

FOR
Call Of
Cthulhu

1920s

THE GREAT OLD ONES

New Adventures Against the Cthulhu Mythos



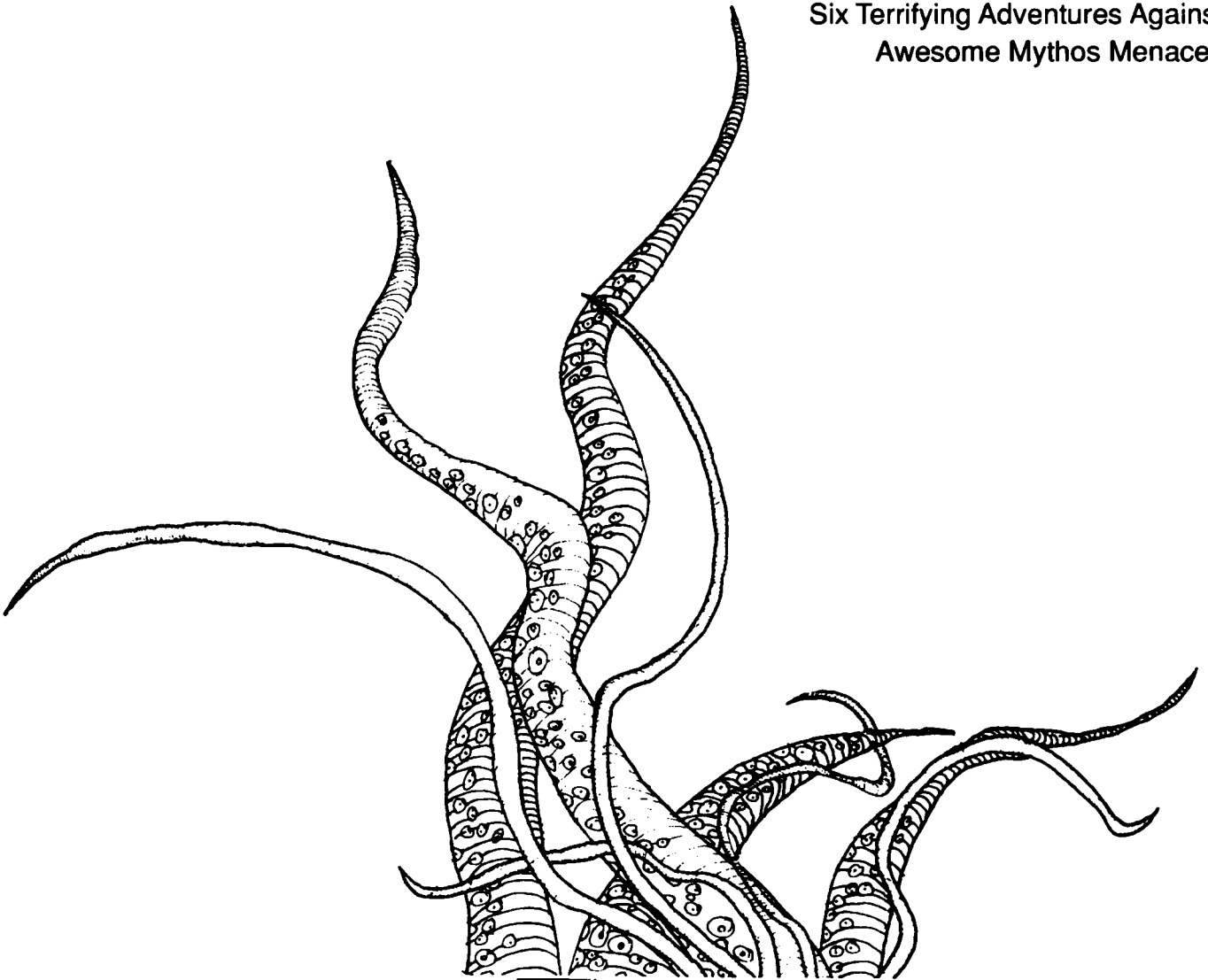
Marcus L. Rowland • Kevin A. Ross
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Tom Sullivan • Lynn Willis

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The Great Old Ones

Six Terrifying Adventures Against
Awesome Mythos Menaces





H.P. Lovecraft
1890 - 1937

THE GREAT OLD ONES



Marcus L. Rowland

Kevin A. Ross

Harry Cleaver

Doug Lyons

L.N. Isynwill

introduction by **E.C. Fallworth**

cover painting, interior illustrations, maps **Tom Sullivan**

additional swell illustrations **Sean Schoonmaker, John B. Monroe,
Greg Stafford**

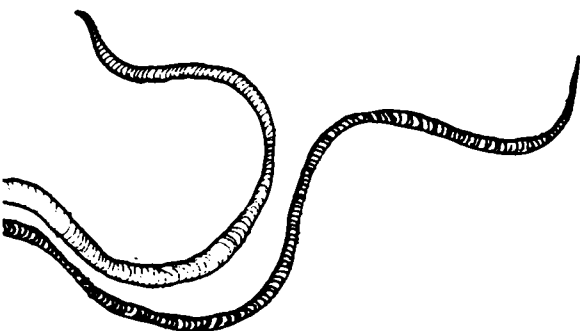
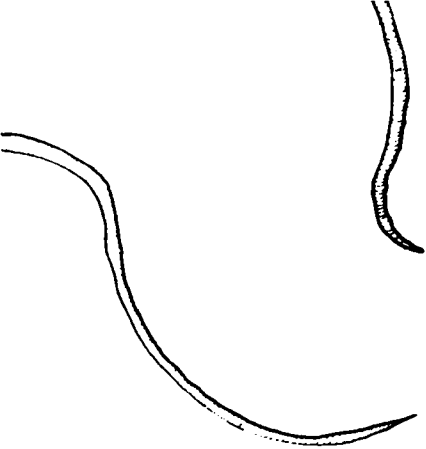
editorial, additional material **Lynn Willis**

additional material, editorial, layout **William Dunn and John B. Monroe**

copyreading **John B. Monroe and Anne Merritt**

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Introduction

by E.C. Fallworth, Professor-Emeritus, Miskatonic U.

HERE ARE SIX new adventures for *Call of Cthulhu*. Great Old Ones participate in some manner in five; the sixth deals with an avatar of an Outer God. There's not much difference, and it's a fine story; fool your players and have a good time anyway. Each adventure is independent, though links have been sketched in for the convenience of campaigners.

In "The Spawn," careful investigators uncover a historical clash between local worshippers of Yig and some chthonians; in "Still Waters," the investigators encounter a new breed of Cthulhu cultist; in "Yellow Sign," Hastur stirs in dark Hali as his avatar comes to Earth; in "One In Darkness," our heroes stumble over an avatar of Nyarlathotep; in "Pale God," our heroes learn why they may not want a personal relationship with a god (if it's a Great Old One, that is); in "Bad Moon Rising," we learn the fate of the human race and of all things, including the Great Old Ones.

Though we can distinguish a wider variety of them, little has been written to define the Great Old Ones since Lovecraft's great researches, most extensively presented in "Call of Cthulhu" and "At the Mountains of Madness." There he defined the hideous forces from beyond time and space which lurk until the stars once more are right and they can reassume the thrones of Earth. For game purposes, Sandy Petersen has summarized most of what's known, in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules and in the *Field Guides*.

The major addition to Lovecraft's ideas comes from August Derleth, to the effect that the Great Old Ones lost a war with the Elder Gods and in consequence have been imprisoned on our planet. (Some readers feel that this is easy to say but hard to believe: how can gods be threatened? with what was the war fought — spears? spaceships? what is there about Earth that makes it a desirable cell?) Lovecraft warned against attributing human emotions and concepts (the concept of war, for instance) to beings beyond our ken. He felt that doing so blunted the perception of alienage for which he strove; in consequence, he often refrained from defining or describing mysterious or horrific elements. Indeed, Stefan R. Dziemianowicz comments that "one of the intended ironies of Lovecraft's fiction is that human beings always try to interpret the doings of the [Great] Old Ones through a vocabulary woefully inadequate . . . [and] to lock these embodiments of forces beyond human ken into a system [which is] a mere sliver of some greater, cosmic truth."

Derleth's effort preserved Lovecraft's work, making it available to generations of readers, and creating in Arkham House a refuge for dark fantasy in a time of neglect. Derleth invented the term 'Cthulhu Mythos.' Perhaps it was for the best that his development of it led to unanswerable questions: keepers can deal with matters as they wish, and no final pronouncements can ever appear.

What Do We Know?

Great Cthulhu and his spawn came to Earth hundreds of millions if not billions of years ago. Cthulhu probably was among the first Great Old Ones to arrive, and no later Great Old One seriously challenged his dominance. Over eons, more Great Old Ones came: the *Call of Cthulhu* rules recognize fifteen such entities; there are still more, should enterprising scenarists adapt them for game use. No limit to their number is known.

Apparently the Great Old Ones occupied Earth slowly and incompletely. The now-sunken continent of R'lyeh was Cthulhu's seat of power. His mortal spawn fought inconclusively with the Elder Things (or *Old Ones*, a name discontinued in the game to prevent confusion) for many millions of years. Though reduced, the Elder Things were never conquered or eliminated. Unlike the once-mighty Serpent Folk, no record exists that Elder Things ever generally worshiped the Great Old Ones or the Outer Gods.

The Great Race of Yith lived in similar independence for millions or hundreds of millions of years, discomfited not by Great Old One horrors but by the Flying Polyps, oppressors of the indigenous cone-beings whom the Great Race supplanted and another species which may worship no Mythos deity.

The independence and long prosperity of such races shows the relative weakness of the Great Old Ones, who can barely hold their own against material beings.

If the absence of an imperial appetite does not represent an important weakness, the Great Old Ones must have been less militant and less encompassing than we imagine, exercising remarkable restraint toward other species' continents. When Cthulhu and his kind sounded their barbaric yawps, they did it locally, not globally. Did the Great Old Ones never directly rule more than a portion of this planet? Both possibilities show the Great Old Ones of limited strength and influence, attributes hardly god-like.

According to prophecy, the Great Old Ones will reawaken and then rule, but the mental transference of the Great Race into a free future suggests that such a reign is not for all time: either the Great Old Ones are not there or they are inactive. Perhaps the stars go wrong and they sleep again, or perhaps they evacuate Earth for some reason, but if the sources correctly imply the persistence of the Great Old Ones on Earth, then they once more lose its crown.

Lovecraft's quest to infuse authentic experience into horrific fiction never abated. He went to great length to characterize the goals and needs, for instance, of the 'alien races' of Earth — the Great Race of Yith and the Elder Things. Independent species of high cultural achievement, he outlined their history in two fine tales, "At the Mountains of Madness" and "The Shadow Out of Time." Both species find their glory within the limits of science, architecture, and art, not in magic and the worship of ghastly deities.

Capabilities of the Great Old Ones

Among their capacities are the sometimes inadvertent mental transmission of sanity-wracking dreams and other telepathic abilities, immortality, great size, strength, average Power nearly twice human maximum, and astonishingly speedy movement for massive entities dwelling underground or underwater. Owing to unknown parameters of dormancy, nothing

much can be said about their range, except to note that Ithaqua, for instance, is able to move freely on Earth and perhaps elsewhere.

Like the Outer Gods, every Great Old One is stunningly different. Aside from a general craving for large numbers of tentacles, their appearance and behavior are so dissimilar that acute observers can barely detect connections. What can be said concerns general behavior.

- Most importantly, the Great Old Ones are literally inhuman: they have no human emotions or human needs, and “it would appear that their bodies do not even share many similarities with our human physiology. They may be composed of some sort of matter unknown to us,” Kevin A. Ross adds.
- They are isolate creatures mostly without servitor races or hierarchies.
- They may have a taste for personal contact—investigators often directly encounter them rather than their servants or agents.
- Though it may not be a precondition, each Great Old One has a single recognizable shape, unlike most Outer Gods, who may have many forms or perhaps none at all.
- Though they do not inhabit mundane locations, most Great Old Ones have a preferred or ordained dwelling-place: Cthulhu’s is in his corpse city at the bottom of the sea, Ithaqua’s in the northern hemisphere (preferably midst the snow and ice), Hastur’s in or near Lake Hali on a hideous planet circling Aldebaran, Tsathoggua lives underground, Shudde M’ell lives underground on Earth, and so forth. Outer Gods may not have residence, unless the center of the universe can be said to represent one for Azathoth.
- Though things may be different on other worlds, Great Old Ones on Earth rarely employ avatars. Of the Outer Gods, all but Azathoth and Nodens seem to.
- When and if Great Old Ones reproduce, they may spawn a unique servitor race which fulfills some of the functions of children: of Outer Gods, Shub-Niggurath and Abhoth (who may be misclassified Great Old Ones) reproduce, but they do so ceaselessly and randomly.
- Astrological pattern may circumscribe Great Old One freedom of movement, as may environmental preference or condition: except for Azathoth, whose witless malevolence epitomizes Lovecraft’s universe. Outer Gods move where and when they will. Thus Great Old Ones are localized and circumscribed in ways which seem intrinsic to their nature, while the Outer Gods have untrammelled freedom, bound by naught save will.

An Interpretation

The Great Old Ones are subject to material conditions of this universe, while the Outer Gods are not. The Great Old Ones are god-like, but they are not gods, for gods by definition command, and are subject to nothing.

Great Old One ego, power, and propensity have commingled for so many cons that they and the Outer Gods seem indistinguishable. But the Outer Gods are apparently conterminous with the existence of the universe, while the Great Old

Ones appear to have grown from it and to have responded to it: both nature and the supernatural led to similar grimness. Lovecraft’s universe was dark. He was personally a gentle nihilist who found no meaning in humanity or life. Perhaps fantasy so ruled his life because he feared that nothing but brute strength and maniacal desire, as typified in the Great Old Ones, ultimately ruled reality.

Long ago Arthur C. Clarke proposed his jocularly-titled Clarke’s Law: that to those of lesser technology, any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic. No direct evidence proves that the Great Old Ones were once material creatures like ourselves, and that a vast sequence of development brought them the bewildering powers they presently wield, but the limitations on their powers as revealed on Earth strongly suggest it. One does not start as a god to become a scientist, but the scientist always yearns for the perfect knowledge of the god.

In the *Call of Cthulhu* game, knowledge is two-edged: the investigator must learn the unthinkable in order to survive, and in turn risks that Cthulhu Mythos knowledge may slowly turn him insane and make him become the thing he despises. Is it too much to guess that the same process occurs on a scale of millions of years in Lovecraft’s universe, each gloriously-beginning species in turn undone and converted by the awful truths they uncover? A billion and more years ago, perhaps Cthulhu’s ancestors were not unlike ourselves, small and fragile beings who struggled with the problems of living. As their powers grew, we may guess that their whims and willfulness did not diminish.

Who knows what permutations and epochal discoveries in biology, information sciences, and abstruse mathematics led the Great Old Ones to their now-hideous freedom? They may descend from one species, or they may be augmented members of many species, who have only their knowledge and outlawry in common. The same species or not, creatures with the power to change themselves will do so to fit their individual desires, perhaps the reason the Great Old Ones are so individually different. Nor does it seem reasonably to suppose that any such growth has ended or has an end.

Without new Mythos material, explanation of how this occurred or is occurring is impossible. We may note that those interstellar miners and plunderers, the Mi-Go, are both technical achievers and worshipers of Mythos entities, the strangest amalgam in Lovecraft and unfortunately one upon which he never expanded. Are they the middle ground of the Cthulhu Mythos, the scientific race already corrupted by hideous revelation? Their worship of Azathoth (the Devouring Father, the uncertainty principle, the collective unconscious) remains intriguing. What richness might Lovecraft have plumbed from a trip to Yuggoth and beyond?

In a letter to me, Mr. Ross suggests that the “Great Old Ones are not pulp villains with schemes for world domination or simple vengeance: they are above such trivial pursuits. They are patient, ageless, timeless; it is their impatient human servants — with limited lifespans and thus the need for immediate satisfaction — who continually try to bring about their premature return to glory and horror.” This elegant summary grants understanding even while quickening the mysteries beyond; surely Lovecraft would have approved. ■

The Spawn

Wherein the investigators travel to the Wild West, to investigate a murder and to observe the class struggle, and discover more malevolence than they reckoned on.

Scenario Considerations

In "The Spawn," Yig at his most benign lurks in the background as the beneficent saviour of the Xuntani tribe.

This adventure presumes a party of 3-5 moderately experienced investigators. While playing time varies, thoroughly exploring this scenario takes at least two if not three play sessions.

If the keeper intends to present *The Great Old Ones* as a campaign, start here. Though the links between adventures are nominal, little more than geographic, the month and calendar year is important in some regards.

The Spawn is specifically set in 1920. The I.W.W. can believably exist and act in that year. Though a shadow of the organization would survive, a few more years see it extinguished as a force to consider in American labor. If the keeper is unconcerned with historicism, then disguise the I.W.W. name.

This adventure nominally occurs in the heat of the year. If the keeper intends to present this book as a campaign, however, make sure to hint that winter is delayed or not far off. Chill winds, white peaks, icy mornings, and falling leaves can convey the season, while leaving the actual date suitably amorphous.

Research facilities in Coppertown are negligible. Coppertown is a place to make money, not one to settle in and be comfortable. There is no library, or newspaper, or historical society, though an assay office does exist. If investigators do not perform preliminary research in Arkham or some other civilized starting place, they must rely on word-of-mouth or delay their investigations to travel to Silver City, Santa Fe, or other town of note.

The investigators may want to disguise their real intents, as José's letter suggests, and in that regard female investigators can be handy. Useful cover identities might include that of missionary, traveling theatrical player, tourist, or journalist recording famous mining towns of the Old West. Investigators might arrive singly, and disguise the fact that they know one another.

Force the players to stick to a cover story if it's established. The Beasleys are justifiably cautious about strangers, and they'll hear about strangers who ask questions. Strangers with-

out reason for being there may be in for bullying, beating, or a quick midnight trip to the mines.

Females will not be hired for mine work, nor will even the most charming woman be allowed—for sexist reasons as well as for convenience and decency—to more than briefly tour the uppermost level of the mines. Unless the investigators understand this and plan for it, female members of the team may have little more to do than lounge in their rooms or suffer predictable encounters in the streets. Give players opportunities to rectify gender immobility, so that play is fun for everyone, but explain the point and let the investigators respond.

A glossary of period mining terms is provided. In itself, that terminology tells much about how mines operate.

Keeper's Information

Coppertown is an isolated mining community in southwest New Mexico. Unknown to anyone, the owners and administrators of the Beasley Mining Company are under the influence of chthonians, who have chosen this site as a breeding ground. The arid climate and limited subsoil water facilitates chthonian burrowing and makes the underground environment less hazardous to their young.

To secure the supply of food and psychic energy needed to nourish their young, a chthonian nest brought mine owners Edward and William Beasley under their control.

The Beasleys are brothers who prospected together for many years. Though under the sway of chthonian thought control, the Beasleys' greed brings them willingly: the chthonians provide precise information on the location of ever-richer deposits of copper ore, the exploitation of which has made the two brothers wealthy. In the five years since the chthonian contacts began, the brothers have gathered a coterie of cronies with whom they share their secret and a small but significant portion of their great profits.

The Beasleys cooperate with the chthonians by running two separate hard rock mines (pits) a mile or so apart. The Copper Lady and the Broad Vein operations are kept separate although the ore from both pits is processed in the same buildings and shipped on the same rail line to the smelter in El Paso. The Copper Lady is rich in ore, Broad Vein is not.

The unproductive Broad Vein pit is a blind for the acquisition of human fodder for the chthonian young. Human victims

augment the chthonian young's diet of animals, and provide needed psychic energy, available only from intelligent beings.

To guarantee a healthy profit, the mine owners make stringent demands on the Copper Lady laborers. Workers at the Copper Lady, where the ore is rich, produce the vast bulk of the actual metal, and in effect their labor must pay for not only their own wages and the profits of the mine owners, but the wages of the workers at the Broad Vein as well. Hence their poor pay, harsh working conditions, and ripeness for unionization. Workers at the low grade Broad Vein pit are paid higher wages than those at the Copper Lady, lulling the Broad Vein workers into complacency. The higher wages are complemented by easy-going supervision by the foremen, minimizing hostility. Broad Vein miners know they are getting a good deal.

In order that the company as a whole profits, and to support the babied Broad Vein workers as well as themselves, Copper Lady laborers must work harder than normal for less money, despite the excellent ore they mine.

To further divide the workers in the two mines, the Beasleys assign mostly Mexican workers to the Copper Lady and mostly Anglos (whites) to Broad Vein. This division helps explain the higher wages of the Broad Vein miners (ethnically-biased wage differentials are common) and also helps camouflage the fact that most workers in the Broad Vein pit are single drifters—tramp miners without local friends and relatives.

Because of these pressures, worker unrest exists in the Copper Lady pit. While the Broad Vein miners remained aloof from unionization, the poorly-paid, overworked miners in the Copper Lady organized themselves and requested help from Santa Fe representatives of the I.W.W.

A worker hired for the Broad Vein pit generally serves a probationary period on the surface and at the shallowest levels of the mine, ostensibly to verify the reliability of a new employee. In actual fact, the chthonians use the time to determine the fellow's susceptibility to their mental control. A worker who succumbs is moved deeper into the pit, during which time he falls more thoroughly under the sway of the chthonians and perhaps becomes a candidate for sacrifice. A resistant worker is either fired or shifted to the Copper Lady pit. So that no one pattern is firmly established, a miner is occasionally fired, then kidnaped and forcibly returned by night to the lowest depths of the mine to assuage the hunger of ravenous hatchlings.

Green and Thornton, sent to Coppertown in April, were experienced I.W.W. organizers. They were hired by the Beasley firm and assigned separately to the two pits. They first established themselves with the other miners. Green, who was assigned to the Copper Lady, contacted the workers who had written, and quickly laid a basis for future organizing activity. Thornton ran into a dead end. As he told Green during their weekly meetings, he was amazed at a pervasive, listless complacency in the Broad Vein mine. Then Thornton himself was sacrificed.

With the Santa Fe I.W.W. unable to provide further help, Green turned to an investigator. Green knows that his old friend may not necessarily approve of his radical activities and so he offers not only friendship but money. The \$250 he sent was raised partly by miner contributions, partly by miners appropriating and then selling particularly rich lumps of ore

they dug out of the mine, an illegal practice termed 'highgrading.'

The investigators should aim to obtain enough proof of a murder to place charges against the Beasleys with Federal authorities. This is extremely difficult. It requires imagination and daring to take on both the Beasleys and the chthonians and to escape alive.

Investigator Information

An investigator receives a letter, printed nearby, from an old friend who hasn't been heard from for at least two years. Attached is a bank draft for \$250. [Letter also included in "Spawn" handouts.]

José Green's Letter

Dear Friend—

It has been a long time, and I know that I haven't been much of a correspondent, but today I feel I must write to you, for I need your help.

I have been working in New Mexico with the I.W.W., ever since the Bisbee fiasco. John Thornton, a close friend, and I came to Coppertown, New Mexico in response to an appeal for organizational help by a group of miners who work for the Beasley Copper Mining Co.

We had done mining before so we signed on as labor. I write now because John was killed in an "accident" a week ago!

I'm convinced the mine company murdered him because of his organizing activity, but I need help proving it. The local police, as usual, belong to the mine owners and are no help at all! If we could prove that John was murdered, we could bring in a federal marshall and maybe get some justice. Can you help us? I know that you have developed some skill at digging up evidence others overlook. I also realize that this particular problem is a bit prosaic and mundane, compared to those you are used to.

If you can come, and I hope you will for old time's sake, if not for the modest retainer we can afford, please be careful. This is a small town and your arrival will be noticed. I really don't know what's best—maybe you should come as a bindle stiff and hire on, or maybe you could find out more as a well-off visitor or businessman. I get the strong impression that the mine owners are not looking for investors, so that ploy is probably no good. But you're the expert in such things.

You can find me at the Silver Spur Saloon Saturday evenings payday here. Otherwise, I live at the workers' housing at the Copper Lady pit. Don't forget, it's a secret from the company that I'm a Wobblie, so don't say anything to anyone here about that. If they found out about John, they may or may not know about me. We have to watch our steps these days!

Hoping to hear from you soon.

Your friend, José Green

Library Research

If the investigators study the current copper industry, a successful Library Use roll or a visit to some seat of expertise (such as a stock broker or the Socorro School of Mines) reveals the following: after the boom period of the Great War, the price of copper has steadily declined. During 1920, for instance, the price of copper fell from 19 cents a pound to only 12-13 cents. Faced with plummeting prices, operators everywhere are trying to increase production to maintain their income. The resulting pressure on miners is causing labor unrest throughout the Southwest.

For information on the Beasley Mining Company, a successful Library Roll leads to *The Mines Handbook, International Edition*, edited by Walter Harvey Weed, E.M., a weighty tome which is the mining industry's equivalent of Standard & Poor's. The following data is available. [Included in "Spawn" handouts.]

The Beasley Mining Co.

Offices: 28 Main Street, Coppertown, New Mexico.

Officers: President William Beasley, V.P. Edward Beasley.

Incorporated: May 19, 1912 in New Mexico.

Capital: about \$5 million (no shares).

Property: 20 unpatented claims and 1 mill site, about 560 acres of land on the N. side of Devil's Mountain, 5 miles from Coppertown, New Mexico.

Development: main developments are two claims, Broad Vein and the Copper Lady, both incline shafts cut into porphyry copper deposits.

Getting There

Because Coppertown is an isolated mining community in the mountains of southwestern New Mexico, there are not many ways to get there. If the investigators come from any great distance they do so by train, eventually arriving on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe road north from Deming. For about thirty miles they cross desert scrub. At the little junction of Whitewater, they may choose to continue on to Silver City, the destination of most trains, or to change trains (which requires several hours of delay) for Hurley, Bayard, Vanadium, and Hanover which brings them closer to Coppertown. Whichever route they choose, they begin to rise out of the flatlands into dry foothills soon after they leave Whitewater. Depending on the time of year, the dry heat might be strong, or sharp winter winds might quickly chill the investigators.

If they continue on to Silver City, the investigators find themselves in the capital of New Mexican mining country. Silver City is a bustling city established in 1876 in the midst of the Apache Wars and the silver boom. Information about the Beasley Mining Company and about the condition of the copper mining industry in general is available here.

If they take the route through Hurley they must switch trains again at Hanover, to transfer onto a small-gauge train to climb up into the mountains. Just south of Hurley they see red sandstone bluffs jutting up in the distance. The low hills here are sparsely covered with mesquite, creosote bushes, and yucca. As they pass Vanadium, they can see the huge edge tailings of the Chino, a gigantic open-pit copper mine. If they take the time to visit the edge of the mine they can see the earth being ripped out, strip by strip, by huge power shovels that run on railroad tracks and load rail cars with ore.

When they leave Hanover for Coppertown, either on the narrow gauge train or by car, they find themselves twisting and turning slowly up through increasingly mountainous terrain, more and more densely forested with cedar, cottonwood, ponderosa pine, and pinon pine. Hardly changed from primeval times, these deep dry forests are broken only by an occasional clearing or abandoned mine site. Dense foliage keeps the fierce Southwestern sun at bay. Lulled by the gentle ascent, the investigators find themselves drawn into long, silent meditations.

Coppertown

Coppertown is a small town supporting and supported by several small local mines, the largest of which belong to the Beasleys. The town has a population of 800, of whom about 300 are Mexicans, mainly engaged in mining and service labor. The rest are Anglo-Americans and a wide variety of ethnic European immigrants who work in the mines or act as skilled artisans.

The town has two restaurants, a jail, a bank, a general store, several shops selling mining equipment, a small gauge railroad station, four saloons, three cantinas, an assay office, a laundry, a hardware store and two hotels. The two hotels are the Empire and La Casa Royale, one of which must be chosen for lodgings.

To contact Green, the investigators either must write him at the Copper Lady or wait until he comes to town on payday.

Soon after their arrival, they meet Dr. Tyler M. Freeborn, a young anthropologist working in the area. Through him they have a chance to discover not only the possible presence of the chthonians but also countermeasures against them: see the section "The Ruins," below.

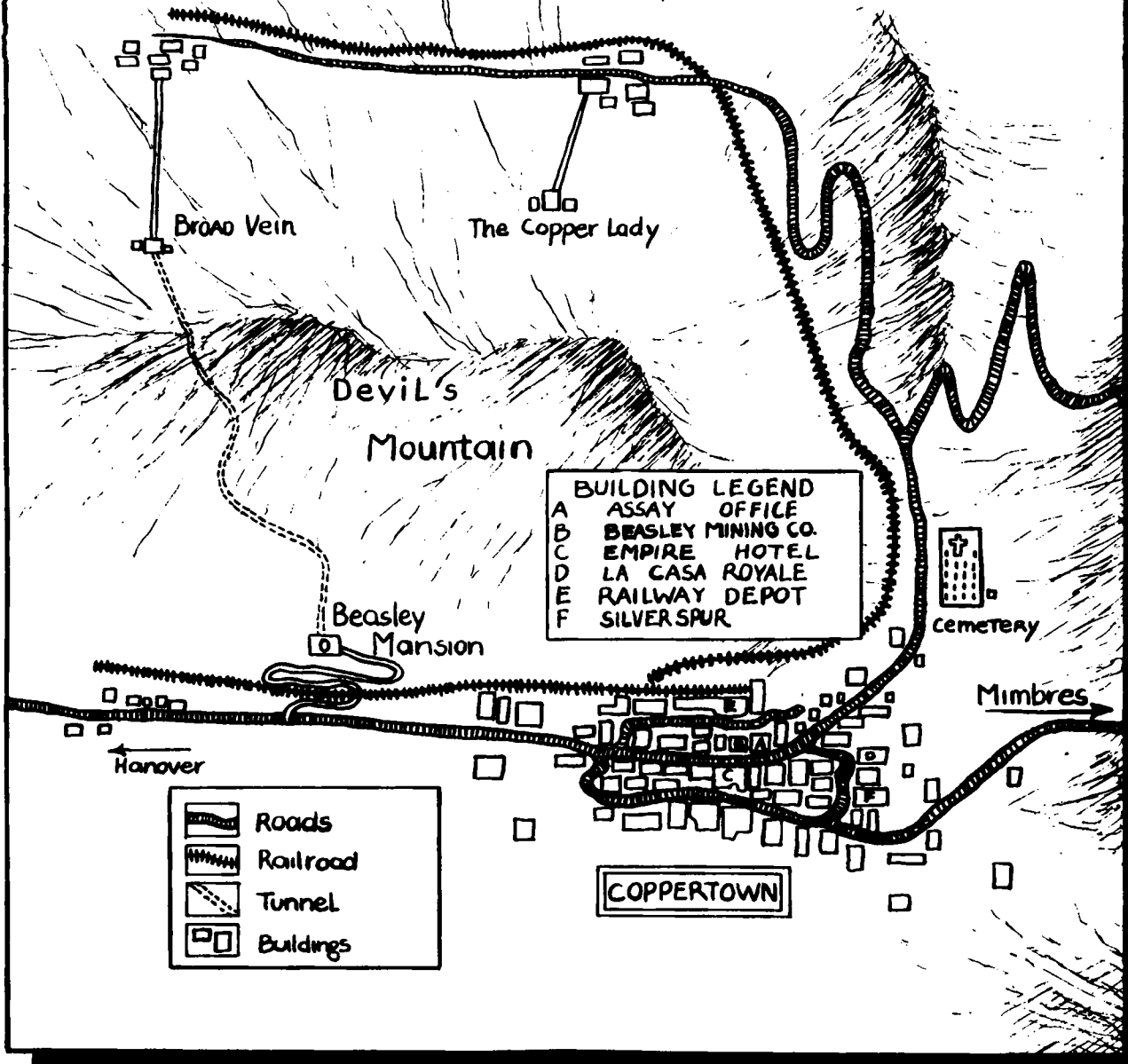
The Empire Hotel

If the investigators travel in the guise of middle-class academics or respectable businessmen, they would be expected to stay at the Empire Hotel, owned by the Beasleys. The Empire is plain and rather expensive, but provides comfortable lodgings. It is located directly across the street from the Beasleys' central mine offices. If the investigators are smart enough to obtain a front room on the second floor, they'll have a nice view of those offices, handy for planning a midnight raid.

Though the hotel is owned by the Beasleys, only the hotel manager belongs to the Beasleys' coterie, so only he is likely to report suspicious behavior. The hotel maids, cooks, etc. (mostly Mexican) are ill-paid; their morale is low. Shopkeepers and the few Anglo professionals in town frequent the small restaurant on the first floor of the hotel. The Empire is also the home to the Associated Mine Owners Club, which meets in a private back room.

A MAP OF COPPERTOWN

PREPARED BY CLEAVER AND SULLIVAN



BUILDING LEGEND	
A	ASSAY OFFICE
B	BEASLEY MINING CO.
C	EMPIRE HOTEL
D	LA CASA ROYALE
E	RAILWAY DEPOT
F	SILVER SPUR

	Roads
	Railroad
	Tunnel
	Buildings

The I.W.W.

The Industrial Workers of the World (I.W.W.) was a radical American labor organization, formed in 1905 and active in the first quarter of the 20th century. The Wobblies, as I.W.W. members also became known, were unique in their call to Americans to form 'One Big Union' to represent all workers. They were able to organize the tightknit immigrant ghettos of the East, and also appealed to the highly mobile, frequently unemployed labor force that rode the rails from mill town to lumber camp, from mine to harvest field—while filling hobo encampments in between.

Although largely eschewing ideology in favor of the direct language of the workingman, the I.W.W. drew from Marxism, anarcho-syndicalism, and working class longings for better lives. In song, newspaper, and pamphlet, the Wobblies emphasized direct action (mass strikes, slowdowns, wildcat strikes, some sabotage), and the refusal of such mediations as a union bureaucracy or a formal contract with an employer. They aimed to create a new society based on worker control of industry.

They are best known for the strikes they organized in the textile mills of Lawrence, Massachusetts, and Paterson, New Jersey, in the Masabi iron range of Minnesota, the copper mines of Butte (Montana) and Bisbee (Arizona), in the lumber towns of the Northwest and the South, and in har-

vest fields throughout the West and Midwest. In all these places the Wobblies were violently opposed by company goons and vigilantes as well as by local police backed by National Guard or federal troops.

The radical Wobbly program gave employers and government officials all the reasons they needed to counterattack; Wobbly opposition to the war effort and the immigrant (foreigners!) component within the I.W.W. constituency also gave employers and officials ways to legitimize such attacks.

The Wobblies were falsely branded as subversive spies for alien powers. During the war they were said to be working for the Germans; after the war they were called Bolsheviks during national 'Red Scare' hysteria aimed at purging the labor movement of its radical elements. Nominally driven by sporadic acts of labor violence, the story was pretty much the same, whether the agents of this hypocritical and vicious repression were the vigilantes who lynched Frank Little in Butte and Wesley Everett in Centralia, or the local judge who railroaded Joe Hill to the gallows, or Attorney General Palmer who rounded up thousands and summarily deported hundreds of immigrant workers without due process.

The I.W.W. was a uniquely American phenomenon, rooted in the peculiar conditions of life and work created by a dynamic and rapidly-expanding industry. While the Wobblies were

sympathetic toward worker struggles elsewhere, they always retained critical independence. For example, initial Wobbly response to the formation of the Russian Soviets was excitement and inspiration, for the Soviets seemed to them to have accomplished at one stroke what the Wobblies had been aiming at in the long run. But their subsequent discoveries about the Bolshevik centralization of power in the Soviet Union reinforced I.W.W. hostility toward all politicians, including socialist ones. These factory-oriented militants were not about to subordinate themselves to 'politicos' somewhere else.

A series of federal I.W.W. round-ups had begun as early as 1917, culminating with the Palmer Raids on Jan. 2, 1920. Authorities had jailed a large number of Wobblies, and the I.W.W. was struggling to defend its members in a series of legal cases across the country by the nominal time of this scenario.

As a result of this diversion of effort and resources, direct labor struggles at job sites were at a low ebb. Repression of the copper miners in Montana and in the Southwest continued. Indeed, federal troops would remain stationed in Butte and Bisbee until the mid-1920s. Against this background it is easy to see why José Green and John Thornton kept low profiles upon arriving in Coppertown.

La Casa Royale

Despite its fancy name, La Casa Royale is several cuts below the Empire's quality and price. It is run by local Mexican-Americans primarily for Mexican travelers and workers, as well as the odd Anglo prospector or workingman who comes to town. Despite its shortcomings, it has no roaches and boasts a chair and a bed in every room. Impoverished investigators or those traveling in the guise of bindle stiffs should stay here. The Casa has no restaurant; a cantina sits next door.

Tyler M. Freeborn

Shortly after the investigators arrive in Coppertown, they meet Dr. Freeborn, a young anthropologist on leave from the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque. He is studying the ruined cliff dwellings in the mountains northwest of Coppertown.

The first time the investigators go to a restaurant, the place is crowded, and the waiter apologetically seats them at the

same table with Dr. Freeborn. He is a personable fellow, and they soon fall into conversation.

When the investigators meet him, Freeborn's arm is in a sling. He says he broke it in a nasty fall in the mountains. This excitable young man is normally eager to discuss his theories with anyone who'll listen. Recently, he has made an odd discovery which has sobered him considerably, so he must be drawn out by the investigators before he discusses his work in depth.

Befriending Freeborn is easy — the poor fellow is starved for intelligent conversation. If the investigators press him (which may take no more than a single meal together), he'll consent to lead them on a visit to the ruins and show them what he has discovered.

Although originally a student of Indian tradition and customs, he has become interested in the greatest unresolved archeological question of the area: why did the local Indian tribes abandon their mountain dwellings circa A.D. 1300 and take up settlement almost exclusively in large flat river val-

leys? In an attempt to answer these questions, Freeborn has spent the last year exploring the remains of the cliff dwellings.

Although there is no immediately obvious connection between his discoveries and Thornton's death, clues may point in that direction. Once the investigators make the connection, the horrified Freeborn is very willing to help.

If his tale is told early in the adventure, the investigators may be interested but may not want to be sidetracked from their work in Coppertown. Keep Freeborn involved in the investigators' problem and in contact with them until they link their work and his: for example, the discovery of strange smooth tunnels deep in Broad Vein, or Crawford's descriptions of beings resembling those in the paintings which Freeborn found.



Professor Freeborn

TYLER M. FREEBORN is an assistant professor (B.A. New Mexico, Ph.D. Princeton) with considerable field experience. Freeborn is a tall, lanky, man of about 30, with sandy brown hair and brown eyes. He is an intellectual with a penchant for solving difficult puzzles and is open and enthusiastic about his work. While he is a serious audience for his Indian friends, he treats their beliefs as interesting superstitions.

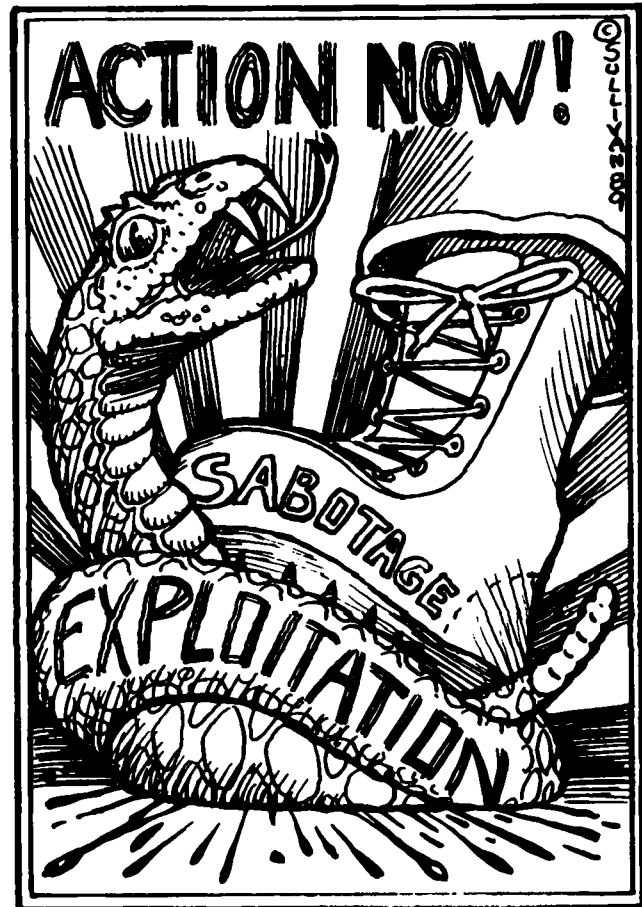
Freeborn should survive this adventure. Eventually his research brings him to a professorship at Miskatonic University in Arkham, Massachusetts. In 1935, he joins the Miskatonic expedition to Australia; see Lovecraft's "Shadow Out Of Time." Statistics for Dr. Freeborn can be found at the end of this adventure.

The Silver Spur

The Silver Spur restaurant is actually a saloon, standing near to La Casa Royale. It is a typical mining town saloon with one large room, a long bar and about 20 tables. Ostensibly, it serves only food and non-alcoholic beverages. However, anyone who knows the bartender can get liquor. Smuggled from Mexico, it is served in opaque clay bottles so as not to offend teetotalers present. The Silver Spur is also the gathering place for the growing number of militant miners from the Copper Lady.

Once the investigators have contacted Green, he contrasts his experience in the Copper Lady with Thornton's in Broad Vein. The stresses and conflicts in the Copper Lady pit resembled those he had encountered in New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, and Montana. The discrimination against the Mexican workers and the constant pressure by foremen and mine directors for greater output are fairly commonplace. He has been well-accepted among the workers, some of whom have had previous experience with the I.W.W. The men are angry with their working conditions, their wages, and their bosses, and are ready to strike.

Thornton, however, discovered nothing but apathy and complacency in Broad Vein. At first, he marveled at how the pit foremen allowed this behavior to continue, considering the



Union poster

low output of the workers concerned. It was common knowledge that the workers of Broad Vein were well-paid, and Thornton couldn't understand how their scanty production paid their wages, unless the ore produced was extraordinarily rich — something he could not tell, since he had little experience in copper mining. Thornton had also noticed that a surprising number of the Broad Vein miners were inexperienced, most coming to the pit from other occupations.

José Green

Green's interests are those of a dedicated Wobblic: improvement of workers' welfare through class struggle, overthrow of capitalism, and abolition of the state. He respects the Russian Revolution but has no desire to mimic Bolshevik organization or to parrot their line. He is an anarchist-libertarian. He has an outgoing, friendly nature, and loves to dance and have a good time — which is how he has remained friends with one of the investigators, even though the later may not agree with his political views and activities.

A hard-nosed, practical militant, Green has no interest in or patience with things occult. In his dealings with the investigators he desires only to discover the truth about Thornton's death. Green takes no action that does not develop worker militancy at the mines.

If asked about how he learned of Thornton's death, Green says that news came to the Copper Lady of a cave-in at Broad Vein, burying Thornton and three other miners. As usual under

such circumstances, the miners at the Copper Lady downed tools and many, including Green, went to Broad Vein to help with rescue operations or to stand vigil. The mine director at Broad Vein refused to allow them to help with the rescue effort, saying there were plenty of men in the pit to take care of it.

If the investigators think to ask, Green remembers that no families waited with the would-be rescuers—an unusual circumstance. He also says there is little interaction between the workers at the two mines, partly because the Broad Vein workers rarely come to town to spend their money on payday, another unlikely event. (The chthonians discourage such unnecessary trips.)

Green concludes the story by saying that it took three days for the other miners at Broad Vein to dig through the rubble of the cave-in and to discover the bodies of the four hapless miners.

Their remains were brought up in sacks. If asked, he says that he did not see the condition of the bodies. Thornton's body was shipped to St. Louis at his family's request, while the other three miners, having no kin, were buried locally.

Asked about the local coroner's report, Green says that while the report concluded "death by suffocation," he doesn't believe it because he thinks that the coroner, like Coppertown's police chief, is too friendly with the Beasleys. Green suggests that the investigators could contact Thornton's family, to learn if their mortician or family doctor had observed anything unusual which might contradict the local report. This is not possible by mail or by phone.

JOSÉ GREEN is an experienced I.W.W. organizer about 40 years old. He is a big man, over six feet, with broad powerful shoulders and arms. He has gray-streaked black hair and piercing gray eyes. He has worked in lumber and mining camps for the last twenty years. He became involved with the Western Federation of Miners and the I.W.W. during the great 1907 strike in Goldfield, Nevada, where Teddy Roosevelt's use of Federal troops to break the strike radicalized him. Moving around, as so many workers did in those days, Green has been involved in dramatic labor-management conflicts: the Michigan Copper District strike in 1913, the Mesabi Iron Range strike in 1916, and the great 1917 copper field wars in Arizona. Green was one of the 1,186 miners rounded up by vigilantes in Bisbee and deported to a Federal stockade in Columbus, New Mexico on July 12, 1917. During the last years he has worked for the I.W.W. in New Mexico. Green is a hardened veteran of the class war, with excellent organizing skills.

Statistics for José Green can be found at the end of this adventure.

The Law In Coppertown

Coppertown boasts both a police chief and a deputy, providing it with alert law enforcement for most of each day. The lawmen

double as city clerks, however, and their crime-fighting skills are not at the cutting edge of the trade. When trouble threatens, they may ignore it until some citizen forces them to deal with it, or they may spend several hours enlisting volunteers to help them out, or they may drive to Silver City to get the Grant county sheriff to come out and officially deputize whomever he can.

The Coppertown police are hired and paid by the property owners and businessmen of the town, and are pledged to defend them against lawbreakers, malcontents, drifters, tramps, and hobos. Evidence against important mine owners like the Beasleys, or their agents, must be clear and certain. The police are honest, but human: proving that the Beasleys are consorting with alien monsters (or simply that the Beasleys are murderers) probably requires police eye-witness.

Coppertown's jail is a part of City Hall, the building next door to and just east of the Assay Office.

Additional police-like forces are available. The sheriff of Grant county commands ten paid deputies, and has the power to deputize more. The platoon or so of state militiamen who live in or near Silver City can be activated on orders of the Governor, after some delay. More quickly obtainable are foremen and gang bosses from surrounding-area mines, toughs who can be assembled within a few hours.

Statistics and additional notes for Police Chief Hannibal McGinnis and Sergeant Joshua Butley can be found at the end of this adventure.

Exhumations

A midnight outing to the cemetery on the edge of town could disinter one or more of the bodies of the other three miners. This would allow the investigators to make their own judgments as to the cause of death. Green will assist them in this. The rocky ground makes for shallow graves. It takes one hour to exhume, examine, and carefully rebury one body. For every hour spent in the graveyard, an accumulating 15% chance of discovery exists. If discovered (and the diggers are wearing masks), the investigators have a 70% chance of overpowering the 1D3 discoverers and of escaping without being recognised or caught. Discovery does alert the Beasleys to suspicious goings-on.

If they are able to reach Thornton's parents, or if they dig up one or more of the bodies, they learn that the bodies bear a series of circular burn marks, varying in diameter from two to four inches, on the face, neck, and torso.

If they visit Thornton's family doctor, a successful Oratory roll causes him to admit that Thornton had been similarly burned and that the body was curiously drained of blood and dehydrated—he attributed the latter to the well-known aridity of the Western states. The family and the family doctor observed horrifying anguish frozen on the face of the corpse. This is not evident if the investigators dig up victims, because those corpses are decomposing.

The Grant county assistant coroner is in town on unrelated business. If cornered and successfully Fast Talked (preferably with a drink in hand), he admits that he signed the death certificates without doing more than making sure that the men were dead. "In my time I've seen fifty men dead of suffocation," he



José Green

Mining Camp Slang and Jargon

Atmosphere and flavor comes not only from the information provided to players but from the keeper's playing of accessory characters. The following vocabulary can help the keeper create more realistic dialogue for workers and mine administrators.

adit—a tunnel cut horizontally into the mountain from the surface.

assay—a test to determine metal content of an ore.

bindle stiffs—workers who carry their bedding.

bohunks—workers from Bohemia.

boomers—workers who follow new discoveries from place to place.

boy—a worker who carries drills or operates hoists.

buzzies—extension drilling machines.

capping—rock or ore over an adit or drift.

caving—a large block of ore is undermined by a series of drifts cut at right angles under the section.

country or host rock—rock enclosing the ore deposit.

Cousin Jacks—Cornish miners (from Cornwall, England, a mining region since the Middle Ages).

Crowst time—lunch time (Cornish expression).

donkey—any stationary engine.

donkey puncher—engineer on a donkey.

drift—a tunnel cut horizontally into ore from a shaft.

drifting—cutting drifts by drilling and blasting.

dry house—miners locker room or change house.

dumpers—workers who dump trams.

fink—strike breaker (scab) or informer.

gangue—worthless rock.

given his time—fired.

groundhog—tunnel miner.

gump light—miners' carbide lamp.

hangin'—overhead part of a mine tunnel.

hard rock stiff—a skilled miner who works in deep mines.

helmet men—trained fire-fighters.

highball camp—camp where work is speeded up by the foreman.

highgrading—miners helping themselves to high-grade ore.

hoist house—house over a shaft with lift machinery.

hollow steel—a drill bit for a water-fed drill.

hoosier up—to act incompetent.

idiotstick—shovel.

laborer—a worker who drags or picks down rock from the stopes.

loading a round—dynamite is tamped into a set of blasting holes and then the holes are filled (*stemmed*) with mud to enhance the blast.

muck—ore or gangue.

muckers—workers who shovel ore into trams.

mucking out—removing ore.

muck stick—shovel.

pluggers—small hand-held machine drills.

porphyry—an ore with copper minerals scattered through the rock.

rise—a vertical shaft cut from a drift up into the ore.

round—cycle of blasting, mucking out, timbering and drilling to position the next blast.

scabs—strike breakers.

to soldier—to goof off.

spotters—company spies in the mine.

stope—an empty room in a mine from which the ore has been removed.

stoppers—machine drill used in stopes and rises.

stopping steel—a solid-steel drill bit.

ten-day miners—miners who work for a stake and then move on; men who "call the hole deep enough."

timbering—the standing of timber to prevent cave-ins, done by skilled timbermen who erect posts on each side of the mine shaft to support a cap beam. Posts and caps may be ten inches square.

top men—surface workers.

trackmen—workers who lay track in the mines.

tramp miners—miners always on the move.

trammers—workers who push the ore trams to the shaft.

trams—small cars used to carry ore; they are pushed on tracks.

walking delegate—a union organizer who moves from job to job.

water drifters—water-cooled drills.

says. "I don't need to spend half a day cutting open the fifty-first to make sure."

Further Ore Sample Analysis

Investigators suspicious of ore samples and rates-of-returns from the two pits have several options:

- *Rifle The Company's Coppertown Offices At Night*: the assay data which is produced in the laboratory on the first floor is carefully locked up in the metallurgist's desk. In this case, they must plan their operation carefully, strike at night, penetrate the offices, find the necessary data, and escape with it. If they suc-

ceed, the Beasleys are alerted to the existence of hostile intruders and notify the police and their own guards.

If the investigators are caught on the premises, they are arrested for trespassing and questioned by the local police.

If they are dressed as tramp miners (bindle stiffs) and have no documents in their possession when caught, they can claim that they were just looking for a place to sleep. In this case the police jail them for a night and then escort them out of town.

If they are well-dressed, staying at the Empire Hotel, and/or caught with documents, they are jailed and questioned at length.

If Green is with them, the police discover his Wobbly connections, and ship the whole group to the Grant county jail, charged with sedition and conspiracy to disrupt lawful economic

activity. Angry workers may disrupt such a transfer; they liberate Green and the investigators with him. If this occurs, Green either must call an immediate strike or leave the area. To continue their research, the investigators must go undercover.

- *Seize The Office During A Strike:* the investigators may also get help from Green and the Copper Lady workers, who are on the point of rebelling, to seize the offices during a strike. In the event the strike option is used, the workers can hold the offices for one day before federal troops arrive from Albuquerque to dislodge the strikers. If the workers imprison the police or cut the phone lines and barricade the roads to Silver City, then they gain two more days.

The workers' access to large amounts of gelatin dynamite and detonators gives them an enormous potential for destruction. Green himself, though sober and level-headed by political training, is an explosives expert whose usual mining job is overseeing drilling and "loading the round" of dynamite blasting charges. Although keepers can use this potential variously, remember that recent history has taught most miners the limits of their power. They aim to win concessions, not to start wars.

Regardless of miner action, by the fourth day federal troops always arrive, declare martial law, dislodge the strikers, arrest many, and reopen the Copper Lady pit. If the investigators are in the offices when the troops arrive, they have a 90% chance of being arrested, charged with aggravated trespass and every other charge the authorities can think of, and of being jailed. There is a 50% chance of getting bail.

The strike lasts for 1D8 weeks, with workers from the Copper Lady staying out and trying to prevent Broad Vein workers from going to work and from operating the Copper Lady. Considerable disruption and violence is likely, possibly shielding investigatorial efforts.

- *Obtain and Assay Ore Samples from the Two Mines:* they must be careful in handling the samples from the two mines because not even as skilled a worker as Green can tell them apart. Both pits produce ore with high concentrations of cuprite (a reddish cuprous oxide) and chalcopyrite (a sometimes reddish, sometimes purplish sulfide of both copper and iron). While Green can readily obtain samples from the Copper Lady, it is more difficult to obtain samples from Broad Vein.

If the investigators or Green try to get a Broad Vein worker to help them, a 70% chance exists that the fellow alerts his bosses, who in turn warns the Beasleys, who quickly begin an investigation of the investigators.

Other possibilities include obtaining samples by stealth at night from loaded wagons at Broad Vein and bribing a worker at the company's processing plant. The keeper must estimate the probabilities of success.

THE ASSAY OFFICE: at the assay office they can, for a price, have samples assayed either by an electrolytic or a cyanide test. Results show that the ore from both mines is mostly a porphyry copper in which the metal-bearing minerals are scattered through the rock.

In the case of samples from the Copper Lady, native copper is present, and the probability is 60% that the sample taken represents high grade ore of 5% to 6% metal per weight unit. For each extra sample they think to acquire, the probability rises 5% that the average grade is high. Even without samples

from Broad Vein, they may be able to guess that the Copper Lady is a source of high grade ore.

Tests of ore from Broad Vein determines, with strong probability, that the ore is low quality relative to that from the Copper Lady, 0.6% to 0.9% copper. This result confirms Thornton's suspicions concerning high wages at Broad Vein. Why are low productivity workers at Broad Vein getting paid high wages while the high-productivity workers at Copper Lady are getting paid much less? By common sense, the reverse should be the case, if merely to guarantee worker cooperation in a high-quality, high-profit mine.

If the investigators discuss the possibility of profitably mining such low-grade ore with other mine owners—or with a copper-mining specialist at the New Mexico School of Mines at Socorro or elsewhere—they learn that unless the wages of workers were even lower than those of the Copper Lady, such a mine would not be profitable. At this point, thoughtful investigators should ask why the Beasleys continue to operate the Broad Vein, and perhaps begin to suspect that it may be a front for other activity.

Company Offices

In Coppertown the Beasley Mining Company consists of a two-story building on Main street. There is a front and a back door (STR 25 each). Stairs in the back lead up to a single door on the second floor. No basement exists. The floorboards of the first floor could probably be pushed up from the crawl space below, if the player-characters want to risk what might lurk there. All the windows on the first floor have iron bars over them for security. [A map of the offices is included in the "Spawn" handouts.]

The investigators may want to visit these offices during the day, asking for a tour of the mine, if they are traveling as middle-class academics, tourists, or journalists.

If the party poses as bindle stiffs looking for work, they're told to apply at the mines; they can get a ride to the mines aboard an empty rail car. For what they find there, see the section "Broad Vein Pit" below.

As tourists, respectable middle-class investigators meet secretary/receptionist Mary Hodges. She tells them that the manager, George Fischer, is at the mines. If they come back tomorrow morning at 8am there is a good chance he will show them around the workings.

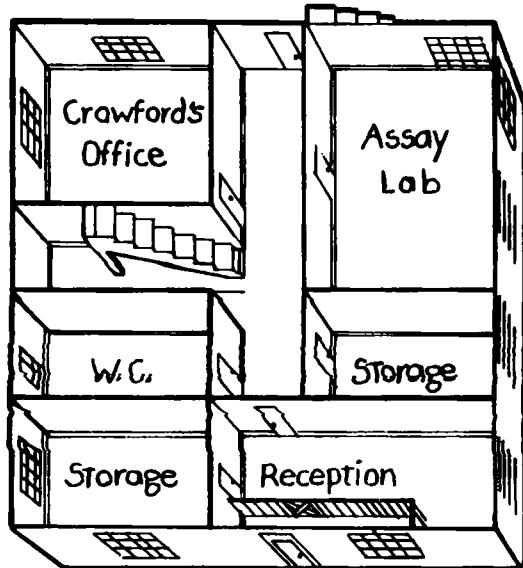
If the party returns, they meet Fischer, who is civilly polite. He is among the Beasley inner circle, and tends to be suspicious. As manager, his duties include public relations but, since he does not like that part, he does as little of it as possible. He gives the investigators a quick tour of the offices, allowing them to case the place if they wish to return at night.

Fischer grants a tour of the Copper Lady the next day. Once on the site, a successful Fast Talk convinces him to take them down in the mine, where he tries to frighten them with stories of disasters. Broad Vein, he tells them, is not fully repaired after a recent accident. He will, under no circumstances, take them there.

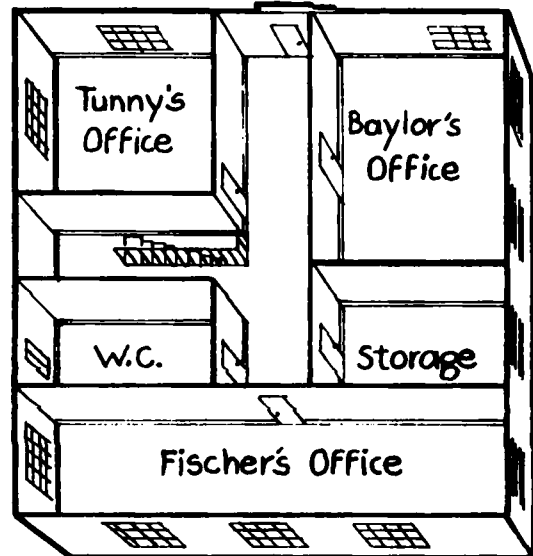
GEORGE FISCHER: he is a corrupt, marginally-competent man, who has a perverse taste for risking both his life and those of others. The Colorado School of Mines expelled him for caus-

Beasley Mining Company Offices

Ground Floor



Second Floor



ing the deaths of two other students during underground training. Since then a succession of ignorant and disreputable mine owners have allowed him to oversee operations while systematically neglecting elementary safety precautions. He has despised (and been despised by) the workers at every mine he has managed. Accidents and labor turmoil follow him like dark clouds.

The Beasleys hired Fischer because of his pathological disrespect for human life. Within weeks they drew him into their cult activities; the danger of dealing with unknown powers and the power of life and death over individual miners attracts him.

Fischer keeps the mines profitable and covers up evidence of the chthonian relationship. He is quick to notice any suspicious activity; he and his goons may watch, evaluate, or attack the investigators.

Fischer is a natural gambler. But he has managed to cover up the tendency to self-destruction and, since drawn into the chthonian circle, has stopped betting ruinous amounts at poker. A successful Psychology roll indicates that Fischer finds high stakes almost irresistible.

The Ground Floor

RECEPTION AREA: ten feet inside the front door is a wooden railing, behind which is the desk of Mary Hodges. She knows



George Fischer

nothing of the unusual character of the Beasley operations and neither she nor her desk hold useful information.

ASSAY LAB: the laboratory is equipped with the usual paraphernalia of the day and is used primarily for the company's own testing of its ores at various stages of production. A successful Geology or Chemistry roll quickly identifies components for both the electrolytic and volumetric assays: beakers, batteries, platinum wire, aluminum foil, acids (nitric, hydrochloric, arsenic, acetic, etc.).

The company's head metallurgist, Norman Crawford, works here. A successful Pharmacy or Treat Poison roll reveals several vials of use only in concocting knockout drops. A successful Occult roll identifies several markings on bottles as alchemical in nature.

METALLURGIST'S OFFICE: across the hall is Crawford's office where he composes reports and keeps his files. In his top drawer are data on the ore deposits from both Broad Vein and the Copper Lady pits. The data is kept accurately here even though it is wrongly presented to the outside world. Seeing these files, the investigators need only ten minutes to discover the truth about the two mine's ore grades.

In a locked bottom drawer of his desk are a series of notebooks, dating back several years, filled with records and commentaries about chemical experiments as well as notes from standard chemical and from what appear to be ancient alchemical treatises. Most of the latter are written in Latin.

Crawford's experiments concern heavy metals, especially gold and lead. A successful Read Latin roll confirms that Crawford is studying the transmutation of elements; as a metallurgist, he should know better than to attempt it. (If the investiga-

tors look, Crawford's home contains a small study stacked with original and translated tomes on various alchemical subjects.)

If intruders carefully replace his papers and relock his desk, Crawford has no chance to learn that his files have been examined. Removing files to examine them at leisure alerts Crawford in 1D4 days; he immediately reports the loss to Fischer and the Beasleys.

NORMAN CRAWFORD: a tall, gaunt man, of skeletal features and thin grey hair. Crawford is about 60 years old, and has for years secretly dabbled in alchemy. Fascinated since early youth with the mysteries of chemical reactions, Crawford has sought to rediscover the long-lost secrets of the transmutation of elements. He became a central participant in the Beasleys' unholy activities when he learned of the existence of non-human beings with apparently supernatural powers. A man of intelligence, despite his peculiar obsession, Crawford intellectually dwarfs the Beasleys; in his mind he cooperates with them only to pursue his own ends.



Norman Crawford

The Second Floor

MANAGER'S OFFICE: at the top of the stairs, to the front of the building, through a locked door (STR 18) is George Fischer's office, containing little more than files of no interest, his locked desk, and a large safe.

- *On the desk* rests a small pagan fetish, about six inches tall and made of greenish stone. At first glance the fetish looks like a stooped, fat old man with long hair and beard. Closer examination reveals that the hair and beard resemble snakes or tentacles. The hands are more tentacular than bony. The legs terminate more in fish tails than human feet. If any investigator picks up the statuette, he or she is struck by a wave of revulsion and loathing, and the dry stone feels slimy and soft to the touch.

Asked about this strange statue, Fischer says that he picked it up in a curio shop, he doesn't remember where. Perhaps it was in Castronegro, a town about 40 miles north of Silver City. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll explicitly identifies the representation as that of a Star Spawn or of Cthulhu himself.

- *The safe* is invulnerable to casual prowlers, requiring an expert safecracker to open it. If the offices are seized during a strike, there is a 30% chance that a striking miner has the skill to open the safe. If the investigators have considered this possibility beforehand, they have a 50% chance to find such a person.

Inside the safe are various legal documents such as title to the Main street office building, the Beasley home, etc. On Friday night and Saturday morning the safe also contains the company payroll (in cash) for the miners.

Here are kept the company books as well. The books are straight-forward and accurate, as prepared by bookkeeper Baylor. In addition, the bookkeeper also prepares accurate profit-and-loss statements, a set of which exist in the safe. Fischer

regularly prepares false P&L statements using switched income data on the two mines' ore; these he shows to outsiders as needed.

- *The desk* is locked (STR 10) but much easier to break into. It contains business papers concerning mine operations. A successful Spot Hidden uncovers a copy of an invoice for new, one-man power drills for use in the Copper Lady. An attached memo schedules them to be introduced the following week.

If Green is with them, or if they tell him of this later, he knows that the substitution of the new drills will cause anger and resistance in the mine because some workers will lose their jobs. News of the new drills might be used to provoke a strike.

In the bottom drawer is a large envelope containing Silver City newspaper clippings about accidents at the two pits. Perusal suggests a much greater frequency of fatal accidents at Broad Vein than at the Copper Lady.

PAYROLL OFFICE: in this office are the desk and files of William Tunny. He is not a part of the Beasleys' group. For several years now the mine foremen have decided hirings, firings, promotions, and wages; Tunny amounts to little more than a clerk who records and cross-checks hirings, quits, firings, deaths, and wages for the company. His records are adequate but sloppy, since he drinks on the job. A mostly full bottle of whiskey can be found at the rear of the 'B' file drawer; a mostly empty whiskey bottle rests in a bottom desk drawer.

If the investigators can examine the records, a successful Accounting roll quickly shows (as do three hours of tedious amateur study) that workers at Broad Vein are paid more than workers at the Copper Lady, spend more of their money at the high priced company store, quit and are fired less often (especially after their first weeks) than workers at the Copper Lady, and have a much higher accidental death rate.

WILLIAM TUNNY: nervous and weak-willed. He is jealous of Fischer and Crawford, who get paid far more than he does. If the investigators seek out Tunny in the saloons around town, a few drinks and a successful Fast Talk roll gets him saying, "There's something wrong with the Beasleys, and maybe Fischer and Crawford, too." He states that the few times that one of the Beasleys visited the offices, he found



William Tunny

himself feeling queasy and ill at ease. He says that Crawford and Fischer are often closeted in Fischer's office, and that both spend many evenings at the Beasley mansion on the outskirts of town.

He has no proof of malfeasance, but he thinks that the number of deaths in Broad Vein is unusually high and that Fischer obviously doesn't care much. His own suggestions for improved safety equipment and procedures have been ignored. After a few more drinks, he admits that his wife wants him to quit his job. He doesn't quit, or push harder, because he is afraid of not being able to get another job as good.

He says that the Beasleys are loners who keep pretty much to themselves, leaving mine operations to Fischer. They some-

times appear at the Mine Owners Association meetings but are not sociable and are not particularly well-liked by the other owners.

BOOKKEEPING OFFICE: in this office are the desk and files of company bookkeeper John Baylor. Like the payroll clerk, the bookkeeper is not part of the Beasley crowd.

The company books are kept in Fischer's safe at night, but there are plenty of working journals here as well as the company check register, ready to be inspected by snooping investigators.

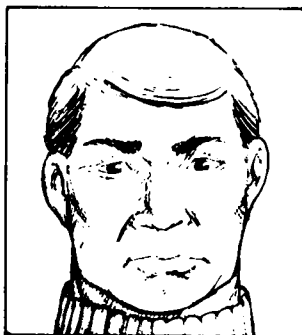
A successful Accounting roll and two hours of time yield the following.

- Equipment expenditures for the Copper Lady are much greater than those for Broad Vein.
- Wages are much higher at Broad Vein than Copper Lady.
- Output from Copper Lady is nearly four times higher than from Broad Vein.

JOHN BAYLOR: an honest young man, hard-working and smart. He recently started working for the Beasleys and knows nothing of their arcane activities. As normal for his profession, as well as for a man of honor, he divulges nothing about his employers or their operations without their permission.

Ambitious, Baylor desires to move to a larger firm where there is room for promotion: he wants top-notch references from the Beasleys.

Not one to rock the boat while he's in it, Baylor does not much care that Fischer and Crawford regularly misrepresent how the mines function. He is racist enough to think that the Anglos of the Broad Vein deserve coddling, while no Mexican ever works half as hard as he should.



John Baylor

Crawford's Home

If the investigators explore Crawford's home when he is absent, they find a small one-bedroom house on the edge of town. The only room of significance is a library packed with esoteric tomes, mostly on alchemy. While this discovery will confirm the findings in his office it will have little bearing on the dangers that confront the investigators.

Checking through the volumes on the shelves, a successful Spot Hidden roll reveals a thin notebook beside a massive tome in Hebrew. Scrawled in this notebook are Crawford's observations of the chthonian rituals he has attended. He has unwisely kept this evidence of his participation in bloody and illegal acts in order to deduce more from his observations than either the Beasleys or the chthonians explain. Perhaps he felt that no one could decipher his short-hand: it takes 1D6 hours for the investigators to unscramble the nearby passages entitled 'Crawford's Notebook.' [Included in "Spawn" handouts.]

If the investigators take the material seriously, they can learn something of the activities of the Beasley group and of the horror of the apparently-placid Broad Vein pit. The cryptic nature of the notes, the lack of dates, the outré implications, and the lack of bodies makes the notebook worthless as legal evidence of anything except Crawford's insanity.

Should the investigators take the notebook, Crawford discovers its absence within 24 hours and alerts the Beasleys to the presence of interlopers (though he avoids declaring that an incriminating notebook is the missing item).

Fischer's Goons

Fischer has assembled a handful of tough men who follow orders. Since some of them have participated in chthonian sacrifices, they have no compunction about beating up or even murdering investigators. If Fischer and the Beasleys suspect that the investigators represent a threat, they'll begin violent acts against them, to scare them out of town or eliminate them outright.

First, their hotel rooms are ransacked. Though the goons want evidence of the investigators' true intent, the thugs will happily steal jewelry, weapons, cash, watches, magical tomes, and anything else which looks to be valuable.

If the investigators don't take the hint, one or more of them will be beaten up, probably whoever they can find walking alone at night. The thugs do not aim to kill their target, but the beating should do 3-4 points of damage, and the thugs should gloat while they do it. "Get out of town if you don't want worse," they sneer. "You're nose is gettin' too long, understand? Get out of town and stay out."

After that might come a bullet from a hidden sniper, tarantulas in the bed clothes, and so on.

The police will be interested, and they'll take action if they get descriptions or other evidence of the culprits. But they do not spend a lot of time investigating by themselves. Statistics for the thugs can be found at the end of this adventure.

The Ruins

This tale is told during a casual conversation with Tyler Freeborn. Quite by accident, he found (and will show to the investigators if they make friends with him) a chamber in the mountainside deeper than any known part of the Gila ruins.

From extensive discussions with the medicine man of the Xuntani pueblo, Freeborn had deduced that the Xuntani people migrated to their current home (along the Rio Grande river near Fort Seldon Springs) from the Gila cliff dwellings north of Silver City. Freeborn had explored the ruins, attempting to understand the reasons for the exodus. While carefully examining the northernmost cave in the complex, he felt the ground give way beneath him and he plummeted some ten feet, breaking his arm.

The chamber into which he fell was equipped with the traditional wooden ladder for ceiling exits. Although extremely old, the cool, dry chamber had preserved the ladder which provided him with a way up.

After a painful climb out and a long hike to treat his arm, Freeborn returned to the ruins some weeks later to investigate

Crawford's Notebook

"Accompanied the Bs through a subterranean passage to a cavernous room, said to be beneath the pit. Waiting was F and a bound worker, a Finn, who pleaded gratifyingly. Our victim was surprised to see us appear and began swearing. E struck the boob and gagged him, while W explained that this one was being kept in good condition for the beings. W warned us to stay still and stay back when the things appeared. Not long afterward, the first one came.

I could tell it was coming by a rush of fetid, acrid air out of one tunnel, and by a numbing sensation that settled over me, leaving all of us unable to move. Maybe numbness the result of a gas. W claims psy effect.

Monster was awesome. Big, with many arms, no visible organs, no legs. Snakelike movement. Amazing to think that such secrets remain to be discovered. Covered with a clear slime or mucous that glistened in the torchlight. Must get a test sample. Octopoid arms capable of delicate manipulation. Color: white to light grey, blue to black in folds, no obvious veining. Thing approached Finn, then me. Aware of us as newcomers?

Felt something in my mind! Sharp pain, but like nothing ever experienced. W said something I couldn't understand and the feeling receded. The thing flowed backwards, and W stepped forward with knife. I still couldn't move. W cut ropes but Finn just lay there staring. W had E strip the victim, and then both rejoined us.

More of the creatures emerged from the tunnels, some bigger, much bigger than the first. One especially big, silver blue, shades of black, seemed in command. They formed a circle around the Finn, so it was hard to see. The numbness lifted, and the Finn screamed.

Deep hums from the beasts. W calls them star-moles, because he thinks they're from Mars or another planet. Stupid name, just like him.

No melody to their sounds, but various rhythms. Each one of them coiled an arm around some part of the Finn's body, and lifted and low-

ered him. Intense screams of pain from the Finn. The moles apparently varied the pain for some reason. Hard to see. A greenish mist or light came from the circle, tinting the chamber.

I began to feel their power. It was exhilarating. I crave it now just to think of it. With each higher pitched screech I felt stronger and more virile. Not just psy, but can't tell what. Elapsed time nearly four hours!

Finally the screams ended. The things lowered the body to the floor but kept chanting. Hypnotic, exultant. When the creatures left, a naked corpse lay on the stone. Astonishing proceedings. E and two foremen dressed what was left of the Finn and carried it off. W was smug. He knew he had me hooked. He led us back through the tunnel to his house where he served a round of brandy and spoke casually of greater things to come.

[A passage much like the one above intervenes.] Eventually the numbness lifted and this time W motioned us forward to look at the corpse. I expected it ripped or torn apart, but it was quite intact, the only signs of injury being a large number of round burn marks, apparently where the tentacles gripped. The face was unpleasantly agonized. I lagged behind and scooped up a mucous sample into a reagent bottle I had brought.

[Another day.] Tests on slime show only trace minerals. Not even clear whether slime is organic or inorganic. Organic analysis, this is not my forte. Talks with F show him convinced the Bs are right about psy. power. Hard to gather evidence, gentlemen. Last session certainly seemed mainly psy. But how do you test it? Little in my books to help. A promise in de Sartoris, if I can locate the book.

[A later night.] What do the things get from the ritual? Maybe a vastly more intense feeling like those we experience. A narcotic experience, like opium? Surely something else. Would like to get a real coroner's report on those bodies, but far too dangerous. Maybe get some anatomy and pathology texts. Maybe dig up a grave, or maybe just bribe E and get one direct.

[A later afternoon.] Each session the same. Rhythm now memorized, but can't get the words. W refuses to explain, says I'll pick it up. Last night I could tell he was chanting with them. Does he get more out of it that way? F says that the moles told W about the Lady's high grade. That's part of the deal.

[Another night.] One came out of the wall! I almost didn't see it, it happened so fast. The heat was terrific, the wall glowed, melted. Tentacles too fast to follow. It painted the liquid rock along the inside of the new tunnel. Was it melted, or was it a reaction? New mystery. Acid? Where is the bulk of the mass? Wasn't hot enough to go out as heat. Bs don't care, but I do!

[Another day.] Tests on slime still inconclusive.

[Another day.] Stone samples show igneous transformation yes, but also aberrant results. Crystalline structures realigned, not by heat alone, in ways never seen. Creates an aligned substance of great strength and precision, like the temper of a Japanese sword. Great money here if I can figure out how. This is surely a clue to transmutation. Bs don't have a copper mine, but a gold mine!

Do the creatures erect structures with this stuff? Or just line tunnels? Still can't figure out what happens to the mass. Must be new atomic number, but volume t. negative, foil leaf negative.

[Another night.] Incredible. Spent three men over nine hours. Aura of power and feeling of renewal. Do we share their experience or is it just leakage? The rhythms were wilder, more frenzied, maniacal, cacophonous. Exhausted, tremendous hangover. I can barely write.

When the things departed, they left behind five white spheres. At first I thought they were some kind of valuable gifts or symbols left for us, but W said we were not to touch them. W said this had happened two years before, and that there had been three spheres then. He said a foreman lifted one and walked out with it, and that one creature returned and killed the man outright.

his find. The chamber was a circular *kiva* or ceremonial room about twenty feet in diameter, with a dark tunnel-like opening in one side. The floor of the chamber was bare except for a large stone slab (three by eight feet, and more than a foot thick) near the tunnel opening. Casting his lantern about, he was amazed to discover well-preserved paintings covering the walls.

While the style was familiar, the themes of the stylized paintings resembled nothing he had ever seen or heard of associated with cliff-dwelling culture. With growing excitement and alarm he made out images of humans in postures of extreme distress, as well as the outlines of squid-like predators which devoured them.

The tunnel leading out of the chamber was incredibly smooth on the inside, as glassy as if the sides had been fired or melted. About two hundred feet into the mountain the ceiling had collapsed, completely blocked the passage. No amount of digging or blasting opens this tunnel, which was totally destroyed by chthonians enraged at the pueblo's abandonment.

Inspecting The Ruins

Once the investigators decide to make the trip, Dr. Freeborn leads them to the ruins. It takes at least three days. The paved road heading north from Coppertown ends at Mimbres, some ten miles away. There the party must rent horses and ride twenty miles more to reach the cliff dwellings, declared a national monument in 1907. The road, now a wagon track, leaves the Mimbres river valley at a high red sandstone bluff and runs up the wide, tranquil valley of Sapillo creek. This part of the trip is pleasant and easy. [Map included in "Spawn" handouts.]

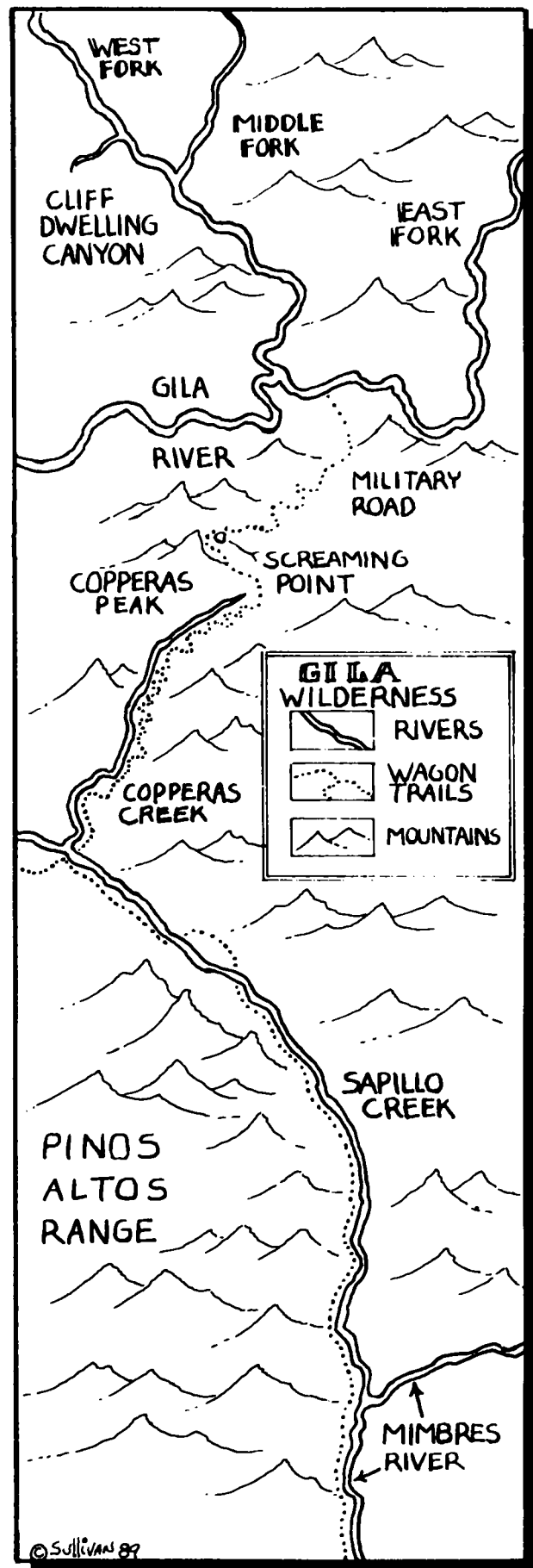
The land is open with scattered ponderosa pine forest, much grass, and hills that slope gently up and away from the valley floor. The songs of red-winged blackbirds, yellow warblers, and spotted towhees add musical accompaniment to the ride. Mule deer are glimpsed among the trees.

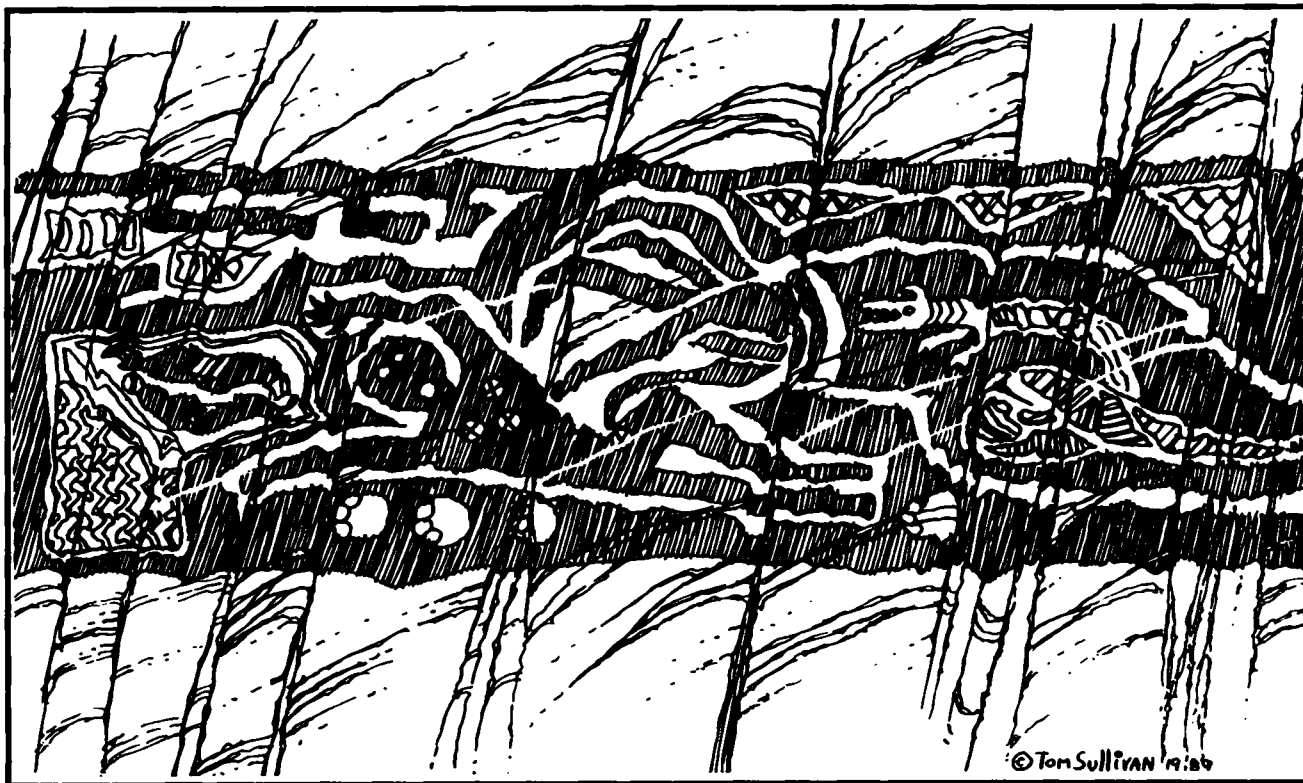
When they reach Copperas creek, the trip grows difficult. The trail twists and turns up into arid mountains, a difficult 2000-foot climb through steep brush and dense slopes of alligator juniper and ponderosa. Near the top, near Screaming Point, the party notices tall grotesque stone sentinels among the trees, isolated and barren, thrusting up from the steep slopes. Acrophobes may feel uneasy along this stretch of the trail.

