest in the supernatural.

During the third night of planned mayhem in Southside, Herbert Wade Slocum disappears never to be heard from again. In truth he has become another victim of the alien forces hunting for pineal food.

Ruth Macintosh



Something of an oddity in the region, Ruth Macintosh is a well-dressed well-educated wealthy young woman. She dresses in all the latest fashions (including trousers), wears her hair bobbed and beneath a stylish cloche hat, and wears lipstick in public. Other Southsiders view her as a walking scandal.

As 24 year old only daughter of a wealthy Boston family, Ruth can have whatever material goods she desires. To her parents' dismay, Ruth insists on "slumming it" in one of the poorer districts of Arkham. The reason she chooses such unusual living arrangements is that she is fascinated with Herbert Wade Slocum almost to the point of obsession. Her one desire in the world is to seduce him. Thusfar her efforts have all been failures.

As part of the events in this scenario, Ruth Macintosh will witness the disappearance of her idol Slocum. She will be anxious to report what she saw to anybody who will listen. However, neither her story nor her character are particularly credible, hence most will ignore her story.

Joe Sabatino



Weedy and nervous, Sabatino is a man who exudes suspicion. His face is rat-like and sallow, covered with numerous odd-looking sores. Additionally the man has an obvious tic in his right cheek. All these features, along with his grating nervous laugh, combine to make a man that few could easily like.

Sabatino works as the janitor at the Arkham Historical Society, a position he likes because he doesn't often have to deal with people. He is very much an introverted loner who finds more solace in his collection of stamps than in the company of people.



Death Stalks Walnut Again

Two nights after the strange happenings that left Farr insane, sounds of madness once again shatter the peace in Walnut Street. In the early hours of the morning, screams from the street reach the ears of residents. Georgio Caruso in his first shift back on Walnut has been awakened once more to the sights of the outre incorporeal life that invisibly occupies all space. This time, however, his insane screeching is prematurely and suddenly cut short. The story of Caruso's death naturally makes front page news in Arkham.

Visting the Scene

On Walnut Street the atmosphere is notably more brooding than when last the Investigators visited. The residents are generally uninterested in talking to nosy visitors, even those they had previously been friendly towards. Everybody seems tense and irritable. A few sour looking children play in the street, teasing a tortoise shell cat and pulling its tail.

Everybody avoids the site of the murder. Despite the chemicals laid down by police, the place still stinks of death. Passers-by look strangely at Investigators who prod around the murder scene. Furthermore, such analysis discovers nothing more than the newspaper article reported.

The Autopsy Report

The autopsy on the remains of Georgio Caruso is performed by Dr. Ephraim Sprague in the afternoon. The report produced from the findings of that autopsy is confidential police information, and unless the Investigators have contacts in the force they will be unable to view it. Persistent Investigators, however, can gain an account of the information contained in the report either from Dr. Sprague himself (a Medicine Roll is required to persuade him) or from a less-than-reputable police officer (large amounts of cash can help here).

The report finds that the cause of death was a broken neck, and that the mutilations to Caruso's skull and brain occurred

after death. The only other finding of interest was that a small portion of Mr. Caruso's brain, centered around his pineal gland, was apparently removed with some degree of surgical precision.

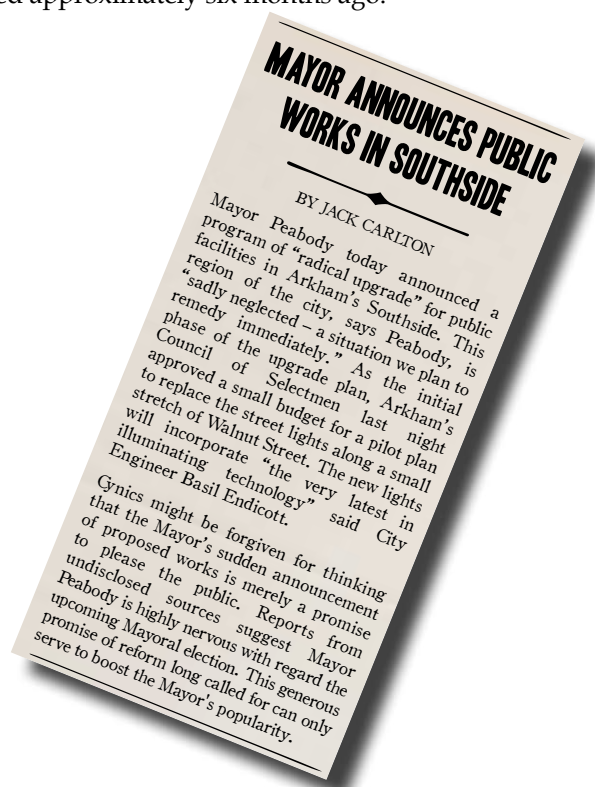
New Light, New Sight

It is important that at some stage the course of the Investigators' studies turns toward the new lighting on Walnut Street. It is through an investigation of these matters that the remainder of the clues in this scenario will be unearthed.

The discovery that there is more to these lamps than meets the eye can come about in several ways. This section lists several resources which Investigators might stumble upon. Keepers may need to introduce others if their Investigators stubbornly refuse to head off on the appropriate tangent. As a last resort, a halved Idea roll might tell thoroughly lost Investigators that the new public works they observe on Walnut Street are atypical of Southside: it is a district renowned for neglect and urban decay.

Public Records

Investigators scanning Newspaper files for references to Walnut Street are likely to discover an article "Mayor Announces Public Works in Southside" (reproduced nearby), dated approximately six months ago.



Southside Characters

Maria Sapio

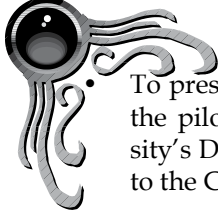


Tall, leggy and bottle-blond, Maria is an attractive 27 year old who prides herself on looking younger. She is mildly self-conscious about her appearance, frightened that one day she might lose her beauty. Of particular concern to her is the large mole on her neck. Her taste in clothes and jewelry is gaudy but expensive, and is often arranged carefully to hide her 'Achilles Heel'.

Maria's personality is bright and bubbly, but conceals a secret. For besides her normal job as a seamstress she has another profession. From time to time she models in a bikini for photographers, who in turn sell these pictures to shady publications. Although Maria never talks about this part of her life, she is not ashamed of it. Indeed, several of these photos hang about her apartment.

Checking through public records of the Council meeting in which the Selectmen adopted the new lighting plan, or visiting the office of Basil Endicott will ascertain the following facts:

- The plan for the pilot project on Walnut Street was proposed by the City Engineer as the result of an investigation into the matter requested by the Mayor.
- The Engineer's report identified Walnut Street as the spot in Southside most in need of public upgrade.



To present an expert opinion on different options for the pilot project, Endicott asked Miskatonic University's Dr. Hamlin Hayes to make a short presentation to the Council.

- Dr. Hayes presented three options, one of which was a very recently developed lighting technique. This newly invented technique was twice as efficient as traditional lighting methods. This new technology, said Dr. Hayes, "seems likely to be the way of the future."
- After some consternation and a stirring speech by Councillor Ash Southcott, the Council voted to endorse the new and less expensive alternative advocated by Dr. Hayes.

Walnut By Night

Sooner or later Investigators are likely to want to check the operation of the lighting on Walnut Street first hand. Once they have been exposed to the non-electromagnetic radiation from the lamps, subtle changes will begin within their brains. The Keeper should keep careful track of just how long each character has been exposed to this radiation. Once a sufficient dosage has been absorbed, their latent pineal sense organ will begin functioning, as described in a nearby box.

Night visitors to the street will notice immediately that there is something unusual about the light given off by the street lamps. Unlike the standard arc lamps which illuminate most of Arkham, the radiance emitted by these lamps has a vague tinge of green about it. Its illumination is also possessed of a curiously opalescent aspect.

Despite the recent happenings, quite a few folk may still be found on the streets at night. These residents and wanderers are, however, atypically dour and will refuse to answer all but the simplest questions. No animals can be found on the street.

If one or more of the Investigators visiting Walnut after dark is possessed of an active pineal gland, the scene they will witness is less mundane. In addition to the ubiquitous jelly things, vague intimations of larger shadowy entities can be seen in the distance. Perceptive Investigators viewing this scene (and who succeed in an Idea Roll) will note that the concentration of the jelly creatures is greatest about people wandering the street.

The shadowy forms lurking on the edge of vision are Renders and Dissolvers (described in a nearby box). Any Investigator with an activated pineal sense who tarries about the street for more than a minute or so, invites attention from these beings. A single Render will approach and attack. Less perceptive Investigators will see nothing until the creature makes itself corporeal. By then, of course, it may be too late to help their perceptive companions.

Investigators with activated pineal vision who cast their eyes to the night sky may notice yet another curiosity. Those succeeding in an Astronomy roll determine that a completely new, bright yellowish star is now visible overhead. This star is totally invisible to anybody not in possession of 'enhanced' vision. Any Investigator who chooses to examine this stellar object through a telescope is in for a

Strange Awakenings

Once Investigators become exposed to the non-electromagnetic radiation from any of the revolutionary new light sources, the sensitive among them will have their pineal glands begin the process of awakening. There are three phases that the stirring sense organ progresses through during its return to proper function.

In the first phase of the awakening, the brain receives random stimuli from the gland as it begins to resume its perceptual role. The brain interprets these stimuli as short random hallucinations. These weird visions could be of anything. Lovecraft's *From Beyond* has some excellent examples of such hallucinations, but creative Keepers should be able to think of equally evocative visions. At any rate, these images are witnessed only when in the presence of a pineal-stimulating light source, and normally only at random times (POW% chance each 10 minutes of exposure). However, individuals who concentrate on a pineal awakening light source receive such visions continuously.

The second phase is characterized by the beginning of proper pineal function. That is, the brain will begin to receive consistent signals from the gland. These are the gland's perception of its surroundings. The individual will begin to see a completely different vista superimposed over normal sight. The most immediately noticeable aspect of this new vision is the ubiquitous floating semi-transparent creatures which occupy every space. At this phase, the new vision functions only in the presence of a pineal-stimulating light source, although it is fully functional the entire time such stimulation is present.

The final stage that the pineal gland may progress to is permanent awakening. The gland's operation at this stage is identical to the previous phase, except the perceptual function of the organ is now permanent and operational regardless of external stimulation. That is, the brain receives perceptual impulses from the pineal at all times whether or not a stimulating light source is present.

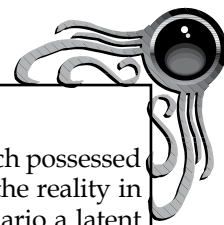
The potential for pineal sense awakening within an individual depends largely on how atrophied the individual's gland has become. The extent to which an individual's pineal can progress through this activation, and the rate at which such awakening occurs are governed in game terms by the POW statistic. Characters with high POW have the potential for full pineal awakening with a minimum of exposure. Others may find their gland may only proceed to an earlier phase, and do so at a slower pace. The furthest stage of awakening possible with a particular POW is summarized more precisely below.

POW stat	Max stage of awakening
< 10	No awakening of the pineal gland can occur
10-12	Stage One: hallucinations
13-14	Stage Two: full function in presence of stimulus
> 14	Stage Three: full function at all times

Whenever an individual is exposed to pineal-stimulating radiation they accumulate "exposure points." From exposure to the street lights in Walnut street individuals gain their POW in exposure points every hour. Venturing into the cave near Crawford's Rise with a light source will accumulate POWx5 per hour. If the hillside explodes at the conclusion of this scenario, all present will accumulate POWx2 per minute.

Exposure points are lost very slowly through lack of pineal stimulation; the rate is sufficiently slow that it does not affect this scenario. For campaign play a loss rate of one point per week might be considered.

Once an individual's accumulated exposure points have reached 70 they enter phase one of the awakening process (assuming POW >10). Reaching 100 point causes the pineal to enter stage two (if POW >12). An accumulated total of 150 is sufficient to permanently awaken the perceptions of the gland (if POW >14).



Denizens of the Spaces Between

The world as we normally perceive it is a hospitable place populated by countless different forms of life, each possessed of perceptual faculties roughly similar to our own. However, those faculties do not reveal the fullness of the reality in which we live. Indeed, whole races of beings exist that are totally invisible to our five senses. In this scenario a latent human sense is awakened in some, allowing a rare glimpse of a precious few of these normally imperceptible creatures. [NB: As an option, the Keeper may wish to use the stats for "Terrors From Beyond" (Malleus Monstrorum, p91) in place of the creatures listed below]

Jelly Things.

Most of what we normally term empty space is not truly empty, but occupied by gelid creatures not unlike jellyfish. These beings are seemingly non-intelligent, spending the majority of their time floating mindlessly in mid-air or melding into one another. The jelly things appear semi-fluid and constantly change shape. They continually devour each other and slither effortlessly through normally solid things. They are totally incorporeal. Their concentrated presence, however, has a subtle negative effect on the emotions of mundane creatures and humans. Sanity loss to view a world full of Jelly Things is 1/1D4.

Renders.

More intelligent than the jelly creatures which occupy most of our world, the Renders are also more inimicable to humans. This minor servitor race exists for the sole purpose of capturing the curious food that sleeping Great Old Ones require to exist. Ultimately through a combination of such sustenance and propitious stellar cycles, the slumbering things will awaken. Unfortunately for humanity, many of the substances required for this sustenance and revival are found within the awakened human pineal. Hence individuals possessing such a gland are natural prey for Renders.

Renders appear as smoky rubbery cloud-like things, ever changing shape. Although their form is normally completely incorporeal, they can manifest up to five corporeal tentacles. Each has razor-sharp bonelike protuberances in two lines along its length. These tentacles attack independently in a round. Once a being has been struck, the tentacle wraps around it inflicting 1D6 damage per round until freed. To escape this hideous entrapment the captive must overcome the creature's STR on the Resistance Table. Alternatively, a tentacle may be severed by inflicting 10 points of damage to it.

