

The Deep Ones Of Shellbourne

A Call Of Cthulhu Adventure

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Foreword

This scenario is written for new players of Call of Cthulhu in mind assuming that no prior knowledge of H. P. Lovecraft or his mythos works is known. While it is primarily suited to new gamers, there is no reason why seasoned players shouldn't get a kick out of it either. Should investigators be old hands at kicking cultist arse then this scenario should be modified accordingly by the keeper - the specifics being left to him/her. No special skills or knowledge are required for its successful conclusion. Although a time frame is used, the keeper can ignore it to allow new player to find their feet, so events can move according to the pace of the keeper, though ideally, the scenario should be completed within the time set at most to prevent it from becoming bogged down, slow moving, and ultimately boring. That said, it should also be mentioned that this is not a scenario in the truest sense. There's nothing really to investigate; it's more a collection of events that the keeper can use to create an enjoyable afternoon, or evening session. There are numerous places to add events, change particulars, pick monsters, and customise it to your liking. Chances are the scenario will be slow moving, maybe even a little boring too. But, that's how it's meant to be. Small coastal villages are boring places, they might boast a hill fort, or some standing stones to look at, and some local produce perhaps, and that's about it. They are places you go when you want to get away from it all.

The scenario is intended to be set in England of the 1920's. The Southern coast of Devon to be precise, though any coastal town will do, as will the location and year. Although this scenario is written to be a stand alone adventure, the keeper, with a little modification can insert it into another ongoing campaign. If it is to be used in another campaign, experienced investigators may simply be brought in after being alerted to strange and unusual activity in a nearby town. The scenario could then be used for an excuse to commit pure unadulterated violence. What better way to break the monotony of investigation. Dank tunnels. Deep Ones. Blazing Shotguns. What more could a player want? It should also be mentioned that experienced players will know exactly what's going on from the outset and can complete this adventure in 10 minutes.

Because I am not a great creative writer there will probably be many entries that are vague in content and description, or missing, thus causing the adventure to appear disjointed. Don't be put off by this. While provisions have been made for all places that the investigators are likely to visit, it is up to the keeper to improvise, and flesh out all other areas - as well as NPC personalities and reaction. It's conceivable that the players (and keeper) will not be interested in half the information supplied, but it's here anyway. Just in case.

Keeper Information

Several weeks ago a scouting party of Deep Ones discovered an abandoned network of caves close to the sleepy little town of Shellbourne. It was perfect for what they were after – a place where a new Deep One colony could be established. There was one problem though - the local population. What will the locals do once they are discovered? It is only a matter of time. Would they rally and try to exterminate them, would they flee in fear of their lives, or could they be won over somehow... converted, or even subjugated?

With no true leader or ruling body with which to make contact, the Deep Ones settled for the next best

thing – their spiritual leader, the Revd. Irving Shipley. At first strange tablets were left for him to discover, then, they contacted him in dream visitations and revealed themselves to him, explaining the situation. To prove their intentions the Deep Ones left Shipley a gift of several golden nuggets, with which he used to make necessary repairs to the church's roof and bell tower — a gift to the town from an anonymous benefactor, he said in a sermon. There was plenty more gold to be had, the Deep Ones also told him, and a late night meeting was later arranged. Since then, several more meetings have taken place as well as a tour of their new habitat. So far all this has remained a secret from the rest of the town who are thankfully oblivious to the whole affair.

Poor Shipley is completely under their control and is completely unaware of his involvement. His sermons have also changed. A recent topic ponders upon the fears of mankind, our place on this world and our understanding and acceptance of new ideals - often using analogies of the sea and what dwells there. Portraying what lies below the ocean waves is akin to our deepest fears and that may prey on our timid narrow perceptions to such an extent that we are often consumed with fear, loathing and hatred. Once we learn to control these fears, then and only then shall we truly begin to become aware and grow, living in peace and harmony with our neighbours. A unity. A belonging to the greater good — no matter how different they be.

To ensure the subjugation, the Deep Ones require the blood sacrifice of innocents. More precisely - children. In order to acquire the children, the Deep Ones have compelled Shipley (through a spell) to abduct them, and have no memory of doing so. The Deep Ones plan to sacrifice the children and invoke the Chorazin of Cthulhu which will appear in dream form to all...

Character Information

Characters can either be actual residents of Shellbourne - born and raised, locals from other nearby towns, out-of-season holiday makers, or people just passing through. Perhaps they are seasoned investigators who hear of strange goings on and turn up to see what they can do - if the scenario is to be inserted into another campaign... If this the case a few of the daily events should have already occurred to draw them in. However the characters come to be in Shellbourne is a matter for the keeper to decide upon. Those who belong to Shellbourne will be well aware of the local news (as will holiday makers), they may even be friends or neighbours of the families concerned. They will know of Lenny's past transgressions, the mood and gossip of the people, the town's history and such like. Due to the current situation, the townspeople will be mistrusting of people they don't know, so their attitude should reflect this and be modified accordingly as to how well the players ingratiate themselves into their good books. If suspicions arise far enough and the townspeople begin to suspect the players of foul play a lynch mob may be formed to "get those bastards."

The town of Shellbourne

Shellbourne is a small isolated fishing village (nearest town: Torcross - 12 miles) on the southern coast of the county of Devonshire, South-western England. Sandwiched between Cornwall to the west, and Somerset and Dorset to the east, Devon extends between the Bristol Channel to the north and the English Channel to the south. Located on the crescent of Start Bay, Shellbourne definitely cannot be accused of not being picturesque.

The hamlet comprises a cluster of small stone cottages which centres around the town square. With a tight-knit population of 279 inhabitants - at least of which 35% are related to each other, either by marriage or blood-ties - Shellbourne includes several shops, a post office, butchers, bakery, a crafts and arts shop, a lighthouse, and several lodgings. Boasting some of the finest scenery of the area - attractions include ancient standing stones, friendly people, a mild climate, plenty of sea, a shingle beach, cliffs, rolling hills and quaint buildings to look at all around the place. All of which combined makes the village a popular retreat for holiday makers. The jagged ridge of Lighthouse Point overlooks the whole sweep of Start Bay and is an excellent point for bird watchers. Early migrants from the continent alight here, and there are many native breeding colonies of seabirds. And for those who find the peace and tranquillity just too much, then the cities of Plymouth and Torquay are less than 1 hour away, with all the attractions of a major city.

The local economy is largely based upon fishing, farming and agriculture, though in the summer months tourists enrich the town's well-being further still. For as long as anyone can recall, there has always been a settled community here and it became a notorious hangout for pirates, smugglers and ne'er-dowells in the 16, 17, and 18th centuries, who often used the local caves for their illicit activities.

Local News

· First and foremost, the news that's on everyone's lips - the disappearance of three children. All girls - the eldest being only 10 years old, the others - both 8. All three disappeared within a week of each other, the last being only two days ago. This distressing circumstance has rocked Shellbourne, with suspicions falling on the village idiot - Lenny, who has been reprimanded before on several occasions for luring young girls away, though no malice or sexual intent was involved. Inspector Peter Thatcher has already spoken to Lenny and he denies any involvement. A search of his home was made and nothing was found to suggest otherwise. Inspector Thatcher has suggested that it's entirely possible they have been abducted by a person, or persons unknown from out of town, such as a vagrant, or gypsies even. Another theory, though much less popular is the fact that they may have simply wandered off and got lost, though he favours the former as it is just too coincidental for three locals to wander off in such a short time - and not be seen by anyone else. He has also called for anyone who may have seen anyone acting suspicious in the area to come forward, so that we can see them safely reunited with their families as quickly as possible. In town there are another half dozen girls all below the age of 11 - all of whom are potential victims.

· Of lesser note the church has recently completed some renovations over last few weeks at a cost of £300. The funds were apparently donated by an anonymous benefactor. Speculation of who this could be is free-flowing, though it is generally believed to be Salene Little, who died three weeks ago at the age of 87. She was a lovely old biddy, a recluse who loved cats.

· It's hardly worth mentioning, but for last few weeks the local trawler has been enjoying a bumper catch. The excess of which has been sold to neighbouring towns. Whether this is down to Deep One intervention is left to the keeper to decide.

That's pretty much it for local news. Any other news is left for the keeper to include.

The Town

High Street

The main street in Shellbourne comprises several buildings (butchers, bakers, post office, courthouse, repair shop, a small pottery, Fishleigh House, the town's surgery, the office of the constabulary, and others) where almost anything can be bought for a fair price. Everything that is except expensive or exotic items, such as: high fashion clothing, transport, weapons & ammunition, microscopes, cameras, film developing kit and such like. Anything out of the ordinary, or outside day-to-day use will have to be specifically ordered. Arrival of such equipment takes as little as 2 days to well over a week in some cases. All orders require a deposit.