Now begins the equally precipitous descent down 'Military Road,' through Jordan canyon to the East Fork of the Gila river. Near the confluence of the East Fork and the Gila, a series of hot springs along the river offer a chance for recuperation.

Pushing on, the river valley narrows and the mountains press in more severely on either side. Dramatic cliffs and ragged stone formations overhang the river and rise up above forests which seem darker and less friendly. As they ascend this somber valley, Freeborn points out scattered evidences of Indian ruins, including an almost totally obliterated settlement on a hillside where the Middle and West Fork of the Gila come together.

They enter a canyon on the south side of the West Fork. The narrow entrance is easy to miss. A gigantic cliff rises up to the right of the canyon's mouth and extremely steep walls of





The defaced wall painting

stone, broken with dry grass and scrub, rises to the left. The cliff dwellings cannot be seen from the Gila. To penetrate the canyon, the horses must be left behind. The party proceeds on foot, bushwhacking their way up a dark, narrow creek bed sharply cut through dull, black rock which Freeborn identifies as 'Last Chance' andesite.

Along this ravine they encounter several enormous black-tailed rattlesnakes. The lazy serpents are unimpressed with the newcomers. The snakes do not glide away, but stay still and watch the interlopers pass. They do not give their normal warning rattle.

Freeborn remarks that the snakes *have been here at each of his visits* and suggests leaving them alone, in respect for the beliefs of his Indian friends. Unmolested, these Children of Yig do not attack. If the investigators try to harm them, with sticks or firearms, the snakes are vulnerable, but their numbers then rapidly multiply into a serious threat to their assailants. See sample statistic at the end of this adventure.

After a hard climb up the rocks on the right, through a thicket of Douglas fir and Gambel oak, they find the Gila Ruins in a series of caves high in the cliffs. Freeborn leads them quickly past the first dark caves with their pale stone walls to his new discovery. Climbing the rock face of the narrow cave entrance is not easy. The investigators follow Freeborn up a series of shallow, worn steps cut in the rocks by the original inhabitants. Once up he leads them inside and shows them the kiva, whose entry he has carefully hidden—wanting to keep it a secret until he is ready to publish. As they climb down through the entry hole, the investigators note the cool, almost clammy dampness of the kiva. With whatever light sources they have brought, they examine the room and its paintings in detail.

Careful examination of the paintings by the investigators produces agreement with Dr. Freeborn. Additionally, with a successful Spot Hidden roll, the investigators notice that a serpentine shape has been scratched over an older painting of one squid-like monster. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the scratches as a representation of Yig, the serpent god. See illustration above. [Also included in "Spawn" handouts.]

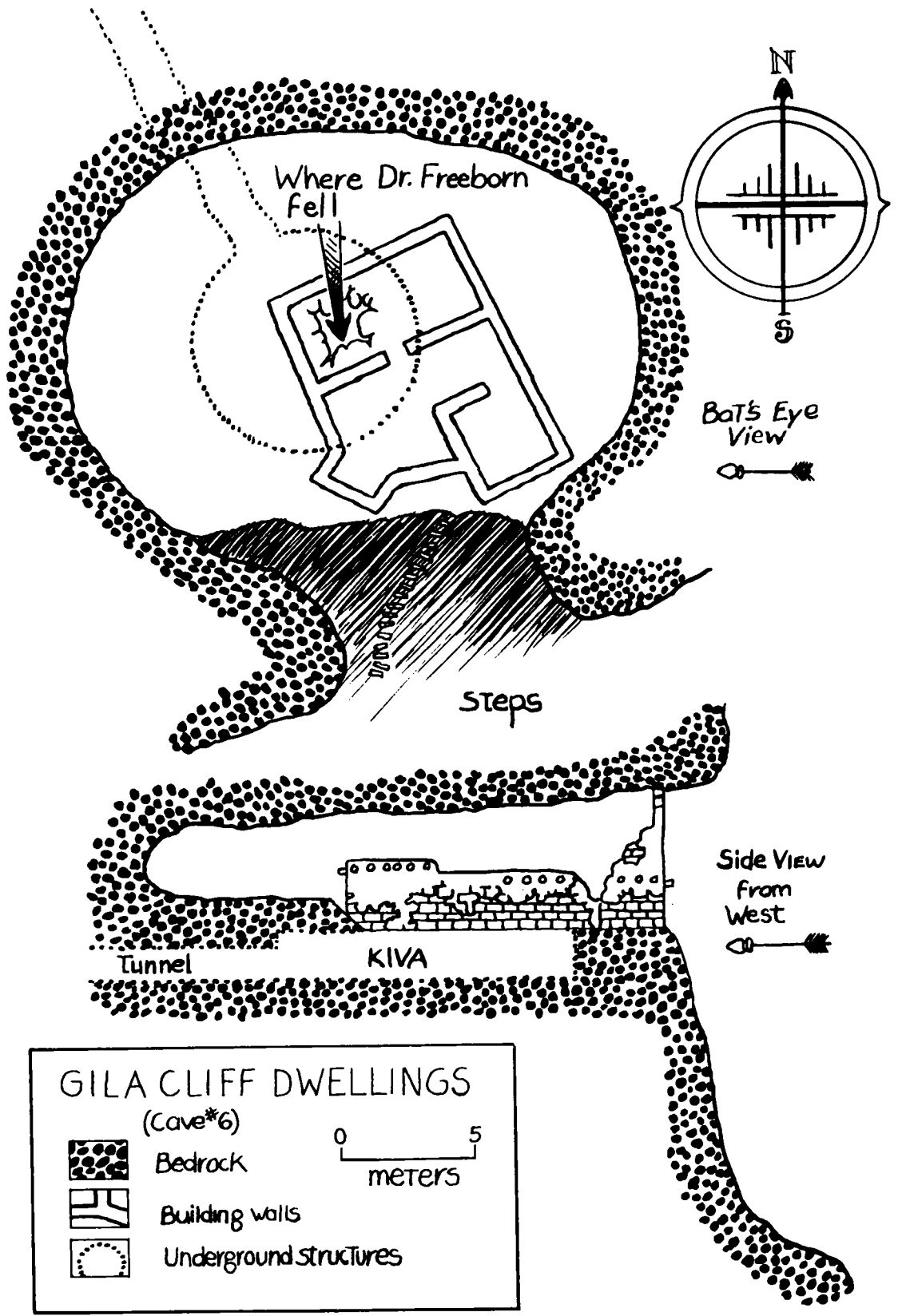
The Xuntani made sacrifices to the chthonians in this chamber until they learned how to obtain Yig's aid. Discovery and exploration of this chamber is vital to investigator understanding of the Beasley mine operation riddle. The only other way the investigators encounter the chthonians is in the lowest level of Broad Vein pit. And if they meet the chthonians there, unprepared, they will never leave alive.

Centuries of horror have left a grotesque psychic residue which influences the particularly vulnerable. If the party spends the night in the ruins, the investigator with the lowest Sanity dreams of humans being fed to strange shadowy monsters, and wakes screaming. A second night in the ruins produces a dream which includes an easily-identifiable image of a chthonian hatchling.

Discussion of this new discovery should lead Dr. Freeborn, and perhaps the investigators with him, back to the Indian pueblo where his research began.

Xuntani Pueblo

Awa Popeño, the local medicine man, gladly retells the legend of the tribe's exodus from the mountains to the river valley. The legend explains that the tribe moved at the direction of their protector-god Baholikonga (Yig), the horned water serpent, although the reasons for their exodus have been lost in time.



The Indians no longer know, because the fearful memories were suppressed, how the chthonians preyed upon their people. Faced with the slow extinction of the terror-ridden tribe, the medicine men learned how to evoke and gain protection from Yig, the local and anciently-rooted serpent god of the Amerindians.

Chthonians are immune to the poisons of Yig's children, but the serpent god's guile protected his worshipers. He taught them how to create certain artifacts for their protection, and ordered his people to remove from the dry mountains to the damper river valley where they could be more easily defended.

He also taught them a magical chant which they could use to help keep the chthonians at bay. As a result of Yig's intervention, the cliffs were abandoned and the chthonians were frustrated. In their anger they caused a swarm of earthquakes over a wide area which wrought destruction in many cliff-dwelling pueblos and frightened many other tribes from their homes.

The chthonians pursued the fleeing Xuntani east to their new pueblo site but, because of the chants, the artifacts, and a nearly ground-level water table under the new pueblo they were forced elsewhere for victims. In recent decades the chthonians were attracted to the Coppertown area by the massive influx of miners responding to the discovery of copper, gold, silver, and other minerals.

Discussion with Awa Popeño is essential for the success of the investigators, unless they are well-equipped veterans. Dr. Freeborn can secure one or more of the artifacts and knowledge of the magical chant from the medicine man. Without them, descent into the Broad Vein may be fatal when the chthonians become aware of their presence.

Awa Popeño

A venerated medicine man among his people, Awa Popeño is over 100 years old. A thin man with white hair, he is amazingly

Pueblo Indian Myth & Legend

As part of his work as an anthropologist and occasional archeologist, Tyler Freeborn is familiar with much of the previous work on Pueblo Indian history and lore. The traditional myths related by Awa Popeño resemble those reported by students of the Zuni, the Tusayan, the Tewa, the Hopi, and the Navajo. The keeper, playing the role of Freeborn, can use this knowledge to inform the investigators, as well as to lead them down false trails. Some of the materials collected by 1920 offer bizarre and hellish visions sympathetic to the mood and atmosphere of *Call of Cthulhu* adventures.

UNDERWORLD MYTHS

In most pueblo versions of the creation myth, human beings are said to have originally been created deep in the earth, and to have had to fight and struggle their way through three subterranean worlds before reaching the surface. The following quotes are drawn from the work of several anthropologists and ethnologists working in the Southwest before 1920.

Concerning the first and lowest level at which those beings who would become men first appeared, we have testimony from the Indians that it was a black, benighted zone. Cosmos Mindeleff, collecting stories in the 1880s, gives this Tusayan version: "all men lived together in the lowest depths, in a region of dark-

ness and moisture; their bodies were misshaped and horrible, and they suffered great misery, moaning and bewailing continually." ¹

In Frank Cushing's work, also collected in the 1880s, we find this additional description of the lowest depth: "everywhere were unfinished creatures, crawling like reptiles one over another in filth and black darkness, crowding thickly together and treading each other, one spitting on another or doing other indecency, in-somuch that loud became their murmurings and lamentations, until many among them sought to escape, growing wiser and more man-like." ²

Awa Popeño's version runs along these lines with an insistence on the reptilian and batrachian character of certain demons which humans at first worshiped and then fled.

He also insists that the human struggle upward was greatly assisted by the Xuntani god Baholikonga, the Plumed Serpent. Those who were unwilling or unable to follow Baholikonga are said to have remained below where they became "the monsters and fearfully strange beings of olden times." ²

Of the second level, Awa Popeño says that it is reputed to be bathed in an eternal red light, and that it too was a world hazardous and too vile for humans to prosper.

Here he says a great battle was fought between the followers of Baholikonga, who wanted to move

on, and the demon reptile worshipers who tried to hold them back. At this point, Cushing's information again becomes relevant, with the descriptions it contains of men, cold-blooded like reptiles, "and scaly, their skins like those of mud-creatures; goggled their eyes like those of an owl; membranous their ears like those of cave-bats; webbed their feet like those of walkers in wet and soft places; and according as they were elder or younger, they had tails, longer or shorter." ²

Of the third level, Awa Popeño tells that it was a vast and arid subterranean world, peopled by all manner of strange beings, including large numbers of deer and bison-like beasts, lazy and easy to kill. Because of this there were many who fell aside from the path pointed out by Baholikonga. Instead of going on into the bright sunny world of the surface they stayed behind to build primitive cities and worship old gods, all in the undying blue light of their desolate world.

Any of the investigators making a successful Cthulhu Mythos role will recognize that these myths describe a series of underworlds similar to those hinted at in the folklore of the Indians of Western Oklahoma. The keeper should read Zealia Bishop's account of the 16th-century Zamacona manuscript discovered near Binger, Oklahoma in 1928 ("The Mound," in *The Horror in the Museum and Other Revisions*). There the three worlds are N'Kai

tough and sharp. He is versed in the history of this people and is skilled in a wide variety of healing arts and magic. A proud man, he holds himself responsible for the spiritual as well as physical well-being of his people. His duties include organizing and implementing traditional pueblo religious rituals, and training apprentices in the arts of healing.

He likes Freeborn because of the young professor's respect for the Xuntani and their traditions. Popeño can tell many legends and strange stories from the pueblo's past. He is the only one in the pueblo with knowledge of the spells for summoning Baholikonga and for contacting and defending against the chthonians, although he does not know what they are or even that they are the objects of these spells.

Statistics for Awa Popeño can be found at the end of this adventure.

If Dr. Freeborn tells Awa Popeño about his discovery at the cliff dwellings, the old Indian is intensely interested, for he wishes to know the full story of his people's flight. He will not

return to the mountains for fear of angering Baholikonga but Popeño does ask Freeborn to bring careful drawings of the chamber and its paintings.

If Dr. Freeborn brings the drawings, Awa Popeño studies them for several days, comparing them with other ancient artifacts he has. When Dr. Freeborn returns, the old Indian is able to tell him that the "many-ropes" (he imagines that the tentacles work like lassoes) are clearly the danger against which Baholikonga protected the tribe. He says that the serpent-drawing probably was scratched over the many-rope at the time the Xuntani fled the cliffs. The serpent represents Baholikonga.



Awa Popeño

(deepest black level). Yoth (red-litten second level) and Xinaian or K'n-yan (the blue-litten third level). The batrachian demon worshipped in N'Kai and Yoth about which Awa Popeño and the other accounts hint is actually Tsathoggua.

These accounts, because they concern subterranean horrors, may seem relevant to investigators who have come learn of events that occurred deep within the earth. They might, for instance, imagine that they may discover an entrance to K'n-yan, deep in the mines. This, of course, is false, although the monsters that await them are no less terrifying.

BAHOLIKONGA, THE HORNED WATER SERPENT

Besides the story of Yig's help in escaping from the chthonians, Awa Popeño and other sources tell of Baholikonga as a god with dominion over all the waters of the earth and particularly a guardian of sacred springs. It was partly his power over water that gave Yig the knowledge necessary to deal with the chthonians. The pueblo version of Yig is a gigantic creature with a single horn in the center of his forehead. He is also capable of taking on human appearance and is reputed, like many gods around the world, to sometimes become a lover of human women.

XUNTANI REPRESENTATIONS OF YIG

The importance of Yig, in one incarnation or another, throughout the American Southwest is well known. Snake dances are common in Pueblo culture as is the constant reverence and respect shown the Children of Yig. Among the Xuntani also, the snake dance is held on a regular basis, and the keeper can decide whether it occurs during the course of this adventure. At any rate Awa Popeño has the knowledge and power necessary to contact Yig if he so desires.

KOKOPELLI, THE HUMPBACKED FLUTE-PLAYER

Finally, we must mention the great fertility god who in the Southwest goes by many names, including Kokopelli. Represented in Indian art as a humpbacked man who plays a flute, Kokopelli is closely associated with sexuality and fertility. In some versions of the myths his hump is full of flowers and plant seeds. In the Xuntani version, closer to the reality of Shub-Niggurath, Kokopelli is a female, a dark brooding figure known as mother-of-a-thousand-children.

Awa Popeño knows several legends about Kokopelli but refuses under all circumstances to call upon her, the result of an almost fatal experience he had in his youth when trying to do so.

A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll confirms the parallel to Shub-



A tapestry depicting Baholikonga

Niggurath. Here again the keeper can use Freeborn's knowledge of these myths and Awa Popeño's tellings to keep the investigators off balance and to test their ability to follow clues.

¹ (C. Mindeleff, "Traditional History of Tusayan," in *Bureau of American Ethnology, 8th Annual Report, 1886-1887*. Washington, 1891).

² (Frank Hamilton Cushing, "Outlines of Zuni Creation Myths," *Bureau of American Ethnology, 16th Annual Report, 1891-92*. Washington, 1896.)

Freeborn or an investigator almost certainly will ask about other details. Though Popeño does not volunteer information, he explains some other details if asked. (1) The stylized markings on the serpent body represent water. (2) The rudimentary hands show that the god could take proto-human form. (3) The two birds represent the duality of life and death. (4) The other patterns above the creature and near the birds represent fire.

He also can tell some of his people's legends about their god's dealings with them. He doesn't tell about the human sacrifices his people made, though he is very disturbed at understanding this. Awa Popeño also has deduced from his study that Baholikonga had the tribe move to the present pueblo site because of the abundance of water, which seems to be anathema to the creatures.

When the investigators have connected the strangeness of Broad Vein, Thornton's death, and the creatures, they may try to talk Awa Popeño into loaning them one or more of Baholikonga's protective stars. Despite his friendliness to Freeborn, a successful Oratory and a successful Debate roll are needed to procure Popeño's agreement. His responsibility is to the Xuntani, after all, and it is risky to interfere in the business of gods.

He is more inclined to teach them the following protective chant:

Ya na kadishtu nilgh'ri stell'bsna Shudde-M'ell,

K'yarnak phlege thor l'ebuma syha'h n'ghft

Ya hai kadishtu ep r'luh-eh Shudde-M'ell eeh,

S'uhn-ngh athg li'hee orr'e syha'h.

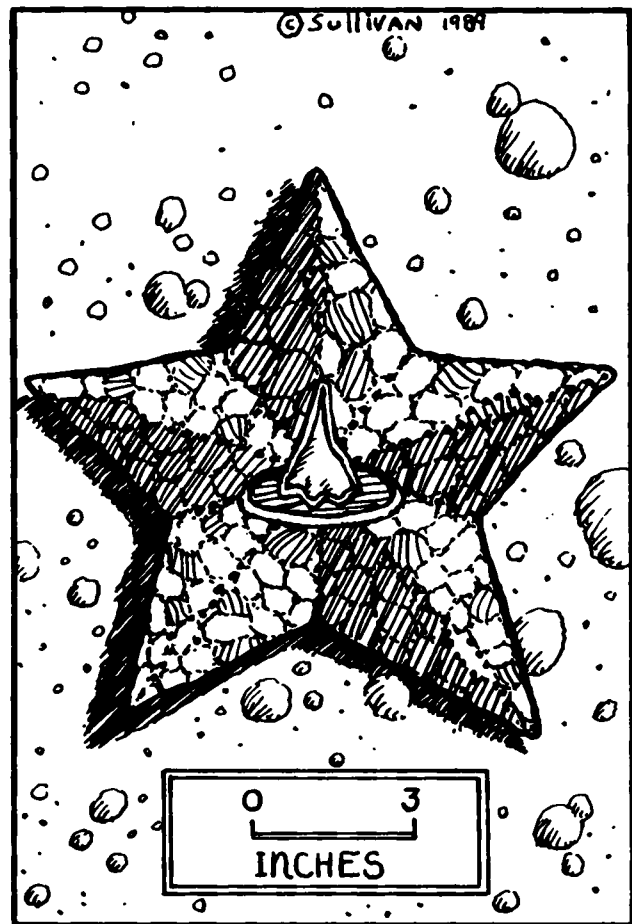
Popeño does not know the meaning of the words, though they reputedly help keep the rope-arms far-distant. The chant is a variant of the Vach-Viraj incantation; knowledge of it raises Cthulhu Mythos knowledge by one percentile.

If Awa Popeño helps the investigators, unbeknownst to them he invokes Baholikonga and pleads for his protection of them.

If at any time Dr. Freeborn visits the pueblo in the presence of Green, Awa Popeño refuses to speak to him. If Freeborn returns alone later, the medicine man explains that the people of Baholikonga can have no dealings with a representative of the accursed Wobblies. He says that Wobbly literature pictures a snake being crushed by a wooden shoe, clear evidence of Wobbly lack of respect for the Children of Baholikonga. Told about this, Green scoffs at the primitive superstitions but, practical organizer that he is, passes the information along to his comrades so that they can avoid distributing such illustrations in Indian areas.

The Metal Stars

The artifacts, which the medicine man says are planted in the ground all around the pueblo, are five-pointed stars crudely hammered from some very heavy metal. At the center of each is strange symbol, deeply incised. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies it as the Elder Sign, with the further information that an Elder Sign is not likely to be a useful agent of personal protection except in very restricted circumstances. If given scrapings from a metal star, an assayist identifies the metal as uranium.



One of the metal stars

Hundreds of years ago Yig told the Xuntani medicine men to travel north and to seek outcroppings in the hills east of what is now Gallup, New Mexico. They found carnotite, a canary-yellow mineral that occurs in sedimentary rock and sandstone. The uranium oxide it contains is composed primarily of U-238 isotope. Crudely smelted, the native metal was pounded into shape with stone implements, following Baholikonga's instructions. Baholikonga went further: he bombarded the isotope of the metal stars with fast neutrons, converting some of it into plutonium, U-239.

This latter is a deadly radioactive poison, the key ingredient of nuclear weapons, and an effective weapon against hatchlings and 1st-instar chthonians: ingestion or prolonged exposure kills them in a few weeks. Plutonium has a half-life of some 24,000 years, making the stars as potent in 1920 as when fabricated 700 years before.

An adult chthonian can still attack the bearer of even a radioactive Elder Sign without harm, though most probably would prefer not to become contaminated with plutonium because of the possible injury to chthonian young. Mental attacks and indirect physical attack through rock slides and earthquakes are still possible, of course, even by young chthonians.

If a star must be carried, Xuntani lore says, it must always be wrapped in buckskin before being handled, and should be carried from place to place in a basket, or else burns result. Unfortunately for the Xuntani, the potency of these stars, so carefully inserted into the water table and thereby leached into

the soil, has not only kept chthonian young at bay but has contributed to, over the centuries, hideous birth defects attributed to Baholikonga's vengeance for slights or transgressions of his laws. The horror of these occurrences maintains blinding religious fear within the pueblo and grants his priests, the medicine men, extra authority.

The Associated Mine Owners' Club

Investigators who want to meet or talk to the Beasleys hit a dead end at the company offices. They learn that the brothers are eccentrics who rarely leave their mansion and who shun intercourse with outsiders, leaving public chores to Fischer, their general manager.

Inquiring investigators learn that the Beasleys sometimes appear at weekly meetings of the Associated Mineowners' Club, which meets Saturday nights at the Empire Hotel. Hanging around the hotel lobby Saturday evening yields a 50% chance of seeing the two brothers. If they approach or try to *talk with them without an introduction, they'll be brushed off* and told to speak to Fischer. If they have the foresight to make the acquaintance of another mine owner who invites them to the club, they will have a chance for informal conversation. As a well-bred man, Tyler Freeborn has cachet to the club; if he attends and brings the investigators, then Freeborn's new discovery at the Gila cliff dwellings arises naturally.

The meeting room is large and finely-paneled, equipped with an elegant dining table and chairs at one end and a poker table and an expensive billiards table at the other. Great stone fireplaces flank the room. Comfortable leather chairs, occasional tables, spittoons, and a podium fill in the gaps. Cultural highlights of the room include a large gilt-edged portrait of William Howard Taft, a framed letter from Woodrow Wilson commending the Association's high levels of production during the Great War, and a scale model of an AT&SF locomotive.

This Club is the owners' expensive alternative to the saloons of the town. Here the owners and their viceroys meet (generally without wives), informally discuss business, exchange pleasantries, boast and brag, and generally solidify their class identity. The conversation runs from discussion of recent mining techniques through complaints about workers and unions to dirty stories and gossip. Here they abandon their public images and can relax.

The Beasleys used to attend weekly meetings but they have reduced their visits as involvement with the chthonians has increased, becoming more aloof and behaving with decidedly superior airs. Edward Beasley continues to regularly lose considerable sums at the poker table, a saving grace to men who value money. Any discussion of general prospects, production, or profits acknowledges that the Beasleys are raking in considerable profits, even in a sagging market. No one really knows, but everyone agrees that the Beasley holdings must be of remarkable purity.

A successful Fast Talk roll leads someone to mention the talk about the Beasleys' unseemly late-night habits, ex-servant gossip about occultism. Another member counters that if Edward deals with the Devil as poorly as he deals himself poker hands, why then his soul is surely forfeit. Amid the appreciative chuckles, a third member notes that Edward pays his debts promptly, which is the only true test of a gentleman. For these

metal barons, a man's breeding, education, habits, morals, and predilections are of vastly less interest than the state of his accounts.

If the Beasleys appear, any reference to occultism provokes only their amused sneers. The potency of their own activities makes them dismissive of mere superstition. If the investigators display any knowledge of the Cthulhu Mythos, the Beasleys become excited and querulous. They quickly regain their composure, however, and cannot be drawn out again.

The subject that catches the Beasleys' interest is Freeborn's discovery at the cliff dwellings. They display intense interest and ask for many details. They want to hear the investigators' theories and future intentions. They will not, however, divulge anything useful. A successful Psychology roll suggests that they know more than they are letting on. If the investigators make any mention at all of the monstrous drawings on the kiva walls, or the amazingly smooth tunnel, the Beasleys invite them to lunch the next day at their mansion, an unheard-of action which astonishes the other Club members.

The Beasleys

The Beasley brothers are in their mid-50s. Distantly related to the Bishops of Dunwich, they were born and raised in the woods of Appalachia. They are the product of at least four generations of degenerate inbreeding. They came to Arizona and then New Mexico after being run out of West Virginia. Before encountering the chthonians, they had been unsuccessful prospectors for almost twenty years. Never able to make a strike, they survived by claim-jumping, theft, and casual murder. They were twice jailed for robbery and had long been shunned in the copper fields. Over time their hatreds grew, and they largely avoided social contact except for occasional gambling and drinking sprees paid for out of stolen money.

The Beasleys admire the chthonians not so because of the tangible wealth they get from them as for the self-importance they now feel. Having cut themselves free from humanity, the Beasleys found self-glory in the regard of those powers.

To the Beasleys, the chthonians announced themselves as earth-gods who knew all the rich secrets of the subterranean world, riches about which the Beasleys had fantasized for many years. The chthonians fed as well the Beasleys' hatred for other men. The ritual sacrifices which the chthonians demanded for their own purposes stimulated the blood-lust of the Beasleys, who saw the gruesome choice of life and death of the sacrifices as proof positive of Beasley superiority. Since both wealth and self-satisfaction depend upon the chthonian relationship, the Beasleys will do anything to retain the chthonians' favor.

See notes and statistics for the Beasleys at the end of this adventure, as well as for some of their strong-arm men.

EDWARD BEASLEY: a small man with thin, greasy black hair, shifty eyes, and a prominent knife scar across his right cheek. Edward is the less intelligent of the two, and cannot read or write. He is withdrawn and impotent, deriving his pleasures from drinking and gambling — and the observation of death. He may violently threaten or physically strike out at anyone who thwarts his will. His crude language and behavior offend most people. It is mainly to humor Edward's taste for wagers



The Beasley brothers

that William Beasley continues to visit the Associated Mine Owners' Club.

Although his intelligence is low, Edward is psychically sensitive. It was he who first became aware of the chthonians, who came to him in his dreams and learned of his weaknesses and unquenchable thirst for inflicting suffering on others.

WILLIAM BEASLEY: older and taller than his brother, but shares the same thin black hair and evil disposition. He is the more intelligent of the two, holding up a more respectable image to outsiders and concealing better his contempt for and hatred of others.

William has become a keen student of the chthonians and has analyzed the fragments of lore he has gleaned from them. While Edward is content to revel in the sacrifices, William has discerned some of the importance of the chthonian rituals. And he has drawn from them mention of Shudde M'ell, of Yig, and of Nyogtha.

Barely literate, his knowledge has come exclusively through his contacts with the chthonians, who have seen fit to tell him little more than he needs to know. William has no direct understanding of esoteric tomes or of other Mythos materials. Nevertheless, with the cooperation of Norman Crawford, William dreams of expanding his arcane knowledge, seeing in it a road to great power.

Once aware of the investigators and their interest in his operations, he does not hesitate to capture and torture them or to expose them to the chthonians.

If William encounters the investigators at the mine owners' club and becomes aware of Freeborn's discovery, he may try to draw them into his circle. Failing that, he will plot to destroy them, including Freeborn, to preserve the secrecy of the chthonians and of the Beasley activities.

The Beasley Mansion

An ordinary house in most places, but a grand place for Coppertown, the Beasley place is a two-story frame building located about a half-mile west of Coppertown. It was built to the Beasleys' specifications shortly after they struck rich ore at the Copper Lady. It is a short way up the south side of the same mountain within which their mines are located, though on the opposite side of the crest. A switchback, unpaved road leads to the front of the house. To the right is a carriage house with servants' quarters inhabited by a Mexican couple, Miguel and Estrellita, who cook and clean. A stone wall eight feet high surrounds both buildings; the only entrance is through the front gate.

The Ground Floor

VERANDA: a broad affair spanning the front and most of a side of the front. No door opens onto it except the front door, and neither Beasley ever sits on the veranda, even on the hottest day, although the view to the south is extensive.

VESTIBULE: the vestibule has sliding interior doors to withstand winter chills. Here are hooks for hats and coats.

HALL: From the hall open doors to the drawing room and dining room, and stairs leading up to the second floor and down to the main cellar.

To the left of the entrance to the dining room is an ornately-carved sideboard in Spanish-Mexican style; within is a stash of several loaded pistols and considerable ammunition.

DRAWING ROOM: this spacious parlor is dominated by a large fireplace that divides the room into a living room and a study. All the curtains are drawn; the room is dark enough that one would have to light a lamp in order to read. The room is furnished with chairs, sofas and tables in a mixture of Late Victorian ornament and smooth, massive Edwardian design. There are two intricately-carved Mexican pieces as well. Several large, thick Hopi blankets cover the floor; a series of serpentine designs evoke the Hopi Snake Dance.

On the wall to the left of the door to the entrance hall is a large rifle case containing a dozen rifles (several have telescopic sights) and shotguns, as well as two submachine guns and a stack of loaded ammunition drums. Over the fireplace is a framed fan of knives mounted in a hinged case that can be quickly opened. The knives range from small stilettos to foot-long Bowie knives. A successful Spot Hidden reveals what seem to be traces of blood on several. Overall, the arrangement of the room is clumsy, and the colors have been chosen without thought. Dirty boot prints can be seen here and there.

STUDY: dominated by the reverse of the huge two-sided stone fireplace in the parlor. Opposite the fireplace are two heavy leather chairs and a couch. A desk and many shelves of books complete the room. Most of these books are leather-bound sets of encyclopedias and 19th century authors. The pages of the majority of the books have never been cut, and are therefore unread. They were purchased by William Beasley for show, not for use, through the only book dealer in Silver City. Though William can read with difficulty, neither Beasley reads for intellection.

With one exception: a Spot Hidden roll turns up one well-thumbed book, a newish illustrated edition of de Sade's *120 Days of Sodom*, in French, privately printed in Bruxelles. Ten minutes' perusal of the cryptic English marginal notes suggest a writer of bizarre tastes. A successful Psychology roll deduces that the annotator's personal tastes may actually be what de Sade only fantasized, a matter for some concern.

In a drawer of the desk is a letter from Elias Peabody, Mortician to Coppertown & Environs, to General Manager George Fischer. Mr. Peabody wishes to bring to Mr. Fischer's attention that the condition of several bodies retrieved from the recent trouble at the Broad Vein pit suggest accidental collapse as well as suffocation. Mortician Peabody notes medium-depth puncture wounds and circular burn marks on the bodies of the unfortunates with whom he has dealt. Scrawled across the bottom of the letter is the comment, *I paid this bum a double-eagle to be quiet. G.F*

Mr. Peabody keeps by his agreement, but keepers may use him to open a new line of evidence if needed.

DINING ROOM: contains a long rectangular table surrounded by twelve chairs. On the table and on two sideboards are large solid-silver candelabras. Within a partly-open door of one side-

board can be seen a variety of heavy silver serving dishes. Eight of the dining room chairs are piled with layers of hats, shirts, boots, and bottles; only four are clear. An Idea roll hypothesizes that the Beasleys entertain only groups of four or less. A fireplace is at one end of the room.

PANTRY: holds an assortment of foods, spices, and ingredients common to New Mexico. Facing the pantry is another door to the outside.

KITCHEN: equipped with a large stove, two ovens, and the usual tools. There is an indoor water pump. A shuttered stair cover protects a set of stairs leading to a root cellar.

ROOT-CELLAR: this small and unremarkable cellar contains a variety of foodstuffs in bulk (flour and sugar, for instance), many cases of wines and whiskeys, and two cases of Havana cheroots. The whiskey is mainly for Edward; the wine is mainly for William. Both smoke.

The Second Floor

EDWARD'S BEDROOM: a filthy place, his refuge where he drinks himself to sleep at night, strewn with dirty shirts, decapitated statuettes, moldering plates of food, and empty whisky bottles. He rarely allows the servants to clean here, and they don't mind a bit. In the top drawer of the chest nearest his bed is a small bottle containing a pickled human ear, cut from a man whom he thought was not listening to him during a robbery. Beside the ear glitter \$3500 in gold coins and a lucky rabbit's foot. This last belonged to Green's friend Thornton; Edward removed it from the body. If Green sees it, he recognizes the initials *JT* engraved on the silver base.

Connecting to Edward's bedroom is a room containing a few boxes of old clothing, some broken chairs, and an armchair pulled up to the window. Beside it is an old Sharp's single-shot buffalo rifle, with which Edward shatters an unlucky squirrel or bird in the grounds below.

WILLIAM'S BEDROOM: immaculately kept, including clean windows. William expects it to be attended to first thing every morning by the servants. In a large box in the closet is a considerable collection of pornography, some of it witty and original, most of it uninspired and boring, a few titles bizarre and astonishing. William acquired the collection in the first year after striking it rich; since the chthonian connection has become so absorbing, he has ignored his books and put them away. Though all rich men revel in their power over others, William is a true psychotic, perceiving reality and fantasy as equally disconnected from himself, and therefore behaving entirely in his own regard.

His tramp miner victims, so ably selected by George Fischer, have lately been so predictable that William has twice preyed on prostitutes, who resist thrillingly. At the time the investigators arrive in Coppertown, William has decided that his newly-hired young servants and their five-year-old daughter make a superb grouping for fresh amusements, and has begun to plot their destruction. The chthonians have not comprehended that William's ambitious expansion of his tastes is leading to certain exposure and arrest.

The current situation provides the keeper with a variety of possibilities. Perhaps Miguel or Estrellita escapes, bringing public outrage and arrest. Perhaps the investigators stumble in as William ravages those who trusted him, enjoying himself at length with them in his 'playroom.'

WILLIAM'S PLAYROOM: here the brothers, and especially William, dally with select victims for hours or days, in comfortable warmth and out of the stench of the chthonian tunnels. Those who survive this room are passed on to the chthonians. Suffice it to say that the West of this period supplies a wealth of chains, straps, crops, branding irons, ropes, barbed wire, whips, etc. To complete William's collection, a blacksmith has built a hanging cage, a Judas cradle, a ladder rack, and other products of the Christian religious wars.

STORAGE: filled with useful furniture which has fallen out of favor. Along the side of a box, a successful Spot Hidden roll finds a packet of clippings which record three Beasley brother robberies. These incidents all are from other states and are no longer prosecutable because of statutes of limitation, but each article mentions the Beasleys by name.

The Basements

The house has two distinct basements: a root-cellar under the kitchen, entered by stairs in a corner of the kitchen, and another, larger cellar under the study and living room, entered through the hall. The root-cellar is discussed above.

At the foot of the stairs leading from the hall down to the main cellar is a solid door (STR 18). It is always locked.

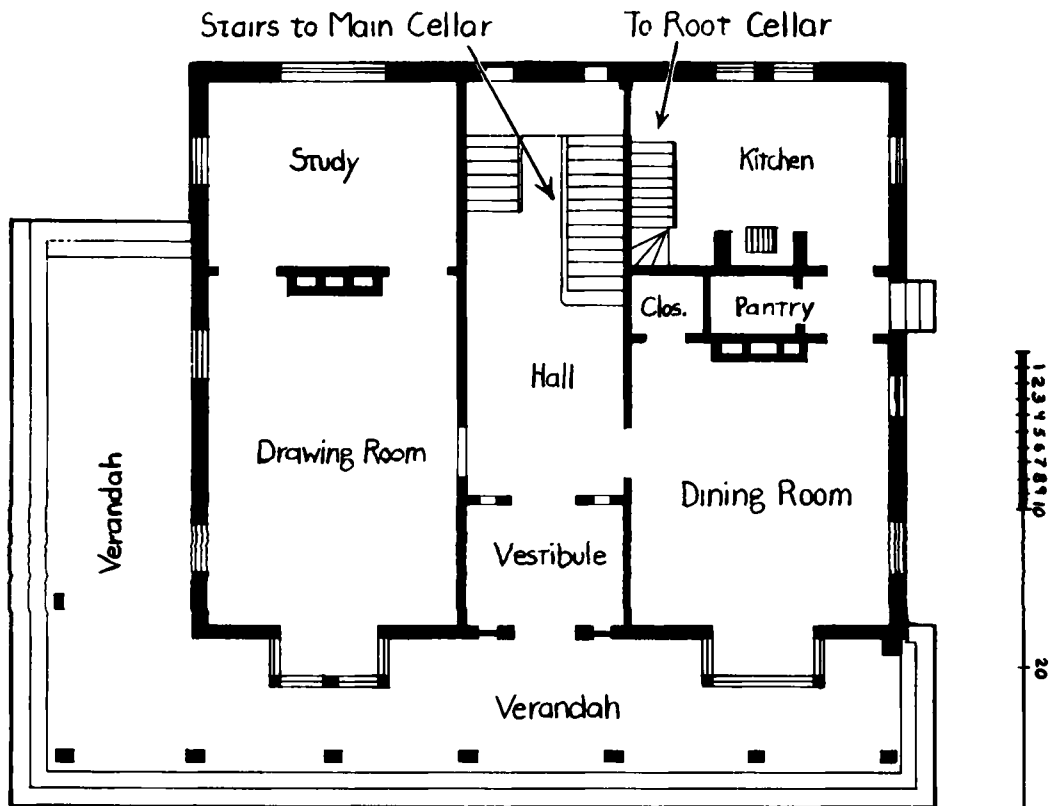
MAIN CELLAR: this large room is mostly empty except for two heavy wooden chairs and a massive table. Sets of chains and shackles for wrists and ankles dangle from the east wall; a dozen identical padlocks hang from a long spike. Three sturdy iron rings are set into the opposite wall. Construction (including the door to the upstairs) is unusually thick and sturdy, preventing screams and cries for help from reaching the rest of the house or to the outside.

This room is a holding cell for men who have been abducted or who have been tricked into being sacrifices for the chthonians. Occasionally, after the servants have been dismissed for the evening, a particularly interesting candidate is taken for preliminary entertainment to William's torture room on the second floor, where everyone can be so much more comfortable.

On the north side of the room a Hopi blanket hangs on the wall. To one side of the blanket are four lanterns, extra wicks, and a large can of kerosene. Behind the blanket is the dark mouth of a pitch-black circular tunnel. If the investigators have seen the tunnel in Freeborn's chamber at the Gila cliff dwellings, they see that this one is exactly the same.

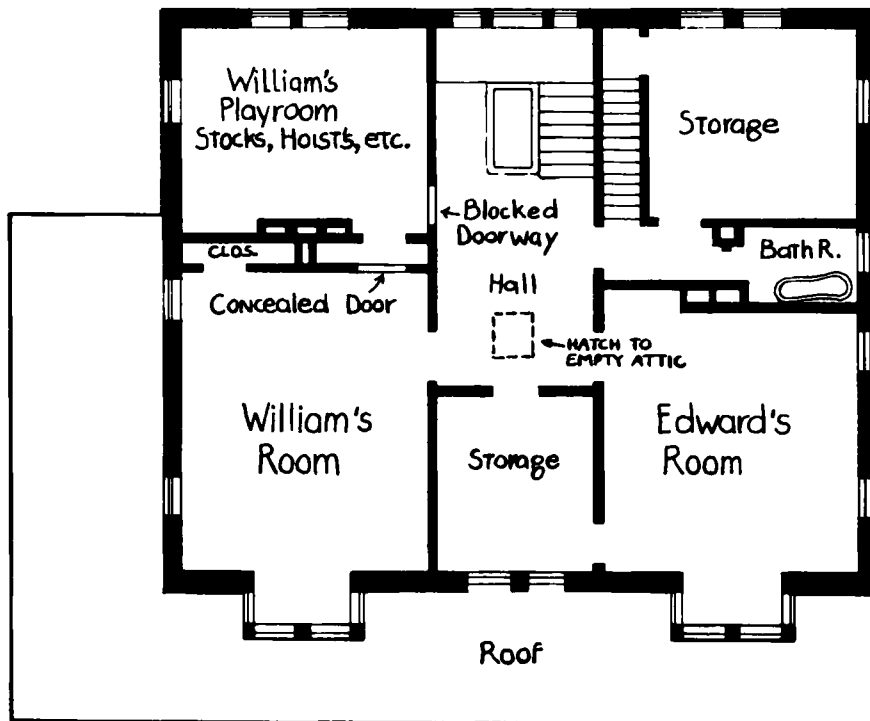
The reek coming from it pervades the basement. The tunnel is about eight feet in diameter, runs straight, then twists and turns deep into the mountain side. This tunnel leads to a ritual chamber beneath Broad Vein pit and hence to the lowest level of the mine itself. It takes about an hour (with a 20% chance of meeting a chthonian) to walk to the ritual chamber.

Floor Plan of the Beasley Mansion



FIRST STORY.

Stairs down to
Ground Floor



SECOND STORY.

Broad Vein Pit

Broad Vein and Copper Lady are similarly constructed hard-rock mines whose deep shafts are cut on inclines into the mountain, following veins of copper ore. [Map included in "Spawn" handouts.]

On the surface, the investigators find a typical copper mining camp. Fairly high up on the mountain there are the head frames over the shafts and next to them the hoist house containing the engine (the *donkey*) that raises and lowers both ore skips and man-cages.

From the hoist house the newly-dug ore is sent down the mountainside to the crushing building, where the ore is crushed and ground in preparation for separation. This last step separates the copper and silver traces from the gangue, or worthless rock.

Next to this is the processing building containing the flotation equipment for the actual separation, which divides the copper (and silver traces) from the gangue, or worthless rock.

Near the entrance to this complex is a change house for the miners and an enormous pile of cut timber used for shoring up shafts in the mines. Here also is the hiring office where the investigators could ask for jobs, a receiving office, and a meeting room for foremen and overseers.

Further away are large clapboard boarding houses run by the company for the miners.

More offices are attached to separate housing for the foremen and shift bosses. Fischer, the general manager, lives in Coppertown and stays overnight at the mine only occasionally.

If the investigators apply for work, the shift boss hires them on for the Broad Vein if they show little or no experience, and if they apply separately. If they apply as a group, he puts the strong ones into Copper Lady, and the weaklings into Broad Vein. No women are hired for any position.

In The Mine

The major shaft drops down sharply into the mountain at some 75 degrees. Every 100 to 150 feet for almost 1000 feet there are *drifts* (side tunnels) dug laterally into the ore deposit. Timber reinforcements prevent cave-ins.

In the drifts, vertical rises blasted into the ore deposits overhead have gradually widened into *stopes* (small rooms) as the ore is removed. Loose ore is loaded into trams by *muckers* and then pushed along tracks to the shaft by *trammers*, then dumped into skips for removal to the surface.

There are two ways into Broad Vein. The direct route, which the investigators take if they manage to get themselves hired as miners, is through the shaft. The indirect route is through an unused *adit*, a tunnel that has been cut in horizontally fairly low down in the mine to provide ventilation. Green suspects its existence because of a similar one at the Copper Lady, but 1D3 days of exploration are needed to find it. If the investigators explore the mine during non-work hours, they must use the shaft ladders to move up and down between levels. An acrophobe must receive a POW x3 or less roll on D100, or fall to his or her death at the bottom of the 1000-foot-deep shaft.

Investigators hired as workers are lodged in the company boarding houses on the surface. These frame houses are of

fairly good quality, perceptibly better than those at the Copper Lady, if they have visited that mine or have discussed living conditions with Green. Here there is even a company store and a small clubhouse with a few dozen cheap novels and two billiard tables for the miners. The Beasleys provide these services to reduce the amount of time the Broad Vein miners spend in Coppertown, away from the influence of the chthonians. Such luxuries are not available at the Copper Lady.

The investigators are started as trammers on the upper levels of the mine.

Chthonian Activity

Within the first few days the chthonians psychically probe the investigators. An investigator receiving a successful idea roll notices the probe and thereupon has a chance to resist the probe with a successful POW against POW roll on the resistance table. If the investigators already suspect chthonian presence, they automatically notice the probe and can try to resist it. Remember, only one chthonian at a time can probe a particular individual; allow some time between attempts.

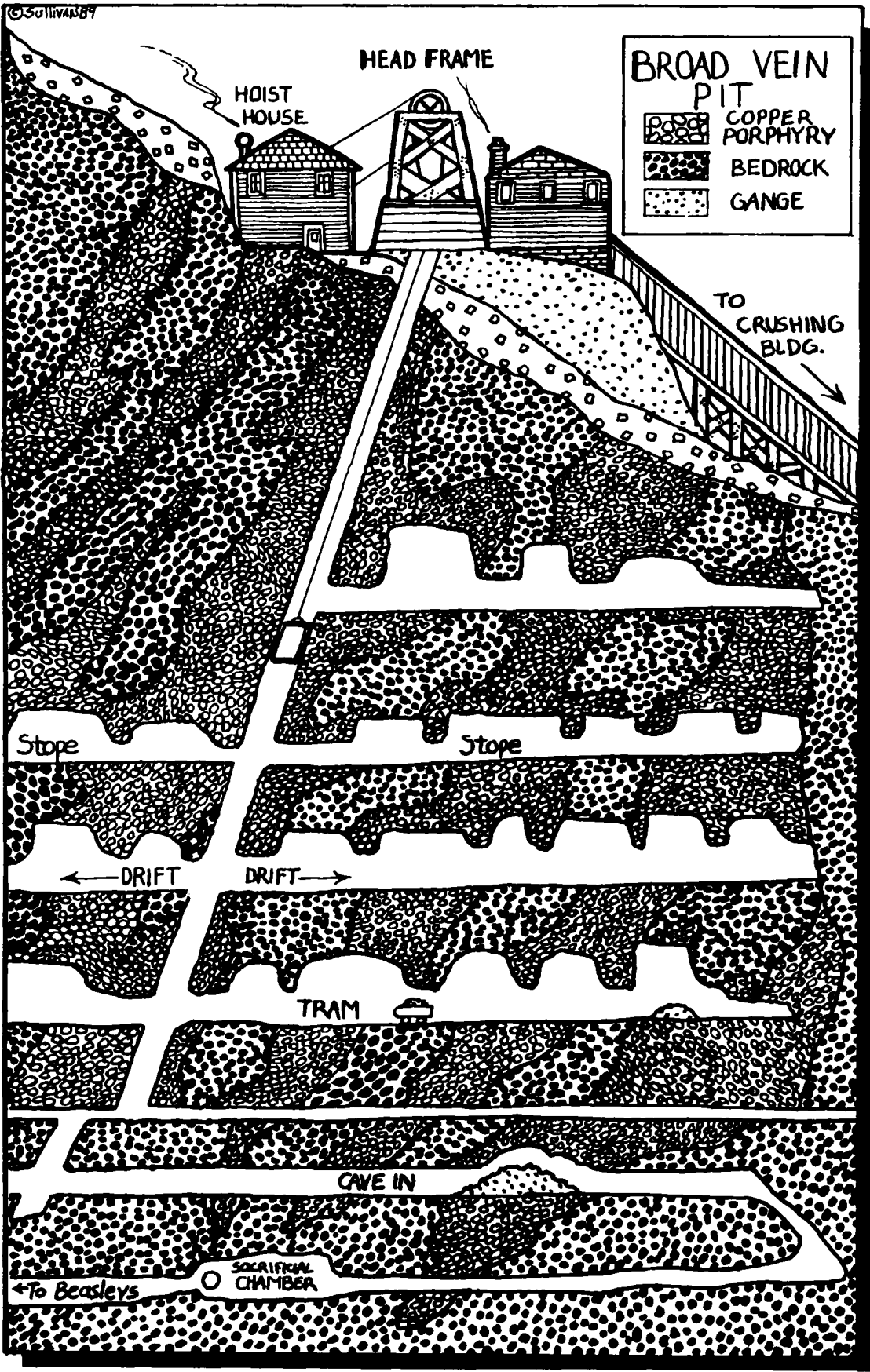
A successful probe merely establishes whether or not the individual is easily controlled, a function of POW strength. Those of POW 13 or less are moved into deeper levels of the Broad Vein in a few days or weeks, while those of high POW remain near the surface. Once a person of higher POW succumbs to a probe, he too is shifted to lower levels.

Those of higher POW who resist two or three chthonian probes begin to be the subject of accidents in the mine: loose rock falls on them, they are run down by loaded trams, they are bumped while standing by open shafts, etc. The chthonians have alerted the Beasleys to the presence of an unacceptable victim or victims, and Fischer has begun to arrange ways to get rid of such unsuitable personnel. Investigators escape being hurt or killed by successful dodge rolls. Damage runs from 1D6 to 3D6 to death, depending on the keeper. Loss of half or more of an investigator's hit points confines him to the company boarding house for a week, then he is dismissed for carelessness, without further pay.

Each day that a suitable sacrificial victim remains in the Broad Vein, a chthonian mentally binds him to the mine area, expending two magic points per each. After a few days or a week, no investigator can leave the Broad Vein area without a successful POW against POW roll on the resistance table. Those so bound begin to lose interest in their investigation. They acquiesce if other investigators suggest action, but do not undertake new activities on their own.

To successfully break free of the mental control pervading Broad Vein, investigators must be physically forced a mile or so from the mine, or else receive a successful POW x1 roll on D100.

SHA'HUDE T'EELKA is the leader of the nest. It is an old and experienced chthonian. Hatched in the days of the pueblo Indians, T'eelka has noticed the succession of conquistador, Apache warrior, and anglo and Mexican miner only as minor variants in its prey. It was Sha'hudde T'eelka who first contacted and who continues to manipulate the Beasleys. In exchange for human victims, the canny old adult supplies super-



ficial mention of a few Mythos creatures and worthless (to chthonians) information on mineral deposits.

For chthonian statistics, see the end of this adventure. See also the boxed entry nearby, "New Secrets of the Chthonians."

Exploring Broad Vein

Investigators exploring the depths of Broad Vein during their first week of labor run a 60% chance of being caught and sent back up. If they act disoriented and confused, they will not be fired. Additional violations result in warnings, but the Beasleys are alerted to the strange behavior, and accidents may begin to imperil our heroes.

By whatever means, exploring investigators discover that the condition and upkeep of Broad Vein deteriorates markedly in the lower drifts. Successful Spot Hidden rolls reveal poor timberings, and that tram tracks are not well-laid-out or attached. The empty powder cases used on the higher levels for latrines (and regularly lifted out) give way to scattered sacks of quicklime which is tossed on excrement in the manner of the most ill-run mines. The stink of this neglect is apparent.

In the deepest part of the mine, they see that even major safety measures such as chains across the shaft openings have been neglected or left open. There are fewer and fewer fire extinguishers and sealable fire doors, and no sprinkling system. If Green is with them, all this is obvious to him; no Spot Hidden rolls will be necessary.

Only Green will notice the following two things. First, Broad Vein contains a much better pumping system than the one at the Copper Lady, making the pit much drier. The I.W.W. man points out the unusually large number of heavy-duty centrifugal pumps, and the double-pipe system that evacuates water from the mine. Second, the power-drill bits lying around are solid stoping steel instead of the more-efficient hollow steel bits used by the water cooled drills ('water drifters') at the Copper Lady. If investigators have learned of the chthonians' aversion to water through conversations with Awa Popeño, they may recognize the dryness of Broad Vein as an hospitable environment for the monsters.

As they descend, the investigators also notice that the reek of human excrement gives way to an even stronger, increasingly nauseous stench. If they penetrate to the deepest level of the mine, they are struck not only by the nauseous stench but by a sense of psychic vileness.

After 1D6 hours of exploration, they find a lengthy drift driven far into the mountain. There is evidence of a recent cave-in (where Thornton and the other two miners were trapped by the chthonians). As they follow the drift, the ore load gives way to surrounding rock. Here they notice a smoothly crafted, untimbered branch tunnel which fits Freeborn's description of the tunnel in the cliff dwellings. If they take this tunnel they have a 20% chance of encountering a chthonian.

The keeper may always choose whether to encounter an adult chthonian, whose appearance costs 1D3/1D20 SAN, or a 1st- or 2nd instar fledgling whose appearance costs only 1/1D10 SAN. It is more likely to encounter a fledgling. Either encounter alerts the entire nest.

If they have no encounter, they soon come upon a circular chamber, the ritual birthing chamber of the chthonians. This

chamber contains a huge bloodstained altar stone and five small, white spheres about four inches in diameter. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies them as chthonian eggs.

Several tunnels open into the chamber; unless the investigators are careful they could make a mistake when trying to leave and take the wrong tunnel. If they do, the keeper can decide their fate. One tunnel mouth is clearly marked with an arrow, daubed with paint or blood. After an hour of walking, with a 20% chance of meeting a chthonian along the way, this tunnel opens into the basement of the Beasley mansion.

During the first hour they remain in the chamber, there is a 20% chance of encountering a chthonian. For every hour thereafter, the probability rises 10 percentiles.

If they try to break open the spheres with large rocks or sledgehammers, the chthonians are drawn by the psychic screams of their unborn and quickly attack, unless held off by a chant. If the investigators are so protected and stupidly destroy all the eggs, the chthonians draw back and cause a minor earthquake, collapsing part of the mine around them. Lives lost include those of the investigators.

If the investigators manage to carry away the eggs, they are able to escape to the surface, because the chthonians will not cause rock falls which could crush the eggs. However, the chthonians home in on the emanations from their young and alert their human cohorts, the Beasleys.

The chthonians do not attack the investigators directly until they have had time to assault their minds. They will follow the investigators wherever they go (though not to the deep sea; the investigators are safe at sea, even from earthquakes) and seek to ensnare them. Bound to a place, the investigators are unable to flee; burrow to them and attack, killing them and regaining their eggs.

If the investigators somehow outwit the chthonians, the Beasleys and their goons still pursue. If the Beasleys are defeated, the chthonians look for other humans to fulfill their vengeance. *This nest pursues the investigators until either they or all of the nest is dead.*

To destroy chthonians, they must be lured into a place which can be flooded suddenly and decisively, or they must be picked off by individual explosives charges. A case of dynamite, for instance, exploded at point-blank range is enough to (barely) kill the average adult chthonian. Bullets, poisons, etc., have no particular effect against adults, though they can kill hatchlings and some 1st-instars.

Crawford's notebook combined with discovery of the ritual chamber below Broad Vein may lead the investigators to attempt to observe or disrupt a sacrifice. If they are anywhere within 500 yards of chamber the chthonians become aware of their presence and utilize their POW to immobilize the investigators. While it is possible for the investigators to resist a single chthonian by rolling POW versus POW, and by utilizing the Xuntani chant or a Xuntani star (see below), there is no effective way to resist a succession of individual attacks from a group of adults whose individual Power averages nearly 30. The investigators will then be seized and tortured to death. If the investigators are equipped with one of the Xuntani stars, the chthonians simply send their human allies to gather up the intruders and to dispose of the star.

New Secrets of the Cthtonians

The following section contains speculations on previously unknown aspects of chthonian biology and ecology. Keepers are also encouraged to review details of the species in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules. The following examination of the chthonians supplements that material without attempting to be the final word on the subject. Undoubtedly much is still misunderstood or hidden regarding these terrifying beings.

To date, the most complete narrative account of chthonian activity occurs in *The Burrowers Beneath*, by Brian Lumley, published in 1974. Certain deductions in that work are not supported in this game.

Cthtonians and Psychic Energy

This adventure reveals two new chthonian aspects: the need of their young for psychic energy, and the chthonian ability to feed from the energy of intelligent victims and transfer this energy to their young. (Previously it was thought that the chthonian ability to control humans represented the extent of their psychic powers.)

Animals, though similar in POW to intelligent beings, seem to lack some psychic component useful or attractive to the chthonian young, and so the monsters must capture and drain humans. Thus the practices of the Beasleys.

Victims of this process are tortured extensively before being drained, the better to weaken the will to resist, modeled in the rules as the ability to force a POW against POW roll.

Only one-quarter (round down any fraction) of the victim's POW can be absorbed, and that only in the form of magic points. In transferring, the chthonians apparently pass the magic

points on, into their youngsters — perhaps even into their eggs — though the receptor might be any participating entity, judging from the experiences of Norman Crawford.

Whether such extraction serves additional purposes is unknown. The sudden appearance of five eggs after the bloody orgy that consumed Thornton and the two other miners led Crawford, at least, to suspect a connection between the ritual and chthonian reproduction. Perhaps reproduction requires a well-secured supply of victims.

As a side note, it should be pointed out that not all the sacrifices provided by the Beasleys are returned to the surface, for chthonian youngsters need solid food as well as blood and magic points, and prey animals are not always available in the harsh desert environment. Thus evidence of many murders is hard to come by.

Cthtonians and Water

Also important for this adventure, and vital to the investigators' survival, is the chthonians' sensitivity to water, which was revealed to the Xuntani by Yig. Although the chthonians can tolerate limited exposure to water (the thick slime which coats them provides some protection) they perish after immersion of more than a few seconds. While burrowing through rock, these monsters avoid significant water sources by perceiving the relatively low echo-profile of water (and sediment) as compared to rock, and avoiding those areas.

The Gila Nest

The chthonians in this adventure are a single nest of three adults, three 2nd-instars and two 1st-instars. For the last hundred years these and other chthonians have been excavating a network of tunnels under the deserts of south-

ern New Mexico and Arizona, purposefully diverting major aquifers as they worked. Along with overgrazing, this activity shares responsibility for the desertification of grasslands once stocked with buffalo.

These telepathic burrowers regard the Beasleys (and all humans, for that matter) as we might canines: some humans are trainable, like dogs; some remain annoyingly independent, like coyotes. The chthonians do not regard or treat humans as equals because they are not, and the species have little exchange. Only young chthonians are commonly found near Broad Vein pit, making it possible for the investigators to creep undetected through the tunnels. Once intruders are noticed, the adults converge on Broad Vein within hours.

BAIT HUMANS

A New Spell

This spell causes the image of a fabulously-large and beautifully-cut diamond to float in the air before the target or targets. It costs the caster one magic point per cast, lasts for five minutes, and can be repeated indefinitely. Approximate range of the spell is one mile. As a target approaches the illusory image, the diamond seems to recede at approximately the same speed in the direction the caster wills. This minor spell lets the economical caster tempt more than one human at a time into its clutches. As in any sport fishing, the target decides whether or not to take the bait. Only chthonians have this spell.

A variation of the spell, *Bait Sand Dwellers*, exchanges the floating image of an enormous diamond for that of a tender human haunch dripping fresh blood.

For the investigators to survive such an encounter, the chthonians must first depart, and then the party must ingeniously escape the clutches of bloodthirsty humans.

Rewards And Failures

Well, the investigators did get a \$250 advance. If they have managed to bring Thornton's murderers to justice, or if they have much improved the lot of the miners, then they receive \$325 more from the miners, who've passed the hat again. Good feelings and genuine thanks count for something as well, and the Silver Spur throws them a party of farewell.

The Albuquerque I.W.W. sends a check for \$100, if the lot of the miners improves. If the investigators cash that check,

they end up on various lists of subversives in the years following.

If the investigators learned of the Beasleys' nefarious deeds and stymied new ones, each investigator gets 1D3 SAN, plus an additional point of SAN for each servant at the Beasley mansion who was not sacrificed. If the investigators met and vanquished a 1st- or 2nd-instar chthonian, each gains as well 1D10 SAN. Vanquishing an adult (not a likely deed) earns 1D20 SAN for each human involved.

Each investigator who has not encountered chthonians before loses 1D4 SAN if he or she comprehends the chthonian activity. The fragility of life can cause one to despair, and nothing can compensate for an uncertain future.

If charged and arrested in the state of New Mexico, investigators who disrupt mining operations in the area, or consort



Egg robbers surprised by an irate chthonian

with known radical and subversive unAmericans, or who unjustly charge prominent and responsible citizens (such as the Beasleys) face prison terms of 1D10 x3 months. Reduce individual Credit Ratings appropriately.

Investigators apprehended in states other than New Mexico on charges stemming from this adventure can delay and defeat remission to New Mexico if each can pay \$500 toward his or her legal defense. New Mexico charges continue to pend, but the investigators are safe so long as they do not re-enter that sovereign state. Impoverished investigators who cannot raise the cash are remanded to New Mexico, convicted, and sentenced there. Sentences are 'at hard labor' if the supposed crimes are violent.

Merciful keepers may want to grant general amnesties in six months or so; in small compensation, grant the incarcerated their choice of a 1D6 increase in the following prison-style skills: Bargain, Dodge, Fast Talk, or Sneak.

Campaign Linkage

If this adventure is played in sequence as part of a campaign, and if all of the investigators have not been slapped into jail, a telegram comes to the attention of the survivors. The telegram may be via a caretaker, relative, or friend of the investigators who knows their current address, or from a scholar with whom the investigators have worked previously. If convenient, Dr. Freeborn can be the contact, and can bring the telegram.

The telegram is from an ethnologist at Miskatonic University, a Dr. Georgi Brodski, whom Dr. Freeborn (or whomever is the contact) identifies as a visiting scholar from the University of Cracow. After long search, Brodsky has located a priceless Sanskrit manuscript in a small Mississippi town. He authorizes the investigators to pick up the book in Mississippi and deliver it to him at Miskatonic U., offering a considerable cash advance—perhaps enough to make bail.

Final Note

Anyone looking today for the Indian *kiva* with the wall drawings of the chthonians looks in vain. Although the cliff dwellings are still along the Gila river, well-kept by the U.S. National Park Service as a national monument, serious effort at preservation came too late. Early in 1921 two young apprentice medicine men from the Xuntani pueblo, dispatched by Awa Popeño after thorough purification and after many prayers to avert Yig's anger, stole up the Gila and into the cliff dwellings to completely destroy the adobe wall paintings.

After exploding a dynamite charge that collapsed the room and the chthonian tunnel, they fled the mountains back to their pueblo, having obliterated all evidence connecting their tribe with the monstrous beings which had once preyed upon it.

After the Silver City husband-and-wife archeological team of Cornelius and Harriet Cosgrove surveyed the cliff dwellings a few years later, they wrote, "From appearances it seems that originally the cave was high in the sandstone cliff and afterward was undermined, so that nearly all of the floor fell and only a sloping shelf along the back wall remained."*

Today, in what archaeologists term Cave 6 of the dwellings, one finds only a steep slope of rubble. Despite the blackened cave ceiling which shows years of fire smoke, most re-

searchers are under the mistaken impression that this cave was never inhabited.

* (Cornelius Burton Cosgrove, "Caves of the Upper Gila and Huecco Areas in New Mexico and Texas," *Papers of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University, XXIV, No.2, Cambridge: Peabody Museum, 1947*)

Statistics

TYLER M. FREEBORN, PhD.

STR 14 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 16 POW 15
DEX 14 APP 10 EDU 18 SAN 73 HP 15

Weapons: .32 pistol 45%, damage 1D8

Skills: Anthropology 70%, Archaeology 60%, Botany 15%, Chemistry 30%, Climb 50%, Debate 60%.

JOSÉ GREEN

STR 18 CON 15 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 13
DEX 12 APP 17 SAN 75 EDU 12 HP 16

Weapons: .45 Revolver 35%, damage 1D10+2
.30-30 Lever-Action Carbine 50%, damage 2D6

Skills: Debate 60%, Dodge 35%, Explosives 90%, Fast Talk 35%, Speak Finnish 30%, First Aid 40%, Fist/Punch 70%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Pistol 35%, Oratory 70%, Rifle 50%, Speak Spanish 65%.

AWA POPEÑO

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 9 INT 15 POW 18
DEX 10 APP 15 SAN 60 EDU 10 HP 10

Skills: Botany 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, English 30%, First Aid 75%, Xuntani History 60%, Indian Pictographs 85%, Listen 90%, Speak Navajo 50%, Oratory 80%, Pharmacy 55%, Sneak 80%, Spanish 40%, Track 80%, Treat Disease 75%, Speak Xuntani 90%, Zoology 30%.

Spells: Contact Yig, Summon Yig, Vach-Viraj.

GEORGE FISCHER

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 14 SAN 15 HP 14

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4
.45 Revolver 60%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Accounting 10%, Administrate 15%, Bargain 55%, Credit Rating 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Gambling 55%, Geology 15%, Law 10%, Oratory 25%, Squeeze Out Profits 75%.

NORMAN CRAWFORD

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 14 INT 17 POW 14
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 17 SAN 25 HP 12

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons: .45 Revolver 55%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Astronomy 15%, Chemistry 25%, Credit Rating 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Debate 50%, Engineering 20%, Fast Talk 15%, Geology 35%, Latin 40%, Library Use 40%, Physics 35%.

JOHN BAYLOR

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 13 POW 15
DEX 11 APP 13 EDU 12 SAN 60 HP 13

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+1D4

.45 Revolver 35%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Accounting 35%, Bargain 45%, Credit Rating 30%, Psychology 15%.

WILLIAM TUNNY

STR 11 CON 9 SIZ 11 INT 12 POW 9
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 10 SAN 45 HP

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons: none.

Skills: Accounting 15%, Bargain 20%, Shuffle Papers 25%.

EDWARD BEASLEY

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 10 INT 9 POW 15
DEX 15 APP 8 SAN 15 EDU 6 HP 12

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons: .45 Revolver 70%, damage 1D10+2

.30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 80%, damage 2D6+3

Fighting Knife* 60%, damage 1D4+2

* always carried in a sheath beneath his coat at the small of his back.

Skills: Climb 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Drive Automobile 25%, Hide 65%, Listen 40%, Ride 85%, Spanish 15%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 60%.

Spells: Contact Chthonians.

WILLIAM BEASLEY

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 12 POW 13
DEX 12 APP 10 SAN 10 EDU 8 HP 14

Weapons: .45 Revolver 70%, damage 1D10+2

.30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 60%, damage 2D6+3

Fighting Knife 40%, damage 1D4+2

Skills: Climb 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Drive Automobile 30%, Read French 15%, Geology 15%, Hide 40%, Listen 60%, Occult 5%, Ride 60%, Sneak 60%, Spanish 20%, Spot Hidden 70%.

Spells: Contact Chthonians, Contact Shudde-M'ell.

SIX OF FISCHER'S GOONS

These men are typical examples of Fischer's thugs. They are ruthless but can be cowardly if faced with strong resistance. Tactics used to discourage investigators range from casual beatings all the way up to lethal attacks from ambush, using heavy rifles. If absolutely necessary, Fischer could mobilize up to 100 such men from various sources.

Weapon Damage: Fist/Punch 1D3+1D4

Grapple Special

Club 1D6+1D4

.30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 2D6+3

GOONS

	POW	HP	Fist	Grapple	Club	Rifle
Goon 1	11	13	60%	55%	45%	40%
Goon 2	10	16	80%	60%	30%	55%
Goon 3	11	13	75%	65%	55%	30%
Goon 4	12	14	83%	65%	50%	48%
Goon 5	9	11	75%	58%	62%	52%
Goon 6	10	15	75%	55%	55%	31%

SIX IRATE MINERS

These six underpaid, angry miners are typical of the workers at the Copper Lady mine. They all have higher than average POW and thus were inconvenient sources of psychic energy for the chthonians. These particular miners are occasional hunters and own lever-action carbines. With strong leadership they could be very useful to the investigators.

Weapon Damage: Fist/Punch 1D3+1D4

Grapple Special

Club 1D6+1D4

Lever-action Carbine 2D6

MINERS

	POW	HP	Fist	Grapple	Club	Carbine
Miner 1	15	12	68%	51%	48%	37%
Miner 2	16	11	76%	49%	33%	51%
Miner 3	14	14	70%	61%	25%	34%
Miner 4	14	12	85%	58%	33%	38%
Miner 5*	16	10	74%	40%	35%	49%
Miner 6	14	13	82%	65%	25%	45%

* Miner 5 has 82% Safecracking.

POLICE CHIEF HANNIBAL MCGINNIS

STR 16 CON 12 SIZ 16 INT 12 POW 11
DEX 13 APP 9 EDU 9 SAN 40 HP 14

Damage Bonus +1D6

Weapons: Fist/Punch 45%, damage 1D3+1D6

.45 Revolver 55%, damage 1D10+2

Nightstick 60%, damage 1D6+1D6

Skills: Bargain 15%, Credit Rating 20%, Dodge 70%, Fast Talk 30%, First Aid 40%, Flattery 35%, Hide 20%, Criminal Law 35%, Psychology 20%, Spot Hidden 40%, Track 20%.

SERGEANT JOSHUA BUTLEY

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 10 POW 8
DEX 9 APP 9 EDU 6 SAN 44 HP 12

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+1D4

.45 Revolver 35%, damage 1D10+2

Nightstick 50%, damage 1D6+1D4

Skills: Dodge 65%, Drive Automobile 30%, Hide 25%, Criminal Law 6%, Listen 35%, Sneak 25%.

SAMPLE CHILD OF YIG (Rattlesnake)

STR 3 CON 4 SIZ 4 POW 4 DEX 20
Move 7 HP 4

Weapon: Bite 60%, damage venom PoT 1D10+6.

SHA'HUDE T'EELKA

STR 75 CON 45 SIZ 99 INT 26 POW 30
DEX 11

Armor/HP: 5/72 + 5 HP regeneration/round

Weapons: Telepathic Attack, POW vs. POW

Tentacle 90%, damage 3D6, +1 STR point/round blood drain

Crush 85%, damage 10D6

Spells: Bait Humans, Bait Sand Dwellers, Contact Shudde M'ell, Contact Tsathoggua.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D20.

SHA'HUDE T'UULKU

STR 70 CON 40 SIZ 80 INT 21 POW 28
DEX 11

Armor/HP: 5/55 + 5 HP regeneration/round

Weapons: Telepathic Attack, POW vs. POW

Tentacle 80%, damage 3D6, +1 STR point/round blood drain

Crush 80%, damage 8D6

Spells: Bait Humans, Bait Sand Dwellers, Contact Shudde M'ell.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D20.

SHA'HUDE T'OOKKA

STR 65 CON 45 SIZ 75 INT 24 POW 27
DEX 10

Armor/HP: 5/60 + 5 HP regeneration/round

Weapons: Telepathic Attack, POW vs. POW
Tentacle 70%, damage 2D6+2, +1 STR point/round blood drain
Crush 85%, damage 8D6

Spells: Bait Sand Dwellers, Contact Shudde M'ell.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D20.

T'OOKKA-MA, 2ND INSTAR

STR 17 CON 31 SIZ 19 INT 24 POW 9
DEX 10

Armor/HP: 2/25 + 2 HP regeneration/round

Weapons: Telepathic Attack, POW vs. POW
Tentacle 30%, damage 1D4+2, + some blood drain
Crush 35%, damage 1D6

Sanity Loss: 1/1D10.

T'AAKLA-MA, 2ND INSTAR

STR 16 CON 32 SIZ 18 INT 24 POW 11
DEX 10

Armor/HP: 2/25 + 2 HP regeneration/round

Weapons: Telepathic Attack, POW vs. POW
Tentacle 30%, damage 1D4+2, + some blood drain
Crush 35%, damage 1D6

Sanity Loss: 1/1D10.

T'EEKULU-MA, 2ND INSTAR

STR 17 CON 29 SIZ 17 INT 23 POW 10
DEX 10

Armor/HP: 2/22 + 2 HP regeneration/round

Weapons: Telepathic Attack, POW vs. POW
Tentacle 30%, damage 1D4+2, + some blood drain
Crush 35%, damage 1D6

Sanity Loss: 1/1D10.

T'UL, 1ST INSTAR

STR 16 CON 24 SIZ 14 INT 19 POW 6
DEX 9

Armor/HP: 1/19 + 1 HP regeneration/round

Weapons: Telepathic Attack, POW vs. POW
Tentacle 20%, damage 1D4 + some blood drain
Crush 25%, damage 1D4

Sanity Loss: 1/1D10.

T'OL, 1ST INSTAR

STR 15 CON 25 SIZ 15 INT 24 POW 6
DEX 10

Armor/HP: 1/20 + 1 HP regeneration/round

Weapons: Telepathic Attack, POW vs. POW
Tentacle 20%, damage 1D4 + some blood drain
Crush 25%, damage 1D4

Sanity Loss: 1/1D10.

For The Well-Prepared Keeper

This section is for the benefit of those keepers who do extra research to prepare for a *Call of Cthulhu* adventure. Besides the references mentioned in the text above, the following sources are handy to familiarize the keeper with the local area in which this scenario is set. References in them will lead the enthusiastic keeper to a wider variety of further useful sources.

For local history, myth, legend, see James McKenna's classic *Black Range Tales, 60 Years of Life and Adventure in the Southwest*, (New York, Wilson-Erickson, 1936); Dorothy Watson's *The Pinos Altos Story*, (The Print Shop, Silver City, 1960) tells much of the history in the Coppertown area and contains many photographs to give a feel for the times. You can also obtain a variety of pamphlets from the Silver City Chamber of Commerce, 1103 N. Hudson St., Silver City, NM 88061.

For maps, see the "Gila National Forest, 1974," obtainable from the U.S. Forest Service (remember that Route 35 and 15 between Mimbres and the Cliff Dwellings were wagon tracks in 1920 and the same was true for Route 15 between Pinos Altos and the Gila.); for those with access to a very good library, the 1913 U.S. Geological Survey map for the area between Mimbres, Pinos Altos and the Gila accurately pictures the situation in 1920, according to old-timers in the area.

For details of hard-rock copper mining methods in 1920, the best textbook was published by Phelps Dodge; *The Copper Queen Practical Mining Course, 1920*. The most comprehensive source on copper, copper metallurgy and copper mining for this period is A.B. Parsons' *The Porphyry Coppers*, 1933.

Concerning labor strife in the Southwestern copper fields at the time, see James W. Byrkit, *Forging the Copper Collar: Arizona's Labor-Management War of 1901-1921* (University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1982); Michael E. Parish, *Mexican Workers, Progressives and Copper*, (U.C. San Diego, Chicano Research Publications, La Jolla 1979); and A.E.S. Montoya, *Political Domination in the Labor Market: Racial Division in the Arizona Copper Industry*, 1977.

A variety of I.W.W. history, music, poems and illustrations exists in Joyce L. Kornbluth (ed.) *Rebel Voices: An I.W.W. Anthology* (University of Michigan Press, Ann Arbor, 1972).

The best source on the Gila cliff dwellings, besides those mentioned in the text, continues to be Elizabeth McFarland's *Forever Frontier: The Gila Cliff Dwellings* (Crest Press, 5 Crestway, Silver City NM 88061, 1967). A short guide pamphlet with some pictures, "The Gila Cliff Dwellings," can be obtained for \$.50 from Southwest Parks and Monuments Association, 221 N. Court, Tucson, AZ 85701. Fascinating information on the culture of the ancient pueblo Indians who inhabited the cliff dwellings can be found in Pat Carr, *Mimbres Mythology*, Southwestern Studies Monograph No.56, (Texas Western Press, El Paso, 1979).

Still Waters

*Wherein the investigators head east on a simple errand and,
amidst bloody horror,
find that all bibliomaniacs are the same.*

Scenario Considerations

Any number of investigators of any experience can essay this adventure. Prudence will be a virtue.

Play time is estimated at 1-2 sessions.

If undertaken as one in a sequence of adventures in this book, the season of this adventure is winter. In Mississippi, a mild winter day can suddenly turn to cold rain and wind. Summers along the Gulf are astonishingly hot and humid, day or night. Afternoon or evening thunderstorms can happen in any season.

There are no significant libraries or other research facilities within twenty miles of Davies Landing. New Orleans is less than two hours by local rail.

Keeper's Information

In this adventure, the enemies are minor worshipers of dread Cthulhu himself. Their aquatic nature, and the riverine setting, give the keeper an opportunity to reveal new mythos horrors amidst the softly lapping waters of the Mississippi.

A telegram from a Dr. Brodsky of Miskatonic U. engages one of the investigators as an agent. The task is routine: to receive a valuable artifact from a famous historian and collector of the arcane, Victor Davies, and deliver it to Brodsky at the university. The death of Davies and his daughter at the hands of competing collectors makes the task more challenging, particularly since these collectors are not human. Dr. Brodsky does not know that the Davies are dead, nor does anyone else.

The historian Victor Davies, the father of young Philippa Davies, had long studied the phenomena of witchcraft in American history. Completing his research in New England, he turned his attention to eldritch activity in the South. He took up residence at his family's estate at Davies Landing, in southern Mississippi, but his trips ranged widely, seeking the most obscure documentation. After her education at Miskatonic University and travel abroad in Europe, his daughter Philippa joined him in his studies.

Though the two Davies brilliantly elucidated obscure sects and manuscripts, they were whispered to be bibliomaniacs who cheated and stole to acquire volumes they craved. Their extensive library reputedly held dozens or even hundreds of obscure and blasphemous tomes.

Over the last year this lust for arcane books brought the Davies into conflict with another bibliomaniac, a resourceful and secretive figure whose identity they could not determine.

About a month before the investigators enter the story, an agent of the Davies' made a surprising discovery. It was revealed that their adversary in bibliomania was a neighbor, operating out of the long-closed Rosethorne mansion (located just a few miles upriver from Davies Landing). However, the exact identity of their enemy was still obscure.

Certain criminal actions obtained a copy of the key to Rosethorne. On the day before the investigators were due to arrive, the Davies entered the mansion, hoping to plunder a treasure-trove of sinister lore. They evaded the caretaker, entered the house, and there were slain by the last of the Rosethornes, competing bibliomaniacs and incidentally Thralls Of Cthulhu (see boxed description nearby). After the initial murders, the Rosethorne sisters covered their trail by eliminating the Davies' butler and his wife, and made plans to leave the Mississippi valley for good.

If the investigators visit Rosethorne Mansion on the day after their arrival, they find noticeable bloodstains and quickly encounter the Rosethorne sisters. If they arrive a day later than that, the pools of blood have been mostly cleaned up, the books and artifacts packed, and the sisters are in hiding, preparing to escape. On the third day, the Rosethorne sisters and the caretaker have fled.

Investigator Information

A telegram reaches an investigator requesting that he or she act as the agent of Dr. Georgi Brodsky, visiting professor of Ethnology at Miskatonic University. The telegram authorizes \$600 for expenses and a modest profit, and the Vale of

Brodsky's Telegram

PLEASE ARRANGE TRAVEL TO NEW ORLEANS
STOP CONTACT DR VICTOR DAVIES OR MR
PHILIP DAVIES OF SUNSET HALL DAVIES
LANDING MISSISSIPPI STOP RECEIVE
VISHAKHAPATNAM FRAGMENT FROM THEM
STOP DELIVER TO GEORGI BRODSKY AT
MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY STOP 600 DOLLARS
DEPOSITED TO YOUR SPECIFIED ACCOUNT
UPON YOUR COLLECT WIRE OF ACCEPTANCE
STOP DETAILS FOLLOW STOP BRODSKY

Thrall Of Cthulhu

Lesser Servitor Race

Description: a bloated gray corpulent mass, humanoid and once human, hairless, with wide, round, unblinking yellow eyes. Small vestigial tentacles remind one of a Star-Spawn or of Great Cthulhu himself; they surround the mouth. The sharp teeth remain proportional to a human's. Lacking earshells, the thrall hears poorly in air, though well in water. This intelligent entity typically wears an expression of contemptuous malevolence. It can speak; its tones have a dribbling quality disgusting to human listeners.

Notes: a thrall always starts as a human. He or she must be expert in magic, insane, and a worshiper of Cthulhu. Transformed by a succession of rituals dependent upon astrological positions and relations, the metamorphosis of human to thrall takes several to many years. The rituals beg the intervention of Cthulhu, who must accept the petitioner. The mind, will, and identity of the former human are kept, transferred into an immortal body.

The thrall typically crouches. It can move quickly for short distances, but the short, puffy legs do not allow it to run for more than a few yards. The amphibious thrall is at home in water, and swims with

great speed and power. This creature shuns direct sunlight.

Thrall skin is grainy and puffy, with an unhealthy sheen. It typically exudes tiny jelly-like droplets smelling of methane. Attack victims often tear away large patches of thrall skin without apparent harm to the thrall; these patches quickly dry to flakes and then reduce to powder.

Each finger and toe concludes in a sharp claw, but the thrall's awkwardness precludes most foot attacks. Thralls retain previous sexual characteristics, but the distorted organs are sterile.

Conditional Immortality: when reduced to zero hit points by physical damage, the thrall turns into a cloud of gray, foul-smelling gas. In 1D8+1 combat rounds, the gas reforms into the thrall, ejecting any impaling weapons and breaking any container into which it has been gathered. Its characteristics are restored. Reduced to zero hit points by a spell or magical weapon, the thrall dies permanently.

After several decades, the thrall loses its ability to regenerate, except when submerged in salt water. Then the thrall retreats to the sea, there to continue service to Cthulhu. It now can be killed, but only by magical means, and can never again leave the sea.

Generating A Thrall: add 4 points to the human character's existing CON and SIZ, and subtract 4 points from existing DEX (8

if existing DEX is above 14). POW, INT, and EDU remain the same. SAN must be zero. APP is inapplicable. Drive skills, Hide, Jump, Listen, Operate Heavy Machinery, Pick Pocket, Pilot skills, Repair skills, Sing, Sneak, and Throw drop to base chance and may not improve. Climb, Credit Rating, Fast Talk, First Aid, Oratory, and Ride cannot be used. Swim increases by 40 percentiles to a maximum of 99. All other skills transfer exactly.

THRALL OF CTHULHU

Characteristics	Average
STR 4D6	14
CON 3D6	10-11
SIZ 4D6+4	18
INT 3D6	10-11
POW 3D6	10-11
DEX 2D6	7
HP	14-15

Move 6/10 swimming

Weapon: Claw 30%, damage 1D6+2

Armor: none, but regenerates hit points lost to physical damage at 1D6 HP per round, and can return from death any number of times. Remains vulnerable to magical damage.

Spells: as per humans; retains human INT and POW.

Skills: Swim 65% (also see above).

Sanity: 1/1D8 SAN.

Miskatonic Bank & Trust duly supplies notification of a deposit in that amount in the investigator's name. The telegram appears to the left [also included in "Waters" handouts.]

Prof. Brodsky has learned of the Davies collection and of a Sanskrit item in the collection, an important relic of Vajrayana Buddhism, the *Vishakhapatnam Fragment*, a series of brass plates relating matters unspeakable to respectable folk. Surprisingly, the Davies have agreed to donate the item to Miskatonic's archives in return for the extended loan of several other rare volumes. Brodsky is eager to acquire the plates, fearing that the notorious Davies may change their minds.