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	7+2D6	14
CON	7+2D6	14
SIZ	30+1D20	40-41
INT	2D6	7
POW	1D6	3-4
DEX	4D6	14
Move		10
HP		27 Av.

Av. Damage Bonus +2D6

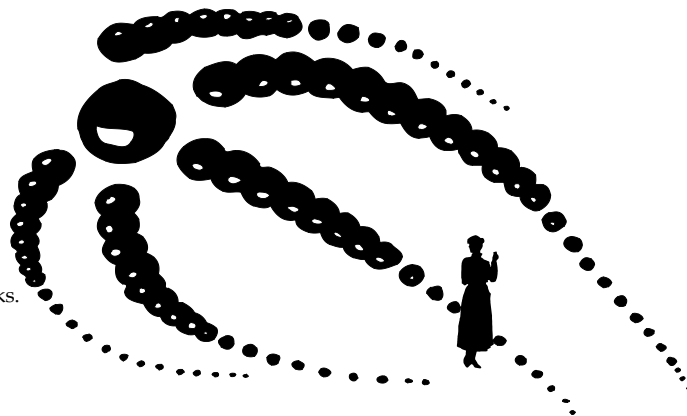
Weapons: Tentacle (x5) 45%, Damage 1D10 + db + target held

Armor: When incorporeal, Renders take no damage from physical attacks.

When corporeal their tentacles have 3 points of armor.

Spells: None

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6



Dissolvers

Another servitor race of the Great Old Ones, Dissolvers exist for similar purposes to Renders. These creatures are, however, significantly more powerful and crave human flesh as much as they hunger for their masters' sustenance. Luckily these beings can only perceive prey that is bathed in the non-electromagnetic radiation emitted by Duncan's lights.

Dissolvers appear as great festering black masses the size of a small house. Strange green-black bubbles float in the oily sheen coating the things. These monstrous creatures can make all or part of their enormous mass corporeal at will. Its single mode of attack is to envelop victims in its mass and attempt to dissolve them in the oily green-black substance that oozes from its pores. Once enveloped most normal matter, including humans, can only withstand two rounds before it is utterly dissolved.

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	35+1D10	40-41
CON	30+1D10	35-36
SIZ	75+1D10	80-81
INT	2D6	7
POW	2D6	7
DEX	2D6	7
Move		8
HP		58 Av.

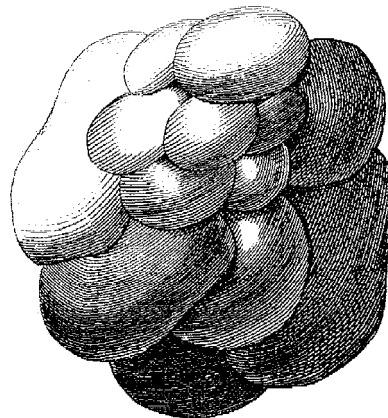
Av. Damage Bonus +7D6

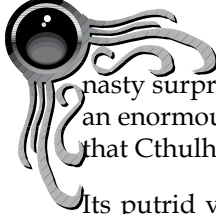
Weapons: Envelop 100%, immediate damage is db. All non-enchanted earthly material dissolved in two rounds.

Armor: Invulnerable to physical attack when incorporeal. Otherwise 3 points. Also, impaling weapons do minimum damage. Regenerates 5hp per round.

Spells: None

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D10





nasty surprise. For the yellow object is not truly a star, but an enormous living entity called Xoth. It is from this 'star' that Cthulhu and his brood descended to Earth aeons ago.

Its putrid visage is horrible, even from millions of miles away. The sickly yellow mass visibly heaves and pulses in rhythms that seem to the viewer vaguely blasphemous and unclean. Xoth shoots long thin tendrils thousands of miles into space, seeming to slowly pull itself along by these extremities. The most horrific aspect of its appearance, however, and the one that drives men mad, is the hideous gaping red maw which occupies a third of the pulsing body of the thing. Sanity loss to view the unclean thing is 1D6/1D20.

Visiting Dr. Hayes

Investigators interested in learning more about the new technology used by the Walnut Street lights will want to pay a visit to Dr. Hamlin Hayes at Miskatonic University. This is easier said than done; with work proceeding on the Arkham Advertiser wireless station atop Kingsport Head, Dr. Hayes spends most of his time out of Arkham. Persistent Investigators who think to organize an appointment to see the electrical engineer, however, ultimately meet with success. He is, after all, a gentleman.

Hayes will initially view the Investigator's intrusion into his busy schedule as an annoyance. However, once they broach the subject of the Walnut Street lights he becomes significantly more interested. The technology embodied in these lamp prototypes, he will tell the Investigators, was designed by a professor at Boston University by the name of Graham Duncan. Duncan has been an academic in the field of illumination engineering for many years, but until now has produced nothing of any real importance. His eagerness in his current endeavor has surprised many, who thought the elderly professor too old to pursue something so ground breaking. His experiments with this new lighting method, all undertaken in a mere 12 months, have been consolidated in an academic paper shortly to appear in a leading journal.

Furthermore, the professor has made a point of presenting the results of his work as seminars at almost all the major seats of higher learning in New England. It was at such a lecture that Hayes first heard about the new technique.

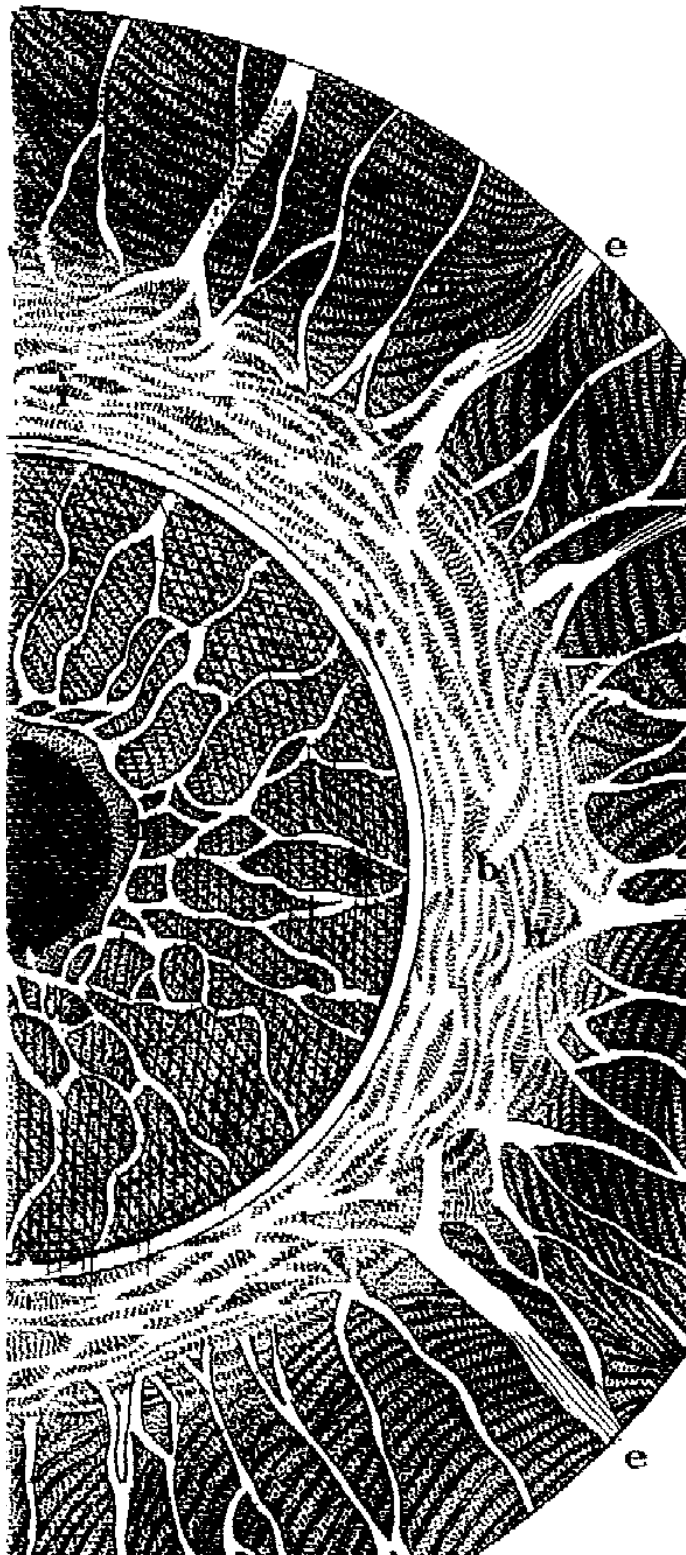
Investigators with some expertise in the field may wish to read Dr. Hayes' pre-publication copy of Duncan's paper. An Electrical Repair roll is necessary just to grasp the general gist of what Duncan is explaining. In essence he describes the construction of a spherical glass lamp with an incandescent filament in the center. This is, of course, nothing new. What is unique about Duncan's design is the phosphorescent coating he applies to the inner surface of the glass sphere. It is this coating that gives the new lamps added luminescence. Hence less energy needs to be consumed by the filament to achieve a particular level of illumination.

Investigators who succeed critically in their Electrical Repair (i.e., roll less than 20% of their skill) and also succeed in an Idea roll note that while the paper is very detailed in most regards, it is very sketchy when describing the composition of the phosphorescent coating. This is essentially the most important aspect of the design yet Duncan seems to deliberately leave its description cursory.

Preventing Further Murders

The direct cause of the Walnut Street Slaying lies in the curious street lamps which cast their unholy radiance across the street. Keepers should bear this in mind when fresh murders are described later in the scenario. If all twelve of the lamps are destroyed, no further slayings will take place.

However, even in the instance that Investigators effectively halt the murders, it is still possible to stage the final awakening scene (outlined in the section entitled "Showdown at the Cave" below). The Keeper needs only provide some new motivation for the sudden actions of Professor Duncan described therein.



Boston

Investigators keen to learn more about Professor Duncan and his invention may consider telephoning or telegraphing him at Boston University. This tactic proves fruitless, however. Any such attempts are met with a curt reply from the Department of Engineering secretary to the effect that Professor Duncan is currently on leave from his position. Under no circumstances will the brusque secretary agree to take a message or provide details on how the Professor can be contacted. Clearly, if the Investigators want to learn more of Duncan and his work, they must do it in person. This occasions a brief visit to Boston.

BU Engineering Department

Boston University's small Department of Engineering is housed in the third storey of Science Hall. Visitors to the department first encounter the departmental secretary who, if anything, is even more ornery in person. The man is short and scrawny with facial features reminiscent of a rodent. As before, this unpleasant man will blatantly refuse to give out any details of Professor Duncan's leave or how the man may be contacted.

However, Investigators who can convince the secretary that their researches are serious, through a Persuade or Fast Talk roll, will be permitted to confer with Duncan's colleagues. The secretary will make it quite plain that he is doing this as a favor to the Investigators, and that they should feel honored.

Investigators granted 'permission' to speak with the academics are directed toward a lunch room down the corridor, from which sounds of an argument can be heard. As the visitors enter the room, they see two middle-aged men, each with a coffee cup in hand, gesticulating wildly at some formulae written on a blackboard along one wall. The two men continue their technical argument apparently oblivious to the presence of the Investigators.

A third, younger man rises from his seat to greet the visitors. The tall and gangly academic wears wire-rimmed spectacles and seems more than a little nervous. He introduces himself as Christopher Langford, a graduate student. Langford halts the argument between the other two men and introduces them. They are Professor Bartholomew Krister, the head of the Engineering Department, and Dr. Andreas Eckermann a lecturer.

Krister is a short stout man who is almost completely bald except for the speckled gray goatee which graces his chin. His face is red and blotchy, a result of his frequent illegal tipping of fine wine. Eckermann is fair-skinned and very Germanic in appearance. His blond hair, blue eyes and good looks have made him a source of some attention among female students on campus.

When queried about the absence of Professor Duncan, Krister says that the absent academic was granted special leave to recover from severe stress. This, he says was induced by a frantic schedule of research. A Psychology Roll learns that this is not the complete story. If pressed,

Krister admits that he actually suggested Duncan take an extended leave of absence after having received several complaints from other members of the faculty.

Over the past few months, Krister explains, the Professor's demeanor had altered dramatically, from sociable to more than slightly paranoid. He refused to let anybody but Langford, the graduate student under his supervision, enter the laboratory in which he was testing his new lamps. He was obsessed with the notion that other members of the faculty were trying to steal his ideas. To the best of Krister's knowledge this wasn't the case.

Eventually Duncan's obsessive behavior became a major source of irritation and Krister was forced to insist his colleague take a rest. When forced to leave, Duncan removed all material from the lab, presumably taking it to his home. This has left his student Langford in a difficult position, since he had intended to base his thesis on experiments performed with Duncan's lights.

If asked, any of the three academics are more than happy to supply the Investigators with Graham Duncan's residential address. If asked about the supply of prototypes to Arkham Edison, Duncan's colleagues know nothing about it. Indeed it is the first news they have heard suggesting the new technique has been applied to any practical purpose.

Duncan's House

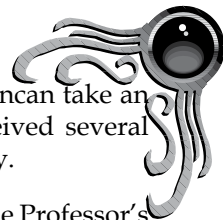
The address the Investigators have for Professor Duncan's house is in a marginally wealthy suburb not far from the University. The house itself, like many in the area, is an immaculately maintained two storey Victorian residence. A pretty yet slightly overrun garden graces the rear of the grounds. Along one side of the property runs a driveway and an empty garage with parking space for a single automobile is also situated in the back yard.

No manner of knocking upon either front or back door elicits a response. Both entries are securely locked with expensive foreign locks, bought during a recent wave of break-ins in the neighborhood. Picking these locks is difficult — would be burglars need to roll below half their Locksmith skill to gain entry. The ground floor windows are securely shut and locked in place. They offer no means of entry short of forcing or breaking them. Such suspicious activity, however, will almost certainly cause Duncan's nosy neighbors to telephone the police. In that instance the local constabulary will arrive within about 15 minutes.