Shellbourne Souvenirs / Arts & Crafts, Small seasonal shop that stocks locally made consumables and souvenirs, such as: postcards, maps, hand-painted rocks, hand-crafted pots & painting supplies, information booklets, jams and assorted confectionery like Shellbourne toffee, tablet and shortcakes.

Beach front & Harbour

The shingle beach is a good hunting ground for collectors of shells and pretty pebbles of all shapes and sizes, but bathing can sometimes be dangerous due to riptides. There's a few small boats moored in the bay, or dragged up on shore. The town's only fishing vessel, the Wave Clipper, can usually be seen docked at the harbour during the day.

Fishleigh House

For the best fish and chips in all of Devon head to Fishleigh House, a 14th-century thatched-roof pub situated right in the middle of Shellbourne. Fresh fish is delivered daily from the local trawler. Served in small, medium and large portions, you can expect to find bass, skate, lemon sole, and whole Dover sole, and the ever-popular cod, haddock and plaice deep-fried in a light and crispy batter. Crab and other seafood platters are also available as are sandwiches, ploughman's lunches, and sirloin steak with pepper sauce. The inn also boasts a friendly atmosphere, an open fire, antique furniture, original fixtures, and a private well.

Jim Monroe runs Fishleigh House with his wife Victoria, who actually owns the establishment having inherited it from her father. The building has always been under Fishleigh control since it was built some 200 years ago. Rooms can be rented on a nightly basis, if so desired at the cost of 8 shillings with breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper thrown in for a further 15 shillings extra (for a total of £1 and 3 shillings). A pint of beer or ale costs 6d (6 pence). Jim's a big lad, weighing 250 lbs and standing at 6'2". Despite his size he is a very jovial person, always telling jokes and spinning yarns (to tourists) of the old days of smuggling. Jim also doubles as the lighthouse keeper.

The Lighthouse

Located about a quarter mile west from town, the cliff top beacon warns seafarers of the Devil's Rock Ridge, a series of jutting craggy rocks on which many a ship has foundered. Perched on the cliffs 300 ft above the sea, the lighthouse itself is 120 foot high and fully automated. It last saw a full-time resident some 15 years ago when Randolph Carter was keeper, but he had to retire due to old age (83 years old) and has since died. The main tower adjoins a small bungalow, much of which is empty save for the odd bit of furniture. The door to the lighthouse is always kept locked and the windows are boarded to keep out the elements. The bottom level of the lighthouse is largely taken up with a gasoline generator, fuel tank and fuel containers. Access to the light is by a spiral staircase, that breaks intermittently at intervening floors. The top floor comprises the light and glass enclosure, and affords an excellent view of the bay and surrounding area. Contained within a cabinet is a flare gun, a box of 24 emergency flares, spare bulbs and toolkit. Hanging from a hook is a large pair of powerful binoculars. Every night when it begins to get dark, Jim Monroe the current keeper fires up the generator and then switches it off in the morning.

Shellbourne Church & War Memorial

The new church of Shellbourne was brought into being on September 7th 1786 after the old one was gutted by fire. The princely sum of its construction (£500) was raised by way of a Bazaar, and the building work was carried out by Jones and Daly - both still local names today. There was then, as is today, a small active congregation, a church committee, a Sunday School and a weekly church meeting. Senior church members generally undertake the running and organisation in most matters. Sunday worship is at 3.00pm.

Pastor Irving Shipley is the current minister and has held office for over 40 years. Despite his age, late 60s early 70s, he's still sprightly and is a keen Rambler and naturalist. The distinguished gentleman sports a bald pate with a crescent of pure white hair. He also wears half-moon spectacles. It is also possible that he may have even christened any local characters should they be young enough.

Quite recently - within the last few months, the church has had some renovation work carried out which includes a new roof and spire as well as general maintenance. The war memorial was erected by the people of Shellbourne to commemorate those who did not return from the great war. 17 went to fight in France. Only three returned.

Pitch and Putt

Like regular golf only smaller. Much smaller. It's played on a green about two acres in size. Not to be confused with crazy golf which has the player trying to hit his ball over ramps, through tunnels, round corners while avoiding obstacles and barriers. It costs ¼d (a farthing) for a round of 18 holes.

Library

The library contains a small collection of books. Perhaps as many as 1,000, the vast majority being reference books, such as: Natural History, Local History, Travel, Anthropology. A tiny section contains works of fiction, horror stories, pulp novels and occult references. Extensive reading of any of the aforementioned topics will raise the relevant skill by 5% providing an IDEA check is made. Anyone interested in researching local history and the occult can do so with a LIBRARY USE check and a R/W ENGLISH check. Local History has already been briefly outlined elsewhere in this scenario. As for occult references; the player can find one book Witchcraft in Devon by Alfred Tuck (Nelson Thomas & Sons Publishing, London, 1911).

The book asserts the belief that witchcraft is not yet dead in Devonshire, and that it has a long rich tapestry of such credence and is given to all kinds of weird superstitions, particularly that of “the evil eye”. The book also cites modern cases of witchcraft, of not many years ago. It depicts a case of a young woman who alleged that she was given a potion outside a grocers shop by an old gypsy woman, and as a result of either the draught of which, or the incantation given when she took the bottle, she was getting thinner every day. Another case tells the story of a woman who was suspected of being a witch, who was buried, but on several occasions her spectre was seen wandering the town cursing all who saw her. She was later reburied with her toes downward and the spectre was never seen again. (Witches are believed to be able to exercise a malign influence even after death, unless they be buried with their toes downwards.) Several other cases are detailed but all in all the book offers nothing in the way of real knowledge, or spells except for the description of a ring, which when made from three nails or screws that have been used to fasten a coffin and dug up in a graveyard, will act as a charm against convulsions and fits of every kind. Whether this works or not is left to individual belief.

The Caves

These are outlined in detail later in the scenario.

The Standing Stones

These seven large free-standing granite rocks can be found on a hill on the nearby moor-land. Legend has it that in ancient times seven tribal chiefs held a secret meeting at that very spot in agreement to unite and overthrow the local Roman governor, Vespasian. Alerted by a spy, Vespasian sent a detachment to route them, and in a show of strength and power the roman commander called upon power of a god who turned the plotters into stone where they stood. After that, the place became a place of veneration and in AD43 an unnamed Roman general and six centurions were sacrificed there in retribution, and the stones soaked with their blood. The stones and their occult significance has long since fell into disuse, and serve no bearing in this scenario.

Timetable & Other Developments

The following timeline is arranged on a day to day basis. They outline what happens, with expansions given, where necessary - should the players take an active roll. The framework is by no means complete, so the keeper is free to throw in, remove, or change events to suit his/her needs.

• Tuesday, 7 September, 1920 and before

The week leading up to today is fraught with anxiety. Three children have gone missing, the most recent being only yesterday. Inspector Thatcher conducted an investigation, but made no progress. General suspicion fell on Lenny, the village idiot, but he protested his innocence which was pretty much accepted with a large bucket of salt, since nothing was found to incriminate him. Not everybody was satisfied with this. Inspector Thatcher stated two other possibilities: 1) The girls wandered off and got lost, and 2) the disappearances may be attributed to a vagrant or gypsies. Both these theories are only conjecture, and are not readily accepted. These days also allow tourists to get acquainted with Shellbourne, its layout, its history, its people, etc..

Start

• Wednesday, 8 September. 1920

The sunny, dry day stretches out like any other of the last week, then Inspector Thatcher brings news of Lenny's murder. Not everyone is shocked, some are happy. Suspicions are raised. Who did it? Gossip and theories begin. Concerns are raised for the missing girls. What if Lenny has hidden them somewhere without food or water? This gives something the players can get involved in. Inspector Thatcher and Dr. Curwin conduct an investigation for the rest of the day. Lenny's home is searched, statements are taken. A post mortem is performed on Lenny's body, the results of which are made known later that night or tomorrow.

Play begins around noon in Fishleigh House where the characters are either trying to enjoy their lunch in peace, or are involved in a heated debate over the missing children. If it's the former, then they just can't not overhear what's being said. Jim Monroe (the proprietor) is unsuccessfully trying to keep the noise down (glancing embarrassed at the investigators if they are visitors and not locals). The topic of discussion: What to do with Lenny. Others defend him due to his severe stupidity. "He wouldn't know what to do. He just doesn't have the brains." argues one man.

Man Two

OK, maybe not, but what's that got to do with it...? The big lummoX would probably only want to play. He just doesn't know his own strength, a man like that could do a lot of damage. Remember the last time whe...

Man One

(interrupting)

Inspector Thatcher has already spoken to him and searched both his home and garden, and the farm he works on, and there's nothing. Nothing to link him to the disappearances.