Brodsky knows of the investigators through Miskatonic University, or through Professor Tyler M. Freeborn, who may have incidentally supplied the reference, or through other mutual acquaintance.

The investigator who received the telegram has met Philippa Davies several times; the keeper should make up a sentence or two of background congruent with the investigator's past. She was a casual, unremarkable acquaintance, shy at one moment and then aggressive and outspoken the next. Her university record was superb, though everyone thought her a bit unbalanced for the academic life. She rarely spoke about herself or her family — the investigator does not know, for instance, that Philippa Davies' father is the well-

known historian. The investigator does recall that the younger Davies was uncannily intelligent, with superb mental recall.

A telegram to Sunset Hall, Davies Landing, Mississippi, brings a quick response of welcome. [see note nearby; also included in "Waters" handouts.]

Note from Philippa Davies

Dear —

Your visit brings back happy memories to me. Father and I will be pleased to see you. Please plan to stay with us as you need.

The Vish. fragment is being packed and crated, so that you may take it as you need. A car will pick you up at the station.

Your school friend,

Philippa D.

Sunset Hall, Mississippi

PS — Be sure to wire early if your plans change; we have no phones in these parts.

Journey And Arrival

From Coppertown, the investigators take the AT&SF to El Paso, transfer to the Southern Pacific for the long ride across southern Texas, and arrive in New Orleans a day later. At dusk on a cool, wet day, they transfer to the Louisville & Nashville railroad, and roll along the Gulf into the Mississippi darkness, disembarking near Biloxi at Davies Landing, three miles from Sunset Hall.

If the keeper wishes, the investigators could stop in New Orleans to meet the famous mystic Etienne-Laurent de Marigny, a fictitious character from Lovecraft who may utter appropriately dark warnings about the days ahead. De Marigny's warnings, it transpires, are about the advent of the Yellow Sign in New Orleans; that is the third adventure in this campaign.

Davies Landing is a tiny port town, shielded by sandy bars and low islands from the sea beyond. The Chickasaw, the local river of note, empties here. Two miles upriver, the Red Branch (near which Sunset House is built) joins the Black Branch for a final meander to the sea. A few miles further up on the Black Branch sits Rosethorne Mansion, apparently empty and forgotten. The Red Branch is so-called because it floods reddish from red clays; the Black Branch drains darker peatish soils.

No one else leaves the train at Davies Landing. The station is merely a siding with a covered platform, under which sways a single 40-watt bulb, a puddle of brightness in the dark starless night. There is no station building or station agent. A few structures along the single street can be seen, none of them lit. No car from the Davies waits. The investigators may want to reread the note from Philippa Davies, nearby.

Ask the investigators whether they want to explore the town to find someone who'll give them a ride to Sunset Hall, or to hike there on foot. It is three miles; they can be there easily in under an hour, even toting baggage. Allow them to find matches or flashlights in their possessions.

Davies Landing At Night

There are no streetlights; there is no electricity. Darkness is everywhere; a soft cold rain falls. Dim buildings loom and disappear as the investigators pass, the rain and the dark erasing any chance to comprehend the town.

Landmarks have been softened into dream-like indistinctness by the swirling grey vapor. The air feels unnaturally clammy, and bears a faint unwholesome odor of rot. As they near the docks, a successful Spot Hidden identifies a dim shadow in the fog. Its outline is vaguely disturbing, and when the wind briefly changes direction, the underlying stink of decay suddenly intensifies. As the shadow disappears into the mists, the investigators hear a soft splash.

Stumbling along the pitted mud-and-gravel street, the investigators at last see a light in a window. Loud knocks rouse no one, except the dogs.

Dogs are like humans, and prefer to stay out of the rain when they can, but they also get bored. When the knocking starts, the barking starts. First one dog, then two, then four, then six. When the sixth dog starts barking, the investigators can see the hounds, running in loose circles around them, eyes glinting evilly. As the canines assemble, the investigators hear more

and more low growls. If the investigators aren't careful, they feel the bolder animals nip at their heels. Shouting and waving will incense the hounds, who steadily build up courage. Investigators who receive failed Sanity rolls imagine that the mouths of the hounds have begun to froth (this fantasy costs no SAN points).

Whether or not an investigator fires a weapon, a flashlight beam from the house then illuminates the scene, and the door to the house opens quickly. A white man in his nightshirt appears, with a large flashlight and a double-barreled shotgun. A successful Spot Hidden roll notices that 1D3 other lights in the area — other homes — can now be seen: reserves in case the investigators get heavy-handed. If no weapon is fired, the man still appears, but the 1D3 lights do not.

"What's goin' on out here?" the man calls. "You dogs — Rafer, Blue Nose, Catch'em — you *git!*" The animals which had seemed so implacable suddenly turn tail and slink away into the night. After a few final taunting barks, silence falls. In the doorway behind the man, a woman in a housecoat holds a lantern.

If an animal has been shot, the man from the house kneels over it. "That's Harliss Jenkins' dog, Sam. Harliss'll be wantin' a full ten dollar for it, when he finds out. Hmmp — a bullet right through the head. Pretty fancy shootin', stranger."

He continues, "I'm Claude Lareen. I 'spect you folks are lookin' for somebody around here." If the investigators act gruffly or crudely during the introduction, Lareen washes his hands of them, except to inform Harliss Jenkins if need be. Lareen lets them walk out to the Davies house.

If the investigators act politely and apologetically, Lareen invites them inside, into a small kitchen where the embers are quickly fanned into welcome warmth. Lareen

knows of the Davies, and gently implies that they are not as friendly as they might be. It's 7:30pm. He volunteers to drive his wagon out to the Davies place; even hitching and unhitching, he should be back by nine o'clock.

Mrs. Lareen is not so sympathetic; a successful Psychology roll indicates unusual worry about her husband's foray into the night. A successful Fast Talk or Oratory by a female investigator draws her out; local tales of Old Bill the voracious alligator make her fret when her husband is out alone at night. She does perk up if the investigators place a few dollars on the kitchen table. A polite way to offer money might be as a small donation to 'that fine church down the way,' or a similar locution. If Sam the hound is dead, arrangements must be made to repay Harliss Jenkins.



Claude Lareen

Sunset Hall

The trip to Sunset Hall is a miserable one. The rain falls steadily, and Lareen's wagon has no top or awning. His horses pull the four-wheeled cart not much faster than a man could walk.

As the rain pours, the wind increases, and each passenger sinks into his or her own silence in the black, cold night.

Sunset Hall faces west (where one can see the sun set from the formal parlor). It is built on a low rise above the tree-lined Red Branch of the Chickasaw river. Sunset Hall is a rather grand name for a frame house of two stories and a small cellar. Sneezing, Lareen mumbles that Sunset Hall is the largest place in the county, except for the old Rosethorne place up on the Black Branch.

As they approach the house, the double doors of an outbuilding, a garage judging by the tracks leading into it, start to wave and bang in the wind. Lareen stops, fastens the doors of the empty building, and continues the wagon to the top of the circular drive.

No one answers the call of the brass knocker, no light appears, no voice responds, no dog barks.

Remarkably, however, the *pop-pop-pop* of a gasoline or diesel engine can be heard coming from a small shed at the side of the house. Within the shed is an electrical generator of large capacity. The electrical leads enter Sunset Hall. A pipeline connects the engine to a large fuel tank in an isolated outbuilding.

Now the storm pounds in visible waves against the house; the drain-spouts rattle and shake, gushing out water which spreads in ghostly sheets across the lawn. The front door is locked as is a side door (both STR 15), but the rear french doors (which open east, away from the storm, toward the Red Branch) have been twisted open and smashed with great force. Glass and framing litter the carpet beyond.

Within, the house is a shambles. Kerosene lamps and flashlight beams show furniture and belongings strewn about and broken. Two walls are holed by shotgun blasts. On the floor of the dining room sprawls the mangled body of a black man. In a death grip he clutches a shotgun, its barrels bent and useless. Seeing the body costs the viewer 1D6 SAN.

"That's Raymond Brown, the butler," Lareen whispers, crossing himself, then covering the man's face with the muslin sheet which covered a nearby chair. In the hallway beyond lies Adele, Raymond's wife, even more brutally murdered, for her internal organs have been methodically ripped from her abdomen and stacked neatly to one side. Since the investigators have had warning from the previous body, viewing this nauseating tableau only costs an additional 1D3 SAN. Lareen crosses himself again, and sits for a while to regain his composure.

Across the hall is the library, the room nearest the electrical generator. A successful Idea locates electrical light switches, and the lights come on.

It is quite a library. A successful Accounting roll accurately estimates nearly 10,000 volumes, all in sturdy glass cases rising 14 feet from the floor in individual columns four feet wide.

Each shelf is a separate unit and has its own door, each door secured by a double-position latch which firmly seals the glass door against the surrounding frame. The doors fold upward, then slide individually into recesses beneath the next highest shelves, lawyers'-case style.

In one corner stand a cluster of equipment and valves; many ducts lead behind the shelving. If a door to a shelf is opened, the air within each case is noticeably dryer and of a slightly different temperature. A successful Physics or Me-

chanical Repair roll establishes that the valves, condensers, ducts, and controls are for an elaborate and well-thought-out humidity and temperature control system, solely intended to preserve the pages and bindings of the massive library.

Most of the collection consists of rare historical books, periodicals, and unpublished notes of wide range and taste, in English, German, French, Spanish, Latin, Rumanian, Italian, Japanese, Chinese, Sanskrit, Finnish, and Russian. The books cover a wide range of subjects, but are of interest only to collectors.

The remaining section is familiar to any scholar of the occult or the Mythos. Here is the delirious *Image du Monde* of Gauthier de Metz, the shocking *Sadicismus Triumphatus* of Joseph Glanvill, the terrible *Daemonolatrea* of Remigus, the public works of Paracelsus, Albertus Magnus, Borellus, Trithemius, von Junzt, and many more, even the full numbers of such important periodicals as the *Occult Review* and *Enigma*.

Two locked chest-high shelves in this dubious and mind-shattering section are bare, deep and high enough to shelter the largest and most important tomes; their protective glass faces have been smashed. On a successful Spot Hidden roll, an investigator scrapes away glass shards and finds a scrap of ancient leather, embossed with a skull, a tantalizing remnant of what the Davies kept there.

What To Do?

By this time Lareen has recovered and helps the investigators search the rest of the house. Muslin sheets, spread to protect furniture in many of the rooms, lend the house a ghostly feel. There are no other bodies, no sign of either Davies, and the second-floor rooms are undisturbed. The Davies cannot be found.

Outbuildings yield no clues. They discover a light truck in a barn, but it does not start (a successful Mechanical Repair roll puts it in operating condition in 1D3 hours). No automobile turns up, despite Lareen's assurances that the Davies own a fine Packard.

The investigators can wait in the house for daybreak, sleeping or looking for clues, or one or more can accompany Lareen back to Davies Landing, a lonely and troubling trip in the inky darkness. Despite the gloom, the horrible murders, and Lareen's fears of Old Bill the bloodthirsty alligator, the trip back to Davies Landing is uneventful.

Once in Davies Landing, Lareen wakes Joe Ben Criel, who used to work for the L&N line and who knows how to flag down the 12:40 flyer; its conductor notifies the Dorphia stationmaster, who in turn alerts the county sheriff, who shows up with the coroner and a deputy the next morning. The keeper can reintroduce Lareen, a key witness, at a later time or retire him now.

The Ground Floor

Whether the investigators search for clues when they discover the body or wait until the sheriff arrives the next day, they find exactly the same evidence.

KITCHEN: large enough to prepare banquets, much of it is disused. Only a few servings of china and silver, for instance,

are not wrapped in paper: on a successful Idea roll the investigators note that rice, hominy, flour, coffee, etc., have been purchased in deliberately small quantities.

ROOT CELLAR: entered under the back stairs, this small basement area holds tiny amounts of yams, carrots, etc., a single slab of bacon, a single cured ham. There are no passages or panels, and no hidden basement areas.

DINING ROOM: the formal table (with chairs for 24) and the matching sideboards are covered with muslin spreads to guard against dust. The dust on the coverings is thick. The french doors which open toward the river were plainly smashed from the outside by blows of great force.

A successful Track roll identifies claw marks on the left-hand frame of the doors; toward the river, the mark of two clawed toes from a very large foot can be seen in a patch of mud. The footprint is humanoid, but plainly not human.

CONSERVATORY: a piano and a harp (also covered in muslin) are shoved together into one corner in favor of a large billiards table. Brandy and cigars can be found on a side table; several free-standing ashtrays wait in other corners. Paintings of race horses decorate the walls.

A photo of the investigator's acquaintance, Philippa Davies, nests among a grouping on one wall. A separate framed clipping identifies Victor Davies accepting the 1912 Hutchinson Prize for meritorious historiography. The elder Davies is a handsome, vigorous, white-haired man who has a petulant forcefulness to his appearance. The younger Davies is smooth-faced and emotionless; the investigator recalls that Philippa was tall, 5'6", though much shorter than her towering father. Both wear well-made, expensive clothes.

PARLOR: it contains sofas, easy chairs, and occasional tables all uncovered and ready for use. A variety of books and periodicals indicate day-to-day use. The State edition of yesterday's *New Orleans Picayune-Times* is the most recent newspaper; the latest issues of *Revue des Deux Mondes* and *Harper's* are among the current magazines.

The Library

This room is not well-cleaned; there are dusty surfaces, ash trays full of cigar stubs and cigarette butts, dirty cups and plates, and even a jumble of women's clothing in Philippa's size. Any investigator who sorts out the clothing notices that it amounts to three full sets of casual clothing, blouses to shoes.

A small floor safe stands open, its door flung back against its side: within is a thousand dollars in cash, the deeds to Sunset House and adjoining properties, and Victor's life insurance policy for \$40,000, with Philippa as beneficiary.

No sign of the *Vishakhapatnam Fragment* exists, though the investigators have no description of it unless they wire for one from Brodsky. (Brodsky replies that it is a set of thin, beaten-brass plates embossed in Sanskrit, with diagrams, the entirety weighing about fifty pounds.)

In the library are four points of significant information. The acquisitions file and the appointment books are easy to find; the Rosethorne file requires a successful Library Search roll; the brown folder requires a successful Spot Hidden roll.

ACQUISITIONS FILE: several filing cabinets filled with letters, circulars, notices, and invoices ranging over many years. The files begin with reputable historical topics. Occult topics intrude in 1910. By 1917, obscure and bizarre titles begin to be mentioned.

Victor Davies describes the outré volumes he seeks in the most gloating, lascivious terms; the reader can almost hear him cackle with glee when he is able to unpack one tome or another. A successful Psychology or Psychoanalysis roll suggests a destructive bibliomania: the man might stop at nothing to gain a volume.

In letter after letter Davies cajoles and admonishes his agents to break laws and exercise physical violence to achieve his ends. At the keeper's option, these letters offer solutions to several mysterious crimes famous in the world of bibliophiles.

Among the books listed as successfully acquired are the *Book of Dzyan*, *Unausprechlichen Kulten*, *G'harne Fragments*, and the *Cthaat Aquadungen*. None of these books are present.

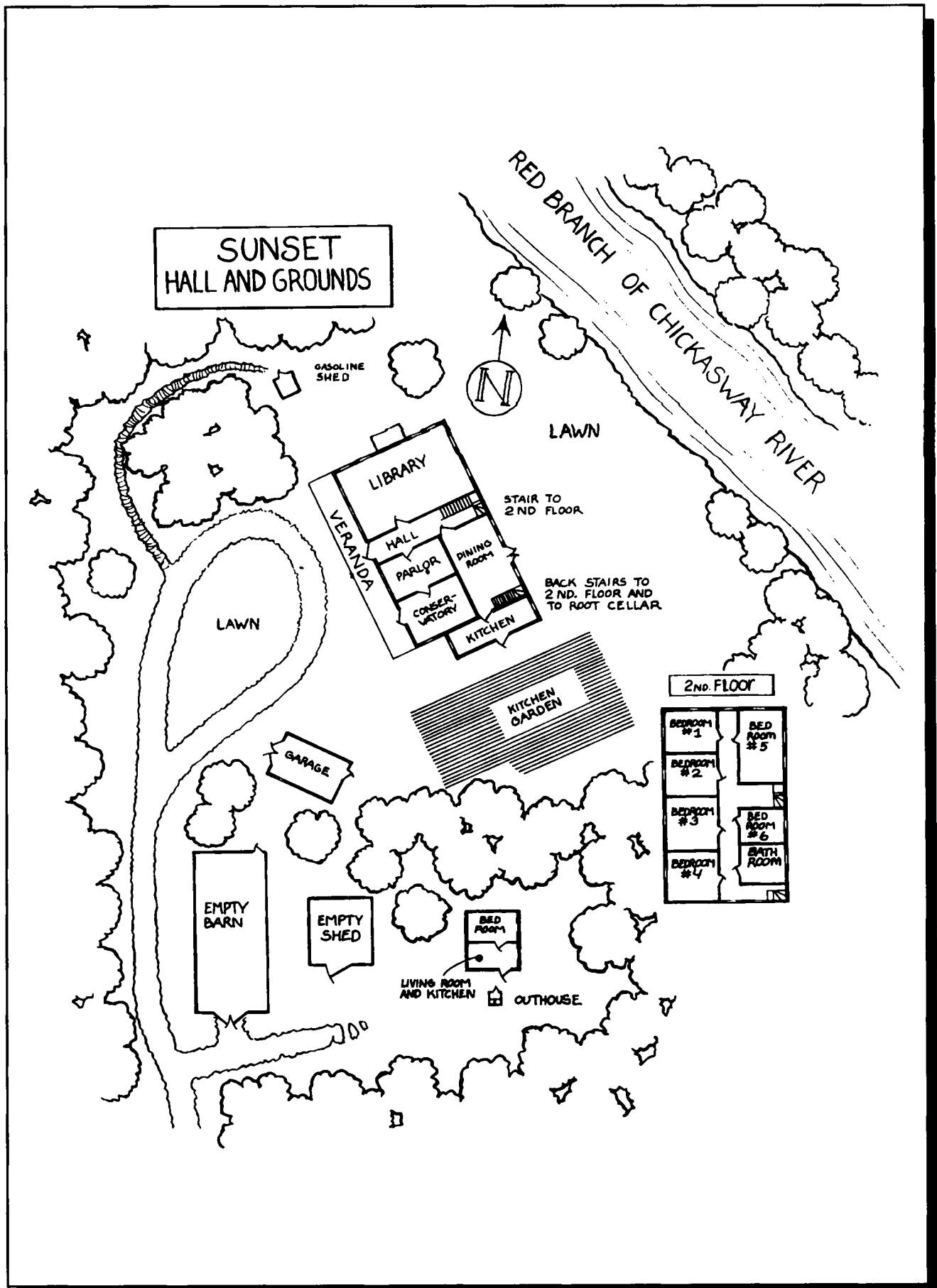
In the last year or so, Davies expresses frustration and alarm, as an unknown competitor regularly foils Davies' efforts to gain important volumes. Hiring more searchers and paying higher commissions produces meager results. A final letter in his hand, written less than a week ago to a correspondent in Peru, gleefully anticipates a great (unspecified) change soon.

THE ROSETHORNE FILE: alone of all the materials in the room, this cloth accordion file is bound with a flaming red ribbon, and bears no name or other sign. It is beneath Davies' worktable, on a stack of files. Someone seated at the table could lay his or her hands on it in an instant.

- *The first pocket* contains three items. There is a triply-hinged gold locket and chain of fine mid-Victorian workmanship. Within is a miniature painting of identical twins, two sullen girls about four years old, in dress contemporary with the work of the locket. Opposite the picture the initials *PR* and *NR* have been intertwined and engraved into the gold lid. Second is a wax impression of a large key of old-fashioned design. The third is a receipt from a Biloxi locksmith for the cast duplication of 'one old key.'

- *The second pocket* contains notes concerning disappearances, strange events, strange sounds, sightings of monsters, strange weather, meteor falls, etc., along the Gulf for the last twenty years or so. The number of reliable entries is small. With a successful Idea roll, the investigator notices a pattern of cattle disappearances from farms bordering both branches of the Chickasaw river, one so pronounced that an oral tradition of a giant alligator named Old Bill is mentioned in several later stories.

- *The third pocket* concerns the Rosethorne family, once prominent slave-holders and long in the region. Most tales relate persistent rebellions and escapes of slaves, who alleged the most cruel treatment. Brophy Rosethorne became a prominent Klansman, dying in 1885 along with his wife, Amelia. Their daughters, Patricia and Nathaly, reportedly died of typhoid a few years later while living with unnamed distant relatives in Florida. Since then, attorneys for the estate (Johnson & Leavitt, Biloxi)



employed caretakers to keep the grounds in order, and have rented out the fields.

A plot map with large red-penciled areas shows the location of the Rosethorne estate, a few miles up the Black Branch.

An article ripped from *Ante Bellum* magazine includes mention of Rosethorne Mansion, noting that Hugh Rosethorne, the original builder, feared Indian attacks and slave rebellions, and included unspecified 'defensive works' in the design.

- *The fourth pocket* contains a letter, dated a month previous, and a copy of Davies' reply to it (dated the day after the Biloxi burglary of Johnson & Leavitt). Both letters are printed nearby. [Also included in "Waters" handouts.]
- *The fifth and last pocket* contains another single sheet, this a crudely-drawn plan of the grounds and ground floor of Rosethorne Mansion, reproduced nearby. [Also included in "Waters" handouts.]

THE APPOINTMENT BOOK: for yesterday, the day on which the servants were murdered, "have Raymond pick up the VF crate."

A BROWN FOLDER: a small floor safe sits on the floor, its door flung back along its side. Wedged between the door and the side of the safe is a thin brown folder.

Inside is a short manuscript of three pages, titled "The Keeness of Two Alike," which a note describes as partly a translation from the *Book Of Darkening*, otherwise unidentified, and partly from the *Vishakhapatnam Fragment*. The manuscript is in Victor Davies' hand.

Though obviously a magical spell, Davies has abbreviated gestures, activities, materials, and conditions which the spell requires. To recreate the cantrip requires 1D3+4 months and full access to Davies' papers and remaining library. Its purpose is plainly put, "use it to solve great conundrums." The keeper's version appears nearby.

Investigating The Upstairs

BEDROOM ONE: a guest bedroom, freshly cleaned and newly-stocked with cut flowers. Some of the investigators were to stay here. There is a fine large bed, a chest of draws, tables and chairs, but no clues.

BEDROOM TWO: a similar guest bedroom, without clues.

BEDROOM THREE: a woman's bedroom, actively used. A thank-you letter from the investigator to his or her friend Philippa rests upon a chest of drawers. In one armoire hang frocks, etc., of size suitable to Philippa; in a second armoire are various men's garments of equivalent size.

BEDROOM FOUR: though an excellent corner room, it has been left undisturbed since Victor's wife died some twenty years before. The room was dusted by the servants each week, and the fresh flowers in vase by the window have just started to wilt.

BEDROOM FIVE: Victor Davies' bedroom, evidenced by the many photographs of himself at various academic and social functions. Two locked photo albums rest in a locked bottom drawer of a chest; the locks are easily forced. The albums hold

Curwen's Letter

My Esteemed and Long-Honored Friend,

It is with great regret that I inform you that the Great Prize you sought, the volume reference yrs. August 6, 1913 &c., has been sold to our adversary. All may not be lost. At considerable risk, I have interviewed the physical purchaser, one Hiram Greene. He acted for agents whom I forced to be made known to me. These worthies do business but a few miles from you, in the persons of Messrs. Johnson & Leavitt, Attorneys-At-Law, Biloxi, Mississippi. They are, apparently, the primary agents for the actual purchaser, who remains unknown to me. Alas, Mr. Greene left us before more could be learned.

In the matter of the volume "rarely bound," in your felicitous phrase, the hasty use of harsh potions might be deleterious, except as a last resort. The churchman is of high standing, and his permanent discomfort would provoke the most extensive inquiries, for which we must first prepare.

I am, sir, zealous for your regard,

Delvin Curwen

12 Greenmidden Lane

London

Davies' Reply

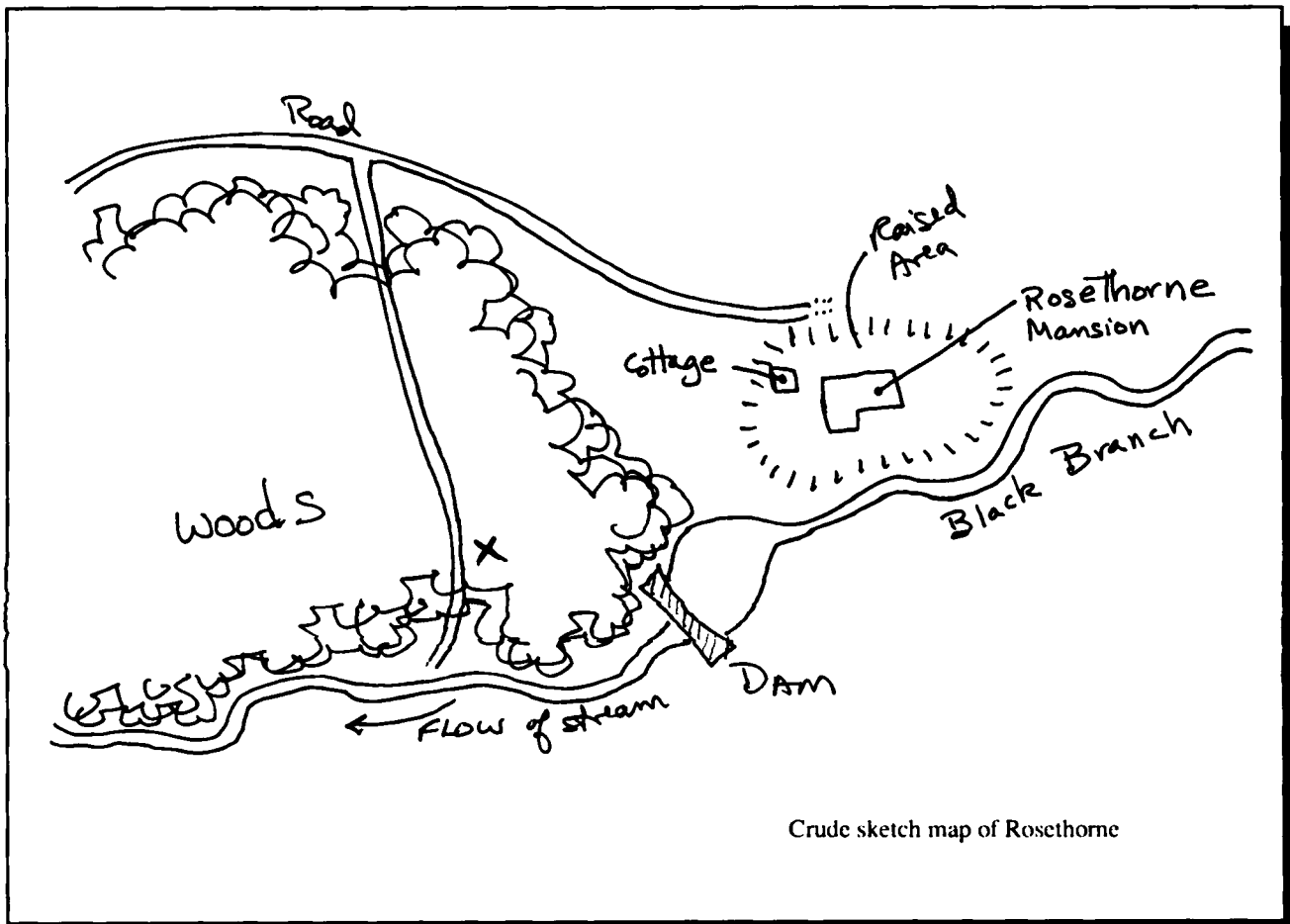
My Dear Master Curwen,

No one in my experience minds his business better than you, sir, and of your capabilities you have (I hope indeed) considerate proof in substantial gleaming metal. Yet I must remonstrate against the timidity revealed in yours latest. The Archbishop is a callow fool, one unentitled even to touch that volume, let alone own it. His dogs may notice should we stopper his heart, but no one else will. Get on with it. My Dixie havens shall proof you, should His Majesty grow wrathful. Sir, kill the boob and take the book. Has that not long been our motto? Need I remind you of the consequences if you do not?

Your expectant friend, your companion in thought and deed,

V. Davies

PS—I have taken steps to change the conditions under which we compete with our adversary; the results shall surely surprise you.



Crude sketch map of Rosethorne

nude photos mostly of Philippa in various erotic poses; Victor is sometimes present. The background for all the photos is the downstairs library, presumably because the electricity there offers excellent lighting.

BEDROOM SIX: a storage room for disused furniture and carefully-sealed, neatly-labeled boxes of scholarly books, mostly about New England.

BATHING ROOM: bathing water is heated in the kitchen and brought up by dumb waiter to be dumped into the tub. A drain carries away waste water. Also here is a compact darkroom where Victor developed his plates. Large-format cameras, folding reflectors, a drying rack, and complete supplies wait in cabinets.

OUTBUILDINGS: other structures near Sunset House are self-explanatory. Letters in the servants' house connect Adele to relatives in Hattiesburg. No motive for the murders can be found.

The Next Morning

The rain continues through the night. The day is gray, cold, and sodden. Rivers and streams are high.

The next morning sees the sheriff, two deputies, the coroner, Larcen, the investigators, and two Biloxi newspapermen at Sunset House. Later in the day, cynical New Orleans journalists arrive, talk to the sheriff, take photos, and depart.

After the sheriff searches the house, he questions the investigators about their arrival, relation to the deceased, relation to the missing Davies, and about their movements. They are asked to remain in the area until the inquest, presumably later in the week. Then the sheriff dismisses them.

The Keeness of Two Alike

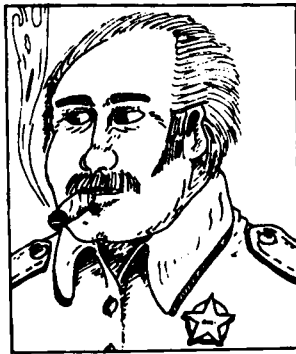
A New Spell

Heightens mental clarity, concentration, and retention for a period of 1D4+4 hours. That which was understood or perceived is remembered when the spell ends.

Each casting takes one hour; the spell may be recast when it concludes. Two casters must participate, following an elaborate sexual ritual, one necessarily incestuous. Only one caster receives the temporary intellectual enhancement (equivalent to an extra 6 points of Intelligence for the duration). Cost to each caster is 4 magic points. Make SAN rolls for each caster: each failure costs each participant 1 SAN point; thus if both rolls fail, each participant loses 2 SAN.

The essential condition for success is a consanguineous harmony of blood between the casters. This spell derives from practices of left-handed Tantrism, and is not Mythos-connected. It can be assembled from many Tantric sources.

Sheriff Morgan is a closed-mouth, intelligent man in his late fifties who dreads what promises to be a difficult, potentially scandalous investigation. Out of respect for the Davies, he merely states that they seem to be out of town and unavailable as yet. Yet they are the only logical suspects in the murders, and his discovery of the photos in Victor's bedroom offers some sort of motive. He does not for a moment believe the ridiculous tale being spread by his deputy to the eager newsmen, that an enormous bear caused the deaths.



Sheriff Morgan

If they exhibit sober judgment and insight, he may be willing to work with the investigators, especially if they have good Credit Ratings or if they can supply references quickly affirmable by telegraph or telephone.

For the keeper, the sheriff is a way to communicate information and clues, to effect rescues and punishments, and in general to act as a fair agent of authority.

The rest of the adventure is written as though only the investigators are in charge; don't forget that the sheriff can be anywhere the investigators are, his inquiries paralleling theirs.

The sheriff always travels with one deputy who drives the car. Both men carry .45 revolvers but neither man keeps his gun loaded, for safety. If the sheriff ever loads his revolver, it's a sign of imminent danger.

The Lawyers

Phone calls or telegrams are not answered. If the investigators go to Biloxi, then Jody Leavitt of Johnson & Leavitt agrees to a short interview. Leavitt is a tall, vocal man in his forties who habitually paces in discussion, as though before a jury. Yes, Victor Davies had been to see him about ten days previously. No, he is not at liberty to say about what, and there the interview must end. Fast Talks, Oratories, etc., have no effect: this guy is a lawyer.

The sheriff gets more information. Mr. Leavitt tells him that Davies had demanded to know whom the firm represented in certain recent purchases of books and documents, information which Mr. Leavitt refused to divulge. If the sheriff wants to know, Leavitt respectfully refuses to do so unless directed to do so by a judge, saying only that his client is one of long-standing importance to the firm. Under order of the court, Mr. Leavitt reveals cash payments from a prestigious New York City legal firm, and shipments made to the caretaker of the Rosethorne estate, not far from Davies Landing.

[New York investigators fail to learn anything from Greenburg & Greenburg, nor do they have any reason for court intervention; a break-in reveals superb safes and awesome security provisions.]

A burglary at Johnson & Leavitt by the investigators nets the information in the paragraph above, given one successful Law roll and one successful Accounting roll. The burglary also

shows that, though loyal, these lawyers are mere professionals, without Mythos connection.

A successful Spot Hidden at the office yields an interesting clue. Over the open safe a note has been scrawled: "Dear Burglars: you got what we had last week. Lock the door when you go out." The local newspaper and the police confirm that a burglary occurred at Johnson & Leavitt the week before.

Davies Landing In Daylight

As the day progresses, the wind dies and the air warms. The investigators may decide to hunt for clues in Davies Landing.

In daylight, the town is unremarkable. It boasts neither telephone nor electrical wires. There is a town hall, three churches (Catholic, Southern Baptist, Abyssinian Baptist), a combination general store and post office, and clapboard homes scattered along the tree-lined main street and down narrow bushy side lanes. The town is much too small to pay for a policeman. Some 150 people live near the rail station, but few can be seen even in the daytime.

At one end of town are three battered docks alongside which are tied a dozen or more seagoing fishing boats. A few more ride at anchor, as does a yacht: with binoculars her name can be read: the *Nathaly*. Smaller boats rest high on the beach.

Bushes, grasses, and trees grow in profusion, though some have lost their leaves for winter. Paint is not easy to maintain along the Gulf; with the best of efforts, peeling white chips and graying whitewash can be seen everywhere. Here and there are well-tended gardens, though, and the town appears comfortable if not prosperous.

THE GENERAL STORE: several men have gathered on the wide porch of the store. Tales of the "big bear" make them laugh, even though the death of Raymond and Adele is serious business. It was Old Bill, they declare to a man. Almost without knowing it, they begin to compete, each telling a worse tale of Old Bill's depredations. Cows disappear, carriages are overturned, children are gutted and maimed, men felled, fences are ripped apart, bridges crumbled—a regular tornado of evil deeds spread across the land. Most of the tales are made up, as a successful Psychology roll or the gentlemen themselves admit if pressed, but the tellers do always set them along the Chickasaw, usually on the Black Branch. Most agree that Old Bill can walk upright for extended periods of time, but always goes back in the river.

REPUTATIONS: the Davies are not well-liked in Davies Landing, despite their family's long-standing. Victor Davies is unsociable and impatient, and Philippa is worse, treating people with arrogance and contempt. Neither take interest in or responsibility for local affairs, though they own much of the county. The wry joke is that they visit Davies Landing to get on or off the train. The work of managing the estate seems actually to have been done by Raymond, their butler, a scandalous state of affairs to people who believe in *noblesse oblige*.

Though most felt that Raymond had risen far beyond his station in life, Raymond and Adele Brown were kind, decent, respectable people, and everyone grieves their passing. The funeral gathering will be very large.

HARLISS JENKINS: if one of the investigators shot Sam, Harliss Jenkins' dog, then a belligerent Jenkins confronts the group in front of the general store, demanding apology and restitution. Jenkins is a big, burly fisherman. His Fist/Punch is 75%, 1D3+1D6 damage, and he has 16 HP. If the investigators calmly apologize, perhaps using the murders as an excuse for their regrettable delay, then Jenkins is abashed and apologizes himself, suggesting that they ignore his demand for restitution. He might even offer to assist the investigators, should a burly non-player character be a useful adjunct to the story.

If the investigators are defensive or abrupt, then Jenkins' temper worsens, and the men seated in front of the store slowly stand up. If Jenkins takes a swing at these arrogant strangers, most of the assembled townsfolk join in, and the town may no longer be safe for investigators.



Harliss Jenkins

Rosethorne Mansion

The Davies Car

As the day lengthens, the skies darken, and a soft rain blows in from the sea.

The investigators may go to Rosethorne because of the clues in Victor Davies' red-ribboned file folder, or because of the Biloxi evidence, or because Sheriff Morgan has found the evidence and wants to take a look. Perhaps an angler notices the Davies car and reports it.

The clump of trees in which the Davies hid their car is the only good cover within a half-mile of the house. If the investigators go directly to the house, they do not find the vehicle. In secretly surveying or approaching the mansion, they find the car in the trees.

The Davies car, a large black Packard sedan, rests hidden on the riverbank, at the end of a rough trail. Victor's driving gloves (monogrammed *VOD* for Victor Ockham Davies) rest on the front seat. Also on the front seat is another version of the Rosethorne mansion sketch map which the investigators already may have found. On the floor of the front seat is a half-empty box of 12-gauge shotgun shells, loaded with buck-shot.

Within the locked trunk is a large flat packing crate, nailed shut. Opened, the padded crate holds the 39 brass plates of the missing *Vishakhapatnam Fragment*, apparently left in the trunk by Raymond after he picked them up from the carpenter's (the entire package weighs nearly 70 pounds, and Raymond was an efficient manager).

If the investigators study the mansion from the copse of trees during daylight, they see at that angle a large grated opening in the stone embankment beneath the mansion, emptying directly in the still pools of the Black Branch. With binoculars, they see hinges at each side of the grate. A low dam

just downstream keeps that stretch of the river at a minimum height.

The Caretaker

If they interview the caretaker, he is happy to talk, but refuses them entry to the mansion.

Though apparently unoccupied for many years, the mansion has been well-kept by a succession of caretakers overseen by the redoubtable Johnson (Sr.) & Bennett and then Johnson (Jr.) & Leavitt, respectively, of Biloxi.

Montmorency Jillip has been the caretaker of the mansion for nearly eight years, ever since his uncle Hurl Jillip went to his reward. Montmorency is a plump man with bulging eyes and baggy, sallow skin. He is very obliging, and opens the gates promptly. He swears he has no keys to the mansion, though a Spot Hidden shows bulky keys in a front trouser pocket.

"It is always kept locked, save when Mr. Leavitt comes out from Biloxi, once in the Spring and once in the Fall. Then we go through the inside, and I make any necessary repairs. I spend a whole week cleaning up inside, and then Mr. Leavitt comes back, checks my work, and locks up the place." It has been nearly four months since Jillip was inside the house. "I have my little cottage over there," Montmorency says, bowing.

"All the furniture was sold long ago, before my time. I reckon the lawyers figured the stuff would rot, so they sold it while it was good. Seems a shame. Place must have been grand upon a time."

If asked, Montmorency lies blandly that no cellar exists, since the ground is too wet this close to the river.

With a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll (or without such a roll if the investigator has had acquaintance with the transformation to Deep One), it is apparent that Montmorency carries the Deep One taint and is beginning the transformation. When he swims downriver to the sea, to join the entities of whom he now dreams nightly, his nephew Crawford Jillip will take over as caretaker.

Inside Rosethorne Mansion

On the banks of the Black Branch, the builders raised an earth platform dozen feet higher than the surrounding ground, then faced it with stone to guard against floods. The carriage drive halts at the base of the platform, and the visitor reaches the front door of the mansion via a wide stone staircase.

Cut before the Civil War, the mansion's cypress columns are sturdy and whole. The white frame mansion is well-painted, its windows intact, and the plantings within the high barred fence are mowed and trimmed.

All the mansion windows are made up of narrow, divided panes. Smashing through them would create considerable noise and damage, but it's not hard to get inside the mansion; in ten or fifteen minutes an investigator who receives a successful Mechanical Repair roll has picked the old lock on the kitchen door, and the door swings open. Victor Davies, of



Montmorency Jillip

course, had a key made from the wax impression he took while burglarizing Johnson & Leavitt.

The shadowy rooms do not have the empty feeling of a building long un-lived-in, but an unpleasantness clings to its timbers and stones.

The furnishings are a kitchen table, a few cheap candelabra, some dealwood straight-back chairs, and a log book instituted by the legal guardians of the estate, which details the years of cleaning and repair since the procedure was initiated in 1902.

The upstairs bedrooms are as empty as the ground floor. Even the accumulation normal to attics has been removed. The mansion is a shell.

THE FRESCO: little ornamentation graces the walls, with the exception of a large, age-dimmed fresco on the west wall of the ballroom, a picture of Rosethorne Mansion dated 1853, painted roughly from the direction of the trees in which the Davies car is parked. A successful Make Maps or Archaeology roll shows that the platform upon which the mansion is built has changed since then. In the painting, there is no grated opening into the river. Contrarily, the painting depicts regular windows cut into the stone facing of the platform on which the mansion rests. In one window is a dim white face, perhaps that of the artist, an artistic joke. The smooth stone facing is now unbroken.

THE STUDY: at the far end of the house is the study. The shelves are there, but no books. Above a fine stone mantelpiece hangs an ornamental shield embossed with an *R* and the date 1842. Rather shockingly, a much larger 1901 has been crudely chiselled between the mantelpiece and the shield, along with the motto *Non mihi, non tibi, sed nobis* — a Latin motto, translatable as ‘not for you, not for me, but for us.’

A stone has been removed from the back of the fireplace, revealing a large cavity beyond. Beside the stone lays an iron tablet weighing nearly fifty pounds. Beside it are prybars and other tools used to remove the stone, and a loaded shotgun and two flashlights. If the investigators visit the mansion on the day after their arrival, they find bloodstains near the tools. If they come to the mansion on some following day later, Montmorcency has cleaned up the blood, and the stains are noticeable only with a successful Spot Hidden roll.

The tablet bears an inscription, shown above. [Also included in “Waters” handouts.]

The fireplace does contain a second clue. If anyone reaches into the cavity, or peers closely into it, he or she perceives that the air within the cavity is much warmer, and that a draft is escaping from it. If more stones are removed, the cavity is revealed to be a shelf leading to another chimney, rising from below. It would be possible (after extensive effort) to enter the cellars via this chimney.

A search of the room reveals more blood along the east wall of the study, one pool of which has been scraped aside and into the wood by a large mass passing over it (on second and later days discovery hinges on a successful Spot Hidden). A successful Luck roll while examining wooden panelling in the area finds two sections about five feet apart which pull out of the wall. Each shields a latch. Simultaneous tugs on the two latches, a feat impossible to one person, release hidden catches, and a wide door opens in the wall.

The Inscription on the Iron Tablet

In the central section is inscribed:

Dedicatory To Our Flesh: Daughters, look once upon this and preserve. A Great Power gives your dying parents leave to ward back Death at a price paid gladly, for the clay is cold and wormy. Now taken from this place, yet you shall return when the years are right. We mark our path for you. There is life below, as you shall know, and in the still waters, and in the sea. We shall meet again.

Around the Dedicatory flows a different script in Roman letters:

*Ph' nglui mglw' nafh Cthulhu R' lyeh
wgah' nagl fhtagn*

— “In his house at R'lyeh dead Cthulhu waits dreaming,” as any successful Cthulhu Mythos roll translates.

Further instructions no longer exist: Patricia and Nathaly removed them when they returned twenty years before.

The Cellars Of Rosethorne

Within the wall, broad steps wind down into darkness. The stone surfaces are smooth and slightly damp. Weights automatically close the door, and only a prop or wedge keeps it open; the same kind of double-latch system on the exterior also opens the door from within — it takes two people to open the door.

In these cellars Patricia and Nathaly Rosethorne have lived since soon after their return in 1900, and in these cellars before them lived their parents, Brophy and Amelia, departing for the sea before the turn of the century. If this is the first or second day after the discovery of the murdered Browns, the investigators find Patricia and Nathaly waiting for them; if this is the third day, they find only the evidence that the sisters left behind.

No lights are visible; the investigators must provide their own, or feel their way down. A pale phosphorescent mold coats many surfaces, casting dim spectral outlines. If flashlights or lanterns are used, the phosphorescent cannot be seen. The investigators have entered the cellars at one end of the cellar complex.

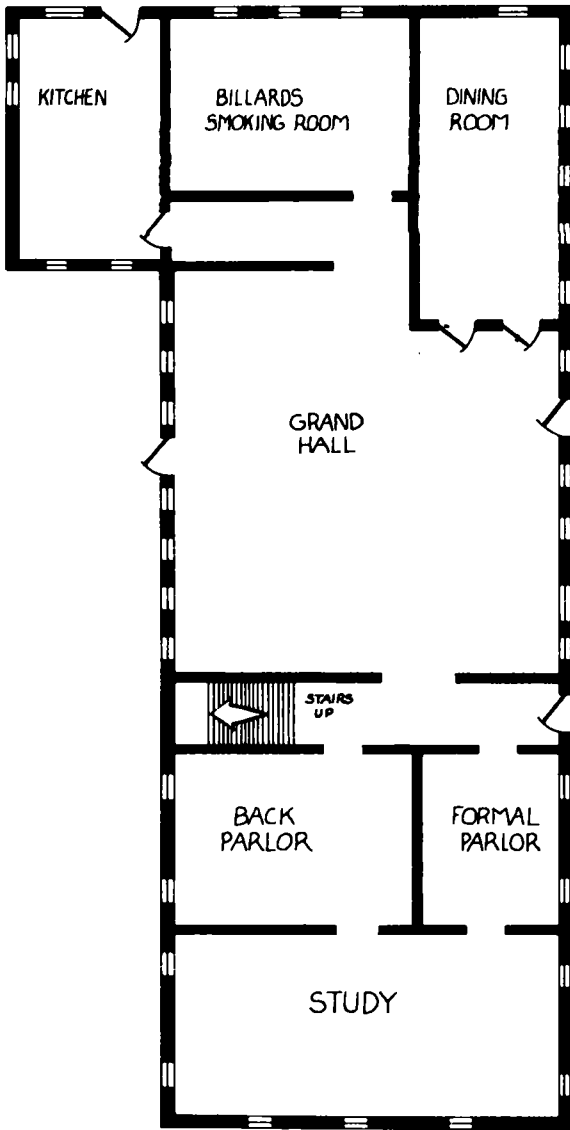
If the keeper wishes, the cellar can be illuminated by lolls (see the nearby box), small beings summoned by Patricia to enhance the decor of their home. The lolls are drawn to feeding insects, but may appear more sinister to nervous investigators.

Apart from the occasional flutter of a loll, dripping water is the only sound.

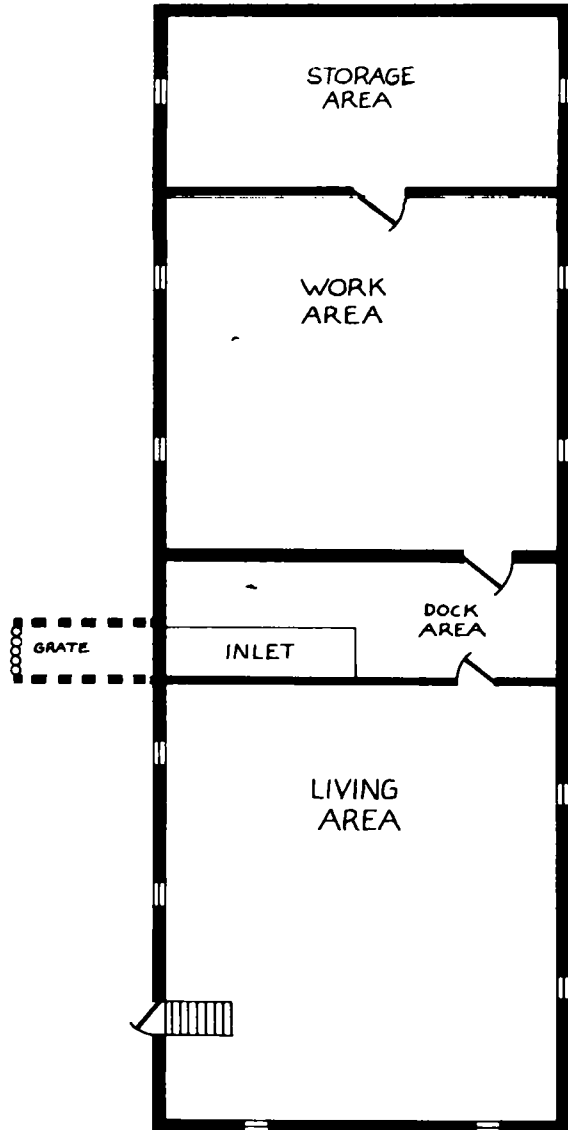
The cellars are divided in four parts — living, the dock, working, and storage. A long watery bay large enough for a boat leads to the Chickasway.

If Patricia and Nathaly are still here, the bay holds a small boat loaded with boxes on the second day after the murders. They lurk quietly in the shadows, waiting for a propitious moment in which to strike, or until their hospitality is insulted — see the section, “The Soirée,” below.

ROSETHORNE MANSION
1ST FLOOR AND BELOW



1ST FLOOR



CELLARS OF
ROSETHORNE

LOLL*Fabulous Creature*

A loll is a kite-shaped insectivore from the Martian Dreamlands. It flies with a sinuous wriggling motion, scooping up prey with a wide, manta-like mouth. Resin-exuding feet allow it to stick to most vertical surfaces. Though bird-sized, most species of loll fly much more slowly than birds, making them vulnerable to predators. Perhaps in consequence, lolls avoid the open air in favor of cosses, caves, ravines, and similarly semi-enclosed spaces.

The loll is a night hunter. It attracts insects by emitting a steady glow. The hungrier a loll becomes, the more brightly it shines. There is no SAN cost to see a loll.

Summon Loll*A New Spell*

This spell works in the manner of other Summon spells, with the exception that 1D3 lolls appear with each success. The summoner must concentrate upon a mental image of the creature while casting.

The Living Area

Occupying about a quarter of the cellar area, the living area has no special arrangement or pattern. There are five points of interest. Keepers may add more.

THE PAINTINGS: along one wall hang five oil portraits in gilded frames. Here parades an evil-looking Hugh Rosethorne and his wife in period costume. There poses an even-more evil Brophy and Amelia Rosethorne, standing on what appear to be human skulls, though the feeble execution of the painting makes identification uncertain.

Three paintings depict Patricia and Nathaly. The first resembles the locket portrait found in Davies' accordion file. The second shows them as handsome, sulky, arrogant young women, Patricia standing and Nathaly sitting. They wear white underwear, cut in turn-of-the-century style.

The third painting is contemporary, a distinguished expressionist rendering of the pair in the midst of their ghastly transformation, Nathaly's grotesque claws holding a fan and one of Patricia's crablike claws on her shoulder. Their exposed skin is pintoed gray and pink, as if recovering from burns; their bodies have become lumpish and strangely distorted, rises or sags of flesh somehow divorced from gravity. A hellish lust lights their eyes. The artist's initials are *R.U.P.*; the Sanity cost for studying this minor masterpiece is 1/1D3.

THE BED: all of the present furniture has been built to order by the caretakers, since the Rosethornes have grown too large for ordinary chairs and tables. These wooden items have the crude sturdiness of 1950s picnic furniture. Patricia has never dared to order any oversized furniture from the outside—from real craftsmen—except the bed.

It is gigantic, eight feet by six feet, with massive turned posts rising to a canopy ceiling. Canopy, ribbons, satin, silks, curtains, ticking have long since discolored, molded, shredded, and disappeared. Wide utilitarian boards smoothed by long

contact now surface the sleeping platform. Here the lovers still twine, finding in shreds of lace the truth of dreams.

At the head of the bed sit Nathaly's handmade dolls, fungus-festooned nightmare shapes in soggy canvas. Most are human and ordinary. Among them squats a Deep One doll with red, drooling lips. Beside it lays an almost elegant byakhee with wings of white rubber sheeting.

THE DINNER TABLE: fine china plates (all broken and repaired with glue) and excellent sterling, in two place settings, one at the head of the table, and one to the left, the side of the heart. Here are food remains which Montmorency has not yet cleared: fish guts, fins and bones, a half-gnawed haunch of beef (still maggot-free thanks to the restless lolls), human pelvis bones, a hank of hair.

The bodies of Victor and Philippa Davies, mangled and dead since before the investigators came to Davies Landing (as a successful Know roll or any doctor establishes), sit upright in straight-backed chairs, posed like dolls.

Nails have been driven through the corpses to keep them upright. Teacups and saucers have been tied to their two remaining hands. Their blue flesh is moldy.

Pinned to each corpse is a separate note, raggedly scrawled: *I Liked Books Too Much!* is on Victor, and *I Am A Naughty Book Grabber!* is on Philippa. A search of the victims' clothing reveals tobacco, matches, a freshly-cast ornate key, and a set of keys for a Packard automobile.

The Davies have been mangled in the same style as their servants at Sunset Hall; these new corpses require no new Sanity loss from the investigators, but the keeper might call for Sanity rolls all the same: failing investigators trip over a detached arm or foot or finger, and lose 1D6 SAN points. Philippa's head cannot be found — keep it as a surprise, or see the "Knitting Basket" section below.

THE UPRIGHT PIANO: its weakening glues and woods are strapped together by binding ropes and pipe clamps. The piano has been restrung and retuned. The black and white keys no longer correspond to any known tuning; harmless ditties played on this piano become hideous. Sanity-daunting screams and crashes. When Patricia attacks, Nathaly improvises on this instrument. Cost per combat round to hear this horrid music is 0/1D3 SAN per investigator. The piano can no longer be played after it has taken 25 points damage.

THE KNITTING BASKET: among Nathaly's knitting (indistinguishable from rotting garbage without a successful Idea roll) are 38 human finger bones, reserved for a new home decoration project. If not found otherwise, Philippa's trepanned head is here, its hair forming the base for the knitted dunce cap Nathaly awards it.

The Dock

This narrow inlet opens through unlocked gates to the Chickasway River. Close to the gates is a long chain-linked lever which adjusts the central-section height of the small dam just downriver from the mansion. Lowering it allows room for a boat to cross the dam. At the inland end of the small dock is an empty wooden crate, 1x2x3'. The crate bears the burned-in address *The NATHALY, Davies Landing Harbor*. Beside it is a

pot suspended by a chain from the ceiling; the pot is half-full of beeswax.

If Patricia and Nathaly have not fled, a wooden skiff some fifteen feet long is tied in the dock. It holds a dozen similar packing crates full of rare books, including at least one Mythos tome [a copy of *MONSTRES & THEIR KYNDE; English, +8% to Cthulhu mythos, x1 Spell multiplier, -1D8 SAN*]. Each book is wrapped and tied in heavy waxed paper, over which molten beeswax has been poured as a watertight seal. There are also cases of vials and jars holding potions, samples, powders, etc. Straw and sawdust pad and protect the books from jostles and bounces. Every crate is addressed to *The NATHALY, Davies Harbor*.

The Work Area

A large space, this was slave quarters in Hugh Rosethome's original design.

HOLDING CELLS: some date from Hugh's time, though Brophy Rosethome installed most of them in the 1880s. Several cells hold a living goat or dog; one contains a catatonic five-year-old child. The cell walls are of thick brick, the doors of iron plate. Nominal strength of these facilities is STR 50, wall and door. Captured investigators are imprisoned here; the doors have slots through which they can talk. The old mortar and lack of maintenance allows sane investigators to scratch and kick their way out of a cell in 24 hours.

THE LAB: dominating it is a grotesque stone statue of a crouching, blasphemous, tentacled creature with folded wings. Investigators with the Cthulhu Mythos skill instantly recognize it as a representation of Great Cthulhu, He Who Lies Sleeping. Before the statue is a bloodstained altar encarvened with hideous figures.

Ranged around the altar are other ways to take leave of helpless victims—a pit filled with impaling iron spikes, devices which slowly squeeze and choke, small guillotines apparently intended for fingers or other members, various water tortures, and a high stand with a kerosene lamp bolted to it, for note-taking.

Further back are workbenches and shelves. The retorts, alembics, vials, powders, parts, tongs, chips, flakes, tubes, boxes, jars, and envelopes of the sorcerer's trade are beyond easy count or comprehension, whether or not the Rosethomes have packed for their journey to the sea. Hoods and umbrellas shield experiments which might be ruined by the drip of moisture from overhead.

THE SPHERE: though they find it cheering when things go wrong, the Rosethomes have left behind this tribute to their god, to inform those who stumble after them.

The device is of Deep One craftsmanship; three finely-wrought Deep One statuettes stand on a circular base, reaching up with their hands to support a crystal sphere. Base and statuettes are of alien gold, worth 1D10+5 x\$1000 for the material alone.

Studied closely, the sphere shimmers and seems to expand to surround the looker, who sees the mind-shaking vision of Cthulhu astride in the world, sounding his barbaric yawp, smashing cities and scooping up helpless human victims as the



A thrall of Cthulhu

sun shines blood-red through the miasma exuded by his prodigious corpulence. The vision of Cthulhu is inexact, so per-viewer costs are only 1D10 SAN and 1 MP per look.

The sphere reveals only this disaster, in different ghastly episodes, over and over again, each with the same cost.

THE RECORDS: these files, folders, and scrolls document in detail the Rosethorne's long interest and participation in the dark arts, including Hugh Rosethorne's recounting of the deranged sea-captain who first revealed these horrors to him. Use the records to tie up any loose ends in the adventure.

THE SHELVES: rising above the blackened and corroded wooden workbenches, the shelves held the alchemical, occult, and Mythos texts useful in Patricia's continuing exploration of dimensions beyond common space and time. It was for this collection that she and Victor Davies competed without mercy, and it was the books which rested here that Victor and Philippa Davies hoped to steal. Now the shelves are empty, or nearly so.

If it is the first day after the discovery of Raymond and Adele Brown, stacks of books — individually wrapped in thick brown waxed paper — litter the workbenches or rest beside the dock.

If it is the second day after the discovery of the Browns, the skiff is packed and the Rosethornes are ready to escape to their yacht.

If it is the third day after the murder, the Rosethornes have escaped into the Gulf and are well at sea, headed toward a Deep One undersea city between Jamaica and the Yucatan.

If either the first or the second day, investigators touching the precious books ignite Patricia's attack.

The Storage Area

For a long time, refuse from feedings and sacrifices was thrown into the river. When the pond behind the dam began to fill with bones, Montmorency stored them in the far corner of the cellar. Here and in the pond, then, are all the evidences of Old Bill that ever actually existed — travelers, dogs, cattle, children, chickens, whatever Patricia or Nathaly could find and drag or float back — approximately 130 cubic feet of bones have been packed by Montmorency into the far corner of the cellar. Call for Sanity rolls for those who view this: failed investigators find themselves repeatedly counting the number of human bones they can make out in the flickering light: cost is 0/1D3 SAN.

The Soirée

It pleases the Rosethornes to imagine that their vicious attack upon the investigators is merely part of a genteel social function which they host. Thus, when Nathaly plays mad piano music to drive insane the investigators, she merely offers entertainment. They always speak clearly, but with horrible slobbering, liquid accents.

If the keeper feels comfortable about it, present Patricia's Claw or Grasp of Cthulhu attacks, or that of the summoned Dimensional Shambler within a similar framework. She might say, "Welcome to our home," as she disembowels a hapless

investigator, or "Allow me to present an old friend of the family" as the dimensional shambler approaches. When one of the thralls reassumes existence, she says things like "And what have you folks been talking about while I was out of the room?" She might say "Excuse me, I won't be a moment" as she dissolves to foul gases.

Patricia begins the attack the first time that an investigator fondles one of the precious tomes. "No!" she screams, "We never lend books! No!" And attempts to slice off the offending investigator's head.

The keeper's task is to walk the line between humor and horror, hopefully one disconcerting to the players. Patricia and Nathaly should be as much gleeful as terrifying; this is a rare chance to express as well as to characterize murderous insanity.

Given investigators numb with terror or otherwise disarmed, the Rosethornes more prefer to capture than to immediately kill walk-in sacrifices. They lock survivors in the holding cells, one per cell.

Except for Harliss Jenkins' fisticuffs, this is the sole attack in the adventure. Modify the forces available to Patricia and Nathaly as useful, always attempting to create a balance with the strength of the investigators.

If the investigators decide to attack the skiff once it is drifting down the Chickasway, then the piano is no longer available. Nathaly too will use Claw attacks.

Because the Davies car is on the bank downriver (and the investigators always have the chance to find their car keys), it is possible even for magickless investigators to literally hijack the loaded skiff from Patricia and Nathaly, but doing so takes keen observation, flexibility, ingenious teamwork, and unusual daring; for secure control of the thralls, fire shotguns from point-blank range.

The investigators can always outrun a thrall on land. Remember that two people are needed to open the cellar door. And don't forget about Montmorency; he should reappear at any time.

Just Deserts

If the investigators find the *Vishakhapatnam Fragment*, they receive the promised \$600, and an extra \$100 for a written report of the Davies case. If the investigators can convince the authorities that the Davies and Rosethorne Mythos materials are dangerous and must be taken away (successful Debate or Oratory roll) each may add 1D2 SAN, content that important knowledge has been wrested from the forces of evil.

Should the investigators eliminate one or both Rosethornes, participating investigators add another 1D8 SAN.

If he survived the adventure, Sheriff Morgan agrees to be a character witness should action pend with the State of New Mexico. If the sheriff was a witness to the defeat of the Rosethornes, the county fathers vote them their thanks and a special cash reward of \$150 for eliminating Old Bill.

If the investigators allow both the Rosethornes and their books to escape, each investigator loses 1D4 SAN, realizing that potent Mythos agents have slipped away.

Statistics

CLAUDE LAREEN, RESIDENT

STR 14 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 12 POW 11
 DEX 11 APP 11 EDU 6 SAN 65 HP 13

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, 1D3+1D4
 Wood Axe 40%, 1D8+2+1D4

Skills: Bargain 30%, Drive Automobile 25%, Drive Wagon 55%, Listen 50%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Operate Heavy Machine 25%.

BUCK MORGAN, COUNTY SHERIFF

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 13
 DEX 12 APP 12 SAN 60 EDU 13 HP 12

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 40%, 1D3+1D4
 Nightstick 50%, 1D6+1D4
 .45 Revolver 55%, 1D11+2

Skills: Accounting 25%, Bargain 45%, Credit Rating 35%, Drive Automobile 23%, Fast Talk 40%, Law 20%, Oratory 35%, Pick Pocket 10%, Psychology 25%, Ride 15%.

DANNY DODGE, DEPUTY OF THE COUNTY

STR 14 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 10 POW 9
 DEX 10 APP 10 SAN 50 EDU 8 HP 14

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, 1D3+1D4
 Nightstick 65%, 1D6+1D4
 .45 Revolver 40%, 1D10+2

Skills: Bargain 10%, Climb 60%, Dodge 30%, Drive Automobile 35%, Jump 40%, Mechanical Repair 25%, Sneak 20%.

PATRICIA ROSETHORNE, THRALL OF CTHULHU

STR 18 CON 20 SIZ 20 INT 18 POW 16
 DEX 7 EDU 14 HP 20

Move 6/10 swim

Damage Bonus +1D6

Weapons: Claw 65%, 1D6+2+1D6 damage

Armor: none; regenerates 1D6 HP per combat round.

Spells: Contact Cthulhu, Contact Deep Ones, Contact Spawn of Cthulhu, Grasp of Cthulhu, Keeness of Two Alike, Summon Loll, Summon Spirit of the Dead, Voorish Sign.

Skills: Anthropology 45%, R/W Aklo 30%, R/W Arabic 70%, Archaeology 65%, Astronomy 30%, R/W Chinese 30%, Chemistry 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 75%, Debate 50%, History 20%, R/W Latin 40%, Library Use 30%, Linguist 15%, Occult 20%, Physics 40%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D8.

NATHALY ROSETHORNE, THRALL OF CTHULHU

STR 17 CON 15 SIZ 19 INT 15 POW 13
 DEX 8 EDU 19 HP 17

Move 6/10 swim

Damage Bonus +1D6

Weapons: Claw 45%, 1D6+2+1D6 damage

Armor: none; regenerates 1D6 HP per combat round.

Spells: Contact Cthulhu, Keeness of Two Alike, Shrivelling, Voorish Sign.

Skills: Astronomy 35%, Bargaining 20%, Botany 30%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, History 75%, Library Use 40%, Occult 30%, Pharmacy 45%, Psychology 30%, Read/Write Latin 45%, Read/Write Sanskrit 35%, Treat Poison 35%, Zoology 40%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D8.



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Tell Me, Have You Seen the Yellow Sign?

*Wherein our heroes visit New Orleans,
and retrace the heroic past,
only to be confronted by the horrific present.*

"The time had come, the people should know the son of Hastur, and the whole world bow to the Black Stars which hang in the sky over Carcosa."

— Robert W. Chambers, "The Repairer of Reputations."

Scenario Considerations

This adventure presumes any number of investigators, of any capacity and experience. Though playing times vary, expect to spend two and possibly three sessions unraveling the plot of the Yellow Sign.

If presenting this adventure as part of the Great Old Ones campaign, the investigators' contact in New Orleans is Etienne-Laurent de Marigny, a young occultist of great intelligence and power, mentioned in several Mythos tales. He in turn recommends them to Charley Sunstram, who opens enough lines of investigation to insure a face-to-face encounter with an avatar of Hastur.

A set timetable of sorts exists for this adventure. The investigators are assumed to begin inquiries a day or two after the Mardi Gras season begins. This leaves about ten days before the section "The Coronation of the King in Yellow" takes place. This cult gathering occurs before the actual day of Mardi Gras. On the night before Mardi Gras, a masquerade ball is held at Randall Fowler's home, the subject of the section "The Masque of the Yellow Sign." Do not worry if the schedule doesn't quite come off; no one will object the addition of an extra day or two.

The time of year is fixed, between March 6 and April 6, for Easter determines when Mardi Gras occurs. After the physical and mental horrors encountered so far, the investigators may be glad for some time to recover.

Examine the spells and skills of the cultists to suggest likely approaches and attacks when it is time to improvise. They have two members who can wield effective magicks, as well as the avatar.

If the investigators have recovered the *Vishakhapatnam Fragment* from the Davies car, they are to take a steamer from New Orleans to Boston almost immediately, plans which must be canceled in order to look into the death of Peter Gavvin.

If the investigators enter this as an unconnected adventure, it takes them about two days to reach New Orleans from Boston or San Francisco by rail, or a little over a day and a half from New York City. The costs, including meals, are about \$20, \$27, and \$17 respectively.

Keeper's Information

Reporter Peter Gavvin stumbled onto something big. In doing a series about this year's Mardi Gras Krewes (a Krewe is a charity group which puts on parades, masked balls, parties, and other events during the season), he stumbled across a terrible conspiracy, and was killed because of what he knew. A byakhee scooped him from the rooftop on which he crouched, flew high, and then dropped the unfortunate reporter to his death.

Mardi Gras decorations from a particular Krewe contain the dread Yellow Sign of Hastur, the Krewe duped by cultists to help bring Hastur permanently to Earth.

Randall Fowler, a member of that Krewe, has been singled out by Papa Screech, a powerful New Orleans *boccor* or *vooodoo* priest. Screech and his followers belong to the ancient cult of Hastur, and once worshiped Hastur and others in the swamps south of New Orleans. In 1907, Inspector John Raymond Legrasse broke up that organization, as detailed below and in H.P. Lovecraft's "The Call of Cthulhu." Some cultists escaped, among them Papa Screech.

The cult had learned of a process which could create a haven for Hastur on Earth, in a human body. The first step was to find and prepare the human. As just vengeance for the enslavement of his forebears, Papa Screech chose Randall Fowler, a rich man whose family money came directly from the slave trade. Screech's magic gave Fowler visions of his lately-departed wife and daughter, and thereby gained Fowler's trust. Given by Screech the fabulously rare nightmare-play *The King In Yellow*, Fowler read the play and slid into madness, realizing that it was his destiny to become the incarnation of the play's title character. Fowler's vision is a cheat, however: when Hastur enters his body, Fowler's identity and soul will be destroyed.

To create the base of worshipers necessary to the ritual of transfer, the cultists needed that many people view again and

About The Yellow Sign

It is a subliminal focus for madness and evil, specially regarded by the cult of Hastur and to be used by their created avatar to warp the dreams of those who see the sign, thereby driving sane folk to madness and destruction. Converts to Hastur will be many, and the ongoing cycle of exposure and conversion has no logical end.

The day after de Marigny shows the sketch of the Yellow Sign to the investigators, they begin to see it everywhere. City-wide, signs and banners contain the sinister yellow design. Decorations wave from buildings and streetlights along Canal Street and the rest of the business district, in the French Quarter, across Uptown New Orleans, even in the city parks. At night these designs are eerily luminescent yellow—cultist Krewe-workers have energized each Yellow Sign with a magic point.

New Signs appear constantly; tearing them down would take many helpers and be irrelevant. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll suggests dealing

with the major horror at hand — let the post-carnival clean-up crews dispose of the decorations.

The power of this version of the Yellow Sign fades in a month or less should the King in Yellow not be summoned. Once the King is here, the Signs retain their potency until the King is banished from the Earth.

Viewers are unaffected by the Sign sent by Charlie Sunstram and by newspaper photos of Mardi Gras decorations; those versions are not yellow nor energized with a magic point.

A more powerful version of the Yellow Sign is embossed in yellow on the dark front binding of *The King In Yellow*, copies of which are found in the home of Randall Fowler and in Del Rio's Arcane Bookshop.

After the Yellow Sign is seen in color, investigator Cthulhu Mythos skills reveal information about it. Call for a total of three rolls from the investigator party as a whole. For the first successful roll, they learned that the Sign symbolizes madness, evil, and death. For the second successful roll,



The Yellow Sign

the investigators learn that the Sign is commonly associated with an entity called *The King In Yellow*. If the third roll succeeds, the Investigator remembers that *The King In Yellow* is thought an avatar of Hastur. Access to Mythos tomes does not affect these rolls. If the keeper finds it useful, de Marigny can convey this information, as well.

again the dreaded Yellow Sign and thus fall under its sway. Here Fowler proved an excellent choice, for with his power and wealth he had no trouble joining a Mardi Gras Krewe. This Krewe, whose other members know nothing of its actual purpose, was influenced to hire Papa Screech's cultists to do the physical work for them — constructing floats, providing servant-help at parties, and making decorations incorporating the Yellow Sign.

Tomorrow, the first Yellow Sign posters appear on the streets, and the plot unfolds.

Investigator Information

The investigators are brought into this scenario in the late winter of 192-, when Etienne-Laurent de Marigny shows them an urgent letter from one Charles G. Sunstram, city editor of the New Orleans *Daily Gazette*. Marigny served with Randolph Carter in the French Foreign Legion, and is an unimpeachable authority on the occult. Unfortunately, he is otherwise occupied, and must travel to the Yucatan almost immediately.

Sunstram's letter states that one of his reporters was murdered after stumbling into an occult conspiracy. Sunstram includes a copy of the peculiar drawing found clutched in the dead man's hand. Sunstram asks for information about the glyph, and promises to supply further details if needed.

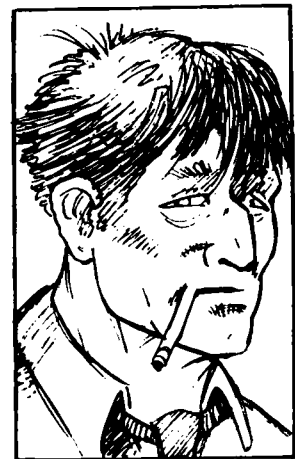
De Marigny agrees that the sign, reproduced nearby, seems to be occult in nature, but can learn nothing definite about it. He is consulting the investigators. Successful Occult and Cthulhu Mythos rolls turn up nothing. It's time to start investigating.

Investigations

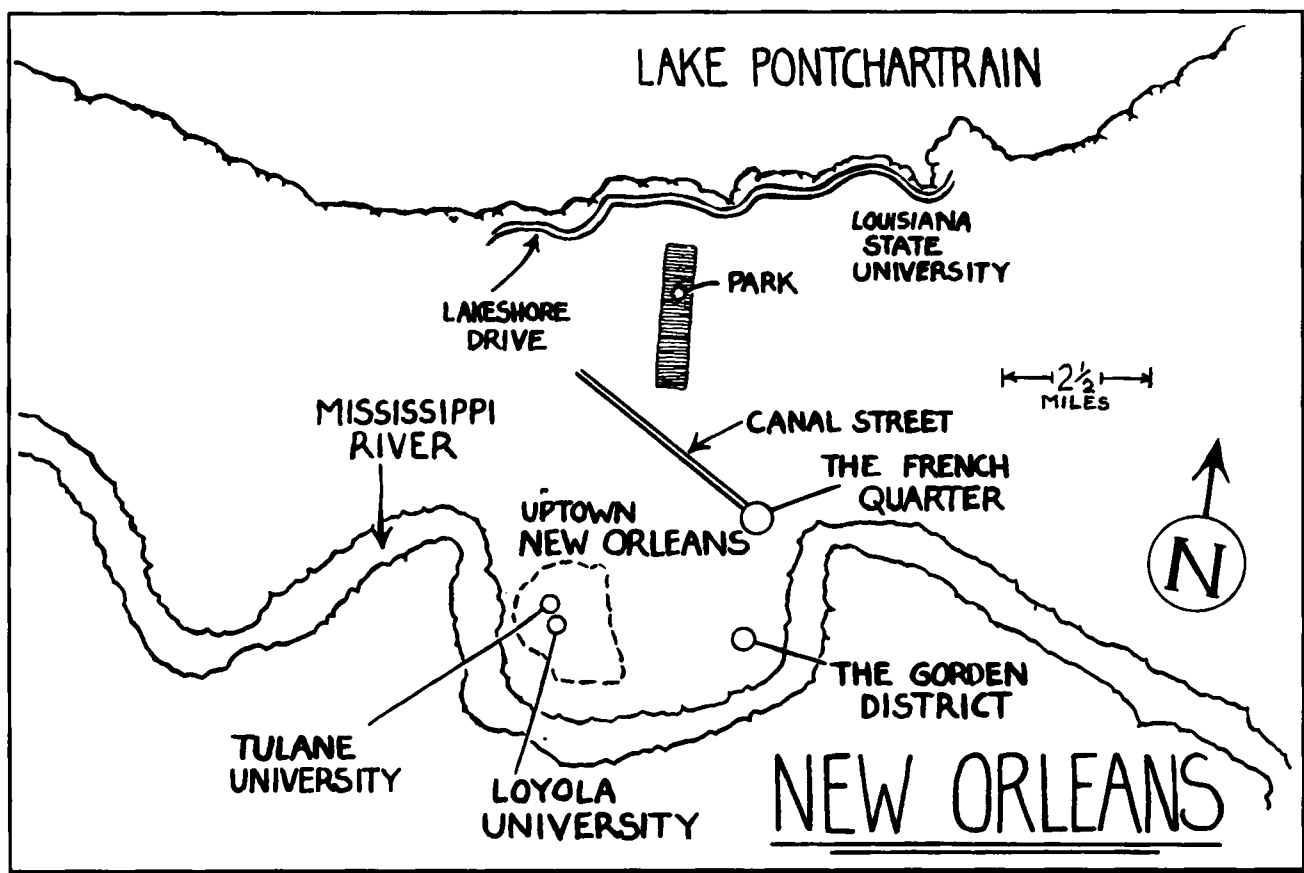
The New Orleans Gazette

City Editor Charlie Sunstram is eager to speak to the investigators about Gavvin's death. Sunstram is a tall, thickset, grim-faced man in late middle age. He constantly brushes back his thinning hair while chain-smoking Lucky Strikes. The interview with him is interrupted several times by questions from reporters which Sunstram answers quickly, decisively, and rather ruthlessly. Still, a successful Psychology roll evaluates his concern about the death of Peter Gavvin as genuine.

During the discussion, Sunstram pulls a large manila folder from a drawer. Gavvin's notes for the series he was researching. A summary of the notes appears nearby. The police read them, searched his desk and home, and apparently found nothing to change their judgment of suicide in the case. The men mentioned in Gavvin's notes are respected businessmen and pillars of society, not the kind to kill newspaper reporters. The cops apparently attach no significance to the drawing found in Gavvin's hand, though Sunstram thinks that "the guy who stuffed it into Pete's hand knows plenty."



Charles Sunstram



Peter Gavvin was writing a series of stories about the organizers of this year's Mardi Gras celebration, all from the upper echelons of New Orleans society. About a week ago Gavvin became excited, telling Sunstram he was onto something strange. He gave no details, but did think one Krewe was involved with the occult.

Sunstram warns the investigators to be careful with the Krewes mentioned in Gavvin's notes; most are rich and influential. Sunstram takes down the name of the hotel at which they're staying. He offers the use of the newspaper's morgue (files of news clippings) if needed, and tells the investigators to use his name as a reference when talking to the police. Investigators who run afoul of the law, he warns, will get no help from him.

Peter Gavvin's Notes

Gavvin habitually took notes in 5x8" spiral-bound notebooks. The three in the envelope sketch several Krewes, but information about one, "The Most Honorable Krewe of the Swords," fills most of two notebooks.

The notes list the names and home and office addresses of several members of this Krewe; one of the later entries lists an address in the French Quarter and reads *Swords Krewe HQ?* Of the Krewe's members, Denis Bouchard and Randall Fowler get extensive coverage, including ages, home and office addresses, family members, business dealings and holdings on record in Louisiana, charitable contributions, criminal records (none for either man), reputation with the police (none for Fowler, sev-

eral instances of reckless driving and public drunkenness (all quashed) for Bouchard.

Bouchard holds 'old money,' all in sound investments. His family has been in New Orleans since the early 1700s. His home is in the fashionable Garden District. Among the more interesting attributed entries on Denis Bouchard are statements creating an image of playboy, compulsive gambler, and collector of fine antiques. Bouchard is the chairman of the Krewe. Denis Bouchard is described in greater detail in the Statistics section at the end of this adventure.

Randall Fowler's fortune rests on shipping companies and railroads. Fowler's family name used to be LeFleur; Gavvin notes that it was changed because of ancestor Gaston LeFleur's notorious slave-trading, possibly including white indentures. Obituary clippings record the unsolved hit-and-run deaths of Fowler's wife and child a year and a half ago. After that, Fowler became interested in the occult, taking up with a mysterious black man who supposedly kept him in communication with his dead wife and child. Along this entry is written *Papa Screech!* Gavvin speculates that Screech and his pals have bilked thousands of dollars from Fowler.

A cryptic entry in Gavvin's notes indicates that one of his last intentions was to visit this warehouse.

The New Orleans Police

Members of the Uptown precinct investigated Gavvin's death. That precinct house is near the campus of Tulane University. Investigators who have good Fast Talks and any amount of Law skill can pick up information in Jerry's Diner, a police

About New Orleans

This busy city of 400,000 is an important port, and the largest city in Louisiana. It lies on both sides of the Mississippi River, and is also bordered by Lake Pontchartrain on one side and vast swamps on the other. Beyond the bayous rolls the Gulf of Mexico.

CANAL STREET: the center of the city's business district, including the offices of Charlie Sunstram's *Gazette*. The business offices of Randall Fowler and many of his fellow Krewe-members can be found here as well. Streets here are often wide, sometimes divided by tree-lined parking or a street-car line. Many fine hotels are found along Canal Street.

FRENCH QUARTER: world famous, the oldest section of the city. Smaller shops in the French Quarter, including antique dealers along Royal Street. One quaint little shop in this area is Del Rio's Arcane Bookshop, detailed in this

adventure. In the French Quarter, also known as the *Vieux Carre* or Old Square as the many French- and Spanish-derived buildings attest, the queer blending of architectural styles is marked by narrow sidewalks called *banquettes*, iron-trellised balconies, odd-shaped roofs and chimneys, and narrow, winding streets. The warehouse workplace of Randall Fowler's Mardi Gras Krewe is located in the French Quarter.

GARDEN DISTRICT: tree-shrouded homes of American settlers who came to New Orleans after the Louisiana Purchase of 1803. Many near-palatial homes and gardens stand proudly in this residential section, including that of Krewe-member Denis Bouchard.

UPTOWN NEW ORLEANS: another residential section, also home to a large city park and the campuses of Loyola and Tulane universities. Investigators may be able to learn further details of

Peter Gavvin's death at the local precinct house.

LAKEFRONT: the area south of Lakefront Drive is another elegant residential district; among the homes there is Randall Fowler's.

THE PEOPLE: New Orleans is predominantly a southern white city. Relatively few Creoles, the descendants of early French and Spanish settlers, live in New Orleans, though their culture influences the city everywhere, from architecture to cuisine. Thirty percent of the residents are black; their music and other contributions are becoming recognized.

WEATHER: this scenario necessarily takes place in February or March. Average high temperatures range in the high 60s to low 70s, and lows are in the low- to mid-50s. Rain falls one day in three, averaging a half inch or so. Humidity may be high.

hangout not far away. Bona fide policemen and journalists can get information at the precinct house.

While treating Gavvin's death as a suicide, two plainclothesmen are looking into The Most Honorable Krewe of Swords; it is a fishing expedition, though, and without new evidence will be terminated shortly. They are investigating because the coroner's report shows that Gavvin died from a much higher fall than possible at the university, but the on-the-spot evidence shows he died where he was found. No one has any theory why the information conflicts.

The investigators do learn that a Dr. Auguste Tourneur of Tulane University, who was at Gavvin's death scene, testified that a fall from a university building could not have mangled the victim so severely.

Asked about strange events occurring in New Orleans recently, the policeman laughs and says "This is Mardi Gras, pal. Everything is strange right now." Persistence at Jerry's brings forth much of the information concerning the police, Inspector LeGrasse, and the raid of 1907 found in the "Horrors of the Past" section, below, including the lead to Swanson.

Professor Tourneur

The good professor is in the Physics department of Tulane University. When the investigators arrive, he is correcting papers. He is happy to talk. He has some knowledge of the situation because he spent nearly two years during the Great War designing and testing parachutes. Tourneur leads them to a nearby garden, freshly spaded and worked.

"When the police were through, the groundskeepers dug up the site and re-seeded it. However, I saw the body removed and I helped the coroner make his measurements. Gentlemen,

the deepest impression in the sod was nearly six inches—an impact unlikely from a fall of," and he points to the neighboring building, "four stories."

Additionally, Tourneur says, the actual trajectory was impossible; the body landed nearly thirty feet from the building. "If Mr. Gavvin was not a broadjumper, gentlemen, he must have been a pilot, and fallen out of his airplane."

If they come to the death site without consulting Professor Tourneur, anyone on campus can direct them. The ground is still freshly spaded and leveled, and the fall point is erased, but the building is still four-stories high.



Professor Tourneur

Peter Gavvin's Room

Gavvin's rent is still paid, to the end of the month, and his relatives in Lake Charles have not arrived to claim his effects. (When they do, they know nothing.)