Inside the house all seems in order. Everything is neatly packed away, and there is no sign that anybody has been in the house in the last few days. Two rooms will be of interest to Investigators: the Study and the Basement Workshop. The remaining rooms hold no clues, and are in every way unremarkable.

The Basement Workshop

This place is a mess. Hundreds of shards of broken glass lie strewn amid overturned stools and benches. Nothing remains intact or salvageable. A baseball bat lies against a wall, presumably the instrument used to wreak much of the destruction upon what were once Duncan's proto-





Professor Graham Duncan

Tall and bulky, 66 year old Duncan cuts a figure that is at once physically imposing and pitifully ill-proportioned. Where a decade ago his body was fit and well-toned, recent aging and lifestyle have left him paunchy and out of shape. Several short-lived attempts to regain his former fitness have left Duncan with a variety of muscular injuries. He walks with a slight limp as a result of the newest of these.

The Professor's facial features are fine, but remain for the most part hidden behind the thick horn-rimmed glasses he must wear. His eyes are small and squinted, his small thatch of remaining hair almost white. The broad expanse of his brow is furrowed with an intricate network of lines and wrinkles.

Graham Duncan was born in Edinburgh, Scotland in 1862. Always an intelligent individual, he achieved remarkable academic success first in his schooling and later at the University of Edinburgh. He graduated from the latter institution in 1882 with a degree in Engineering. Following this, he continued his studies in Engineering, in 1887 attaining his doctorate. The research work he reported in his doctoral thesis was generally regarded as full of promise. In 1888 a revised version of the manuscript was published in book form.



After Duncan's impressive entry into academia, the remainder of his career was largely unremarkable. After receiving his doctorate, he took up a lecturing position at the University of Glasgow, performing what little research he could on the side. Following this, he changed positions often, working in universities in England, Germany, Switzerland and Australia. Each change of job was occasioned by an increase in status.

Eventually, in 1921 he accepted a post as professor in Boston University's small department of Engineering. This position allowed him more time to pursue matters of research, an aspect of his career that had scarcely been touched upon since his time at Edinburgh. Realizing that he was rapidly approaching an age where such activities would be curtailed, he dived into his research with some vigor. He was determined to discover something that would immortalize his name, before age claimed him as a victim.

It was this unbridled and desperate ambition that became a kernel for the hideous events of this scenario. For the important 'discovery' he made in 1927 was actually a carefully planned bait laid by an otherworldly force. His eagerness to adopt this invention as his own, and the readiness with which he has spread the dangerous technology, are exactly the characteristics the unearthly entity hoped for.

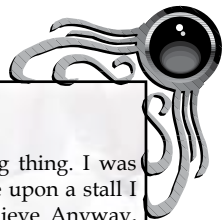
The past months, since the Professor's fateful encounter with the curious bazaar vendor have seen him steadily decline into insanity. Since first his mind awoke to visions of the life existing in and around what man can perceive, he became increasingly more paranoid. At the same time, each new coherent vision served to bolster Duncan's conviction that what he saw was not mere hallucination but a different aspect of the reality we think we know. Even after some cursory experimentation, however, he remained unsure.

When Duncan read the article in the Boston Globe describing Caruso's foul slaying in Arkham, his mind recognized the horrible truth. The weird sights of a world filled with jelly creatures and hideously malign shadows were not just things he had hallucinated. It was some mode of perception his lamps had preternaturally granted him, and similarly granted the poor residents of Arkham.

Part of him felt a deep sense of guilt, another part great fear that someone would discover how he was responsible for this man's death. Amid his confusion an inner voice of reason told him what he must do: go to Arkham and destroy the lamps before others were placed in danger. By the time the Investigators visit his home in Boston, Duncan has already destroyed the lamp prototypes in his workshop and left for Arkham. In Arkham he chooses to lay low, renting a cheap basement flat in a tenement on S French Hill St. under a false name. There, he is almost impossible to find.

Professor Duncan's role in this scenario is a complex one, played mostly in the background. Despite what Investigators may think from first impressions, he is by no means the villain of this piece, rather he is an unwitting victim of forces unknown. In fact, in his own twisted and insane way, Duncan is very much an ally: his motivation is to undo the terrible wrong he has inflicted upon the world, even as the Investigators ultimately wish to achieve this noble end. Unlike the Investigators, however, the Professor is far from resolute in this aim, his unstable mind fluctuating wildly between anxiety, guilt and fear. These powerful emotions leave him at times pathetic and cowardly, and at other times stern and forthright.

Towards the close of this scenario, desperation forces the unpredictable Duncan to desperate measures. Defying his terrible paranoia he chooses to confide his fears in souls he believes work towards a common goal, the Investigators. See "A Note From A Cryptic Ally" below for the barely-coherent form this contact takes. Later again in the scenario, his trust of the Investigators fails due to some hint of evil the insane man perceives in something they say or do (see "Duncan on the Telephone"). This precipitates an eleventh hour turnabout in Duncan's plans – now he must elude the Investigators, agents who aim to foil his grand plan, carrying out his drastic action alone.



type lamps. Many of the shattered pieces of glass are still coated with an off-white powder which feels mildly abrasive to the touch. This is the secret coating which gives the lights their special properties. If characters take samples of this powder and have it analyzed, see the section titled "The Cave" below for details of their findings.

The Study

Duncan's study appears the most heavily used room in the house. Bookcases reaching to the ceiling cover three of the walls, an open roll-top desk and a window cover the fourth. A small wooden stepladder for reaching the top shelves of the bookcases sits in one corner of the room. Atop the desk sits an ornate looking electrical desk lamp, its power lead tastefully concealed from view. Next to the lamp a recent photograph of Professor Duncan stands in a gaudy frame. The place is tidy: besides a stack of a half dozen books on the desk, all volumes are neatly placed in the bookcases.

The books atop the desk are all philosophical treatises on perception; Descartes, Boyle, Locke and Voltaire are each represented in the pile. Investigators thumbing through the worn-looking volumes find a few places where passages have been underlined. Each highlighted passage deals with the nature of man's perceptual faculties, and their interaction with reality.

The three drawers of the professor's desk are locked with the key nowhere to be found in the house. Investigators using their Lockpicking skill (or just brute force) have no difficulty in gaining access to them. For the most part the drawers contain little of interest, mainly supplies of stationery. The bottom draw, however, contains a slim diary. The first entry in the diary bears a date approximately two years ago. The last is dated two months ago, on the day Duncan was asked to take a leave of absence from the University. A description of the diary's contents appears in a nearby box.

Investigators choosing to search through the several bookcases in the study find nothing of interest unless they search the very top shelves. This will occasion the usage of the step ladder, since these books are above eye level for even the tallest. On this shelf sit Duncan's philosophical books.

Scanning the spines of these books and making a Spot Hidden Roll, Investigators will discover that one volume is fake. This book contains a cavity in which is sequestered a small notebook. On the first page of the book is written, in Duncan's hand, "Researches into a Perceptual Power Beyond the Five Known Senses." Below this neatly inscribed title is a date, from approximately six weeks ago.

Only the first three pages of the notebook contain writing, the vast majority of it remains blank. The text of what the professor has written is quite jumbled, but the general gist of his thesis is that somehow he has become possessed of a new sense. He calls this 'higher sight'. This higher sight is not hallucination, not some random trick of the mind. He can, he claims, see a consistent view of an alien world superimposed over his normal vision whenever a strong light source is present. He briefly describes this alien aspect of reality as "full of quivering semi-transparent things that float like a jellyfish about and through everything." He also hints at shadowy creatures which malignantly hover at the edge of his higher vision.

Duncan's Diary

(Dated 12 months ago) "Today I saw the most amazing thing. I was walking through the Bazaar near campus when I came upon a stall I had never seen there before. Some new trinket shop I believe. Anyway, I was just about ready to walk straight past the place when I spied some curious desk lamps the foreign gentleman was selling. I'm still not sure how to describe the qualities of this light, even though I can see the desk lamp I bought from him as I write. There's some kind of opalescence about it which I've never seen from any electric light. Also its brightness and strength are better than anything I've seen running on domestic voltage! I took the lamp down to the workroom and did some experimenting with it. God! Even with half the normal voltage its light is as clear and illuminating as a normal desk lamp. How could that be? I must seek out the foreign gentleman who sold it to me and find out more."

(The next day) "The dark skinned foreigner claims he makes the lamps himself! He says he takes normal electric lights and coats them with some 'secret' powder he alone knows of and they take on the properties I observed. Sounds like a bunch of mumbo-jumbo to me. How could some powder coating improve the efficiency of the lamp? I challenged the shopkeep to show me this highly improbable process in action so I could judge the veracity of his claim. Amazingly enough, he agreed: the day after tomorrow he's going to show me not only how the lamps are made, but also his source of this 'miracle' ingredient. I am, of course, highly skeptical. We shall see ..."

(Two days later) "It's true! Incredible, but true! Everything that weird, dark-skinned man said was right. I saw it with my own eyes -- he took a cheap common desk lamp of the kind one might buy anywhere, added the weirdly textured grayish powder and ... presto ... the light from the thing was at least twice as bright as it originally was, and considerably more opalescent. My scientific mind is at a loss to explain it, but it recognizes how important this phenomenon could be! And it could be I that introduce it to the academic world! But I skip ahead of myself ... after the demonstration I was more than eager to take the man up on his offer to see the place he knew where this amazing powder could be found. He told me the place was a cave in a hill not far from Arkham. I drove, he directed ... I could tell some of the directions he was giving were designed to make it difficult for me to later replicate the trip, but I think I managed to keep my head straight enough to keep track of where we went. I shall set down ..."

The next page has been torn from the diary.

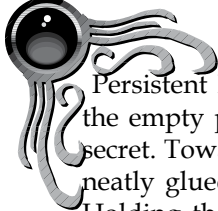
The next few months worth of entries are very short. The entries from just after the professor's "discovery" talk briefly about research he was carrying out at the University. He mentions a paper he had written and sent to a number of academic journals. Later entries talk about the trips he undertook to give presentations of his work at a dozen New England Universities. After these trips, his entries take on a considerably more paranoid tone.

(Dated 6 months ago) "He's out to steal my ideas, I know it. That wretched German! Anyway, it's too late ... my paper will be published soon, and nobody will be able to deny it was I who revolutionized the face of Engineering! I received a letter today from Arkham Edison -- they want to trial my lamps for street lighting. They want 12, ready within four months. Methinks I will be busy, but I know I can do it! But the scum at the Uni who want to steal my glory mustn't know about this. I can do all the work in my workshop, with plenty of time to spare!"

Three months of sporadic entries follow, usually single lines to the effect that work was proceeding well. Starting about three months ago, several references to "hallucinations" appear in the journal. A month later the diary suddenly stops. The last entry reads as follows.

(Dated 2 months ago) "Krister thinks I need a rest does he? Ha! Let him think what he wants. This temporary leave of absence should mean I can finish off the lamps for Arkham Edison within the week. And at least with all my equipment here at home, I KNOW nobody is using it at nights. Let's see Eckermann steal my work now!"

[NB: The "Player Handout" section at the end of this book contains handwritten pages for each of the diary entries above, as well as for the "missing" page (which Investigators may discover in its hiding place).



Persistent Investigators who choose to scan through all the empty pages of the notebook will discover a further secret. Toward the back of the book two pages have been neatly glued together about the edges to form a pocket. Holding the pages up to the light reveals that a folded piece of paper is hidden within this pocket. The only means of removing this sheet is by tearing the pages of the book. Investigators doing this discover that the folded paper is the missing page from Duncan's diary. It contains the professor's makeshift map describing the location of the cave to which the shopkeeper guided him. The map is very crude showing Arkham, many minor back-roads, a country town called Sudbury, a deserted village and a hill. [See the "Player Handout" section for a copy of this hand-drawn map.]

The Bazaar

Investigators intent upon visiting the stall in the bazaar where Professor Duncan first discovered the weird lamps are in for a disappointment. Neither the trinket stall described in the diary, nor the dark skinned vendor are anywhere to be found. Talking to other shopkeepers in the area reveals that they are a dim memory in most people's minds, having suddenly moved on almost a year ago. Nobody admits to having known or socialized with the foreign shop-owner. Indeed, nobody can even say that they knew his name.

However, one bazaar vendor by the name of Shepley Herber, a seller of second hand books, claims to know something of the dark skinned man. If the Investigators question him (and incidentally agree to buy a book or two), red-headed and fast-talking Herber will relate the following tale.

"Yes, I remember the man you're asking about. Dark skinned man he was .. like an Arab only his features were finer. And do you know why I remember him so vividly? Eh? It was because every time I cast eyes upon him .. and that were quite often since his stall was just across there ... every time I saw him I was convinced that he were someone I'd seen years and years ago. Course I didn't think much about it at the time ... but later, not long after he just up and left one night, I were thinking about him .. and all of a sudden it hit me! That man looked EXACTLY like someone I seen when I was a child, over fifty years ago. And he looked exactly the same.

"I remember, it was when I was staying with my uncle away upstate near Arkham on holiday one Spring in the late seventies. My uncle lived in a tiny farming town called Crawford's Rise. Anyhow, this particular Spring a travel-

Who is this Dark Man?