Man Two

So, what are we supposed to do...sit here and wait for number four? You know, that ox isn't as half stupid as he makes out to be. I say we go and speak to him ourselves.

This last remark gains the support of several other patrons. Just then, Inspector Thatcher steps into the room from outside having heard the last remark through an open window. "That won't be necessary. Lenny is dead." This brings a silence to the room, no one utters a word. No one moves, save for eyes shifting from person to person. "How?" asks a solitary voice.

Inspector Thatcher

Don't know for sure.

Local

Murder... suicide?

Thatcher

That's the strange thing. He was outside with his shotgun, both barrels empty. There's no obvious clue as to how he died. I'm sure Dr. Curwin will find the cause, he's up there now. If any of you know something, or know somebody who might be involved please come see me as soon as possible.

Thatcher then leaves, returning to his office for something or other before returning to the murder scene -

Lenny's house. It takes about 5 minutes to get there, should the players be interested in tagging along, as several other patrons indeed are. By the time everyone assembles at Lenny's house there'll be a crowd of at least 20 people, all talking amongst themselves. Speculation and conjecture on everyone's lips.

Lenny's bungalow is on the outskirts of town. Built in the 1860's, it has, by now, seen better days. A dilapidated dry-stone wall surrounds the building. The gardens, both front and back are overgrown and weed choked. A small vegetable patch has been carefully looked after however. At the far end of the back garden is a chicken run that has been busted up pretty badly. Wood torn away and smashed, chicken wire bent and mangled. Several loose chickens scratch or peck the dirt, while others lie dead. Viewing the body causes 0/1 sanity loss for anyone not accustomed to seeing dead bodies. There they see Dr. Curwin at work; marking Lenny's outline with pegs and string, taking notes. He wears a frown on his face. (A PSYCHOLOGY check reveals it to be more of a puzzled grimace.) Lenny lies sprawled on his front, just outside his backdoor amidst weeds. A patch of wet earth below his head. A 20 bore double-barrelled shotgun held loosely in an outstretched arm.

Curwin won't be pleased at the assembled crowd and asks Thatcher to get rid of them for fear that they may destroy valuable evidence. The crowd, on Thatcher's bidding eventually breaks up only to shuffle back to Fishleigh House to continue their speculation. The players are free to remain if they so desire, but Curwin becomes irritable if they get under his feet. Thatcher won't mind if they keep their distance, but if they are more of a nuisance, or a hindrance he'll try to get rid of them. If, however, the characters can convince either Thatcher or Curwin that they can be of some help, then their assistance will be gladly accepted on the condition that nothing should be said to the locals until things can be confirmed. "We don't want false rumours or accusations to start flying."

As Thatcher and Curwin, try to determine what happened, they discuss certain details, which the characters can easily overhear. Dr. Curwin announces that Lenny is not more than 9 hours dead. That'd put his death to around 3.00 am, give or take half an hour. He then draws Thatcher's attention to the wet patch, stating that it's not a puddle, but fluid draining from Lenny's nose and mouth. There are no obvious signs (other than the liquid) of how he died, such as stab wounds, gunshot wounds, or bruising to indicate that he had been clubbed. He's sure that a post mortem will reveal more.

Thatcher then runs through his idea on how Lenny died: He was awoken by whatever was happening in the chicken run. He hastily put his trousers on, but didn't have time to sling his braces over his shoulders. He grabbed his shotgun and came out in his bare feet after switching on the kitchen light. He fired - twice. Bang. Bang. And nothing, he obviously scared off what, or whoever was here. Then he keeled over and died. Why? How?? Once Thatcher and Curwin are satisfied that the crime scene has been well documented and all relevant clues noted, Curwin, then has the body removed to the morgue for later examination. Thatcher remains to conduct a search of the area, including Lenny's home.

As the players conduct their own investigation, while being careful to avoid destroying evidence, they discover:

- (MEDICINE check) Characters of a medical background, or who would know, concurs with Dr. Curwin's estimation that Lenny has been dead about 9 hours.
- (SPOT HIDDEN check) A cursory check of the body shows no sign that Lenny was shot, stabbed or otherwise assaulted. There are marks and abrasions, but these are simply minor scrapes that occurred as Lenny stumbled and fell. They are certainly not bad enough to cause serious injury.
- (TRACK check) A mere success uncovers no tracks or spoor to follow, however an impale uncovers single partial impression of what appears to be a clawed print in the dirt, but nothing can be learnt from it.
- (KNOW roll) Tasting the water discovers it to be salt water. Only applicable if the water is actively tasted.
- (SPOT HIDDEN check) A spatter of blood on a broken wooden joist. Due to the elapsed time, it's

nothing more than a brown stain, with a couple of congealed blobs. Careful lab tests and a successful BIOLOGY or CHEMISTRY check proves the blood to be neither human, chicken, dog, fox or anything for that matter. In fact it appears to be from something else entirely...

· (SPOT HIDDEN check) 1d3 large scales are found on the ground close to the chicken run. They measure three quarters of an inch in height and a half inch wide. No other scales can be found and there are no dead fish in the trash can, or indeed anywhere close by. Comparative testing and a NATURAL HISTORY check are inconclusive as to what they belong to. A big fish perhaps, or snake? Not even the local fisherman can positively identify them for sure. Those familiar with Deep Ones may recognise the scales for what they are.

· (SPOT HIDDEN check) If the characters search the house they find that the kitchen light is still on. Aside from that they take note that the house is quite untidy, and grimy. Lenny slept on a simple mattress on the floor. Searching the home thoroughly takes several hours. There is no cellar, but there is an attic. Nothing out of the ordinary can be found. No diaries. No weird dusty tombs. What they do find is junk mostly. Certainly nothing to incriminate Lenny in the abduction of the little girls.

• **Thursday, 9 September. 1920**

Inspector Thatcher and Dr. Curwin continue their investigation, following leads that go nowhere. No one comes forward with any information. Curwin completes his post mortem. Lenny died as a result of acute sea water asphyxiation - drowning. His lungs had ruptured from the pressure. He drained nearly 2 pints of pure sea water from his lungs. This puzzles them. They return to Lenny's home for a more detailed examination. There they find blood samples and scales - unless the players have previously taken these. There is definitely nothing more that can lead to the missing girls. Around noon, Inspector Thatcher discloses the assumption that he's working on about how Lenny died, but not the cause, he withholds the fact that Lenny apparently drowned. He then again asks the public to come forward if they know anything, even if it's nothing more than when they saw Lenny last. No further progress is made. The players are free to do what they want.

Note:

Thatcher's assumption is quite correct. Lenny was in deed awoken at around 3.00 am with something breaking into his chicken coup. He quickly pulled on his trousers, grabbed his shotgun and went to chase off, or kill what he thought would be a fox... Entering the kitchen he switched on the light before venturing outside. He wasn't prepared for what he saw. Three Deep Ones. He drew down and fired, injuring one of them. In retreat, and in retaliation one of them cast the spell Breath of the Deep, in which a victims lungs fill with sea water, resulting in death by drowning.

• **Friday, 10 September. 1920**

Another commotion unsettles the town. Jim Monroe's body is found. Dead. At the lighthouse. His body has been removed to the morgue. Inspector Thatcher investigates. There he finds a set of bloody webbed footprints leading from the body to the water's edge. They are photographed. Post mortem results conclude Jim died of several deep stab wounds to the torso, probably made by a spear or some kind, as well as having his neck crushed. Only his distraught wife can give any leads, and they soon turn out to dead ends. The killer, whoever, or whatever he/she/it is got away again. Inspector Thatcher remains tight-lipped about the murder, proclaiming that at the moment there is no evidence as to who the assailant was. Perhaps Jim disturbed an intruder; perhaps it may even have been the alleged vagrant who has been blamed for the abduction of the three girls. The webbed footprints are not revealed to the public and Jim's wife is told not to mention them - to anybody.

Lenny is buried today. A few people attend the service. Other than this the day passes uneventfully until 7pm when the church holds it's weekly bingo night. It costs 2d (two pence) to join. The prize of four shillings is up for grabs. That night, around 3.00 am a storm brews.

Investigating further

This information can be easily learnt from Thatcher, but if the characters wish to talk to Victoria in her current condition, they'll need a successful PERSUADE roll, though if they are sympathetic and show compassion she'll talk without a roll. From statements, this is what can be learnt. Jim was alerted by his wife that the light had gone out, just before they were to go to bed around midnight. He went out to tend to the problem and she didn't wait up because he could be out there for just for a minute to change a bulb, or longer if the mechanics had failed as had happened before. She woke the next morning and saw that he still wasn't home decided to take him some hot coffee and something to eat. That's when she found him, laying there in a pool of his own blood, next to the generator. She dropped the thermos flask, screamed then ran to inform Thatcher. A PSYCHOLOGY roll allows characters to detect, that although what she says is the truth, there's something she's keeping back (the footprints). Something which she'll deny of course. Continuing to pester her causes her to break into tears and accuse the character of being heartless, before slapping somebody.