Mrs. Shreeve, the landlady, lets the investigators into his room with a successful Credit Rating (she is suspicious of Fast Talkers) or with a mention of Charlie Sunstram, whom she occasionally met. She accompanies the investigators while they search the room, to make sure that nothing is taken, and she tells them what a nice boy Peter Gavvin was, even though

he was a reporter. She thinks he must have fallen by accident, for he was a steady young man, not the sort to take his own life.

A thorough search of the room turns up nothing unusual.

Library Searches

The New Orleans public library has a decent collection, though Tulane University's is better. The new school, Loyola, has adequate references. They offer details of the break-up of the New Orleans cult by Inspector John Raymond Legrasse in 1907; these details are given in the section entitled "Horrors of the Past," found near the end of this adventure.

Investigators seeking the origin or purpose of the Yellow Sign (perhaps by visiting language experts or ethnologist) discover only that the symbol is of no known alphabet or meaning. No copies of the horrific play *The King In Yellow* exist at any of these locations, due to the play's extreme rarity and morbid subject matter.

The Offices of The Krewe

Gavvin listed the businessmen participating in "The Most Honorable Krewe of the Swords" and their business addresses—posh offices invariably located along Canal Street. Getting to see the gentlemen is difficult. One per day is available, but only with a successful Credit Rating roll or with a written letter of reference from Charlie Sunstram. One interview summarizes all they have to say.

They have no inkling of the true purpose of the Yellow Sign decorations, nor of the cult behind these designs—that idea came from the men actually making the decorations. The Krewe provides the money, takes the credit, and lets the decorators do the work, at an address given in Gavvin's notes.

Denis Bouchard is the Krewe chairman; he hired the decorators. The decorators do not have good reputations. More than one of the Krewe has been tempted to pull out because of these mostly illiterate swamp-folk, employed by Bouchard at Fowler's recommendation. Fowler is greatly influenced by a disreputable *buccor* now often seen with that unfortunate man. He's the source of the decorators.

They mention Fowler's loss of his wife and daughter, and that it greatly affected the man, citing his long mourning and his new interest in spiritualism.

If one or more investigators has a Credit Rating of 35+%, the Krewe-member invites them to the Krewe's masquerade ball at Fowler's home on Mardi Gras day. The invitations remind the investigators to dress appropriately: this year's theme is "Alice in Wonderland."

Randall Fowler is never available to speak to the Investigators; he's gone home for the day, he's taking in a parade, he's with his Krewe, and so forth. In reality, Fowler spends most of his time at home or at the Krewe warehouse.

Denis Bouchard does not have an office. Gavvin's notes supply his home address.

Denis Bouchard

His sprawling, stately home is located in the Garden District of New Orleans. The estate covers an area about the size of a city block. Except for a locked gate of iron bars (STR 45), it is surrounded by an eight-foot-high stone wall crawling with

thick ivy. Within the walls are a shed sheltering a luxurious coach-built sedan and two gleaming roadsters, a toolshed and utility building, a large latticework summerhouse suitable for parties, and the Bouchard mansion, a large three-story Victorian affair combining Greek and Gothic motifs. A placard tacked to the front door of the house bears the Yellow Sign.

Bouchard lives with housekeeper Mrs. DeCamp, and a half-dozen loyal servants. Mrs. DeCamp is at the estate 95% of the time. Bouchard is there 35% of the time, otherwise cavorting, overindulging in Mardi Gras festivities, working with the Krewe, or occasionally attending to some business matter. Bouchard's reactions to the Investigators' questions are detailed in the Statistics section at the end of this adventure. Mrs. DeCamp is a crone prone to cursing in French and Spanish, delivering exquisitely scornful looks, and snapping menacing orders to the cowering servants. She offers no information about Mr. Bouchard, maintaining that they must speak to M'sieur, and forbidding any of the servants to speak to the investigators.

A successful Fast Talk or Oratory gets housemaid Ruby Delton to agree to talk, but Mrs. DeCamp overhears and fires her on the spot, snarling "It's back to the cribs for you, my bitch." The unfortunate girl knows nothing of importance. If the investigators offer her money or otherwise try to help her, she incidentally mentions Del Rio's Books.

The mansion is of no importance in the present case. It is impeccably furnished, littered with antiques and heirlooms (portraits, jewelry, weapons, etc.), all of great value. Rarities are sometimes crammed into a room, however, as if (having acquired something) Bouchard never looks at it again.

DENNIS BOUCHARD: a short man with dark, slicked-back hair and a pencil-thin moustache, very friendly, especially to handsome females. He dresses much more fashionably than Randall Fowler, frequently in an impeccably-tailored black tuxedo. Bouchard is a well-known drinker and gambler, and has been known to race his sports cars against frustrated police pursuers.



Denis Bouchard

Bouchard claims he talked to Gavvin only once, a few days before his death. Gavvin was curious about the decorators who worked for the Krewe, he says: they are an uncouth lot, but hard workers. Fowler, through Papa Screech, is responsible for their hire.

Asked about Fowler, Bouchard mentions the accident that killed his wife and daughter, and relates its crushing effect on the man. Fowler's involvement with Papa Screech seems to have helped, as has participation in this year's Mardi Gras celebration.

As for Papa Screech, Bouchard says he's a bona fide *buccor*, or voodoo priest; he's put Fowler in contact with his wife and daughter, hasn't he? Bouchard says he hasn't actually

About Mardi Gras

One of a series of Roman Catholic holidays beginning January 6 (the twelfth night after Christmas) and continuing through Mardi Gras Day (Shrove Tuesday, the day before Ash Wednesday, which is the first day of Lent). The date of Mardi Gras depends on the actual date of Easter, determined by the lunar cycle and the vernal equinox. As with Easter, the Mardi Gras day changes from year to year, always falling between February 6 and March 6.

'Mardi Gras' is a French term meaning Fat Tuesday, a term deriving from the custom of leading a fat ox through the streets of Paris on Shrove Tuesday. French settlers brought the custom with them. The festival proved popular in New Orleans, where organized celebrations date back to the 1830s.

In that city, the Mardi Gras season begins about two weeks before Mardi

Gras day itself. The festival consists of several days of masked parades through the streets of the city, masquerade balls, fancy dinner parties, and other forms of revelry. These activities are organized and catered by charity groups called *Krewes*. Rex and Comus, the respective kings of carnival and mirth, have their own *Krewes*, dating to 1872 and 1857, respectively; Comus' *Krewe* is called the "Mystic *Krewe* of Comus," a title sure to raise the eyebrows of suspicious investigators.

On the evening of Mardi Gras Day, spectacular parades and fancy masquerade balls occur, such as the one to be thrown at Randall Fowler's house. Rex's coronation and parade take place about noon, and his ball then occurs that night; Rex is supposed to be the only reveler to parade unmasked. Comus' ball and parade are both held that night as well, concluding the festivities.

Each year the carnival emphasizes a different theme, drawn from Biblical, historical, or literary subjects. "Our Trip To Mars" is an example of a theme.

Tourists come to the city each year to join in the city-wide party. Debauchery, drunkenness, and Bacchanalian chaos are the rule. Enforcement of anything is always uneasy during Mardi Gras, and Prohibition is not well-started in early 1921. Chasing people through crowded the streets will be difficult; identifying masked targets will be impossible.

The carnival theme this year is Alice In Wonderland. Revelers are dressed as mad hatters, dormice, crocodiles, March hares, jabberwocks and jub-jubs, Cheshire cats, white rabbits, crazed kings (and queens and jacks and soldiers of hearts), and so forth. There'll be lots of other costumes as well, and not a little bare flesh after the children go to bed.

seen any proof of these claims, as only Fowler and Papa Screech take part in these seances.

Asked about the Yellow Sign, Bouchard says that according to Screech it's a good-luck symbol, supposed to help with the cards, the ladies, and the cops. Bouchard truthfully claims to know nothing about Hastur, the Cthulhu Mythos, and so forth.

Randall Fowler

Fowler's address is on Lakeshore Drive, in a fine residential section. His home is impressive, a massive two-story mansion amidst sprawling gardens, trees, and shrubs. A long driveway leads from Lakeshore Drive to a circular parking in front of the house. A large garden, including an ornate fountain, make up the rear of the estate. A glance shows that the grounds have been neglected for several months.

The estate is deserted, with not even a guard dog present. Fowler is at home 50% of the time, at the *Krewe's* warehouse 40% of the time, and eating a mid-morning or evening meal at a restaurant 10% of the time. If he's at home, he answers the door himself.

Agreeing to answer questions, he takes them into his study. The dusty house looks un-lived-in. He answers questions as per the summary included with his statistics. When he or they have tired of the interview, Fowler escorts them out. With a successful Credit Rating roll, he invites the investigators to the masquerade ball to be held at his house the final night of Mardi Gras ("The Masque of the Yellow Sign," near the end of this adventure).

RANDALL FOWLER: a tall, handsome, athletic man. He wears conservative, finely-tailored suits. Despite wealth and influence, Fowler is quiet, unassuming, soft-spoken, and somewhat credulous about matters of the spirit. His grief at the loss of his family has further weakened him, and is capitalized on by the scheming Papa Screech.

Fowler doesn't know what is going to happen to him — he believes his cultist friends are helping him to godhood. He has no real knowledge of the occult or the Mythos, and supports the cult because he hopes they can restore the lives of his beloved wife and child.

If the investigators can interview him, he replies with considerable truth, but a successful Psychology roll shows that he holds back important information when topics like *The King In Yellow*, Carcosa, Hastur, or the Yellow Sign are raised. First, as to the Yellow Sign, Fowler claims to have no idea what it represents, though he has been told it symbolizes the god he is to become. Told that it is an occult symbol, Fowler secretly feels gratified, though he promises to end production of this un-Christian sign. Production, of course, doesn't stop.

He declares that Papa Screech is his spiritual guide, keeping contact with his dead wife and child. It was Papa Screech (a "professional name," Fowler says) who discovered that Fowler's servants disrupted the energy field



Randall Fowler

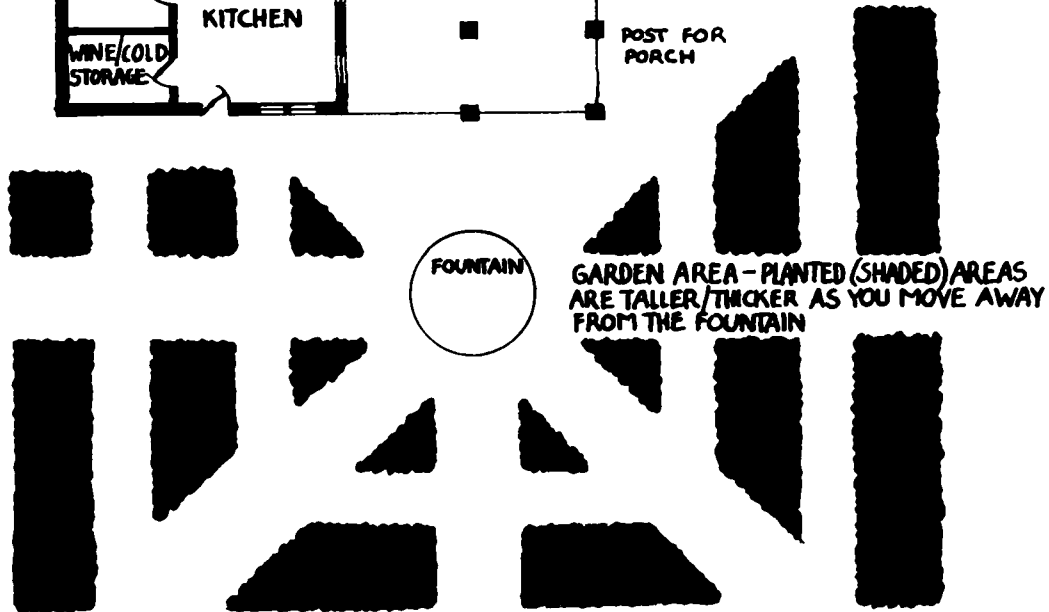
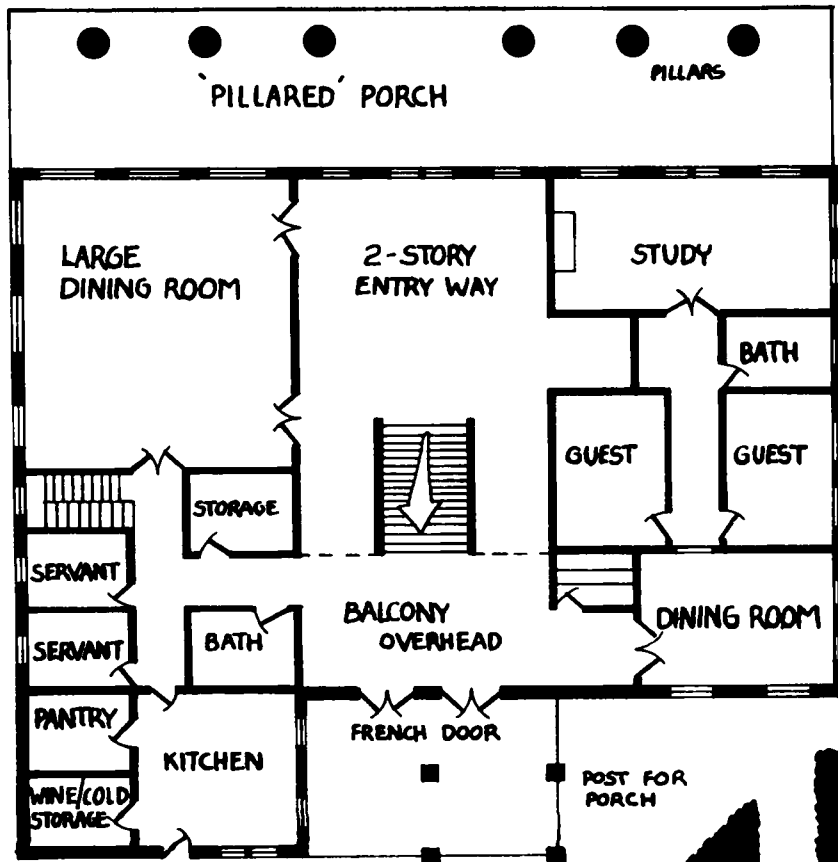
RAYMOND FOWLER'S HOUSE

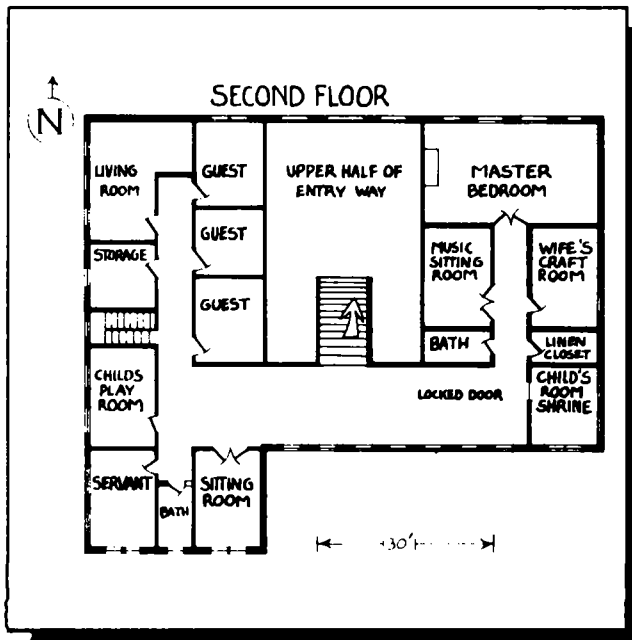
TO LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN



130'

FIRST FLOOR





which Grace and Estelle needed to communicate with him.

Papa Screech hired the Krewe decorators, a minor act of charity, he admits.

Peter Gavvin twice interviewed Fowler in the last six weeks, in connection with the Swords Krewe and Mardi Gras. He knows nothing more than that. Too bad about the poor fellow; these atheists are an unstable lot.

Fowler's interest in the occult is natural, he says. No one likes to think that departed loved ones are gone forever. He knows Screech tells the truth, for he has spoken with his wife and daughter many times, and they have told him things that only he and they would know about. He truthfully claims to know nothing of the Cthulhu Mythos, for his scant knowledge has not been presented to him in that light.

If the investigators' questions make him feel uncomfortable, Fowler complains about the investigators to Papa Screech, who decides how to deal with them.

Randall Fowler's House

6am to 9pm: If Fowler is not home, or if the Investigators decide to search the rest of the estate, furtive behavior on their part prompts a neighbor to report them to the police, who arrive 1D10+10 minutes later and question anyone on the grounds. If the investigators stroll about casually and confidently, of course, no one calls in.

If all the investigators get failing Credit Rating rolls, they're taken in for questioning. When Fowler turns up unharmed, he presses no charges, and they're released.

Investigators breaking into the house must receive a Luck roll to avoid notice by nosy neighbors or Fowler himself; caught inside the house. Fowler presses charges, and those unfortunates almost certainly must spend the remainder of the scenario in jail or secure a healthy bail. Gunshots will always bring the police, in 1D6+3 minutes.

9pm to 6am: neighbors do not notice night break-ins. Gunshots always bring the police. Fowler has a 75% chance of being (or returning home) between 9-11pm, and a 95% chance after that. Encountering intruders, he calls the police. His powerful Credit Rating eclipses any claims or finds by the intruders; any items taken are immediately returned to Mr. Fowler.

Though the police are interested in Fowler and his Krewe, the officers on the scene are cowed by the influential financier. After the police depart, Fowler removes all suspicious materials from the house, taking everything through the Gate to the swamp-huts, and then returning and erasing the New Orleans side of the Gate, then reopening it later.

INSIDE FOWLER'S HOME: there are no servants; Fowler is the only resident. If Fowler is home and the investigators break in, he may be found either in the master bedroom reading *The King In Yellow* or memorizing the Call Hastur spell, or in his daughter's old room. His statistics and further notes about him appear in the Statistics section at the end of this adventure.

If he hears intruders, he calls the police. If anyone enters his daughter's room, he flies into a rage and tries to strangle whoever has profaned his shrine.

The house is as still as a tomb. Though luxuriously furnished, with silver, paintings, furniture, and antiques in every room, almost all of the rooms have remained as they were the day Grace and Estelle Fowler were killed.

Two important rooms are discussed in detail; the others must be fleshed out as the Keeper desires.

THE LOCKED ROOM: though Fowler keeps the room locked, the simple lock is pickable by anyone in 1D6 minutes. This is Estelle's former bedroom, and now is the distraught Fowler's shrine to his departed loved ones. The walls and several tables are covered with dozens of photographs of Randall Fowler's wife Grace and daughter Estelle; all the photos he could find he placed here. There are a few small mementoes as well (a rag doll, a plain necklace of white porcelain beads, some crumbling flowers, etc.). Many partly-burnt votive candles can also be seen.

On a table near the door is a tattered notebook page inscribed with the spell Call/Dismiss Hastur in English, learnable in 20-INT days. At the bottom of the page is a date, the day before Mardi Gras day, and a time, 11pm — the date and time of the Coronation of the King In Yellow; see that section below.

The second item is a slim, black-bound book whose front cover is embossed with the most potent known form of the Yellow Sign; Sanity cost to see it is 0/1D6 SAN. For one combat round only, the poisonous symbol seems to twist and swirl and squirm out of the black binding, reaching hungrily for the hapless viewer. See the boxed section below titled "The King In Yellow" for more information.

THE 1ST-FLOOR STORAGE ROOM: among the useless furniture stored here, an old dressing screen leans against the south wall. Behind it a peculiar series of lines and symbols are scrawled on the wall; a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll recognizes it as a Gate, as does anyone who knows the Gate spell. Keepers may call for a Spot Hidden to find the Gate, as they please. Each way through this Gate costs 1 magic point and 1 point of SAN. The Gate-traveler emerges in one of a number of

abandoned huts somewhere in a vast swampland; a return Gate has been constructed on the other side to get back to the house. If the investigators go through the Gate, see the section "The Haunted Swamp."

Papa Screech

He condescends to the whites he meets, feigning ignorance and servitude while at the same time relishing the thought that someday the power of Hastur will squash these boobs. His speech is soft, abrupt, and to the point.

He has been glad to help Randall Fowler communicate with the spirits of his wife and daughter, accepting only food and shelter for his services.

He visioned the Yellow Sign in a dream once, and thought it a beautiful thing, a symbol of good luck. He knows of no occult significance for it, and has never seen anything like it in his studies and travels.

Screech knows little about Peter Gavvin, though Mr. Fowler said that Gavvin implied that Screech was after his fortune. Screech never met Gavvin.

The decorators and carpenters of "The Most Honorable Krewe of the Swords" were indeed hired by him: Mr. Fowler told him to find some people in need of work, and Papa Screech did. He thinks they more than earn their \$1.50 a day.

He admits knowing of the Cthulhu Mythos. Cults of those gods have or had small followings in New Orleans. He says that a large cult was broken up a dozen years ago.

Screech always carries a Bowie knife in his boot, and if he suspects trouble he carries a gun as well. He owns a whistle made from the femur of a human child, which has been Enchanted to add 40% to his chances to Summon/Bind Byakhee.

When not staying with Fowler, Screech lives in a shack near the nightmare lake.

PAPA SCREECH: The contemptuous eyes of this sinister-looking character first rivet and then skewer the casual onlooker. He is a black man of medium build; he's in his early forties, with prematurely graying hair and beard. He dresses in working-class clothes, always with bizarre accessories such as a snakeskin belt, or a black top hat with black feathers stuck in a snakeskin band, or a leather thong around his neck hung with half a dozen rattlesnake rattles. Lately he sports a cardboard badge with the Yellow Sign handpainted on it.

Papa Screech assumed leadership of the New Orleans cult soon after the raid of 1907. His real name is unknown to any but himself.

The Krewe's Warehouse

A cryptic entry in Gavvin's notes indicates that one of his last intentions was to visit this warehouse.



Papa Screech

It stands in the famous French Quarter. Whenever the Investigators pay their visit, musicians and celebrants, most masked, jostle and crowd the streets, offering food and drink, and perhaps other services as well.

The address is a small, drab one-story affair. There is only one door. Several windows line the sides of the building, all seven feet above the sidewalk.

Approached during the day the investigators are able to walk right in; at night the door is locked and an armed night watchman patrols the area.

Within is a short hallway, a tiny office, a rest room, and a narrow metal staircase leading up to the roof. A sliding door (kept locked at night) opens into the warehouse. During the day this door stands open, and two or three dozen men and women, members of the New Orleans cult, busily create banners, kites, posters, masks, and other decorations, most of which incorporate the Yellow Sign. Chances to be here: 20% for Randall Fowler, 25% for Denis Bouchard, and 60% for Papa Screech. Notes for all of these are found in the Statistics section at the end of this adventure. Should they not be present, the cultists plead ignorance and refuse to answer questions.

Decorations incorporating the Yellow Sign are everywhere. If asked about the luminous quality of the decorations, one of the workers explain this as a natural property of the paint, a touch that distinguishes the Swords Krewe's decorations from all others. Many gallons of the paint rest in the warehouse. A successful Pick Pocket roll obtains a sample for analysis. The sample is a normal, factory-produced paint of a sickly yellow color, without apparent luminosity. Tests confirm its mundane nature.

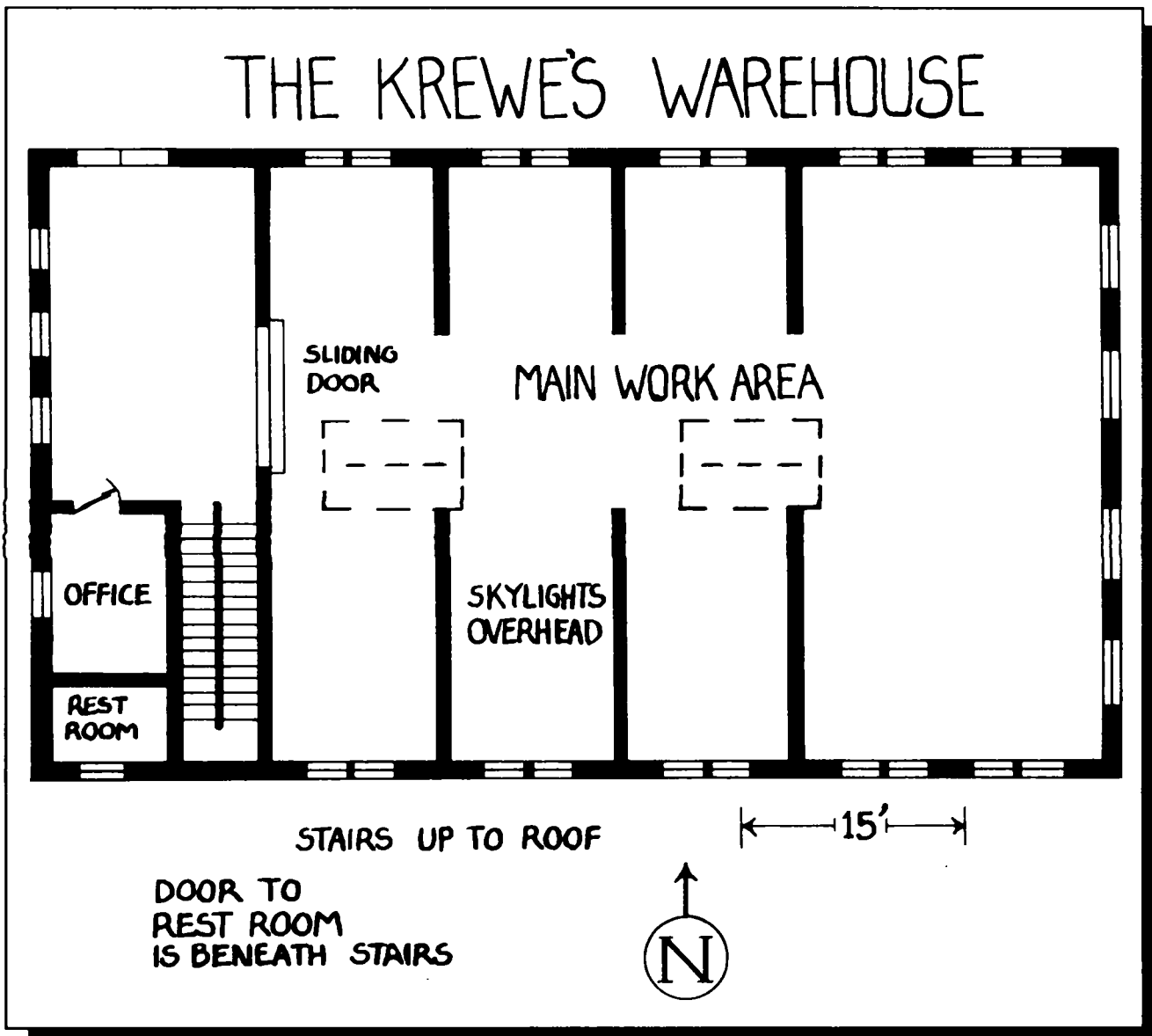
The last warehouse clue is on the roof. Fifteen minutes of thorough search uncovers a blood-covered fountain pen, nib exposed and bent, engraved with the initials *PRG*. The pen is Peter (Robertson) Gavvin's, as Charlie Sunstram confirms, but analyzed blood turns out not to be human. (A successful Chemistry roll followed by a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the ichor as that of a byakhee. Gavvin managed to stab the byakhee which eventually dropped him onto the campus of Tulane University.)

During the day the cultist-workers in the main room will hear anyone using the metal staircase to the roof; a diversion might allow someone to get up there to look around. At night the Investigators have no problem if they can evade the night watchman. With all the masked parades and drunken revelry in the streets this shouldn't be too hard: call for a Luck roll from anyone; if successful the investigators enter through an unlocked window without being seen.

The investigators may decide to put an end to the Yellow Sign factory. Setting fire to the warehouse limits the cult's supply of Yellow Signs to those thousands already in place throughout New Orleans. Even eliminating them all wouldn't stop the coming of the King In Yellow, though it would temporarily limit his power.

Del Rio's Arcane Bookshop

Ruby Delton, Bouchard's housemaid, may mention it, or the investigators may look for occult bookstores or dealers of bizarre and unique items while searching for information on the Yellow Sign. Perhaps they see the store while strolling down a



poor, narrow street in the Vieux Carre, or French Quarter. The shop is listed in the phone book.

A guitarist, a fiddler, and an accordionist are playing dance-music to a small group of locals whose bouncy dancing unconcernedly blocks the way forward. Nearby, a branch of a small ash tree juts over the street from an alleyway between two buildings. Strange symbols cover the trunk of the tree; on closer inspection, a successful Occult roll identifies them as symbols of good luck and protection culled from numerous cultures and times; a successful Spot Hidden notes the Elder Sign among symbols carved here. A card in one of the dusty store-front windows along this narrow walkway reads "Del Rio's Arcane Bookshop."

Inside the dim shop are shelves and tables cluttered with dusty volumes of every size and age. Their contents and nature are left to the keeper, though they should represent a variety of languages, cultures, mythologies, magicks, spiritualities, and times.

An inquisitive Investigator who receives a successful Anthropology, Cthulhu Mythos, Linguist, or Occult roll finds a

volume raising his or her Occult skill by 1D6 percentiles after 1D6 months of study. Each of these helpful volumes is priced at 1D3 x 1D100 dollars, subject to Bargain rolls, of course. Make the bargaining tough, but not too tough: this is an interlude to give the investigators some success. Make sure that each player creates a name and an author for his or her investigator's new treasure. You might copy down this information, and occasionally use it in adventures to come.

As the investigators browse, a rail-thin man with graying hair enters the store, humming to himself. The man says hello and sits behind a cluttered desk at the back of the store. He is Albert Del Rio,



Albert Del Rio

The King In Yellow

Two copies of this book exist in New Orleans, one in Randall Fowler's house and the other in Del Rio's Arcane Bookshop. They are identical editions, though the Del Rio copy is showworn.

A day of search in a library, or a successful Library Search roll gleans that this book is rare — most of the printing was destroyed or hidden when the play appeared near the end of the 19th century. The author is unknown, though he or she is rumored to have attempted suicide after penning the hideous masterpiece.

The single known edition is distinctive, a thin volume bound in black, its binding broken only by a large embossed Yellow Sign on the front cover.

This potent version of the Sign causes the viewer to suffer a Sanity loss of 0/1D6 points the first time seeing it. The poisonous symbol seems to twist and swirl and squirm out of the black binding, reaching hungrily for the viewer; fortunately this hallucination lasts only one round.

Within is a play, readable in 25-EDU hours, written in English. The title page lists no date, author, or publisher. The reader loses 1D3/1D6+1 SAN and adds 1D6-1 Cthulhu Mythos, understanding that Hastur, the King In Yellow, and the Yellow Sign are closely related.

In other ways, however, the play offers ambiguous and contradictory information, and is so allegory-ridden that two readers seldom glean equivalent meanings from it.

Each reader invariably singles out a character in the play as representative of himself or herself, usually to the reader's horror when the character's doom becomes clear.

A successful Psychology roll reveals that *The King In Yellow* was deliberately written to induce paranoia in the reader.

A Summary of the Play

The work deals with the inhabitants of a decadent alien city, apparently called Yhtill, located in the Hyades. Aldebaran is prominent in the night skies. The main characters belong to the royal family of this city (the unnamed Queen, Cassilda, Camilla, Uoht, Thale, Aldones, Alar), and most of the play deals with their squabbles over the line of succession to the throne of Yhtill.

During one such squabble the royal folk hear rumors of a stranger in a Pallid Mask who openly wears the abhorred Yellow Sign and who, carried by winged demons, recently arrived in the city. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll infers that these creatures are byakhee. Coinciding with the stranger's arrival are visions of an illusionary ghost-city on the opposite shore of the

lake of Hali, a city whose uppermost towers appear to be obscured by one of the planet's two moons.

The queen and her children summon the stranger before them, and their haughty questioning of the masked being elicits much confusing allegory but few coherent answers. He claims to be an emissary of the dreaded mythical entity called the King In Yellow, or Last King. Later, at a masked ball honoring the royal family, everyone unmasks except the stranger, who reveals that his Pallid Mask is no mask at all. The offended queen and her high priest Naotalba imprison and torture the Pallid Mask, who also calls himself the Phantom of Truth, to no avail.

As the Pallid Mask dies, the true King In Yellow arrives from across the lake of Hali. Those who aren't immediately driven mad with fear notice that the dead city across the lake is no longer there. The hoary, tattered King informs them that only one city now exists on the shores of Hali, and that city is Carcosa, once known as Yhtill.

The play ends with the King having settled the problem of succession, and with everyone fearfully awaiting their imminent demise.

Paradoxically, Hastur is referred to separately as a character and as a place.

the proprietor. Just under 6 feet tall, with a receding hairline and long black hair swept back over his head, he speaks with an improbable accent part Italian, part French, and part Southern American. He is fairly soft-spoken, but nevertheless there is a loaded .38 revolver in one of the desk-drawers.

Del Rio has information. He can tell them about the protective symbols carved on the tree outside, and why they make the tree thrive. The tree itself is an ash, useful for protection from evil, especially snakes. He knows of the Elder Sign only as another symbol of protection. A successful Psychology roll reveals that Del Rio is nervous about this subject. If gently asked, he can tell them a little about the old local cult whose demon-gods the sign protects against. He also knows all of the general information contained in the section "Horrors of the Past," below.

Asked about the Yellow Sign, Del Rio agrees that the symbol seems familiar. He can try, for a fee of \$50.00, to find out more about it. He'll call the investigators at their hotel or they can return at their leisure.

One of Del Rio's books, a thin, well-worn, black-bound volume embossed with a potent version of the Yellow Sign, is the key to the mystery—it's another copy of the nightmare-play *The King In Yellow* (described more fully nearby). The

chance for an investigator to spot this book equals a successful halved Library Search roll, one roll per visit. The price is always 1D3 x 1D100 dollars, subject to bargaining.

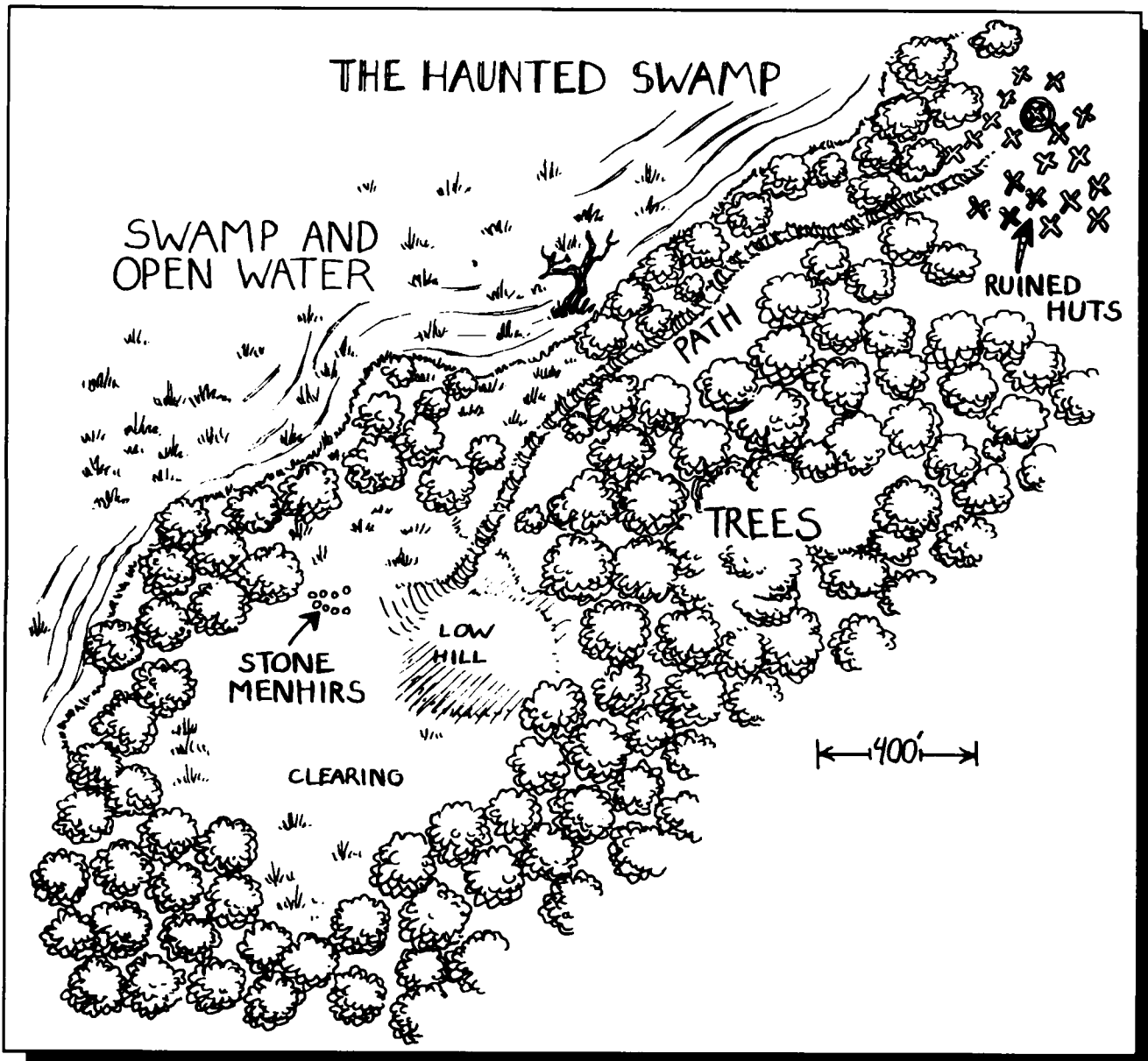
Del Rio soon comes across that book as well: his chance to locate it is 30% per day. If Del Rio finds the book, he reads it and suffers its effects, then frantically contacts the investigators. When they come to the shop, his hair and eyes are wild, and he is unshaven and exhausted. He tells of the horrible yet beautiful thing he has found, and then gives it to them, warning of its power.

A successful Psychology roll reveals that Del Rio is shaken, but not dangerously so. Given a day of rest, he continues to be a friendly resource.

The Haunted Swamp

The investigators may be directed here by the swamp-folk living nearby, as related in the "Horrors of the Past" section below, or they may use the Gate in Randall Fowler's storage room.

The Hastur cultists meet here. Legrasse's 1907 raid was on a location nearby. Squatters in the bayous wisely shun this area.



When Call Hastur is cast here, not only Hastur but a portion of the Lake of Hali and the foreboding city of Carcosa on its shores appear as well. The walls of space and time are a bit weaker here, one of the reasons the cultists congregate in this area. Neither Hastur nor his environment can remain here for long. The coronation section describes this consequence in detail; the section "Prisoner Of Carcosa" discusses the alien environment. Here the cult will summon the avatar to possess Randall Fowler's body and stalk the world as the King In Yellow.

The Gate is a two-way affair, costing 1 SAN and 1 MP to use. It leads from the storage room in Randall Fowler's house to the inside of a ruined hut. Muddy rugs lay about on the floor, used by Fowler and the cultists to avoid suspicious trails in his home. A skull painted with a Yellow Sign dangles from the doorway. More sagging huts can be seen nearby. A well-used footpath leads into the swamp.

The path winds along the shore of a deathly-still, stagnant lake, ending at a strangely barren patch of ground atop a low

hill. The hill is man-made; logs have been laid out as a foundation for the earth spread atop and packed down. On top of the platform stand nine stone menhir roll or knowing the spell recognizes them as necessary to Call Hastur. The vast dark lake seems to stretch without end. It is within this lake that the "huge, formless white polypous" avatar of Hastur manifests when called by the cultists.

The investigators can ruin the cult's immediate plans by destroying the menhir pattern prior to the night before Mardi Gras. Much explosives would be needed to destroy the stones, but they could be tumbled from their positions into the soft, silting earth beside the platform, and would be very difficult to move quickly into the necessary V-shape. Byakhees, for instance, are not powerful enough to lift the stones. Cultists can create emergency replacement menhirs relatively easily.

A powerful symbol such as The Eye of Light and Darkness could make the whole location useless, but the time needed to create it almost certainly does not exist. And the Gate could be

sealed on this side with an Elder Sign, making it temporarily useless, though the investigators would have a long trip home.

The Swamp-Folk

Some of the trappers and fishermen in the area during the 1907 raid can still be found, perhaps with Luck or Idea rolls. Humidity, mud roads, unfordable bayous, hanging tapestries of Spanish moss, snatches of harmonica or fiddle music or singing, modest shacks haphazardly perched on stilts or islands of questionable stability, venomous snakes and predacious alligators, shy or suspicious people, hidden patches of quicksand, and seemingly endless lakes of thick muddy water dotted with tiny islands characterize the investigators' searches.

The people of the swamps are proud, and taciturn with outsiders. Polite and circumspect investigators can engage them in conversation without difficulty. Most speak a mixture of French and English, though entirely French-speakers may be found, both in groups of 1D4.

There's a 5% chance that the group is cultist and will direct the investigators into snake-infested pockets, and report the situation to Papa Screech.

With a successful Luck roll from a randomly-selected player, non-cultists direct the party to Granny Goudreau's.

GRANNY GOUDREAU: her one-room cabin perches over the edge of an isolated bayou. As the day progresses, she takes repeated hits both from a jug and from a pipe. She says that many voodoo-folk were not captured in Legrasse's raid, though all the leaders were. Bad folk still live throughout the swamp, and livestock and pets turn up missing sometimes. Strange cries can be heard in the swamps on some nights.

Natural Perils in the Swamps

POISONOUS SNAKES: snakes do not normally attack humans, because humans are too big to swallow. Attacks are prompted by clumsy or inattentive humans, or by all-too-good serpent camouflage. In the bayous, a massasauga, pygmy rattler, cottonmouth, or copperhead is probably the attacker.

Allow a randomly-determined party-member to receive a Spot Hidden roll to avoid the serpent. Failing that, allow a Luck roll to avoid the venomous bite. An unlucky investigator is struck with a 1D10+4 POT poison, taking effect in 15 minutes. Victims not dying lose two-thirds of their hit points. Their movement rates slow to 6 for 48 hours. Successful First Aid (here removing some of the venom via tourniquet and incision, and keeping the victim's heart rate slow) lowers the POT of the poison by 1D6.

HUNGRY ALLIGATORS: use the crocodile statistics found in the Sourcebook section of the rules, but reduce STR, SIZ, CON, and damage by 1D6 each.

UNDERWATER HOLES: an investigator fording water may inadvertently step into a hole where the water is over his or her head. Use the drowning rules in the Game System chapter to resolve this situation.

Granny Goudreau directs the investigators to the site of the raid, but warns that the lake is isolated, and cannot be reached by boat. These days high ground and then swamp intervenes. The lake is the one haunted by a horrible ancient white thing. Following her directions, the investigators can find the site of the 1907 raid with a successful Make Maps roll. With a failed Make Maps roll, they're lost for the next hour. They find their way back with another successful Make Maps roll. The keeper might call for an encounter for some failed rolls.



Granny Goudreau

Unfortunately there is nothing to be found at the site of the raid; between the police, the elements, and the escaped cultists, all the useful clues, interesting debris, bodies etc. have long since been removed.

But a successful Track roll reveals a faint, fresh trail leading along the lake. After a while, the investigators come to the huts mentioned in the "Haunted Swamp" section, above.

Horrors Of The Past

The present cult of Hastur descends from the larger cult broken up by the police in 1907. The investigators stumble across this information in the library, or police interviewees casually mention it, or perhaps Albert Del Rio or Charlie Sunstram bring it up. The information is old, but hardly secret. Use any believable way to convey it. Here follows what is generally known about what happened, as well as what additional information can be gained from police files, the swamp-folk near the site, and the remaining policemen who survived the raid.

In November of 1907 the New Orleans police were informed that several women and children had disappeared south of the city. Relatives, overwhelmed with fear, had come to the police to seek help against some nameless voodoo terror.

Following their directions, Inspector John Raymond Legrasse led twenty men into the swamps to investigate. They found nearly a hundred degenerate cultists dancing naked around scaffolds holding the mutilated bodies of the missing swamp-folk. Though understandably shaken, Legrasse and his men burst on the scene and put an end to the mad gathering. In the ensuing chaos five cultists were killed, two were wounded, and another 47 were captured. These men turned out to be seamen of widely varying nationalities, mostly Caribbean. Two were hanged, but the rest were institutionalized as dangerously insane.

POLICE FILES: to gain access to the appropriate files at headquarters, an investigator first must receive a successful Law roll, then a successful Library Search roll to find the information in the moldy storage boxes.

The files summarize the background information, and list the names of prisoners and officers involved in the raid. State-

ments of swamp-folk and cultists are there. The cultists commonly says that they worshiped horrible ancient deities in the swamp, and that those deities' monstrous servants killed the squatters. They declared their cult worldwide and ages old.

Legrasse found an idol during the raid, which the cultists reluctantly identified as "Great K'toolhoo" or "Thooloo," one of their monstrous gods.

The Raiders Of '07

Of the twenty men who took part in the 1907 raid, six no longer live in New Orleans, eight are dead, and three are no longer on the force (including Legrassé, who by the time of this scenario has retired and is visiting a friend in Providence, R.I.).

Of the three on duty, all say that though they saw the cultists and the mangled bodies, but nothing more. They do admit that they came in along the edge of the lake, and were looking inland during the attack. With a successful Luck roll, one remembers that a retiree, Robert Swanson, used to imply that he had seen something ghastly and incredible.

SERGEANT ROBERT SWANSON (RET.): Swanson lives across the Mississippi in Algiers. Here, in one of the poorest sections of the city they have yet seen, trash blows about the narrow street and sneering youths of both sexes mutter in various tongues as the party passes. Swanson's tenement is a crumbling, overgrown brick monstrosity. Defeat and despair seems to whirl around it.

Only persistent knocking at the door raises Swanson, who is an alcoholic and quite hung-over.

In his early sixties, Swanson stands about six feet tall, with a powerful frame and a considerable paunch. His face is red and heavily veined. If an investigator receives a successful Fast Talk, Oratory, or Debate, Swanson confirms that he and Galvez saw a hideous white shape, gigantic in size, out in the lake that night, and confesses that the image has haunted his dreams ever since. He has nothing else to add to the story.

In parting, he lists the three mistakes Legrassé once told him were made with respect to the raid: "One, we should have had more guns; two, we should have had more men; and three, we never should have taken any of those bastards alive."



Robert Swanson

Events Of Mardi Gras

A timetable of sorts exists for this adventure. The Investigators arrive in New Orleans a day or two after the Mardi Gras season has begun, leaving ten or more days before the section "The Coronation of the King In Yellow" takes place. This cult gathering occurs the day before Mardi Gras day. On the evening of

Mardi Gras, Randall Fowler hosts a masquerade ball, the section entitled "The Masque of the Yellow Sign."

If the investigators come to the attention of Papa Screech, then counterattacks may occur. One of Screech's cultists may send a Child of Yig after the investigators. Byakhee may assault the investigators if it is found they've broken into the warehouse or Randall Fowler's mansion; then an investigator becomes "The Prisoner Of Carcosa" (see just below).

Failing to stop the King in Yellow is discussed in "The Reign of the King In Yellow." Thwarting the plans of Papa Screech & Co. is detailed in "Foiling the New Orleans Cult."

The Prisoner Of Carcosa

If the investigators break into Fowler's house or the Krewe's warehouse, and leave evidence of their visits, Papa Screech decides to warn them off, either kidnaping an investigator or Charlie Sunstram (keeper's choice).

Cultists snatch away the abductee in the dead of night: to play out the episode, he or she has a Luck minus 20 percentiles chance to wake before being grabbed; after being grabbed, he or she has STR x1 chance to break away from and escape the fanatics. Failing to break away, he or she is bound, gagged, and moved to the roof of the Krewe warehouse, where Papa Screech, Randall Fowler, and more cultists await. There they force the victim to drink a dose of Space Mead and then hand over him or her to the clutches of a byakhee (1/1D6 SAN cost).

The hideous creature's grip does not yield, nor does the kidnaped person wish it to, as the thing lifts the victim and soars into the stratosphere and off this planet (a shock worth another 1D6+1 SAN) into interstellar space. The trip takes only a few hours, but it is to a hideous twilight planet near the star Aldebaran, costing only 1 magic point.

The byakhee abandons its passenger on the desolate streets of a dark foreboding city, beside a huge fog-shrouded lake. If the abductee has read *The King In Yellow*, he or she recognizes the alien city of Carcosa and the Lake of Hali. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll recalls that the Great Old One called Hastur is rumored to dwell in the depths of this lake.

If the investigators have been using Charlie Sunstram's name to open doors for them, they may have to deal with the police regarding the missing newspaperman. Hotel management may be angered regarding the destruction of the abducted comrade's hotel room (the police may become involved here too).

Meanwhile the person abandoned some 68 light years from Earth is free to do anything while awaiting rescue or madness in dark Carcosa. The alienness of this city of towering black buildings costs 1/1D10 SAN per day. Fill the prisoner's time in the city with odd occurrences: a keening voice wailing a lonely dirge, the source of which can never be found; intermittent wing-beats of great unseen things in the thick clouds overhead; a slithering wave of fog which tirelessly pursues the prisoner through the damp, empty streets; occasional footsteps or whispering voices in the streets of the abandoned city; a glimpse of a shadowy figure down the street, where no one can be found; nightmarish splashing in the waters of the lake, noises whose source eludes vision because of the thick fog; a glowing Yellow Sign in the waters of the lake.



All is not lost, however. Since they almost certainly snatched the victim before the coronation of the King In Yellow, a window back to Earth opens when the cultists Call Hastur (remember that part of Hastur's environment makes the trip with Him when the New Orleans cult calls him). The prisoner will be able to physically affect anyone he meets during the coronation. Receiving a successful Luck roll, he is in position to cross to Earth when Hali, Carcosa, and Hastur return to the Hyades. If he meets one of the investigators, he is automatically rescued by physically holding onto him or her when Carcosa warps away.

Though the investigator may be lucky, he or she may have little Sanity left, and may have to be institutionalized. If the abductee fails to return in this episode, his comrades probably never find him.

To give the investigators some clue as to what has become of the missing character, have each player roll D100 each night after the disappearance; on a roll less than or equal to a character's POW, that investigator dreams about the prisoner. Investigators who have read *The King In Yellow* or who possess psychic powers may receive a percentile bonus of POW x2. Those with the Dreaming skill described in *HPL's Dreamlands* may optionally roll against it instead of POW.

The dream is of what assailed the prisoner that day, as well as of scenes of the nightmare-city in which he is trapped. Only

a dreamer who has read *The King In Yellow* can recognize the location. Each such nightmare costs the dreamer 1/1D3 SAN.

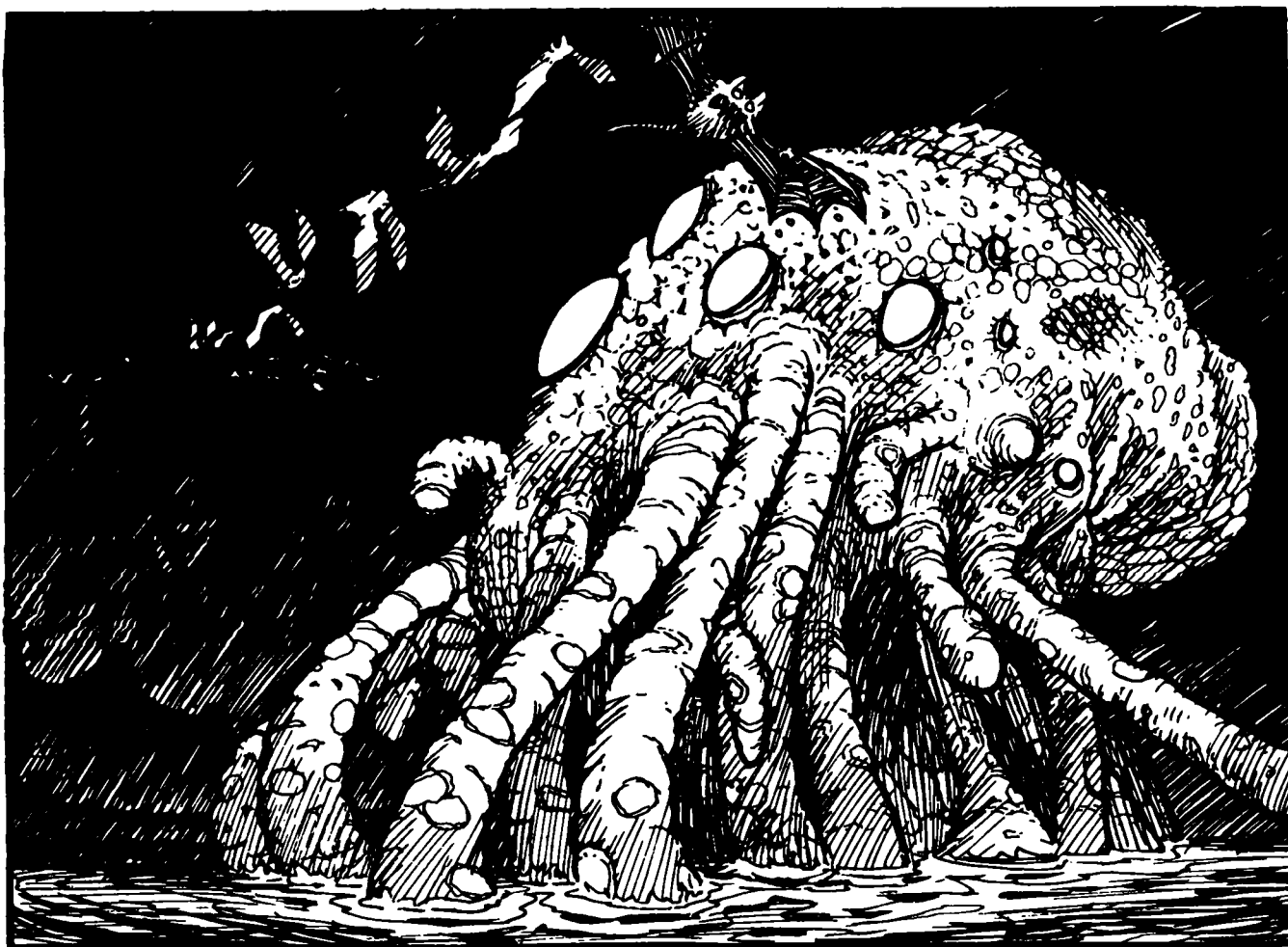
The Coronation of the King In Yellow

"There were legends of a hidden lake unglimped by mortal sight, in which dwelt a huge, formless white polypous thing with luminous eyes; and squatters whispered that . . . it had been there before D'Iberville, before LaSalle, before the Indians, and before even the wholesome beasts and birds of the woods. It was nightmare itself, and to see it was to die. But it made men dream, and so they knew enough to keep away."

— H.P. Lovecraft, "The Call of Cthulhu."

This event takes place at 11pm on the night before Mardi Gras day, when a dozen or so cultists from the Swords Krewe's warehouse gather furtively at the kitchen door of Randall Fowler's home. Fowler and Papa Screech meet and admit them, and within minutes they have entered the Gate in the storage room and emerged in the swamps south of New Orleans. More cultists wait in the ruined huts; the whole assembly walks to the mound.

There Screech helps Fowler into a white ceremonial gown embroidered with the Yellow Sign, and the cultists then summon four byakhee. These creatures arrive a little after midnight (SAN loss is 1/1D6). The gathering is now complete; it consists of Randall Fowler, Papa Screech, four byakhee, and approxi-



Hastur and attendants

mately thirty squatter-cultists. Several men and women are casually sacrificed, as though part of a minor obligatory ritual.

Then, led by Fowler, the congregation begins casting the Call Hastur spell near the stone menhirs, recognizable with a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll. Unless the investigators do something to stop the ceremony, it is considered to be successful and requires about 35 minutes to complete.

Once the casting has begun, the magic point situation is as follows: Fowler has 1 left, Screech has 16, and the remainder of the cultists have an average of 8. The investigators can foil the ceremony at any time by killing Fowler, but they would be hard-pressed to escape from the cultists *and* the byakhee.

As the cultists chant the ritual, thick waves of fog roll in from the lake, then the lake itself swells and grows larger, and the water takes on an oily sheen. The ground gently quakes and stretches. Suddenly the investigators find themselves standing on the outskirts of an alien city, at the edge of a lake much larger than the one they had been observing. The swamp has vanished. The night sky is dull white, and in it black stars shine in unfamiliar patterns. This remarkable change in environment costs the investigators witnessing it 0/1D3 SAN.

Readers of *The King In Yellow*, or investigators receiving a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll understand that they have been transported to the Lake of Hali in the Hyades, home of the Great Old One Hastur, and that the city in which they stand is

fabled Carcosa. Or perhaps Carcosa has been transported to them.

The cultists have also made the journey. If the investigators wish, they can explore the ghost-city to which they have been transported; they have 35 minutes to do so before the ceremony concludes. Refer to the "Prisoner of Carcosa" section, above, for encounters in the alien city.

If the Investigators remain to watch the ceremony, after 35 minutes the waters twist with great bubblings and waves. From the ominous black waters rises a huge formless white bulk — Hastur! SAN loss is 1D10/1D100.

The cultists stand awestruck as the thing surges forth onto the lakeshore, crushing nearly a third of their number (but not Screech or Fowler) beneath it. Shrieking their approval, the byakhee flap off into the sky.

The avatar of Hastur ceases its approach mere yards from Fowler, reaching out slimy tendrils for him, enwrapping him entirely. The luminous white coloring of the thing slowly begins to fade as it grips Fowler, and soon it withers, dries, and collapses in on itself. As the baggy squamous hide of the horror slides back down the shore into the lake, its tentacles unwrap from around Fowler, who by all rights should have been pulped. Instead his form stands unchanged and intact, but pale and strangely luminous. Fowler takes a step, falters, falls, and the cultists rush to help it to its feet. The last bubbles from the once-huge, now-shrunken white mass gurgle on the lake's sur-

face and die, as the cultists help Fowler along. The form of Randall Fowler continues, but Randall Fowler is no more. The King In Yellow is arrived.

As he is led away, the terrain shimmers and changes again; the swamp has returned. The remaining cultists accompany their King back along the path to the huts, where Screech and cultists equal in number to the investigators bid the others adieu and pass through the Gate with the King. The other cultists disperse to their homes.

On the other side of the Gate, Screech escorts the still-weak avatar to the master bedroom to instruct it in the use of its new form. This goes on for several hours.

To return to civilization, witnessing investigators must enter the Gate ahead of the cultists, or risk following later, or thread their way through the swamp. The first choice is perhaps the wisest, and if they are lucky they should be able to pull off the second without too much trouble (since the cultists are far from the Gate). The last option tests investigator survival skills (details of which are left to the keeper) and costs them precious time. They won't want to miss Randall Fowler's masquerade ball tomorrow night.

Dreams Of The King

The keeper may wish to have the investigators dream about the Coronation if they miss witnessing the event. Explain the nightmare as having been caused by the Yellow Sign upon the arrival of the Master of the Yellow Sign upon Earth. Those who receive successful Know rolls remember the event much as it occurred, and lose 0/1D3 SAN. Those who fail have blocked the memories of all but general unease and dim recollections of horror. Those who have read *The King In Yellow* should be assumed to automatically recall the dream. Keepers who wish to vary the dreams must remember just what elements of the event have been revealed.

The Keeper is strongly urged to make the dream as hazy and unreal as possible, playing upon the Investigators' theories and expectations about the situation in New Orleans as well as giving glimpses of what's really going on.

The Masque of the Yellow Sign

The big masquerade ball at Randall Fowler's house on the night of Mardi Gras is the talk of the town, so the Investigators certainly hear of it. They may have been invited to the affair while they were interviewing Fowler or one of the wealthy members of the Krewe, not that they will need invitations—there is no way to keep track of the hundreds of guests who show up.

During the day the caterers arrive and set up the buffet and bars (what Prohibition?). Some of the swamp cultists come through the Gate in the house to help set up the decorations for the ball; a successful accounting roll shows watching investigators that more people are coming out of the house than are entering it. Yellow Sign placards are everywhere. Anyone not with the caterers who tries to enter the house or grounds will be asked to leave by Papa Screech, who is in charge of things at the moment: "Mr. Fowler is resting up for the party right now. Why don't you come 'round to the party later? I'm sure he'd be happy to talk wit' you then."

Pushy investigators have the police called on them. The police strongly suggest the Investigators drop the matter and be on their way. If they persist, they spend the night in jail and miss the party. If they missed last night's private coronation ceremony, they'll miss the first public appearance of the King In Yellow later tonight. Pity.

If the investigators can attend the party, they see the first of many costumed guests (most in Alice-in-Wonderland garb) arrive at about 8pm that evening. Within the next hour, dozens more come. If still alive, Denis Bouchard shows up a little after 9pm with a lovely masked beauty in red on his arm.

The investigators can get inside anytime after the party has started. Costumeless or maskless attendees are received with amused condescension; Fast Talks, Debates, and Oratories do not work until midnight, when nearly everyone is drunk. The guests at Fowler's party are important figures in New Orleans society, and one or more may be useful mouthpieces for the keepers. Investigators may recognize some of the businessmen they interviewed earlier in reference to "The Most Honorable Krewe of the Swords."

The party is huge: tables of various types of food everywhere, a piano player in the entryway downstairs and a Dixieland jazz combo on the patio in the back, dancing in the back as well, bottles of champagne being passed around in every room, bars on the patio in back and in the large dining room and in the study, etc.. The grounds swarm with costumed revelers, all of them having wonderful times.

The Yellow Sign prominently appears in every room in the house. No one pays any mind to it. And with a successful Spot Hidden roll an investigator might recognize a plainly-dressed worker from the warehouse of Bouchard and Fowler's Mardi Gras Krewe (provided the investigator has visited the warehouse, of course). With a successful Idea roll, the investigator notices more of the Krewe workers throughout the house and grounds, all acting as servants, none masked or costumed. None are armed, either, and all freely admit to being Krewe-members if questioned; they are Fowler's temporary servant help for this evening.

Nothing seems sinister in the house, though Randall Fowler hasn't been seen all night. The temporary servants claim Mr. Fowler hasn't felt well today, but that he is planning to come down eventually. Attempts to get to the master bedroom are blocked in the upstairs hallway by 1D3+1 servants. If the investigators persist, Papa Screech pops out of the master bedroom to calm things down, claiming that Fowler will be down soon. He respectfully asks the investigators to return to the party.

The investigators have a chance to search some of the house. They can get to the shrine and the storage room. A single cultist guards each of those doors; they'll have to distract or overpower the guard, then pick or force the locks on the doors. See the section, "The Home of Randall Fowler" to learn what they find.

The transformed Randall Fowler, who now shall be called the King, or the King In Yellow in these notes, comes out onto the balcony overlooking the entryway a bit after 11pm; accompanying him are Papa Screech and three or four cultists. None are in costume.

The King wears the white robe with the Yellow Sign (muddy and tattered) worn at the ceremony in the swamp the night before. He is very pale and his eyes have sunken in their sockets, giving him a sinister, spectral appearance. A hush falls on the crowd as he stands with arms upraised at the head of the stairs. He speaks slowly, deliberately, with an unmistakably mocking tone.



The King In Yellow

“Good evening, my friends! I trust you are enjoying yourselves. I congratulate you on making this a very memorable Mardi Gras indeed.” There is a smattering of nervous applause, at which Fowler grins menacingly. “There is just one more thing I’d like to ask you before we continue with this celebration: tell me, have you seen the Yellow Sign?”

As one, most of the crowd replies “Yes.” If they have seen the Yellow Sign, the investigators involuntarily answer this question along with the rest of the guests. These replies are not spoken dully, or under duress; they come automatically, without thinking. The investigators feel the hair on the backs of their necks stand up; the SAN cost is 0/1D3 for those flat, emotionless responses. No one else much thinks about this odd query, and the party roars back into life as if nothing has happened. Gratified at the response, the King In Yellow sneers evilly and steps back to talk with his court at the top of the stairs. A successful Psychology roll shows that Fowler’s personality has changed radically, and not for the better.

Attempting to assassinate the King In Yellow has a 40% chance to wound bystanders. The King has over 50 hit points; a few rounds of gunfire are unlikely to do more than make him twitch a few times. The King retires to his room for a few minutes, heals (though hit points lost are not restored) and then emerges unscathed. Papa Screech runs if possible, stands and fights if cornered; he is armed with a knife and his spells. The other cultists have knives, and try to protect their King; they’re reading to sacrifice their lives for him. If the King is slain, the cultists flee, Papa Screech included.

Assassin investigators almost certainly are arrested and convicted for murder, or for attempted murder if they fail; if they escape death at the hands of the State of Louisiana, they’ll be incarcerated for many years.

The Reign of the King In Yellow

Beginning the night of Randall Fowler’s masquerade ball, the King in Yellow fully controls his new haven, Randall Fowler’s body. See the Statistics section for data on the King In Yellow.

Beginning the night of Fowler’s party, people who see the Yellow Sign suffer paranoid dreams fraught with horrible visions of the Yellow Sign, the city of Carcosa, the Lake of Hali, and the black stars which somehow illuminate those skies. Each night thereafter, victims of the Yellow Sign lose 0/1D2

SAN. The dreams they have are those of Hastur himself, bitter and alien. Those who succumb to madness from these dreams become obsessed with spreading the Yellow Sign.

To stop the slow spread of the cult, the investigators will have to persuade and convince many separate authorities, a task easier to perform than it at first seems, once a few of them are convinced and they begin to compare nightmares. Nonetheless, expect outbreaks of the Yellow Sign anywhere, and particularly expect small communities to be rather easily overwhelmed — unnoticed pockets of infection in the body of the nation.

Foiling the Cult: Rewards and Failures

Though Fowler was deceived by Papa Screech and is not entirely responsible for his actions, his demise, abduction, or institutionalization offers the most direct way to stymie the cult. The investigators receive no SAN for this, since it represents a postponement of the crisis, not a solution.

An investigator with legitimate psychiatric credentials (such as a Psychology or Psychoanalysis skill of 75 or better) can convince the authorities of Fowler’s instability, however.

The cult cannot quickly switch to an alternate host; creating the conditions for the successful transfer of the King takes months. See the notes for the King In Yellow in the Statistics section.

Destroying or warding the menhirs in the swamp is another way to prevent the annunciation of Hastur, though this again only postpones the transformation and gains the investigators no Sanity points.

A police raid would be a more effective prophylaxis. Such a raid would be successful only on the night of “The Coronation of the King In Yellow.” A human sacrifice or two could provide ample evidence, just as it did in 1907. If the police must raid the swamp, they’ll be convinced as soon as any of them cross through the Gate in Randall Fowler’s house. For the break-up of the cult, grant the investigators 1D6 SAN, as well as a reward of \$500 each from a grateful region.

Almost as useful as breaking up the entire cult would be the arrest, conviction, and execution of Papa Screech. He’s an intelligent and worthy foe. For his apprehension, grant each investigator 1D4 SAN. If he escapes the roundup, he might turn up and hunt down the investigators at some later date. The keeper should create an interesting problem around his vengeance — a ten-little-Indians episode in a dark old house, for instance.

For the destruction of the King In Yellow, grant 1D6 SAN if the investigators do not know just what it is they oppose; grant 2D6 SAN if they realize they’re confronting Hastur the Unspeakable.

If Randall Fowler’s life and identity can be saved, grant 1D2 SAN. If his tenuous insanity can be preserved, he sends the investigators \$1000 each at some future date, when he feels more gratitude.

If the investigators fail to prevent the coming of the King In Yellow, they have seen the Yellow Sign and are thus subject to the King’s nightmares for as long as their SAN holds out. That’s punishment enough.

It may be, though, that Papa Screech is the cultist most likely to come back to haunt the Investigators if he slips out of their net. If his plot to avenge himself upon the ancestor of Gaston LeFleur fails he will undoubtedly turn his sights to those who foiled him.

Statistics

RANDALL FOWLER, NEW ORLEANS FINANCIER

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 9
DEX 14 APP 17 EDU 17 SAN 0 HP 14

Damage +1D4

Weapons: none.

Skills: Accounting 78%, Bargain 70%, Credit Rating 85%, Cthulhu Mythos 6%, Debate 41%, R/W English 65%, Law 20%, Listen 34%, Oratory 53%, Psychology 32%, Spot Hidden 37%.

Spells: Call Hastur.

THE KING IN YELLOW

Avatar of Hastur

He replaces Randall Fowler near the end of this adventure. The King arrives on Earth after careful and extensive preparation of Randall Fowler's host body. Unless the host is completely ready, the King In Yellow's new body begins to mutate rapidly after the possession, the alien life-force of the avatar reducing the unprepared host to a monstrous, inhuman biped which weakens and dissolves within hours.

STR 12 CON 106 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 35
DEX 7 APP 12 EDU 17 HP 60

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: Grapple 60%, 1D6+1D4+special (see *The Gaze, below*).

Skills: Accounting 78%, Bargain 70%, Credit Rating 85%, Cthulhu Mythos 90%, Debate 41%, R/W English 65%, Law 20%, Listen 34%, Oratory 53%, Psychology 32%, Spot Hidden 37%.

Spells: Summon/Bind Byakhee, Brew Space Mead, all Call and Contact spells for the Great Old Ones.

Sanity Loss: see below.

The Gaze of the King in Yellow

The King induces paroxysms of fear in an opponent by touching and staring at the target, costing him or her 1D6 SAN points per round. Each round of the attack costs the King 3 magic points.

To avoid The Gaze in a particular round, the victim must receive a D100 roll of less than his or her POW x2.

In determining insanity, a sequence of these attacks against a single target still constitutes a single episode.

The King can inflict ordinary Grappling damage while Gazing, if he so wishes.

CHARLIE SUNSTRAM, EDITOR

Sunstram is of little physical help, though his name can open doors in an investigation.

STR 10 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 12
DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 17 SAN 58 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: none.

Skills: Accounting 15%, Chew Out Reporters 70%, Credit Rating 31%, Debate 37%, Dodge 25%, R/W English 87%, Fast Talk 43%, History 36%, Law 36%, Library Use 51%, Listen 40%, Oratory 29%, Photography 21%, Psychology 41%, Spot Hidden 32%.

DENIS BOUCHARD, PLAYBOY

Bouchard is the organizing chairman of "The Most Honorable Krewe of the Swords," a harmless group whom the cult of Hastur has subverted.

STR 11 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 10 APP 14 EDU 15 SAN 60 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapon: .25 (two-barreled) Derringer 30%, damage 1D6 per barrel.

Skills: Accounting 21%, Bargain 21%, Credit Rating 89%, Drive Automobile 54%, English 75%, Flirt 55%, French 60%, Law 27%, Listen 30%, Oratory 33%, Pilot Aircraft 39%, Psychology 19%, Sing 20%, Spot Hidden 30%, Swim 35%.

PAPA SCREECH, BUCCOR

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 31
DEX 12 APP 8 EDU 9 SAN 0 HP 12

Damage Bonus +1D4

Skills: Camouflage 32%, Cthulhu Mythos 71%, Dodge 43%, Fast Talk 42%, Hide 34%, History 52%, Listen 47%, Occult 80%, Psychology 35%, English 40%, French 50%, Sneak 33%, Spot Hidden 54%, Throw 38%.

Weapons: Bowie Knife 55%, damage 1D4+2

.38 revolver 37%, damage 1D10

Fist/Punch 64%, damage 1D3+1D4

Kick 42%, damage 1D6+1D4

Grapple 34%, damage special

Spells: Brew Space Mead, Call Hastur, Create Gate, Dominate, Enchant Byakhee Whistle, Power Drain, Shrivelling, Summon Ghost, Summon/Bind Byakhee.

CULTISTS OF HASTUR

About thirty cultists live in New Orleans or in the swamps near the nightmare lake. They are of various races and nationalities. All are insane and are now, under Papa Screech's guidance, devoted to the worship of Hastur.

They are usually armed with knives and clubs. The cultists have firearms only in the swamps. They do not speak with outsiders, feigning ignorance of whatever language is tried. If defeated in town, they head into the swamps, where they attempt to elude or ambush their pursuers.

Clia, cultist 9, is a minor priestess of Yig. She is of Haitian descent, and knows the spells Contact Yig, Summon/Bind Child of Yig, and Hands of Colubra. Clia summons the Children of Yig sent after the cult's enemies.

CULTISTS

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6	#7	#8	#9	#10	#11	#12
STR	14	11	14	13	12	12	9	11	10	10	13	14
CON	13	10	13	13	9	16	11	14	13	15	18	15
SIZ	18	10	16	17	13	12	13	12	14	11	15	12
INT	11	11	12	8	10	12	15	10	10	7	11	12
POW	7	11	10	12	11	11	5	9	18	12	9	10
DEX	10	13	5	8	12	6	11	12	18	11	10	12
APP	3	7	10	12	7	8	12	9	7	8	15	9
EDU	9	6	8	5	5	9	5	9	7	4	9	4
SAN	0											
HP	16	10	15	15	11	14	12	13	14	13	17	14
DB	+1D4	—	+1D4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	+1D4	+1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3

Grapple 36%, damage special

Kick 31%, damage 1D6

Club 39%, damage 1D6

Fighting Knife 54%, damage 1D4+2

.38 Revolver 33%, damage 1D10

.30-06 Bolt-Action Rifle 53%, damage 2D6+3

12-Gauge Shotgun (double-barrel) 48%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

Skills: Camouflage 37%, Climb 48%, Cthulhu Mythos 34%, Dodge 27%, Hide 44%, Jump 35%, Listen 41%, Sneak 47%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 39%, Throw 36%, Track 50%.

One In Darkness

*A young reporter craves some help;
naturally the crime wave shaking Boston has nothing at all
to do with him . . .*

Scenario Considerations

Any number of investigators, of any capacity and skill, can share in this adventure. Though it might not seem so, those without good fighting abilities are under no handicap, and may actually survive more handily. One long evening or two shorter sessions suffice to unravel this tale.

If presenting "One In Darkness" as part of the series in this book, the investigators are recommended to reporter Jeffrey Daniels by professors or acquaintances at Miskatonic University, possibly by Prof. Brodsky, the man to whom they delivered the *Vishakhapatnam Fragment*.

If the investigators enter this as an unconnected scenario, by train three to four days are needed to reach Boston from San Francisco, and a bit more than two days from New Orleans. The text assumes that the investigators commute from Arkham or are staying in Boston.

Some of the fun in this adventure stems from investigatorial encounters with criminals. Don't rush the players to the monster too soon; if they encounter the Crimson Gang, let them discover that city life can be as deadly as the supernatural force which hovers in the wings. Keep in mind the gangster film classics of the '30s and '40s, and adopt those poses, attitudes, and stereotypes. Most events happen at night, for instance; emphasize the shadows.

Please pay attention to the order of presentation. Events in this scenario are not chronological; the investigators toggle them into activity by their choices. Activate the events carefully. Read this adventure thoroughly before presenting it.

For the most part, statistics for characters appear at the end of the adventure, but the five remaining members of the Crimson Gang rest in their own section, just before the adventure's conclusion.

Keeper's Information

A vile gang of thugs have struck again and again in the Boston area. The Boston *Leader* terms them the 'Crimson Gang', because blood flows wherever they go. They are also notable in another way: the leader of the gang has a doting mother who happens to be a sorceress (though not a very good one).

Patrick Malone heads the gang. All are from the slums of Boston or the nearby mill-towns of Lawrence and Bolton.

Malone's mother, Mav Murphy, is proud of her boy. He's robbed half of Boston, and done it without compromising his flashy dress, his strut, or his arrogance. She also likes that

though he consorts with women, he takes up with none. As in 1930s gangster movies, Patrick swears undying love only to his mom. "You'll always be my gal," he says, and she nods gleefully, knowing that he speaks the truth.

To help her son, Mav gave him the power of what she terms "The Black Angel." The Cthulhu Mythos knows this being as the Black Demon, a vicious avatar of Nyarlathotep. Patrick could summon it in his hour of need. He was to do this by carefully chanting the words on a piece of paper that Mav gave him. Mav, a woman of only average intelligence, learned the spell from a study of one of a pair of incredibly ancient stone tablets, gained years ago through murderous means. Only after months of study was she able to make out the correct pronunciation of the words that summoned the Black Demon. Unfortunately, before she could finish her study of the other tablet, which held the words needed to banish the demon, her son found it necessary to use her gift. When the law closed in, her frightened son called forth the demon, who butchered police and gangsters alike before vanishing into the night.

Of the gang members escaping the carnage, only Jimmy Feeney knew what Malone had done, and how he was able to do it. Feeney lost his best friend in the slaughter, torn limb from limb. Though Feeney was unable to kill Mav, in revenge he stole from her the pair of tablets which, Malone swore, let her control the demon. These Feeney sold to a fence to finance his flight, then drove out of town and out of this scenario.

The unwitting fence, Keyhole Eddie Clark, sold one tablet to each of two art dealers, old clients of his. Both dealers quickly realized that their acquisitions were extremely valuable, possibly even priceless.

Since the pair of tablets (known collectively as the *N'gral Khul* or Talons of the Dark) was stolen, Mav has no way to dispel the demon. Lore pertaining to the demon indicates that, if not dispelled, it eventually will seek out and destroy its summoner in order to escape to its own plane of existence. The death of its summoner will release it, at least until summoned again. Thus she fears that it will eventually track down and butcher Patrick. So far her researches show no way to replace the tablets or to dispel the Black Demon by other means.

As the adventure begins, the demon lurks in the sewers of Boston, confused and without knowledge of this world. Soon hunger will compel it to come forth. As it gains confidence, its

7 Police Die; Many Wounded

Crimson Gang Broken Up; Some Escape
Biggest Battle in Massachusetts Since Bunker Hill

BOSTON (AP) — Early this morning 7 police and 4 members of the notorious Crimson Gang fell in battle when police surrounded and then assaulted the gang's hideout.

Captain Michael Headley, speaking for the Chief of Police, honored the valor of his fallen men and swore swift retribution upon the handful of brutal criminals still at large.

After long investigation, more than 50 police had surrounded the gang at 44 King-of-Ireland Place, a factory address long thought vacant.

The courageous midnight raid went without opposition until police had penetrated well within the building. At that point, a waking gang-member sounded the alarm, and several shots were fired.

Then accounts vary. Most reports indicate that the gang had rigged traps loaded with axes, sharpened stakes, and other deadly devices, cowardly enterprises which killed or seriously wounded more than a dozen of Boston's finest.

Captain Headley, acting in the stead of our absent Chief, has requested that his men make no statements to the press until the Department can make a thorough investigation.

A conference with the press has been scheduled for 2pm.

In a related development, the Citizens' Committee for a Greater Boston increased their reward for the Crimson Gang to \$28,000, according to spokesman Whipple Peaslee Elliott.

arcane instincts will permit it to track down and destroy those who called it into existence. That done, it can free itself from this space and time until summoned again.

Patrick, who spent more time at the mirror than in mental reflection, was speechless at the carnage he had unleashed, and presently hides discreetly with the remnants of his gang near the Boston waterfront in a pre-prepared hideout, spending cash garnered from the recent string of robberies.

Though Mav and Patrick have recently learned where the tablets are, Patrick and his gang are so hot that they don't dare leave their hideout to steal back the items. Only one gang member, Ross McMahon, occasionally ventures forth from the hideout for supplies.

Mav, an old woman with swollen ankles and a weight of nearly 200 pounds, hesitates to go up against either dealer with only the cretinous McMahon as backup. The real problem is that it is unclear which dealer has the tablet that dispels the demon. Should Mav use force and guess wrong, the surviving dealer will almost certainly hear of the other's "accident" and leave town.

Worse, Mav has made the mistake of letting Patrick retain the scrap of paper on which the spell of summoning is transcribed. Should the police catch up to the gang for a final shootout, he is desperate enough to use the spell again to bring the demon to his rescue. Mav has failed to warn him that the demon will rend him as well if summoned a second time.

Mav's latest researches into the nature of the Black Demon have revealed a new and audacious tactic. She will use the demon itself as her "muscle." She has learned that talismans can be created that, once the demon is summoned, will within a week or so draw it to attack the talisman's owner. Mav has prepared two talismans and sent one to each art dealer, along with hideous threats and demands for the return of her tablets. Should the dealers refuse, even flight to another city will not save them from the demon. And with any luck, the stolen tablets will be left unguarded after the demon attacks. Mav is not certain what the results of this tactic will be, but it seems much better than simply waiting for her son to be destroyed. She is unaware that the demon, while unintelligent, is capable of recognizing the tablets for what they are and destroying them.

Investigators' Information

A Local Mob Meets Its End

In the *Boston Leader* and newspapers coast to coast, the investigators read the headlines of an enormous battle between police and gangsters in the city of Boston. The police had cornered the Crimson Gang, but in the furious battle which followed many of them escaped. Casualties were extraordinary: seven policemen died and three more were wounded. Among the gangsters, four died and at least five were known to have fled their hideout.

The pursuit of the Crimson Gang continues for several days, with Captain Headley often quoted as saying that the gang is still hiding out somewhere in Boston. Surprisingly little new description of the battle appears in any local newspaper. See the nearby box. [*Included in "Darkness" handouts.*]

Mysterious Murder Threats

At the end of the week, a new mystery appears in the *Leader*. The next day, a small box appears on the front page of the *Leader* retracting the story. See the two nearby boxes. [*Included in "Darkness" handouts.*]

Jeffrey Daniels

The same day that the retraction appears, the investigators are contacted by Mr. Jeffrey Daniels, a reporter formerly with the *Boston Leader*.

Daniels urgently wishes an interview, and offers \$15.00 for an hour of consultation, a sum suitable for minor nobility if not for a prince. Presumably the investigators agree to meet with him.

Daniels is a thin, freckled, intense young man who recently attended Miskatonic University, though he was unable to graduate. His thick, bottle-lensed eyeglasses give him a scholarly air, but he has such a firm commitment to moral right and wrong that he despises objectivity. He says that stories about the investigators circulate around campus, and he hopes that they can help him as they have helped others.

Daniels says that he was fired for bribing a compositor to insert the "Murder Threats Puzzle Police" story into the early

City editions of the *Leader*. Blushing, he admits that he was wrong to so, and that he'll probably have to go west to get another reporting job, but he stands behind his story.

He says that the police are covering up the horrible details of what has become known (after its location) as 'the King-of-Ireland massacre.' He insists, though he can offer no proof, that a monstrous supernatural thing — a creature which bullets couldn't harm — was responsible for most of the butchery.

Daniels swears the talisman story was legitimate, and that the City Editor wouldn't run it because a phone call purporting to be from Patrick Malone warned off the editor. He offers the name of Lieutenant McElroy of the Boston police in confirmation, and adds that Huer and Digby told him the same story.

Daniels was little more than a cub reporter for the *Leader*, and he was put on the massacre story only because his newspaper devoted every available man to it. Young and idealistic, he appeals to the investigators to spend a few hours or a few days looking into these matters. As important as the massacre story is, he believes that a more important and a more dangerous story lurks behind it.

If they wish his aid, Daniels is more than glad to help, though he confesses that he's broke, and needs investigatorial cash to survive.