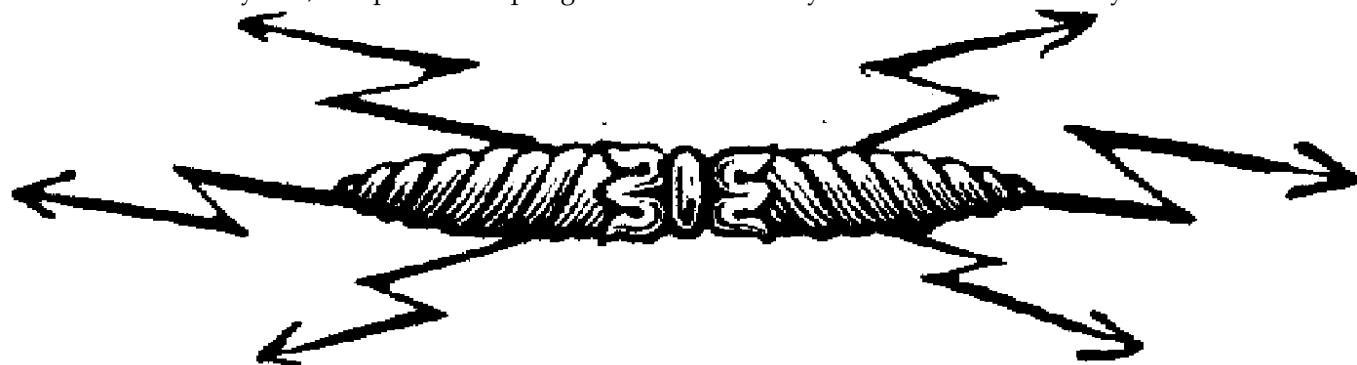
The dark skinned shopkeeper who started the chain of events that lead up to this scenario, is not encountered as part of the scenario. By the time the Investigators are interested in seeking him out, he is well and truly gone without any hint remaining of how to find him. Thus, no matter how inventive the Investigators are, they will never solve the mystery of just who this man truly is. Keepers, however, may be curious to know just what earthly or unearthly force set this whole complex sequence of events in motion. Two obvious possibilities are given below. The imaginative Keeper can doubtlessly think of many more.

1. The Dark Man is Nyarlathotep. Tricking humans into bringing the race one step closer to extinction seems a favorite ploy of Nyarlathotep, though no one knows what manner of amusement he derives from it.
2. The Dark Man is an immortal sorcerer intent on bringing about the expedient revival of the Great Old Ones. Keepers who prefer a less overt Mythos presence in their campaign may feel more comfortable if the progenitor of the intricate scheme to awaken a lesser Old One, is a human. The sorcerer needs to possess unnatural longevity, however, unless the Keeper has another explanation for how the dark man can appear unaged after fifty years.

ing salesman rolled into town. Now there were nothing unusual about that, but it were the man himself what were unusual; he was the spitting image of the dark skinned man you're asking me about today.

"Course he suffered a fair bit of abuse on account of his color, but the man never said a word, just got on with the business of selling his wares. I remember he had a batch of the prettiest lanterns you ever did see. All ornately inlaid with gold and silver ... and the light these lanterns gave off was the softest light I've ever seen. Anyway I recall these were right popular with the townsfolk who begrudgingly set aside their dislike of the man's color and bought them to the very last one. And then as suddenly as the man had arrived, he left."

If the shopkeeper is questioned further about Crawford's Rise or his uncle's farm, he will tell the Investigators that "the Rise" lay about seven miles west of Arkham in a valley between a couple of rolling grassy hills. He remembers it as an idyllic place. Oddly enough a matter of months after his lengthy holiday stay, his uncle decided to sell the property and move his family back to Boston. The book-seller says he never found out why.





Arkham Happenings

Three days after the slaying of Georgio Caruso on Walnut Street, possibly while the Investigators are in Boston, strange happenings return to the street. The events of this evening make front page news in both Arkham and Boston the next morning.

Bizarre Night on Walnut Street

Lurid headlines scream from the front page of the newspaper proclaiming another murder in Arkham's "sleepy Southside." Again the murder has taken place in Walnut Street. The facts of the case, as reported in the large and sensational articles beneath the headlines, are more involved than before.

The victim, Polish immigrant Chris Przedworski, was found murdered in his own home on Walnut Street. Police were initially alerted by neighbors who heard wild almost bestial shrieks coming from the small house. On arriving at the scene the source of this clamor was found to be Przedworski's brother Wojtek. By his hideous wailing it was evident the man was out of his mind. Beside him, on the floor of the small sitting room lay the dead Przedworski, hideously dismembered and mutilated. Although details haven't been made available to the public, the mutilations inflicted upon the Pole are believed to be very similar to those carried out upon the body of Georgio Caruso.

Police escorted the brother to the Arkham Sanitarium, and questioned the residents of nearby houses. Their enquiries unearthed several interesting leads. Firstly, a number of neighbors reported having heard the sound of a gun being fired shortly before the screams of Wojtek disturbed the silence of the street. Secondly, witnesses claim to have seen a man wandering in the street about the time Przedworski must have died. One witness is adamant that the figure was pulp author and local resident Herbert Wade Slocum. When police called to visit Slocum at his home he was nowhere to be found.

The newspaper articles go on to admonish local residents to be careful when traveling the streets at night. To this is appended the typical reassurance from the Arkham Police Department that Southsiders have nothing to fear, and that the perpetrator of these gruesome crimes would very soon be brought to justice.

The Scene of the Crime

Investigators visiting Walnut Street in the aftermath of these horrific events find the general mood of the place very brooding. Everybody goes about their business with a scowl on their face, and nobody is much interested in talking to strangers. Where once happy children played cheerily in the street, the place is now devoid of youngsters, no parent allowing their children out to play. From the door of the nearby Simpson Apartments a stony-faced Mrs. Cilauro angrily shoos a tortoise shell cat out into the street.

Searching the street itself yields two clues. Investigators specifically checking the street lights, or other searchers who succeed in a Spot Hidden Roll will notice that one of the twelve lamps is broken. A small pile of broken glass lies

beneath the lamp post. Sharp eyed Investigators searching the ground near the broken lamp (and succeeding in a Spot Hidden) unearth a spent bullet casing from a pistol.

The house in which the deceased Mr. Przedworski and his brother lived is locked up and empty. The police have already performed the unenviable task of removing the decapitated corpse and cleaning up. Investigators interested in poking about in this house must either be willing to obtain the keys to the house from the police or break in.

In any event, searching the house reveals very little. The place is spartan, but quite neatly kept. From the stains on the carpets it is possible to determine that the murder took place in the front room of the house, a mere ten feet from the street. This room is bare aside from an old piano and a single overstuffed chair. The large threadbare carpet is crisscrossed with many long, narrow wheel tracks, possibly from a heavy wheelchair. If any Investigator opens the curtain facing the street, they notice that a street lamp lies directly across the street from the Przedworski house.

Witnesses and Curious Tales

Although the residents of Walnut Street are dispirited and untalkative, persistent Investigators can find locals with interesting stories to tell. It may take some form of persuasion to convince these witnesses to divulge what they saw.

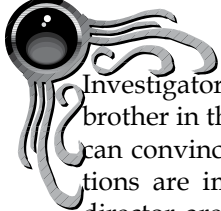
One witness claims to have seen a man on the street just prior to the time that the screaming began. The witness says that the main reason he was noticeable was that he seemed to be avoiding the brightly lit portions of the road, lurking for the most part in shadows. Because of this, it wasn't possible to see the man's face. The witness was, however, able to determine that the man wore a long coat of some dark color.

If Investigators are thorough in their door-knocking of the district they will eventually discover two or three other residents who can verify this story.

A second witness, Ruth Macintosh, makes more unusual claims. Between hay-fever-induced sneezing fits this woman relates what she saw. About an hour before she first heard the sounds of Wojtek's wailing, she saw the author Slocum wandering the streets. This was, she says, not unusual for him, he apparently preferred to stroll the streets after dark. He seemed somehow distracted, although the woman thought nothing of it at the time. As the witness was watching Slocum, she saw a huge dark shadow fall across him. His face twisted in fear as the darkness enveloped him. For a moment there was a blot of impenetrable almost tangible blackness there on the street. Then it lifted, fading into nothingness, but where the author had been was just empty street. He had disappeared.

No matter how many other people the Investigators talk to, they can find nobody to corroborate this story. If they talk of the woman and her tale to other locals they scoff and say "she reads too much of that pulp fiction."

Many other of the local residents the Investigators interview express horror at the sudden and brutal death of Chris Przedworski, who everyone holds to have been a good man. They further wonder who will now look after Chris' younger, blind and crippled brother.



Investigators who think to visit the surviving Przedworski brother in the sanitarium are allowed to do so only if they can convince the sanitarium director that their investigations are important. Those successfully Persuading the director are admitted to the cell where Wojtek now lies slumped in his wheelchair in a catatonic state. Without a successful Psychoanalysis roll, the man makes no response to Investigator questions.

Succeeding in such a roll brings Wojtek to a temporary state of lucidity. In this state he gazes blindly around the ward and waves his arms in distress as he verbally relives the dismemberment of his brother. "Look out! Chris ... Lookout! Behind you ... what is that smoke thing I see? See? What do I mean see? I never see anything in my life. But yes, I can see it .. a ... thing ... behind you, Chris! Behind you! My God! Run Chris! Run! The thing has sharp things ... it will attack you. No! Leave me ... save yourself! Run!" Wojtek then falls into a state of hysteria, his screams eventually bringing sanitarium staff.

Investigators who ignore the nurses' forceful suggestion that they leave, and instead attempt a second Psychoanalysis roll manage to get another few half-shouted sentences from the man. "Leave him! Leave him I say! What want you with him ... already you've killed him ... leave him in peace. No! The rubber beast stole a part of his head. Why? Why!" After this he descends into a far worse state of hysteria than before. Investigators should feel guilty that they have caused a worsening of this man's condition. Sanitarium staff will certainly not be too warm toward them in future.

Checking with the medical records transferred to the sanitarium by Wojtek's doctor, or asking around Walnut Street confirms that he has been blind from birth.

What Really Happened?

Several distinct happenings combined to create the confusing events reported last night. Firstly, the author Herbert Wade Slocum, a regular late night stroller, had his evening walk interrupted when spontaneously his latent pineal sense awoke. For a short time he gazed about taking in the weird and wonderful vistas he perceived. His wonderment ceased abruptly however when, from out of this curious scene emerged a huge dark mass that sought to envelop him. Despite a slight struggle, the thing easily managed to enclose the author in its bulk and dissolve him, keeping his precious pineal gland as a trophy.

Later in the evening, a second figure wandered the street. Professor Duncan had finally resolved to destroy his creation to prevent further suffering. He deliberately chose to slink about in the shadows to avoid locals catching sight of him. His vision swam again with the strange sights that had already driven him half insane, but he forced himself on. No sooner had he destroyed one lamp with a well-aimed bullet, than the evil rubbery things he feared more than anything began to close in on him. He fled in terror from the street.

Almost simultaneously, the unfortunate Przedworski brothers both experienced their first glimpse of paranormal vistas. For Wojtek it was the only sight he had ever experienced. The same things that the Professor's pineal attracted now hungered after those others it could sense

nearby. It took only a short time for the Render to decapitate and dismember Chris Przedworski, stealing his third eye to bring to its master.

A Note From A Cryptic Ally

As the Investigators swarm around Walnut street trying desperately to piece together the horrors that seems to have rained here uninvited, they are themselves being scrutinized. From a number of vantage points — in a high apartment window, behind a newspaper read on an anonymous bench, under a rickety fire-escape — a lone, unremarkable figure watches them undetected. This shabby, ultra-cautious man is none other than the elusive Professor, Graham Duncan. He watches the Investigators with a keen interest: wondering all the while whether these inquisitive people are working for or against him.

Assuming the Investigators do nothing untoward during their investigations, the good Professor will eventually come to the reluctant conclusion that these strangers are indeed allies. As such, the unstable man attempts to make contact.

Later in the day following the second happening at Walnut Street, one of the Investigators has a strange letter arrive at their home (or hotel). It bears no stamp, apparently having been hand-delivered, although neither the Investigator nor any servants recalls having seen or heard signs of a delivery. Inside the coarse envelope is a single sheet of crumpled paper; the confusing message it bears is reproduced nearby. A hand-written version of this letter is provided in the "Player Handout" section at the back of this book.

The Letter From Duncan

From the Darkness, you follow the same Path. Can it be. Can it be. Or have I been tricked again, I wonder. But oh, how could I resist so great a light -- a different light, a light of my invention. Now I live forever in its hell.

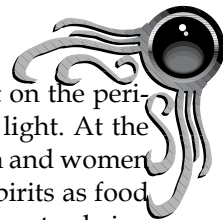
But I digress, I ask for no forgiveness for mine own weakness. Each man has his Grand Failure on the spiral path downwards, I suppose. All that I wish is the chance to fix what I have been tricked into inflicting upon those innocents. Walnut Street, you suffer so. Can I help you?

I write to you because I think that perchance we both desire the same thing. That is the cessation of that influence which I have brought here. I have a plan -- the mountain must fall, and perhaps you can aid me. I will contact you again soon to instruct you further.

In the meantime, I am yours in the cult of one

Lucifer.

PS: watch carefully around you. There are agents working for them everywhere. Destroy this note once you have read it and tell no-one of the secrets I have entrusted you.



Crawford's Rise

Just seven miles west of Arkham, beneath the shadow of the hill locals term "Eye Bone Hill," lays the now-deserted farming town of Crawford's Rise. Half a century ago this tiny settlement thrived, its forty-strong population all making a good living off the land. The sudden abandonment of The Rise in the year 1880 is a mystery which persists to this day. In the course of this scenario its solution may be unearthed.

Library Researches

Investigators discovering either Professor Duncan's crude map or the tale of Shepley Herber will most likely be interested in learning more about the region west of Arkham. Investigations in Miskatonic University's library can reveal some of the more mysterious aspects of this region.

Attempts to find the village of Crawford's Rise on any recent map of the region will meet with failure. Older regional maps drafted prior to 1880 clearly show its location, however. Such maps show The Rise to lie approximately two miles east of the larger town of Sudbury. The terrain of this country is shown to be gently rolling hills and meandering rivers. The "Player Handout" section at the end of this book includes one such map, which the Investigators may track down in the Essex County Atlas of 1872.

Investigators searching the Miskatonic University Library's extensive folklore collection for bizarre happenings in the region are rewarded. A half dozen or so books mention what is usually termed the "Sudbury Disappearance." The most comprehensive treatment is offered in the thick volume "Mysteries of Essex County" in which the following quotation opens the chapter on mysterious disappearances.