After hearing of this the players will probably visit the lighthouse. There is a 35% chance that either Thatcher or Curwin is there. In the main tower on the ground floor (generator room) there is a chalk outline of Jim, a pool of blood and a trail of bloody footprints. Something with webbed feet walked through Jim's blood. The trail leads outside, then down to the waters edge then disappears... This causes 0/1 sanity loss. Those familiar with Deep Ones may recognise the prints.

• Saturday, 11 September. 1920

Today concerns grow about three missing fishermen. They are well past due. Inspector Thatcher and Dr. Curwin are at a loss on how to proceed in their investigation and take time to review what they have. Various people come forward stating they have seen the vagrant or somebody suspicious (are the players up to some midnight shenanigans?). These sightings are mostly centred around night or just before dawn. Thatcher decides to call all able bodied people to join an extensive search. Later in the day the missing fishing boat is seen drifting in the bay. No sign of life. Maybe later that night a survivor struggles home.

Fishermen missing

The fishing boat generally goes out at 11pm and returns at 5am. Their boat isn't in the harbour, and no one is home. Later in the day, about 6pm their boat is seen drifting on the tide. A rescue party is sent - which may include some or all of the players. As the boat approaches the fishing trawler, voices are raised which gains no reply. Somebody speculates whether they were washed overboard with last night's storm. Closer still, and evidence of a struggle becomes visible. Boarding the stricken vessel they find conclusive signs of a struggle.

Utensils strewn everywhere, broken windows, cracked and splintered wood. Evidence of a small fire in the wheel-house. Nobody on board, just a lingering rank smell. A fetid, repulsive stench. A SPOT HIDDEN check enables a keen eyed investigator (or NPC) to find, in the galley, a severed hand laying amidst a pool of blood. Large; green; scaly; and webbed. (Anyone who has tangled with Deep Ones before may recognise it as such.) It causes 0/1d3 sanity loss, unless characters are familiar with Deep Ones. A meat cleaver is deeply embedded into the wooden floor next to the hand - obviously the implement of amputation.

I've seen him

Reports come in from various sources, each saying: "I saw the vagrant, a shabby man from the distance. I saw him." These accounts, however, often conflict with each other, especially when a description is given. Descriptions range from: short, tall, thin, stocky, hunch-backed, one-eyed, a hook where his hand should be....and so on.

In light of these sightings Inspector Thatcher calls on all able-bodied volunteers so that a search of the surrounding area can be established. Areas to include the shoreline, and the surrounding countryside including farms, woods, fields, thickets, shacks, abandoned buildings, automobiles, vacant houses and barns. These random searches enable the keeper to throw in a few wild goose chases that could lead

somewhere - or nowhere. This would be a good way to get rid of a day or two in the blink of an eye. One possible way to shunt the scenario along would be for Inspector Thatcher to instruct the players to search the bluffs... which would in turn lead to a search of the caves, and what dwells therein.

• **Sunday, 12 September. 1920**

The searches continue. Nothing in particular happens today, except for church (and what may spin off from it). There's no need to impress the fact that players have to attend church. Not every one in town attends. If a sole fishing survivor is to be included, he awakes today and tells his story.

Church service

Shiple's sermon is pretty much the same as his others of late (see keepers information), but this time he delivers a few comforting words to the parents of the missing children before asking everyone to observe a minutes silence in prayer for their safe return. For those who know Shiple, a secretly rolled PSYCHOLOGY check allows the character to feel as though "something's up". He's not entirely focused and seems a little distracted.

Picking up on this, the players may wish to speak to him. At first he tries to downplay his problem by saying that he's just had a few sleepless nights. A PSYCHOLOGY check leads characters to believe Shiple. Pressing further, Shiple explains that he's been having strange dreams, and for the life of himself cannot remember them - just feelings. It's like he's lost something very dear to him, but he knows he never had it. Or he's done something, or forgotten something very important - and it's nagging him. It's like trying to remember a tune that just on the tip of your tongue, but forever elusive. He then shrugs it off saying its probably nothing more than anxiety brought on by the events of late. If another PSYCHOLOGY check is called for, the character is swayed by Shiple's reasoning - and why not. Truth is, Shiple is beginning to slowly realise that the disappearances may have something to do with him, and it's causing him grief. The dreams are subconscious memories filtering through.

The use of PSYCHOANALYSIS may help here, as will HYPNOSIS - but Shiple must be PERSUADED to open up and try to discover the root of his anxieties. Successfully persuading him to undergo such measures calls for a relevant skill check. Failure brings nothing out, otherwise Shiple recounts his involvement in the whole affair. The use of either of these skills is not a ten minute effort over tea and biscuits, but several hours of dedicated work. The precise time is left to the keeper. It may last all night, but certainly not less than 1½ hours.

The players discover that Shiple has been associating with Deep Ones, and it was he who abducted the children and delivered them to the Shaman Deep One. He can also point out the caves significance before his breakdown.

Delving into Shiple's subconscious is not without risk. Once Shiple realises what he's done, he begins to tremble, then collapses to the floor. "My God, What have I done? Those poor, poor children." For the time being Shiple suffers a mental breakdown. If left unsupervised for lengths of a time he may, at keepers discretion, hang himself in a fit of suicidal depression - after composing a letter of remorse.

What now? Having learnt of Shiple's involvement there are two courses of action open to the players: 1) Rush directly to the caves to rescue the children themselves, and 2) Inform the town of the news, before converging on the caves.

Going in alone

If the players are very, very careful they can penetrate quite deep into the caverns without attracting Deep One attention. If they go it alone, run the caves as is outlined later. The Deep Ones, once alerted to their presence will try to entrap the intruders, first by cutting off their escape route, then by forcing them further into the caverns. The keeper is advised to use the Deep Ones in any manner he/she wishes. If you want to attack the players - go for it... or, you could try to capture them, imprison them, or cast assorted spells on

them and bring them under the control of the Shaman like Shipley. Casting Siren's Song may be a good idea.

Siren's Song

The characters have one round in which to react before the spell begins to take effect (POW resistance roll versus 16). Those succeeding the roll can act as normal for one round, but must continue rolling to avoid falling under the influence. Sticking fingers in ears and humming loudly will prevent the spell from taking effect. Those with 21 INT or more are naturally immune to the spell.

As the spell takes effect, the character are overcome with an intense unshakeable desire of belonging and happiness. A special bond is felt between the rocks, the trees, fellow man, and even the Deep Ones who stand before them. The effects of the spell lasts 4d10 hours (roll each target separately), and while under the influence, they carry out whatever is commanded of them – unless doing so harms the target, or those to whom he/she has a special bond.

Until the spell wears off, the characters are no longer under the control of the players, but that of the keeper. During this time the keeper can do whatever he/she wants to further the scenario or bring about a drastic turn of events, such as moving the sacrifice and invocation of Cthulhu's chorazin to tonight. Remember to use dramatic licence to heighten play. Once, however, the spell wears off the character reverts back to player control, but he/she has absolutely no knowledge or memories of the time spent under the spell. To avoid further complications, maybe the shaman orders the characters to leave Shellbourne (by boat, car, or whatever) altogether.

Informing the town

Perhaps the players will be reluctant to rave about sea monsters out of fear of being ridiculed or thought of as crazy people, that is unless other events have been brought into play in case the town may be more receptive. In either case, proclaiming that they know where the abducted children are will generate much interest. A large following gathers as word spreads. The players will be bombarded with questions about their whereabouts, their wellbeing, and such like. The mob will grow impatient with each passing moment and will demand to know where they are. Once known, they swarm down to the caves after collecting lamps, torches and other light sources.

As the mob pushes further in, calling for the children, they spread and fan out and funnel down tunnels in their search. Outnumbered, the Deep Ones attempt to keep to the shadows, out of sight, or attempt to slink away to safety out the submerged tunnel in the Cathedral Cavern. The Deep Ones, at this stage do not want a full scale battle on their hands, and so choose the better part of discretion. They have all the time they need to see their plans to fruition - even if it means that they start from the very beginning again.

A few individuals, players included, may run into a Deep One or two, who have been spotted, unable to find a suitable place to hide. How will they react? Some will panic and beat a hasty retreat, some will stand dumbfounded unable to comprehend what they see before them. Others will become involved in a fight. If attacked, the Deep Ones defend themselves as best they can as they try to flee.