He points out that the rewards for the Crimson Gang now total more than \$40,000, and that the figure continues to grow. If investigator coffers are low, that sum should be an inducement.

If Daniels is along, and if the investigators stake out either art dealer, Daniels recognizes Keyhole Eddie Clark, a knavish fellow worth investigating.

The Boston Police

Days after the massacre, the police are on full alert, combing city and suburbs for the Crimson Gang. Not far from headquarters, in a narrow sidestreet closed to traffic, the investigators notice several companies of Massachusetts militiamen in battle gear, waiting restlessly beside their trucks, ready to lead the assault as soon as the gang is located. Several machine guns can be seen, and Mark 11A1 grenades can be glimpsed. Two of the trucks tow wheeled 37mm guns, French-origin guns left over from the Great War. In other streets wait squads of motorcycle and horse-mounted police. Having been caught short once, Boston is determined to be ready.

Inside headquarters, phones ring, men scurry, and messengers arrive and depart constantly. Nothing is routine these days. An electric hum fills the halls: everyone craves revenge for the massacre.

A successful Psychology roll identifies hesitancy and uncertainty on the part of the desk sergeant. He survived the



Jeffrey Daniels

Murder Threats Puzzle Police

SPECIAL TO THE LEADER — Two Boston art dealers have received separate but identical murder threats in the last two days.

The *Leader* has learned that Anthony Huer, proprietor of the Boston Arte Shoppe, and Bertram Digby, owner of Colonial Galleries, received unsigned letters promising death if certain statuary were not returned.

Included with each threatening note was a red talisman bearing an unknown occult symbol.

Police are investigating a possible link to Patrick Malone, notorious leader of the Crimson Gang, who is still at large.

Huer and Digby denied knowledge of Malone and of any connection to him.

Boston police have taken possession of the letters and talismans, refusing to state why they connected them to the fugitive Malone.

RETRACTION

The Editors wish to retract in its entirety our story of yesterday, "Murder Threats Puzzle Police." The story was a hoax. The *Leader* apologizes to its readership, and regrets any inconvenience or embarrassment caused to Mr. Hansen, to Mr. Digby, to our valiant police force, or to the people of Boston.

massacre, and he saw the Black Demon, though he dares tell no one of the impossibility he saw. He directs the investigators to Lieutenant McElroy.

The Lieutenant agrees that Daniels is an honest young man, but he cautions the investigators to stay out of the investigation of the Crimson Gang, saying that the police expect a break shortly. McElroy implies that Daniels does not have the full story, and that his story did more harm than good, as far as the police are concerned.

McElroy says that the art dealers are unconnected to Pat Malone and his boys, and that Daniels was foolish to bite on a crank's idea of a joke. Yes, he agrees, Webb at the *Leader* did get a threatening call, but that was part of the joke.

Successful Fast Talk or Listen rolls at headquarters or at police hangouts around town confirm Daniels' belief that the massacre had a supernatural component, though the stories are always hazy third-hand versions that stop where the investigators want them to begin. Reputedly, two of the wounded have gone mad, but neither are named. These discussion leave the



Lieutenant McElroy

investigators with the impression that several weeks are needed to uncover the whole story behind the King-of-Ireland massacre.

Anthony Huer

The Boston Arte Shoppe is on the street level of a dingy building on a downtown side street. Huer is a short, supercilious man who cannot quite disguise an impolitely probing eye of appraisal. He instantly sees investigator clothing, jewelry, manners, and shoes, and attaches a cash value on each.



Anthony Huer

Huer's dusty shop does not look prosperous, though Huer himself is impeccably dressed. If the investigators get a look at his books, perhaps during a midnight break-in, a successful Accounting roll shows that most of his income comes from stolen jewelry and art goods which he peddles overseas.

The police have told Huer to remain silent. If any investigator has a Credit Rating of 75% or better, or if anyone gets a successful Bargain roll and offers 1D6 x\$10, Huer tells everything he knows. In the process the investigators perceive that Huer is a dishonest man who only values money.

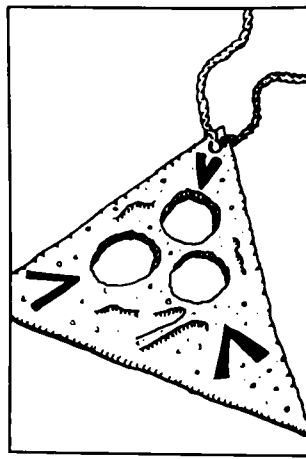
He says that a few days ago he got an anonymous letter threatening injury or death unless he handed over a stone tablet. Included with the letter was a piece of red leather, cut into a curious shape. Angered, Huer threw away the letter and used the red leather for a book mark, making no effort to contact the writer.

Then he talked to Bert Digby, and learned that Digby also had acquired a tablet and received the same threat. They contacted the police. *Neither Huer nor Digby bothered to tell the police that the tablets were acquired from Keyhole Eddie Clark, saying instead that an Asian-looking gentleman had left them on consignment. Presumably he thought he could get a better price for the two separately than as a pair, they say publicly. A successful Psychology roll shows that Huer is holding back an important part of his story.*

If the investigators stake out his store, there is a 30% chance per evening that Keyhole Eddie, carrying a suitcase, knocks at a side door. Huer lets him in. Through a window, the investigators can see Eddie showing jewelry and silver to Huer.

If the investigators do not go to see Huer until Digby dies, they discover that Huer has fled town, and has left no forwarding address. Since Huer has the tablet which dismisses the Black Demon, his flight is bad news for the investigators.

THE RED TALISMANS: the two are identical. Each is a red leather equilateral triangle, about four inches on a side. Three quarter-inch holes have been punched into its center, so close that they nearly meet. To the outside of each hole are drawn black V-shapes, pointing to the center of the triangle.



A talisman



Digby's tablet

A successful Occult or Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the talisman as a mental or magical focus of unknown type and purpose.

A talisman draws the Black Demon to a magically-targeted victim. Once the victim touches the talisman, the target is secured. If the talisman is thrown away or left behind or even destroyed, it magically reappears unchanged, in a pocket or nearby drawer.

As the Black Demon approaches, the talisman slowly loses its blood-red coloration, fading to jet black. When the talisman is totally black, the Black Demon attacks.

Both Huer and Digby gave up their talismans to the police. The talismans magically disappeared from police custody soon after. One is in the pocket of Huer's coat, the other in the central drawer of Digby's desk. The two dealers are not aware that the talismans have returned home to them.

THE TABLETS: Huer has the tablet which dismisses the Black Demon; Digby has the tablet which summons the Black Demon.

Each tablet is an stone slab about a foot square and an inch thick, made of glossy blue-green serpentine, a brittle rock which can easily be broken. One side has been inscribed with images of a repulsive humanoid face, surrounded by a flowing script. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the script as Aklo, the language of an ancient race perhaps predating the Hyperborean world.

If an investigator can read Aklo, he or she can learn the spells to summon and dispel the Black Demon from the tablets. Not enough Aklo is written here to learn the language from one or both tablets. If the investigators cannot read Aklo, an expert at Miskatonic will certainly be able to.

Bertram Digby

Though Digby is much more successful, he and Huer are the same sort of man, doing equal amounts of illegal business, including buying items from Keyhole Eddie. Information which Huer gives also can be given by Digby, though Digby is cooler and less impressionable. If the investigators stake out Digby's store, they have a 30% chance per evening to see

Digby get in his car and wait, see Keyhole Eddie approach with a suitcase and get in Digby's car, and then the two of them drive off. Their deals are consummated in the car, at a nearby park.

Located on a bustling street, Digby's Colonial Galleries is one of many prosperous shops. Customers study the items on display; Digby's cashier does brisk business. Where Huer is supercilious, Digby is casual; where Huer is perhaps too well-dressed, Digby affects artistically rumpled tweeds and comfortable, well-worn shoes. He is about 55 years of age, and sports a bushy white mustache.

Digby is easy to approach, but just as calculating as Huer. Investigators feigning interest in purchasing an item are quickly shunted to a salesgirl, who handles the transaction efficiently. Investigators craving an interview or who make a business proposition get five minutes of Digby's time, no less and no more.

Like Huer, money impresses Digby. But this time the successful Bargain roll takes 1D20 x\$10 to learn the lies that Digby told the police. Digby's talisman is the same: his tablet has the same kind of flowing script, but the symbols are different, indicating different information. A successful Psychology roll shows only that Digby conceals an important part of his story.

Editor Webb

At the offices of the Boston *Leader*, Dick Webb says that he's talked with Pat Malone several times, and that the threatening caller did sound like Malone. He doesn't know what to make of it. He denies killing Daniels' story because of the threat, saying that McElroy told him it was a crank call. Webb says he doesn't run flimsy stories unless they include photos of girls' knees — a joke, he explains.

He is still angry at Daniels for doctoring the early city editions. "That college boy will never work in this town again," he snaps, explaining that such behavior could cost the paper millions in lawsuits. If the investigators ask for confirmation, any journalist tells them that Daniels was an idiot to do such a thing.

Keyhole Eddie Clark

The investigators can learn about Keyhole Eddie by watching the art dealers, or they might see him brought in for questioning while at police headquarters. Jeffrey Daniels did a recent story on "Men Who Finance Crime," and among them was information on Keyhole Eddie, a two-time loser, which included his photograph. Given a successful Know roll, an investigator who reads the Boston papers remembers the article.

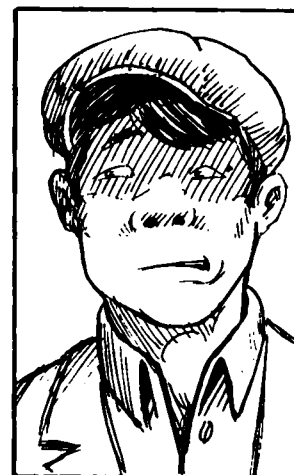
Eddie Clark lives in a Southie working-class neighborhood. Conveniently, his home backs up on a side street paral-



Bertram Digby



Editor Webb



Keyhole Eddie

leling an abandoned industrial yard; visitors who come to the back door are unlikely to be seen by Clark's neighbors, folk who mind their own business in any case.

Most afternoons Clark oversees his share of a local book-making operation, but he's home every night and ready for business. His house is packed with goods which he's fenced and been unable to unload at satisfactory prices — mostly industrial electrical motors, wiring, big brass valves, auto parts, and so forth. His cash flow is good; he can afford to wait.

His records are spotty, but a successful Accounting roll turns up the following entry:

8 Thompson drums, loaded — \$120, del. to Pat M. at Biederlauger Brewery.

Clark is a short, chubby, secretive man. He wears the same baggy suit, day after day, and a wool cap to protect his balding head.

He has nothing to say to investigators unless they are big and threatening, or unless they convince him that he has nothing to fear (and \$10 x1D6 to gain) by telling them if he supplied the tablets to Huer and Digby.

Investigators who inflict 3+ HP of damage to Eddie (who has only 11), or who successfully Fast Talk or Bargain him, get the truth. Jimmy Feeney needed cash to blow town. He gave Jimmy \$120 for the pair, and then sold one each to Huer and Digby. Huer paid \$130 for his; Digby got his for \$110 — Digby's a better businessman. Clark says seriously, puckering his lips.

Plainly the investigators need to know more than this. Another Bargain roll gets them nothing. If they lean on Keyhole Eddie, however, (costing him 3+ HP), he tells them more. It could cost him his life, he whines. He asks them to swear on the Virgin that they won't tell anyone else. If the investigators agree, he tells more: Jimmy left town alone, he says, not with Malone and his boys. Jimmy had some falling-out with Malone. Malone's mom gave Jimmy the tablets to hock, so Jimmy could leave quickly.

Daniels, or any investigator receiving a successful Know roll, is startled to learn that Malone's mother lives. The papers reported that Malone was an orphan who grew up on the

streets. Clark replies that he and Malone grew up in the same neighborhood, and that Malone loved his mom enough to change his name when he started to get into scrapes.

"Her real name is Mav Murphy," Eddie says. "If you want to find Jimmy, go find Mav. But watch out for her, if you get my drift." Clark knows more, as a successful Psychology roll confirms, but even a thorough beating does not make him betray his old buddy, Patrick Malone.



Mav Murphy

Mav at the Wheel

As they leave Clark's place, the investigators notice that a black sedan starts up, turns the corner, and disappears. Their exit and the car's movement is so connected that no one believes it a coincidence. A successful Luck roll gets the investigators' car started quickly, and they soon catch the inexpertly-driven vehicle, Massachusetts license plate 12002. The driver is hard to see through the narrow windows, and the day is dark and overcast. With a successful Drive roll the investigators can force the vehicle to the curb, or they can let it go and follow it.

If they follow it, the car stops in front of the local police station, and an old woman jumps out and lurches up the stairs into the building, apparently terrified by their pursuit. If the investigators enter, the police question them for hours before letting them go, Mav having long since left. The police answer no questions, and may hold the investigators overnight, on charges of reckless driving, suspicious behavior, and mopey, all dismissed the following morning.

If they force the car over, inside the black sedan cowers an older woman, dressed in a print dress and cheap coat, sniffing and squealing. With her plump body and graying hair, she could be anyone's mother, or grandmother. There're no spectators, though a few people at the distant end of the block have stopped and are watching the investigators. Ask the investigators what they want to do. If they insist on questioning her, ask for a volunteer to lean his or head through the window to talk to her.

Match the volunteer's POW against Mav's POW of 21 on the resistance table. If the volunteer fails, he or she only has an impression of a badly-frightened old woman whose touching plight sends waves of guilt and embarrassment through him or her. If the volunteer succeeds, the expression of the old woman seems to part, and the volunteer gets a vision of arrogant power and ruthlessness utterly out of character. But Mav can tell plausible stories without end, and her purse and car carry no identification. Presumably the investigators take down her license number, ask her address, and so forth. Eventually they'll have to let her go, or kidnap her. Whether they do or not, disaster strikes that evening.

Art Dealer Slain

Vicious Rampage Strikes Down Prominent Citizen

Mr. Bertram Digby, owner of Digby's Colonial Galleries, and a friend to Boston socialites, was found dead last night, sprawled in the rubble of his galleries.

Police were summoned by passersby, alarmed by shouts and loud noises within the locked building. Mr. Digby had expired by the time officers forced open the door.

The police expressed astonishment that the perpetrator had taken so much time to smash and slash items on display in the store, indicating general damage rare for such a crime.

A manhole near the rear entrance to the Colonial Galleries, its heavy cover beside it, presumably offered the murderer a way to escape unseen into the sewers of Boston.

Revenge is thought to be the motive for the crime. Police are concentrating their queries among bohemian and artistic circles.

Mr. Digby was 57. A wife and three daughters survive him.

Death Knocks Three Times

That evening the investigators settle down with their newspapers, if they're all together. If they're not staying together, then choose one of them. The *Leader* carries two stories of concern to the investigators. The first receives prominent page-1 coverage. See the nearby box [included in "Darkness" handouts.]

If investigators have made a friend of Lt. McElroy or another policeman, a successful Fast Talk may get them access to Digby's shop. Near Digby's bloodstains, the investigators see the fragments of the green stone tablet that Keyhole Eddie brought, broken into worthless fragments. No sign can be found of the red leather talisman. There are no other clues.

Buried on page 9 is another story of interest, concerning a suicide. See the nearby box. [Included in "Darkness" handouts.] Investigation into Feeney's death turns up no clues. His family knows nothing of his criminal activities, and intends only to give him a decent burial in a city plot, since he cannot be buried in hallowed ground. The keeper may play this incident whatever way he wishes: Mav might have caught up with Jimmy, Jimmy might have committed suicide, or some unrelated agent might have done the deed.

Not long after finishing the newspaper, the investigator hears a knock at the door, a harmless messenger boy with a fat legal-sized envelope. He asks the investigator to sign for it. Hopefully the investigator adds a dime tip.

Inside are six folded sheets of blank paper, a short note on a seventh sheet, and a red leather talisman identical to those delivered to Huer and Digby. If the investigator catches up to the messenger boy, he learns merely that a soft-spoken gray-haired lady brought in the envelope, with instructions for delivery.

Gangland Suicide

PHILA(AP) — Believed by some to have belonged to Boston's notorious Crimson Gang, James Corcoran ("Jimmy") Feeney was found dead today, an apparent suicide.

Feeney, whom police report as staying at the Quaker Arms, died by self-induced poisoning. The city coroner stated that death, from whiskey laced with cyanide, was instantaneous.

Boston police ruled unlikely the escape of the Crimson Gang. "They are firmly within our net," stated Lt. McElroy. "We appeal to every citizen to help locate these murderers and send them to justice."

Feeney had a lengthy police record for his 24 years. Family members from Bolton, Mass., have claimed the body.

The note appears in a nearby box. {Included in "Darkness" huntouts.} It bears the address of an apartment in a fashionable residential area. The handwriting and spelling speak some education, and the paper is of a respectable grade.

This message is a ploy by Mav, who devised it as a way to introduce the talisman into the investigator's lodgings. The Black Demon has become active, as she foresaw. It struck last night, murdering Digby, and more importantly (as Mav will find out when she breaks into Digby's now-unguarded shop) destroying the tablet as well. Luckily the tablet destroyed was the one with the summoning spell.

Tonight the demon still has two targets, since a new one rests in the investigator's hands. A 50% chance exists that the Black Demon breaks into Huer's Arte Shoppe, kills Huer, eats the focus, and smashes the other tablet. A 50% chance also now exists that the Black Demon will attack the investigator, drawn there by the talisman. If Huer dies tonight, the investigator is attacked tomorrow night. If Huer has fled, the Demon chooses the investigator as the closer target.

The Keeper is encouraged to decide which way the adventure goes at this point, rather than relying on random dice rolls.

Each time a talisman draws the Demon from its lair, the chance increases that it instead attacks those who manipulate it (it was Mav who created the talismans, though Malone initially summoned it). Mav knows she cannot attempt this trick many more times.

The investigator who looks finds that the unknown Miss Millen has no phone number, and the investigator who immediately drives to her house (not likely, because evening calls to unmarried women are disrespectful) learns that the address is a phoney. Whether or not the investigator immediately checks out the note, the Black Demon can attack that night. The keeper should choose an appropriately dramatic hour.

ATTACK OF THE BLACK DEMON: the Black Demon is black-furred, with a hog-like snout, green luminous eyes, and the claws and fangs of a predator beast. It dislikes light, though exposure to it leaves the Black Demon unharmed. Since ordinary weapons and natural damage do it no harm, a favorite start to an attack has it leaping through a window to surprise its prey. Since it moves offly at the speed of a human, it can be evaded by a lucky target. However, it keeps coming back, night after

A Mysterious Note

A FRIEND HAS RECOMMENDED YOU. PLEASE HELP ME. I HAVE BEEN SENT THE ENCLOSED SIGN, AND HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT IT MEANS DEATH — MY DEATH. PLEASE CALL AT MY HOME TOMORROW MORNING, AT YOUR EARLIEST CONVENIENCE. — (MISS) MARJORIE MILLEN.

night, until achieving its goal. Like the talisman that leads it, the Black Demon can reassemble in a new, distant locale as needed to perform its mission, drawn by the talisman and reassembling like it. It is possible that most victims are driven insane first, and later murdered. See the statistics at the end of this adventure for additional information.

If more than one investigator occupies the room, the Black Demon always pursues the investigator who received the talisman. Once the target is slain, the Black Demon attacks anyone at hand. It withdraws in a few minutes, however, and is stupid enough to pursue only moving targets. When the initial target dies and it sees no other movement, it automatically slinks into the shadows and disappears.

The Demon attacks with fang and claw, methodically slaying and dismembering each victim before going on to the next. Any physical assault diverts it, so brave investigators can get its attention when they want.

Death Knocks Once More

Although no one need learn of it for several days, Mav returned to Keyhole Eddie's house within hours of meeting the investigators, saying that her son had given her something to sell for him. Fumbling in her voluminous purse, Mav pulled out her silenced .38, and ended poor Eddie's career with four bullets through the chest at close range. Like Eddie's clients, she left by the back door, and no one saw her. The back door is not quite shut, however; if the investigators return, they'll get in without difficulty.

If the investigators waited at Clark's place, then they witness the murder and conceivably can nab her on the spot. Nabbing may involve some risk, though; see Mav's statistics for the spells she knows. If they capture her and notify the police immediately, the authorities identify the gun as one used in Crimson Gang murders, and find traces of powder on Mav. When the gang is surrounded, the police may use Mav as a way to pry out Patrick Malone without a struggle.

Hunting Down Mav

Thus far the investigators may have two clues to Mav, her existence as revealed by Keyhole Eddie Clark, and her appearance and license plate number. Unlike Miss Millen, Mav Murphy has a phone under her name, so she is easy to find.

Having found her, though, the investigators have little. She has committed no apparent crime but that of protecting her son, a sentiment of which most people (including the district attorney) approve.

Mav lives in a respectable five-room flat in south Boston, to which Patrick has contributed fine furniture and china. Lace

and ruffles abound. Behind is her herb garden, where ingredients useful for magic can be identified with a successful Occult roll. Mav adopts her 'poor old woman' persona to deal with inquisitive investigators, but the threat to her son and the impending doom of the Black Demon make her not quite convincing. A successful Psychology roll shows that she is nervous and that she knows much more than she is telling.

A search of the flat reveals quite a lot: an entire room is given over to occult and Mythos matters. Included in it are old letters, diaries, grimoires, and other early Colonial documents, as well as a partial copy of the English version of the *Book of Eibon*. Dried herbs, bottled potions, mystical hangings and pendants, and other materials occupy shelves. A large pentagram has been carved into the floor. A foot-long iron knife, covered with runes and signs, lays on a table: a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll suggests that the weapon may be magical. If any investigator knows the spell Bless Blade, he or she recognizes that the weapon can wound or kill entities harmable only by magical weapons. Beside the large knife is Mav's silenced .38 automatic, identifiable as the weapon which killed Keyhole Eddie Clark.

If the investigators learn her secrets and strike a bargain, Mav tells them whatever they want to know. She can create more magical knives and help them hunt down the Black Demon, in return for their help in letting Patrick Malone get away. Unfortunately, each knife takes a day to make, and the Black Demon is impatient.

Mav does not betray her son. She will go to prison or the electric chair for him.

Tracking the Crimson Gang

The keeper may announce the discovery of the Crimson Gang at any time. Since all of New England has participated in the man-hunt, this is not unfair. The investigators may or may not participate in the assault on the apparently-abandoned Biederlaager Brewery; the elements for a shoot-out are available, if the players are eager for it.

If they make a deal with Mav to try to eliminate the Black Demon, the investigators inevitably turn up on the wrong side of the law, and should stand a good chance of being caught and imprisoned for helping vicious killers escape.

If they stay on the good side of the law, the investigators could locate the Crimson Gang by staking out Mav's place. Though Patrick can no longer visit her, she visits him every week, bringing a basket of fresh fruit and baked goods.

An entry in Keyhole Eddie's account books also locates Malone and the Crimson Gang in the brewery.

The Crimson Gang at Bay

Five members of the gang still live: Patrick Malone, Ice Pick Callaghan, Hannibal Barlow, Capper Joyce, and Ross McMahon. They have hidden in the long-closed Biederlaager Brewery, property on which Malone put down money more than a year ago. The place is well-fenced, keeping away children and transients, but fences won't keep out the police, and they know the police have been searching similar Boston locations.

The printed photos of McMahon are not good likenesses, so McMahon is the one who goes out to pick up food and newspapers.

Newspapers have become more important than food. Every day the gang reads aloud member descriptions and the stories of their crimes. They compare pictures of themselves. Forced to be inactive, the stories keep these gunsels thinking favorably of each other. When the coverage stops, either they'll split up or they'll kill each other.

The gang has taken over a small suite of offices connected to the older brewery building. Sheets of butcher-paper cover all the windows, though not the skylights, guarding against stray light which could alert the authorities.

One man stands watch at a time, his relief coming every four hours. The watchman merely moves back and forth across the building, raising corners of the butcher-paper coverings and looking for signs of the police. There's not much the gang can do once the police show up, though they boast and brag among themselves.

The brewery plans shown nearby are incomplete: the greater portion of the plant, including the bottling, the brewing tanks, and the main warehouse and loading docks, are to the east, unshown here. If you wish to play out a full seige situation, place a causeway from the second floor across an intervening drive to the main plant.

All of the gangsters carry pistols at all times. It takes each gangster 1D6 combat rounds to retrieve and prepare tommy guns or shotguns.

ROOM 1: incidental warehouse area. The crates scattered about provide good defensive cover for the mobsters. Hidden behind a flimsy wall of crates are the two black getaway sedans with which they fled the King-Of-Ireland massacre, including extra tanks of gas.

ROOM 2: a smaller storage area.

ROOM 3: once a general office area. Some tables and chairs still remain.

ROOM 4: this room is empty except for a couple of moth-eaten sofas. If the gang acquires any prisoners, they hold them here.

ROOM 5: Ross McMahon sleeps here. He's made a tidy bed from old crates and packing material.

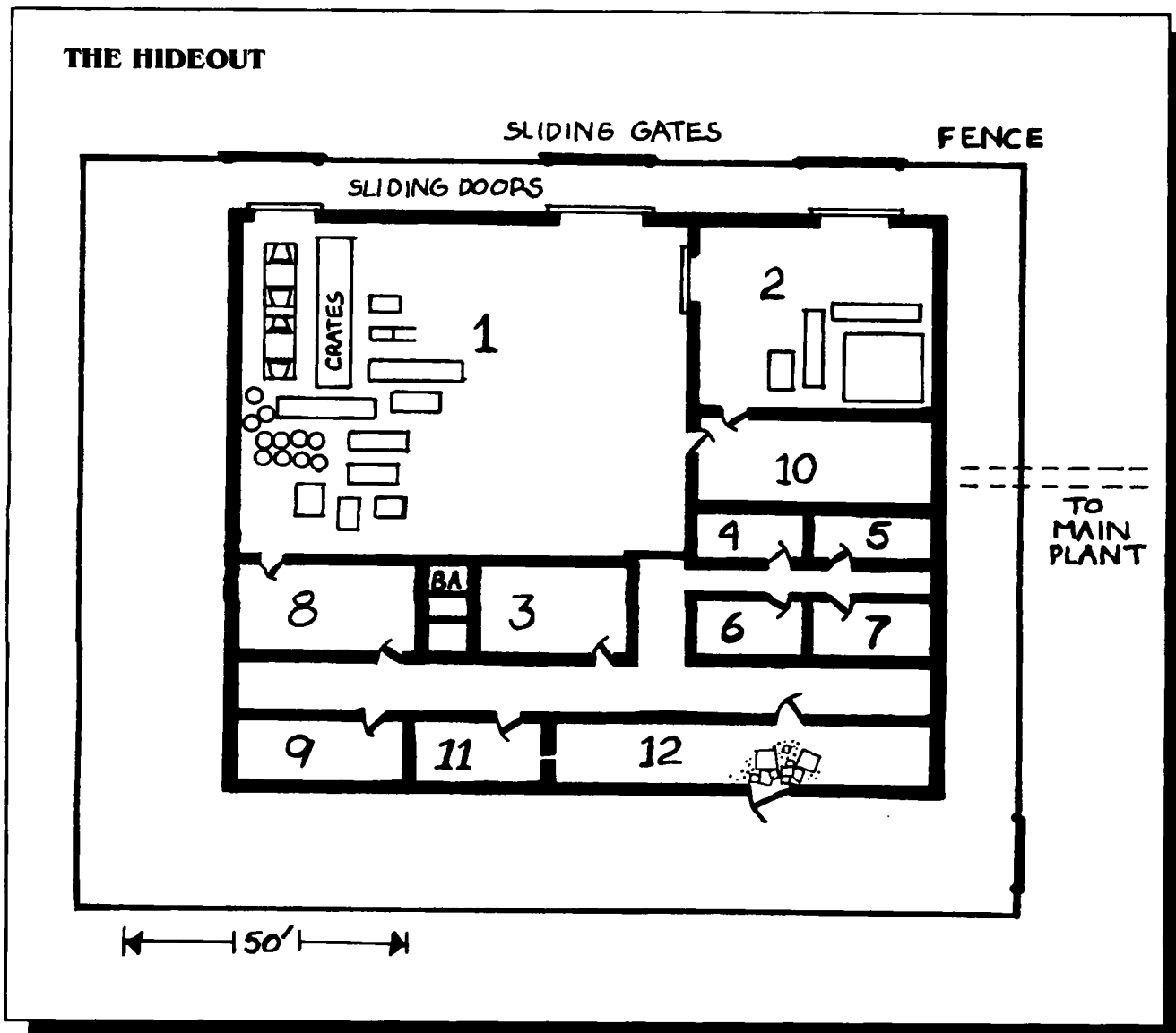
ROOM 6: Capper Joyce sleeps here. Scattered clothes and old newspapers make sneaking here impossible.

ROOM 7: where Ice Pick sleeps. Like Barlow, he managed to stow several pieces of luggage in the getaway cars, including clippings relating to most of his recent crimes.

ROOM 8: Patrick Malone sleeps and shudders here. A broken leather sofa leans against one wall. Under the bed, beneath a loose floorboard, are wads of twenty- and one-hundred-dollar bills, totalling nearly ten grand.

ROOM 8A: a small, dirty washroom.

ROOM 9: where Hannibal Barlow sleeps. One suitcase contains a complete Boston police uniform, including service revolver, and a Canadian passport and other papers made out in the name of Horace Beiderhich.



ROOM 10: when the gang feels sociable, they meet here, sprawling on the floor or squatting on boxes. A small hot plate offers a way to heat up cans or make coffee.

ROOM 11: an empty room. They've punched a small slit through the wall into Room 12: a tommy-gunner could easily spray the whole hall with deadly fire.

ROOM 12: entrance hall. The front door is sturdy (STR 32). The gang have piled crates behind it so that it must be broken to be opened.

Patrick Malone

Malone is youthful, of medium height and build. He dresses well in suits and good shoes. His face beams with arrogant confidence.

There's not much gang left to lead. He alternates between striding around the hideout, boasting and telling stories, and curling in his bed, trembling with fear as he remembers his

terrifying glimpse of the Black Demon. The visits of his mother are important to him, and are perhaps the only thing keeping him sane.

Though the nearby picture does not show it, if the keeper wishes, Patrick has not recovered from the shock of the Black Demon, translating his fear into a peculiar form of agoraphobia: he wears a hat as a shield, indoors or out, day or night, asleep or awake.

Malone half-hopes his mom can get him out of this new trap, but he doesn't really believe it. And, considering how she got him out the last time, he's not quite ready for it if she does.

All the same, Malone still carries in his wallet the words which once brought forth the Black Demon.

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 17
DEX 12 APP 14 EDU 7 SAN 15 HP 13

Damage +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%. 1D3+1D4

.45 Revolver 30%, damage 1D10+2

Thompson Submachine Gun 25%, damage 1D10+2 (burst fire weapon)

Skills: Bargain 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Credit Rating 3%, Fast Talk 65%, Oratory 5%, Psychology 20%, Sneak 40%.



Patrick Malone



Capper Joyce



Hannibal Barlow



Ice Pick Callaghan

Capper Joyce

An ugly, sandy-haired man, Capper's fetish for firearms keeps him polishing his weapons skills. Holed up here, he feels rusty and anxious. When not firing guns, he cleans and polishes them.

Prior to the massacre, it was Capper who committed most of the murders for which the gang was wanted. Being a killer keeps him sleeping soundly at night; he never wants to be at the mercy of anyone.

Capper did not see the Black Demon; he was nearly insane when he joined the gang.

STR 14 CON 10 SIZ 12 INT 10 POW 13
DEX 15 APP 7 EDU 6 SAN 11 HP 11

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: First/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4
.45 Revolver 65%, damage 1D10+2
Sawed-Off 12-Gauge Shotgun 55%, damage 4D6/1D6
Thompson Submachine Gun 45%, damage 1D10+2 (burst fire weapon)

Skills: Explosives 15%, Fast Talk 20%, Hide 20%, Listen 65%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Spot Hidden 45%, Sneak 40%.

Hannibal Barlow

His flaming red hair stands out, so he usually covers it with a cap. He is quite intelligent in a devious, criminal way, though his temper gets him into more fights than he can finish. Barlow represents what brains the gang has, and was responsible for most of the group's successful heists.

As a measure of his imagination, he has brought along a complete Boston police uniform, down to the proper badge. If he needs to, at the last second he plans to change into it, perhaps betray the rest of the gang, and make his way to freedom in the confusion.

STR 11 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 17 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 13 EDU 9 SAN 51 HP 13

Damage Bonus +0

Skills: Bargain 40%, Case Joint 45%, Drive Auto 60%, Electrical Repair 20%, Fast Talk 50%, Law 10%, Listen 35%, Pick Pocket 25%, Psychology 20%.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3
.45 Automatic 34%, damage 1D10+2

Ice Pick Callaghan

Smaller than the other gang members, Ice Pick has quick, nervous eyes, and thin stringy hair. He and McMahon worked as a team when the gang was collecting pay-offs. The first few visits, McMahon would rough up the target while Ice Pick kept guard with his .38 snubnose. When matters got serious, McMahon held the squealing target while Ice Pick had some fun. To kill a hold-out, Callaghan would shove his ice pick through the victim's heart, a tidy murder leaving little blood.



Ross McMahon

STR 11 CON 9 SIZ 9 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 13 APP 9 EDU 5 SAN 14 HP 9

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons: Fist/Punch 51%, damage 1D3
Ice Pick 65%, damage 1D4 (impales)
Fighting Knife 45%, damage 1D4+2
.38 Revolver 30%, damage 1D10
Sawed-Off 12-Gauge Shotgun 35%, damage 4D6/1D6

Skills: Bargain 40%, Drive Auto 44%, Fast Talk 48%, Hide 15%, Listen 35%, Throw 75%

Ross McMahon

Ross is the strong-arm man. He often paired with Ice Pick Callaghan when they acted as enforcers for the gang. McMahon is not smart, though he is older than the rest of the Crimson Gang.

STR 17 CON 15 SIZ 17 INT 8 POW 10
DEX 9 APP 8 EDU 4 SAN 38 HP 16

Damage Bonus +1D6

Weapons: Fist/Punch 80%, damage 1D3+1D6
Kick 60%, damage 1D6+1D6
Grapple 55%, special damage
Tow Chain 45%, damage 1D8+1D6

.45 Revolver 30%, damage 1D10+2
 12-Gauge Pump Shotgun 35%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

Skills: Climb 45%, Dodge 35%, Drive Auto 21%, Make People Nervous 42%.

Chasing Down The Demon

The plot may have evolved in one of several fashions. If you have a mobster shoot-out at the Biederlaager Brewery, you might want to climax it with the Black Demon again bursting on the scene, called again by Patrick Malone. This time the Demon slays Malone. Perhaps, among the corpses and the mind-blasted insane, it is easy to follow its bloody footprints into the Boston sewers.

Or perhaps Mav, now grief-stricken as well as doomed, uses a Red Talisman to call the thing to her quickly. There Mav dies, or perhaps the investigators dispatch the thing with magical weapons, sending Mav instead to the intermediate justice of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Or perhaps the investigators follow the thing through the sewers after it murders Anthony Huer. Regardless, this section covers fighting the Black Demon in the sewers.

The sewers are dark, cold, wet, and especially smelly. Contemporary public architecture distinguishes between storm drains, which carry away run-off, and sewers, which carry away domestic and commercial wastes to be treated in waste disposal plants. At this time the sewers of Boston are gloriously democratic — everything goes in one end and out the other. The investigators must step through everything.

A manhole has been found uncovered, a bloody paw-print on its rim. Climbing down the metal rung ladder deposits the investigators in a shallow stream of incredible foulness. The walls of the six-foot-in-diameter tube are made of stone blocks and crumbling brick and concrete.

Call for occasional CON x5 rolls to fight off nausea. The bright red eyes of rats glint from every crevice.

Once everyone is down, an additional odor can be perceived above the reek of sewage, a faint, sickly-sweet smell cutting through the fetor.

The sweet, rank odor is exuded by the Demon. That, and perhaps an occasional disemboweled rat, give all the clues necessary to its location. Make sure that the investigators keep track of their turns as they go, or else ask for a successful Make Maps roll. If the keeper wishes, call for a Track roll to speed things up, but by all means let the investigators corner the Black Demon after a while.

At one point, a large object slowly floats down the sewer. Flashlights reveal that it's the corpse of a city sewerman who was unlucky enough to stumble into the Demon's path. The poor man has been rent and murdered only a little while, but already the rats perch atop him, nibbling away. Sanity cost for this sight is 1/1D6 SAN.



The demon

Wrack

A New Mythos Spell

This spell temporarily incapacitates a single target, doing (except for incidental Sanity loss) no lasting harm to the victim. To cast the spell costs 3 MP and 1 SAN. The caster compares his magic points against those of his target on the resistance table. If successful, the spell takes effect after one round of hand gestures—intense wracking pains seizing the target, the face and hands blistering and dripping fluid, the eyes clouding with blood and becoming temporarily sightless. The effect lasts 1D6 combat rounds, after which sight returns. After 10+1D20 minutes, the target fully recovers and resumes normal activity. Traces of physical corruption fade as the hours pass, and in 24 hours only faint blemishes can be seen on the skin. The experience costs the target 0/1D4 SAN.

Investigators inclined to pursue further come upon a large fissure in the left wall of the sewer, a side passage plugged with mud, debris, and unrecognizable masses. Closer inspection shows these masses to be the horribly mutilated corpses of several derelicts (SAN loss 1/1D4 if the investigators have already seen the city sewer worker, 1/1D6 if not). These latter corpses are ripe and bloated, and their stench is stifling. Call for CON x5 rolls again.

If the investigators ignore the side passage, they soon notice that the scent of the Black Demon no long can be detected.

If the investigators start to clear the side passage, they suddenly notice that shadows are slowly building around them, despite their flashlights and lanterns. The shadows deepen, then with a grotesque sucking sound the grisly corpse barrier slides apart, revealing the gibbering form of the Demon. Sanity cost to look at him is 1D10/1D100.SAN, so it is likely that half or more of the investigators flee at this point.

Investigators who stand their ground had better be equipped with magic spells or magic weapons; the Demon takes no damage from physical weapons of any kind. There is room, barely, for three investigators to fight the Demon at one time. The only advantage they may have is that the Demon pauses every 1D3 rounds to shield its green-glaring eyes from their lights, so long as they hold them.

If the investigators entered the sewers in daylight, each of them has a DEX x5 chance to reach the nearest manhole and sunlight. The Demon hesitates at the light, and will not pursue them into full daylight. If the investigators were unfortunate enough to have made this venture at night, they may have nothing which can stop an avatar of Nyarlathotep, even a weak one such as this.

Rewards And Failures

The investigators keep the \$15.00 which Daniels advanced them, whether or not they get him rehired. (They do not: no editor is that stupid.) If Daniels survives and is vindicated, give each investigator 1D2 SAN.

If they are instrumental in chasing down the Crimson Gang, they share in a total reward of \$43,818.00, perhaps along with Daniels and some other people (ensure that their share is modest, especially if you did not run "One in Darkness" as part of the series of adventures in this book). For the incarceration or death of the Crimson Gang, they receive no SAN; no upright citizen expects extra reward for doing his or her duty.

If they learn the full story connecting Malone, Mav, the art dealers, and the Black Demon, grant the investigators 1D6

SAN. If they face and kill the Black Demon, a somewhat foolhardy attempt, grant each survivor 2D6 SAN. Dispelling the demon is worth 1D6 SAN, as is ridding the world of the evil Mav Murphy. If the investigators can't make head or tails out of this adventure, and essentially achieve nothing, then Mav vindictively sends a final Red Talisman to Jeffrey Daniels before she and her son's deaths; all are eventually murdered by the Black Demon. This costs each investigator 1D6 SAN.

Statistics

JEFFREY DANIELS, REPORTER

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 11 INT 14 POW 8
DEX 14 APP 12 EDU 14 SAN 50 HP 12

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3

Skills: Bargain 30%, Fast Talk 40%, Journalism 24%, Oratory 30%, Photography 25%.

MAV MURPHY

STR 10 CON 16 SIZ 10 INT 13 POW 21
DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 8 SAN 15 HP 13

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons: .38 Pistol 35%, damage 1D10

Enchanted Knife 30%, damage 1D4+2 (does equal damage to material or magical entities)

Spells: Bless Blade, Create Red Talisman, Dominate, Shrivelling, Voo-ish Sign, Wrack.

Skills: R/W Aklo 3%, Bargain 55%, Botany 35%, Credit Rating 20%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Fast Talk 50%, R/W Latin 20%, Occult 45%, Pick Pocket 30%, Psychology 35%, Spot Hidden 40%, Treat Poison 30%.

BLACK DEMON

Lesser Avatar of Nyarlathotep

This being is black-furred, snouted like a hog, with green luminous eyes and the claws and fangs of a wild beast. It dislikes light, though light causes it no harm. The Demon requires specific summon and dismiss spells. Victims can be targeted for the Demon by a Red Talisman, given to a specific person. Each use of a talisman increases by 5% the chance that the Demon instead turns on and slays those who manipulate it (initially Patrick, and now that she has begun to use the talismans, Mav as well). It can return itself to the godhead if it destroys its original summoner. It is also dispelled by means of the proper dismiss spell, or by bringing it to zero hit points.

Students of the Mythos sometimes confuse the Black Demon with a similar but more powerful avatar of Nyarlathotep, the Dark Demon. The Dark Demon is a more intelligent being of similar appearance but greater intelligence and malevolence.

STR 21 CON 19 SIZ 19 INT 6 POW 20
DEX 15 HP 19

Move 8

Damage Bonus +1D6

Armor: none, but material weapons do no harm unless enchanted. Brought to zero hit points, it is not killed, but is dispelled until summoned again.

Attacks: Claws 30% damage 1D8+1D6
Bite 25%, damage 1D4+1D6

Skills: Climb 20%, Hide 80%, Listen 70%, Sneak 90%, Swim 50%, Track 99%.

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: 1D10/1D100.

The Pale God

*In which the investigators are exposed
to a mind-shattering death,
leading to the investigation of a notorious farmhouse.*

"Many and multiform are the dim horrors of Earth, infesting her ways from the prime. They sleep beneath the unturned stone; they rise with the tree from its roots; they move beneath the sea and in subterranean places; they dwell in the inmost adyta; they emerge betimes from the shatten sepulchre of haughty bronze and the low grave sealed with clay. There be some that are long known to man, and others as yet unknown that abide the terrible latter days of their revealing. Those which are most dreadful and the loathliest of all are haply still to be declared."

— Necronomicon

Scenario Considerations

In this adventure the investigators confront a minor Great Old One. Given an opponent so powerful and so immediate, this adventure is recommended for investigators of some experience. Their quantity is unimportant; a larger number may be amusing in the tunnels, since they'll be getting in each other's way. A larger number also increases chances to meet Eihort, the Great Old One who dwells there.

The author draws this minor god directly from Ramsey Campbell's story, "Before The Storm," raising a problem of information. Keepers may want to learn if players know that story; a keeper burdened with immature players may want to change the color and other characteristics of the Brood, so that an unknown threat can continue to hover: for instance, if the Brood was always referred to as *the worms*, and if they were black in color and left black dust behind wherever they crawled, and if they erupted only from the brain, or the belly, or the hands of a victim, enough displacement is likely enough that the adventure could progress straight-forwardly.

This adventure starts in New England, but concludes in old England, an ocean away. If the investigators already have contacts in Britain, those contacts can provide places to stay until the next adventure commences. With investigators fresh to England, plan what they'll do until the final adventure in this book. Investigators need more clothing and money, for instance, than they'll bring with them into the tunnels.

Though Gloucestershire can be rocky and hilly, numerous villages exist. Non-fictional cities in the area include Berkeley (where legends of Byatis persist), Bristol, and Tewkesbury. Fictional villages of note are Brichester (site of the lake where Glaaki resides), Temphill (where the rites of Yog-Sothoth are

rumored to be uttered at their appropriate season), Camside itself, and Goatswood (a center for the ghastly rites of Shub-Niggurath).

Keepers interested in the strange goings-on should look to the writings of Mythos author Ramsey Campbell, especially his volume *Cold Print*.

No attempt to coordinate that portion of the Mythos has been made herein, and no special reason exists that the labyrinth must connect to Camside or that Eihort constructs or has had constructed for him only two Gates. Plan your options and consider your desires.

The initial action in this adventure takes place near the residence of one of the investigators. Stuart David Cabot-Jenkins has so far managed to hold off the birth of the Brood, which Eihort has been attempting to trigger prematurely to prevent Cabot-Jenkins' betrayal. He has been referred to an investigator, preferably one with background in occult matters — an author of an occult textbook would be suitable, for instance.

Keeper's Information

The Martensen house stands near Arkham in this adventure, but it could be located anywhere in New England suitable to a stronghold of black horror.

John Martensen built this frame house in 1840, emigrating after his Camside neighbors in England threatened to hang him as a sorcerer. Established in Massachusetts, Martensen renewed his Mythos studies, foremost among them re-establishing contact with his patron Eihort, the god of the labyrinth.

Martensen did not make *The Bargain* (for details, see the module at the end of this adventure). He procured victims for Eihort in return for sorceries, the testing of which got Martensen hounded out of Britain.

In Massachusetts, his Contact Eihort spell brought dream-messages from the Great Old One, among them the instructions for a two-way Gate to Camside, in England's Severn Valley. The Gates created a way for Eihort to receive victims, and a way to escape for Martensen.

As Martensen grew older and less able to keep his end of the bargain, Eihort sought a new procurer. Martensen's efforts led to his hanging in 1884. Eihort now made few visits to the Martensen house, though he netted a trespasser from time to time.

In 1895, the Ramsey family moved in, the first inhabitants since Martensen. A year and a half later Marian Ramsey fled from the house screaming that her husband and sons had been eaten by a giant worm. The police found Edgar's body in the basement, mangled beyond recognition. The bodies of the boys were nearby, similarly torn and bloodied. The authorities decided that Marian had killed Edgar and the children. As evidence they produced a blood-stained prybar found near the carnage in the cellar. The unfortunate Mrs. Ramsey was committed, still residing in Boston's Cambridge Grove Convalescent Institution at the time of this scenario.

She was not guilty of their deaths. Edgar and the children had discovered the cellar trapdoor, behind which Eihort waited. As the monster devoured them, Mrs. Ramsey responded to their screams, grabbed a large prybar, and succeeded in reclaiming their bodies. Eihort concealed the secret room and its trapdoor, while she fled screaming into the streets.

In 1904, the self-styled "king of occultists" Hiram Crewe moved in. Crewe, author of several semi-fictional works detailing battles with supernatural terrors, boasted that he would have the secret of the Martensen house within a month of his arrival.

A month later Crewe reported finding no unseen forces at work in the house. A year later he left the house and moved to New York City, where he disappeared in 1906. He wrote no more books after leaving the Martensen house, and no record exists of his experiences there. Crewe had found the tunnels beneath the house as well as the malevolent entity which built them. Infested with Brood, Crewe died at their birth.

A few months ago, another occultist sought to uncover the secret of the Martensen house. After a lengthy search he too found the tunnels beneath the house. Like others before him, Cabot-Jenkins stumbled through the Gate and found himself face to face with Eihort.

Investigator Information

Late one night the chosen investigator receives a phone call from a man who frantically insists upon a meeting in the bandstand at the town square. Considering the lateness of the hour and the storm that is brewing outside, the Investigator may be reluctant. The caller gives his name as Stuart David Cabot-Jenkins, a relatively well-known and respected young author and parapsychologist. He sounds ill and frightened, and he reveals that he is in peril. He begs the investigator to come immediately, in secret. "I can burden few with the dark knowledge I have."

Good investigators buckle their galoshes, grab their raincoats and umbrellas, and load their guns. The trek is a wet one, with pummeling rains and harsh lightning flashes serving to heighten the tension. The storm worsens as the investigators enter the park, thunder cracking and rumbling. Regardless of how many characters approach, the oddly slumped form of Stuart David Cabot-Jenkins can be seen hunched on a bench. He wears no raincoat, his clothes are drenched, and his flesh is deathly pale. As the investigators near, he rises awkwardly and stumbles forward.

After a few steps he falls to his knees, his eyes rolling back to expose only the whites as he croaks, "Go to the house of the worm . . . destroy it!" Before the investigators can reply, Cabot-

Town Square Murder

Visitor Found in Bandstand

Mr. Stuart David Cabot-Jenkins was found early this morning, the victim of an apparent murder.

Groundskeeper Elliott Prawney came upon the body while transplanting tulips. "My heart jumped right into my throat," he said. "May God please be so kind as to never reveal to me such a sight again."

Police commented upon the violence of the alleged slaying, but would not respond when asked to compare it with some of the slayings in the recent so-called 'Boston massacre.'

The coroner's report upon the actual cause of death will be forthcoming.

Mr. Cabot-Jenkins may have been visiting our town on business or pleasures; the police ask information from anyone knowing the man.

Jenkins lets out a blood-freezing scream and falls backward. A massive bloodless rent appears in the man's forehead, splitting open to his chin and continues downward. Hundreds of small marble-sized white shapes begin streaming out of the tear and out of his clothes, and the body begins to collapse like a deflating balloon. Anyone witnessing this grisly sight loses 1D3/2D6 SAN.

The investigators have a corpse and thousands of ugly white spider-things. These tiny pale monstrosities merely crawl away into the darkness or disappear into the seams of the wooden bandstand. Stomping squashes hundreds, but thousands escape. Flattened spider-things pop like puff-balls from oak trees.

Cabot-Jenkins is split open to his navel. Small (3/8" diameter) tunnels riddle his flesh everywhere, a grisly yet predictable discovery calling for a 0/1D3 SAN loss. A successful Diagnose Disease roll merely reveals that nothing similar has been encountered in the medical literature.

His well-made suit contains some clues. Call for a Luck roll to locate each item listed below. The clue is still found if the roll fails, but assess a point of SAN loss from having one of those vile grub- or spider- or worm-like things suddenly crawl onto him or her while searching the dead man's pockets.

If the investigators do not take the clues they find, the keeper must create friendly relations with the Arkham police at some point, since only they know that the Martensen house was the site of Cabot-Jenkins' latest study.

RAINSOAKED PIECE OF PAPER: found in a shirt pocket, it bears the investigator's name and phone number. The ink is running and it is already nearly illegible.

WALLET: of fine calfskin, it contains a New York driver's license for a Stuart David Cabot-Jenkins, with an address in Manhattan. The wallet also holds twenty crisp ten dollar bills, numbered sequentially.

ROOM KEY: room number 206 at Arkham's excellent Hotel Miskatonic.



The death of Colbat Louine

Whether or not the investigators took his wallet and room key, the inside pocket of his jacket identifies him as Stuart David Cabot-Jenkins, and the name of his New York tailor is embroidered just below. Even the laziest policeman needs only a few minutes to call the hotels and rooming houses in town. By ten o'clock Cabot-Jenkins' room at the Hotel Miskatonic has been found, and is being combed by the homicide detail.

The investigator contacted by Cabot-Jenkins will be questioned, since his name and phone number can be found at the end of Cabot-Jenkins' notebook. The questions are mundane: "Did you know him?" "Why did he have your number in his notes?" "Did he have enemies?" They sneer at occult explanations.

If the investigator inquires with a successful Fast Talk about any papers that might have been found in Cabot-Jenkins' room, the cops let him or her read Cabot-Jenkins' notebook (see below).

Let the police be a minor harassment or a minor benefit; the investigators should not be suspects unless the police can place them at the bandstand, or unless they are found with Cabot-Jenkins' wallet or room key.

The Hotel Miskatonic

Room 206 at the Miskatonic is spacious and well-furnished. A few pieces of clothing are scattered on a couch. The bed appears to have been slept on, but the spread has not been pulled down.

Cabot-Jenkins' suitcase contains two items of interest, a gun and a thick, battered commonplace book, bound with hard covers, of some 200 pages. The psychic investigator's handwriting is small and precise, and thousands of words cover every page. The book requires a day or more to thoroughly study.

The notebook contains information on two allegedly haunted New England houses, one in Springfield and another in Cambridge. The most interesting passages are printed nearby [*also included in "Pale God" handouts.*]

The notebook refers to additional notebooks, not found here; they can be found in Cabot-Jenkins' New York City apartment. That information is not pertinent to this adventure, though some keepers might find the references useful ways to insert sites for future adventures.

There is also an unloaded .38 Smith & Wesson revolver with an unopened box of shells. While inspecting the gun, a successful Know roll reveals that it is new and perhaps never fired.

Having read the notebook, the investigators may proceed to the Martensen house, or follow up on two clues within the notes. Cabot-Jenkins mentioned checking the records of Boston's Cambridge Grove asylum for more information on Marian Ramsey. She is still alive. And Bertram Chambers, who manages the Martensen property for the court, can offer some testimony.

Bertram Chambers, Attorney-At-Law

Chamber's office is in a poor part of Arkham; a bail bondsman occupies the second floor of the small building. As the investigators arrive, they see several hoodlums slink out from

Chamber's door, get into a waiting big black sedan, and roar down the street.

Chambers smiles crookedly as they enter; he is not yet thirty, but life no longer holds surprises for him.

Yes, he says. Cabot-Jenkins was here not more than a week ago. He rented the old Martensen place, out west of town toward the woods. Said he wanted to research the history of the place. "I guess he came into town for breakfast or something. Too bad about him. Probably some criminal. These Italians and Polocks nowadays, they're all loose with the law."

Any Arkham resident knows that Chambers is the sleaziest lawyer in town, of course, and most say it to his face.

Unfortunately, while Chambers is trustee of the Martensen place (the court having appointed Elihu Roach trustee at the time of the trial, and Roach having sold his practice to Chambers in 1919), Chambers has only used the estate to supplement his own income, ten percent per year, in the time-honored way of lawyers. The Ramsey family proved to have no heirs, at least that Roach's three-minute search found.

Since the ghastly murders in 1895, the house has proved of no value, but the eighty acres of land connected to it generate a tidy sum each year in rentals to farmers, against which Chambers piles as much 'administrative cost' as he thinks the court can bear.

Alas, Chambers knows nothing about the house or Cabot-Jenkins, and never has actually set foot on the property. Eihort has missed a great procurer in this man, but maybe it is not too late.

The Hopeless Ward

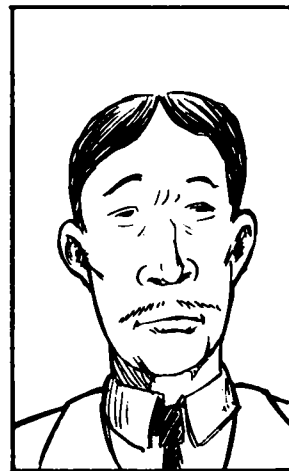
The rather inappropriately-named Cambridge Grove Convalescence Institution is close to the Norfolk county line, a distance from downtown Boston. The facility is decaying; it closes just before the great stock market crash in 1929.

The asylum receives visitors and deliveries between 8am and 5pm, Mondays through Saturdays. Investigators cannot Fast Talk their way in at night or on Sundays.

Mrs. Marian Ramsey still lives. Investigator-physicians easily gain access to her files; with a successful Luck roll he or she can see her as well. Other investigators must receive a successful Debate or Fast Talk roll to see her briefly, and her file is unavailable to them.

The file is thick, as her care is transferred from doctor to doctor and each makes his own examination and recommendations, but in 25 years her prognosis does not change. She is a hopeless catatonic, and she remains in the hopeless ward. In that time she has had no visitors, so the investigators may be of some curiosity.

The hopeless ward is on the third floor, a quiet place. Where the sunlight peers between the curtains, motes swirl in



Bertram Chambers

Cabot-Jenkins' Notebook

The first half of the notebook discusses a house in Salem, Massachusetts. Cabot-Jenkins proves it is not haunted. Among the phenomena explained away are inexplicable pools of blood (not blood at all, merely deposits of water which seeped out of the walls after having been dyed red by dissolving fall leaves on the roof), strange cold spots (the poor condition of the house allows severe drafts), and mysterious moaning sounds (the house's original construction with uncured lumber is to blame). Cabot-Jenkins uncovers the house's true history, and he debunks all of the stories about the evil house, showing them to be baseless rumors and old wives' tales.

The second half of the notebook tackles the Martensen house, near Arkham, and including an address. Here Cabot-Jenkins is less confident of explaining the strange events. Pertinent points are reproduced. The actual journal is many times longer.

— Martensen house built in 1840 by John Martensen. First-generation immigrant from Severn Valley area in England. Lingering xenophobia among the neighbors possible for some stories? Not likely — British trade policies by this time beneficial to New England.

Martensen accused of causing disappearances of neighbors or neighbor kin in 1861, 1866, 1870, 1878. In 1884: mob hangs Martensen; tried to kidnap Eliza Peaslee, a young woman well-liked in the area. Several confirming statements after the fact, but nothing then can be tested. He was lynched before evidence could be accumulated and a formal case presented. More disappearances in 1890 and 1891. Now they blame them on Martensen's ghost!

1895: Edgar Ramsey, wife Marian, and sons Edgar Junior and Rothbart move in. They buy the place. First people other than tramps to live there since Martensen.

1897: Marian flees house screaming that a giant worm has killed her husband. Police find Edgar, Edgar Junior, and Rothbart hacked to pieces in the cellar. Only weapon is a large bloody prybar — hah! unlikely weapon for a triple murder: why not an axe or a machete? Marian goes catatonic and never speaks again. State had her committed to the Cambridge Grove asylum in Boston, then declared the case closed. Pretty convenient: those lawyers sure hate to do a day's work. I

should check the records at the asylum.

1899: two more disappearances. No connection in time or in likely motive.

1904: Hiram Crewe moves in. Big frog in little pond: Boston occult investigator, author, braggart, dilettante, spiritualist, and horse's ass. Interview in *Leader* claims he'll have the mystery solved and the evil exorcised in a month. A month later Crewe states at Boston function that no unnatural phenomena are in Martensen house. Moves out of the house later that year. This is most peculiar! Crewe had every emotional and financial reason to describe and declare a great victory over the evil spirits of the house, repeating the obvious fabrications evident in all of his books. Did a past enemy threaten him during his stay, or did something at the house do the threatening? But if the latter, how did Crewe manage to get out of the house and move to New York City? And if the former, were they also responsible for his seclusion and death a year later?

— Arrived in Arkham. Still quaint and quiet, though the university facilities have been nicely updated. Bert Chambers, the lawyer, has the key and has made all the arrangements. Chambers is a disreputable sort, just the type to handle such a disreputable estate!

Ground floor nothing but dust, spiders, bats, and cobwebs. Ho hum, I wish just once that people wouldn't steal the furnishings. Maybe Chambers made off with them. Upper floor even less interesting. Still, the house does have an odd feel. To bed — tomorrow the attic, then the cellar.

Found quite a bit of stuff in the attic. I guess the thieves didn't think it worth the trouble. Broken furniture, old books, fairy tales, mountains of earnest verse. Tomorrow the cellar: I've been saving the scene of the crime for last. A fellow needs something to look forward to.

— Something strange today. While exploring the cellar (ominously musty, too) I hit my head . . . or at least I think I did. When I woke, I was filthy. Even after I washed up I still felt dirty. My skin still itches and crawls.

(Later) I took a walk, but I don't feel better. I'll go into Arkham for a good meal.

— I had a godawful dream. There was a coven of some sort, maybe a dozen people in robes. One made signs in the air with a jewelled dagger while the rest took turns reading from a crumbling old

book, and then a monstrous thing appeared in their midst. Something like an ape but carapaced like an insect. Then (be still, stomach) it ripped the coven to ribbons. As it feasted on them, it suddenly noticed me. I woke up screaming as it reached out.

— Another dream. This time it was dark streets, with unseen ghastly wails. Someone invisible followed me the whole time. Something flew overhead, and when I looked back down a man stood right behind me. "Tell me, have you seen the Yellow Sign?" he asked, and showed me a card bearing a glowing symbol that squirmed on the paper like a yellow worm. Who is the King In Yellow? Who? Why is this happening? I feel weak, disoriented.

— I'm in a house by a lake. It's dark. Somebody's outside the house, chanting. I feel he is evil, and wants to do me harm. Yet I go to look out the window. I see eyes but no face. I scream. Awful spiny things break down the door and drag me outside where a gruesome white thing like a monstrous flaccid crab moves up and stabs me with a spine. This hurts not at all, and I relax dreamily, contentedly knowing that it's all over, and I look down into the black lake, and see the black buildings deep within it trembling with desire for me.

— I must leave this house. Did Crewe experience this? Did he too encounter this kind of paralysis? Another dream last night. This time two men with another book. I knew they were going to die, and I knew they deserved death. I watched gleefully while one chanted from the book, and then the windows burst open and something lifted the one who was reading. It started sucking his blood and bones, and then only a floating bloody red mass twitched and wobbled in the air.

— Little white things, like pus with legs. It's all I can think of. Last night's dream was a black metal city with buildings higher than Manhattan. The streets were a few feet wide, and things of writhing colors flew through the black canyons. Lobster things threw me off a tall building, and I fell slowly to a river of black pitch, and it grew eyes and reached up, and sucked out my brain.

Psychiatry is out. Couldn't help now. Something happened to me. Something talks to me while I sleep. Something enjoys my screams. Call Harvey W., get a reference. [Here follows the investigator's name, address, and phone number, concluding the journal.]

endless meaningless patterns. Though barely in her fifties, her hair is pure white. Her sunken eyes are blank.

She gives no reaction to anything said unless an investigator happens to say the words "the worm." Then she twitches slightly, and her eyes take on an expression of hatred and fear. If the investigator persists, Marian hisses her first words in more than twenty years: "I mussta hurt it. Thet blood want Edgar's nor Little Ed's nor Rothy's neither. Wass the worm's! Wass the worm's!" she laughs.

A successful Psychology or Psychoanalysis roll gets her to add the following. "Big as a house, and all white and clammy when I stuck it, and smart, to leave nuthin' behind. Didn't find nuthin' but my boys. My poor dead boys."

She begins weeping uncontrollably. Within a few minutes an orderly comes with a sedative, while the doctor on duty hails the investigators. "What did you do?" he warbles. "An emotional catharsis! This is marvelous!"

Investigators may leave with the glad feeling that Marian has taken the first feeble step toward sanity.



Marion Ramsey

West Of Arkham

There's little to find in Arkham not included in Stuart Cabot-Jenkins' notebook. Stories concerning the house's inhabitants are found in local libraries. Though embroidered and extended, the newspapers and Cabot-Jenkins' summaries are essentially identical.

For each hour spent in the area of the Martensen house, the investigators have an accumulating 5% chance to meet an older fellow who knew the Ramseys.

He says that he's sure that Marian Ramsey didn't kill her family. "I ain't sayin' jest wut happened, cuz I don't know. But thet girl wuz kindly. She loved them boys. She wudna killed 'em fer nuthin'. Thet was an eee-vil place, thet house. Still is. You won't ketch no kids throwin' rocks at them winders, nay. And they don't go inside. Naop. It's haunted."

The Martensen House

Outside The House

The nearest neighbor is a half-mile distant. The clapboard house is of two stories and a tiny peaked attic. A window in the stone foundation betrays a cellar. The paint has long-since peeled, but the doors and windows are intact. A high wood fence surrounds the house, and the yard within is overgrown with tall weeds and thriving brush. Barely visible, a brick pathway leads to the sagging front porch, screened by a tangle of wild roses. Two points of interest exist outside the house.

SIGNS OF OCCUPANCY: the rose vines are newly cut away from the door, Cabot-Jenkins' deed when he arrived.

THE DRY WELL: like the front, the back yard is overgrown with waist-high weeds, but these conceal an old well, covered with rotten boards. Each investigator who enters the back yard must receive a Luck roll, beginning with the character with the lowest POW and then in ascending order.

If successful, the investigator trips on the boards but does not fall through; he or she must then receive a successful Spot Hidden roll to notice the covering over the well and then warn the other investigators.

Failing the Luck roll, the investigator stumbles onto the boards over the well. The STR of the boards is 10; compare it with the investigator's SIZ on the resistance table. If the investigator wins, he or she falls through. Allow a DEX x3 roll to catch the edge if the investigator falls. If the boards hold, they creak and groan, and the investigator knows something is concealed here. If the boards fail, and if the investigator fails to grab the edge, he or she falls 20 feet and takes 2D6 damage.

The well-bottom is dark, dry, and dusty. If its daylight, enough light penetrates to reveal a number of bones, most notably a small human skull, probably a child from the delicacy of the teeth. The sudden shock costs the investigator 0/1D2 SAN. Other bones appear to have belonged to small animals. Minor digging exhumes an adult male femur. Four hours of excavation uncovers an opening into Eihort's labyrinth; see that section.

Martensen House, Ground Floor

1. THE PORCH: the rotten boards barely hold up the investigators. Investigators climbing out onto the roof of the porch automatically collapse the porch roof, doing 1D8 damage to investigators on the roof and 2D8 damage to those underneath.

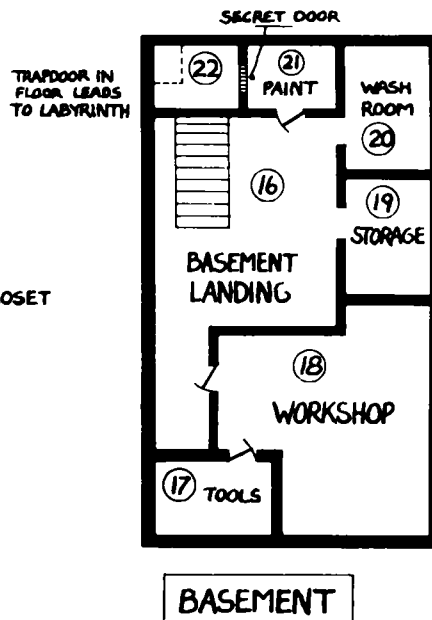
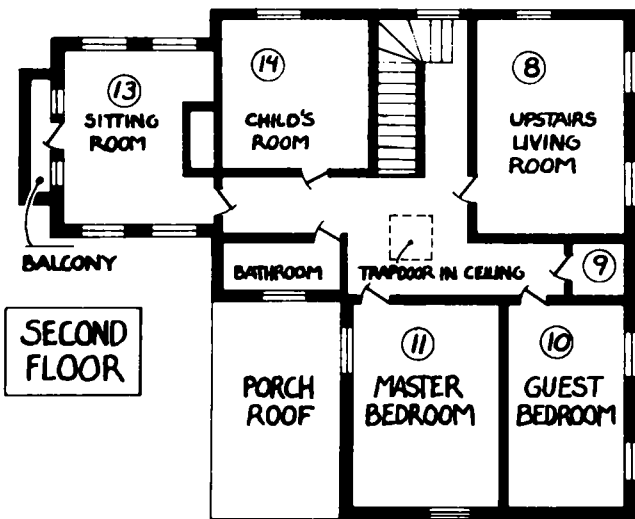
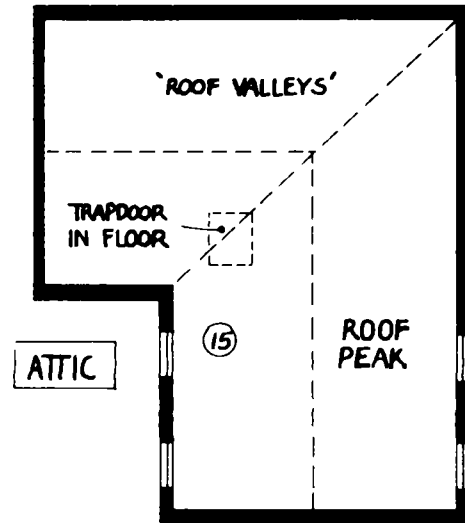
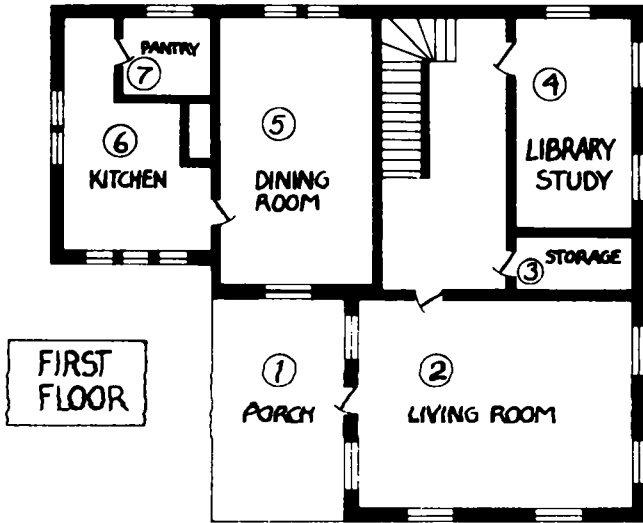
2. THE LIVING ROOM: thick dust covers the floor. Footprints can be seen in the dust on the floor. Investigators might imagine that these prints are Cabot-Jenkins', but a successful Track roll reveals two different shoe sizes. The second set belongs to Eihort's new procurer, Howard Grant, a Camside farmer from the English side of the Gate. All the furniture is gone, though a couple of boxes have been drawn up before the freshly used fireplace.

3. STORAGE: boxes of junk litter the floor. A two-hour search of it finds nothing but old clothes, costume jewelry, broken china, and children's toys.

4. LIBRARY STUDY: the thieves took little interest in books; the extensive shelves are nearly full. Unfortunately there are only history texts, popular novels, children's books, and the complete works (in 27 volumes) of Hiram Crewe. Crewe's books include *My Life Among Godless Cannibals*, *The Complete Mystic*, *My Guide To Palmistry*, *My Ghost-Hunting in Old New Amsterdam*, and other worthless trash.

5. DINING ROOM: a large dining table takes up most of this room's center. A successful Mechanical Repair roll shows that it was not moved because its assembly bolts have been stripped; they must be individually sawed through in order to

THE MARTENSEN HOUSE, NEAR ARKHAM



disassemble the table so that it can be moved through the doorway.

6. KITCHEN: dusty shelves, with an iron cookstove against the east wall. The door to the outside is locked, but has only STR 10, and is easily forced.

7. PANTRY: more dusty shelves, though this time there are also empty boxes and barrels. If the searching investigator receives a successful Luck roll and a successful Spot Hidden roll while searching this room. If both succeed, he or she notices a tiny pale grub-like shape crawling into a corner behind some crates. SAN loss is 0/1D2 if the investigator saw the same things burst forth from Cabot-Jenkins' body. Shoving the crate aside, the grub-thing has disappeared, presumably through a crack in the floor.

Martensen House, 2nd Floor & Attic

8. UPSTAIRS LIVING ROOM: a broken chair, a few musty, unimportant books on a shelf.

9. CLOSET: contains scraps of cloth.

10. GUEST BEDROOM: a rotting dresser (empty) and a cheap four-poster bed-frame. Anyone inspecting the bed flushes out several small bats from the hangings. They flutter around the room and (if it's dark) exit the house via a partly-opened window.

11. MASTER BEDROOM: this room contains only a bed-frame. Anyone who looks out the south window feels a sense of coldness and unease.

12. BATHROOM: holds a large claw-footed tub, a stool, an empty medicine cabinet, and a sink.

13. SITTING ROOM: large high windows open into this room, and a set of French doors lead out onto the tiny balcony.

14. CHILD'S ROOM: a small deal chair remains, fit for a child. In a corner is a crumpled sheet of paper bearing the scrawls of a child. It shows a giant worm-like thing bearing down on four stick-figures.

15. THE ATTIC: reached by a trapdoor in the ceiling of the upstairs hallway, it is barely high enough for a man to stand in. Boxes and chests are stacked with little room for movement. The gable windows at the east and west allow little light to penetrate. As Cabot-Jenkins said, the boxes contain old clothes, children's toys, pictures of the Ramsey family, rusty pots, worn-out shoes, and old catalogs. Nothing pertains to the problem at hand.

Martensen House, Basement

16. BASEMENT LANDING: decaying cartons line the platform; they're empty. An investigator poking around there who receives a successful Spot Hidden roll notices a tiny pale grub-like shape crawling behind some boxes. SAN loss is 0/1D2 if the investigator saw the same things burst forth from Cabot-Jenkins' body. Shoving the box aside, the grub-thing has dis-

appeared, through a crack in the north wall, into the Secret Room.

17. TOOL ROOM: here are hammers, saws, a level, a gimlet, an auger, planes, and other tools hanging on nails and pegs. Containers of nails, screws, bolts, and hinges line the shelves. All the containers show traces of rust and corrosion, but a Idea roll reveals that some of the tools have smooth, gleaming edges, a sign of recent use or preparation. A successful Spot Hidden roll shows that the door to the stairs can be locked from the inside.

18. WORKSHOP: workbenches, a hand-lathe, a variety of clamps. A partly finished table rests on one bench, its once fresh wood now graying with age.

19. STORAGE ROOM: contains a few lengths of lumber, some hardwood blanks for furniture, some replacement window glass, and a stack of screens for the windows of the house.

20. WASH ROOM: an ancient hand-cranked roller, a kettle and stove for hot water, stone tubs, two scrub boards.

21. PAINT ROOM: psychics among the investigators get a bad feeling from this small room. As in Cabot-Jenkins' notes, here the three Ramseys met their end.

Shelves line all of the east wall and about half the north wall, these containing brushes, drop cloths, old rags, and cans of paint. A high wide cabinet takes up the other half of the north wall, this containing paint-spattered clothes and some rags.

There is also a high, wide cabinet obscuring the west wall: it holds dried cans of paint, varnish, and turpentine. Knocked upon, the back of the cabinet sounds hollow. If the Investigators want to move the cabinet, up to three investigators can try to overcome its SIZ 20 with their STR on the resistance table. If a roll fails, no further rolls can be made without getting another person to help. In the latter case they will have to destroy the cabinet to get to the doorway concealed behind.

22. SECRET ROOM: every person who has looked over the house has found this room, so its builder may not have meant it to be all that secret. The space is completely bare with the exception of an enormous trapdoor nearly five feet across.

Pulling up the trapdoor reveals a vertical shaft nearly thirty feet deep, ending in a wider space of indeterminate size. All those looking down the shaft when light first enters it face a SAN loss of 1/1D6: along the walls of the shaft, on the ladder, and on the surface below squirm hundreds of disgusting grub-things, Brood of Eihort.

A long ladder leads down, into the gloom. It takes three combat rounds for each investigator to climb down. The ladder is not strong, and intelligent investigators will let down climbing ropes as well (and perhaps use them instead).

The ladder holds one person without difficulty. If two get on the ladder at the same time, it creaks ominously and has a 50% chance to collapse. If three get on, the chance to splinter mounts to 75%. If four or more get on, the ladder has a 90% chance to collapse. Only make the collapse roll once per over-load situation.

If the ladder splinters (with appropriately agonizing groans and a decisive *snap!*), the lowest investigator takes 1D6 dam-

age, the uppermost investigator takes 3D6 damage, and all others lose 2D6 hit points in damage.

Though harmless enough while investigators keep moving, The Brood attacks an investigator who cannot defend himself, such as one who falls from the ladder and takes enough damage to go unconscious, or one who becomes catatonic. Unless friends come to the rescue, hundreds and then thousands of Brood quickly (1D6+1 combat rounds) gather and gnaw at the fallen victim, a writhing insectoid mound of white greasy fleshlets. The attack commencing, they do 1D3 Bite damage each round thereafter. While it takes them an hour or more to completely denude the skeleton of flesh, they do enough harm to the victim's skin and outer organs to render irreversible injury.

The Labyrinth

At the bottom of the shaft is a small cave some fifteen feet in diameter and ten feet high. Five roughly circular tunnels lead from it, in different directions. All quickly bend left or right, up or down out of sight, and all have substantial walls and ceilings of well-packed red or yellow clays. The air is cold and foul; CON rolls can be called for occasionally.

Remember to check investigators for fears such as bathophobia, claustrophobia, monophobia, scotophobia, or insectiphobia, and prescribe reasonable responses and Sanity losses.

Grub-like Brood wriggle everywhere, falling mindlessly from the ceilings, crawling into investigator hair, running up pants legs, hiding in pockets, and worse. Reserve them as nuisances—there are too many to hope to kill even a fraction. A Zoology roll identifies them as of no known species or order; a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll acknowledges that they are connected with the Mythos, but supplies no other information.

The silent, chilling labyrinth runs for miles in all directions. The investigators must supply their own light. A successful Make Maps roll might be called for occasionally, but the clay walls of the tunnels are easy to mark. Ask the investigators how they plan to explore the tunnels: only if they make no other provision might the keeper then allow a Make Maps roll. The roll can have no consequence, since navigation in the labyrinth is determined by luck. If the investigators lose their light before regaining their starting point, the dry well, or the English countryside, require a SAN loss of 1/1D4 from each.

Ask the investigators to appoint a leader. As they search the labyrinth, occasionally request a D100 roll from the player of the current leader. Compare the result with the paragraphs just below. Keepers may want to make the suggested D100 rolls, and embroider upon them or create new items.

- *Greater than leader's POW x5:* they find nothing.
- *Leader's POW x3 through his/her POW x5:* they find a pile of human bones.
- *Leader's POW x2 to his/her POW x3:* they find a skeleton, its skull split open like Cabot-Jenkins, still crawling with Brood. The man's tweed suit is mostly intact. The pockets hold a single British ten-pound note.
- *Leader's POW x1 to his/her POW x2:* they find the tunnel leading to the dry well at the back of the house. At the end is loose rubble



Mature Brood in a sample bottle

which has poured out of an upward-slanting shaft. It takes three or four hours to clear away the debris and enter the well shaft. With a successful Climb roll an investigator can get out (weakened boards at the top are easily pushed aside).

- *Less than Leader's POW x1:* they come to the Gate (see below).

Excepting the 'pile of bones' and 'nothing' entries, the results are singular, subject to changes the investigators might make: only one British ten-pound note exists in the labyrinth, for instance.

THE GATE: an odd pattern of lines carved into the wall of the tunnel betrays the Gate. With a successful Idea roll, an investigator notices that out of the corner of his or her eye a large passage appears in the middle of the lines, but that the vision disappears when focused upon.

An investigator who knows the Gate spell or who receives a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll recognizes the significance of the lines. Once identified, the Gate requires no special rolls or study; investigators move through it at will. Each transit costs 3 MP and 1 SAN.

Similar patterns of lines carved in the wall on the other side insure that the investigators can return to their side of the Gate. If they have a portable Elder Sign, they can close this Gate with it until they (or something) removes it. If they inscribe an Elder

Sign over the lines forming the Gate, they have permanently closed the Gate, and the spell must be recast.

The Gate opens into more labyrinth, though the tunnels here are much wider, nearly twelve feet across. Investigators with less than 40 current Sanity immediately sense that a great undefined evil lurks here. Everyone notices a decrease in temperature, and a marked increase in the number of Brood that they squish underneath.

As was available in the Massachusetts half of the labyrinth, a table exists of likely events for this, the English half. Use the same leader, unless the investigators choose a new one. Occasionally request a D100 roll for the leader, or present the entries as you wish.

- *Leader's result equals his/her POW x5 or more:* no encounter.
- *Leader's result is between his/her POW x4 and POW x5:* a pile of human bones. The wallet (empty) contains papers identifying the victim as a Herbert Philip Magnus, of 4 Trebuchet Lane, Camside, Gloucestershire, United Kingdom.
- *Leader's result is between his/her POW x3 and POW x4:* the investigators hear the cries of a child in the distance. Which way to go in this labyrinth?
Failing any successful Listen rolls, she cries for a few minutes and then stops abruptly, never to begin again.
Succeeding with a Listen roll, they take the right combination of turns and come a four-year-old, dress torn and muddy, swatting angrily at Brood. She is happy to see anyone, particularly a female. Taken in arm, she murmurs in a soft British accent. "Yer talkin' strange," and falls asleep exhausted. See the nearby box "Elsbeth Grant."
- *Leader's result is between his/her POW x2 and POW x3:* a rubble-blocked passage slants upward; daylight can be seen through a few cracks. Clearing the rubble takes three hours, and opens into the long overgrown ruins of a small house. The former owner was John Martensen. See the nearby section "Martensen's Ruin."
- *Leader's result is between his/her POW x1 and POW x2:* a ladder ascends upward into the house of Howard Grant. See the section below, "Howard Grant."
- *Leader's result is his/her POW x1 or less:* roll 1D20: on a result of 1, Eihort appears. On a result of 2-6, Howard Grant is met. On a result of 7-20, no encounter.

Excepting the 'no encounter' entry, results are singular, subject to changes the investigators might make: only one wallet belonging to Mr. Magnus of 4 Trebuchet Lane exists in the labyrinth, for instance.

Kindly keepers may wish to allow investigators a Hide roll if encountering the god. With a successful roll, the pale and glistening bulk of the god slides by them in the passageway, oblivious of their presence. SAN rolls are still in order, of course. Investigators who try to Sneak away must all receive successful rolls, or Eihort becomes aware of them.

Grant And His House

Howard Grant is another victim of Eihort's terrible Bargain. Grant, a Camside farmer, stumbled upon the ruins of the sorcerer's abode and upon Eihort soon after. He now serves as

slave and procurer, trying to capture lone iftruders and turn them over to Eihort. Faced with a likely group, Grant uses his Contact Eihort spell to learn the god's will. If not encountered in the labyrinth, Howard is found in his house (70%) or tends his crops (30%).

In the labyrinth, he carries a shotgun 60% of the time, his wood axe the remaining time. A man quite insane, it won't be long before Brood burst forth from him.

Grant already has fed most of his family to Eihort: his one untouched relative is young Elspeth, a small child.

His house is a dirty, slumping stone cottage with a thatch roof and tiny quarter-pane windows, of four rooms. Lighting is by candle or a single kerosene lamp; there is no electricity or internal plumbing. Outside, a small outhouse and a covered well stand not sixty feet apart.

STORAGE ROOM: boxes and bags of foodstuffs conceal the ladder to the labyrinth.

KITCHEN: a fireplace, cupboards and more foodstuffs, kindling, a hatchet, a small table, and two chairs. Find Grant's shotgun propped in a kitchen corner 40% of the time; 60% of the time find a wood axe here instead.

DINING ROOM: a small bare room with a table and a single chair.

BEDROOM: having given his wife to Eihort a few years ago, only Howard sleeps here now. Dirty old clothes can be found in a dresser. A rumpled, soiled pallet and filthy blankets complete the furnishings.

ELSPETH GRANT: if encountered, Elspeth is dirty, fragile, and disgustingly cute and sentimentally appealing. Think of Shirley Temple. She's blonde, curly-haired, and wears a blue cotton dress. She's obviously English. Her function is to foreshadow Howard Grant, and to inveigle the investigators into looking for the English end of the labyrinth.

She is tired and irritable. With persistent questioning, she says that Grandfather Howard (she says the phrase primly and precisely) carried her into this place and told her to stay, and that he would be right back. But he never came back. If asked, she says she is afraid of him, because he shouts so loudly and looks at her strangely. She hasn't seen any monsters, just these nasty hugs.

Investigators who find Elspeth and who then meet Howard Grant might use their Psychology or Psychoanalysis skills to hold out Elspeth as bait for Grant. He is fond of the child, and would prefer to substitute an investigator as Eihort's next Bargainer.