"Perhaps the most startling tale of disappearance in Essex County is that of the so-called 'Sudbury Disappearance'. This tale concerns itself with the small farming community of Crawford's Rise, not far from Sudbury. The strange events that transpired in this rustic farming village in the Spring of 1880 are for the most part recorded only in the memories of Sudbury locals.

"Many tales and wild speculation have arisen, but all stories agree on one fact — that one night in April 1880 the entire population of Crawford's Rise disappeared. Visitors to the village next morning were greeted with empty houses, empty shops, and an empty town common.

"No sign of any of the forty or so residents of Crawford's Rise were ever unearthed. Their earthly possession all still lay in empty houses, arranged as they would have been had their owners still been there to use them. Nothing was found missing or disturbed. To this day, nobody has been able to give an explanation of just what happened to the community of Crawford's Rise that fateful night."

Additional tales of unusual goings on in the area about Crawford's Rise may be found in a few volumes concerning themselves with the legends of local Indian tribes. The scholarly "Mythology and Religion of Massachusetts Indians" (1912) reports the existence of a small (and rapidly dwindling) tribe in the Sudbury region who held a number of singular beliefs.

The folklore of this tribe placed great weight on the periodic awakening of certain unclean spirits of light. At the times of such awakenings, they believed, men and women would begin to go missing — taken by the spirits as food for some greater entity. In time, once this greater being had consumed enough, he would wake from his great slumber and threaten the tribe. It was only through the ritual chants handed down from the elders, and practiced each year, that the tribe could be saved.

The author comments that he had witnessed the ritual in question and found it to be unlike any religious observance he had witnessed in any other Massachusetts tribe. He goes on to mention that the chant that forms the major part of this ceremony is made up entirely of nonsensical words or sounds. He cites the word-sounds "M'bukthoo" and "Aybon" as examples of this curious linguistic phenomenon. In a footnote he mentions that the latter of these words was the only part of the chant for which the tribe knew any meaning — Aybon was remembered as a great savior of the tribe from many generations past.

Clever Investigators may recognize the name Aybon as a corruption of the name of the Hyperborean Mythos commentator Eibon (generous Keepers might allow a halved Cthulhu Mythos roll, others might leave the players to make the connection themselves). Such insight provides a means of learning more about the Indian chant. For the chant handed down by the Indian tribe was originally taught to them by the descendants of the Hyperborean colonists who chose Arkham Country as their home. Through scanning the infamous Liber Ivonis in either its Latin or French translation, the appropriate incantation may be discovered:

*M'buchthu yltol th'nalek-Xoth
Eibon p'gothoth N'kai chgollng ftagn*

The book identifies this as "A Chant Whereby The Powerful May Steal Sight From The Weak" and notes that the spell (described in a nearby box) can only be cast at night, when the "Mercifully Unseen One" rises above the horizon.

Since this spell forms the most effective way of succeeding at this scenario, Keepers should allow Investigators the opportunity of learning it in shorter time than the Call of Cthulhu rules would ordinarily allow. One way of handling this situation is to allow a normal spell learning roll after 40-INT hours intensive study of either Liber Ivonis or Jamison's Notebook (see below). The multiplier used for this roll depends on which volume is studied and whether the remainder of the book has already been studied as per the normal rules.

If an Investigator has previously completed a reading of Liber Ivonis, he or she should receive the book's normal multiplier for the roll. If, however, this volume has not been absorbed, the multiplier should be x2 for Jamison's notes and x1 for Eibon's book. Only one Investigator should be permitted to study a single volume at a time.

Once learned, the Investigator may teach the chant to as many others as desired. Learning under these conditions takes 30 minus the INT of the student in minutes. Furthermore the student must succeed in an INTx5 roll.



Steal Perception

Aeons before human civilization graced the planet, the great Hyperborean sorcerer Eibon crafted many powerful magicks. This spell is one such incantation. Its principal effect is to temporarily steal the perception of another person or being. That is, for the duration of the spell the target has no input from any of its usual senses, those sensory impulses it would normally receive are re-directed to the caster.

The ritual chant which causes this state of perceptual theft can be participated in by as many chanters as desired, although only one person actually casts the spell. Once the chant has been performed continuously for a full hour, a fine net of translucent energy becomes visible. The size of the net is determined by the number and power of the casters. The maximum SIZ of being which the net can fully enshroud is equal to twice the caster's POW plus 4 for each non-casting chanter. The caster can move this net of magical energy at will provided it remains within 15 feet of the caster; as long as the chanting continues it will remain in existence.

If the net is guided in such a way as to entirely encapsulate a being, the spell-caster may attempt to steal the perceptions of that creature. Note that a being need not be a physical manifestation, but could, for example, be a non-corporeal creature. To attempt to steal the perceptions of an enshrouded creature, the caster must match his or her POW against the target's POW on the resistance table. For every non-casting chanter the caster may add 5 points to his or her effective POW for the purposes of this roll.

Failing the roll causes the web to immediately dissipate. The entire chanting ritual must be repeated to bring it into existence again.

Immediate effects of successful theft of a being's perceptions are as follows: the caster temporarily loses all his or her own perceptual capabilities and gains those of the target. The immediate sanity loss for this sudden contact with the mind of another being is 1D4. If the creature's perceptual faculties are grossly alien to those of the caster, the sense input the caster receives may cause additional sanity loss. In the most extreme case (e.g., when the caster is receiving sense data from an utterly alien being such as a Great Old One), this could be as much as a further 1D8 SAN.

The state of stolen perceptions lasts as long as the caster wishes, assuming the chant is being kept up. However, for each hour the target creature's perceptions remain the caster's, the target gets another POW versus POW roll with the same modifiers. If it succeeds, the spell is broken and the web dissipated.

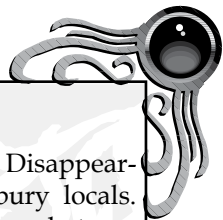
The spell costs the caster 12 magic points; each non-caster loses 5 magic points. It may only be cast at nights when the hideous invisible star of Xoth is above the horizon. This is because, like many spells designed by Eibon, the incantation draws power from the "Evil Star Beyond Sight." At the time of this scenario, this means that no successful casting may commence before 11pm.

Rustic Folktales

Investigators questioning residents of Sudbury find them more than eager to discuss the 'Disappearance'. Although the happenings in question occurred almost a half century ago, they remain vivid in the memories of old-timers, and still an occasional topic of conversation.

While the tales spun by the residents of Sudbury agree in all factual details with the version presented in "Mysteries of Essex County," they are significantly embellished with speculation and superstition. Most of the townsfolk questioned about the events of 1880, piously believe the folk of Crawford's Rise were taken by the Devil to become his servants. In support of this, the rustics point to the 'Devil Lanterns' that the folk of The Rise used regularly in the time just before they suddenly departed. They further point to the way their neighbors in Crawford's Rise changed completely in personality after using these evil lamps. Where once the farmers were cheery and amiable, they became irritable and suspicious, wanting nothing to do with the good folk of Sudbury.





If the Investigators are particularly thorough in their pursuit of rustic folktales surrounding the Sudbury Disappearance, they will eventually be directed to speak to “Old Jed.” Septuagenarian Jed Ashcroft is the local apiarist. Visiting his farm just north of Sudbury and interrupting him from his bee-keeping rounds, interested strangers can hear a different version of the ‘Disappearance’ tale. Sitting on the farm’s ample porch, chewing on some honeycomb with his blackened teeth, Old Jed seems to almost fall into a trance as he tells his story.

“You know, back when the events you’re a-asking me about were taking place, I was just a young man. Twenty-three I was. I had a brother then, a younger brother by the name of Jeremiah. A fiery boy was Jeremiah, always disobeying our Pa’s orders and doin’ what he wanted. Anyhow, just a month or so before the Disappearance, Jeremiah went and fell in love with one of the Rise girls; Rose Macintosh she was called.

“O’course Pa told him he didn’t want no son of his having aught to do with them folk after they’d suddenly turned queer. But Jeremiah didn’t take Pa’s pronouncement to heart, and often after everyone was asleep he would sneak out of the farmhouse and go and visit his Rose.

“Well, as it happened, this is just what Jeremiah was doing on the night of the Disappearance, ‘cept this time when he got to Rose’s window, he found she was nowhere to be seen. So he poked around the house awhile, but there was nobody to be found. The place was completely empty. It was then he noticed the weird greenish light coming from the town common. This light was part familiar to him: it reminded him of the Devil Lanterns he’d seen other residents of The Rise carry.

“I guess the lure of curiosity for this weird light got the better of his sensibilities, or maybe he was just searching for his Rose. Whatever the reason, Jeremiah walked to the village common and saw ... well I’m not perfectly sure what.

“Pa and I were woken in the slim hours of the mornin’ by the sound of him scrabbling to get in through the door. All desperate like he sounded. Pa was about ready to show him the rough side of his belt, but when we opened the door and saw the terror in his eyes ... well we sat him down and he shook and he mumbled things we could barely make out.

“Anyway after a few hours of us consoling Jeremiah, he began to gain his senses again and he spun us the tale I jus’ told you. When he came to tell about what he saw in the common, his voice faltered a lot, and his words came out in a big jumble. From what I could work out it seemed that the light he had seen came from a huge bonfire that someone had lit in the common, only it weren’t no ordinary bonfire. All around the place he saw broken glass lanterns — Devil Lanterns. Someone had thrown them all into the fire, and somehow that had make the flames look queer.

“He could see dozens of people standing around the fire, maybe the entire population of the place. A few of them were chanting something ... my brother couldn’t tell what, but he noticed one man, ol’ Edgar Jamison, was leading them. But before Jeremiah could scan the crowd for his Rose, or learn more about what was transpirin’, somethin else happened.

“It’s when telling this part of the tale that poor Jeremiah just broke down in tears and screams, and refused to tell us any more. We made him breakfast and comforted him awhile more, but he still would not talk about whatever it was he saw, ‘cept to say the one thing over and over “Twer the mountain that ate them.”

“I never did find out what my brother meant by those words. He’s dead now ... not many days after he saw what he saw, he took a shotgun out to do some hunting. Well that’s what he said, but ... well I know he meant to use that shotgun on himself. Tweren’t no accident.”

Sudbury Locals

While pursuing the story of the ‘Sudbury Disappearance’, Investigators will meet several Sudbury locals. The keeper may use the characters below for whatever purpose desired. Only one, Jed Ashcroft, has a specific role to play.

Henry Kastelan

Short, balding and ruddy faced, Henry Kastelan cuts a ridiculous figure as Mayor of Sudbury. Most locals regard him as harmless, and are happy to have him continue in the post he gained by default, as long as he does nothing radical. Adding further to Kastelan’s whimsical appearance is the sad attempt at a moustache that graces his face and the old and outdated suits he insists upon wearing.

When talking with Investigators, the Mayor will try to project an air of authority but will most likely come across as self-important. The entire time he will clumsily fumble with his gold-plated fountain pen, dropping it several times.

Additionally, if the conversation takes place in a public place, Kastelan will constantly be peering over his shoulder looking for eavesdroppers. His paranoia in this regard stems from the fact that several rumors have circulated town which could only have started from “malicious overhearing” of his conversations.

Thomas Carey

Middle aged and paunchy, Thomas Carey owns and runs the town’s General Store. Carey’s wife Violet works alongside him, and the two bicker constantly. Most of the time Carey exudes an aura of tired resignation, an outlook of futility and fatalism. However, once away from his wife, the man seems to become a different person. His worn features take on an unexpected vigor, and a sparkle creeps into his eye.

Carey is particularly superstitious and will be firm in his condemnation of the foul nature of the former residents of Crawford’s Rise. Of course, he himself was not even born at the time of the disappearance, but has constructed his strong feelings from the stories his father told him as a boy. Therefore, his views aren’t particularly objective or useful.

Violet Carey

Garrulous and vain, Violet is perhaps an unlikely wife for Thomas. She likes to think of herself as a glamour idol, daydreaming that she is Lillian Gish or Clara Bow. This attitude grates constantly on her husbands down-to-earth sensibilities, and is the source of many a domestic argument. Violet likes to ensure that such altercations occur in public.

Getting Violet to talk will not be a problem the Investigators suffer. Getting her to stop, however, may be. Her favorite pastime is trading tidbits of gossip, particularly about scandalous secrets of respected Sudbury residents. Many such morsels of information come from ‘accidentally’ overhearing conversations while working on the town switchboard located in the store.



Jed Ashcroft

At 71, Jed Ashcroft is the oldest resident of Sudbury and one of the few whose knowledge of the events of 1880 is first-hand. In appearance, Jed is tall, lanky and quite fit for a man his age. He lives alone on a farm just outside town, still plying the family trade of bee-keeping. His skin is leathery from long years of exposure to the sun. His teeth are blackened and uneven from a lifetime of chewing honeycomb.



Jed's outlook on the world is insular; he has lived alone on the farm for more than three decades, and has never longed for company. He finds his frequent visits to Sudbury to be unpleasantly claustrophobic, with too many people in too small a space. The few times he visited Arkham were like nightmares. He has never been further afield. Most people regard Jed as a hermit, an epithet he does nothing to deny.

Visiting the Ghost Town

Most of the buildings in the long-abandoned farming village of Crawford's Rise still stand, although all items of value have long since been taken. Investigators are free to roam about this ghost town for as long as they wish, but there is little of interest to unearth. Most of the houses and shops remaining are humble one storey structures, severely aged by their exposure to the elements.

One somewhat more grand dwelling can be found: a large Gothic country house with discolored walls. This was the home of a semi-retired Arkham Professor of Anthropology by the name of Edgar Jamison. Jamison held a strong scholarly interest in the unusual indigenous tribe that once lived near The Rise. He retired here in the 1850's to continue his study of them at a more leisurely pace.

The notebooks outlining his research remain in the study of the house, evidently passed over by looters as worthless. Reading Jamison's notes takes the Investigators several hours, but in that time they learn a number of things. Firstly the notes cover the lifestyle and religious beliefs of the tribe in minuscule detail. Assimilating this multitude of observations is simple (an INTx5 roll should suffice), and provides the reader with all the facts described in the "Mythology and Religion of Massachusetts Indians" volume.