The keeper, could wait till the mob has penetrated deep into the caves before having the Shaman and his acolytes cast SIREN'S SONG. With a 1000 yard range, the spell will reverberate and echo all around the caverns affecting everyone within the tunnels. Those affected will be told to return home and say nothing other than to say they were mistaken; the children are not in the caves, and that the search should be called off. This'll not sit well with those who wish to continue the search. This point of contention will be muchly debated with the town split roughly evenly. What happens now is left up to the keeper, and whatever plan the players settle on is sure to cause the keeper problems.

Now that the Deep Ones have been discovered and that the Siren's Song won't last for ever, the shaman knows he must accelerate his plans. Tonight Cthulhu's Chorazin is invoked.

The cave system

The Deep One colony of G'ath N'thle'i, as it will be called should the Deep Ones be successful is currently home to 40-odd Deep Ones: male, female and their offspring. At any one time roughly one third of them are out at sea; hunting, harvesting mother of pearl, or whatever... The other two thirds rest, reshape, or install the gathered mother of pearl - making the caves something more to their liking. The Shaman and his acolytes are always busy performing magical rites in the Cathedral Cavern - preparing it for the big night.

Utilised in Shellbourne's history as a smugglers hideaway, the cave system is extensive and has been only partially explored. It's common knowledge that the further you travel into its depth the more treacherous and dangerous it gets - so only the very bold should attempt to venture completely into its deep interior. A few potholers have never returned and their bodies were never discovered.

The cave system can be easily found on the sea front approximately a mile south of Shellbourne. Tidal forces eradicate tracks left by the Deep Ones. Typically, the passages are wide enough for an elephant to swing a cat. Though why an elephant would want to swing cat is anyone's guess... It also gets very cold the further deep you go. Evidence that the tunnels have been used before is still apparent: Graffiti etched in the walls from smugglers, empty corroding wall sconces, the odd tarnished object such as coins, brooches, bits and bobs that only serious treasure seekers would find interesting.

For the most part the caves are silent, save for the foot falls of our intrepid investigators. But, occasionally, the characters hear strange twitters and buzzing sounds from creatures unseen; strange screeches and echoing calls, strange irregular gurgling sounds, drips and wet slaps. What are they, where are they coming from? It's too difficult to say for sure. "Wait, what was that? Did you see it? That shadow... it moved!" Batteries might fail, things might brush against legs, or drop from above.... Use dramatic licence to instil a sense of isolation, fear of the unknown and the sense of being watched. As this isolation grows and an over active imagination takes over the characters may suffer a loss of 0/1d4 sanity.

Sporadically, the tunnels get wetter or muddier, and the characters can come across webbed footprints. There are many tracks criss-crossing. Untrackable for the most part, though any impaled track roll allows astute and observant characters to notice human-made shoe prints in the mud - some may be fresh, while others may be as much as several days old.

1. Entrance & Bat Swarm

Disturbed by footfalls, flashing lights and voices, 1,000 bats take to the air in an attempt to get away. They swarm en-masse to the cave entrance past the investigators. All the characters can do is protect themselves as best they can as the sheer volume of bats overwhelm them, and occasionally fly into them getting caught in loose clothing and hair. A thousand tiny squeaking voices, the flap of membranous wings, the feel of them crawling on your face causes 1/1d6 sanity loss.

2. Smugglers' Meet

Large rocks have been arranged in here around the wall. Pieces of broken furniture poke through the earth. This used to be a meeting place for smugglers. Graffiti is more extensive in here than other parts of the caves, there's also a rusty, half submerged kicked over brazier. Digging around for treasure, one lucky character can find an ornate tobacco tin inlaid with silver. It is empty, though the inside lid has a name inscribed - Samuel Hurst. A date stamp on the underside can place the object around 1704. After a little cleaning, the tin could fetch up to £50 on the market, maybe a little more to a discerning collector.

Point of interest for anyone who's interested: Born in Shellbourne in 1672, Samuel Hurst became a notorious braggart and smuggler. He and his band were involved with the smuggling of everything from pottery and paper to food stuffs, weapons and even humans on the odd occasion. Betrayed by a friend for the sum of £5, Samuel was arrested by Customs and Excise agents. As he was being tried in the local town house on charges of smuggling his compatriots mounted a daring rescue attempt. They entered the townhouse wearing handkerchiefs over their faces and brandishing guns. Shots were fired as they made their escape. They were later tracked down by soldiers from the local garrison to a farmhouse and during

the ensuing firefight which lasted 17 minutes - eight soldiers were killed as well as nearly three quarters of Hurst's band, including Hurst himself. The others surrendered and were later hanged. A descendent of Hurst can still be found living in Shellbourne somewhere, and will be most interested in buying the tobacco tin.

3. A breath of air

A steady cold wind blows out from the right tunnel. Nothing suspicious.

4. Large Cavern & Honeycomb offshoots

The immensity of this huge elongated cavern is staggering. A barren cavern of perilous, jagged boulders and jutting slabs, saw-toothed ridges and uneven gullies through which several trickles of water has cut a path. An extensive search of the area, with a spot of digging (to the depth of four feet) may allow fortunate characters to find a treasure chest full of old coins, jewellery and assorted wares. Weighing in a 30lbs its worth roughly \$13,000 (or £2,600). Cashing this in will create instant news stories of the players. There is a 30% chance that 2d3 Deep Ones emerge into this cavern from one of the many connecting tunnels, croaking between themselves. Perhaps they are silently sneaking up to observe and / or attack having been alerted by flashing lights and uncontrolled chat.

Branching off from the main area are smaller tunnels and caverns that interweave to form a vast complex maze. No one knows where the tunnels lead. If the players are determined to go exploring themselves it will be up to the keeper to determine their outcome. Will they wander forever, eventually succumbing to whatever lives in there or will they emerge in some other larger Deep One colony several miles away such as Ahu Y'hloa in Cornwall. One thing is for sure however; the maze is extremely dark. Pitch black. The deeper the players go the more complex the maze seemingly becomes. Cold winds occasionally gust through chilling investigators to the bone. Fine spider-like webs break across their faces. Mites irritatingly crawl on their skin, sometimes burrowing beneath it. At times they are forced to wade chest deep (as based upon a size 12 character) through slime. Maybe they come across the remains of a lost explorer with some salvageable equipment. Fear and anxiety of being lost may soon take its toll causing 1/1d6 sanity loss in extreme cases.

5. Mudslide

The caverns take a tilt down here, the rocky surface giving way to a muddy slippery slope fifteen feet in length. Any one attempting to carefully descend the 34° incline requires a DEXx3 check. Failure results in the character slipping then sliding all the way to the bottom and getting covered in sticky, clay-like mud. Lanterns, firearms and such may be dropped and become useless, requiring cleaning before further use.

6. Mud pit & Sinkholes

The steady rain-like drip, drip, drip from above has practically turned this entire cavern into a muddy quagmire. Generally knee deep - sometimes waist (as based upon a size 12 character). Several sink holes make the journey across even more dangerous. Spending time to edge carefully across, feeling every step before committing to it, all the lead character need do is to succeed a single LUCK roll. Those following should be safe enough if they follow their leader. Carelessly striding across requires 1d3+1 successful DEXx3 rolls. If a character has the misfortune of stumbling into a sinkhole, he/she immediately sinks 1d8 SIZ points into the muck. Each round the character remains he/she sinks a further 1d4 size points deeper as though something is pulling him/her down. To remain afloat without further sinkage the character is required to succeed a SWIM check. Bulky or awkward items must be dropped to prevent accelerated sinkage. Any character who submerges beneath the surface begins to suffocate as per the drowning rules. If there is something conveniently close by that can be grabbed, then the character can begin to pull him/herself to safety by overcoming the bogs pull with a successful STR check. Success recovers 1d4-1 size points. The quagmire has a pulling strength of 2d8+2. If friends rally and help, then they must also independently overcome the mire's STR rating....though they run the risk of inadvertently falling in also (DEXx5 or LUCK to avoid). Each success pulls another 1d4-1 size points free.

From here on in the chances of running in to a party of Deep Ones is great. Hide, sneak, as well as cautious movement allows characters to remain undetected for a while. Remember, there are something like 26 Deep Ones here, and one of them has got to see the beam of a flashlight sometime.

7. Pool Cavern & Connecting caves

The chambers here are being covered with Mother of Pearl, by attendant Deep One females. These coatings add to the over all ambience of the place and light reflects off its iridescent surface in a glittering subtle play of colours. The main feature of chamber 7 is a pool of water that measures roughly 30 feet in diameter. The pool's depth is varied due to the tide, so depending on the time of day the pool may only be a deep wet pit. Deep Ones are often found languishing here.