Elsbeth Grant

Martensen's Ruin

No more than burnt, rotten timbers and crumbling foundations remain of John Martensen's first home.

The Camside villagers were thorough in their anger, but information remains at the old site. Each half hour the investigators dig there, including digging up from the labyrinth below, call for one Spot Hidden roll.

If the roll fails, a piece of corroded junk or broken china is unearthed. A successful roll unearths a battered brass-bound wooden box a foot square and five inches deep. The elements have been unkind to the wood — it crumbles to the touch and a corner has disappeared. Nonetheless, the box opens easily. Inside the box is a thick mildewed journal. Most of the pages are stuck together, though a successful Chemistry roll can separate them. The journal can be fully reclaimed and read in D100 x3 days.

At the moment, only a few passages are legible: each requires a Read English roll and half an hour to decipher.

PASSAGE ONE: found near the beginning of the journal. This series of paragraphs describes Martensen's interest in a demon he calls *Eihort*. Martensen learns of this creature from scraps left by a centuries-prior occultist whom he resurrects.

PASSAGE TWO: describes spells with which Martensen dealt with Eihort. See the nearby spell descriptions, Balk Brood and Exile Eihort.

PASSAGE THREE: found near the end of the journal. It relates Martensen's growing fear of the Camside villagers' unrest, and his hasty plans for emigration.

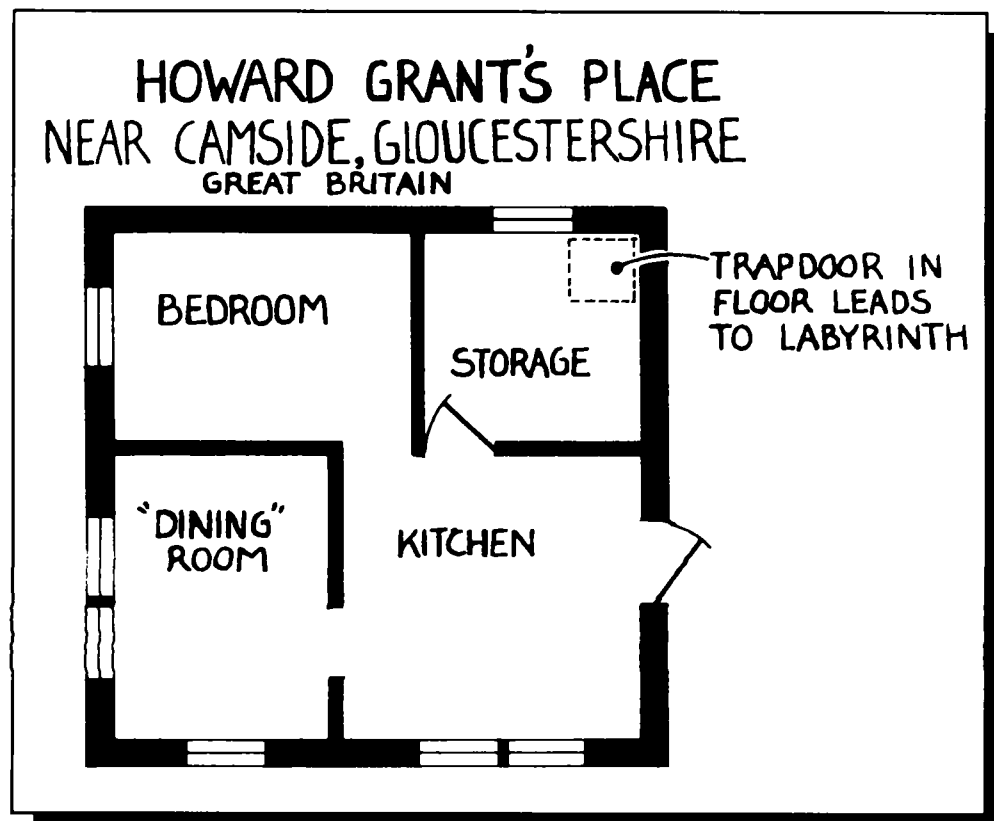
Eihort And Intruders

Several ways exist in which Eihort might confront the investigators.

In the labyrinth, one or more investigators could encounter Eihort scurrying about, a likely situation if the investigators split up to explore the place more quickly.

Howard Grant could contact Eihort and set the entity against interlopers. Grant is more likely met in the English side of the labyrinth, though Eihort would send him to the Arkham side to stymie any attempt to blow up or otherwise close the Gate.

In either case, the investigators are in big trouble. Eihort telepathically demands that each investigator submit to the Bargain. Those who refuse are no better off, for Eihort attacks them ruthlessly.



If the investigators kill Howard Grant or if a large number of Brood die on the Arkham side of the Gate, Eihort crosses to the Arkham side to discover why. The keeper must decide if the investigators then encounter the Great Old One.

Rewards And Penalties

The investigators have been pitted against a Great Old One in possibly direct confrontation.

They may have taken one look at the labyrinth and its squirming carpet of Brood and blown it up, burnt it down, or otherwise reacted rashly. Dynamite at the site of the Gate would disrupt it. Crossing to the English side and destroying the Gate there, or destroying both sides achieves little more. These ham-handed temporary fixes achieve little. Though the investigators net 1D3 SAN each, keepers should feel free to raise the problem again, and soon, merely transferring the action to a new site.

Defacing the Arkham side of the Gate might appear a good solution, but this makes matters worse, for Eihort crosses to the Arkham side and is trapped there. He finds new procurers, and disappearances begin. Their rash deed haunts the investigators, and each loses 1D6 SAN.

Attacks with magical spells and magical weapons have good chances to succeed; if magical attacks bring either Eihort's magic points or hit points to zero, they dispel Eihort from this plane, and he no longer haunts our world. Grant each investigator +1D10 SAN for the feat.

Bargainers still alive when Eihort leaves expel their Brood, as in the Balk Brood spell listed nearby. Bargainers may or may not survive the experience, but grant each investigator 1D3 SAN for each investigator or friend saved this way.

3 New Spells

Balk Brood

Calls forth Eihort's Brood from a particular target. Learning the spell requires a roll of INT x2 or less on D100 and 15-INT days of study. The spell requires 3 rounds to intone and costs 1D3 SAN per participant. The caster and other people who know the spell can expend as many magic points as desired; additional participants who touch the caster as the spell's intoned can add 1 MP per person, though the SAN cost per participant remains constant at 1D4.

Using the resistance table, match the total MP against the number of days elapsed since the injection of the Brood.

If the spell succeeds, the half-formed Brood cascade out of the bodily orifices of the target, incidentally causing great pain and embarrassment, an experience which costs the victim 1D3 SAN.

The Brood already may have caused the victim great damage, which only their presence keeps from being

obvious: removing them may actually kill advanced victims. In removal, the target must absorb 1 HP in damage for each day that he or she has been infested by Brood.

Example: Georgette has 12 hit points and the Brood have infested her for seven days. As they leave, she takes 7 HP in damage, leaving 5. She'll survive nicely and heal normally, while the displaced Brood scuttle off to die in a few minutes to a few hours.

Casters each gain 1D2 SAN for each Bargainer saved, if the victim survives the removal.

Each time the spell is used, the participants risk that Eihort appears and attacks: the chance accumulates at 10 percentiles per cast and the attack is always launched against the caster with the highest number of casts or the highest POW. Thus after 9 casts of Balk Brood, a particular caster has a 90% chance that Eihort appears.

Exile Eihort

Forces Eihort to remain in the center of the English labyrinth for 365+1D10 days. Learning the spell requires a roll

of INT x2 or less on D100 and 25-INT days of study. The spell requires 3 rounds to intone and costs 1/1D4 SAN per participant. The caster and other people who know the spell can expend as many magic points as desired; additional participants who touch the caster can add 1 MP per person, though the SAN cost per participant remains 1/1D4. Using the resistance table, match the total against Eihort's POW 30; they'll need to total at least POW 21 to have a 5% chance.

If successful, they banish Eihort to the center of the labyrinth for a year and D10 days. If the spell fails, Eihort appears before them and freely attacks.

Contact Eihort

This spell resembles other Contact Deity spells from *Call of Cthulhu*, except that Eihort's Bargainers sacrifice 1 MP instead of 1 POW when casting this spell. The god automatically appears in dream form if the Bargainer is distant, and in person if within a few hundred yards. In inserting this spell into the Bargainer's brain, Eihort extracts 1 POW in compensation.

The spell found in Martensen's journal can contain Eihort, but not eliminate him from this world. If the investigators use it successfully and then systematically mount guard over Eihort, grant each 1D10 SAN. Point out, however, that this tactic diminishes the mobility of those who stand guard, and may gradually lessen their Sanity over the years.

Eihort

Great Old One

"Then came pale movement in the well, and something clambered up from the dark, a bloated blanched oval supported on myriad fleshless legs. Eyes formed in the gelatinous oval and stared at him."

— Ramsey Campbell, "Before the Storm."

A sub-surface dweller, Eihort can be found in labyrinthine network of tunnels beneath some houses of evil repute. Like all Great Old Ones, his goals and the limitations of his ability to reach those goals are not understood by humans. However, it pleases him to infest a succession of humans with his spawn or Brood, and that is generally the only time that humans come to experience him.

When Eihort corners a victim, his purpose is not to destroy the cowering human, but to cruelly infest the target with Brood. Interestingly, he questions the captive, asking whether the person accepts Eihort's will or whether he/she wishes to die. If the wish is to die, Eihort smashes the victim. If the victim desires

to live, he or she must accept Eihort's Bargain, detailed in the next paragraph.

First he paralyzes the subject (POT 15 venom, lasting 2D6 hours), then thrusts and guides immature Brood into the paralyzed victim's orifices. There they thrive in the victim's body and burrow through it, riddling and replacing the victim's organs, musculature, and nervous system, growing and multiplying several or many times.

Naturally enough, only fanatics and fools volunteer to be Bargainers. Voluntary or not, should a worshiper undergo the Bargain, he or she still loses 1D20 SAN from this hideous infestation. During the transmission of the Brood, Eihort also requisitions 1 POW from the target, teaching the spell Contact Eihort in return.

Perhaps as a consequence of that magical channel, the new recruit now has strange dream-like experiences every 1D20+30 days. These dreams and visions always concern creatures and places from the Cthulhu Mythos: each dream costs 1D4 SAN and adds 1D3 percentiles to the Bargainer's Cthulhu Mythos knowledge. A dream lasts 1D10 hours, during which time the Brood clumsily control the Bargainer's body. An observer's successful Psychology or Psychoanalysis roll emphasizes the target's clumsy and seemingly distracted movements.

A D100 roll of POW or less while having such a dream brings the knowledge of a Mythos spell (keeper's choice) if the dreamer then receives a successful roll of INT x1 or less on D100.

Ordinarily after D100 months or when the victim's SAN reaches zero, the dream-visions occur every D20+30 minutes, lasting for D20 minutes. DEX is halved during this time as the Brood fight to control the body they inhabit. After 3D10 hours of accelerated visions, the horror climaxes: the Brood burst forth from the Bargainer's body in a tide of pale, disgusting spider-shapes, splitting the victim from stem to stem as they spill out. Their birth kills the Bargainer.

Witnessing this ghastly death costs 1D3/2D6 SAN.

Eihort knows the Cloud Memory spell, and sometimes uses it to make Bargainers forget their infestation. These victims still suffer the dream-visions described above.

The only cure for infestation of Brood is the spell found in Martensen's journal. If the investigator has been subject to the Bargain for more than a few weeks, the spell is of no use, merely hastening now-inevitable death.

NOTES: one who suffers Eihort's poisonous bite but who resists the poison loses 2D6 from DEX temporarily, and temporarily loses 20 percentiles from all skills during that time as well. Effects of the poison vanish in 2D6 hours.

Eihort's crush attack resembles a chthonian's rearing up and slamming down on those in the attack area. A separate *to-hit* roll is required for each victim in that roughly circular target area; characters can dodge to escape the attack.

Eihort's cult seems to have suffered recently, for "nobody made the bargain anymore because after years He'd use them to send His children into the world."

Since the sending of his children precipitates the death of their host, willing Bargainers must be rare. Cultists of Eihort are often loners of questionable sanity.

EIHORT, GOD OF THE LABYRINTH

STR 44 CON 80 SIZ 50 INT 25 POW 30
DEX 12 HP 65

Damage Bonus +5D6

Move 8/1 burrowing

Weapons: Bite 70%, damage 5D3* + paralytic poison POT 15
Crush 85%, damage 5D6 to all in 10-foot radius

* no damage bonus

Armor: none, but all physical attacks do minimum damage: for instance, a .45 bullet does 3 points normal damage, 6 with an impale. In addition this foul entity regenerates 3 HP per combat round. Brought to zero hit points, Eihort's remains ooze into the ground until he has fully regenerated somewhere far within the earth.

Spells: Cloud Memory, all Contact Deity spells, Create Gate, and Summon/Bind Chthonian and Summon/Bind Ghoul.

Sanity Loss: 1D6/1D20 SAN

The Brood

The labyrinth is a-crawl with tens of thousands of small globular white grub- or spider-like creatures, the Brood of Eihort. Brood are easily slain (by stepping on them, burning them, and so forth) but their systematic destruction risks Eihort's wrath.

After their grisly birth, the Brood crawl away to hide and to wait for the time when the Great Old Ones are freed to walk the Earth again. When this time comes, existing Brood will metamorphose into creatures similar to though lesser than Eihort. Eihort's Bargain assures him that his proper servants will exist when the stars are right.

Brood are not intelligent nor are they (perhaps because of their size) particularly aggressive, but they do attack unconscious beings, doing enough damage to skin or hide to kill them, and then gnaw the corpses to the bone. Nominal time is 1D10 minutes to inflict 1 HP of damage.

HOWARD GRANT, BARGAINER

STR 15 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 10 POW 7
DEX 10 APP 10 EDU 7 SAN 0 HP 11

Age 61

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: Wood Axe 35%, 1D8+2+1D4 damage
20-Gauge Shotgun (double-barrel) 45%, 2D6/1D6/1D3 damage

Skills: Bargain 21%, Botany 15%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Dodge 25, First Aid 45%, Hide 15%, Listen 65%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 65%, Zoology 15%.

Spell: Contact Eihort.



Howard Grant

Bad Moon Rising

*Wherein the investigators attend a scientific meeting,
learn new respect for phobias,
and undertake a strange journey to an even stranger end.*

Scenario Considerations

This adventure is intended for 3-5 experienced investigators. Many of the locations and some of the companies mentioned in this adventure are real, but any resemblance to people living or dead is purely coincidental.

This adventure concludes the linked adventures in *The Great Old Ones*. Because of that, and because of the subject matter of "Bad Moon Rising," present this adventure in somber if not elegiac tones where useful: the scenario is important, and participation in it will be memorable.

The scenario has been written to a date in 1927, though no particular reason exists why it cannot be played in 1921. In that case the keeper must fudge the history of free diving a bit more, but remember that the special Siebe, Gorman & Co. suits are military secrets, unlikely to be recorded.

Cumbrian weather in early or mid-Spring is wet, and frequently windy, and the coast a bit colder and foggier for being on the Irish Sea.

In this adventure a team of investigators have a unique chance to help an ally, or King and Country, and to Learn More Than Men Were Meant to Know. If sanity and luck prevail, they may survive the experience. Should the keeper be merciful, they may even return to their own homes.

Except for newspapers and periodicals, of which an abundance exist, library facilities in the area are relatively meager, and do not allow extended study. Liverpool and the surrounding industrial towns have a 35% chance to include what the investigators desire. London, the research capital of the world, beckons a mere six to eight hours away.

Keeper's Information

An unlikely series of events leads the investigators to Lancashire, and into a confrontation with Royal Navy Intelligence. The investigators' unusual skills prompt a strange job offer, leading them into an unusual project: the British Lunar Expedition, mankind's first venture into space, is being mounted from a disused coal mine!

A year ago miners discovered a working Gate built by the Great Race of Yith. Unfortunately it opened onto vacuum; the other side was on the Moon, and when the Gate was opened the pressure change made the tunnel collapse and flood.

The rescue workers included a Royal Navy diving team, equipped with experimental self-contained diving suits. A

diver found the Gate and fell through onto the Moon. Though he died, later better-equipped divers did not.

Now the Navy has quietly taken over the pit, and a crack team are building HMS *Selene*, a permanent base on the Moon. Their main mission is to find a way into the strange glowing pyramids they have found, and bring back as much information as possible. Although the explorers don't know it, there's one snag: the complex is still occupied, and soon the expedition's efforts will prompt the Great Race guardians to close the gate.

Most Mythos accounts of the Great Race say they were devoted scientists with a passion for records. However, they seemed able to abandon all their work whenever they migrated through time or space. These reports are only based on the evidence of a few victims of their mind-swapping time travel system, who resisted the Great Race's amnesia treatment. In fact an occasional failure of the amnesia treatment was expected, and all the Great Race's guests were told the same cover story.

The lunar base of the Great Race houses records accumulated in the distant past: it is an ark carrying them into the far future. More than fifty of their guards sleep in suspended animation beneath the lunar crust. Millions of years in the future, when the Great Race take over an insect race, they'll return the records to Earth, then move their consciousness to new bodies.

Unfortunately the guards don't want witnesses returning to Earth, so they send survivors of the expedition into the distant future. Once there the investigators have a slim chance of escape, a chance more complex than it seems.

The investigators wear primitive space suits for substantial parts of this adventure. Keepers might make sure that serious claustrophobes do not start the adventure.

Several clues refer to HMS *Selene*, the code name for the British base on the Moon. Selene was the Greek goddess of the Moon; if keepers feel that their players could deduce too much from this name, they should change it. In play-testing at least one player knew the origin of the name, but did not guess what the name represented.

Investigator Information

It's rare for the investigators to go out together these days; in the past, such outings have led them into mortal danger. Today's an exception, for there's news of an important scientific breakthrough. Professor Moe, of Stockholm, has announced some success in his research on precognition, and will

demonstrate his techniques at the Diogenes Club this afternoon. It's rumored that a mesmerized subject will describe life sixty years in the future, in the year A.D. 1987!

You know that Moe is a Nobel Prize winner, a foremost authority on the nature and psychic perception of time. Some compare him with Einstein. An expert on folklore, he has also written a biography of Hans Christian Anderson, and has published several papers on the occult. The chance to hear him speak, and possibly meet him, is too good to miss. Fortunately you have contacts at the club, and have managed to get invitations to the meeting.

The Diogenes Club

Professor Moe's demonstration is a legitimate scientific experiment: unfortunately no one, apart from the investigators, takes it seriously. Three names mentioned in the demonstration appear later in a newspaper story, leading the investigators to Lancashire.

It's a dull summer afternoon, and a light rain is falling by the time the investigators reach the club. Formerly a refuge for recluses, the club was bombed in a Zeppelin raid during the Great War. Disturbed by the subsequent rebuilding, most of the elderly members resigned, and the club survived by accepting a broader range of members. The peaceful monastic atmosphere make it a favored haven for philosophers and other scholars. The members occasionally invite guest speakers to address the club.

Members of the upper classes, clergymen, and scholars will be admitted on production of their invitations. Butlers, valets, and other social inferiors won't have received invitations, and won't be admitted. Investigators in this latter category can wait outside or lurk in the surrounding streets. Women with invitations will be admitted (two scholars from a women's college are already present), but receive angry glances from the older members of the club.

The meeting convenes in the Strangers Room, on the first floor of the club. The investigators arrive early, and find seats in the front row.

AS THE HALL FILLS, each of the investigators overhears a few words of a separate nearby conversation:

"Greystoke's as mad as a hatter, and that cousin of his in America is no better . . ."

"This fellow Moe is a charlatan, you know. Believes in that Cthulhu nonsense!"

"As I was telling Wimsey last week, we need a scientific explanation of Evil. Now, *my* theory . . ."

"Dunne has plumped rather forcefully for this fellow, but I must reserve judgment."

". . . She had run away to that cad Crowley on some [the next word is spoken with the utmost contempt] Eye-talian island. Melissa has told me of the most decadent carryings-on."

As the room fills, the investigators cannot follow any conversation; convey the impression of a powerful gathering with many aristocrats and influential scholars.

Professor Moe, a tall thin man, enters much later, just before the proceedings begin. He exudes great intelligence, but also looks unwell. He chats with the Chairman of the club and waits for the last guests to trickle in. A moronic-looking young man appears and sits awkwardly beside Moe. If the keeper wishes, an investigator may have written Moe concerning some occult or Mythos topic, and can take this opportunity to introduce himself.

This elderly mathematician and mystic from Stockholm knows more about Time and the Cthulhu Mythos than he would prefer. He does his best to avoid people who know of the Mythos, but his superb reasoning faculties allow him to transcend fear of them. Moe's and Hans' statistics can be found at the end of this adventure.

Eventually the Chairman rises, introduces Moe, and moves to a seat in the audience. Moe begins his talk in perfect, rather stilted English.

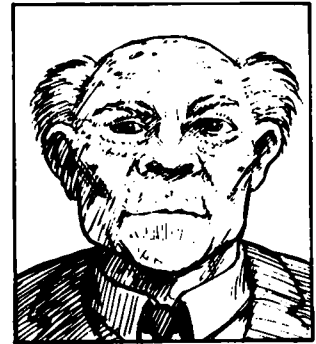
Professor Moe's Experiment

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. I thank you for inviting me to your club. As some of you may know, I have been working on a new theory of temporal perception, and have achieved moderately encouraging results with my late experiments."

He pauses modestly, then continues. "What is time? The traditional view is like a river, flowing inexorably past an immobile observer. We never know what is coming downstream towards us, but can describe what has already passed. However, I have good reason to think this view simplistic."

Moe spends several minutes describing a complicated multi-dimensional universe in which time is largely a matter of perception. The theory is fairly abstruse, but investigators receiving successful Cthulhu Mythos rolls find no conflict with their knowledge. Gradually Moe outlines a claim to have developed a hypnotic procedure which allows the subject to eavesdrop on the thoughts of inhabitants of the future.

"My current technique only works with a feeble-minded subject. Hans here is psychically sensitive, but subnormal in all other respects. I must warn you that I cannot direct the poor boy's attention towards a specific area of knowledge. It is difficult to understand what is happening in the future, and we can only guess dates. Let us hold in mind that in previous



Professor Moe



Hans

experiments the thoughts that he picked up generally related to myself—or to someone else observing the experiment. One warning: it seems that the next few decades are an unhappy era, with many crises and much unhappiness. You may not like what you hear.”

Moe maneuvers the boy to a chair facing the audience, and whispers something in his ear; the investigators can’t make it out. Hans sits rigidly at attention. “I have established the trance state. Now I will try to direct Hans’ attention to the near future.”

Moe says a few words in Swedish. Investigators with knowledge of the language translate it as ‘Come on, Hans, do it for Uncle Moe.’

Hans mumbles expressionlessly, pausing between each sentence. “I am not a crook.” “I am your father, Luke.” “Make a *SAV* roll and *then* we’ll see!”

“Enough,” says Moe, adding a curt Swedish command. “This is a common problem. Hans has picked up thoughts from the future, but the thoughts tell us nothing. It’s interesting that he speaks in English; he knows nothing of your language. We’ll try again.”

He turns to Hans and repeats his command. Hans moans, then speaks in cultured upper-class tones. “We wasted two men’s lives for nothing. Those things are as old as time. A few pounds of explosive won’t scratch them. Jones and Barber are dead, and Hotchkiss won’t be fit for a month. Jones was married. What will you tell his wife—another tragic accident? Much more of this and we’ll hear a question in Parliament.”

Suddenly Hans starts to cry, openly and bitterly. Moe examines him for a moment, then says “I am sorry, ladies and gentlemen, we must cut this demonstration short. Hans has overtaxed himself. This has happened before, when he has received thoughts filled with anger or grief. Rest is the only remedy. Unfortunately we are leaving England tomorrow. I hope to return next year, and may be able to make a better demonstration then.”

The meeting breaks up, with most of the guests heading for the dining room or the bar. A member grumbles that Moe was “wasting our time with a hully nonsense song.”

The Investigators Enlisted

Assuring himself that no immediate danger exists, the Chairman leaves for a few minutes to find servants of the club who can render physical assistance. Ask the investigators, seated as they are nearby, if they wish to offer their service. If they do, Moe appreciates their help. Hans seems to be exhausted, and Moe looks blue and shaky—he has a hereditary circulatory illness, the symptoms of which are obvious to any physician, and has been working under considerable strain for some time. He hopes to complete his research before he dies.

Moe won’t talk about the details of his work (he’s afraid that his techniques could be dangerous in the wrong hands) or the Cthulhu Mythos (he knows enough to want nothing more to do with the subject). If questioned about the experiment, he says that the strength of Hans’ reaction suggests an event in the near future; remote events have no impact. More generally, he suggests that psychic research may prove that free will does not exist, since it is possible to foresee the future. “Surely,” he

admonishes, “your own experiences with the forces of darkness include hints about their inevitable victory.”

As the taxi pulls up, Moe asks if he might further avail himself of the investigators’ charity, and gain their assistance back to the Savoy hotel and to his suite. If the investigators agree, they and Moe exchange cards, and he learns something of their circumstances, including their propensities to roam the world stifling Mythos menaces, and where they presently are staying.

Safely in his suite, he thanks the investigators and remarks, “Since you have an interest in my research, I should be grateful if you kept alert for mention of those names Hans provided. I noted them as Jones, Barber, and Hotchkiss. I do wonder how anything can be ‘as old as time.’ You must contact by wire when you learn.”

Moe’s link to the investigators established, he and Hans play no further roll in the adventure, though he may advance the investigators some cash to make the Lancashire trip. [*Anyone wishing to know more of Professor Moe’s experiments should read “The Gap in the Curtain,” by John Buchan.*]

If the investigators feel that they have forgotten any of Hans’ words, they saw the club secretary take minutes, which any interested party can study.

Five days later, a brief report appears in the *Times*. No special rolls are needed to spot it. [*see below; also included in “Moon” handouts.*]

Divers Killed

Two Royal Navy divers died yesterday afternoon in a training accident near Morecambe Bay, off the Lancashire coast.

Petty Officer Jones (29) and Able Seaman Barber (27) were salvaging equipment from the trawler *Highland Spring*, which was sunk during the Great War. Authorities believe that they accidentally detonated an explosive mine lodged in the wreck. The bodies were taken to Barrow-in-Furness, where an inquest will be held.

Three fatal accidents involving divers have occurred this year. We are led to understand that the Navy may review safety practices and equipment.

Although it mentions no one named Hotchkiss, the report is too odd for coincidence. Is it somehow connected to Moe’s experiment?

Those with contacts in the Admiralty or Government find a mysterious lack of information. No one knows what the divers were doing, and no new orders concern diving safety. Any really influential contact (rank of admiral or better, or a cabinet member) promises to make enquiries, then calls back an hour later to tell the investigators to stay out of the affair, with no explanation.

The investigators must go to Lancashire to do more in this adventure. If they need motive, send a telegram from Moe and include enough money to give them freedom of action [*printed nearby; also included in “Moon” handouts.*].

If events go no further, then approximately three weeks later, newspapers report the loss of a Navy launch: the crew of HMS *Selene* are “Missing, presumed drowned.” Attempts to

Prof. Moe's Telegram

URGENT YOU PROCEED TO LANCASHIRE AT ONCE TO LEARN EVENTS SURROUNDING TUESDAY LONDON TIMES ARTICLE STOP SEE ITEM DIVERS KILLED PAGE THREE COLUMN ONE STOP REMUNERATION ARRIVES BY CABLE STOP PLEASE SEND FULL REPORT TO MY HOME SIGNED MOE

learn more lead nowhere. However, it is the keeper's duty to make sure that the investigators never read that particular article: they should be far away from London by then.

The Navy Mystery

Barrow-in-Furness

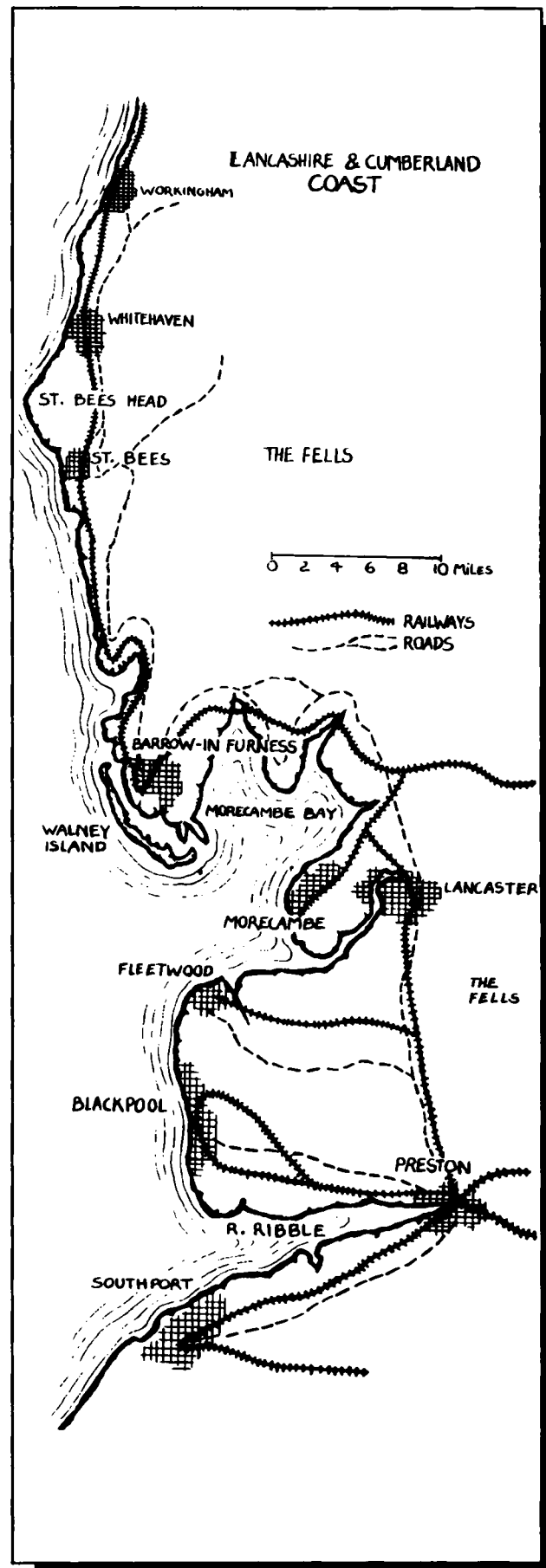
The city is on the Lancashire coast, a few miles west of Lancaster, north of Blackpool. The coast is heavily industrialized, and even in the 1920s has a population of several hundred thousand, spread out over several large towns and many mining and industrial villages. Railways and roads link the population centers. Inland to the east are the Fells and the Bowland Forest, inhospitable terrain rising to 1700 feet in some areas. [Map included in "Moon" handouts.]

Until 1840 Barrow-in-Furness was a small fishing village. The discovery of iron ore and coal led to rapid expansion. In 1927 the town is grimy, smoky, and noisy, a typical northern city of around 50,000 inhabitants. The main industries are shipbuilding (based on the Vickers yard), docks, and steelworks. Barrow has a complicated network of tramways and roads, and several spur lines to factories, docks, and shipyards. Barrow is famous for the picturesque ruins of Furness Abbey, and for its massive Victorian town hall, built at a cost of £80,000. The inquest is in the Coroners Court, part of the town hall building.

The easiest way to Barrow is by express from London to Leeds, then by local train to Barrow. If the team leave before noon the journey takes six to eight hours, arriving in Barrow in the early evening. The road route is difficult, and extremely slow if the driver obeys the official limit of 20 MPH. No scheduled air service exists, although Blackpool has a seaplane anchorage, and a grass airstrip rests on Walney island, part of Barrow. Air travel isn't recommended if the investigators want to remain inconspicuous. Air distance from London to Barrow is 268 miles, far less than by road or rail.

The Station Hotel in Barrow offers comfortable accommodations, catering mainly for commercial travellers and visiting engineers, and possessing enough rooms for any party of investigators. Aristocrats may not be impressed with the food and wines available, but the beds are clean and a good breakfast is provided. At night there are numerous pubs, a picture palace (cinema), a music hall, and a theatre. They can meet numerous Northern characters, none relevant to this adventure.

Cars can be hired from a garage near the hotel; the models available are a Baby Austin (10/ per day hire, deposit £5), two Morris Oxfords (12/6 per day, deposit £7/10), and a Rolls Royce Silver Ghost (Chauffeur driven, five guineas per day



The North Of England

Think of narrow grimy cobbled streets, dark satanic mills, and brass bands playing the slow movement of Dvorak's *New World Symphony* (British readers should think of Hovis bread advertisements) or the theme tune from *Coronation Street*.

Northern folk (the term 'folk' is always used) are honest, hard-working, and decent. They race pigeons, greyhounds, and whippets, keep pet ferrets, and tend to join brass bands. The unofficial religion of Lancashire and Yorkshire is cricket. Cotton and coal are kings. Men have names like Jethro, Obadiah, Joshua, and Ezekiel. Women have names like Ena, Annie, Gracie, Mavis, and Hilda. Northern folk eat black puddings (blood sausage), tripe, and pig's trotters, and drink strong ale.

The local dialect mixes industrial and rural traits. Nouns are emphasized, tones are a little deeper than London variants. If a noun is preceded by 'the' then the two words are often pronounced together: "t'gasworks," "t'boss," with the *t* almost silent or omitted completely. Strange proverbs, such as "Where there's muck there's brass" and "There's none so queer as folks" fill conversations.

Vocabulary

aye — yes

champion — good, wonderful

folk — people

happen — maybe

like a ferret down a rabbit hole — quickly

marrer — pal, friend

nice weather for t'pigeons — it's a nice day

nice weather for t'ducks — it's raining

there's trouble at t'mill — may mean what it says!

when I were a lad/lass — once upon a time

including chauffeur's wages; only available for wedding parties or aristocrats).

Better accommodations and a wider choice of vehicles are available in Blackpool, though the frantic atmosphere of this resort may not suit every investigator.

Research

Local newspapers say little more than *The Times* reported. They do mention that the bodies were brought in on a Navy tug, the *Archimedes*. The current edition of *Jane's Fighting Ships* (in the local library, open 9am to 8pm) confirms that the *Archimedes* is a Navy tug.

With a successful Idea roll, the investigator reading the entry in *Jane's* realizes that diving equipment isn't mentioned in the description of the ship. Indeed, the Navy has several purpose-built diving tenders, presumably more suitable for training divers.

Previous diving accidents occurred in Plymouth, where a trainee diver suffered carbon monoxide poisoning due to a pump malfunction, and off Southport (a few miles to the south of Barrow) where Petty Officer Collins drowned after his air line caught on wreckage.

Several curious coincidences link the Southport case, Moe's experiment, and the latest incident: the *Archimedes* was

the support ship in both cases, a CPO Hotchkiss was the main witness at the previous inquest, and Able Seaman Barber was also called as a witness. Other Navy personnel involved in the Southport case include Lieutenant Peter Williams, a Navy surgeon, and Commander Edward Niles.

The local library lacks a copy of the Navy List, a roster of every officer in the service; if the team have a contact with access to this list, they'll eventually be told that Williams and Niles are assigned to HMS *Selene*, a shore training base. There is no record of HMS *Selene* in any other document available to the team or their contacts, and no hint of its location.

The Navy owns two facilities in the area, sick quarters in Barrow and Workington. Neither has a record of any officers or men mentioned in this adventure. Both keep records of callers, which may be a good way for the Navy to trace the investigators. The only other naval connections are the Admiralty Representatives office at Vickers dockyard (see below), and the Sea Cadet Corps in Preston and Southport.

The inquest begins at 10am. The main witnesses are Lieutenant Peter Williams, Commander Edward Niles, and Doctor Herbert Garden, chief surgeon of the dockyard hospital.

Garden refuses to discuss the case before the inquest, unless he's approached by another doctor; if he is, see the end of the section below.

Williams and Niles aren't in town until the morning of the inquest.

The Inquest

Since the investigators are unlikely to learn much before the inquest, it's essential to arouse their suspicions during the hearing.

Investigators who reach the court before 10am won't be admitted. Two men in mufti arrive by Navy car at 9:50am; they politely refuse to talk to reporters or investigators before the hearing. Reporters refer to them as 'Commander' and 'Lieutenant.'

Investigators who receive successful Spot Hidden rolls notice that both men have visibly bloodshot eyes and ruddy complexions; any M.D. identifies their appearances as symptomatic of pressure changes, as does a successful Diagnose Disease roll. Imply that these may be strange Mythos-related stigmata.

Both men walk with rolling gaits; what appears to be normal seamen's walk is actually due to the effects of gravity after a period on the Moon. Each wears a small brass badge resembling a diving helmet, the Navy badge for a trained diver.

At 9:55am the doors open, and the investigators, the naval officers, and a dozen or so members of the public take seats in the court. A jury of twelve local men file in, and a constable tells everyone to stand for the Coroner.

The Coroner is Obadiah Polkington, a rich lawyer and Justice of the Peace with numerous connections to local industries. He's been discreetly warned that the Navy wants the case closed with a minimum of fuss. Since they are the principal customers of much of the industry in Barrow, Polkington intends to do his best to cooperate. He'll direct the jury towards a verdict of Death By Misadventure, deal harshly with any interruptions, and ask few questions.

The first witness is Dr. Herbert Garden, of the dockyard hospital. He describes how the victims were brought in at 1:30pm, and lists the injuries: ruptured lungs, burst bladders, and other unpleasant details. He ends by saying that all injuries were consistent with an underwater explosion.

Investigators with medical knowledge agree with this conclusion. However, a successful psychology roll suggests that Garden is worried about something. The Coroner blocks attempts to question him in the Court, and the constable arrests anyone who interrupts the trial, and holds them for contempt of court.

The next witness is Lieutenant Peter Williams. He's a skillful Navy surgeon, an authority on the medicine of deep-sea diving, and a former rugby fullback. He's making a study of the medical effects of diving, and happened to be on board *Archimedes* when the accident occurred. He describes a sudden explosion, with no warning of disaster. The Coroner asks a few routine questions, and gets non-committal answers. Williams says he had nothing to do with the diving equipment, and had no part in selecting the wreck for exploration.



Coroner Polkington



Lt. Williams

Finally the Coroner calls Commander Edward Niles. Niles says that he's in charge of training divers on the west coast. When asked to describe the incident, he says that the wreck was selected because it was well-charted, and clear of obstacles. It was a good site for training new divers.

At this point Niles is interrupted by a woman who has been sitting near the investigators. She wears a black veil and shawl, and looks extremely unhappy. She shouts "I'm Gladys Jones, and my Eddie wasn't a new diver—he'd been in the sea more times than you've had bloomin' hot dinners. He didn't need no more training!"

The policeman goes to the woman and tries to calm her down. She eventually subsides in tears.

Niles smoothly shifts gears. "As I was about to say, Petty Officer Jones was an experienced diver, and was helping to train Able Seaman Barber."

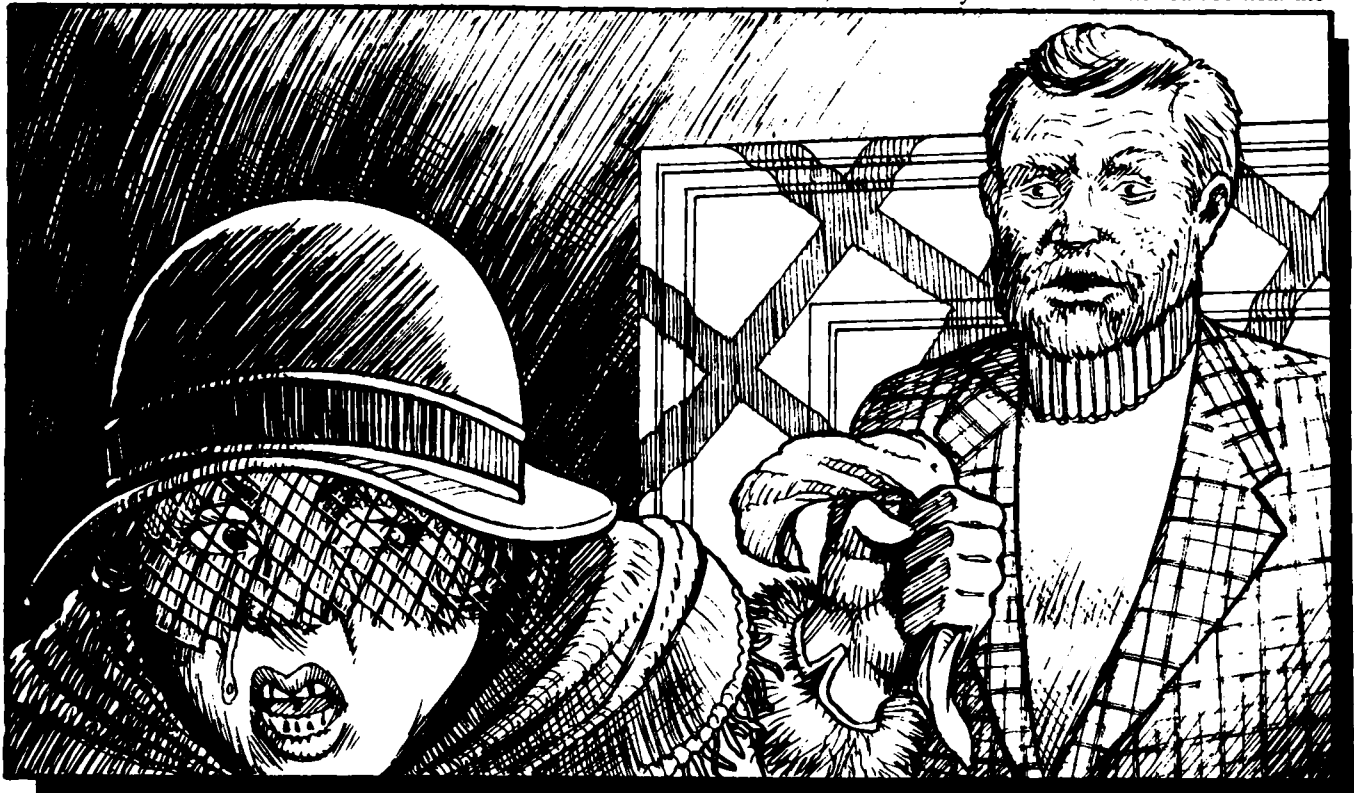
Mrs. Jones shouts, "He was a diver too, and didn't need no training neither!" She starts to sob again. The Coroner orders the constable to escort her from the court.

Niles goes on to describe a routine dive without problems until the explosion. A successful Idea roll indicates that he uses exactly the same phrasings as Williams; a successful Idea roll guesses that they prepared their testimony together, and in advance, contrary to the letter and spirit of an inquest.

Finally Niles opens his briefcase and produces a piece of curved brass, which he says he found on the sea bed near the



Dr. Garden



Mrs. Jones contradicts Commander Niles

wreck, and identifies it as from a British mine, of a type deployed in the area during the Great War. He ends by saying that in view of this discovery the Admiralty has ordered a minesweeper to the area, and will check that no more mines are left.

The Coroner makes a short speech about “an unfortunate tragedy,” and directs the jury to return a verdict of Death by Misadventure. A juror asks about Mrs. Jones’ remarks, and is told to “ignore the poor woman, she’s obviously upset and doesn’t know what she’s talking about.” Eventually the foreman announces that their verdict is Death by Misadventure. The Coroner closes the case.

Niles and Williams leave hurriedly, again refusing comment. If they are followed, they’ll lead the team toward the east. Somewhere along the way a tram blocks the investigators’ car, and they lose sight of the Navy vehicle, which then heads north from town. If the investigators guess right and take the road north toward Broughton, they soon catch up. Without a successful Drive roll by the responsible investigator, the navy chauffeur soon notices the tail, and pulls to the roadside near St. Bees. He ostentatiously writes down the investigators’ license number. From behind a building a second Navy car appears, filled with military police, to tail the investigators and to block them from further pursuit of the officers’ car. Further automobile pursuit may require the automobile chase rules available in the fourth and later editions of *Call of Cthulhu*.

Mrs. Jones stays in the court room, looking lost, as the Coroner calls the next case. She stays overnight at the Station Hotel in Barrow, then returns to London with her husband’s body in the morning. Try to ensure that the team talk to her before she leaves.

A few drinks may be the best way to start her talking; once started, the problem is extracting useful information from a torrent of words about her husband, their house on the Old Kent Road, their dog, her bladder problems, and the illnesses of relatives. She is confused, not stupid; sympathetic investigators learn some matters of interest.

- She hadn’t heard from her husband in the two months before the accident. The last time he was home on leave he wouldn’t discuss his duties, apart from saying they were secret.
- His friend Tony was on leave at the same time; Tony’s surname is Hotchkiss, and he’s another diver. He used to work with another diver called Bill Collins; she has an idea he drowned a few months ago.
- Barber was an experienced diver; he trained with Jones five years ago. They trained on the east coast, and she’s never heard of a diving school on the west coast.
- Although Jones never discussed his duties, she thinks that he once mentioned that his commanding officer was called Niles. Jones was assigned to HMS *Selene*; she doesn’t know what type of ship it was.
- Finally, she intends to complain to her Member of Parliament about careless, bloodthirsty officers who lead men on to their doom.

Dr. Garden also gives evidence in the next case, a routine industrial accident of no relevance to this adventure. Afterwards he’ll catch a taxi back to the hospital. If the investigators

intercept him and successfully use Oratory or Fast Talk skills, he admits he found something odd about the diving accident: the victims had no sea water in their lungs. Although death was due to an underwater explosion, not drowning, both had ripped diving suits. Unless they died instantly, he would have expected them to have inhaled at least a little water. He also mentions that he didn’t know that Niles was in charge of diver training; he saw Niles talking to Vickers engineers a couple of weeks ago, and understood that Niles had something to do with naval architecture.

A hard-headed materialist, Garden laughs at any occult connection to the deaths. He has no knowledge of the Cthulhu Mythos.

Further Inquiries

After the inquest the team may pursue several lines of enquiry, in Barrow and in Southport.

THE HIGHLAND SPRING: During the Great War, she strayed into a minefield, and a mine was caught in the nets and blew off the stern. Fortunately only two crewmen were killed. Investigators may consider renting a boat and taking a look at the wreck. It’s under eighty feet of water, a mile or so out to sea. No aqualung equivalent yet exists; self-contained military diving equipment is still in its infancy, and any extant technology is unavailable to civilians.

Diving equipment can’t be hired in Barrow. Investigators eventually hear of the salvage tug *Gem*, based at Fleetwood. The *Gem* also comes up during salvage attempts concerning the Highland Spring.

Jonas Entwhistle captains the *Gem*. He’s fairly reliable, though this shouldn’t be apparent to the team. Aged 65 and one-legged (he fell into a lobster boiler while celebrating the end of the Boer war, he has an eye (and a wandering hand) for the ladies. His foul old meerschaum pipe reeks. His favorite sayings are “You don’t know these waters, do ye?” and “There’s many a strange thing happens at sea.” See his statistics at the end of this adventure.

His ship and unsavory crew of six are available for £25, plus five pounds sterling an hour (more if the party look rich); he’ll settle for £10 plus three an hour if the investigators bargain well.

The *Gem* is an old paddlewheel steam tug, equipped with a hand-pumped air compressor and an ex-Navy diving suit—a Siebe-Gorman model, the captain says proudly. It includes a large copper helmet with three port-holes. Behind its protective wire grills, the helmet glass is scratched and cloudy. The suit is rubber and cloth; there are several large patched repairs. It’s fitted with heavy weighted boots, a weight belt, and an electric lamp. The air hose can be used as a speaking tube.

Walter Dugdale, one of Entwhistle’s crew, will descend to the wreck for five pounds. Entwhistle won’t let an investigator use the suit without a massive bribe.



Captain Entwhistle

It takes an hour or so to raise steam and reach the buoy over the wreck: fortunately the weather is good and the sea is reasonably calm.

If an investigator uses the suit, describe the cold, the claustrophobic smell of rubber and corrosion, the heaviness of the boots, the blackness of the water (was that a strange shape moving just outside the lamp light?), and the sudden shock of the wreck looming through the Stygian darkness.

Have the investigator make four or five DEX rolls to avoid falling over, snagging a line on the wreckage, and so on, if he doesn't have diving experience. An investigator damaging the suit must receive a SAN roll; if unsuccessful, he loses 1D2 SAN from terror, but can regain 1 SAN when he returns to the surface. The Swim skill does not bear upon the use of a diving suit.

At worst, damaging the suit causes it to gradually fill with water, spreading out icily from the puncture or rip. The helmet won't fill unless the diver is incredibly careless (standing on his head, perhaps). The diver needs several minutes to return to the surface; if the procedure is rushed, (for example, if the wearer goes insane underwater or removes the weight belt and boots) the diver takes 2D6 damage from the bends. An experienced diver such as Walter Dugdale has no problems.

Whoever descends finds no sign of a recent explosion. The *Highland Spring* is tipped on her side, thickly covered with mud and rust. The stem is badly shattered, but all the damage is obviously old. There's not much worth salvaging: Entwhistle's divers stripped the wreck in 1920. He can't imagine why the Admiralty would be interested, even as part of a training exercise. In fact, he hasn't noticed any ships near the wreck in recent weeks. The sea bed is a smooth layer of mud, with no signs of recent disturbance.

THE ARCHIMEDES: she has left Barrow, and no one is sure of her current location. However, someone eventually remembers seeing the vessel in Southport a few days before the accident. Inquiries reveal that the crew, on leave, was called back unexpectedly the morning before the accident was reported. The Harbor-Master at Southport says that the ship sailed for Shetland the morning after the accident. It takes several days to get there, and has no wireless.

FURNESS ABBEY: No evidence exists of supernatural phenomena associated with Furness Abbey, and no connection with this adventure can be made. However, the investigators may visit the place anyway. It's a picturesque ruin.

BARROW HARBOR-MASTER: he's curious if many questions are asked about Navy activity. If the investigators number a foreigner, he reports their interest to the police. He has no relevant information.

VICKERS WORKS: Shifts of several hundred men work in the yard throughout the night, and two policemen always guard the gates. They'll want to see a factory pass before letting anyone in, and examine any bags or boxes bought out. More police patrol the yard.

Without good reason, no one is admitted to the factory. A reporter who claims to be writing a story about the plant and who gets a successful Fast Talk roll gets a guided tour as well, as does anyone who's well-dressed and expressing interest in the company. It's also possible to get into the yard by Pick

Patriotism

British investigators may decide that the Navy is mounting some secret project which is best not compromised. If this happens, the keeper may need to re-involve the team; for example, have an influential contact warn them off the case, saying that "very important people" have been annoyed by their enquiries. Your investigators may regard this as an incentive to further investigation!

Additionally, other investigator contacts, including Prof. Moe, may telegraph useful information at any time. Don't let the investigators slide off the hook.

Pocketing a pass and dressing like a workman. To bribe any workman into giving an investigator a pass, the group must offer £10+1D20—any workman caught lending a pass loses his job and risks imprisonment.

Workmen at the factory can be questioned, if the investigators make careful choices and select men who won't immediately go to the police. Most know nothing about HMS *Selene*: after all, the factory does do other work. A few have been told that the Navy is re-fitting an experimental submarine, a salvaged U-boat, to be christened HMS *Selene*. Occasionally equipment is delivered to the dockyard for her, and picked up by a Navy lorry that calls in once or twice a week.

Inside the works, a successful Spot Hidden roll reveals crates marked **HMS SELENE FOR COLLECTION**. These crates mostly bear the Vickers factory mark, but four read **SIEBE, GORMAN & CO**. Library research (or the experience on board the *Gem*) emphasizes that this company manufactures diving equipment.

If the investigators open the crates, the ones from Siebe-Gorman hold diving suits and helmets. The odd helmets have single portholes, side grills which seem to cover valves, and armoured hoses leading to bulky metal boxes. They have no fittings for longer air lines. A successful Idea roll guesses that the metal boxes contain compressed air supplies.

The suits are built very strongly, with several layers of rubber and leather, and wire reinforcement between the layers. Don't reveal these latter details unless the team get a chance to examine one for 15-20 minutes; at a first glance they are just diving suits.

The Vickers boxes contain gas cylinders, and a complicated device which seems to consist of a number of metal cylinders, valves, and electric compressors; this is a larger version of the air purifier used in the diving suits. It takes several minutes to examine this device. A successful Chemistry roll establishes that it has something to do with air purification, though the chemicals which activate it haven't been added. It's equipment useful in a submarine.

No packing notes or invoices can be found in the crates.

Surreptitious visits to the Vickers offices reveal only that all filing cabinets are locked, that most important papers are kept in safes, and that five watchmen prowl the building after hours. Burglars caught in the offices or grounds are arrested. Judge Obadiah Polkington presides at the committal proceedings; he rules that the seriousness of the offense, and the pos-

sibility of engagement in espionage or sabotage of Navy equipment make it impossible to grant bail.

If the investigators know enough, their statements quickly attract Navy intelligence, and an interview leads to dropping of all charges and the hiring of the investigators (see below). Failing that, they'll have to break out of jail.

The Admiralty representatives at the Vickers Dockyard are responsible for the purchase of materials and supervision of contracts. None have any real information about HMS *Selene*, apart from the U-boat story, and all have been ordered to report outsiders asking questions. There is an Admiralty office in the dockyard; all papers, without exception, are kept in safes when the offices are empty, and none reveal the location of HMS *Selene*.

YARD HOSPITAL: it's strategically located near the Vickers works, and Dr. Garden is an invaluable ally if the investigators can engage his interest. Strange tales of the supernatural won't work; he'll assume that they're cranks or liars. Encourage them to come up with an interesting story which explains their interest without giving too much away. For example, they might claim to be plain-clothes investigators from the Admiralty, sent to find out what really happened to the divers. Garden is half-convinced of something odd about the accident, and won't need much persuasion. If the team includes a well-known detective such persuasion is much easier.

Garden doesn't know much, but can get dockyard passes for the team (though not passes to the Vickers yard), and could warn them if Commander Niles visits the yard or if anyone comes to pick up equipment for HMS *Selene*.

Mystery Under The Sea

Tracking Down The Base

If the investigators don't decide to locate *Selene*, some prodding may be needed; possibly the best way is for the team to come across a wrecked Navy lorry which has scattered diving equipment and odd bits of machinery all over the road. If Commander Niles is on the scene, the connection should be fairly obvious. The sailors driving the lorry will have hat bands reading **HMS SELENE**, a not-so-subtle clue. Eventually another lorry picks up the cargo, and heads off to the secret base.

The team of investigators may keep watch on the dockyard, or they may reach an understanding with Dr. Garden, then follow the next Navy lorry to visit the Vickers factory. It arrives before noon the next day, and leaves the factory just after 1pm, heading north from Barrow. It sticks to narrow side roads, to ensure that it isn't followed. Drivers of pursuit cars must receive three successful Drive Automobile rolls to keep the lorry within view.

With a failed roll the driver spots the pursuit, stops, telephones for help, then heads south again.

As the lorry heads south out of Whitehaven, a colliery wagon (with the initials **G&M** on the rear gate) moves out from a side road, stopping as the driver—a Marine in plain clothes—climbs down and pretends to examine one of the horse's hooves. This is a good moment for keepers to practice their Lancashire accents. "Ah'm just checking this here hoof." Refuse firmly to move on until "ah be sure that she'll not go

lame." Incidentally, the horse is actually a gelding, and use of the word *she* reveals that the driver isn't all he seems, but only if any of the investigators have rural backgrounds or are older than age 35.

The wagon blocks the road completely. By the time it moves on, the Navy lorry is long gone, having taken the next turn through St. Bees, then headed back to the Grimsdale and Martin colliery, three miles south of Whitehaven.

If they are unable to follow the Navy lorry the first time, give the investigators another opportunity a day or two later. However, each bungled attempt makes the next attempt harder, since the Navy knows that someone has an unhealthy interest in their activities. By the third attempt, the investigator car may have sugar in its gas tank, or the air let out of its tires.

(There are several local telephone operators, and it will take two successive Fast Talk or Oratory rolls, or perhaps a dinner date, or perhaps a bribe to find the right operator and learn which number was called. With success, she'll say that the call was to Whitehaven 158, a number listed as a disconnected line. With a successful Idea roll or a Library Use roll, older telephone directories show that the number belonged to the old Grimsdale & Martin colliery south of Whitehaven. If the investigators call the number, a non-committal voice says "Whitehaven 158" and waits. The correct response is to give name and rank; the investigators probably don't respond properly. When they don't, the Navy operator hangs up.)

By now the investigators suspect that there is a concealed Navy installation somewhere near Whitehaven. If they have successfully followed the lorry, they'll know that it entered the Grimsdale & Martin Colliery. A sign says that the colliery is closed, but it has shiny new barbed-wire fences, and there are several lorries inside the perimeter. Two gate-keepers look like sentries. More men patrol the wire with guard dogs and shot-guns. If they were obstructed by the colliery wagon, the investigators notice it parked inside the fence.

If the team can't find the colliery, they may find more information in the surrounding area, or may decide to visit the surrounding towns and villages after finding the mine.

St. Bees

The 300-foot-high cliffs of St. Bees Head shelter this tiny seaside resort from harsh north winds, and a smooth beach makes the place eminently suitable for sea bathing. There's a pub, a few boarding houses, a 'tea shoppe', a church, a railway station, a police station (with one constable), and a few outlying farms. Most of the local men farm or work in Whitehaven.

The churchyard holds one clue, a new memorial commemorating eight villagers killed 'in the flooding of the Grimsdale & Martin colliery' in 1926 (in 1919 if you're playing the campaign). All the villagers can tell the investigators how the mine was flooded; naturally they don't know the Mythos-related details. No one knows why the pit remains closed; however, it stretched out two miles under the sea, and it would probably be very difficult to re-open if there was a major roof fall. The villagers mention that Navy divers recovered the bodies of some of the miners. Framed newspaper cuttings on the pub wall describe the disaster; photos include a good picture of Commander Niles, captioned 'One of the brave Navy divers who recovered bodies from the pit.'

The telephone book in the pub is fairly old, and lists Whitehaven 158 as the Grimsdale & Martin colliery offices.

It's possible to hire a small sailing boat in St. Bees, though the investigators will smell of fish for hours after they use it.

The village constable has been told to report people asking questions about the Navy or the mine, or behaving oddly. He telephones the police station in Whitehaven, who in turn pass on the message to the Navy. Similar arrangements have been made throughout the area.

Whitehaven

This mining town is known for its sea pits, which follow coal seams up to three miles out under the sea. Grimsdale & Martin own two more pits, which are still working. If the team try to find out why the flooded pit wasn't re-opened, they'll be told that it was losing money anyway; if it hadn't flooded, it would have probably closed by now.

Senior management know that the Navy has bought the pit; they believe that the dry parts of the mine are to be used to store *Government archives*. After all, many important records were evacuated from London during the Zeppelin raids, and the Government wants to be prepared if it happens again. Naturally this is supposed to be secret, but upper-class investigators can pick up the information if they participate in the town's limited social life, or if they pretend to have an official reason to be told about the current state of the pit.

Several churches have memorials to last year's disaster; all are similar to the one in St. Bees. All the information available in St. Bees is also available in Whitehaven.

Whitehaven has a hotel, station, docks, library, and other modern facilities, and is a reasonably good base for investigations in this area.

Library research in Whitehaven eventually reveals the Navy's ownership of the pit, though this takes at least a day's work. It's the only property owned by the Navy in the town. The warehouse described below is rented accommodation, and there is no way to trace it, since a Navy representative leased it using an assumed name.

The Grimsdale & Martin Colliery

The G&M pit near St. Bees Head opened just before the Great War, but production never covered its costs. Only the wartime coal shortage kept it open. By the end of the war, the pit extended well out to sea and was too large an investment to abandon. The installation is mostly intact; the Navy has taken over the existing facilities and built a few huts to house personnel. This is a top secret base; prowlers will be treated as spies.

The site can be reached by road or across country. It's accessible by sea, if the team time their approach to land on a narrow beach at low tide, then scale sixty-foot cliffs. At high tide waves will smash the boats against the cliffs, making climbing difficult or impossible.

There are a few caves around; all are flooded at high tide, and none are relevant to this scenario, though a lot of time can be wasted searching them.

Eight Royal Marine guards stand on duty at any given time, with twenty more off-duty around the site. They wear civilian clothing and carry shotguns, and pairs of patrolling guards are accompanied by Alsatian dogs (Bite 40% damage

1D6). One guard is posted on the cliff top; the day watch uses binoculars to study approaching boats. Investigators on boats near the cliffs notice occasional reflections from the lenses.

The main features of the mine are a coal processing plant (now dark and disused), a huge spoil heap, a coal heap, the railway goods yard, and the pithead winch and tower. A new barbed wire fence surrounds the site; the railway entrance has been closed with wire, and the road is now the only entrance.

The wire is linked to an alarm system, which rings a bell if it is cut. The system doesn't show where the break is, so the guards and dogs move out to search the perimeter, then work inward towards the mine. Investigators who receive successful Spot Hidden rolls notice that insulated staples fit the barbed wire to the fence posts.

Rusting coal wagons, rotting canvas conveyer belts, and massive steam hammers and crushers fill the coal processing plant. There are two doors at ground level, both firmly chained, and high openings for the conveyor belts that linked the building to the spoil heap and railway goods yard. It's possible to enter the site by climbing the conveyor belt supports on the spoil heap, walking along the belt to the next set of supports inside the fence, and climbing down again. The belt and supports creak and sway alarmingly as this is done (Sneak rolls won't make any difference), and anyone with Agorophobia or Acrophobia should need Sanity rolls to avoid anxiety attacks.

The spoil heap is distinctly unstable; a year of neglect has left the surface slippery and inclined to subside. To climb it (to reach the conveyor belt, or to spy on the site) requires two Climb rolls: if any exceed 96% a small land slip starts; the climber and anyone below need successful Jump rolls to leap clear, or they take 2D6 damage. Slides are also noisy. Two guards with Alsations arrive 1D3 minutes later.

If climbed, the coal heap can also slide.

The guards check all vehicles entering the site, but the only entering vehicle is the colliery wagon, if it has been used to obstruct the investigators. Once the team finds the mine, no other vehicles enter or leave the site until the next day. After that, at the keeper's discretion, a lorry may go to Barrow to pick up more equipment.

The guards won't let strangers into the site, or summon their superiors, regardless of Fast Talk and other rolls. They tell intruders to "F—ing clear off, the mine's closed!" With a successful Know roll foreign investigators realize that the guards have Cockney accents, not likely for Lancashire.

Naturally the guards report anyone taking interest in the site, and note car licence numbers and other details.

ENTERING THE COLLIERY: little activity can be seen from outside. Occasionally men move between buildings. The pump house steam engine runs day and night, draining water from the mine. Every four hours the pit lift (elevator) is lowered and raised; alert investigators probably guess that this is a shift change.

The pattern continues each night: at night the site workers and guards carry lanterns or torches, and all windows are shuttered.

Let the team make plans. If they have avoided attracting attention while finding the pit, they can start to break in (probably to be caught by the guards). Once rounded up, they will

be handcuffed, loaded into a lorry, and taken to Whitehaven for questioning.

If they avoid the guards and make it to the pit, they may even get through to the Gate, though that does mean finding the right tunnel, getting past several miners, swimming underwater, and avoiding gas pockets. (The special suits used by the Navy are stored under lock and key, and won't be discovered in any hasty search.) The trip to the Moon costs 5 MP and 1 SAN. Unfortunately such heroic efforts only takes the investigators to the Moon without any protection, a situation that gives them precisely $CON \times 1/3$ rounds (round down fractions) to leap back through the Gate before their lungs explode. That costs another 0/1D4 SAN to realize. Those who make it back lose another 5 MP and 1 SAN for the return trip.

It's more likely that our heroes make themselves conspicuous earlier in the adventure, and that Naval Intelligence keeps

them under observation. When they make a move, the Navy rounds them up.

- If the investigators approach the site by sea, they hear the roar of diesel engines; if it's night the beam of a powerful searchlight transfixes their boat. Two Navy gunboats sweep in around the coast, cover the boat with their weapons (do the investigators want to take on 3" guns and torpedoes?), and take it in tow to Whitehaven. At Whitehaven, Marine guards order them out of their boat and into a sealed lorry, and drive them into town for questioning.
- If they approach by road, two lorries catch them in a carefully prepared road block, and then uniformed Marines take them at gunpoint to Whitehaven.
- If they approach across country, teams of Marines and guard dogs track them down, coordinating movement by whistles, flares, and code signals. The investigators are taken to Whitehaven. Police in the area are informed of a small Navy exercise in progress.

The Marines confiscate weapons, burglary tools, mysterious chemicals, amulets, books, and other investigational paraphernalia.

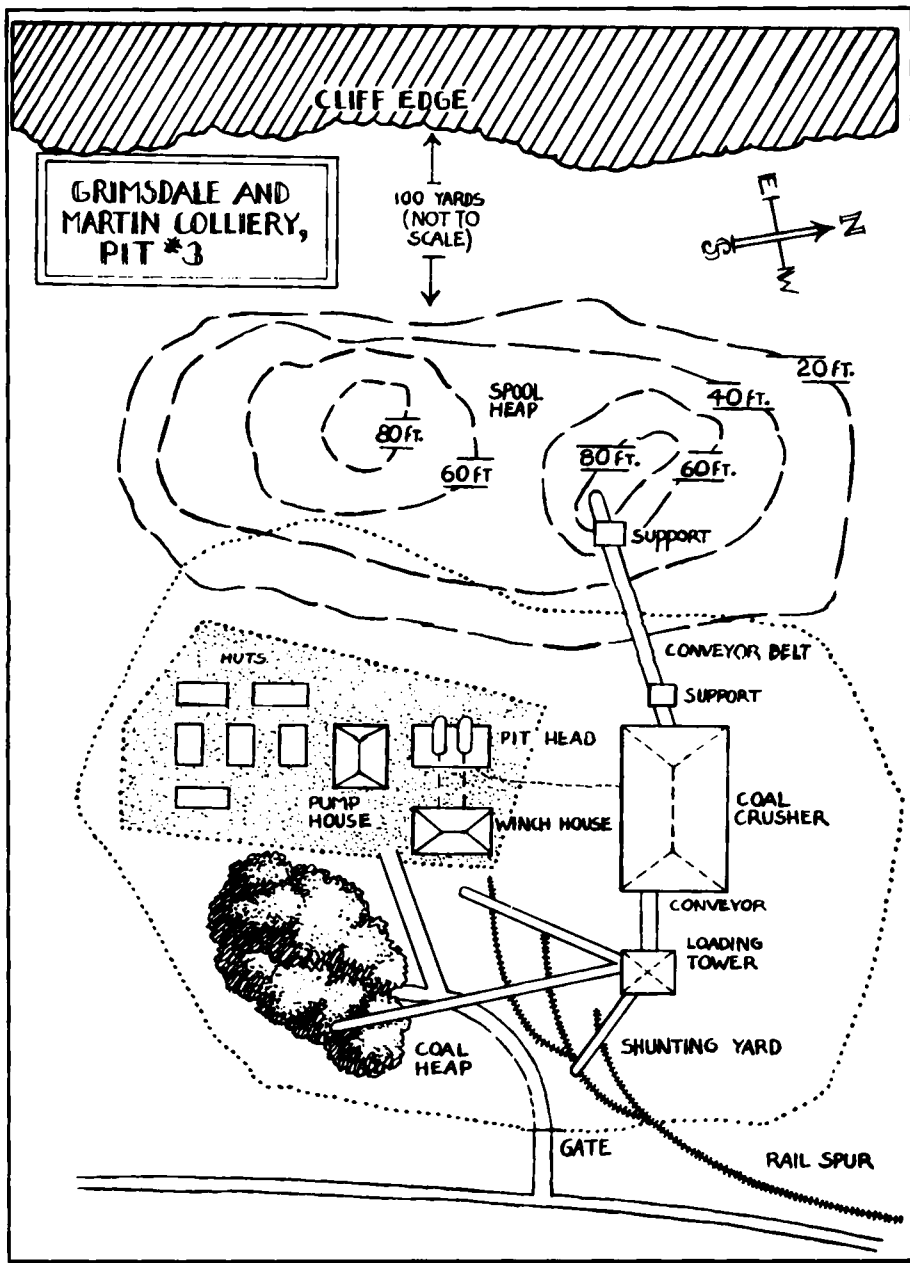
Don't be afraid to hurt investigators who refuse to cooperate; the Marines expect dangerous spies, and are alert for tricks. At the first sign of resistance they handcuff the investigators. Any male investigator who tries to fight is hit or clubbed if he persists. Female investigators can expect better treatment, but are handcuffed, and will be slapped for a point or two of damage if they try to fight.

Doing Things Legally

Those who inquire of the Admiralty or other Navy establishments, and who can prove that they know a few awkward facts (for example, that the Navy has occupied the pit), are stalled for a day or two while their identities are checked, then told to go to the docks at Whitehaven where a lorry takes them into the town for a meeting, as below. They'll be searched in the lorry, and weapons confiscated. If they refuse to hand over their weapons they won't be taken to the meeting.

Meeting In Whitehaven

However it happens, whether the investigators have been caught breaking into the mine, rounded up by the Navy, or have simply arranged a



meeting as suggested above, they'll be taken to an innocuous warehouse in Whitehaven. A steam lift takes them up a floor.

As they emerge, the investigators see enough to convince them that they really are in the hands of the Navy: an open door gives a glimpse of a chart room and a huge illuminated map of the area, with two bored-looking sailors tracking the movements of ships. Uniformed Marines guard the staircases and corridors. All carry rifles. Telephones ring in different parts of the building. The click of Morse code comes from a side passage.

If the investigators have been captured, their wallets and other papers are taken, and they are left in guarded rooms. The Marines won't talk, and stop the investigators from talking or leaving the rooms, subduing them with gun butts if necessary. There's a lavatory adjacent to the detention rooms; only one prisoner at a time can use it, and he or she won't be left unguarded. After a few hours the Navy has positive identification of all the investigators.

If the investigators arranged for a meeting, they'll be kept waiting for a few minutes. They can talk, though they won't be allowed out of the room without an escort.

Eventually the investigators arrive at a meeting room on the top floor of the warehouse. Waiting there are Commander Niles, Lieutenant Williams, and a middle-aged man who is addressed as "K." Players may know that this code letter designates the head of British Naval Intelligence; investigators should not know this unless they are extraordinarily well-connected.

If the investigators have been arrested, several Marines stay in the room as guards. Niles says "Now then, I think it's time you told us why you've been prowling around our project."

If the team refuse to cooperate or answer questions, they'll be held without trial for approximately three weeks, then abruptly loaded onto a lorry and dumped in the Fells. On returning to Whitehaven, they find the warehouse deserted, with no sign of occupants, and that the mine is flooded and deserted. The only clue is a newspaper report of a launch sinking, with several passengers missing and believed drowned, Niles and Williams among them. The team never learn more about these events. Let us hope, however, that the keeper can persuade them to cooperate.

Niles wants to know why they want access to a site covered by the Official Secrets Act (as amended in 1911 and 1920), and why they are carrying guns and other investigatory equipment.

Lies should be picked apart by Niles and Williams; they know that none of the team are related to any of the divers who were killed, know that they attended the inquest, have copies of any investigatorial criminal records, and so on.

Hints of the supernatural won't be dismissed; in fact, if the team mention the Mythos they'll be questioned at great length. Any facts the team mention can probably be verified; for example, a telephone call or two finds someone who has access to the minutes of the Diogenes Club. Niles has a good memory, and remembers that Williams complained to him after Jones and Barber were killed.

K. smokes a cigar and listens to everything that is said. Occasionally he asks a question; his remarks always probe the most awkward parts of the investigators' stories.

Make rolls for the investigators, nominally against their specific skills of Archaeology, Astronomy, Chemistry, Credit Rating, Cthulhu Mythos, Geology, Library Use, Occult, Photography, and Physics. Record the results but don't announce them. The idea is that they convince the authorities that they would be valuable additions to the exploratory team. On the other hand, if the rolls mostly fail, the keeper probably does not want to end the adventure just yet. In any case, these rolls cannot increase skills.



The mysterious K.

Eventually K. decides that the investigators aren't foreign spies (if any of them are, he reaches a different conclusion, and takes back a guest or two to London!), and says "Hrmp. Lock them up, or put them to work. I've wasted enough time here." He sweeps out, escorted by two of the Marines. Anyone he arrests is taken away, jailed or deported, and plays no further part in this adventure.

When K. has gone, Niles says, "From what you've said, you're adventurers with some useful interests and skills. I've been authorized to tell you that the Navy has made an important find in these fields. Before I can give you more information, I must ask you to sign the Official Secrets Act."

He insists on everyone signing, including foreign nationals, butlers, and so on. It's a long form, with lots of small print, impressive enough to make anyone cringe. Once the forms are signed, Williams gathers them up and locks the forms in a safe. From now on the investigators are liable to imprisonment for disclosing anything Niles reveals.

Any investigator refusing to sign is escorted to a detention room, held in fair discomfort until it becomes apparent that the Navy has lost contact with the Moon, then released.

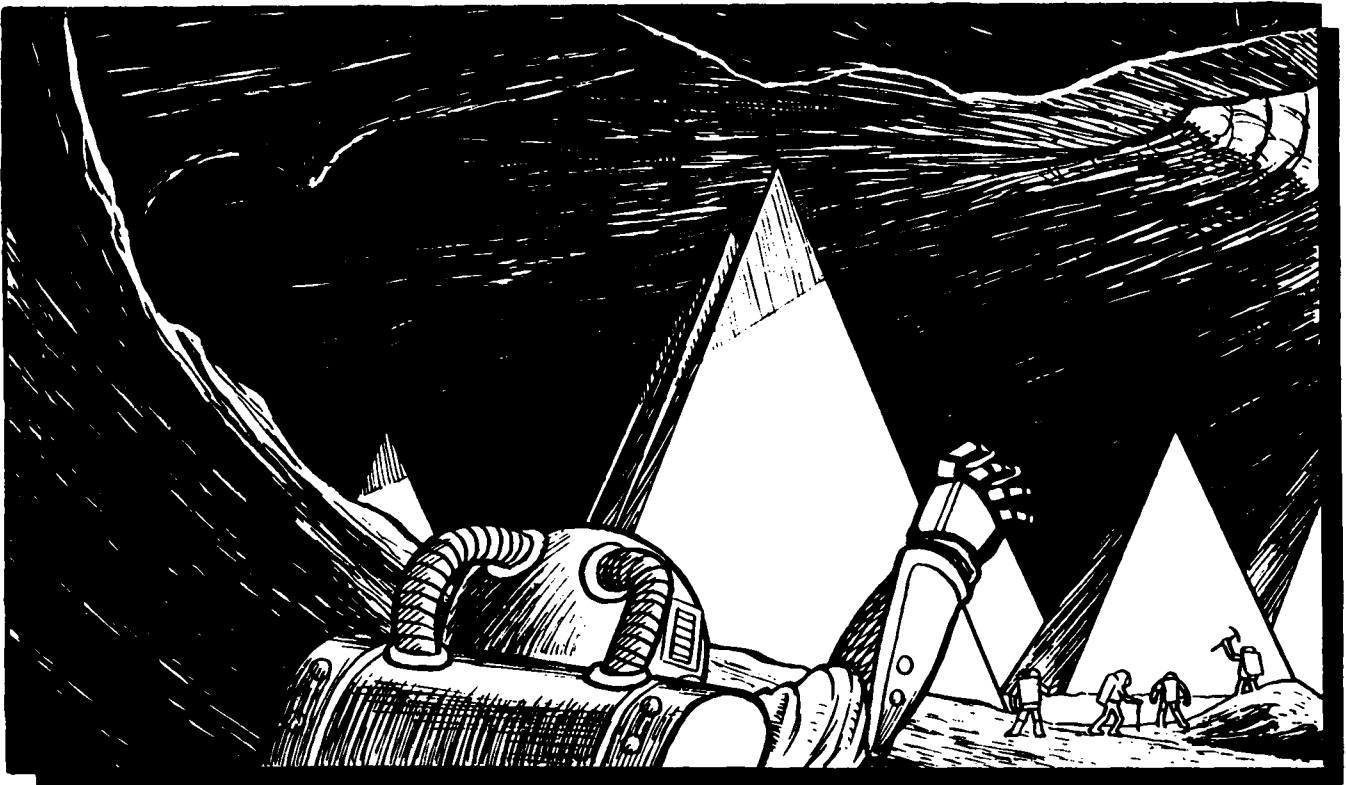
Williams returns with a projector and a box of glass slides, and erects a screen as Niles starts a short lecture.

The Secret

"Last year we were asked to rescue miners and bodies from a mine disaster near St. Bees. During the operation we found a strange device embedded in the coal seam at the end of the collapsed tunnel. Evidently it had been excavated just moments before the flood. Slide one, please."

The first lantern slide shows a dim monochrome picture of a tunnel, half full of water, ending in something that looks like a distorting mirror. The top of a circular rim is visible, inscribed with strange symbols; the full circle would be much larger than the tunnel. Investigators with Cthulhu Mythos of 10+% think that the symbols are vaguely familiar, but won't be able to identify them unless they know Create Gate.

"While we were recovering the last bodies, a diver fell through that thing, into a huge cave. At this stage I'm not authorized to give you any many details about the cave; suffice it to say that it contains some extremely large and very ancient structures. Slide two, please."



Niles won't elaborate on his statement, and neither explains where the cave is or why the mine collapsed until the investigators step through the Gate. He states crisply that the investigators have no need for the information at this stage. If they have already guessed some of the truth, he won't confirm it.

The second slide shows a cave full of oddly tall pyramids, stretching off into the distance. They seem to glow without any apparent source of light; the picture has been taken from a high vantage point. *[Wait until later to show the players the illustration here, or you may prematurely reveal that the cave in question is not on this planet.]*

"Once we repaired the roof fall, we were able to pump out most of the water from the tunnel and start excavating. The entrance is inconceivably old; our geologist says that the coal seam formed around it, and that traces of much earlier rocks are lodged in those carvings. The entrance has some odd properties; nothing we can do will damage it. That also seems to apply to these pyramids.

"The tunnel route is fairly dangerous. Part of it is still flooded and there are pockets of dangerous gas. We've set up a camp in the cave, and stay in there as much as possible. Slide three, please, then four and five."

The third slide is the first in color. It shows an odd-looking rod, triangular in cross section. The yard stick beside it scales the rod at a length of about two feet, with sides of approximately four inches on each face. It's made of glass or some form of transparent crystal, and seems to glow slightly. One end is jagged, and looks broken.

Another slide follows, a picture of an odd-looking blue ceramic pot. There's something very disturbing about its proportions. It has been put together from broken pieces, and there are several gaps. It's approximately four feet tall.

The fifth picture shows an oval metal ring, about six inches wide and nine long. The metal is flat, twisted as a Moebius strip. It's covered in blue enamel, but part of the enamel seems to have chipped off, revealing dull metal underneath.

"We used some experimental film made by the Kodak company for these pictures. They show several items we've found since we started to explore the cave. As yet we have no clue to their function. Everything seems to be damaged, and we suspect that we're looking at junk, stuff abandoned by the builders. The materials have been made with fantastic purity: that ring is pure tungsten, to the limits of analysis, and the crystal is a single white sapphire. *God knows what will happen if the gem market ever hears about it!*

"So far we've been unable to enter the pyramids themselves; our best explosives don't scratch the surface, and we've found no entrances. As you know, we've had two men killed trying to get them open. This next item will show you more of the importance of our discoveries."

Niles opens a locked drawer, and pulls out a strange metal ball, a little over four inches in diameter. He uses both hands to throw it upwards: it rises slowly to the ceiling, and descends equally slowly to his hands. Niles lets investigators handle it: it is oddly reluctant to start moving or to stop.

"This thing weighs a little over four ounces, but behaves as though it were much heavier. Our scientists say that it has the inertia of an object weighing about twelve pounds. We can't open it, to find out what makes it tick; our engineers wore out a dozen diamond saw blades trying. Our best guess is that it does something to the law of gravity. It was discarded; perhaps it isn't working properly.

"We are faced with an enormously important discovery, of incalculable consequence. Science perhaps shall become fertile ground for the Pax Britannica. No doubt we shall share the knowledge with our cousins across the sea." But the last sen-



The east end of the crater complex

tence is an afterthought; a successful Psychology roll suggests that Niles' fervent patriotism stirs with visions of 100-knot battleships, all bannered with the Union Jack.

"I am authorized to offer you places on our exploration team. At present our work must remain secret, but eventually we hope to publish our findings. You can be assured of a place in history should we succeed. If you do not join our project, you cannot be allowed further contact with this discovery.

"I must remind you that you have all signed the Official Secrets Act, and will be kept under surveillance if you choose not to cooperate."

If any women investigators decide to join the expedition, Niles says, "I should mention that this has been an all-male show up to now. We don't really have facilities for ladies. However, I'm sure that the chaps will make you very welcome, and we can rig up a few screens and things. May make us smarten the place up a bit, in fact."

Investigators who stay behind play no further part. They are escorted to the best hotel in Whitehaven, and given good rooms. For the next few weeks plainclothes police escort them, intercepting contact with the press, stopping attempts to leave the area, and so on. The surveillance ends abruptly when contact is lost with the Moon. A clerk suddenly presents the investigators with a whopping hotel bill. The manager (an ex-Navy officer, who still has good contacts in the service) disavows any knowledge of police presence. As described above, the warehouse and mine lay deserted, with no evidence to support claims about a secret project.

Back To The Mine

Volunteers who decide to accompany Niles are escorted to a lorry and taken back to the mine, with Niles, Williams, and five

Marines. If they were originally prisoners, they have no chance to get away from the guards.

At the mine the team are taken to a hut, and issued long woollen underwear, heavy rubber diving suits (actually space suits), and boots. Williams suggests they use the lavatories before they dress. Niles and Williams help them put the suits on, and then dress themselves. They always refer to the suits as diving suits, never as space suits. [See picture below; also included in "Moon" handouts.]

Most personal possessions are returned, with the exception of weapons, though Niles advises the team to leave anything made of paper or fabric behind, since it will be damaged. Small items (SIZ 1) can be carried inside the suits. There are also external pockets, large enough for a few small items. The average Mythos book is much too large. If the team want to take larger items of equipment, Niles tells them to load them into a large steel ammunition box that already contains some books, phonograph records, and surveying and photographic equipment.

Explain to the players that since the military personnel are overseeing all the details and taking care of any emergencies, their investigators experience diving but gain no skill in it.

When ready, two Marines carry in a huge wooden case bearing the *Siebe, Gorman & Co.* name. Niles pulls out a metal diving helmet and a bulky backpack, and a Marine helps him put them on. The helmet seals onto the suit by a complicated clamping ring, coated with a layer of heavy grease. He opens the faceplate and says "This suit uses the latest self-contained air supply system. It consists of an activated charcoal filter with oxygen supply. The charcoal absorbs carbon dioxide, so that the air stays pure, though I must admit it does smell a bit after a while. You can wear one of these suits for six hours before you need fresh air. Oxygen regulation is automatic.

though you can turn up the flow if you have trouble breathing. A gauge on the back of the pack shows how much oxygen is left.”