The notebook also contains an extensive record of the rituals of the Indians, including a full version of the chant found in the Liber Ivonis. The brief annotation outlining the purpose of the chant is also included.

Finally, the back of the last notebook contains some sketchy notes on the events leading up to the Sudbury Disappearance that may prove valuable to Investigators. It was not long after the departure of the dark-skinned merchant, relate the notes, that locals began to go missing. At first the folk of The Rise treated these nocturnal disappearances as isolated accidents or secretly motivated departures. As time wore on, the frequency of these strange vanishings increased, and the consternation of the villagers increased.

It was not until a dozen or more townsfolk had gone missing that Jamison realized the parallels between these happenings and the Indian tales of abduction by the light spirits. He surmised that somehow the presence of the weird lamps had awoken these spirits. In his last entry in the book, he resolves to convince the townsfolk the lanterns are evil and that they must be destroyed.

Besides the Jamison house, the only other place of interest in Crawford's Rise is the town common. Although the site of the great bonfire Jed describes is now long overgrown with spindly and unhealthy-looking grass, it is still possible to see the ring of blackened stones which contained the fire. Furthermore, closer investigations reveal that the earth within the circle is covered with a grainy blackish ash. Analyzing this substance reveals it to be essentially identical to the phosphorescent lamp coating (see below).

The Cave

Investigators eager to explore the cave from which Professor Duncan fetched his phosphorescent powder find it easy to locate.

The hill noted on Duncan's crude map lies less than a mile north-west of Crawford's Rise. The weirdly hemispherical bulk of this hill, named Eye Bone Hill by locals, overshadows the ghost town casting an even more sinister air upon the place.

Halfway up the northern side of Eye Bone Hill, amid some rather unstable rocky outcroppings, lies a partly obscured entrance. Beyond, a narrow tunnel descends at a shallow gradient. After approximately twenty feet, this tunnel opens out into a huge cavern.

Almost no sunlight graces the cave, requiring Investigators to use their own illumination. When light of any sort strikes the uneven walls of the cavern they begin to glow with a soft light. This light has all the qualities of Duncan's street lamps. Examining the walls up close reveals them to be caked with the same powder used in the Professor's constructions. Tons of the curious whitish powder are present, all of it producing pineal awakening radiation once light has touched it.

The number of "exposure points" accumulated by remaining in the presence of this unholy fluorescence is five times as much as from one of Duncan's lamps.

The landscape that an Investigator perceives to exist in the large central region of the cavern depends on whether he or she is possessed of an active pineal gland. In the case that a cave explorer's third eye has not been awakened, the cave will appear empty aside from the abundant fluorescent powder.

Such Investigators who move into the central region of the cave begin to feel cold and slimy surfaces blocking their progress. These surfaces are totally invisible, yet are clearly physically present. Investigators who navigate their way around these unseen pillars soon find themselves at the base of an equally invisible flight of ascending stairs. These steps are treacherous because of their slimy texture, but any explorer ascending slowly enough is in no danger.



After a dozen or so steps, the stairs end, apparently at a platform of some sort. Investigators brave enough to explore this invisible plateau of slimy rock, soon find themselves brushing against some form of unseen hair or fur. The hair seems coarse and warm to the touch. Any further progress toward the center of the cave is barred by a huge and uneven wall of this hairy texture.

Investigators exploring this invisible landscape should suffer some small loss of sanity, the exact amount depending on how far they explore. As a guide, this should be 1D4 at most.

If, on the other hand, an Investigator venturing into the cave possesses an activated pineal gland, they will perceive a more alien vista. Amid all the usual chaos of floating transparent jelly-things can be seen a weird and non-Euclidean structure. Huge and twisted pillars of purple-veined stone fill the central area, rising all the way to the ceiling far above. The veins in this stone seem to writhe back and forth within the rock to some unheard rhythm. The pillars are placed in a seemingly random arrangement forming a forest of stone.

Beyond this forest, in the very central part of the cave, stands a raised dais of the same stone with stairs leading up to its summit on all sides. From the cave entrance it is difficult to see what lies atop this dais. Those who proceed beyond the forest of pillars, however, can clearly make out the details of the hideous creature that motionlessly sits atop the dais.

The Great Old One appears as a massive conglomeration of black tentacles, each covered in a disgusting uneven mat of red fur. Up close it is apparent that the individual hairs that make up the 'fur' are themselves minute tendrils covered with even smaller protuberance. SAN loss for seeing this sleeping evil is 1D3/1D10.

In the air surrounding the Great Old One fly three Dissolvers and eight Renders. These creatures mercilessly attack any Investigator with an active pineal who ventures closer than the edge of the pillar forest.

If an Investigator takes a sample of the fluorescent powder from the cave and subjects it to scientific testing, they obtain some curious results. Firstly the powder is not actually a mineral at all, but a conglomeration of tiny microorganisms. These microorganisms are totally unknown to science. Experiments which expose the organisms to electromagnetic radiation learn that somehow they are able to re-radiate more than twice as much energy as they absorb. No scientific explanation is available as to where the additional energy comes from.

Another observation arising from testing is that the organisms themselves seem impossible to kill. Testers can expose them to extreme heat, extreme cold, radiation, and any number of chemicals, to no apparent effect save a change in the powder's color.





Night of Many Awakenings

Short of remarkable resourcefulness on the part of the Investigators, the hideous revival of the thing beneath Eye Bone Hill will take place the night following the murder of Wojtek Przedworski. No action available to the Investigators can stop this occurring. They may, however, possess enough information (in the form of Eibon's chant) to ensure that the Great Old One's awakening is short lived.

Successfully using this ancient magic to achieve this end requires the Investigators to be present at the hill as the eldritch sleeper rouses. Luckily, the reappearance of the elusive Professor Duncan, a man they're sure to want to catch up with, should lead them to be in the right place at the right time.

Unless the Investigators have destroyed the street lamps in Walnut Street, the night of the awakening is also a night of carnage in Arkham. Five Southside residents go insane, two will be found murdered and mutilated in a now-familiar fashion, and another two will simply disappear. Tales of strange happenings witnessed in the street will scream from the front page of the Advertiser the following morning. In all likelihood, however, the Investigators will have other more pressing matters to contend with by then.

Duncan on the Telephone

In the wake of the confusion caused by this latest set of terrible murders, the Investigators are likely to be stumped. In all likelihood all their leads have dried up by this point, leaving only a desperate desire to somehow stop these horrible visitations. Into this frantic situation comes a ray of hope in the form of the perhaps-long-awaited second contact from the unpredictable Professor Duncan.

While one or more of the Investigators are at home, or in some public place possessed of a telephone, the harsh metallic ring pierces their desperate thoughts. Answering the imperative mechanical call, a voice is heard – scratchy, unmodulated, but undeniably bearing a hint of a Scottish accent. The caller speaks quickly, almost incoherently. In a wild, almost hysterical scream he tells the Investigator “Tonight, it must be tonight. The horrible thing has been eating all too well. I know that now. I think it's almost ready. Meet me outside the Municipal Works Warehouse at seven tonight.”

The Investigators will probably seek clarification from this elusive character. Duncan is largely unresponsive to questions asked of him, continuing instead with his monologue. Any concerted effort to elicit information results in the strained voice going suddenly silent. After a moment of this stark quiet, Duncan mutters in a dull drone “Oh my Lord, I have made a terrible mistake.” With that, the connection is broken.

Even in the case that Investigators do not push the point with Duncan, something they do or say should ultimately trip this paranoid reaction. Something, it could be anything, will make him suddenly “realize” that the Investigators have been working with the terrible monstrosities all along, and that the hints he has given them have already endangered his plan. His resolve now shifts towards carrying out his plan unaided, and perhaps to destroy the foul agents in the process.

Duncan Over The Edge

At seven o'clock, the Investigators will probably be waiting patiently beneath the murky street-lighting outside the ugly grey Municipal Works Warehouse for their promised meeting with Duncan. As time passes it becomes obvious that their elusive quarry/ally will not show. Seven comes and goes, as does half-past. Just as the Investigators are ready to give up and leave the site of the arranged meeting, the scene suddenly erupts into action.

From within the Works Warehouse, the sounds of a motor starting up can be heard, closely followed by the loud impatient noises of a pattering revving. And then, without any warning, all hell breaks loose. The wooden door which takes up almost a third of the street frontage of the Warehouse suddenly disintegrates into tinder-wood as a large, powerful truck is rammed through its face. Any Investigators standing outside this part of the Warehouse must Dodge or be struck by the rampaging vehicle (for 1D10 Damage).

Looking at the cab of the truck, swift Investigators can just catch a glimpse of the face of the insane driver. Even despite its obvious thinning of face, prickly white stubble and sagging reddened eyes, it is familiar to everyone who has seen a photograph of Graham Duncan. A thoroughly insane light dances in his eyes, some kind of idiot resolve stronger than anything a sane man can hold within his heart.

The truck, its sides painted with “Arkham Council” rapidly zooms away from the scene of the carnage, weaving erratically through the streets in a westerly direction. Investigators with vehicles nearby may wish to give chase. They may readily do so, but the Keeper should bear in mind that the main purpose of such pursuit is to draw the Investigators to Eye Bone Hill and the climactic closing scenes of the scenario. Hence, Investigators should probably not have the opportunity to stop or overtake the Professor's vehicle. The concluding sections that Duncan arrives at the site of the immanent awakening several minutes ahead of any Investigators. If for some reason the Professor is somehow stopped or otherwise prevented from executing his plan, see the box titled “Duncan Foiled” nearby.

Groups of Investigators who don't have vehicles at hand when Duncan's truck rattles past them can still effectively follow the Professor. Any success at an Idea roll guesses correctly that given the truck's westerly velocity, Duncan's likely destination is the region surrounding Crawford's Rise. Investigators who make this connection and proceed to the Rise by whatever form of transport is available to them, observe activity on Eye Bone Hill as soon as they arrive. Exactly what they see taking place depends on when they arrive. Use the Showdown scenario presented below modified so that the first happenings after Duncan's arrival have already been played out. If Duncan has fully executed his plan before the Investigators arrive, assume he has been trapped and killed, the latest victim of the servitors.

Feedback on this scenario, or even just anecdotes about how it ran for your group, is always welcomed. You can contact the author at: dean@cs.adelaide.edu.au. Better still, you can comment on your experience with this adventure on the forums at www.yog-sothoth.com



Showdown at the Cave

By the time the Investigators arrive on the scene, Duncan has already scaled midway up the side of Eye Bone Hill to near where the cave entrance is located. His silhouette is clearly visible in the strong light of the full moon. As his pursuers ascend after him (or watch him), the Professor inexpertly lays several explosive charges around the cave mouth.

Once the desperate Duncan catches sight or sound of close pursuit he redoubles his efforts to hastily complete the deployment of the charges. Unless Investigators manage to sneak up behind him and catch him unawares, the Professor will detonate the explosives before anybody can prevent him doing so.

It is only once the charges have been set off that Duncan's lack of demolitions expertise becomes manifestly obvious. For, rather than causing the cavern entrance to collapse, the blasts actually destabilize a large area of rock surrounding the opening. The result is a small landslide: hundreds of tons of rock and dirt slip down the western face of the hill, sweeping Duncan and any other hill climbers in its wake. Everybody caught up in the landslide suffers 1D6 damage as they are buffeted down to the base of the hill.

Once the dust clears, onlookers witness an altered scene. Firstly, the once narrow cave opening is now approximately fifty feet wide. Light from the full moon overhead spills gently into the opening and thus into the cavern within. A much stronger green-tinged light issues forth from the hole, phosphorescence from the cave walls. The whole vista seems drenched in this illumination, its quality reminiscent of the street lamps. This light seems, however, considerably brighter and more pervasive. It is a strong pineal stimulus. Each minute of exposure to this evil illumination causes the accumulation of exposure points equal to twice an Investigator's POW.

Investigators with awakened pineal bodies, or whose glands are surreptitiously activated by the sudden light from the cave, see that six Renders and two Dissolvers now float about the mouth of the cave. As onlookers watch, two of these creatures separate from the group and begin to make forays against individuals whose active glands contain the food their master needs.

Since the sleeper needs but one more meal before he can rouse from his slumber, the roving servitors will attack with some desperation. If the hunting servitors are slain, replacements from the company guarding the cave will take their place and continue the attack.

A likely target for attack is the now-helpless Professor Duncan. He lies trapped beneath stone and rubble at the foot of the hill not far from any Investigators similarly swept down the hillside. Only his head and one shoulder protrude above the pile of rock. He has only 5 hit points remaining. Investigators searching for the partly-buried Professor need a successful Spot Hidden roll. One such roll can be attempted per round. It takes six man-rounds to dig the weary academic out from his stony prison.

The pineal-hungry servitors will continue to harass those at the base of the hill until their master has received his last meal. This can occur in several ways. Firstly the creatures

Duncan Foiled

If by some means the Investigators have prevented the Professor from carrying out his plan, the Keeper may be required to alter the scenario climax. Exactly how great a modification is necessary depends on whether the Investigators have destroyed the Walnut Street lights or not.

In the case that one or more of these pineal-awakening lamps still shine, the Great Old One's revival will still take place tonight. One or more of its servitors will bring active pineal bodies to the sleeper, fresh from the murderous happenings in Southside. These morsels of occult sustenance will be the last the being requires to shake off its aeons of slumber.

Awakened, the thing forces its way out of the cave shrine, causing a landslide similar to the one the Professor's plan would have induced. From this point onwards, the plot proceeds as in the normal resolution.

Alternatively, if Duncan's plans are foiled and the Walnut Street lamps have all been destroyed, the Investigators have effectively prevented the awakening of the Great Old One. That is, of course, until such time as it is fed its last pineal meal. And who knows just when that might be?

may scoop a functioning gland from the still-warm brain of anybody slain under the shadow of Eye Bone Hill. Professor Duncan will be a likely target, being incapacitated and already weak.