8. Cathedral Cavern

Much like cavern four in appearance, this room, as the title suggests is as large as a cathedral - larger even, only this time there are exceptional columns of stone connecting floor to ceiling, where stalagmites and stalactites have joined. Adding to the magnificence is the vast use of Mother of Pearl. A steady rain fall of water cascades from above making the floor wet and in patches extremely slippery. Black algae grows in clumps and anyone standing on it requires a DEXx1 roll to remain standing. Anyone falling over suffers 1d3-1 points of damage due to cuts and abrasions. One fifth of the chamber is flooded, though this time the water level is not governed by the tide. A large sub-aqua tunnel leads off to the English Channel somewhere. This tunnel is extensively used by the Deep Ones.

Tethered to the wall (marked A) by lengths of super-strong seaweed are the missing children. These dirty underfed human beings cry out to their hopeful liberators. Guarding the captives is a solitary elderly Deep One who carries a Trident and net. He currently has his back to the players and is not all that alert and can be easily overcome by swift and aggressive action. Using brute force to snap the seaweed requires a STR resistance check versus a rating of 1d10+5 (per strand). Five successful rolls frees a captive. Slicing it with a blade requires the player to deliver a minimum of eight point of damage for the bond to be severed.

In the centre of the cavern, which is relatively clear of columns and spires there is an imposing 36 inch high crude sculpture of a creature of vague anthropoid proportions; its body grotesquely swollen and bloated; an octopus-like head whose face is a mass of feelers or tentacles; large prodigious bat-like wings. Anybody with Cthulhu Mythos may recognise this as Great Cthulhu himself. It is being tended to by the Deep One Shaman, and after several millennia of spiritualism and occult worship, it has been left stooped over (even for a Deep One) and thin. Its skin hangs loose from its skeleton and instead of a greeny-brown colour, it is mottled with an odd discoloration. Upon its head it wears a head-dress of seaweed, whale bone and fish parts. Around its neck dangles a necklace of 15 sharks teeth. On each wrist a bronze bracelet, both engraved with images of the sea. Dolphins and fish mostly with a few decorative squiggles and swirls. The shaman also carries a staff, a little taller than himself, topped with an orb. The shaft of the totem is made of a gnarled black lacquered wood, bound with intertwining strips of hide. Bones are tied to it with ligaments and sinew just below the iron orb. The sphere topping the staff, upon closer inspection is impressed with geometric shapes, points and intersecting lines. (Extensive as well as assiduous research allows the dedicated investigator to discover that the engraven image depicts the world as it was 350 million years ago with the corresponding constellations. It may even depict where R'lyeh is.)

There are at least another dozen or so Deep Ones here preoccupied with coating the rocks with mother of pearl.

• Monday, 13 September, 1920

Should the scenario last this long, the day passes uneventfully - providing no strange and unusual things have been thrown in by the keeper, or the scenario has had an abrupt turn of events. A week has passed and Thatcher and Curwin have nothing to show for their labours. The town reluctantly accept the grim outcome. The Deep Ones, however, plan to invoke Cthulhu's Chorazin tonight at midnight.

The Invocation

A little before midnight, all the Deep Ones gather in the Cathedral cavern to begin the ceremony. As the rite gathers pace clouds begin to roll in from the sea. A storm brews, but there is no rain or wind. The Deep One shaman calls all who sleep to the cavern. It seems the entire town is affected (only a very few are not affected). Characters are required to succeed a resistance roll against a value of 15 to remain unaffected. Those overwhelmed walk, zombie-like, still in their bedclothes, through town, and across the downs, and make their way to the caves and into the Cathedral Cavern, where they arrange themselves around the central point. The caves are lit just barely enough for the sleepwalkers to see, but not enough to cause discomfort to the Deep Ones. Those who cannot, do not, or are not asleep when this occurs can count themselves to be very fortunate. Those unaffected few, sense a disturbance in the ether. A presence never felt before. Undeniable. Everywhere. Stopping a sleepwalker is easy, but it will struggle to continue on its way. Communication is impossible, they just stare blankly about. Attempting to awake a sleepwalker is very difficult and requires a POWx1 check on the behalf of the somnambulist. Once awakened the walker will be very confused and unable to remember anything save for vague images.

Attempting to blend with the mass is easily done as long as the characters do not act too suspiciously. Smuggling weapons in is also easy. A LUCK roll (per person) is required to get passed unnoticed. Failure results in a Deep One guard approaching to disarm the character. If shooting begins, Deep One guards will pour in to stop the players, and anyone supporting them, (Be careful of missed shots. Stray bullets may hit innocent civilians. Each civilian killed causes 1d3-1 sanity loss.) in order to prevent them from ruining the ceremony. The sleepwalkers continue as normal as though nothing is happening.

Passing without incident, the sleepwalkers arrange themselves around the central point of the Cathedral cavern. The Shaman, two acolytes, two guards, and Rev. Shipley are there central stage. The shaman is waving his arms around, intoning something in his native Deep One croak. He sprinkles a liquid over the coral representation of Cthulhu. The acolytes likewise chant. The guards, and Shipley hold the three children who cry out. As the ceremony progresses, a dozen Deep One guards wend their way through the crowd with clay jugs of drinks, which each sleepwalker consumes. If players partake of this vile unctuous concoction, brewed from strange and exotic substances known only to Deep One shamans then they need to succeed a POWx2 check to remain unaffected.

It takes four rounds for everyone to get a drink, after which the shaman launches into the ceremony proper. The sleepwalkers, begin to sway after drinking. The shaman intones the rite for six more rounds before the children are slaughtered in unison by the acolytes and Shipley. This gives ample time for the players to react. Upon the sacrifice, those who are awake see an apparition of Cthulhu's head form above the idol which causes 1d8/2d8 sanity loss. For those who are under the drink's influence, a dream visage begins to take form...

Darkness. Suffocation. The feeling of drowning. A strange watery world. Dull mottled colours. A foreboding sunken island rises from the cold depths. Towering distending spires and stony peaks. Black and slimy. Dimly perceived oozing masses, and bloated shapeless creatures hop, slither and languish in the muck. Always at the edge of vision - never direct. There are thousands of stone buildings and malformed monuments standing rigid upon this nightmare landscape. Although alone, the character can sense others.

The dreamer is drawn to a solitary black building atop the tallest mountain at the centre of the island. Gargantuan sealed doors give way. Beyond, the entombed eldritch monstrosity known as Cthulhu. Its intense psychic aura penetrates deep into the character's soul. Individual identities are swallowed up and lost in the seething tumult of other condemned souls. Their thoughts are one. Mixing; merging; conjoining; unable to escape. A swirling maelstrom of conscious thought. For this brief moment in time they form part of the living universe itself. Logic and proportion gives way to occult lore and knowledge of other unearthly realities, each brimming with demented gods and fantastic monsters who roam the vastness of the universe, with little or no regard of human life.

Characters who are awake at this point witness the screams of everyone else who are tormented beyond reason. These screams of a likes never before hear cause a further 1d4/1d8 sanity loss. Some people fall over in severe twitching spasms, others pull their hair out by the roots, others claw at their faces tearing

the flesh away...

Cthulhu has a POW of 42, but because of his dream-state and certain limitations, all sleepers and those under the spell's influence should make a POW check against a value of 21 to remain unaffected by his will. 2d8/3d10 sanity is lost for this experience, at the end of which everyone gains 1/3 the sanity loss as Mythos gain (rounding up). Those who fail the resistance roll undertake the Binding Oath of Cthulhu; a set of vows taken by worshipers to ensure loyalty and obedience to Cthulhu and his cult. The oath binds the follower, so that he/she will not allow the cult be brought to harm. It also decrees that they forsake all else that they used to hold dear, and that they shall tirelessly work so that R'lyeh may once again rise. Undertaking the oath causes a further 1d10 sanity and 1 POW (permanent) loss. Anyone who's sanity is reduced to zero or less becomes a frothing fanatic... They continually hear the voice of Cthulhu. He speaks to them. Through them. They do as he commands without question. Successfully resisting enables a character to be headstrong and self aware enough to reject the binding oath. Soon after the rite is complete, the mob slowly begins to awake. Approximately 10% of the population successfully resist and can act as normal - sanity permitting. The rest are sadly lost to Cthulhu, and immediately begin to seek out the unbelievers, a task which most likely will last throughout the night and into morning.

Once Cthulhu's Chorazin has been invoked, killing the shaman does nothing. It'll be too late by then. However, destroying the idol (12 damage or more will destroy it) severs the link between the mass and Cthulhu. Doing this early on may result in less sanity being lost. The mesmerised crowd will gradually come round and regain their senses after a while - all very disturbed and shaken.

Conclusion, Summing Up & Sanity Gain

• Tuesday, 14 September. 1920. The Aftermath.