A Marine paints the wearer’s name on the breast of each suit. Niles’ suit and helmet are already stencilled with his name and rank. Meanwhile, Niles pulls a coil of wire from the box, and shows the team how it plugs into a socket on the side of the helmet.

“This is the telephone system. To talk, you press this switch on the side of the helmet. The earphones are switched on all the time. Without it you won’t hear much when your faceplate is closed. Until you’ve had some experience, I’d advise you to keep the line clear for my instructions. Keep the faceplates open for the moment, to conserve air; we’ll need it in the pit.”

As their helmets are put on, faceplates open, anyone with Claustrophobia must receive a SAN roll. If unsuccessful they feel uneasy, but do not lose any SAN. The Marines spend a few moments checking the seals, then tell Niles that everyone is ready.

The suits are surprisingly heavy and uncomfortable, even for someone who has already worn a diving suit. The back-packs compel the investigators to hunch forward or topple backward, and the heavy boots make walking difficult. Using the resistance table, individually roll the suit SIZ of 6 against the STR plus SIZ of the wearers; on a failed roll the investigator needs help from the Marines.

When ready, the Marines help the suited party out to an old mine wagon, and push it to the pit. The lift slowly drops down the shaft, illuminated only by a glimmer of light from a pit mouth that dims and shrinks as the cage descends. Niles and Williams have electric lanterns; their glow is just bright enough to show the damp walls of the shaft rising slowly past. The lift passes two dark side tunnels before stopping at the bottom of the shaft.

During the descent all Claustrophobes, and investigators suffering from Scotophobia (fear of darkness), Bathophobia (fear of depth), or other relevant phobias must receive SAN rolls. If unsuccessful they feel definite symptoms of panic (*pounding heartbeat, clammy sweat, and so on*) but do not actually break down. They whimper a little, or start to feel distinctly unwell; Niles has anticipated such problems and speaks frequently, in calm fatherly tones.

Eventually the cage jerks to a halt at the bottom of the shaft. Two miners in filthy overalls with mining helmets are waiting, and hitch the wagon to a pair of pit ponies. The damp air has a thick, heavy scent. In quiet moments a continual trickle of water can be heard.

One of the men holds up a Davy safety lamp, saying, “Air seems pretty clear this shift. You can keep your faceplates open for the time being.”

A miner leads the ponies, pulling the mine wagon along rusty iron tracks deep into the darkness. Occasionally he shouts a warning; the ceiling dips down, and everyone must duck to avoid hitting their helmets on the roof.

Salty water drips onto the wagon and down the walls. The wagon passes through a hissing spray of water, where two miners are shoring up part of the wall. One of them shouts, “Bit of a bad leak here, Harry. When you get back to the shaft tell

them to put another pump on.” The miner in charge of the ponies waves in acknowledgement. This is a good moment for anyone with Thalassophobia (fear of the sea) to receive a SAN roll; if unsuccessful, they start feeling uneasy, as above.

Eventually the wagon clatters to a halt. Niles climbs down, tells everyone to fasten their faceplates, and inspects everyone to make sure the faceplates are properly sealed. He turns on the oxygen supplies, plugs in wires linking the helmets, and clips on safety lines.

“Right,” he says. “From now on keep your faceplates closed. There are some bad gas pockets in the next section, and we’ll have to go underwater where the tunnel dips down. Stay close together, and follow my instructions, and we’ll have nothing to worry about.”

Everyone with Claustrophobia must receive another SAN roll; even if successful, they anxiously realize that they are breathing air from a *bottle*, not even the relatively fresh air of the pit. If a roll fails, 1 SAN is lost, and mild panic sets in.

Underwater, And Worse

Niles tells investigators to pick up the ammunition box, and follow him down the tunnel. Williams brings up the rear, to ensure that no one is lost or suffers an accident. The depth of water on the tunnel floor increases, first to ankle height, then to the team’s waists, and gradually up to and above their heads.

Anyone with a relevant phobia who has not already lost Sanity in the mine must now receive another SAN roll; failures cost 1 SAN, and those investigators thrash about as well, pointlessly trying to keep their heads above water. This doesn’t work well, since the boots and backpacks make them sink, and since the water rises to the tunnel roof anyway. Encourage the other investigators to calm their panicking colleagues.

It’s much easier to walk when the suits are underwater; there’s just enough time to realize this when the floor starts to slope up again.

Niles leads the team approximately a hundred yards further. There are two more dips, but the water never rises above waist height.

Eventually the party reaches a huge steel door, built into a concrete wall that blocks the end of the tunnel. Niles uses a wheel handle to open it.

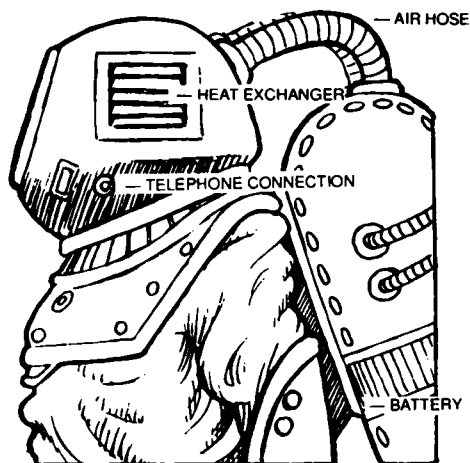
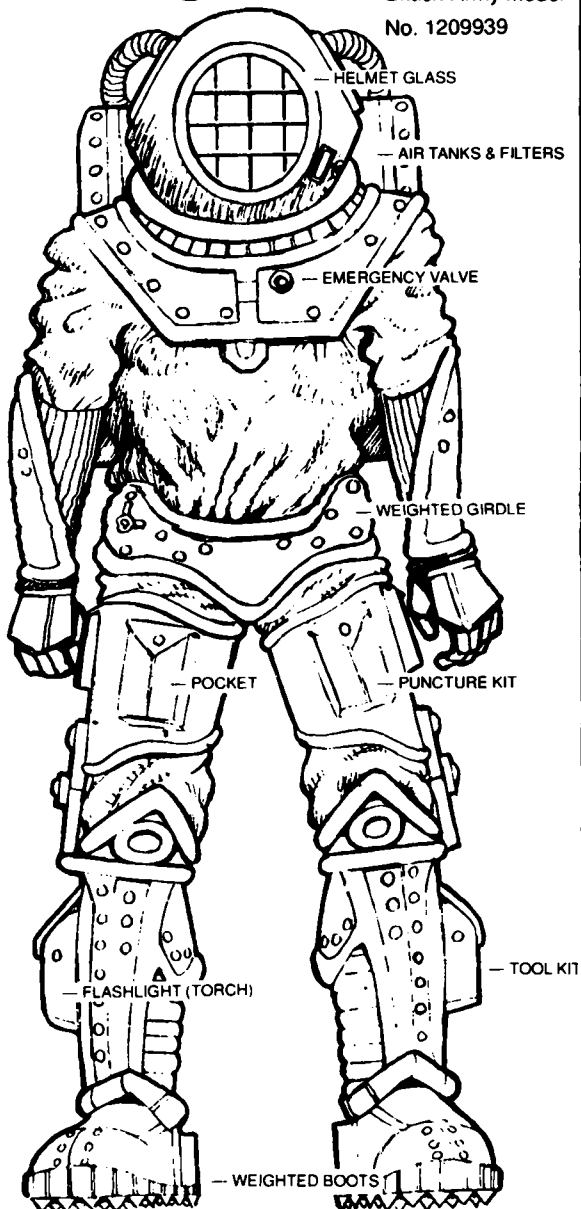
The final chamber of the pit has been enlarged, and a steep ramp leads down to the floor, nearly twenty feet below the entrance. Nothing has prepared the team for the sheer size and effect of the mirroring Gate. In the photo it looked big, but fully excavated it’s awe-inspiring, more than twenty feet in diameter. It shows continually shifting reflections of the chamber; oddly, the team are not reflected.

Close up, the rim is about eight inches wide, carved or cast in an intricate pattern of strange hieroglyphics. A successful Cthulhu Mythos suggests great Mythos significance, but cannot read or decipher them. The installation seems to float a foot or so in front of the rock face, and as the team approach they’ll realize that the floating isn’t just an illusion. Although no noise can be heard, it seems to pulsate with some strange force. Niles leads the way towards it. The helmet speakers crackle again.

“We’ve excavated the rock all around it, and the bloody thing just floats there. We can’t move it a hundredth of an inch.

Mk XI Diving Suit

British Army Model
No. 1209939



Space Suit Operation

The space suits used by the expedition are little more than glorified diving suits. They are uncomfortable, bulky, and sweaty, and have no plumbing. They have small electrical air pumps and heaters, but no cooling equipment. A lead-acid battery in the backpack powers all the electrical equipment.

The battery is a major weakness; although it's in a sealed compartment to keep out water and stop the battery acid from boiling in a vacuum, any acid spill soon damages the rest of the back pack. If anyone lies down for more than two or three minutes while wearing a suit, the acid starts to leak out onto the air tanks and filters. Once this happens, a successful Luck roll is needed to avoid explosive decompression after 2D10+10 minutes.

Any penetrating damage depressurizes the suit almost instantly; there are no facilities for keeping part of the suit sealed, apart from mending small punctures with a repair kit, or possibly tying a tourniquet around a ripped sleeve or leg. Wire mesh embedded in the rubber stops the suits from stiffening too much in vacuum.

The helmet glass grants a narrow 45° field of vision, with a heavy mesh grid over the glass. The glass tends to mist up whenever the wearer gets excited. The thick glass has 6 hit points, the rest of the helmet has 5 HP, while the rubber suit has 4 HP.

The air tanks and filters give a nominal six-hour air supply, in practice worth three to four hours should the wearer work hard. An ingenious pressure valve lets more oxygen into the suit as carbon dioxide is absorbed; it can be manually adjusted to give more oxygen, but this decreases the time between refills.

Refilling the oxygen tank, replacing the air filter, and plugging in a charged battery after a suit is worn takes a half-hour.

Each suit has a twelve-foot telephone cable, a ten-foot safety rope, a puncture kit, a rubber-covered flashlight, and a small tool kit.

On the other side it's out in the open, just hovering a foot or so above the ground.

"Hang onto the box and each other. It feels easier if we all go through at once. Everyone join up, and step forward on the count of three. One . . . two . . ."

As Niles says 'three' he puts his hand to the mirror. Immediately the light it reflects swirls much more rapidly, and the surface seems to bulge out to engulf his hand. Sparkling light coruscates into the chamber, and air rushes out. The force pushes all the investigators forward; Williams brings up the rear, making sure that there are no stragglers.

As the team move forward, they feel a moment of vertigo, and are blinded by a brilliant swirling white light. Each member of the party, including Williams and Niles, feels weak; each person has lost 5 MP and 1 SAN, but do not tell the team until they have adjusted themselves.

The party now stands on the flat top of a gigantic pyramid, about two hundred feet high. In the distance are more pyramids, and behind them soar towering cave walls. Everything has an odd, luminous glow. Overhead there's a hole in the cave roof; harsh sunlight illuminates one side of the cave, but the black sky is filled with brilliant stars.

The investigators notice that they are feeling rather light, and that the suits feel much less awkward. The helmet speakers crackle, and Niles says, "Welcome to HMS *Selene*, the first British Lunar Expedition. Welcome to the Moon."

Walkin' On The Moon

An Apology And Tour

Niles says "I'm sorry that I couldn't tell you the truth earlier, but we can't risk any breach of security. Don't try to go back, it could kill you! That mirror has an odd draining effect. Leaves you frightfully weak. Going back too soon could knock you dead as mutton: we lost a man that way. Relax; while we're up here, I'll point out a few of the sights."

As the investigators get used to the sudden change of scene, check to see if anyone has major phobias that might be triggered by exposure to the new environment. Some possibilities follow.

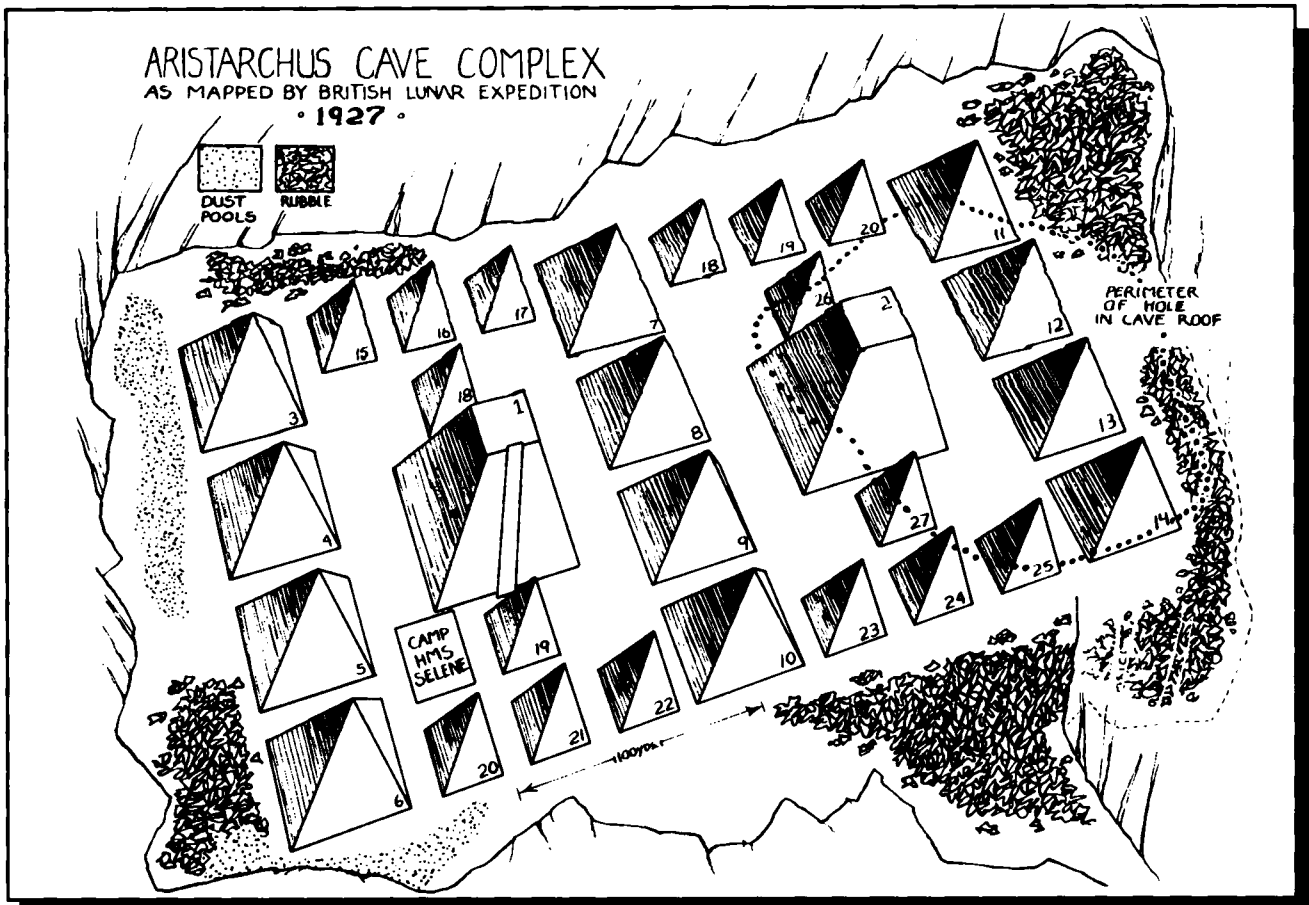
- **Agoraphobia:** the team is standing on top of a pyramid in a vast chamber, with nowhere to hide!
- **Barophobia:** at last a real use for this phobia! The team weighs less, and have been taken into the sky!
- **Acrophobia:** it's a long way down!
- **Vestiphobia:** if someone takes off a suit, he or she won't live much longer.

Niles and Williams are used to people panicking the first time they go through the Gate, and reassure the investigators via the intercom. The safety lines should stop anyone running away and falling off the pyramid. If anyone goes berserk, Niles holds him down while Williams injects a tranquilizing solution through the rubber of the suit, then uses a tube of rubber cement and a puncture kit to repair the hole left by the needle. The solution acts as a Potency 7 poison, causing drowsiness, and making the target too tired to panic. Watch out for investigators terrified of needles (*Bellonephobia*)!

Once initial distress has passed, the investigators can look about more calmly. They stand on the flat top of a pyramid [*Pyramid #1, in the diagram to the right*], 200 feet above the cave floor. The top is roughened, with a texture like sandpaper, while the sides are glassy smooth. To one side a long rope ladder leads down to the cave floor, with support wires extending across the top of the pyramid and down the other side. Behind the team floats an exact copy of the mirror they saw in the mine, hovering above the center of the pyramid. Niles clears his throat.

"We're under the crater Aristarchus, which is the brightest crater on the Moon. We're camped down there, with two pressurized huts and a third that we're building. We've five Marines and nine Naval personnel. We've mapped the place roughly. Our main efforts now are building the base, making a complete survey, and trying to find a way inside the pyramids.

"This pyramid here [*#1*], and that other big one over there [*#2*] are the largest. Both have flat tops, but there's no mirror



on that one. The smallest ones are over eighty feet wide at the base. Two of the medium-sized pyramids [#7 and #10] have electrical charges. We've run a cable to that one [#10], and use the electricity to run equipment in the camp. It produces plenty of power; if you ever want to see fireworks, just throw a piece of wire so that the ends touch the side of that pyramid and the ground. Your suits are fairly good insulation, but try not to touch them. The cave floor is flat and clear, apart from a thin layer of dust. There are deep dust pools and some heaps of rocks around the edges; we've made most of our discoveries in those areas.

"Part of the cave is sunlit. Stay out of it—these suits overheat fairly quickly. It'll be dark in another two days, and then you can go wherever you like. Your suits have electric heaters, but don't use them unless you get really cold; the batteries only last a couple of hours if you use the heaters. If you work reasonably hard, the heat builds up in the suit and keeps you fairly warm.

"Let's go down and rest. You can explore later. Be careful of your suits, and try to avoid banging the helmets or backpacks. We don't want accidents!"

Niles leads the way down. Does anyone panic when on a narrow swaying rope ladder? As they descend, the investigators perceive the vastness of the cave. By comparison, the steel huts used by the expedition are homelike and very small.

HMS Selene

The British camp consists of two huts, built of boiler plate with reinforcing girders and caulked with tar. A third hut is under construction, but not yet complete. [See map nearby; map also included in "Moon" handouts.]

In hut 1, there's just enough room for the team and the military personnel, though conditions are cramped. Think of a camp in the Antarctic, or of a primitive submarine; people are always in each other's way or treading on their feet. There's the smell of sweat, rubber, old socks, and urine. There's one chemical lavatory, no washing facilities apart from a bowl and sponge (water has to be carried across from Earth in sealed containers). If any investigators are shy, their embarrassment is constant. Moisture from sweat and breath condenses on the cold walls and ceiling; and jury-rigged gutters take it to a bucket for re-use. Occasionally it drips onto someone's head or bunk.

The galley is a tiny area with two electric rings and a kettle; the food consists of canned beans, tomatoes, ships biscuits, sausages, and the like. Able Seaman Hotchkiss, the seaman mentioned in Professor Moe's experiment, is confined to a bunk. He punctured a lung when the explorers tried to blow open one of the pyramids, and isn't yet fit enough to risk returning to Earth. A locker under Niles' bunk contains four Webley .45 pistols, and six Short Model Lee-Enfield rifles.

Niles has the only key, and won't mention the weapons unless necessary.

Complement, 1st British Lunar Expedition

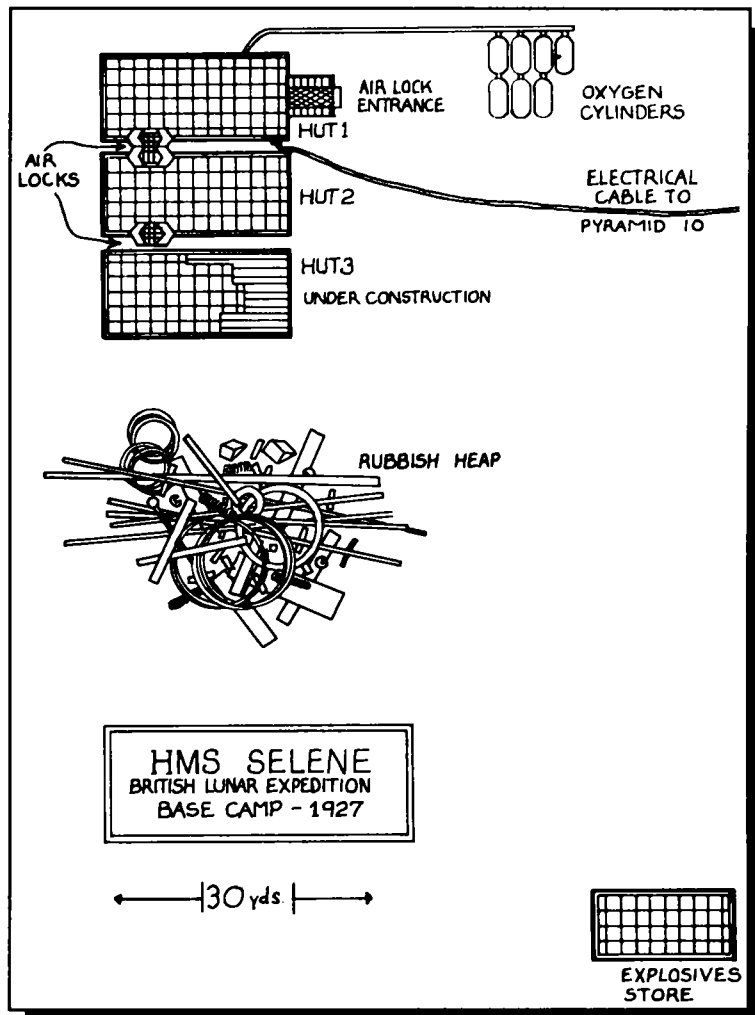
Royal Navy

Commander Edward Niles, *C/O*
 Lieutenant Peter Davenish, *engineer*
 Lieutenant Christopher Watson, *electrician*
 Lieutenant Peter Williams, *doctor*
 Chief Petty Officer Jack Phillips, *artificer [mechanic]*
 Petty Officer Patrick Keats, *general duties*
 Petty Officer Henry Smith, *general duties*
 Able Seaman Tony Hotchkiss, *sick list*
 Able Seaman William Panell, *cook*

Royal Marines

Lieutenant Geoffrey Hull, *explosives*
 Sergeant Thomas Nelson, *general duties*
 Corporal William Patterson, *general duties*
 Corporal Ted Thompson, *general duties*
 Corporal Ian Phelps, *general duties*
 Corporal Frederick Prither, *general duties*

Every day two Marine corporals return to England, and are replaced by another two with the same statistics.



Magic On The Moon

If the investigators have magical artifacts, or know any spells, consider them individually.

Spells which must be cast in a particular location on Earth don't work. Neither do spells which summon or contact entities bound to Earth in some fashion. The entire cave has magical defenses against all creatures available by summoning and contacting, halving the chance of success with any particular spell.

Spells requiring a chanted ritual, whistling, and so forth won't work if the caster is wearing a space suit, and Commander Niles isn't likely to allow anyone to perform peculiar rituals inside the huts.

Fomalhaut is never visible from the cave. Aldebaran is visible in the first four days the team are on the Moon, but below the horizon for the next 26 days.

Other spells, such as Create Gate and Brew Space Mead, should work normally provided the ritual has been prepared in a way that allows casting on the Moon.

All explore as time permits. Until now there has been no full-time scientific staff, and finds are taken back to Earth for analysis. The previous finds are currently on Earth; if the team ask to see them, they'll be sent masses of data on objects that seem to have no rational function. No one on the Moon knows about the Cthulhu Mythos.

The camp air supply is re-circulated through huge chemical filters, with extra oxygen supplied from gas cylinders. Every day two Marines return to Earth, while another two return with gas cylinders and other supplies. Attempts to put air lines, hoses, and other lengthy inanimate objects through the gate have failed; they are severed as soon as the carrier has passed through the gate. Unnecessary use of the air lock is discouraged; since it does not recycle, several cubic feet of air are lost with each use of the lock. It can hold up to three people, and takes one minute to fill or empty.

Part of Hut 2 is set up as a work room, with a camera, microscope, and other instruments. Finds that haven't already been returned to Earth are stored on its shelves.

The only new specimen is an odd metal cube that was found near Pyramid 12. The cube has 5 1/16" edges, and weighs two pounds. Whoever handles it feels unpleasantly dizzy for several minutes, and weak for several days afterwards. This device drains 1 POW each time it is touched, charging a POW battery which currently holds 12 points. If charged to more than 20 points, it overloads and melts, sending a surge of psychic feedback through the cave and provoking a new phobia in any human not receiving a successful SAN roll.

At various distances from the huts are a rubbish heap, a rack of gas cylinders, and a locked corrugated iron shed containing detonation equipment and four cases of dynamite. The dynamite has frozen and can be used that way; thawed, it is extremely dangerous.

Exploratory Work

Once the team have met the personnel and settled in, they may want to help with work that's already being carried out, or may start new projects of their own. There are several projects in progress, all of which need manpower.

GEOLOGICAL ANALYSIS: this is sampling rocks and dust at points specified by scientists on Earth and digging and photographing stratigraphic trenches. Soon attempts will be made to clear a way to the surface. The pressing question is this: Aristarchus is a gigantic, freshly-formed impact crater; dust thrown up by it covers an appreciable fraction of the lunar surface. The hole to the surface at the top of this cavern was made by the impact. How then did the cavern, let alone its imperturbable contents, survive a cataclysm leaving a crater more than a score of miles wide?

Niles expands upon this point, saying that he thinks that a force-field surrounds this installation, and protected it from the explosion. In fact, though they never get to the hole in the roof, rocks thrown or hurled with a sling bounce back from the apparent opening to the surface: Niles is right.

CONSTRUCTION OF THE 3rd HUT: to finish requires 250 man-hours of manual labor, plus thirty hours of skill work by Davenish, Watson, and Phillips. At present four men manage five hours of work each day. Once it's complete, everyone will be much more comfortable, and there will be more room for study facilities.

GARBAGE PATROL: an informal name for the detail which must examine rubble heaps and plumb dust pools. It's hard, tiring work, requiring excavation of the rubble or careful probing of the dust pools with long poles. About ten man-hours a day are spent on it, plus any work done by the team. Here are the next discoveries.

- *After 25 man-hours*, in a rubble heap: a piece of twisted nickel strip, 9.162 feet long by 1/2" wide and 3/32" thick. It is pierced by hundreds of tiny holes in an apparently random pattern.

The holes are random, caused by vacuum evaporation of metal molecules over millions of years. The strip was used for packing, and has no significance. The metal was manufactured to a chemical purity far beyond anything available in 1927.

- *After 35 man-hours*, in a rubble pile: a titanium rod, 7.61 feet by 1 1/8" diameter. The surface is machined with a triple helical left-handed screw thread, pitched at 5 7/16 turns per inch. One end seems to have broken from a longer rod, the other is smooth as glass.

This has no useful function. However, the fact that it is still mirror-smooth should surprise anyone receiving a successful Chemistry or Physics roll: titanium is extremely reactive, and should combine with most other compounds, including the minerals in the surrounding dust. The smoothness implies that it has been protected in some way, or that it has only been there for a short time. Let the players draw their own conclusions; a successful Chemistry or Physics roll reveals the truth.

- *After 50 man-hours*, in a dust pool: 124 yards of fine metal wire, in a tangled ball. Tiny ridges on its surface make it feel slightly rough.

If it is pulled over a sounding board (for example, a stiff card) strange clicking sounds are heard. At a speed of 5 1/2" per second the sound feels right. It is an audio recording from the Great Race. Witnesses lose 0/1D4 SAN if they've encountered the Great Race before. The recording lasts 13 minutes, and is untranslatable.

SURVEYING: most of the cave has been mapped roughly, less than half properly surveyed. It takes another 48 man-hours (18 hours outside, 30 hours of calculation and map-making) to finish the job.

If it's convenient, one of the surveying team should notice that the tip of Pyramid 27 is 17 inches lower than the rest of the small pyramids, which are uniform to the nearest inch. This could focus attention on that pyramid and reveal its secret.

Otherwise, surveying is tedious work, yielding no useful information within the scope of this scenario.

The survey team does make some incidental discoveries. A few discarded objects rest in random dark corners. A Spot Hidden roll is needed for each object, since all are covered with dust and blend into the background. These objects are broken, and relate to sciences that humans won't discover for hundreds or thousands of years.

- A small metal cylinder, approximately thirteen inches long by four wide, with several broken stubs of crystal rod entering one end.
- 27 metal rings, the size of tap washers, plus fragments of a ceramic container. The rings are made of a beryllium alloy. A ceramic spool holds a length of braided silver wire approximately 39 yards long.
- A plano-convex black glass disk, two feet wide and a little over an inch thick. A large chip mars one edge.

EXPLOSIVES AND EXCAVATIONS: the Marines have tried digging under the foundations of pyramids, and used explosives against their sides. All attempts have failed. Explosives do no damage, and tunnels at depths down to twenty feet have run into the sides of the pyramids. The rock of the cave floor is hard, but is normal rock. The team can try this method as much as they like; it would take several years to dig down to any of the structures under the pyramids, and their walls are made of the same invulnerable material.

DECIPHERING: Pyramids 16, 21, 24, and 27 bear inscriptions fourteen feet above the cave floor. All duplicate the inscription on the rim of the gate, although this isn't obvious until they are compared, since the writing on the rim is distorted to fit around the curve. The explorers have photographs of the inscriptions. To decipher the message requires at least fifty man-hours of work, plus successful rolls against Cthulhu Mythos, Linguist, and Archaeology skills. Each failed roll wastes 2D6 hours and deletes one word (chosen by the keeper) from the translation above. (Included in *Moon* handouts).

Photographs of the inscriptions have been sent to various Universities and cryptographers. If the investigators don't manage it first, a courier brings a partial translation when opportune. This translation is shown above. Bracketed words are guesses based on context, dashes are undecipherable elements.

Translation of the Inscription

"IN THE SIXTEENTH SIXTEENTH SIXTEENTH [4096th?] YEAR OF —, THE [Ancient/Noble/Great?] RACE ESTABLISH THIS — ON OUR —. THROUGH THE [Long ages/Interregnum/Void?] THE WORK WILL CONTINUE. THE [Names?] OF THESE — SHALL [Long/Forever/Always?] ENDURE IN THE — OF THE RACE. ALL SHALL BE [Reunited/Joined/Restored?] AT THE NEW —, AFTER THE [Enemy/Evil/Despised?] HAVE [Expired/Died/Vanished?]. THE [Knowledge?] GAINED BY THIS [effort?] WILL [Long/Forever/Always?] [Serve?] THE RACE.

This information implies that the Great Race of Yith are involved in the mystery. Primary sources (*Nameless Cults*, for instance) provide descriptions of this race and more hard facts. Allow everyone working on this task to make Spot Hidden rolls when they compare inscriptions on different pyramids.

If a roll succeeds and one of the inscriptions studied is on pyramid 27, the investigator notices a slight difference: one of the symbols (an oval mark translated as "effort") is slightly larger and of slightly different shape.

After a few hours, the translator guesses correctly that the symbol means push. However, it's probable that the investigators have attacked the symbol by every possible method without waiting for a translation.

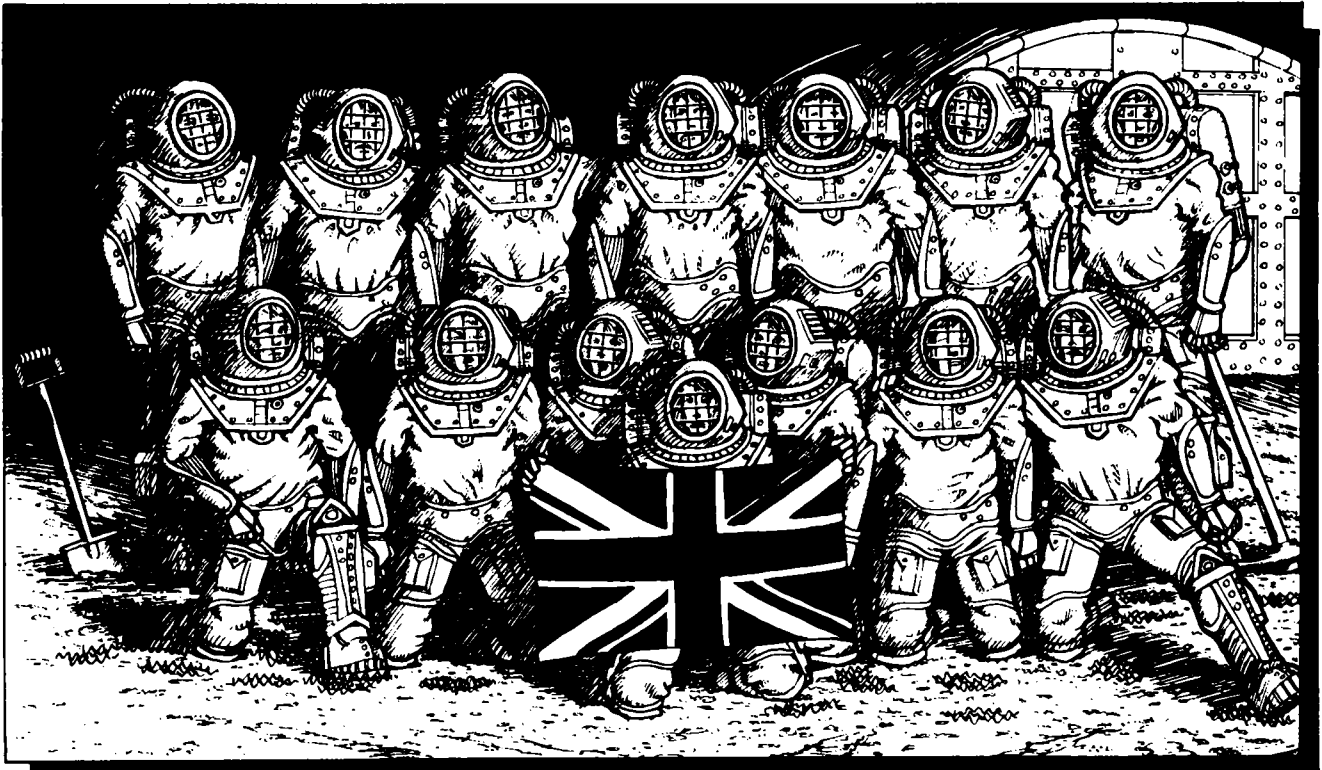
If none of the investigators spot the symbol, a non-player-character must. Make sure that all the investigators are on the Moon when the symbol is noticed.

Raiders Of The Great Race

Great Race records and equipment are stockpiled under all of the pyramids. However, the explorers only find the entrance to Pyramid 27.

The symbol on Pyramid 27 is sixteen feet above the cave floor, requiring a ladder to reach it. A microscopic line circles it. All that's needed is a firm push on the symbol; remember, though, that's a firm push from a member of the Great Race of Yith, not a puny human. To open it, the explorers must strike hard at it. Lesser pressures depress the hatch slightly, then it springs out when released. A good hard blow from a hammer or mallet does the trick.

As the button is depressed it catches, and stays depressed. The ground vibrates throughout the cave. Violet light pulsates around the base of the pyramid, a few inches above the cave floor, rapidly increasing until it is blinding in intensity. Those prone to epileptic fits must receive a D100 roll of CON x5 or suffer one now. Those standing within 100 feet of the pyramid must receive a D100 roll of DEX x3 or less to stay upright; anyone falling takes 1D3 damage from the shock wave. Back at the camp, pans fall in the galley, and a seam splits in a minor air leak (which one of the sailors fixes with a lump of putty, then seals properly with tar). The guy wires supporting the rope ladder to the Gate twang and snap, and anyone on this ladder must receive a Luck roll, taking damage of 1D6 if successful, and of 4D6 if not. The damage does not tear suits or cause suit damage.



A souvenir photograph of the expedition team

The fallen ladder can't be raised without help from the top, and the pyramid is too smooth to climb; the next arrivals from Earth aren't expected for at least eighteen hours.

Since the ladder isn't visible from the far side of Pyramid 27, no one may notice that the escape route has been cut off. If someone is posted at the top of Pyramid 1, ready to return to Earth, request the Luck roll for him or her: whether or not luck holds, the party member falls to the base of the pyramid, perhaps able to clutch the ladder, and perhaps not.

As the reverberations die, the entire pyramid (weighing several thousand tons) slowly rises thirty feet into the air, revealing a smooth platform made of the same indestructible material. In the center of the platform is a circular opening, a spiral ramp descending into the unknown. The upper part of the pyramid floats there effortlessly, sheathed in a nimbus of violet light.

The ramp is made of a smooth surfaced white material, about fifteen feet wide. The pitch of the spiral is steep and no inner side railing exist. A gap more than twenty feet wide passes down the center of the spiral column. Anyone looking over the edge must receive a D100 roll of INT x5 or less, or feel extremely dizzy—the bottom is several hundred feet down. The only source of light is the flickering violet of the pyramid above.

The underground complex was built in three main levels, presented in the likely order of exploration by the team.

The top level is an odd museum, with sixteen huge galleries. Below is a level housing Great Ones in suspended animation, plus workshops and other facilities. The bottom level contains defense equipment.

Since none of the Great Race are scheduled to use the complex for another 250 years or so, everything runs on mini-

mum power; there are no lights, the temperature is only a degree or two above freezing, and all levels have been flooded with an inert gas.

The Museum Level

The Great Race built this complex to house their knowledge, and most of the pyramids hold museums and records. Pyramid 27 is an exception; it is occupied by the maintenance crew who look after the complex, so only one level is used for storage, and nothing really valuable (by the standards of the Great Race) is kept there.

At the bottom of the first ramp is a huge triangular door, approximately thirty feet high and forty wide. It's made of the same material as the pyramids, and there is no obvious way to open it. However, a Spot Hidden roll reveals a slight depression in the door surface, eighteen feet above the floor, the same shape as the symbol on the pyramid. This is another press switch; if resistance of 20 is overcome, the door silently rises into the ceiling, revealing a large chamber ending in another door. There is a corresponding switch on the next door; if it is pressed, the first door (which is more than ten feet thick) slides down, the chamber fills with gas (this takes approximately two minutes), and the second door slides up. If the open door is obstructed in any way it won't close, and the cycle stops. This procedure can be reversed as often as the explorers like.

The museum is a corridor several hundred feet long, with galleries to either side. It's completely dark, with the exception of any lights bought by the team.

GALLERIES 1,3,5,7: here are rows of shelves towering thirty feet above the floor, loaded with huge books and scrolls. Each weighs twenty to 1500 pounds; the books are five to eight feet

tall and more than a foot thick, the scrolls are similarly long, and up to three feet in diameter. The material is a thin metal foil totally impervious to any force available to the investigators.

- There's a 1% chance per tome examined of finding something written in a recognizable human language. Whatever the team finds won't be particularly useful: "A Day in the Life of a Babylonian Slave," "Drip Irrigation in Old Carthage," "How to Sack a Mead Hall," and so on.
- There's a cumulative 5% chance, per tome examined, of seeing information so alien or horrible that it affects SAN.
 - Roll D10 — on 1-5, after a Sanity roll, lose 0/1D4 SAN without gaining Mythos knowledge; on 6-9, receive successful Mythos roll to add 1% Cthulhu Mythos, then receive a Sanity roll and lose 0/1D3 SAN; on 10, receive successful Mythos roll to add 2% Cthulhu Mythos, then receive a Sanity roll and lose 0/1D6 SAN.

No more than 5% Cthulhu Mythos knowledge can be gained from these records, regardless of study time expended. No spells can be learned. If characters persist in studying these records once they reach this level, they continue to lose SAN without gaining further Mythos knowledge.

GALLERIES 2,9,11,14,15,16: here are huge machines of no obvious function. All have a monolithic look, as if designed to last for all eternity. Control levers and dials are ten to fifteen feet up. The smallest machine weighs several hundred tons, the largest nearly fills Gallery 9. All seem to be sealed, and none appear to do anything comprehensible.

The devices are conical, trapezoidal, cubic, spherical, and so forth. Most are of a seamless white or grey material, but a few seem to be made of metal or stone. In most cases the form seems subtly wrong and disconcerting, though no one can be sure why. Only a few can be made to operate.

GALLERY 4: half-way down the gallery is a low platform encased in a glass-like material. Several transparent shelves contain an assortment of odd objects, looking totally unlike the rest of the exhibits; they are small, about the size of human tools, and have a strange twisted appearance, which somehow seems to be extremely sinister. One end of the case is hinged, and can be pulled open. One of the devices has a faint green glow, like an aura. It looks like a crystal ball, mounted on a low tripod.

This platform is an exhibit of devices built by the Serpent Men. The green glowing device is a magical scrying glass; it allows its users to observe places they have previously seen in person. The glass drains 1 MP for each minute of use. Range is unlimited. No activation ritual is required. For every minute in which the glass is used, a cumulative 1% chance exists of something appropriate to your campaign noticing the spell and using the crystal as a Gate through which to attack the observer.

GALLERY 13: at the far end is a twisted tetrahedron, nearly twenty feet tall, made of a gold-colored material. It vibrates slightly if touched. Whoever walks under the peak of the tetrahedron is rotated through extra dimensions, charged 1D4 SAN, and given transparent skin. The victim is fully functional in every way, but has become a walking horror of muscles, bones, teeth, organs, and fluids. The effect lasts until death. Viewers lose 1/1D4 SAN. Call for a Luck roll for the victim. If he or she

gets a failed roll, he or she also tends to say sentences backwards—"Bat the at look!" instead of "Look at the bat!" for instance.

GALLERIES 6,8,10: the Great Race's rather disturbing equivalent of an art collection. Most of the displays are too alien to mean anything to a human, but a small proportion have some odd effect such as inducing extreme vertigo, a violent migraine, or an attack of anxiety. Perhaps fortunately, this exhibit includes no representational art.

GALLERY 12: an inky darkness, which light won't penetrate. Anyone walking in suddenly runs out screaming, with no memory of what caused the effect. There is no SAN loss. Anyone trying this more than three times disappears forever, and any safety lines, etc. come back coated in blood. Firing guns into the darkness has no effect, nor do the Powder of Ibn Ghazi or other magical methods of seeing the invisible. Allow the investigators to make up their own explanation for this one.

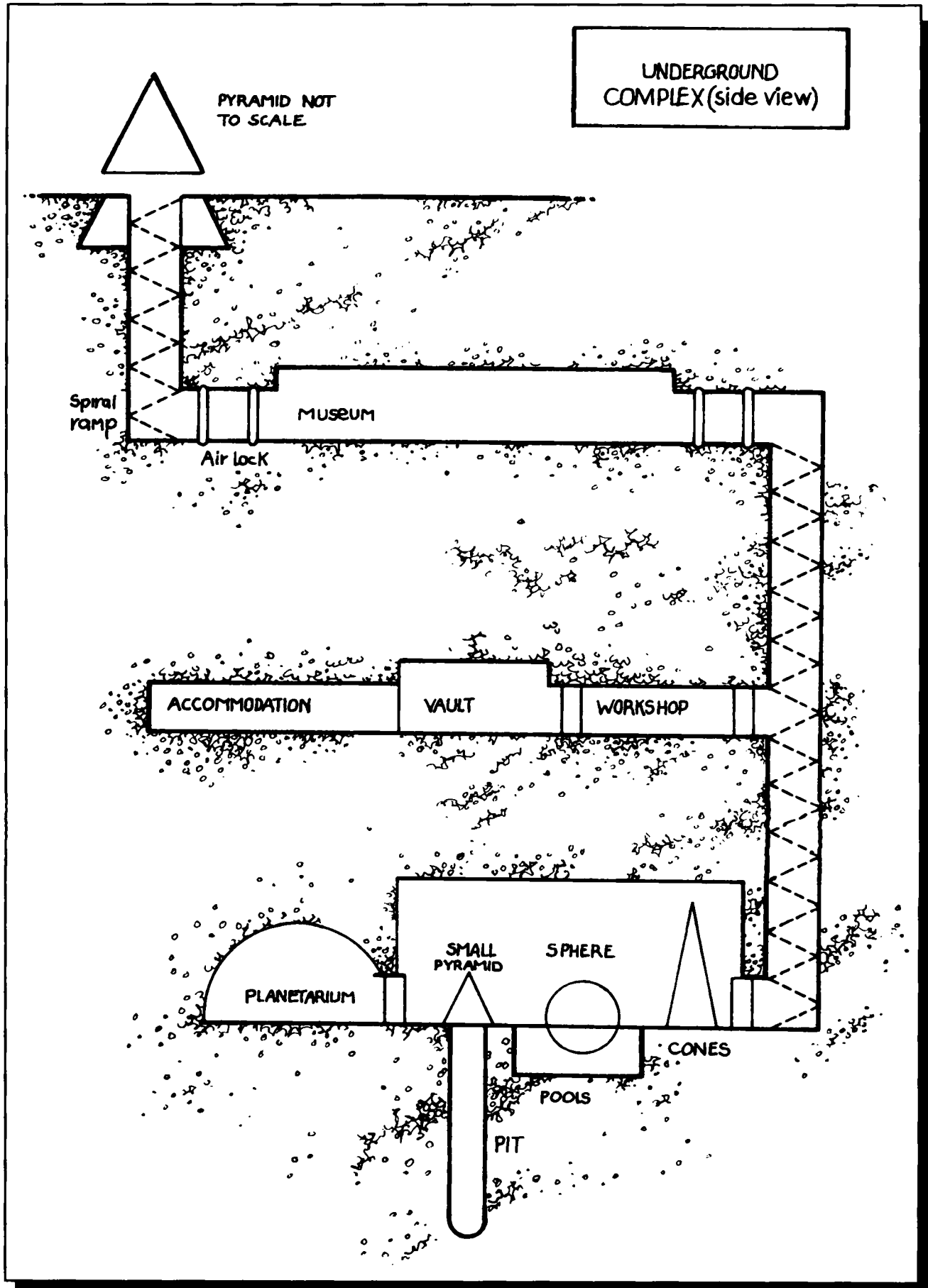
At the far end of the museum corridor is another air lock; it has the same symbol as the previous doors, but operates much more quickly, since there is gas on both sides. Beyond it another spiral ramp leads down.

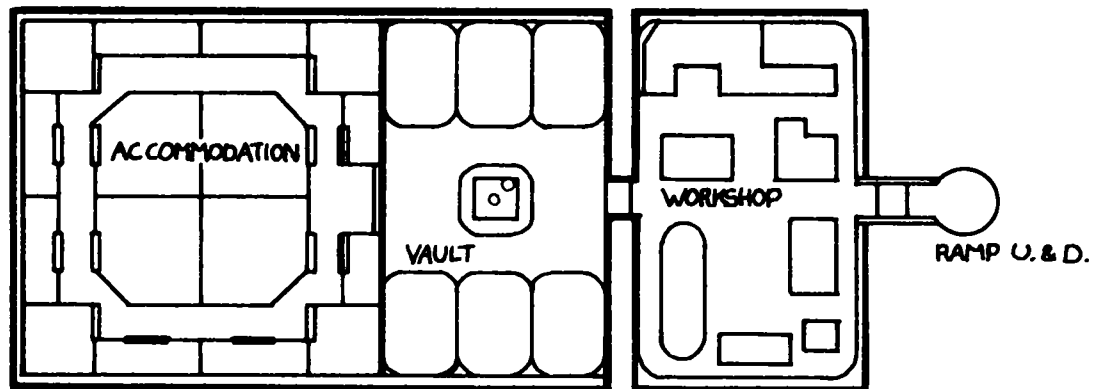
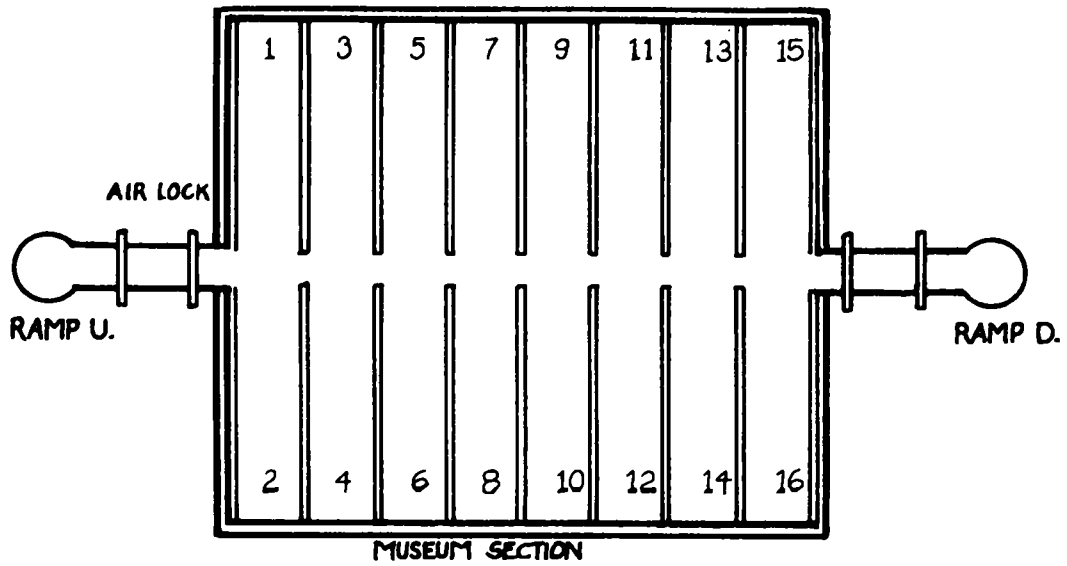
The Vault

The Great Race maintenance crew occupies this part of the complex. The entrance is another triangular door; however, now there are two push plates, with the same symbol form, and both must be pushed simultaneously to open the door. It closes automatically 4.3 seconds later, or as soon as the entrance is clear. There are switches on both sides. The door is nearly twenty-five feet thick.

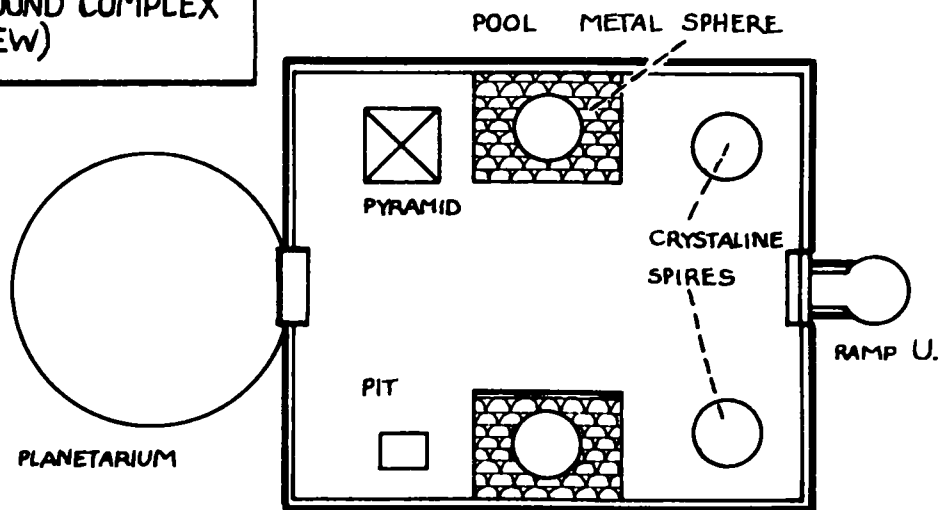
THE WORKSHOP: it's a vast dark room, with gigantic benches, strange hulking machines, and a huge assortment of spare parts, tools, raw materials, and general junk. The work surfaces are six to ten feet above the floor, with huge metal cupboards and drawers underneath. The tools and equipment are meaningless to humans, designed for the Great Race's claws and tentacles, not hands, and relate to alien technologies. Tools and spare parts include metal rods and bars, which may be used as spears or cudgels, huge metal nets, and other odd components. If investigators spend time searching the workshop and studying the equipment, they won't learn anything but won't lose any SAN. A door of the same type as the entrance door to this level leads to the vault.

THE VAULT: as the door opens, a blue-white glare leaves the party. The main features are a huge odd-looking machine at the center of the vault, and six huge metal platforms, about four inches high, that are slightly warm to the touch. Above each platform is a glowing cylinder that seems to be a solid column of light; each cylinder is approximately forty feet in diameter, rising to a similar plate on the ceiling. Strange shapes can just be discerned inside the light within each cylinder. The distortion is so intense that no real details can be seen, but anyone who has ever seen a member of the Great Race, or who receives a successful Mythos roll has no doubt that members of the Great Race rest inside the cylinders, a vision costing 0/1D6 SAN.





UNDERGROUND COMPLEX
(PLAN VIEW)



The Moon complex could exist without supervision, but the Great Race preferred to provide guards and scientists to look after the installation. A by-product of their research into the nature and behavior of time, the stasis field, made it possible.

Each platform generates a field containing nine members of the Great Race. The field retards molecular motion, slowing chemical reactions, senses, and perception of time. A second in the field equals several thousand years outside. Atoms slowed to this extent would normally be at extremely low temperatures, but the machine incorporates preternatural components which prevent this.

Once the stasis field has formed, objects entering the field are not protected. When they enter, all motion is converted to energy, stored until the field vanishes. The object cools to a fraction of a degree above absolute zero. As the force field drops, the energy is released, but all motion converts to heat. Again, extradimensional components in the field stop this happening to objects in the field when activated.

Explorers who enter stasis fields are flash-frozen to a fraction of a degree above absolute zero, their cells rupturing as ice crystals form. When the stasis field is switched off, they instantly thaw out, collapsing to a pile of bones in a steaming mushy slush of cell and tissue fragments. Onlookers lose 0/1D6 SAN at this cheery sight. Fingers or arms poked into the field suffer similar transformation, and are destroyed as they are pulled out. The wounds left by this effect are cauterized, with bones protruding from roasted flesh.

Allow Luck rolls if the explorers are stupid enough to try such experiments; if the rolls succeed, only fingers or toes are lost. Non-player-characters may accidentally poke a hand or a nose into the field, warning off the investigators. This costs no SAN to see.

Bullets fired into stasis fields stop in mid-air, with no other obvious effects. An observer receiving a successful Spot Hidden roll sees the bullet change color slightly, as the metal cools and crystallizes. When the field is released, all the bullet's energy returns as heat, and it explodes in a cloud of liquefied metal and vapor, damage 1D6 in a 1-yard radius. If something inside the field is poked outside it experiences normal time. For example, a finger would appear to instantaneously decay and crumble to dust, and a metal object might corrode instantly.

The machine in the center of the vault controls the stasis field. It provides an independent field for each platform, with timers to control the period of suspended animation. There are six conspicuous and identical control panels, about ten feet above the floor. Each includes a large lever, an emergency mechanism which discharges the stasis field on one of the platforms. Once pulled (against STR 25), it takes an hour to recharge and ready the platform for reactivation. The stasis generator has plating equivalent to 50-point armor, and requires 100 points of damage (after armor penetration) to become unusable. Any damage which penetrates the armor immediately triggers an emergency system which deactivates a random stasis field.

Several other conditions trigger the system:

- activation of the weapon on the level below, or pressing the wrong panel while trying to enter the level or the planetarium;

- leaving the pyramid aloft for more than 26.5 hours (since the team never learns to lower it, triggering is automatic);
- casting any Summon or Contact spell.

When the Great Race emerges, use the details below (see the section "Return Of The Great Race") to handle their contact with the humans.

The Lowest Level

This is its defense center, consisting of a large chamber containing a complex energy projector, and a planetarium room that acts as the fire-control center.

The door to this level has three indented areas, all bearing symbols subtly different from those on the previous doors. If a Spot Hidden roll succeeds, the left and center symbols can be recognized as variations on the original symbol, while the right-hand symbol is an inversion of the other two, and means *Do Not Press*. This is an alarm button; pressed, it releases the stasis fields protecting the maintenance crew in the vault. The Great Race secure that level first, coming down to deal with the intruders about five minutes later.

When describing this level, think of the Krell city in the film *Forbidden Planet*; it's a single vast machine, built to a scale that the human mind can barely comprehend. Humans must resist an urge to hide in corners, and continually underestimate distances and sizes. If the keeper pleases, a low rumble of awesome power breaks the lunar stillness.

The ceiling of the first chamber is nearly two hundred feet high, and it's about four hundred feet to the far wall. The floor seems to be made of green glass, and is spotlessly clean; if anyone has any means of detecting emissions, they'll find the floor radioactive, though not dangerously.

Two huge crystalline spires jut up approximately 150 feet, emitting pulses of purple light that illuminate the chamber. Beyond them two vast metal spheres float in pools of mercury; they seem to vibrate slightly, and the balls and pools flicker with blue electrical charges, sparks two to three feet long. Anyone touching spires or pools instantly dies of electrocution; don't bother to roll damage, there won't be anything left but black soot. Pulsating yellow flames fill a deep pit; no bottom is visible. On the opposite side of the chamber is a smallish pyramid, only 40 feet high; it floats motionless an inch or two above the floor.

The chamber ends in another door, of the same design and with the same alarm system as the outer door to this room.

Beyond the inner door is the planetarium, an enormous hemispherical chamber. Currently it gives a view of the near solar system, as seen from the Moon. Planets are tiny discs, stars are dots, and so on. There is no obvious projector mechanism, and the image of Earth seems to be three-dimensional. Keepers whose campaigns incorporate unusual astronomical objects (for example, another planet rotating in the same orbit as the Earth, but on the other side of the sun) might like to alter the display to give clues to their existence.

At the center of the floor area is a circular platform, an inch high and fifteen feet wide, with 36 luminous panels, each about nine inches square, set into the upper surface to one side. Each panel bears a different cryptic symbol.

If the investigators press any panel, call for Luck rolls and Idea rolls. Look concerned at the results, but ignore them: this is dramatic subterfuge. Whatever sequence is pressed, the following things happen.

(1) There's a loud throbbing noise from the outer chamber. Huge circular sparks start to rise up the spires, and the balls start to bob up and down in the pools. The sparks get larger, and start to arc to the edges of the pools (at this moment one of the stasis fields in the vault on the level above releases its occupants).

(2) Pulses of flame start to rise from the pit.

(3) The small pyramid slowly moves across the outer chamber and comes to rest on top of the pit. Anything in its way is irresistibly pushed across the chamber and into the pit if they don't get out of the way.

(4) Inside the planetarium, an X-shaped glowing mark appears, apparently suspended in the sky.

If there is further tampering, further effects occur.

(5) The entire representation of the heavens swings around, until the X mark covers the image of the Earth.

(6) The door to the chamber slams down, whether or not it was clear. If anyone was underneath, make a Dodge roll to leap clear; failure means instantaneous death.

(7) The image swings around, putting the X mark on another target (Mars, perhaps, or the Sun).

(8) Repeat step 7 as often as the panels are touched, making random targets of the Earth, the moons of Jupiter, empty bits of space, and so forth. Niles has particular interest in this apparent weapon, and he may try to drum up enthusiasm among the investigators. Exploration can continue for a while. No human can dis-



The Great Race warriors appear

cover the sequence needed to fire the weapon.

When the explorers decide to leave, they'll find that the outer door can't be opened manually; the only switches are on the outside. Abruptly the door (to the planetarium if the team are inside it, otherwise to the main chamber) rumbles open. There's a loud clicking noise, as of pincers rubbing together, and three huge red conical monsters with hideous clawed tentacles enter, carrying devices that look oddly like cameras. These entities glide menacingly towards the team. Start making SAN rolls for the encounter (0/1D6 SAN to see the Great Race of Yith).

Return of the Great Race

The occupants of the vault are typical members of the Great Race. Internally modified for life on the Moon, they are now able to live in an inert atmosphere and to survive several hours' exposure to vacuum. These changes don't affect characteristics. Statistics are at the end of this adventure.

Because the Great Race feared Flying Polyp discovery of their lunar installations, the personnel includes teams of armed warriors. Other occupants are unarmed, but aren't afraid to tackle humans with their pincers if attacked; however, they would prefer to let the warriors attend to such messy details. In general, the non-warriors try to restrain humans, rather than kill them.

Warriors also prefer to take prisoners, but kill apparent threats. Three warriors and six civilian Great Race are in each stasis field; warriors are armed with weapons similar to the lightning guns described in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules, except that these fire a red ray affecting only organic substances, such as flesh. Each also carries three metal balls, roughly the size of grapefruit, explosive balls which can also harm creatures normally

vulnerable only to magic. See the statistics for more information.

When the alarm is triggered, all the Great Race crewmen awake, a total of 54. When the stasis fields deactivate, the warriors are always the first to emerge, to check that the installation isn't under attack or occupied by Polyps. They immediately patrol the vault area, then the workshop and accommodation areas, and then the museum and lower levels. If the stasis field lever has been pulled, the search is intense; the warriors look under work surfaces and in cupboards in the workshops, under the stasis generator, and all other areas. The warriors have 55% Spot Hidden, and locate all hiding investigators. Anyone who attacks the warriors suffers immediate retaliation; the first shots are aimed to kill, before the warriors realize what they are dealing with.

When they recognize the interlopers as human, the warriors retreat slightly while some civilians get metal mesh netting from the workshop and use it to entangle the humans. They then bundle the prisoners onto a stasis platform, and activate it. When the immediate threat has been contained, they deactivate the Gate to Earth, sealing *Selene's* fate.

On Earth, the Gate suddenly explodes; the shock brings down the roof of the pit, which quickly floods, and the Navy evacuates the mine and shuts down the project. Over the next few years everything found by the expedition mysteriously disappears; see the conclusion to this adventure for details.

If investigators manage to escape from the complex, or were outside when the Great Race emerged, the maintenance crew soon assemble a mind-exchange device and use it to take control of a suitable non-player-character. Run him fairly, but with great care, so that the investigators imagine temporary insanity or profound shock while the Great Race individual learns to control its human body. Then try to trick the investigators into an ambush, where they can be captured unharmed. Since the spacesuit batteries have severe limits, this shouldn't take long. Within hours, then, every human ends up in the stasis field.

From the inside the field looks like a ring of pearly light around the platform; remember that movement out of the active field is almost surely fatal; see above, the section "The Vault," for the properties of the stasis field.

The investigators spend only a few minutes in the field. During that subjective time, millions of years pass. Human life and civilization become extinct. The Great Race exiles on the Moon make contact with the insectoid civilization which has arisen and taken control of Earth. These beetle-like swarms are now controlled by the minds of the Great Race, as Lovecraft revealed in the tale "The Shadow Out Of Time."

The investigators suddenly see the pearly light disappear, and look out at four warriors who use guns, poles, and (if necessary) metal nets to herd the team out of the vault and into the main cave.

The cave ceiling has collapsed or been removed. The Earth shines in the bright night sky. As the investigators are hustled outside, they see that few clouds cover the planet, and that North America and Asia seem to have fused into one enormous land mass; the entire planet is an odd yellow color, with little of the blue tint they remember from their first days on the

Moon. Have everyone make Idea rolls; a successful roll realizes that millions of years have passed, at a SAN cost of 1/2D4.

Inside the cave everything has changed. HMS *Selene* has utterly disappeared. Deep lunar dust covers most of the former cavern's floor. Most of the smaller pyramids now float above their bases, but Pyramid 2 has sunk into the ground. The Great Race guards usher the team toward Pyramid 2; there a glowing white bridge has appeared, linking the top of the pyramid to the surface.

As the team get closer they'll see that the top of the pyramid is a circular disk of green light, surrounded by concentric rings of swirling colors. The warriors herd the team to the center of the disk, and retreat beyond the circles of light. After a few seconds the circle brightens, and the investigators feel dizzy and nauseated as the Gate opens and hurls them back to Earth.

Menagerie

Great Race Plans

Passage through the Gate to Earth drains 5 MP and 1 SAN; investigators who don't have enough magic points available (remember, only a few minutes of body time has elapsed) are temporarily given extra points by the advanced magical and technological systems of this particular Gate. They arrive at the other side with 1 MP.

The Great Race have had eons of warning concerning the humans' arrival, and have prepared a plan to make full use of the visitors; these otherwise-useless humans shall be guinea pigs in a daring experiment to learn the ultimate fate of the universe. A Great Race scientist will secretly exchange consciousness with one of the humans, and accompany the team as an observer. To make this possible, the humans must be studied for some days to give the infiltrator the best chance of escaping detection. The study center is on Earth, on the land-mass that was once North America.

The investigators and any surviving military personnel materialize in a glowing circle at the center of a square field; the plants are ankle-high, have odd green and purple striped leaves, and taste very bitter (but do no damage) if anyone is stupid enough to chew one. The unexpected change in gravity from the Moon to the Earth drags everyone down; each investigator must receive STR x5 or less on D100, or fall.

It takes a while for the team to become fully aware of their surroundings. They are weakened and dulled (halve all skills for the next 1D3 hours), and they must adjust to stronger gravity and thinner air.

In the distance, tall hedges stretch at least 25 feet above the ground; beyond them the team can see the tops of huge trees and the peaks of distant mountains. All the vegetation has a green-purple tinge. A successful Botany roll suggests this dominant shade may indicate an adaptation to considerably increased ultra-violet rays from the Sun; short exposure to the sun will produce painful sunburn. Above, the sky is a much darker blue than the humans, now the last of their race, remember. The sun seems brighter than usual. There are only a few small clouds.

Behind the investigators, the Gate's ring of light fades and vanishes.

The humans are probably short of oxygen, but may fear to open their helmets. A huge butterfly with wings three or four inches wide flaps past, and the gentle buzzing of insects is just audible through the helmets. If anyone does take the plunge, the air is a little thin but breathable. There's a rich smell of vegetation, and a tinge of a honey-like aroma.

Amidst the grass are thousands of blue puffballs. Broken, each releases a quantity of bluish gas which causes the canvas, rubber, and leather of the space suits to begin to rot. After a few minutes nothing is left apart from metal helmets and backpacks, and the wire that reinforced the rubber. The long woolen underwear worn under the suits also rots, as well as any other clothing, and the party finds themselves naked, without protection other than the now-ludicrous helmets. Now the party needs protection from the intense sun.

The field is approximately 450 yards square. The hedges are the same purple color as the lawn, and laden with huge pink flowers. If the investigators approach, long thick tendrils swing out, tipped with needle-sharp thorns. Ominous-looking green ichor drips from the tips. If anyone approaches within four feet, 3D4 thorns stab, each with a 10% chance to hit; each thorn inflicts 1 HP damage. For each hit, the victim feels a searing pain so intense that the only possible reaction is to leap back as fast as possible. Even if every thorn misses on the first attack, the dense hedge takes five combat rounds to penetrate it. The hedge is very damp; attempts to set fire to it won't work, and it isn't harmed by any chemical the investigators are likely to carry, including the acid from their spacesuit batteries. There is no exit. If the team somehow penetrate the hedge, there's another identical field beyond it, and another beyond that one, and so forth. In all these many isolated fields, only the first one contains a building.

At the south end of the field is a curious structure, resembling a two-story house, built of some transparent material in a hexagonal arrangement. The investigators can see clearly that no one (and no thing) is inside.

Within, the ceiling of each story is seven feet high, and the doors vary (apparently randomly) between two and four feet wide, three to six feet high. The walls and floors are only a few inches thick, and feel rubbery, but have STR 150 and resist burning, knives, and other damage. Furniture of normal shape and size can be seen. The Great Race have numerous descriptions of human customs and fashions, and from them have built a peculiar approximation of a human house. Furnishing it in a jarring mixture of styles, they have included some that are wholly strange to the investigators, derived from forgotten and future human cultures.

A curtained entrance in one wall gives access to the building. The curtain material resembles thick green cellophane, but seems to stop breezes and drafts perfectly well.

In every room skulk several two-inch-long beetle-like insects in corners, under the floor covering, and so forth. They are part of a Great Race hive mind, described nearby. Found, they pretend to be normal insects to avoid revealing that they are studying the investigators. Any killed are quickly replaced.

ROOM 1: holds a long glass-topped steel-framed table, and enough Art-Deco plastic chairs for all the group. The seats are

The New Great Race

Description: representing the culmination of millions of years of evolution, each individual is a hive-mind, composed of 2D4 x500 insects which can walk or fly. Though their bodies are dark or jet-black, their wings when spread reflect brilliant metallic hues of blue, gold, and green. Viewing a swarm at work, an observer always gains an impression of intelligence and decisive judgment.

The personality of a member of the Great Race of Yith occupies each hive mind. The species is telepathically receptive; it can pick up the thoughts of other races, but can't transmit to other intelligent species. It can control unintelligent life forms, however.

Individual members of the hive-mind are beetle-like; study and a successful Zoology roll indicates that they are not Coleoptera: the *elytra* is absent, for instance, replaced by an unrecognizable H-shaped segment of considerable mass.

Notes: in each swarm, the hive-mind remains intact until at least 75% of the swarm has been destroyed; after that there is rapid loss of coordination, and the swarm becomes an undirected mass of individuals. The New Great Race can fly for distances of 100 yards or less, or walk; typically half the swarm flies ahead and lands, then the rest fly to catch up then or to leap-frog ahead (if in a hurry). Swarms are effectively immortal, since new insects are born as old ones die.

Attacks by this species are usually by biological weapons (as described below), or by directed swarms of unintelligent insects, but they can also build complex machines. Undoubtedly there are a few lightning guns and vehicles available if needed. If absolutely necessary, part of the swarm (typically 2D20 insects) make biting attacks.

Physical characteristics are for individual bodies; mental characteristics are for the swarm as a whole.

NEW GREAT RACE

<i>characteristics</i>	<i>average</i>
STR 1D2	1-2
CON 1D3	2
SIZ 1	1
POW 2D6+6	13
INT 5D6+6	23-24
DEX 2D6+6	13
HP 1-2	2

Move 4/10 walk/fly

Weapon: Bite 35%, damage 1D2.

Spells: this species finds magic upsetting to its disciplined intellectual quests. A random swarm has a chance equal to INT of knowing 1D3 spells.

Sanity: Seeing individual swarm-members costs no SAN. Seeing a swarm act as a single intelligent creature costs 0/1D4 SAN.

uncomfortably high (the investigators' feet cannot reach the floor) while the table top is low enough to require eaters to crouch on their knees on the floor.

The Great Race have set out food on the tables, mixtures of sliced blue and green fruits of a consistency resembling kiwi, and of cooked meat (resembling shish kebabs, but actually chunks of huge roasted insect larvae) served on wooden plates with chopsticks. The food is cold but tasty. Ceramic pitchers of water make centerpieces. A di-decahedral crystal, slightly larger than a football, stands on each table. Touched, it emits a brilliant white light; touched again, the light extinguishes.

A material which looks like linoleum but has a rubbery, slimy feel covers the floor.

ROOM 2: holds four brass bedsteads (resembling Victorian designs) with mattresses made of a foamy silky material. There is no other bedding. The floor is covered in a material resembling woven raffia matting.

ROOM 3: contains four thin mats resembling Japanese *futon* mats, with stone pillows. Whoever lies on one of these mats starts a firm, pulsating massage which somehow fails to soothe the occupant in any way. After 1D6+4 minutes the massage concludes.

ROOM 4: holds a deep ceramic pool, filled with warm water, of depth varying from one to four feet. Water enters the pool at the east edge and flows out through several narrow slots to the west. The flow is continuous, and won't stop while the investigators are in the house.

ROOM 5: empty. The firm floor is extremely resilient; if the investigators experiment they'll find that it behaves like a trampoline.

ROOM 6: extremely cold; crystals of ice glitter on the walls and ceiling. Oddly, the cold stops abruptly at the entrances.

ROOM 7: contains a spiral ramp (made of a hard but slightly flexible frothy material resembling very hard bubbles) which penetrates the ceiling and leads to the upper floor.

UPSTAIRS: all the chambers on the upper level have translucent floors, made of the same frothy material as the ramp. Rooms 8 and 9 contain more massage mats, like those downstairs; Rooms 10 and 11 contain bunk beds. If examined, the investigators realize that they were removed from HMS *Selene*. The rest of the floor is unfurnished.

Interviews

At dusk the Great Race flood the compound with tranquilizer gas, waiting until everyone sleeps before approaching. Anyone still awake suddenly feels extremely tired, and falls asleep where he or she sits or stands. The gas penetrates skin, and is effective even if someone still wears a spacesuit helmet.

Each human gets a thorough medical examination, and tissue samples are taken; when they wake the next morning, everyone feels extremely tired, insect-bitten, and cursed with splitting headaches. They are left to recover until noon. Magical materials, books, and everything useful as weapons have

been removed. Fresh food is on the table. They are left to wake and to recover.

In the early afternoon a huge swarm of insects descends towards the field, hovering in a tight sphere about twenty feet wide. If the investigators team take any hostile action, the swarm retreats and regroups, otherwise it slowly settles down. Investigators approaching the field will see hundreds of thousand of beetle-like insects, each about two inches long, clustered on stalks. There's a loud hum of wings, which gradually becomes intelligible as speech (the best way to simulate this is to sing their speech in a droning high-pitched voice, without much inflection).

"Mmmmmmm We are the Great Race of Yith mmmmmmm We mean you no harm mmmmmmm You are those known as humans mmmmmmm Our time research knows much about you mmmmmmm This is our first physical encounter mmmmmmm."

Encourage the investigators to respond to the swarm, which can understand exactly what the group says. The hive mind tries to avoid frightening the humans, and starts to question them about social customs and habits. They are interested in mating practices and traditions of child-rearing, as well as religion, money, territory, and other human concepts. They defer all investigator questions until the end of the interview.

Several more swarms appear, each swarm choosing one human to question. Investigators making Spot Hidden rolls notice that all the insects of any one swarm have identical markings, but that swarms vary considerably.

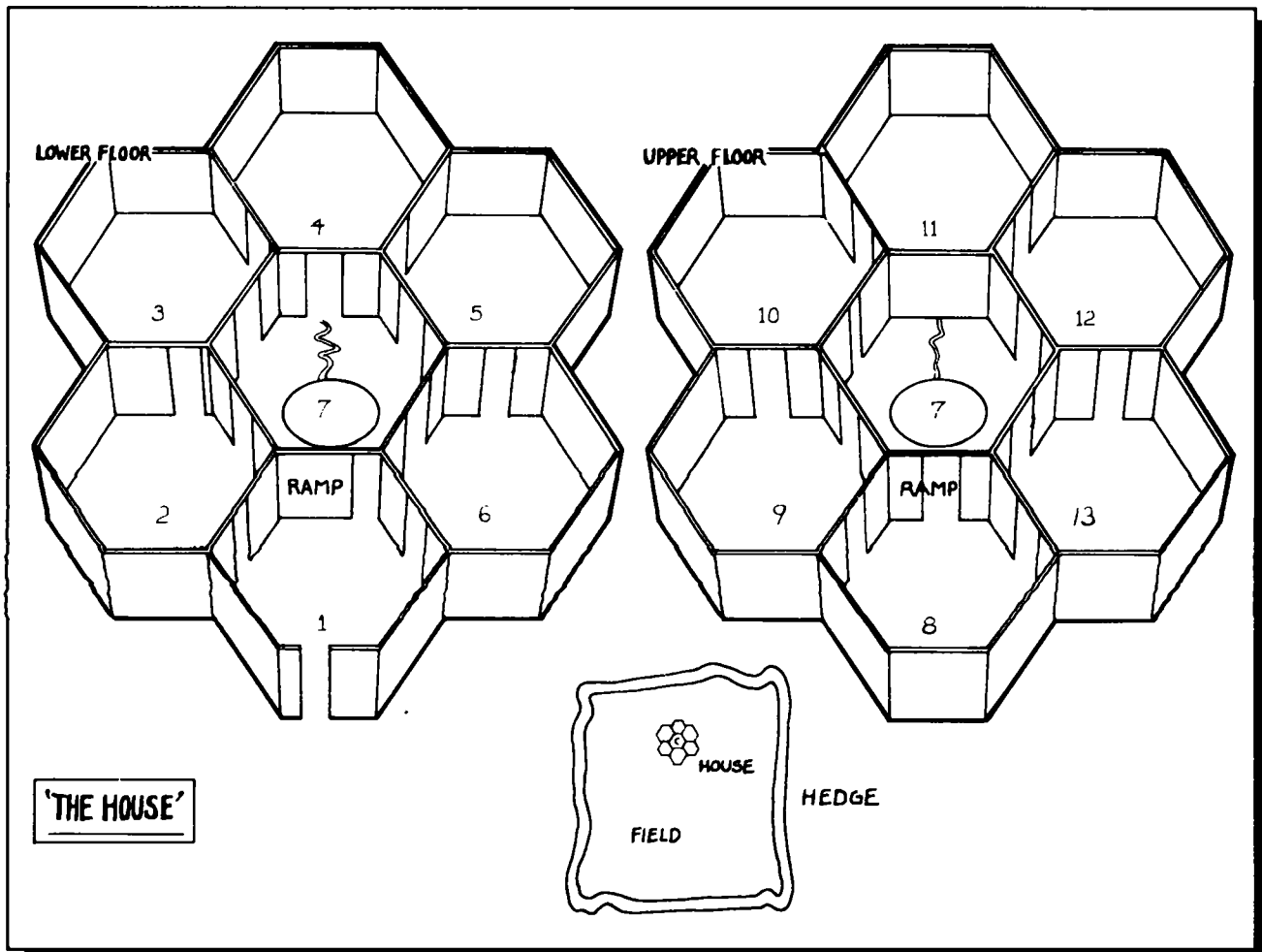
After 2-3 hours the Great Race feels that enough information has been gathered. Before they go, they give brief answers to any questions the investigators might have. A few sample exchanges follow.

- What is the ultimate fate of the human race? *If we tell you, you will become insane.*
- What will happen to us? *We are interested in your species, and wish to study you. Eventually we will try to send you home.*
- Can food/clothing/books/etc. be provided? *Food and clothing can be provided as requested. No books in human languages are available.*
- Will you give us back our books/magic items/guns/etc.? *The swarms refuse to answer.*

Answer or ignore other questions as the keeper wishes. The Great Race wishes to make the captives feel reasonably secure, and lies as necessary to accomplish that. Since they are telepathic, they use the interrogation period to study the humans' thoughts.

Later another swarm arrives, herding huge dragonfly-like insects which carry bundles of food wrapped in silky cocoons. If clothing has been requested, a third swarm arrives, carrying caterpillars which start to weave sticky threads of silk, forming shapeless white poncho-like garments.

At dusk, several swarms again fly over the hedge. As they approach, the party sees that they carry thousands of tiny white blossoms. A powerful sweet aroma sweeps across the field, and all the humans collapse, conscious but completely paralyzed. Whoever tries to use a helmet or hold his or her breath is attacked by hundreds of insects, which smear the flowers on their skin, for the venom also acts on contact. The swarms are



totally indifferent should investigators squash individual insects as they attack.

With all the humans helpless, hundreds of insects land on them, crawling over their mouths, eyes, hands, and bodies. Request Sanity rolls for everyone, costing 0/1D3 SAN for the experience of all those tiny feet and feelers. Should any investigator have Bacteriophobia, Entomophobia, Teratophobia, etc., the experience costs 2/2D4+1 SAN.

The insects attach thousands of silk threads to the captives' bodies, clothing, and hair, and start to drag them towards a nearby hole which has opened in the field. The sensation is extremely unpleasant, but does no damage. They send the humans one after another sliding down a steep tunnel, barely wider than their bodies, gliding on some oily substance. All Claustrophobes, etc., lose 0/1D4 SAN. From time to time, faint glimmers of light reflect hundreds of eyes, some tiny, others huge and multi-faceted, observing their passage. The trip takes several minutes.

The Science Complex

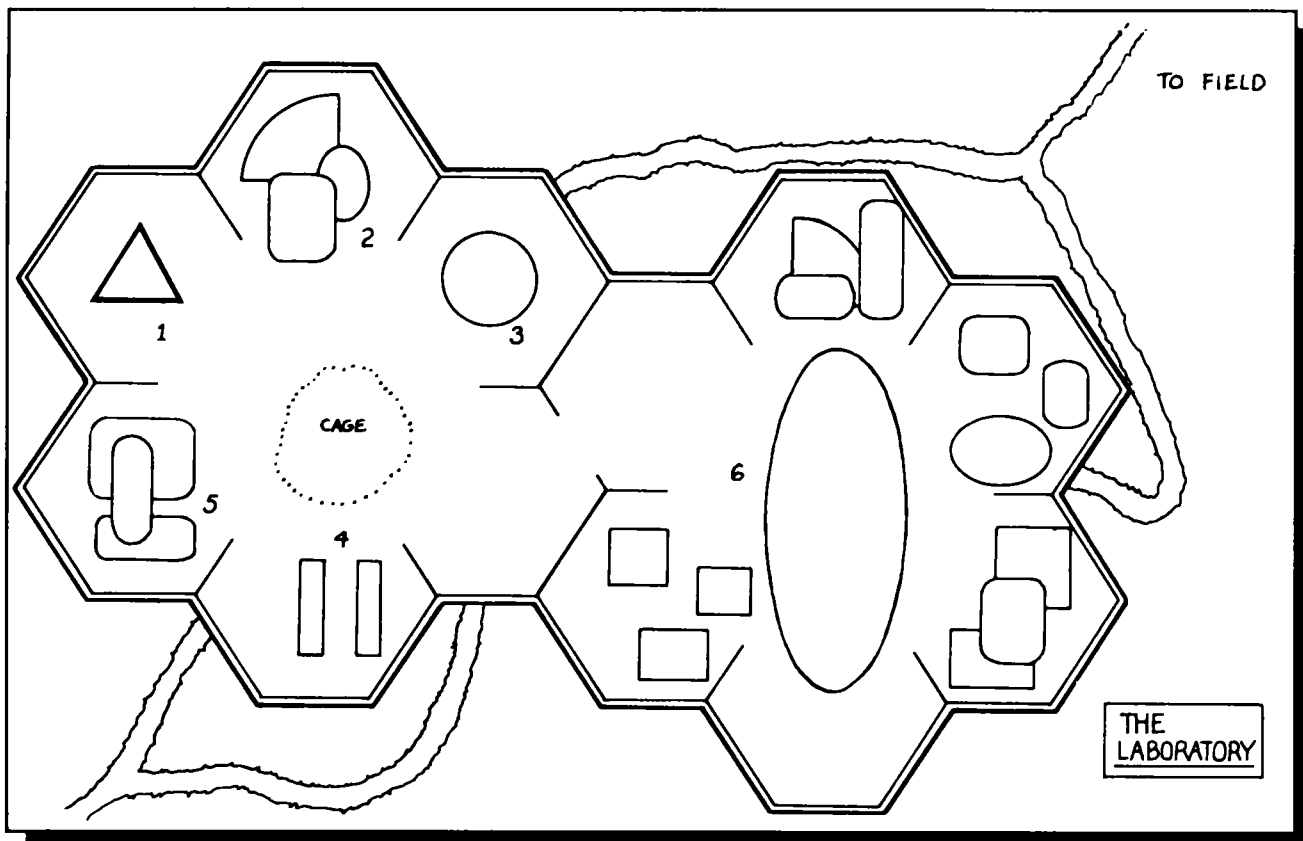
Call a short break. Choose your best roleplayer, and secretly explain that a member of the Great Race will shortly trade personalities with his investigator. If no one qualifies, use a non-player-character. The investigator's personality will occupy the bodies of several hundred insects, in a cage attached to a throbbing metal machine, and must undergo a Sanity roll,

at a cost of 1D4/2D6 SAN. The player should run the human body as a member of the Great Race pretending to be a normal human. Explain the rough details of the escape plan and experiment described below. This investigator or non-player-character should never take the lead in subsequent events.