The other potential source of the sleeper's last meal is the people of Walnut Street. If any of Duncan's street lights still shines over the accursed street, Renders and Dissolvers will murder more residents to obtain the last glands their master needs. If this source of sustenance is still open, a Dissolver with the needed food will arrive at the hill fifteen rounds after the explosion.

Once the servitor bearing a captured pineal is safely in the cave, all others will also withdraw into the cavern to await their master's revival.

The Sleeper Stirs

The full awakening of the Great Old One beneath Eye Bone Hill will take quite some time even after it consumes the final morsel of food. It is during this time, while the sleeper is only partly awake, that the Investigators still have a chance of preventing the monstrosity from attaining permanent freedom.

Even having consumed the occult substances it obtained from the human pineal bodies, the thing still requires a second unearthly reagent before its revival is permanent: the non-electromagnetic radiation emitted by the invisible living star Xoth.

If, through stealing the thing's perceptual faculties, the Investigators deny the sleeper of this weird light, the Great Old One's awakening will be limited to a mere three hours. After this time, the thing will retreat back into its shrine, there to descend again into slumber awaiting a more fortuitous time to reenter the world.



Immediately following the sleeper's consumption of the last pineal, changes begin taking place within the cave. The hundred black tentacles, each patchily coated with uneven red hair, begin to move slowly and rhythmically. Their movement is in time with the same unheard music to which the column veins sway. The sleeper's attendants, the remaining dissolving monstrosities and their rending brethren, dance in a curiously asymmetrical pattern around the base of their master's podium.

After ten minutes, the Great Old One slowly begins to move from his place of rest. A hundred tentacles, each covered with a thousand smaller tendrils, begin to slowly draw the thing from the podium and down the stairway closest to the now-huge opening to the world outside. Once its snail's-pace of slimy locomotion has lead it to this threshold it halts.

The hideous form, bathed in the evil green light from the cavern, is now visible to all at the hill's foot whose can sense the non-electromagnetic radiation the thing reflects. Those unfortunates who witness the waving, twitching tentacles of the Great Old One suffer a SAN loss of 1D6/1D20. An Investigator who has already lost SAN for previously witnessing the thing's inanimate form only suffer a 1D3/1D10 loss now.

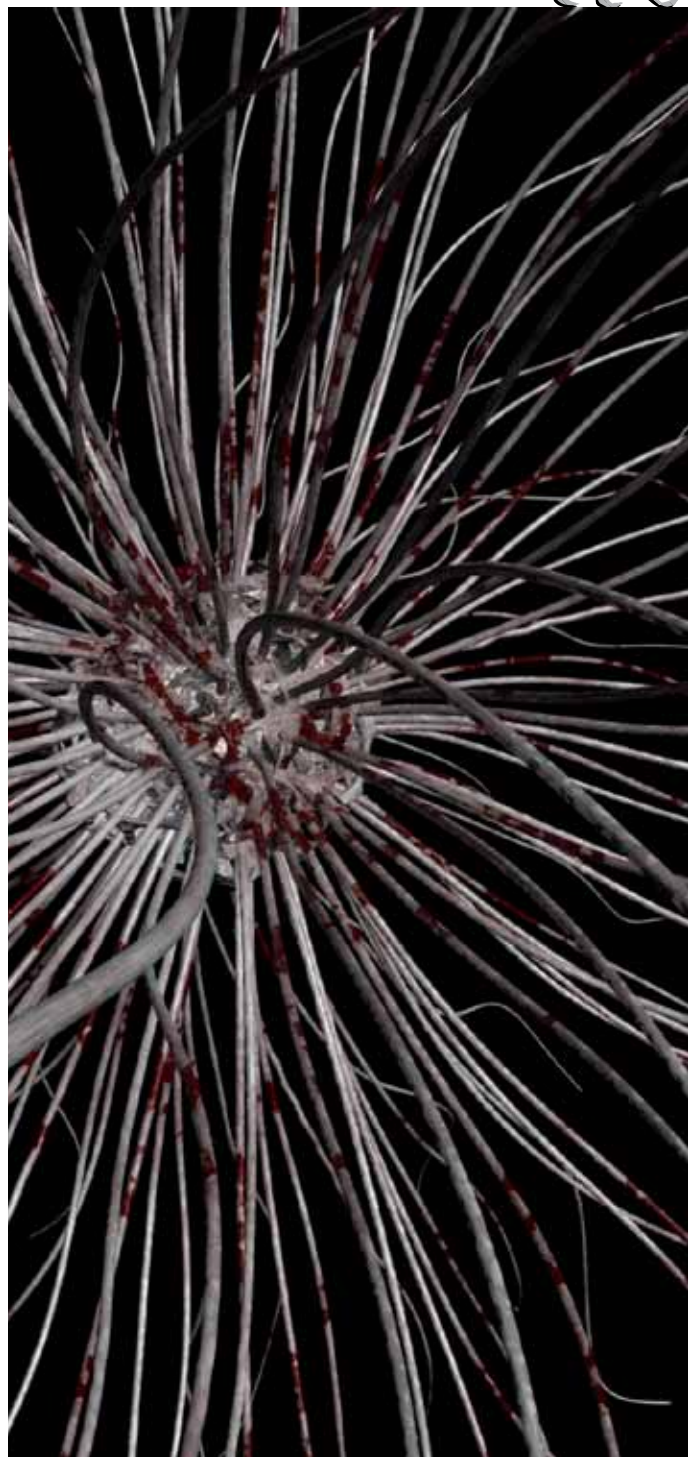
The partly woken sleeper will remain at the threshold for almost three hours, almost motionless, gently swaying its tentacles at the stars unseen. This time is a perfect opportunity for Investigators to use Eibon's chant to capture the perceptions of the blasphemous being. To effectively guide the net of magical energy to wholly encapsulate the alien creature requires that the spell caster climb to within a dozen feet of the cave entrance. While this may seem a dangerous proposition, it is actually safe. During this stage of the Great Old One's awakening it will attack no one, instead intent on bathing in the alien glow of its home world.

The visions that a successful caster steal are utterly alien in nature: half-dreams of outre cities which are at once too organic and too asymmetric, vistas of non-Euclidean geometric shapes, visions of squirming living dead things, and a myriad of other less identifiable sensations.

Successfully depriving the entity of its perceptions for more than half of its appointed waking time (i.e., an hour and a half) ultimately has the desired effect. At the end of its three hours of waiting, the Great Old One will blindly retreat into its cave shrine. As it does so, it emits a curious cry, half gurgling half high pitch wailing.

Once inside the cavern, the unspeakable thing will feel its way through the rock forest and ascend the stone dais. It will enigmatically wait there for several minutes, tentacles and tendrils flailing wildly about, ejecting caustic clouds in all directions. After ten minutes, this frantic violence stops quite suddenly. The Great Old One has voluntarily lapsed into its safe state of inanimacy, content to wait until such time as the stars are closer to their appointed patterns.

Investigators with a more violent or desperate bent may attempt to use physical force against the partly awakened thing. This is a dangerous proposition. As soon as any damage is done to their master, all remaining servitors



emerge from the cave to protect it. It may, however, still be possible to force the revived Great Old One back into its shrine. If Investigators manage to reduce the thing's hit points to zero, it will retreat into the cave as described above. In this instance it will likewise descend into inanimacy awaiting a more suitable time for its awakening.

If the Investigators do not manage to successfully deprive the creature of its perceptions for at least an hour and a half, and do not drive the thing off with weapons, they have failed. The black tentacled monstrosity, tendrils waving with a new-found freedom, will slither down the side of Eye Bone Hill, now completely awake. Unless the Investigators interfere, the thing, looking disgustingly like an enormous mass of writhing black hairy worms, will make its way toward a small wood a half mile north of the hill. There it will brood and make unknowable plans for the demise of local populations.



Conclusion

The Investigators succeed in this scenario by either completely halting the awakening of the creature beneath Eye Bone Hill, or making the thing's awakening brief. The former can be achieved only by destroying every one of Duncan's street lamps before the requisite number of pineal glands has been collected and preventing Duncan's suicidal plan. Investigators achieving this are awarded 2D6 SAN each, as well as an additional 1D10 SAN if they understood the nature of the thing beneath the hill.

The second, and far more likely method by which success may be achieved is by using either Eibon's Chant or physical damage to force the awakened thing back into its cave shrine. The SAN reward for achieving this is 1D20 — Investigators will have more than deserved it.

If the Investigators fail to contain the worm thing's awakening, the consequences are potentially severe and long term. While a single lesser Great Old One is nowhere near powerful enough to consider overtly subjugating the local populace, covert violence against humanity is a definite possibility. The number of disappearances in and around Arkham will skyrocket as the awakened blasphemy makes ready the way for others of its race to return. Investigators who link the sudden rash of disappearances with their failure stand to lose 1D6 SAN.

Regardless of whether the Investigators succeed or fail, the disappearances and insanity on Walnut Street continue so long as some of Duncan's street lights remain. While the Renders will no longer stalk the street (they hunt only for their master's food), the Dissolvers will certainly still be interested in eating those humans it can perceive. For a similar reason, the lands around Eye Bone Hill will not be safe until the gaping hole in the hillside is somehow covered. Investigators may get a nasty shock if they have succeeded in this scenario but continue to read news of disappearances that seem related.

Statistics

Michael Farr, insane astronomer

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 16 POW 18
DEX 7 APP 10 EDU 18 SAN 12 HP 13
Skills: Astronomy 95%, Spot Hidden 55%

Georgio Caruso, fated Milk Deliverer

STR 15 CON 14 SIZ 18 INT 10 POW 17
DEX 11 APP 14 EDU 9 SAN 43 HP 16
Damage Bonus: +1D6
Weapons: All at base chances.
Skills: Accounting 35%, Fast Talk 50%, Locksmith 80%

Shepley Herber, book seller

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 17 POW 11
DEX 14 APP 15 EDU 12 SAN 65 HP 14
Damage Bonus: 0
Weapons: Baseball Bat 45%, damage 1D8; .45 Revolver 25%, damage 1D10+2
Skills: Bargain 75%, Fast Talk 60%, Natural History 20%

Wojtek Przedworski, blind and insane witness

STR 6 CON 5 SIZ 13 INT 10 POW 17
DEX 12 APP 9 EDU 11 SAN 8 HP 9
Skills: Scream Incoherently 80%

Jed Ashcroft, apiarist

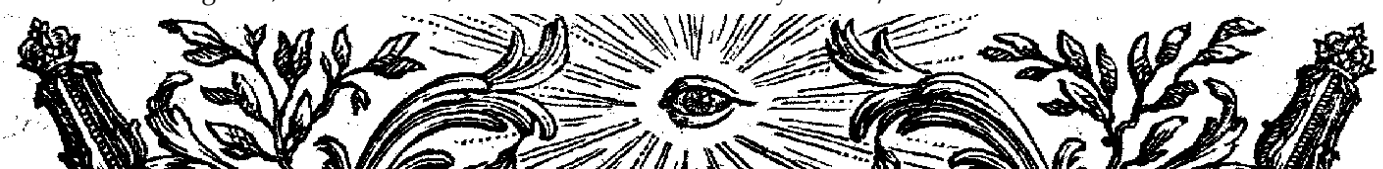
STR 13 CON 18 SIZ 17 INT 12 POW 15
DEX 13 APP 9 EDU 13 SAN 74 HP 18
Damage Bonus: +1D4
Weapons: 12-gauge Shotgun (two barrel) 55%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6
Skills: Avoid Bee-sting 60%, Drive Auto 40%, Natural History 65%

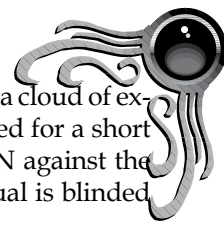
Graham Duncan, Bostonian Professor of Engineering

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 18 INT 18 POW 13
DEX 11 APP 6 EDU 20 SAN 4 HP 11
Damage Bonus: 0
Weapons: .32 Revolver 30%, damage 1D8; Pocketknife 40%, damage 1D3
Skills: Electrical Repair 100%, Cthulhu Mythos 7%, Library Use 60%

Eight Renders

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6	#7	#8
STR	13	14	15	17	12	16	16	11
CON	14	10	14	12	12	16	13	12
SIZ	44	48	36	44	44	38	39	40
INT	7	7	8	3	6	11	6	4
POW	2	3	6	6	1	6	6	1
DEX	16	14	10	15	12	15	19	13
HP	29	29	25	28	28	27	26	26
Move	----- 10 -----							
Damage Bonus	+3D6	+3D6	+2D6	+3D6	+2D6	+2D6	+2D6	+2D6
Weapons:	Tentacle (x5) 45%, Damage 1D10 + db + 1D6 per round target held							
Armor:	When incorporeal, Renders take no damage from physical attacks. When corporeal their tentacles have 3 points.							
Spells:	none							
Sanity Loss:	1/1D6							





Three Dissolvers

	#1	#2	#3
STR	44	44	45
CON	31	39	34
SIZ	82	81	80
INT	9	4	6
POW	5	4	10
DEX	11	10	10
HP	57	60	57
Move	----- 8 -----		
Damage Bonus	+7D6	+7D6	+7D6

Weapons: Envelop 100%, immediate damage is db. All non-enchanted earthly material dissolved in two rounds.

Armor: Invulnerable to physical attack when incorporeal. Otherwise 3 points. Also impaling weapons do minimum damage. Regenerates 5hp per round.

Spells: none

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D10

The Sleeper, Great Old One

The creature that sleeps beneath Eye Bone Hill is a lesser member of the alien race of beings which counts Cthulhu as its High Priest and Leader. Being a less powerful individual of the species, the mystical forces that bind the Great Old Ones "until the stars are right" hold this being less strongly. Thus, it can conceivably arise slightly before the appointed time.