The scenario shouldn't really get this far, but if it does 90% of the town may now be under Cthulhu's control. Those who can be considered "normal" or "sane" should leave town right away. The day begins cold and damp. A heavy permeating mist draws a shadowy veil over everything, though this begins to lift by 9.00am What happens today is based upon last night's outcome.

If the town is converted into a cultist hive the players and other local survivors will have to try to escape Shellbourne alive. Those who are captured are later sacrificed to Cthulhu. Use the cultists in any way you want. Don't be too concerned about capturing the characters alive, however. If the characters have cars, or other transport - disable them. Chase the characters out onto the moors. Hunt them down. Corral them. If the character do manage to escape, they'll have one hell of a story to tell.

Pre-empting the ceremony, successfully, stopping it, or preventing the conversion is certainly something to be proud of - especially if the missing children are rescued The town will want to know what happened. Can the players explain it? Once all is said and done, Shellbourne will be forever grateful to the characters and there'll nothing more to do other than seal the caves with copious amounts of dynamite. There is no dynamite in Shellbourne, however. None at all. Players have to go to one of the nearby towns or into one of the cities.

With all said and done, what will the characters do now? There's more of those things out there - and worse. The gate has opened and there's no going back, so-to-speak. There are several loose ends that the players (or keeper) can chase up and get involved with - any of which may lead to greater horrors and greater knowledge - and less sanity. But for now it's over... But, at what cost...

Sanity Rewards

Each child rescued +1d3. Each child killed -1d3

Eradication of Deep One colony & destruction of idol +1d10

Running away like a coward leaving Shellbourne to its fate -1d10

Battling valiantly but failing to stop the subjugation -1d6

Allowing Shipley to live and getting him psychological help +1d6

Getting Involved, Looking Into Things & Talking to People

Player involvement isn't all that necessary. They can just sit idly by and let things happen and not get involved, but that'd make for a boring scenario... well more boring than it already is I hear you say. However, for those who can't sit around, these sections give added details for the kinds of things the players may want to know.

Who was Lenny?

Approximately 40 years old and overly simple (just 5 INT). He could just look after himself and no more. He lived alone in his house on the outskirts of town. By the time when he died, Lenny was just barely tolerated by the locals. But it wasn't always like that. He wasn't born stupid. As a child he was fairly bright, outgoing and well liked, often doing odd jobs for the pensioners... but then an accident occurred when he was thirteen years old. He was kicked in the head by a horse which disfigured him for life, and left him severely brain damaged. He was still cared for by his mother until she died 20 years ago, and since then he has lived alone in his dingy little hovel. Then one day 15 years ago he was found with several young girls in his care. They weren't exactly abducted per se, but they were taken without the consent of their distraught parents. They were missing for several hours. The girls were found scared and confused, but otherwise no worse for wear. On several other occasions Lenny was seen with girls, which were promptly taken from him. The most horrific time was when he did abducted a holiday-maker's child for more than 48 hours, and when she was discovered she was badly bruised. How his fixation with little girls came about is not known. It is well known, or at least assumed that Lenny means no harm. He's just a big kid who wants to play, but because of his sheer size and lack of mentality it is feared that his rough style of play could lead to misery and suffering - or worse. Because of this shameful perversion, Lenny seldom comes into town, knowing that he is not really welcome. He also worked on a local farm doing menial labour and sheep herding.

The Missing Children

The families of the missing children are well known in the community and have been ruled out in any involvement. The families of the children largely have nothing to say to the players. Anyone not on official police business require a PERSUADE or FAST TALK roll to gain the parent's trust. Those who do speak to the characters answer their questions to the best of their ability and it is obvious that all are traumatised by the experience. Talking with Inspector Thatcher can gain the same information.

The information that can be learnt:

- Their names and ages: Elsie Pennyworth (8), Connie Brook (8), & Lynn Wallace (10)
- The circumstances: Elsie was sent on errand to the post office. She never came back. Her red bike was later found by her sister who was sent to look for her when Elsie never returned. Connie was last seen playing in the back garden, and Lynn just went missing. Lynn's parents thought she was in her bedroom playing with dolls.
- All three girls were friends. Elsie and Lynn are cousins.
- Nobody seen or heard anything at the time of the abduction. Except for Mrs. Brook who saw Revd. Shipley pass by about 5 minutes before hand. He stopped and waved at her then spoke with Connie.

Shipley has been interviewed by Thatcher about what he saw and heard when he passed by. Unfortunately he was unable to help. He saw and heard nothing out of the ordinary. This statement may not wash with the characters who may believe Shipley to be lying.

Who's Prime Suspect for Lenny's murder?

Alexander Walsh. A local huntsman, who has a deep seated hatred for Lenny. No one knows why he hates him so much. Although not the only one in town to dislike Lenny, he is the most fervent of them all. It is widely known that Alexander has threatened, on several occasions, to kill him, but perhaps that was just the alcohol talking. Alexander has also been arrested on numerous occasions for having a go at Lenny - also while intoxicated.

Inspector Thatcher has already spoken to Walsh and is so far satisfied with what he has to say. Alexander won't appreciate being hassled by the players - especially if they begin to accuse him of the murder. He denies any involvement in the whole affair and does not know who else could've done it. He proclaims he and a few friends were up late on the night in question playing cards and drinking. They broke up around midnight and he went to bed. PSYCHOLOGY checks reveal him to be telling the truth, as does questioning his friends. Pissing Alexander off isn't a good idea. First, he strongly suggests that the players leave his home. If they ignore his order, he goes and gets his double barrellled shotgun and comes back and tells them in no uncertain terms to fuck off. Alexander isn't stupid enough to actually fire the gun, though it may accidentally go off in a struggle.

Who last saw Lenny?

The last person to see Lenny alive was Farmer Brown after paying him his daily dues. Lenny was last seen in town three days ago buying assorted stuff. It was also on that day that an inebriated Alexander was physically hauled away before pummelling Lenny to a pulp.

Farmer Brown.

Lenny's former employer is a solid, down-to-earth fellow, and hard working. Plain-spoken and brusque. Brown maintains livestock: pigs and cows mostly, with a few chickens, geese and what have you. It takes 10-15 minutes to get there over the fields to the north of Shellbourne. Brown won't like it if the players suspect him of being somehow involved, or if he's covering up for Lenny. He'll like it less if they demand to search his house, his farm and outlying terrain, explaining that Inspector Thatcher has already been out and did that - just in case. He found nothing suspicious. A FAST TALK., or PERSUADE roll and an apology for the trouble will satisfy Brown of the necessity in case Thatcher had missed something. If this is a legitimate search (as organised by Thatcher) then Brown won't complain. Players being more thorough will want to search everywhere, loose floorboards in the barn leading to secret rooms, water towers, lesser used storage sheds, barns and all sorts of places. An extensive search such as this may take all day and uncovers nothing..

Brown is one of the few villagers not convinced of Lenny's involvement with the child abductions, despite what happened before. He explains that he had a long talk with Lenny about the disappearances and believes him to be innocent. He's been working Lenny hard for the last two weeks, sometimes as much as 14 hours a day. He'll speak of Lenny as being a nice lad, hard working, but prone to day-dreaming if he didn't have anything to do. He loved moving stuff - doing menial labour, mucking out. That sort of stuff. Also he's been working here for at least 10 years.

The Belfast Connection

Thinking this might be relevant, the players may wish to research this further by getting in contact with the East Belfast authorities. The newspapers are only limited to what the police tell them, so information here will be limited. Getting in direct contact with the Belfast Police can gain a little more information if a FAST TALK, PERSUADE, or LAW roll is achieved. Information won't be readily available to the players over the phone. It will take time to collate relevant information which can be read over the phone, telegraphed, or sent through the post. A little off-the-cuff information is available, however, though this is limited to: 1) Confirming the disappearance of the girls. 2) Confirming none were ever found. 3) Nobody was ever caught. 4) There was nothing out of the ordinary in the regards of webbed footprints, lights in the sky, etc. Whatever information is to be had is left to the keeper to expand upon. It's possible Belfast had a little Deep One trouble that was taken care of, or not... Maybe Belfast is now under Deep One

control. Then again, maybe the girls were simply abducted by a gang of depraved psychos. All this is left for the keeper to work on. If Deep Ones are involved, that could give an opportunity for a follow on scenario...

Any occult significance...

With regards to date, a successful OCCULT (and maybe LIBRARY USE) check reveals, there are no occult significance to this week or the coming days. For local history the players find only what's already been mentioned in the book Witchcraft in Devon and the standing stones.

Optional Events

These events are optional and need not be used at all, though they will give the players something else to react to.

Survivor

A surviving fisherman staggers into Fishleigh House (or some other suitable place), having just washed up on the beach. He's the sole survivor from the trawler. He's exhausted, battered, dirty. His clothes are torn. He collapses from serious fatigue loss. A FIRST AID roll will stabilise his condition, but he's too weak to be interrogated. He passes out. He won't wake for another 14 hours at least. When finally he does wake, he is wide eyed, his pupils dart to and fro. His body is tense. He won't want to talk of what happened on the boat. A PSYCHOANALYSIS check brings him round temporarily, only for him to babble, sometimes incoherently, about a sea monster. "We caught it in our nets, but it broke loose. God, what was it. We tried to kill it... I... where's Sam and Howie... did they make it, are they here? It's so horrible..." That's as much as he says before curling into a ball, staring straight ahead. Silent. All is not lost for this poor soul, in time he will get better.

A sudden thought

IDEA roll to remember reading a newspaper sometime in August last month. Eight girls, all under 12 years of age went missing in East Belfast over a period of three days. If players wish to investigate it's relevance they have to get in contact with the East Belfast authorities either by telephone or telegram.

Storm

A storm brews and continues for most of the night gaining in intensity around 3am. About this time the characters are rudely awoken with a blinding flash and a god-almighty crack of thunder from directly overhead. The wind has jarred the storm shutters free (in a random character's room) and they clatter and bang. As the character tries to wrestle them closed again he/she must succeed a DEXx5 roll otherwise they are wrenched from his grip, during which time he/she is soaked from the driving rain. If this happens a LUCK roll must also be made otherwise the shutter whips back upon itself only to strike the head of the character inflicting 1d3 damage.

Fog rolls in

The night and morning air is filled with a chilling dense fog, anyone out in it between the hours of 1.00am and 3.00am has a 25% chance of running into a patrol of 1d3+1 armed Deep Ones. The fog doesn't begin to dissipate until 8.00am, finally lifting half an hour later. The ground, moistened in places maybe inset with one or two footprints - webbed prints.

Shafts of light

Anyone out and about at night will soon have his/her gaze drawn to the moon to see strange shafts of light projecting from it. This is unnatural phenomenon and is unexplainable - even on a successful ASTRONOMY roll.

Child number four missing.

Frantic cries of a woman in distress. A man anxious for resolution. Young Daisy Deeks (5) was last night abducted from her home. The door has been forced open, and no one heard a thing.

What is that?

As the players return from a search, they are drawn to a commotion down on the beach. A gathered crowd of men, women and children gasp and comment on the scene - both repulsed yet intrigued, unable to look away... A strange three and a half ton, twenty-legged, fur-matted creature is discovered by two local boys when skipping school. The disgusting smelly blob causes a loss of 1/1d3 sanity points for viewing it. It looks as though it has been dead for quite some time and is in a state of decomposition. Partially consumed and maggot infested. Just what it is exactly will baffle even an expert of Natural History studies.

What is it?

A Deep One has been killed and brought in and put on display in the town square. Its slayer is being bombarded with questions from curious onlookers. A short time after the players have joined the bustle, the local photographer arrives and sets up his camera and tripod and commands every one to move aside so that a picture can be taken with its killer. This picture, as is the story to go with it soon appears on the front page of the local rag. As news spreads, the find draws crowds from neighbouring villages... Viewing the Deep One corpse causes 1/1d4 sanity loss.

His story

The slayer is Sergeant Steven Nesmith (one of the three who returned from WW I). "We, that is, me and my son Daniel had gone camping two days ago up around Dawson's Lake. I was teaching the boy self reliance and survival techniques, and while engaging in a spot of night fishing at the lake, I noticed something big and black in the water. As we stared at it, we saw it was some kind of animal, but an altogether strange kind of creature. It was swimming about aimlessly, turning from one direction to another without much noise above that of gently lapping waves. It then glided towards us. I then ordered Daniel to go get my rifle from the tent. As Daniel returned, I shone my torch at it to illuminate the subject. That's when it became frenzied, it reared out the water in a threatening manner and lunged towards us. I fired 3 times before it fell over. Then once again in the head at point blank range just to be sure it was dead.

The players may want to visit Dawson's Lake, which isn't that far from town. If they go, they eventually find Steven's campsite, evidence of a campfire, and (with a SPOT HIDDEN or TRACK check) the exact spot where the shooting took place, along with spent cartridges (.303 cal), glinting beneath the water at the water's edge. Searching for webbed tracks can be accomplished if a second TRACK roll is made. There are several sets of tracks (spanning several days) though it seems as though they were made by the same individual who kept returning to this place. Where they go from here is for the keeper to decide.

The monster from the deep

If the Deep Ones are repulsed, the keeper may - if he/she desires, have the Deep Ones return later in greater numbers and strength, for a retaliatory strike. Or, several Deep One shamans band together to summon a being so terrible that nothing can stop it. It rises from the deep inky blackness of the ocean to destroy Shellbourne and all who dwell there.

Deep Ones

A race of immortal beings that dwell within the oceans. Their very existence dwarfs that of mankind. Preferring to remain apart from humans, Deep Ones live out their lives in vast colonies beneath the oceans, but sometimes, they establish cults among seafarers and coastal towns and offer treasures of the deep in return for a peaceful coexistence. There are enough Deep Ones alive to completely wipe out humanity, if they had a mind to, but Deep Ones are content at this time to coexist in secrecy with

mankind, as long as mankind keeps its distance.

Deep Ones are stocky, stooped over, chubby bipedal amphibian-like creatures. Ungainly in posture and gait, they stand on squat hind legs so that their long cumbersome arms and hands are free to grasp objects. Greyish-green in colour with an off white or sometimes yellowish under-belly, these anthropomorphic scaled beings are mucus-covered. Shiny and slippery. Their heads, frog or fish-like in appearance with prominent unblinking, heavy-set, lack-lustre bulbous eyes sits atop a stubby near non-existent neck in which gills subtly pulsate. Communication between Deep Ones are conveyed by telepathy and/or deep throaty croaks - unintelligible to humans, however they can speak to humans in a crude rudimentary dialect.

Note: Because Deep Ones favour low light levels, harsh light will dazzle them and hurt their sensitive eyes. One or two Deep Ones can easily be driven off or kept at bay by shining a light (either flashlight or flaming torch) directly into their eyes. A successful DEXx5 roll is all that is required. Any Deep One affected will shy way from the light source unless it succeeds a POWx2 check. Those kept at bay will do all they can to disable the light source, such as throwing rocks, etc.. It should be mentioned that the more Deep Ones there are the less likely this tactic will work. Use your judgement.

STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW	DEX	MOVE	HITS
14	10	16	13	11	11	8 / 10	13

WEAPON	ATTK %	DAMAGE	Armour:	1 point scaly hide.
Claw	35%	1d6 + 1d4		Spells: None, though the keeper may give a few
Spear	55%	1d6 + 1d4		privileged Deep Ones access to a spell or two.
Trident	50%	1d8 +1d4		SAN: 1/1d6

Deep One Shaman

STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW	DEX	MOVE	HITS
14	10	16	14	15	10	8 / 10	13

WEAPON	ATTK %	DAMAGE	Armour:	3 point scaly hide.
Claw	25%	1d6 + 1d4		SAN: 1/1d6
Spear	25%	1d6 + 1d4		Equipment: Head-dress, bracelets, Staff (see below)
Trident	35%	1d8 + 1d4		

Spells: Attract Fish, Alter Weather, Breath of the Deep, Command Shark / Porpoise, Contact Star Spawn of Cthulhu, Contact Cthulhu, Create Mist of Releh, Dampen Light, Grasp of Cthulhu, Invoke Chorazin of Cthulhu, Raise Night Fog, Wave of Oblivion The staff is a magical item and stores 10 extra magic point on which the shaman can draw, if required.

The monster from the deep

Flowing, ropy tentacles, innumerable slender tendrils whipping back and forth. Pulpy. Elongating. Squirming. Writhing. Crawling. Utterly alien to the zoological world. Distorted heads, crooked needle-like teeth, clawed appendages. Bloated, warted, oily. Obscenely gigantic. An abomination of nature. A grotesque manifestation of the like man has never seen. It pulls itself along with great effort, gouging a trench 30 feet wide. Flattening, crushing, and demolishing everything beneath its great bulk.

STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW	DEX	MOVE	HITS
630	420	840	10	100	3	7 / 12 swim	630

WEAPON	ATTK %	DAMAGE	Armour:	20 points cartilage and blubber.
Crush	99	18d6		SPELLS: None.
Thrash / Whip		70		5d6
Bite	50	6d6 *		SAN: 1d10/1d100

* Any damage equal to or greater than the character's SIZ results in that character being swallowed. If this is too big, they might just send a Shoggoth instead.