The Sleeping Great Old One is entirely invisible to normal vision. However, humans with developed pineal-sight may view the thing's gruesome visage. In appearance the being reminds the observer of nothing so much as an enormous knot of writhing hairy worms. A hundred tentacles, each coated with countless smaller red hairlike tendrils, comprise the thing's body. It has no eyes, or any other sensory organ to which humanity might relate. Nor does the being have a mouth, instead absorbing its food through the million sucker-like protuberances which grace the ubiquitous red tendrils. These protuberances can break down most organic matter by excreting a highly caustic powder (actually a conglomeration of micro organisms).

Investigators unfortunate enough to find themselves in combat with the tentacled monstrosity will have a hard time. Firstly, the thing has at least sixteen tentacles that can be simultaneously used to attack, although each must strike against a different (man sized) target. The Great Old One, unlike its servitor races, is fully capable of sensing any human in any illumination, pineal-awakening or otherwise. Thus, anybody is a fair target.

Besides the tentacle attack, the thing may attempt to crush opponents with its sheer weight. Unrestrained targets of this attack should be allowed some manner of Dodge Roll to avoid this attack. The Sleeper's final mode of attack is to cause all the suckers on a single tentacle to eject a 10 foot spherical clouds of caustic excreta. This is the standard manner by which it purges unwanted substances from its body.

Anyone unlucky enough to find themselves in a cloud of excreta not only takes damage, but can be blinded for a short period of time. Targets must match their CON against the cloud's POT of 12. Failure means the individual is blinded for one round per 5 he or she failed the roll by.

Once the caustic 'powder' has been exposed to air for more than a few minutes it begins to lose its corrosive properties. It is this unreactive form of the Great Old One's excreta which adorns all corners of the thing's cave shrine, not to mention Duncan's street lamps.

STR	32	CON	50	SIZ	40	INT	26	POW	25
DEX	11	Move	8	HP	45				

Damage Bonus: +3D6

Weapons: Tentacle 80%, damage db x2 + 1D3 caustic excreta damage per round

Crush 100%, damage 8D6

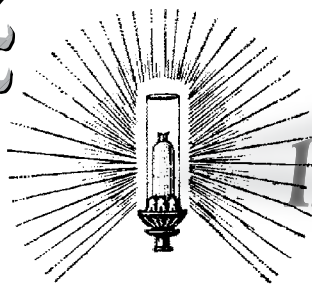
Caustic Excreta Cloud 75%, damage 3D3 + blinding

Armor: No armor, but all physical attacks do minimum damage. Additionally, the Sleeper can regenerate 2 hits per round, although it cannot regenerate damage done to a severed tentacle.

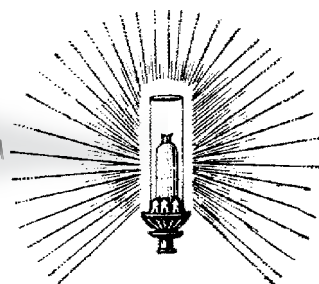
Spells: All Call and Contact spells.

Sanity Loss: 1D6/1D20 Sanity points to see the Sleeper awakened.





IN A DIFFERENT LIGHT



PLAYER HANDOUTS

The six pages which follow contain player handouts that can be used when running “In A Different Light”.

The Handouts are:

- Three Newspaper Clippings from the Arkham Advertiser
- A Blood-Spattered Page from Farr’s Astronomical Notebook
- Eight pages from Duncan’s Diary (four to a page), including the page torn from the book
- A Letter from “Lucifer” (actually Duncan) sent to the Investigators
- A map showing the area around Crawford’s Rise (from a vintage atlas)

Print these pages **single-sided**, in colour if possible. Then cut out the handouts from the sheet.

Some words on the sources used for these handouts:

- The Newspaper props have been typeset using the excellent (and free) fonts made by the H.P. Lovecraft Historical Society. Some care has been taken to use the same fonts and spacings using in their wonderful Arkham Advertiser props. You can download many useful fonts and props, including all those mentioned, for free from cthulhulives.org
- The Map which served as the source for the (Photoshop adjusted) page from the Atlas was actually likely drawn much later than 1872, possibly as late as 1930. I hope players and Keepers will forgive the anachronism in return for a nicely rendered map.
- There really exists an Essex County Atlas from 1872, and you can view pages of it online (unfortunately only in low resolution unless you want to buy the map). This would have been the location of many of the towns in the fictional “Lovecraft country”.
- The Geography of Lovecraft Country presented in this scenario is somewhat at odds with real-world Massachusetts geography and the relative positioning of towns as presented in other Call of Cthulhu books. There really exists a town called Sudbury, but it isn’t in Essex County and would be further away from the (supposed) site of Arkham than presented here. Interestingly, a few of the main roads in the area around Sudbury where I have situated Crawford’s Rise are now included in Google Street View. So, if you want to take a virtual drive through the modern-day site of this abandoned village, try a Google Map search with the terms “round hill sudbury ma” and zoom in on the main roads (e.g., Lincoln Rd)

Disturbance in Southside

Residents in the Simpson Apartments in Arkham's Southside were last night awakened by what witnesses describe as "horrid and unholy screeching." The source of these deranged sounds of screaming was apparently Apartment 5, rented by a reclusive man in his mid twenties. Once police had been called, and a locksmith employed to open the fastened door, a horrible scene was discovered. While the specifics of the bloody scene are unsuitable for publication in a reputable newspaper, it is sufficient to say that the man had apparently lost control of his senses and hideously blinded and mutilated himself. He was taken into custody to protect him against further insane actions against his person.

MAYOR ANNOUNCES PUBLIC WORKS IN SOUTHSIDE

BY JACK CARLTON

Mayor Peabody today announced a program of "radical upgrade" for public facilities in Arkham's Southside. This region of the city, says Peabody, is "sadly neglected - a situation we plan to remedy immediately." As the initial phase of the upgrade plan, Arkham's Council of Selectmen last night approved a small budget for a pilot plan to replace the street lights along a small stretch of Walnut Street. The new lights will incorporate "the very latest in illuminating technology" said City Engineer Basil Endicott.

Cynics might be forgiven for thinking that the Mayor's sudden announcement of proposed works is merely a promise to please the public. Reports from undisclosed sources suggest Mayor Peabody is highly nervous with regard to the upcoming Mayoral election. This generous promise of reform long called for can only serve to boost the Mayor's popularity.

Man Hideously Murdered in Arkham Street

Mutilated Corpse Found in Southside

Street Bathed in Blood

In the early hours of this morning, police were called to investigate an unholy shrieking and wailing heard by residents of Walnut Street in Arkham's sleepy Southside. The racket apparently was coming from the street. But, by the time the police had arrived on the scene the clamor had ceased. Casual investigations lead them to discover the horribly mutilated body of a man in his early forties.

The man, respected Southsider Georgio Caruso, was found decapitated, with hundreds of deep slashes covering more than half his body. His skull had been cloven in two, surgical incisions made into the brain within. Walnut Street was bathed in his blood.

The disgusting extent of the mutilations inflicted upon the corpse has lead police to suspect the involvement of some form of obscene cult. As yet, however, the police have not formally announced any suspicions as to the motive for the slaying. It is understood that they are awaiting the findings of an autopsy to be performed today. As yet no eye witnesses to the grisly murder have come forward.

A local resident told this reporter that the prevalent mood among the community in Walnut Street is one of shock. "Peoples just don't want to believe that a monster of the type that could do this could be roaming our street."

Readers of the *Advertiser* will recall that last week we reported the finding of mutilated animal carcasses in the neighborhood. Today's occurrence seems to cast an altogether more sinister light on this earlier discovery.

While it is not our intention to panic residents of the area, we respectfully suggest that people take care when visiting the streets of Southside at night.

clouding over. Better skip looking at Pleiades, go straight to Saturn rings. I wish those lights would be switched off ... can't see a damned thing with all that light streaming in. Wish to blazes they'd never put them in!

10⁰⁰_{PM} Must be getting tired. Just saw strange geometric hallucination. Take a rest then resume, get some fresh air! Must be working too hard -- ha ha!

12⁰⁰_{AM} Still looking at those beautiful rings -- God, I fall in love every time I see the blasted things! Saw a shadow of a moon across the rings.

12¹⁵_{AM} Another wretched hallucination ... really, what's wrong with me tonight. Must remember to buy a new brand of cocoa next time.

NOOOOOOOO!

After me!

Coming now

STOP!!

Evil pummy jelly

Close my eyes!

yes!

yellow! yellow! But red in the middle! Go AWAY!

ONE WAY ONLY

NO!

Wed. May 4, 1927

Today I saw the most amazing thing. I was walking through the Bazaar when I came upon a stall I had never seen there before. Some new tricked lamp I believe. Anyway, I was just about ready to walk straight past the place when I spotted some curious desk lamps the foreign gentleman was selling. I'm still not sure how to describe the qualities of this light, even though I can see the desk lamp I bought from him as I write. There's some kind of phosphorescence about it which I've never seen from any electric light. Also its brightness and strength are better than anything I've ever seen in domestic cottage! I took the lamp down to the workroom and did some experimenting with it. God! Even with half the normal wattage its light is as clear and illuminating as a normal desk lamp. How could that be? I must look at the foreign gentleman who sold it to me and find out more.

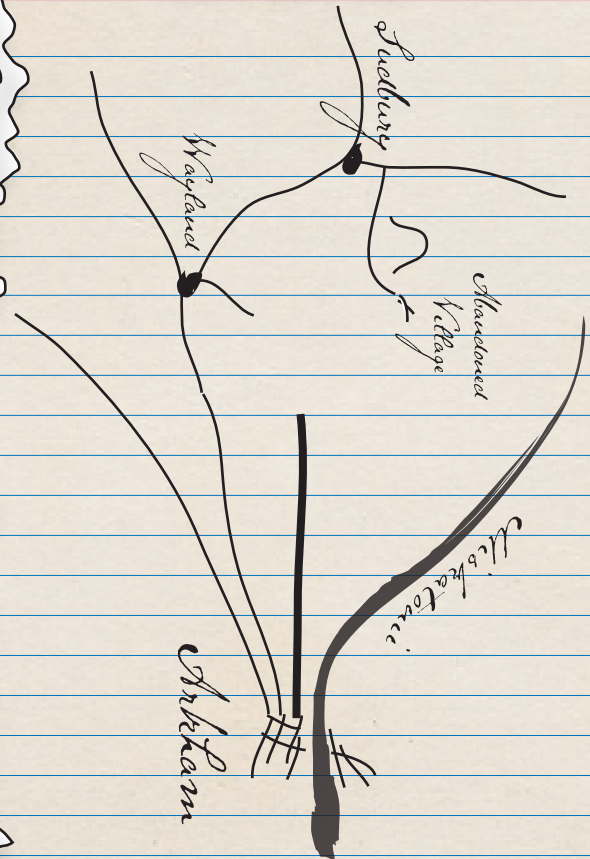
Thu. May 5, 1927

The dark haired foreigner claims he makes the lamps himself! He says he takes normal electric lights and coats them with some 'secret powder' he knows of and they take on the properties I described. Sounds like a bunch of malleable facts to me. How could some powder coating increase the efficiency of the lamp? I challenged the shopkeeper to show me this highly improbable process in action so I could judge the veracity of his claim. Amazingly enough he agreed. The day after tomorrow he's going to show me not only how the lamps are made, but also his source of this 'miracle' ingredient. I am, of course, highly skeptical. We shall see ...

Sat. May 7, 1927

It's true! Incredible, but true! Everything that weird, dark haired man said was right. I saw it with my own eyes - he took a cheap common desk lamp of the kind as might be acquired, coated the inside with textured grayish powder and ... presto ... the light from the thing was at least twice as bright as it originally was, and considerably more phosphorescent. My scientific mind is at a loss to explain it, but it requires how important this phenomenon could be! And it could be! I that introduced it to the scientific world! But I don't want to brag ... after the demonstration I was more than eager to take the man up on his offer to see the place he knew where this amazing powder could be found. He told me the place was a cave in a hill out far from Jerusalem. I drove, he directed ... I could tell some of the directions he was giving were designed to make it difficult for me to later replicate the trip, but I think I managed to keep my head straight enough to keep track of where we went. I left at seven ...

Sun. May 8, 1927



Sun. Nov. 13, 1927

Another long day of travel ... but at least the enthusiastic reception I received when speaking at Harvard makes the tiresome travelling worthwhile.

Mon. Nov. 14, 1927

He's out to steal my ideas, I know it. That wretched German! Anyway, it's too late ... my paper will be published soon, and nobody will be able to deny it was I who revolutionized the face of Engineering! I received a letter today from Abraham Edison - they want to trial my lamps for street lighting. They want 'em, ready within four months. Methinks I will be busy, but I know I can do it! But the scum at the Uni who want to steal my glory mustn't know about this. I can do all the work in my workshop, with plenty of time to spare!

Mon. Mar. 5, 1928

Yet another hallucination ... at least that's what I think it was.

Amazing given how busy

Tue. Mar. 6, 1928

Kriester thinks I need a rest does he? Ha! Let him ~~thing~~ think what he wants. This temporary leave of absence should mean I can finish off the lamps for Abraham Edison within the week. And at least with all my equipment here at home, I know nobody is using it at night. Let's see Bekermanns steal my sworke now!

From the Darkness, you follow the same Path. Can it be. Can it be. Or have I been tricked again, I wonder. But oh, how could I resist so great a light - a different light, a light of my invention. Now I live forever in its hell.

But I digress, I ask for no forgiveness for mine own weakness. Each man has his Grand Failure on the spiral path downwards, I suppose. All that I wish is the chance to fix what I have been tricked into inflicting upon those innocents. Walnut Street, you suffer so. Can I help you?

I write to you because I think that perchance we both desire the same thing. That is the cessation of that influence which I have brought here. I have a plan the mountain must fall, and perhaps you can aid me. I will contact you again soon to instruct you further.

In the meantime, I am yours in the will of one

Lucifer.

P.S.: watch carefully around you. There are agents working for them everywhere.

Destroy this note once you have read it and tell no one of the secrets I have entrusted you.

In A Different Light Handout: Page from Essex County Atlas, 1872 showing Crawford's Rise (center)