Continuing the narrative, after an interminable passage through dark narrow tunnels, the humans debouch into a much larger chamber, bouncing like watermelons off of each other. The ceiling is five feet high, and it appears to be made of a pearly foamy material similar to that used in the house. Dim white light comes from the walls. Hundreds of insects crawl in and out of low dark tunnels which enter the chamber at floor level. The tunnels aren't wide or high enough for normal human passage: to use them, a human must be dragged.

Sure enough, new insects (or perhaps they are the same ones as before) take up the silken tow lines and pull one by one the still-paralyzed humans through another tunnel into the center of another chamber, where hundreds of huge spiders weave irregular web cages around each of them. In a few minutes, a rose-like scent pervades the chamber, and the party can move again. They are now closely encased in strong silk cocoons (STR 35) and can only wriggle.

A large web-cage, a second containment which holds all the cocoons, is now woven. The outside of the web material drips with beads of purple ichor; anyone touching it takes 1D3 damage and feels intense pain. The poison is cumulative; for



each point of damage, add 1 to its POT (initial level is 1) and roll against the target's CON. If overcome, the victim is paralyzed for 25-CON minutes. The web has STR 35, and only two humans can cooperate to tear or kick at it at any one place. Three successful attacks (STR against STR) knock open a hole large enough to climb out of. As soon as such attacks begin, the giant spiders start to repair the web, stinging (Bite 25%, 1D6 venom damage) whoever is trying to emerge. Each spider has 2 HP; there is an inexhaustible supply of them.

The equipment around the cell has several functions.

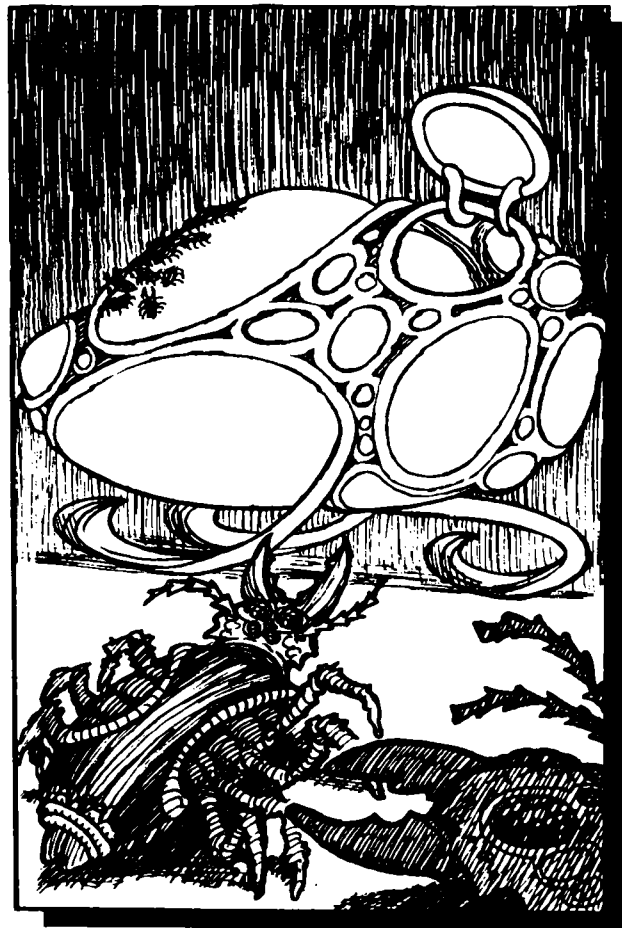
(1) LARGE SILVERISH METAL TETRAHEDRON: a different version of the machine found in the museum on the Moon. Instead of making skin transparent (for easy of study, it might be conjectured), it rotates objects through five-dimensional space, turning them inside out to have a look, then re-rotating them when desired.

(2,5) LARGE BLACK HUMMING MACHINES: lots of beetles crawl on them, but the investigators never figure out what the devices do.

(3) POOL OF BUBBLING YELLOW LIQUID: of no discernable use, but toxic (POT 8), inflicting 4D6 damage.

(4) WORK-BENCHES: on these flat slabs, a few inches high, hundreds of beetles closely examine the team's equipment. Every portable item is there, including things that were lost on the Moon.

(6) LARGE CRYSTALLINE EGG: just visible through an archway, this is another laboratory in which hundreds of beetles



The crystalline egg

work on an ovoid artifact, a gigantic, cloudy, glassy egg on runners, with many transparent bubbles erupting from its surface. This is the experimental time machine (see below). More cryptic machines surround it.

While the investigators are peering at their surroundings and wondering what is in store for them, a swarm settles on the floor near the cage, and speaks to them in an oddly hasty fashion. “Mmmmmmm Keep silent and listen mmmmm I’m a friend mmmmm Human like you, my mind trapped here mmmmm These things use my body back in 1915 mmmmm They’re building a time machine mmmmm They’ll plunder the past mmmmm It may be your best chance of escape mmmmm I’ve got a plan mmmmm Keep a stiff upper lip, chaps mmmmm I’ll be back soon mmmmm.” Then the friendly swarm flies off down one of the tunnels.

This is a trick. The swarm is actually one of the interpreters who questioned the team, a Great Race individual who has previously occupied a human body and is familiar with the nuances of English. The Great Race want the humans to think that they are escaping, not participating in a dangerous experiment. Later the humans will be tricked into stealing the time machine, to begin the experiment.

A moment later another swarm flies in and settles near the team. The hive-mind says, “Mmmmmmm Now to begin interesting part of research mmmmm Study of disgusting endoskeletal forms required mmmmm.”

The spiders cut open part of the web, and a swarm of insects moves into the cage and starts to drag someone out. Choose the investigator you selected at the beginning of this sequence (the best roleplayer amongst your players).

The beetles drag the victim to the center of the tetrahedron. There’s a bright green flash and the victim turns inside out, becoming a hollow tube of skin and bone surrounded by internal organs. Somehow no blood escapes, and the heart (plainly visible) continues to beat. Oddly enough, no lungs can be seen. A horde of beetles moves in, tiny instruments and samplers glinting, to study the victim’s anatomy.

After five minutes the victim is re-inverted, alive but now catatonic. The beetles seem to be surprised at the effect on the individual, and swarm with both hesitation and alarm (as a successful Zoology roll underlines). In fact, the victim’s personality is occupying a beetle swarm several miles away, and a member of the Great Race now inhabits the human body.

Over the next hour the victim appears to make a partial recovery, but seems to be very unwell, forgetful and shaky. In fact, the invader is adjusting to the host body. It has occupied another human previously, though, and won’t make obvious mistakes.

A Friend Returns

A few minutes later there’s a hissing noise, and green fumes swell from a side passage. All the insects and spiders in the cave collapse to the floor. The fumes quickly settle, and another swarm flies in: investigators who successfully Spot Hidden recognize the swarm that spoke to them earlier.

“Mmmmmmm These bugs are too trusting mmmmm They let me see their armory mmmmm This stuff will knock them out for a while mmmmm I’ll get you free mmmmm.”



The inside-out investigator

The gas really does knock the insects out; however, each of the swarms in the chamber is only part of larger group minds, which remain conscious. Even if the investigators insist on squashing all the insects, they won’t harm any of the Great Race. ‘Friendly’ beetles carefully squeeze through the web; investigators notice that quite a few encounter ichor and seem to die quickly. The survivors chew open the cocoons, quickly freeing everyone.

The hive mind speaks again. “Mmmmmmm There’s no way to get you out mmmmm of this laboratory mmmmm on my own mmmmm You’ll have to risk mmmmm their time machine mmmmm I think I can make it work mmmmm.”

The team must force their own way out of the web, possibly taking damage as they do so. They have the freedom of the laboratory. With the exception of their own equipment, nothing in the laboratory makes any sense, and nothing is small enough to carry.

“Mmmmmmm Hurry! mmmmm No telling how long it will last mmmmm Follow me, chaps! mmmmm.”

The beetles lead the way towards the adjoining room where the oval crystalline shape rests. It is half-buried in a pit. Hundreds of dead beetles lay upside-down around it.

GREAT RACE OBSERVER (in human body)

INT 23, POW 13, EDU 25, other characteristics as per host body.

Weapons: none.**Skills:** Anthropology 55%, Biochemistry 50%, Chemistry 85%, Cthulhu Mythos 45%, Electronics 65%, English 55%, History 45%, Human Cultures 20%, Nuclear Physics 55%, Occult 45%, Paleontology 80%, Physics 65%.**Spells:** Create Gate.

If the investigators refuse the opportunity, they have nowhere else to go. The tunnels are too narrow for a man, and a buzzing noise in the distance can herald the arrival of another Great Race swarm at any time.

If the humans insist on being caught, the Great Race scientists adopt a direct strategy, forcing all the humans (including their infiltrator) into the machine and start it traveling.

The machine is four feet high. It has a narrow hatch just large enough for a human to crawl inside. The inner compartment is large enough to hold everyone, though the occupants are cramped. At one end is a tiny control panel; a few of the insects press studs, and a loud throbbing noise starts under the egg, which starts to pulse with blue light.

The swarm says, "Mmmmm They said that they were mmmmm going to get more humans mmmmm Machine is set for mmmmm some time when humans lived mmmmm."

A few different-appearing insects hop into the chamber from the tunnels, and the swarm says, "Mmmmm Quick, while they are still mmmmm confused mmmmm Get away now mmmmm Good luck chaps mmmmmi."

Most of the swarm flies off and starts to attack the other insects.

When all the humans are inside the egg, the remaining insects start to press more control buttons. The hatch slams closed, joining seamlessly with the side of the craft. A moment later the insects inside the time machine collapse as they lose contact with their hive mind.

A Great Experiment

The Experiment's Goal

The Great Race have perfected mental travel through time and space, and Gates give them a degree of physical mobility, though usually requiring more POW to establish than they are willing to expend. Two supremely-interesting moments, the creation and the destruction of the universe, are inaccessible to Great Race scientists because there are no living creatures available to observe them.

The Great Race is sure that the universe begins as ultimately condensed matter, a primal monobloc which explodes and begins to expand, cooling and condensing as gas which later forms stars and planets. They are also sure that the universe eventually stops expanding and then begins to collapse, fusing into another monobloc which starts the cycle again.

Beyond this, opinions differ. Out-of-body experiences and astral experimentation suggest that consciousness can travel through the collapse and into the next cycle of the universe.

However, it isn't clear whether time joins in a huge circle of creation, destruction, and rebirth (the *Circular Theory*) or simply oscillates through successive Big Bangs, producing similar but not necessarily identical universes (the *Cyclical Theory*).

In the Circular Theory, free will is an illusion, and events repeat exactly in each cycle. But if the Cyclical Theory is correct, free will still exists, and successive universes may differ in important or insignificant details.

The Circular Theory implies that the future eventually becomes the distant past. If this assumption is correct, travel through time becomes simple; just wait long enough and the correct moment arrives.

The Great Race have decided to learn which theory is correct by building a time machine, a special device which will stay in the universe through the collapse and subsequent Big Bang and is so-protected that these cataclysms do not destroy it.

The humans the machine carries are a vital part of the experiment; they are to be returned to the Earth of the next oscillation of the universe, accompanied by an observer who monitors their reactions to any changes in history. The degree of change may verify one or another theory. When the Great Race have a better idea of the risks involved, they may try it themselves; however, this first attempt will show up any unexpected weaknesses of the system.

The Stasis Machine

The Great Race's time machine generates a temporal-retard field in and around the crystal egg. Activated, the egg travels forward through time at a rate of a few subjective seconds for every passing million years. Once operating, the controls no longer accept new commands, and the door can't be opened while the machine is traveling. Hidden mechanisms regulate temperature and gravity, protect the occupants, and supply air. A tiny trough offers water, fed from a hidden supply, but there is no food on board.

The machine maintains its own gravity as well, but does transmit muted changes in angular momentum, in order that the investigators register consistent psychological information to the Great Race observer.

A few years later (instantaneously, as far as the investigators are concerned) the Great Race remove the roof of the laboratory, and use special tools to move the machine to the surface. The investigators simply feel a sudden lurch and see the chamber vanish, as the machine rests free on the surface.

Since time passes so rapidly, the investigators can see no animals or plants; not even the longest-lived tree registers in their awareness, since everything moves or dies too quickly to be seen.

The sun is a continuous broad band of light in the sky, changing its position slowly as the Earth's axis tilts and shifts. Every few minutes the band shifts abruptly, as the axis makes a sudden catastrophic shift. Each movement triggers mountain building and climactic change. Ice Ages are seen as a sudden change from a rocky landscape to a white covering, lasting at most a few seconds. The chamber, nominally seated on the surface, continually vibrates in response to earth movement and mountain-building.

Then the machine speeds up, and the cycles repeat in shorter and shorter subjective periods. Meanwhile, the sun slowly changes its form, expanding and contracting in a rhythmic cycle which is almost invisible against the glare of the sun band. After some time it flares several times, heating the Earth until the seas evaporate and cover the sky in dense black cloud. This continues for some seconds (millions of years).

Meanwhile the Earth-Moon pair drift apart, with the Earth's rotation slowing through tidal effects and friction with the remnants of the atmosphere. Eventually the two bodies stabilize, Moon and Earth locked together tidally, and the Earth continuously presenting the same face to the sun.

The sun band becomes a ring of light, then a swiftly-moving dim disc which eventually stops moving near the zenith. By this time the sun has changed; it is rhythmically pulsating, and the Earth is covered in a thin layer of ice as the remnants of the atmosphere freeze. Eventually, after eight hours subjective time (approximately ten billion years in real time) the sun expands, swelling into a red giant which engulfs the Earth.

Almost concealed by the red haze, the investigators see gigantic and curiously abhorrent shapes; peculiar reptilian creatures with wings, gigantic writhing worms, and distorted humanoid forms. They spiral up and away from the disintegrating Earth, dwarfed by distance. Mercifully the appalling sight is only visible for a few seconds. As a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll suggests, the Great Old Ones are escaping from the Earth. Investigators who have previously seen any of the Great Old Ones resident to Earth lose 0/1D3 SAN. Fortunately the sight is too fleeting for these creatures to take their full effect. Investigators who have not seen the Great Old Ones need not roll, since the Sanity loss is prompted by prior experience rather than the fleeting horrific vision.

Now the craft eddies in a cloud of glowing gas. After a few seconds (many million years) the sun collapses again, forming a white dwarf star. The craft floats in empty space.

Time continues to accelerate. Within an hour (billions of years) the sun has cooled, and collapses as a neutron star, seen only as a faint glow.

Now the stars can be seen, visibly whirling through space as the galaxy rotates. Eventually the galaxy starts to collapse, falling into itself to form a final funeral pyre for any remaining life forms. The craft has been built to stay clear, and won't be sucked into this or the even-greater final collapse.

With the extinction of the local galaxy, the investigators can see more distant astronomical objects. They glow blue, since they are now traveling towards each other and the light they produce is shifted to shorter wavelengths. As they approach, their fires gradually fade as age dims the stars.

The final fate of the universe is a sudden collapse and explosion [see illustration nearby]. The galaxies suddenly accelerate towards each other, and coalesce into a glowing silvery ball of matter. Occasional spots of light can be seen, possibly stars that have escaped the collapse, or maybe other time travelers (space has literally gotten smaller, after all).

The light of the glowing ball outlines strange, dark towering forms, totally incomprehensible to humans. The effort to understand what they are provokes horrific feelings and costs the viewers 1D3/2D6 SAN. These shapes seem to push the last traces of matter towards the ball and mold it into a perfect

sphere. Around the greatest shadows, lesser forms orbit. Although these shapes are too small to show detail, the investigators somehow know that the shadows are some of the same appalling shapes they saw leave the Earth eons earlier. The final apocalypse consumes neither the Outer Gods nor the Great Old Ones. The by-now numb investigators take no Sanity loss from a sight too remote and alien to have lasting effect.

After an indeterminate period during which the investigators begin to feel strangely weak and all watches aboard alarmingly stop, the cosmic kernel explodes, and glowing plasma buffets the craft as the new universe wakes.

After a few subjective hours, the first galaxies form. The craft starts to follow one, and eventually orbits a newly-formed sun. The gas and particles surrounding it slowly cool, and planets coalesce. Eventually the craft drifts down to the surface of a glowing, newly-formed world, the new universe's equivalent of the Earth, as pre-programmed by the Great Race when they built the craft. Millions of years pass, and the first stirrings of life appear.

To the investigators, the first signs of life are a sudden change in the sea, as plants and bacteria change its color.

A Complication

Simultaneously, however, flickers of darkness seem to indicate the presence of some strange form of life.

The craft has been seen by a Hound of Tindalos, which has followed it through time. The first sign of this pursuit is a black shape in the distance, which seems to stay in place while geological ages pass and the first plants colonize the land. Eventually the shape comes near enough to be seen. Call for Sanity rolls; the sight costs 1/1D20 SAN. The Great One on board knows that the craft can't be entered by such a creature. The investigators share no such knowledge. The creature scrabbles at the crystal windows for several subjective minutes, then drops off apparently exhausted, and disappears.

If the keeper desires, it resumes the pursuit, however, arriving 15 days after the investigators end their cosmic journey. In those few days they must be ready to deal with it or suffer the consequence. The Hound is found in the statistics at the end of this adventure.

The age of great reptiles flashes past in a few subjective minutes. Once or twice dinosaur skeletons can be glimpsed momentarily, before they crumble into dust. Just after this, the investigators perceive their rate of travel is slowing.

Their landing point isn't near centers of the primordial civilizations which preceded Man, and no signs of intelligent life can be seen. The final crawl through the age of mammals towards the age of Man takes a subjective hour.

Thirty-six relative hours after leaving the Great Race laboratory, the time machine suddenly whines and rejoins normal timeflow. The sun-band disappears; the landscape becomes animated as the egg materializes in a lush temperate wood. The hatch opens. Bird songs and wind can be heard. Leaves wave in the warm breeze. The air is hearty and lung-filling. No signs of human life can be seen.

Ten minutes later, the craft becomes uncomfortably warm. Those outside it see green flame flickering from underneath it. Investigators remaining inside the craft have three combat rounds to escape. Then a ball of brilliant green fire consumes



the time machine, killing anyone who stays inside. The explosion sends a mushroom cloud of dust and gas to the sky, and leaves the investigators stunned and momentarily deafened.

Voyagers' Fate

By this point the keeper needs to have decided what has happened to the survivors. There are several possibilities, depending on the direction preferred. In all cases the Great Race observer withdraws and the original investigator personality of the host body returns as soon as the team are sure what has really happened.

POSSIBILITY ONE: to continue this campaign without major changes, the next universe is identical to our own, since the Cyclical Theory is correct. The party arrives somewhere on the Fells, a few miles inland from the G&M pit, a month or so after capture by the Great Race.

The Navy assumed that they were dead, and abandoned the mine and warehouse. Eventually the investigators and any surviving military personnel contact or are contacted by the Navy and debriefed. Naturally no one believes their story.

Meanwhile all the artifacts recovered from the Moon have mysteriously disappeared, along with photographs and other evidence. No astronomer or astronaut ever discovers a trace of a cave under Aristarchus; the Great Race easily hid the evidence. This world's equivalent of the investigators have already been sent to the distant future and exiled into the next cycle of the universe; the energy balance of the cosmos is undisturbed.

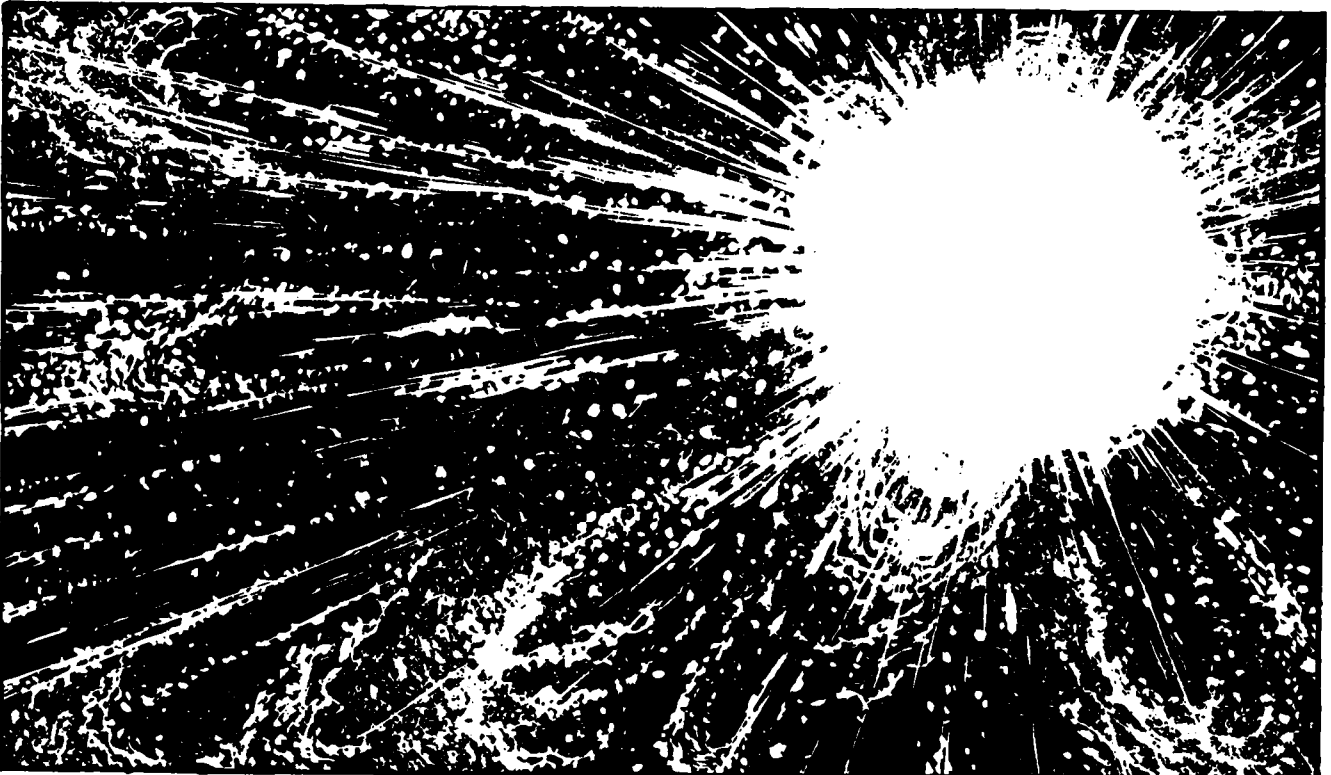
Once the heroic investigators realize that they are safe again, allow the team to recover up to 3D6 SAN if they receive successful Sanity rolls. Then throw the Hound at them.

As a variant, the time machine materializes safely, but in a universe where there have been very minor changes. The politicians are slightly different, songs aren't quite the same, and the investigators encounter exact duplicates who never became involved in the Navy project. Allow them to recover 3D6 SAN when they think that they have returned to the real world, as above, but then penalize SAN when they learn the truth. Meeting an exact replica of yourself should be fairly shocking, at least a 2/1D10+2 SAN loss.

POSSIBILITY TWO: to run a Victorian campaign (see *Cthulhu By Gaslight*), perhaps the egg has arrived a few years too early, dumping the team somewhere on Hampstead Heath in London. When they explore, the investigators come across a road, with plenty of carts and carriages but no cars. A newspaper left on a bench reveals the date. The team must decide how to get period clothing, money, and all the other essentials of life in Victorian Britain. Investigators recover a maximum of 2D6 SAN, and eventually have to deal with the Hound.

For a variant, use the same setting. It's ominously quiet, no birds sing, and huge expanses of the wood are charred. In the distance there's a shrill cry of "Ullllaaaaaa." and a sinister metal tripod crosses the horizon — the investigators are in the universe of H.G. Wells' *War of the Worlds*. The investigators can only recover 1D6 SAN, and must still deal with the Hound once they've overcome the trifling problem of a Martian invasion.

POSSIBILITY THREE: for a Dreamlands campaign, the next cycle of the universe could be a cycle in which the Dreamlands

*The end of the universe*

are real and our universe is the dream. The investigators are trapped in the Dreamlands until they get the knack of effective dreaming, and work their way back to the world they desire. No SAN is recovered until the investigators recover their proper reality. One advantage is that the Hound takes much longer to reach the team; allow 2D6 x15 days, since time always passes much faster in a dream. See *H.P.L.'s Dreamlands* for pertinent rules and procedures.

POSSIBILITY FOUR: to move to a present-day campaign, the egg materializes in trees decorating a portion of a huge freeway cloverleaf. The investigators' problems are going to be severe, beginning with the straight-forward one of getting across the road without being run down by a hurtling lorry.

They have no papers and no current money, and face enormous problems establishing themselves in their new lives. Eventually they find that they are recorded as having disappeared in 1927. *Cthulhu Now* has some useful tips on contemporary adventures.

MORE POSSIBILITIES: for more ambitious entertainment, the investigators could arrive in an enormously different universe, where another life form rules the Earth, or one in which history has been completely changed: Philip K. Dick's classic *The Man in the High Castle* offers a vision of a familiar world which is yet very different. Or perhaps they'll arrive in a world where the forces of the Cthulhu Mythos have won, and Great Cthulhu and his minions rule. Or perhaps they'll spend years believing that they have returned to the 'real' world, then spot a small detail that proves them hideously wrong. Whatever the outcome, this scenario is over, and the team must deal with any problems that follow.

Statistics

Note: many of the following characters served in the Great War and are yet scarred with reduced Sanities.

PROFESSOR MOE

An elderly mathematician and mystic from Stockholm, he knows more about time and the Cthulhu Mythos than he would prefer. Anxious to complete his experiments, he does not participate in 'investigating,' nor does he connect himself with the Mythos. Moe suffers from a hereditary illness, and is in very poor health.

STR 6	CON 4	SIZ 12	INT 19	POW 18
DEX 11	EDU 21	APP 11	SAN 65	HP 8

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons: none.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 21%, Mathematics 90%, Mesmerize 80%, Occult 77%. Keepers may add high values for other intellectual skills as they please.

HANS, A PSYCHIC

Hans is a low-grade moron with strong psychic powers. He speaks stumbling Swedish, and has no skills.

STR 11	CON 5	SIZ 12	INT 3	POW 18
DEX 4	APP 5	EDU 2	SAN 99	HP 9

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons: none.

OBADIAH POLKINGTON

A greedy lawyer with fingers in every lucrative deal in Barrow, Polkington is also Coroner and a Justice of the Peace. He refuses to let the law stand in the way of business sense.

STR 12 CON 16 SIZ 9 INT 14 POW 11
DEX 13 APP 9 EDU 14 SAN 40 HP 13

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons: none.

Skills: Bargain 35%, Debate 45%, Fast Talk 25%, Law 35%, Oratory 22%, R/W Latin 15%.

Equipment: imposing-looking law books.

GLADYS JONES

This bereaved widow is confused, grief-stricken, and extremely talkative.

STR 11 CON 15 SIZ 7 INT 9 POW 15
DEX 13 APP 11 EDU 8 SAN 28 HP 11

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons: none.

Skills: Fast Talk 45%, Get Attention 50%.

DR. GARDEN, SURGEON & PATHOLOGIST

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 11 INT 15 POW 12
DEX 14 APP 14 EDU 17 SAN 51 HP 12

Damage Bonus +0

Weapons: none.

Skills: Botany 18%, Chemistry 28%, Diagnose Disease 34%, First Aid 62%, Pharmacy 41%, Psychoanalysis 17%, Psychology 11%, Treat Disease 31%, Treat Poison 18%, Zoology 41%.

Equipment: medical kit, hospital resources.

CAPT. JONAS ENTWHISTLE

A sea captain bold, aged 65, one-legged (he fell into a lobster boiler while celebrating the end of the Boer War), he still has an eye (and a wandering hand) for the ladies. He smokes a foul pipe and reeks of spirits.

STR 17 CON 16 SIZ 17 INT 11 POW 14
DEX 12 APP 14 EDU 7 SAN 43* HP 17

*reduced due to occasional alcoholic hallucinations.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+1D6

Head Butt 45%, damage 1D4+1D6

Marlinspike (as knife) 55%, damage 1D6

Skills: Astronomy 10%, Bargain 55%, Boating 35%, Dive 25%, Navigate 53%, Operate Paddle Steamer 55%, Seamanship 75%.

Equipment: *Gem* (a paddle-steamer tug), assorted nautical supplies, and various bottles of gin, whiskey, brandy, and schnapps.

"K"

Head of British Naval Intelligence, this enigmatic figure rarely says much, but is always alert.

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 15 INT 18 POW 18
DEX 14 APP 11 EDU 16 SAN 55 HP 15

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: .45 Webley Revolver 55%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Adminstrate 70%, Anthropology 18%, Connive 83%, Credit Rating 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 04%, Debate 22%, French 55%, German 68%, History 48%, Law 33%, Library Use 54%, Linguist 35%, Listen 55%, Occult 18%, Psychology 65%, Russian 41%, Seamanship 72%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Equipment: Always escorted by two plain-clothes Marines (see Generic Marine, below) with .45 handguns and uniform 70% hand-to-hand combat skills.

COMMANDER EDWARD NILES, RN

A dedicated career naval officer and a true patriot, ruthless in the service of King and Empire. He has been entrusted with command of an important project, and intends to make sure that nothing goes wrong.

STR 16 CON 15 SIZ 13 INT 13 POW 16
DEX 14 APP 15 EDU 15 SAN 71 HP 14

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: .45 Webley Revolver 55%, damage 1D10+2
Short Model Lee-Enfield Rifle 35%, damage 2D6+3

Skills: Astronomy 10%, Bargain 30%, Chemistry 24%, Dive 45%, Dodge 36%, Drive 36%, Electrical Repair 32%, Fast Talk 25%, Make Maps 38%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Military Law 20%, Navigation 28%, Photography 25%, Seamanship 50%.

LT. PETER DAVENISH, RN

Engineer for HMS *Selene*, this extrovert makes advances toward any female investigators. He commands *Selene* when Niles is absent.

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 15 INT 13 POW 16
DEX 14 APP 15 EDU 15 SAN 71 HP 15

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: .45 Webley Revolver 55%, damage 1D10+2
Short Model Lee-Enfield Rifle 35%, damage 2D6+3

Skills: Bargain 30%, Chemistry 20%, Dive 35%, Dodge 30%, Drive 39%, Electrical Repair 35%, Fast Talk 55%, Make Maps 38%, Mechanical Repair 75%, Military Law 15%, Navigation 18%, Photography 35%, Physics 20%, Seamanship 30%.

LIEUTENANT PETER WILLIAMS, RN

A Naval surgeon of great skill, he is also dedicated to King and Country. He is a former rugby fullback, and an authority on the medicine of deep-sea diving.

STR 17 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 13 POW 11
DEX 15 APP 15 EDU 17 SAN 51 HP 15

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: .45 Webley Revolver 23%, damage 1D10+2
Fist/Punch 85%, damage 1D3+1D4
Kick 35%, damage 1D6+1D4

Skills: Botany 23%, Chemistry 35%, Diagnose Disease 45%, Diving 47%, First Aid 75%, Pharmacy 39%, Psychoanalysis 23%, Psychology 20%, Treat Disease 33%, Treat Poison 40%, Zoology 22%.

Equipment: medical kit.

LT. CHRISTOPHER WATSON, RN

Electrician and electrical engineer. He is happily married, and talks about his wife and children incessantly.

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 15 INT 13 POW 16
DEX 14 APP 15 EDU 15 SAN 71 HP 14

Damage Bonus +1D4

CPO JACK PHILLIPS

He's the artificer (mechanic) for the expedition. He's inclined to whistle tunelessly as he works.

STR 16 CON 17 SIZ 10 INT 16 POW 13
DEX 13 APP 13 EDU 13 SAN 61 HP 14

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: .45 Webley Revolver 35%, damage 1D10+2
Short Model Lee-Enfield Rifle 15%, damage 2D6+3

Skills: Dive 45%, Electrical Repair 35%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Seamanship 45%.

GENERIC SAILOR

Repeat this statistic as useful. All the sailors encountered in this adventure are highly qualified, hand-picked for this important secret post.

STR 16 CON 16 SIZ 12 INT 11 POW 12
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 9 SAN 50 HP 14

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+1D4

Head Butt 35%, damage 1D4+1D4

Kick 55%, damage 1D6+1D4

Grapple 65%, damage special

Fighting Knife 35%, damage 1D4+2

Short Model Lee-Enfield Rifle 35%, damage 2D6+3

.45 Webley Revolver 25%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Camouflage 45%, Dive 20%, Hide 25%, Jump 45%, Listen 35%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 40%, Throw 45%, Track 25%.

LT. GEOFFREY HULL

Leader of *Selene's* Royal Marine contingent, he has an excellent knowledge of explosives. He is neurotically tidy.

STR 17 CON 17 SIZ 15 INT 14 POW 13
DEX 14 APP 12 EDU 11 SAN 35 HP 17

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 85%, damage 1D3+1D4

Head Butt 25%, damage 1D4+1D4

Kick 45%, damage 1D6+1D4

Grapple 55%, damage special

Fighting Knife 55%, damage 1D4+2

Short Model Lee-Enfield Rifle 65%, damage 2D6+3

.45 Webley Revolver 40%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Camouflage 45%, Chemistry 65%, Dive 20%, Electrical Repair 35%, Hide 25%, Jump 45%, Listen 35%, Mechanical Repair 25%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 40%, Throw 45%, Track 25%.

Equipment: box of detonators, primers, etc.

SGT. THOMAS NELSON

STR 17 CON 17 SIZ 15 INT 12 POW 12
DEX 13 APP 11 EDU 11 SAN 55 HP 17

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 85%, damage 1D3+1D4

Head Butt 25%, damage 1D4+1D4

Kick 45%, damage 1D6+1D4

Grapple 55%, damage special

Fighting Knife 55%, damage 1D4+2

Short Model Lee-Enfield Rifle 65%, damage 2D6+3

.45 Webley Revolver 40%, damage 1D10+2

Author's Notes and Acknowledgements

This adventure has been developed over three years, and underwent major changes in that time. I have received help, advice, and encouragement from a number of sources. In particular I thank the following people.

Sandy Petersen outlined much of the background to the future of the Great Race of Yith in articles and letters in the fanzine *Dagon*, and corrected some erroneous assumptions I made in early drafts of this adventure.

Marc Gascoigne and Jon Sutherland, formerly of Games Workshop, persuaded me to write the first version of this magnum opus, then spent enormous amounts of time finding the faults in it.

Carl Ford (of *Dagon*) gave encouragement and advice.

Various attendees at the 1987 Koancon games convention, the 1987 World Science Fiction Convention, and Gamesfair 1988 spent a total of approximately 150 man-hours as play-testing guinea pigs. I hope that they enjoyed themselves as much as I did.

The Royal Navy Historical Library provided valuable information on Navy bases and ships in the twenties.

My long-suffering Mother, who has no interest in gaming, has now proof-read versions of this manuscript several times. Many, many thanks for her encouragement and support.

The title of this adventure derives from a song by Credence Clearwater Revival, and from a collection of stories edited by Thomas M. Disch. I have previously used this title for a *Traveller* adventure in the fanzine *Trollcrusher*, which has no connection with this scenario.

Inspiring or contributing to this adventure in various ways was *Seeking the Mythical Future* (a novel by Trevor Hoyle), *The Mystery in the Navy and Mystery Under the Sea* (Doc Savage novels by Kenneth Robeson), *An Experiment With Time* (a book by J.W. Dunne), H.P. Lovecraft's "The Shadow Out of Time," Lovecraft/Derleth's "The Shadow Out of Space," Brian W. Aldiss' "The Small Betraying Detail," H.G. Wells' *The Time Machine*, William Hope Hodgson's *The House on the Borderland*, Poul Anderson's *Tau Zero*, Keith Roberts' *Anita and Pavane*, William Rushton's "Dr. W.G. Grace's Last Case," Douglas Dixon's *After Man*, Peter Tamlyn's (ed.) *Green and Pleasant Land*, and various articles in *White Dwarf* and *Dagon*.

Weapons: .45 Webley Revolver 55%, damage 1D10+2
Short Model Lee-Enfield Rifle 35%, damage 2D6+3

Skills: Bargain 30%, Chemistry 20%, Dive 35%, Dodge 30%, Drive 39%, Electrical Repair 35%, Fast Talk 55%, Make Maps 38%, Mechanical Repair 75%, Military Law 15%, Navigation 18%, Photography 35%, Physics 20%, Seamanship 30%.

Skills: Bargain 30%, Camouflage 40%, Dive 20%, First Aid 44%, Hide 25%, Jump 45%, Listen 35%, Military Law 20%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 40%, Throw 45%, Track 25%.

GENERIC ROYAL MARINE

Repeat this statistic as useful. The Marines encountered in this adventure are crack troops, hand-picked for this important secret post. Four Marine corporals are present on any day.

STR 17 CON 17 SIZ 15 INT 11 POW 10
DEX 14 APP 10 EDU 9 SAN 45 HP 17

Damage Bonus +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 85%, damage 1D3+1D4
Head Butt 25%, damage 1D4+1D4
Kick 45%, damage 1D6+1D4
Grapple 55%, damage special
Fighting Knife 55%, damage 1D4+2
Short Model Lee-Enfield Rifle 65%, damage 2D6+3
.45 Webley Revolver 40%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Camouflage 45%, Dive 20%, Hide 25%, Jump 45%, Listen 35%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 40%, Throw 45%, Track 25%.

SAMPLE GREAT RACE WARRIOR

Repeat as needed.

STR 55 CON 35 SIZ 59 INT 21 POW 14
DEX 14 Move 7 HP 47

Damage Bonus +6D6

Weapons: Pincer 55%, damage 1D6+6D6
Flesh Gun 60%, damage 1D10 and up (damage as for lightning guns, but affects only flesh; see the section above, entitled "Return of the Great Race.")
Spherical Grenade 55%, damage 5D6 in 3-yard radius

Armor: 8-point skin.

Spells: none.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6.

HOUND OF TINDALOS

STR 17 CON 33 SIZ 17 INT 19 POW 28
DEX 10 Move 6/40 flying HP 25

Damage Bonus +1D6

Weapons: Paw 90%, damage 1D6+1D6+ichor
Tongue 90%, damage 1D3 POW drain

Armor: 2-point hide + regenerates 4 HP per round. Vulnerable only to magical weapons.

Spells: Call Yog-Sothoth, Clutch of Nyogtha.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D20.



CALL of CTHULHU

INVESTIGATOR SHEET

Name _____ Sex _____
 Occupation _____ Age _____
 Nationality _____ Residence _____

INVESTIGATOR STATISTICS

STR _____ DEX _____ INT _____ Idea _____
 CON _____ APP _____ POW _____ Luck _____
 SIZ _____ SAN _____ EDU _____ Know _____
 Schools _____
 Degrees _____
 Damage Bonus/Penalty _____

MAGIC POINTS

Unconscious = 0 1
 2 3 4 5 6
 7 8 9 10 11
 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 20 21
 22 23 24 25 26

HIT POINTS

Dead = 0 1 2
UNCONSCIOUS
 3 4 5 6 7
 8 9 10 11 12
 13 14 15 16 17
 18 19 20 21 22
 23 24 25 26 27

SANITY POINTS

(20% current SAN: _____) Permanent Insanity = 0 1 2 3
 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35
 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51
 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67
 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83
 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

INVESTIGATOR PORTRAIT

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (10) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis (00) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> First Aid (30) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Psychology (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Geology (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Read/Write Eng. (EDUx5) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Astronomy (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Hide (10) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Read/Write _____ (00) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bargain (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> History (20) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Read/Write _____ (00) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Botany (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Jump (25) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Read/Write _____ (00) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Camouflage (25) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Law (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Ride (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Library Use (25) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Sing (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Climb (40) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Linguist (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Sneak (10) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> _____ (____) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Listen (25) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Speak _____ (00) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Credit Rating (15) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Make Maps (10) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Speak _____ (00) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cthulhu Mythos (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Repair (20) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden (25) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Debate (10) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Occult (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Swim (25) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Diagnose Disease (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Operate Hvy. Machine (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Throw (25) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> _____ (____) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Oratory (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Track (10) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> _____ (____) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Treat Disease (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (DEXx2) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Photography (10) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Treat Poison (05) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Drive Automobile (20) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Physics (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Zoology (00) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Drive _____ (____) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Pick Pocket (05) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> _____ (____) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Repair (10) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Pilot Aircraft (00) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> _____ (____) _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> _____ (____) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Pilot _____ (____) _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> _____ (____) _____ |

WEAPONS

weapon	shots	attack/parry	impale	damage	hit points	ammo

CASH, PHOBIAS, SPELLS & NOTES

cash on hand: _____
 phobias: _____

SHOTS = number of shots per round AMMO = number of rounds held in weapon

Player Name: _____

PERSONAL HISTORY AND NOTES

INCOME AND SAVINGS

Yearly Income \$

Savings

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				2071 ... 5
				2072 ... 13
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				2074 ... 2
				2075 ... 3
				2076 ... 11
				2077 ... 6
				2078 ... 7
				2079 ... 1
				2080 ... 9

Calendars, Yearly 1610 - 2080

1

JANUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

FEBRUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	

MARCH

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

APRIL

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						

MAY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

JUNE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						

JULY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

AUGUST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

SEPTEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						

OCTOBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

NOVEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						

DECEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

Instructions for the Calendars

Find the year you want in the index on the first page. The number opposite that year is the number of the calendar to use for that year.

In 1752, England and her colonies adopted the Gregorian calendar, the reason for the strange-looking month of September in calendar 15. Before 1582 for approximately half a millenium, all of Europe used the Julian system, and some nations continued use of that untidier system into the nineteenth century.

For dates earlier than 1610 follow the pattern of the years, with this proviso: in the Julian calendar, a leap year falls every four years. In the Gregorian calendar, a leap year occurs every four years except for century years not divisible by 400: thus 1900 was not a leap year, but 2000 will be.



HANDOUT SECTION

The remaining pages in this book are perforated and can be carefully pulled out or cut out.

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Character Sheet – Japanese

Character Sheet – French

Character Sheet – German

Character Sheet – Spanish

Dear Friend -

It has been a long time, and I know that I haven't been much of a correspondent, but today I feel I must write to you, for I need your help.

I have been working in New Mexico with the I.W.O., ever since the Bisbee fiasco. John Thornton, a close friend, and I came to Coppertown, New Mexico in response to an appeal for organizational help by a group of miners who work for the Beasley Mining Co.

We had done mining before so we signed on as labor. I wrote now because John was killed in an "accident" a week ago.

I'm convinced the mine company murdered him because of his organizing activity, but I need help proving it. The local police, as usual, belong to the mine owners and are no help at all. If we could prove that John was murdered, we could bring in a federal marshal and maybe get some justice. Can you help us? I know that you have developed some phill, at digging up evidence others overlook. I also realize that this particular problem is a bit prosaic and mundane, compared to those you are used to.

If you can come, and I hope you will for old times sake, if not for the modest retainer we can afford, please be careful. This is a small town and your arrival will be noticed. I really don't know what's best - maybe you should come as a bundle stiff and hire on, or maybe you could find out more as a well-off visitor or businessman. I get the strong impression that the mine owners are not looking for investors, so that ploy is probably no good. But you're the detective.

If you can come, you can find me at the Silver Spur Saloon Saturdays evenings payday here. Otherwise, I live at the workers housing at the Copper Lady pit.

Don't forget, it's a secret from the company that I'm a Wobbler, so don't pay anything to anyone here about that. If they found out about John, they may or may not know about me. We have to watch our steps these days.

Hoping to hear from you soon.

Your friend,

Joe Green

The Beasley Mining Co.

Offices: 28 Main Street, Coppertown, New Mexico.

Officers: President William Beasley, V.P. Edward Beasley.

Incorporated: May 19, 1912 in New Mexico.

Capital: about \$5 million (no shares).

Property: 20 unpatented claims and 1 mill site, about 560 acres of land on the N. side of Devil's Mountain, 5 miles from Coppertown, New Mexico.

Development: main developments are two claims, Broad Vein and the Copper Lady, both incline shafts cut into porphyry copper deposits.

Spawn C. Background Color: Mining Camp Slang and Jargon

Mining Camp Slang and Jargon

Atmosphere and flavor comes not only from the information provided to players but from the keeper's playing of accessory characters. The following vocabulary can help the keeper create more realistic dialogue for workers and mine administrators.

adit—a tunnel cut horizontally into the mountain from the surface.

assay—a test to determine metal content of an ore.

bindle stiffs—workers who carry their bedding.

bohunks—workers from Bohemia.

boomers—workers who follow new discoveries from place to place.

boy—a worker who carries drills or operates hoists.

buzzies—extension drilling machines.

capping—rock or ore over an adit or drift.

caving—a large block of ore is undermined by a series of drifts cut at right angles under the section.

country or host rock—rock enclosing the ore deposit.

Cousin Jacks—Cornish miners (from Cornwall, England, a mining region since the Middle Ages).

Crowst time—lunch time (Cornish expression).

donkey—any stationary engine.

donkey puncher—engineer on a donkey.

drift—a tunnel cut horizontally into ore from a shaft.

drifting—cutting drifts by drilling and blasting.

dry house—miners locker room or change house.

dumpers—workers who dump trams.

fink—strike breaker (scab) or informer.

gangue—worthless rock.

given his time—fired.

groundhog—tunnel miner.

gump light—miners' carbide lamp.

hangin'—overhead part of a mine tunnel.

hard rock stiff—a skilled miner who works in deep mines.

helmet men—trained fire-fighters.

highball camp—camp where work is speeded up by the foreman.

highgrading—miners helping themselves to high-grade ore.

hoist house—house over a shaft with lift machinery.

hollow steel—a drill bit for a water-fed drill.

hoosier up—to act incompetent.

idiotstick—shovel.

laborer—a worker who drags or picks down rock from the stopes.

loading a round—dynamite is tamped into a set of blasting holes and then the holes are filled (*stemmed*) with mud to enhance the blast.

muck—ore or gangue.

muckers—workers who shovel ore into trams.

mucking out—removing ore.

muck stick—shovel.

pluggers—small hand-held machine drills.

porphyry—an ore with copper minerals scattered through the rock.

rise—a vertical shaft cut from a drift up into the ore.

round—cycle of blasting, mucking out, timbering and drilling to position the next blast.

scabs—strike breakers.

to soldier—to goof off.

spotters—company spies in the mine.

stope—an empty room in a mine from which the ore has been removed.

stoppers—machine drill used in stopes and rises.

stopping steel—a solid-steel drill bit.

ten-day miners—miners who work for a stake and then move on; men who "call the hole deep enough."

timbering—the standing of timber to prevent cave-ins, done by skilled timbermen who erect posts on each side of the mine shaft to support a cap beam. Posts and caps may be ten inches square.

top men—surface workers.

trackmen—workers who lay track in the mines.

tramp miners—miners always on the move.

trammers—workers who push the ore trams to the shaft.

trams—small cars used to carry ore; they are pushed on tracks.

walking delegate—a union organizer who moves from job to job.

water drifters—water-cooled drills.

Crawford's Notebook

"Accompanied the Bs through a subterranean passage to a cavernous room, said to be beneath the pit. Waiting was F and a bound worker, a Finn, who pleaded gratifyingly. Our victim was surprised to see us appear and began swearing. E struck the boob and gagged him, while W explained that this one was being kept in good condition for the beings. W warned us to stay still and stay back when the things appeared. Not long afterward, the first one came.

I could tell it was coming by a rush of fetid, acrid air out of one tunnel, and by a numbing sensation that settled over me, leaving all of us unable to move. Maybe numbness the result of a gas. W claims psy effect.

Monster was awesome. Big, with many arms, no visible organs, no legs. Snakelike movement. Amazing to think that such secrets remain to be discovered. Covered with a clear slime or mucous that glistened in the torchlight. Must get a test sample. Octopoid arms capable of delicate manipulation. Color: white to light grey, blue to black in folds, no obvious veining. Thing approached Finn, then me. Aware of us as newcomers?

Felt something in my mind! Sharp pain, but like nothing ever experienced. W said something I couldn't understand and the feeling receded. The thing flowed backwards, and W stepped forward with knife. I still couldn't move. W cut ropes but Finn just lay there staring. W had E strip the victim, and then both rejoined us.

More of the creatures emerged from the tunnels, some bigger, much bigger than the first. One especially big, silver blue, shades of black, seemed in command. They formed a circle around the Finn, so it was hard to see. The numbness lifted, and the Finn screamed.

Deep hums from the beasts. W calls them star-moles, because he thinks they're from Mars or another planet. Stupid name, just like him.

No melody to their sounds, but various rhythms. Each one of them coiled an arm around some part of the Finn's body, and lifted and low-

ered him. Intense screams of pain from the Finn. The moles apparently varied the pain for some reason. Hard to see. A greenish mist or light came from the circle, tinting the chamber.

I began to feel their power. It was exhilarating. I crave it now just to think of it. With each higher pitched screech I felt stronger and more virile. Not just psy. but can't tell what. Elapsed time nearly four hours!

Finally the screams ended. The things lowered the body to the floor but kept chanting. Hypnotic, exultant. When the creatures left, a naked corpse lay on the stone. Astonishing proceedings. E and two foremen dressed what was left of the Finn and carried it off. W was smug. He knew he had me hooked. He led us back through the tunnel to his house where he served a round of brandy and spoke casually of greater things to come.

[A passage much like the one above intervenes.] Eventually the numbness lifted and this time W motioned us forward to look at the corpse. I expected it ripped or torn apart, but it was quite intact, the only signs of injury being a large number of round burn marks, apparently where the tentacles gripped. The face was unpleasantly agonized. I lagged behind and scooped up a mucous sample into a reagent bottle I had brought.

[Another day.] Tests on slime show only trace minerals. Not even clear whether slime is organic or inorganic. Organic analysis, this is not my forte. Talks with F show him convinced the Bs are right about psy. power. Hard to gather evidence, gentlemen. Last session certainly seemed mainly psy. But how do you test it? Little in my books to help. A promise in de Sartoris, if I can locate the book.

[A later night.] What do the things get from the ritual? Maybe a vastly more intense feeling like those we experience. A narcotic experience, like opium? Surely something else. Would like to get a real coroner's report on those bodies, but far too dangerous. Maybe get some anatomy and pathology texts. Maybe dig up a grave, or maybe just bribe E and get one direct.

[A later afternoon.] Each session the same. Rhythm now memorized, but can't get the words. W refuses to explain, says I'll pick it up. Last night I could tell he was chanting with them. Does he get more out of it that way? F says that the moles told W about the Lady's high grade. That's part of the deal.

[Another night.] One came out of the wall! I almost didn't see it, it happened so fast. The heat was terrific, the wall glowed, melted. Tentacles too fast to follow. It painted the liquid rock along the inside of the new tunnel. Was it melted, or was it a reaction? New mystery. Acid? Where is the bulk of the mass? Wasn't hot enough to go out as heat. Bs don't care, but I do!

[Another day.] Tests on slime still inconclusive.

[Another day.] Stone samples show igneous transformation yes, but also aberrant results. Crystalline structures realigned, not by heat alone, in ways never seen. Creates an aligned substance of great strength and precision, like the temper of a Japanese sword. Great money here if I can figure out how. This is surely a clue to transmutation. Bs don't have a copper mine, but a gold mine!

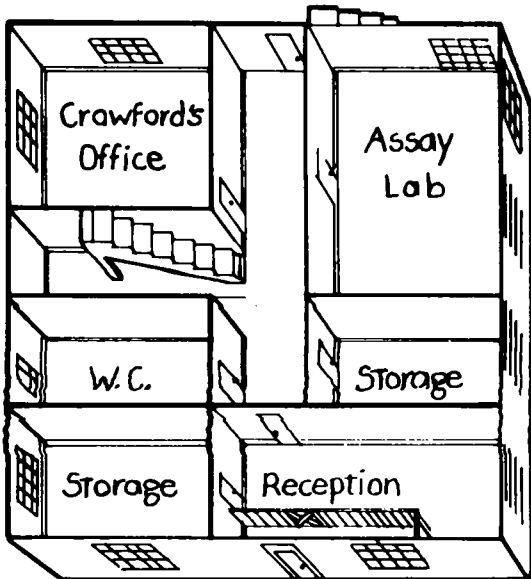
Do the creatures erect structures with this stuff? Or just line tunnels? Still can't figure out what happens to the mass. Must be new atomic number, but volume t. negative, foil leaf negative.

[Another night.] Incredible. Spent three men over nine hours. Aura of power and feeling of renewal. Do we share their experience or is it just leakage? The rhythms were wilder, more frenzied, maniacal, cacophonous. Exhausted, tremendous hangover. I can barely write.

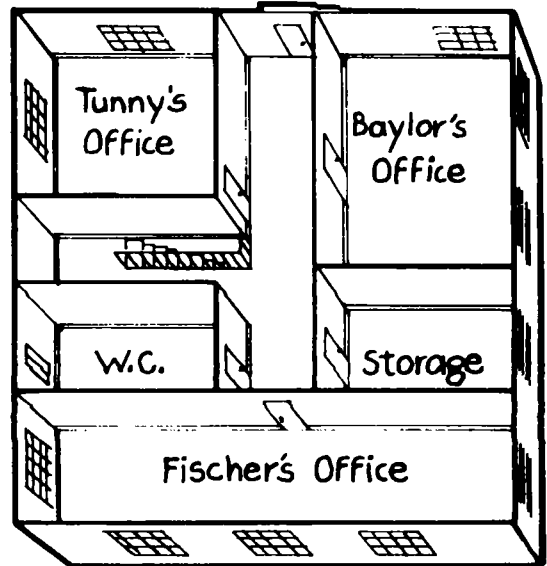
When the things departed, they left behind five white spheres. At first I thought they were some kind of valuable gifts or symbols left for us, but W said we were not to touch them. W said this had happened two years before, and that there had been three spheres then. He said a foreman lifted one and walked out with it, and that one creature returned and killed the man outright.

Beasley Mining Company Offices

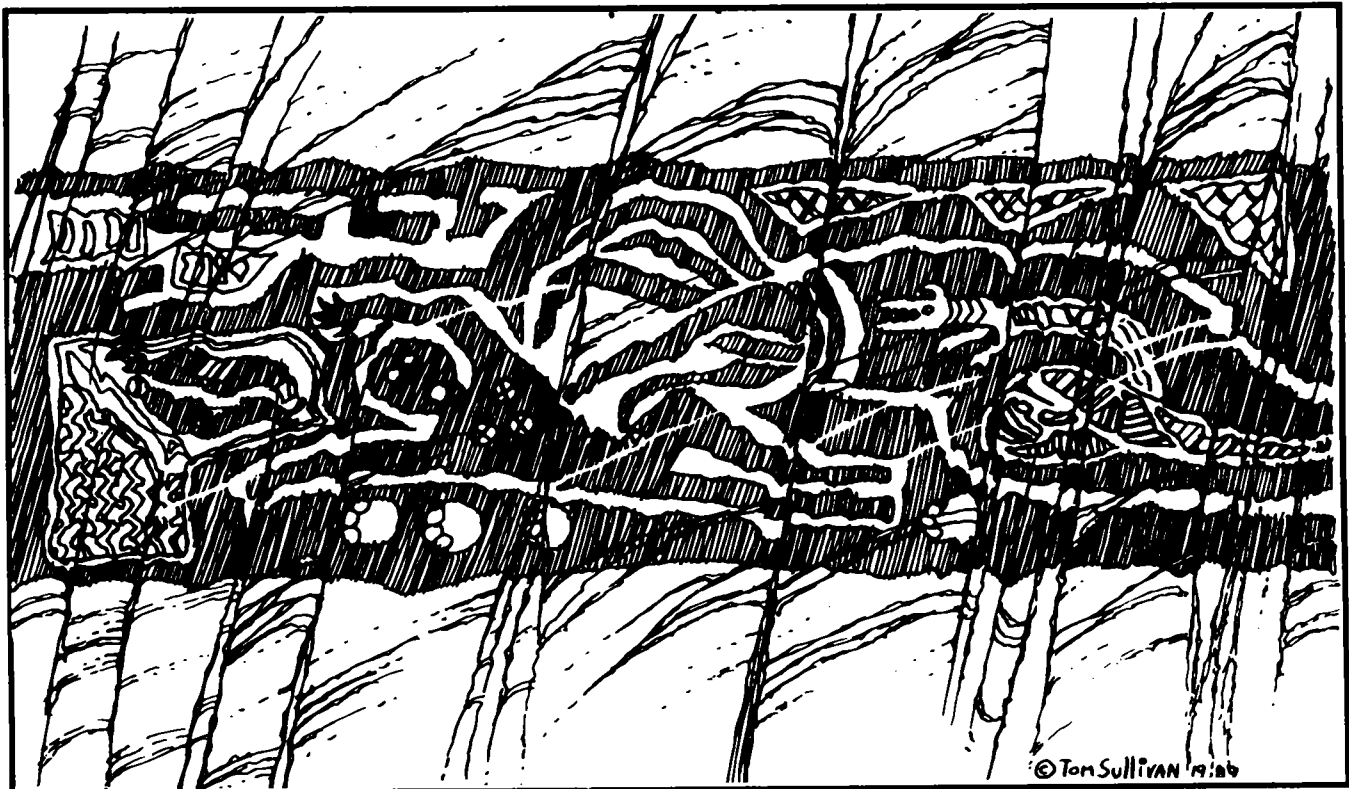
Ground Floor

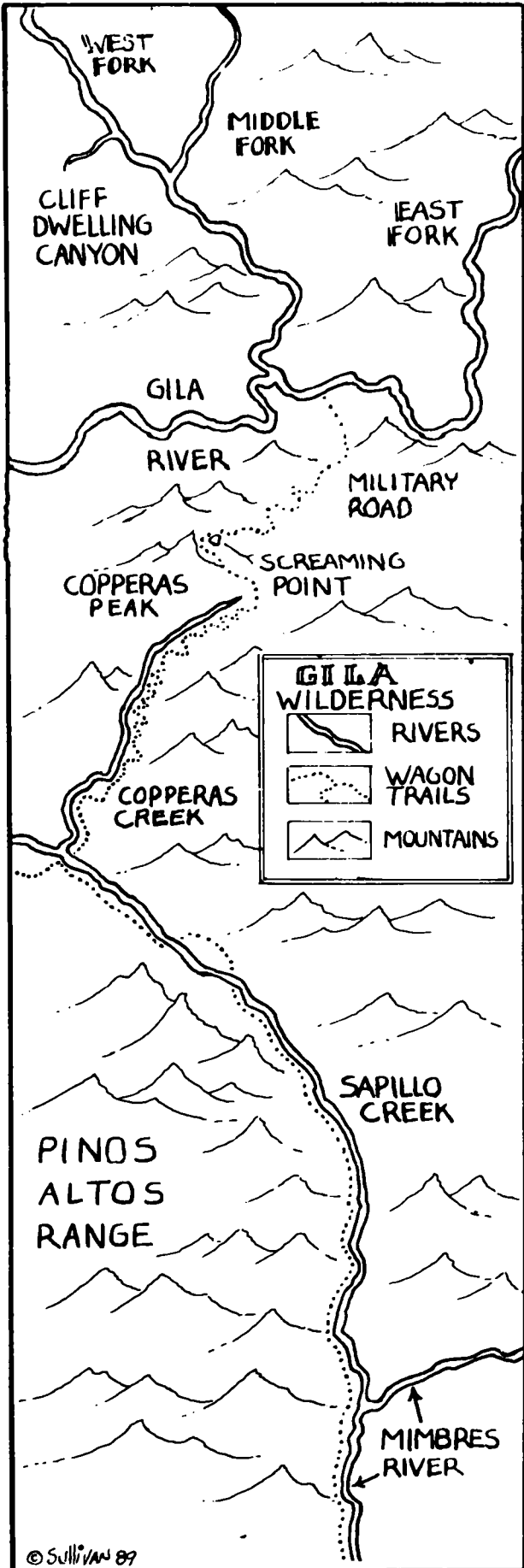


Second Floor

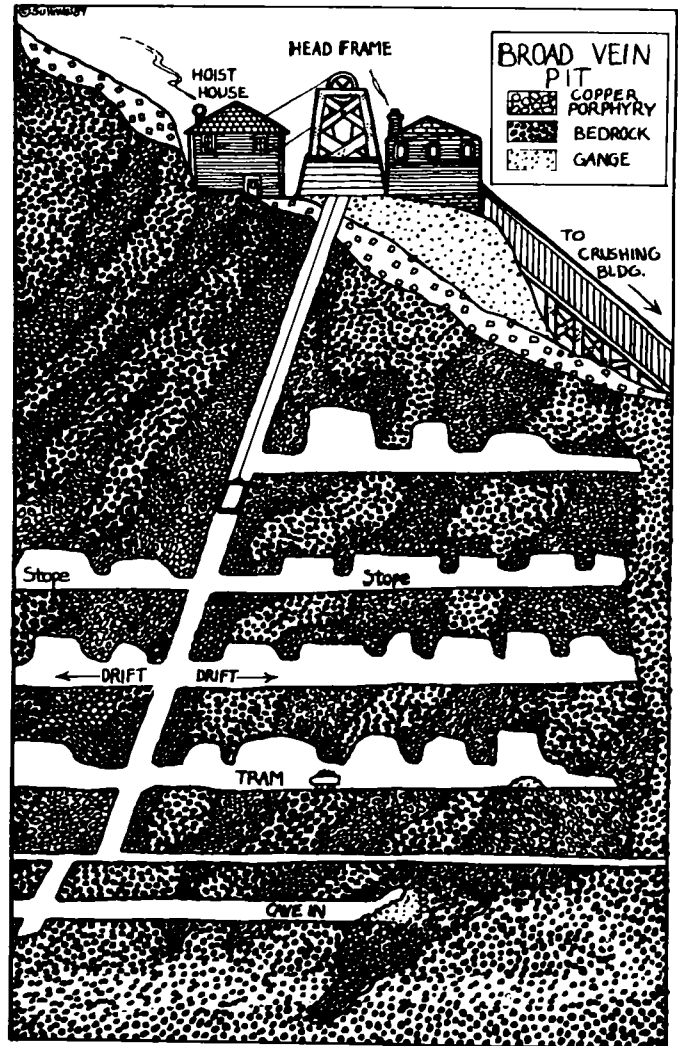


Spawn F. Illustration: Kiva Wall Painting





Spawn G. Map: Gila Wilderness



Spawn F. Diagram: Broad Vein Cross Section

Waters A. Telegram. Brodsky to Investigators

Brodsky's Telegram

PLEASE ARRANGE TRAVEL TO NEW ORLEANS
 STOP CONTACT DR VICTOR DAVIES OR MR
 PHILIP DAVIES OF SUNSET HALL DAVIES
 LANDING MISSISSIPPI STOP RECEIVE
 VISHAKHAPATNAM FRAGMENT FROM THEM
 STOP DELIVER TO GEORGI BRODSKY AT
 MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY STOP 600 DOLLARS
 DEPOSITED TO YOUR SPECIFIED ACCOUNT
 UPON YOUR COLLECT WIRE OF ACCEPTANCE
 STOP DETAILS FOLLOW STOP BRODSKY

Waters B. Inscription: From the Iron Tablet

The Inscription on the Iron Tablet

In the central section is inscribed:

*Dedicatory To Our Flesh: Daughters, look
 once upon this and preserve. A Great Power
 gives your dying parents leave to ward back
 Death at a price paid gladly, for the clay is
 cold and wormy. Now taken from this place,
 yet you shall return when the years are right.
 We mark our path for you. There is life below,
 as you shall know, and in the still waters, and
 in the sea. We shall meet again.*

Around the Dedicatory flows a different script in
 Roman letters:

*Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh
 wgah'nagl fhtagn*

— "In his house at R'lyeh dead Cthulhu waits dream-
 ing," as any successful Cthulhu Mythos roll translates.

Further instructions no longer exist; Patricia and
 Nathaly removed them when they returned twenty
 years before.

Waters C. Letter: From Philippa D.

Dear -
 you visit bring back happy memories
 to me. Father and I will be pleased
 to see you. Please plan to stay
 with us as you need.

The Vish. fragment is being packed
 and crated, so that you may
 take it as you need.
 your school friend,
 Philippa D.

P.S. - Be sure to wire early if your plans
 change; we have no phones in these
 parts.

My Estemed and Long Howard friend,

It is with great regret that I inform you that the Clark firm you bought the volume reference in August 6, 1913 Co. has been sold to our adversary. It may not be lost. At considerable risk I have interviewed the physical psychogram one of them. There. All actual for agents whom I feared to be made known to me. Then another do business but a few miles from you in the Quers of Major Johnson's Estate, at Hones, At-Hens, Blois, Mississippi. They are apparently the primary agents for the actual psychogram who remains unknown to me. Also the same kept up before me could be found.

In the matter of the volume I am sure in your collection there, the last eye of which I am sure, might be of the same except as I last saw it. The Cheekman is of high standing, and his present disreputable would provide the most existing information, for which we must first prepare.

A am, Sir, yours for your regard,

Deliverium,
 22, Fenwick Lane
 London

Waters E. Letter From D. Curwen

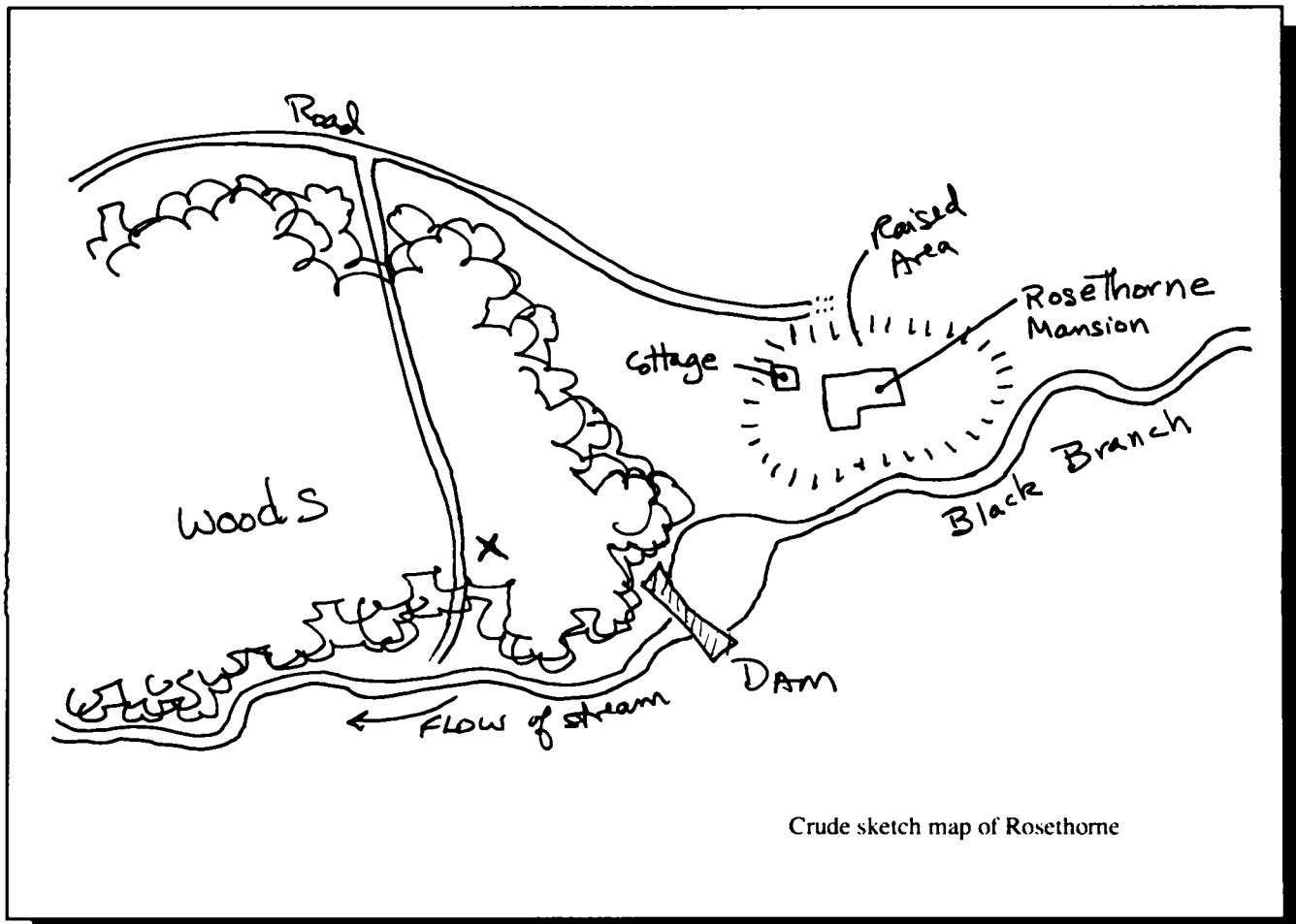
Waters D. Letter From V. Davies

My Dear Master Curwen,
 No one in my experience minds his business better than you, Sir, and of your capabilities you have (I hope indeed) considerable proof in substantial gleaming metal. Yet I must remonstrate against the timidity revealed in your's latest. The Archbishop is a callous fool, one unskilled even to touch that volume, let alone own it. His dogs may notice should we stopper his heart, but no one else will. Get on with it. My Dixie havers shall prove you, should his Majesty grow wrathful. Sir, kill the boob and take the book. Has that not long been our motto? Need I remind you of the consequences if you do not?

Your expectant friend, your companion in thought and deed,

V. Davies

PS - I have taken steps to change the conditions under which we compete with our adversary; the results shall surely surprise you.



Crude sketch map of Rosethorne

Waters F. Map: Rosethorne Mansion Ground

Sign A. Research Results: About Mardi Gras

About Mardi Gras

One of a series of Roman Catholic holidays beginning January 6 (the twelfth night after Christmas) and continuing through Mardi Gras Day (Shrove Tuesday, the day before Ash Wednesday, which is the first day of Lent). The date of Mardi Gras depends on the actual date of Easter, determined by the lunar cycle and the vernal equinox. As with Easter, the Mardi Gras day changes from year to year, always falling between February 6 and March 6.

'Mardi Gras' is a French term meaning Fat Tuesday, a term deriving from the custom of leading a fat ox through the streets of Paris on Shrove Tuesday. French settlers brought the custom with them. The festival proved popular in New Orleans, where organized celebrations date back to the 1830s.

In that city, the Mardi Gras season begins about two weeks before Mardi

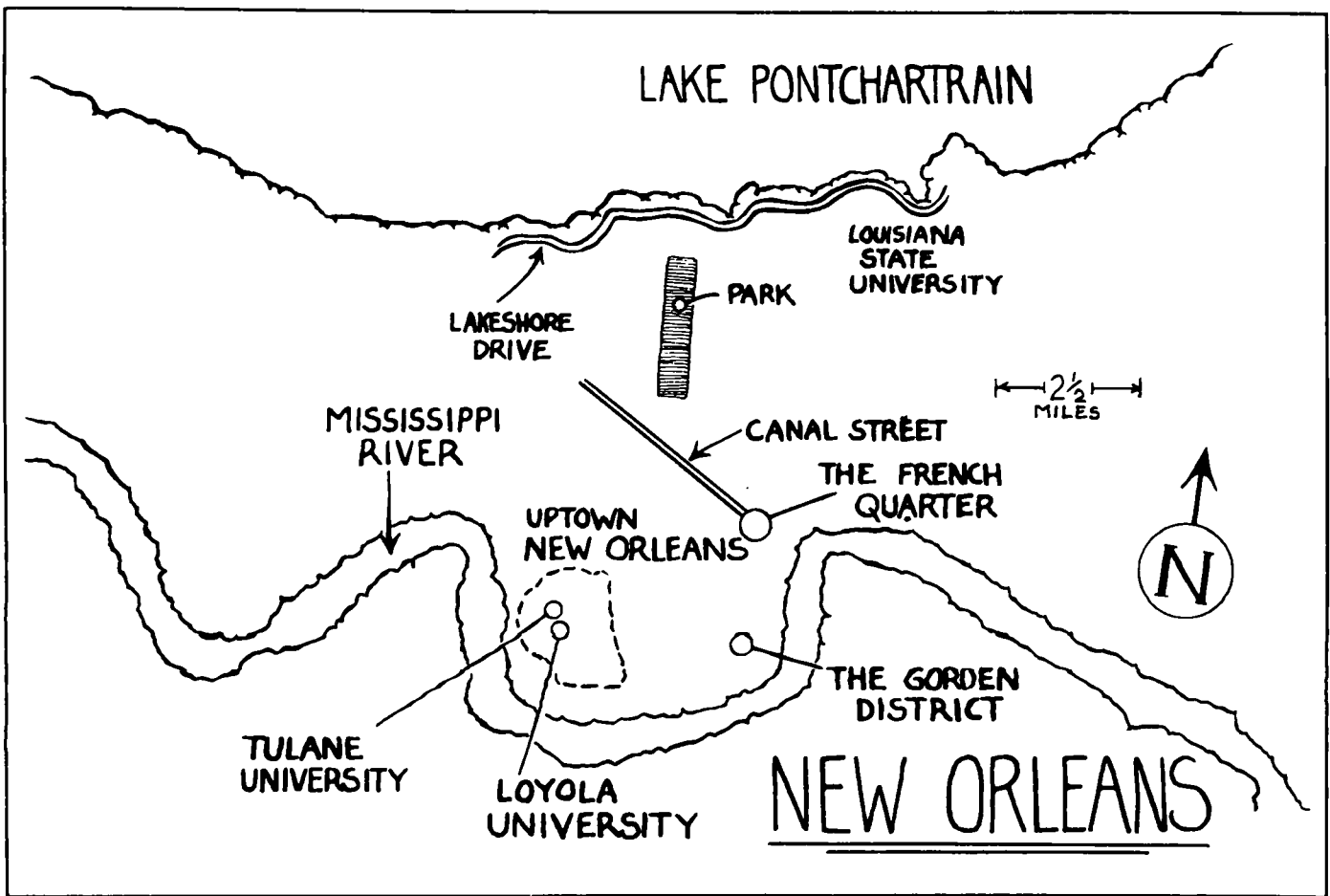
Gras day itself. The festival consists of several days of masked parades through the streets of the city, masquerade balls, fancy dinner parties, and other forms of revelry. These activities are organized and catered by charity groups called *Krewes*. Rex and Comus, the respective kings of carnival and mirth, have their own *Krewes*, dating to 1872 and 1857, respectively; Comus' *Krewe* is called the "Mystic Krewe of Comus," a title sure to raise the eyebrows of suspicious investigators.

On the evening of Mardi Gras Day, spectacular parades and fancy masquerade balls occur, such as the one to be thrown at Randall Fowler's house. Rex's coronation and parade take place about noon, and his ball then occurs that night; Rex is supposed to be the only reveler to parade unmasked. Comus' ball and parade are both held that night as well, concluding the festivities.

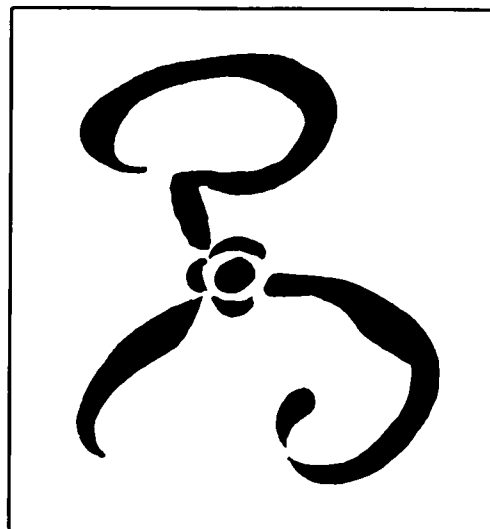
Each year the carnival emphasizes a different theme, drawn from Biblical, historical, or literary subjects. "Our Trip To Mars" is an example of a theme.

Tourists come to the city each year to join in the city-wide party. Debauchery, drunkenness, and Bacchanalian chaos are the rule. Enforcement of anything is always uneasy during Mardi Gras, and Prohibition is not well-started in early 1921. Chasing people through crowded the streets will be difficult; identifying masked targets will be impossible.

The carnival theme this year is Alice In Wonderland. Revelers are dressed as mad hatters, dormice, crocodiles, March hares, jabberwocks and jub-jubs, Cheshire cats, white rabbits, crazed kings (and queens and jacks and soldiers of hearts), and so forth. There'll be lots of other costumes as well, and not a little bare flesh after the children go to bed.



Sign B. Map: New Orleans



Sign C. Illustration: The Yellow Sign

7 Police Die; Many Wounded

Crimson Gang Broken Up; Some Escape
Biggest Battle in Massachusetts Since Bunker Hill

BOSTON (AP) — Early this morning 7 police and 4 members of the notorious Crimson Gang fell in battle when police surrounded and then assaulted the gang's hideout.

Captain Michael Headley, speaking for the Chief of Police, honored the valor of his fallen men and swore swift retribution upon the handful of brutal criminals still at large.

After long investigation, more than 50 police had surrounded the gang at 44 King-of-Ireland Place, a factory address long thought vacant.

The courageous midnight raid went without opposition until police had penetrated well within the building. At that point, a waking gang-member sounded the alarm, and several shots were fired.

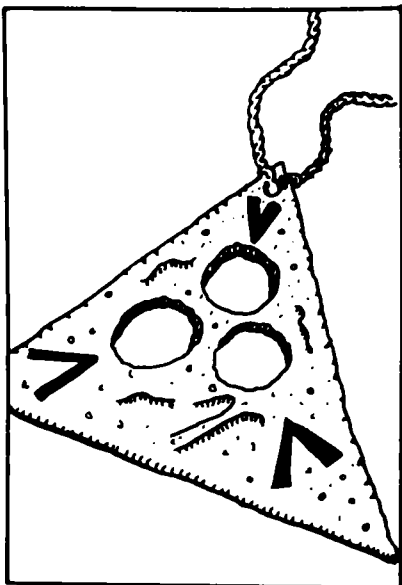
Then accounts vary. Most reports indicate that the gang had rigged traps loaded with axes, sharpened stakes, and other deadly devices, cowardly enterprises which killed or seriously wounded more than a dozen of Boston's finest.

Captain Headley, acting in the stead of our absent Chief, has requested that his men make no statements to the press until the Department can make a thorough investigation.

A conference with the press has been scheduled for 2pm.

In a related development, the Citizens' Committee for a Greater Boston increased their reward for the Crimson Gang to \$28,000, according to spokesman Whipple Peaslee Elliott.

Darkness A. Newspaper: 7 Police Die



Darkness D. Illustration: The Red Talisman

Darkness B. Newspaper: Murder Threats Puzzle Police

Murder Threats Puzzle Police

SPECIAL TO THE LEADER — Two Boston art dealers have received separate but identical murder threats in the last two days.

The *Leader* has learned that Anthony Huer, proprietor of the Boston Arte Shoppe, and Bertram Digby, owner of Colonial Galleries, received unsigned letters promising death if certain statuary were not returned.

Included with each threatening note was a red talisman bearing an unknown occult symbol.

Police are investigating a possible link to Patrick Malone, notorious leader of the Crimson Gang, who is still at large.

Huer and Digby denied knowledge of Malone and of any connection to him.

Boston police have taken possession of the letters and talismans, refusing to state why they connected them to the fugitive Malone.

RETRACTION

The Editors wish to retract in its entirety our story of yesterday, "Murder Threats Puzzle Police." The story was a hoax. The *Leader* apologizes to its readership, and regrets any inconvenience or embarrassment caused to Mr. Hansen, to Mr. Digby, to our valiant police force, or to the people of Boston.

Darkness C. Newspaper: Retraction

Darkness E. Newspaper: Art Dealer Slain

Art Dealer Slain

Vicious Rampage Strikes Down Prominent Citizen

Mr. Bertram Digby, owner of Digby's Colonial Galleries, and a friend to Boston socialites, was found dead last night, sprawled in the rubble of his galleries.

Police were summoned by passersby, alarmed by shouts and loud noises within the locked building. Mr. Digby had expired by the time officers forced open the door.

The police expressed astonishment that the perpetrator had taken so much time to smash and slash items on display in the store, indicating general damage rare for such a crime.

A manhole near the rear entrance to the Colonial Galleries, its heavy cover beside it, presumably offered the murderer a way to escape unseen into the sewers of Boston.

Revenge is thought to be the motive for the crime. Police are concentrating their queries among bohemian and artistic circles.

Mr. Digby was 57. A wife and three daughters survive him.

Gangland Suicide

PHILA(AP) — Believed by some to have belonged to Boston's notorious Crimson Gang, James Corcoran ("Jimmy") Feeney was found dead today, an apparent suicide.

Feeney, whom police report as staying at the Quaker Arms, died by self-induced poisoning. The city coroner stated that death, from whiskey laced with cyanide, was instantaneous.

Boston police ruled unlikely the escape of the Crimson Gang. "They are firmly within our net," stated Lt. McElroy. "We appeal to every citizen to help locate these murderers and send them to justice."

Feeney had a lengthy police record for his 24 years. Family members from Bolton, Mass., have claimed the body.

Darkness F. Newspaper: Gangland Suicide

A friend has recommended you. Please help me. I have been sent the enclosed sign, and have been told that it means death.

Please call at my home tomorrow morning at your earliest convenience.

(Mrs) Margare Miller

Darkness G. Note: From Miss Miller

Town Square Murder

Visitor Found in Bandstand

Mr. Stuart David Cabot-Jenkins was found early this morning, the victim of an apparent murder.

Groundskeeper Elliott Prawney came upon the body while transplanting tulips. "My heart jumped right into my throat," he said. "May God please be so kind as to never reveal to me such a sight again."

Police commented upon the violence of the alleged slaying, but would not respond when asked to compare it with some of the slayings in the recent so-called 'Boston massacre.'

The coroner's report upon the actual cause of death will be forthcoming.

Mr. Cabot-Jenkins may have been visiting our town on business or pleasures; the police ask information from anyone knowing the man.

Pale A. Newspaper: Town Square Murder



Pale B. Illustration: Brood in a Bottle

Cabot-Jenkins' Notebook

The first half of the notebook discusses a house in Salem, Massachusetts. Cabot-Jenkins proves it is not haunted. Among the phenomena explained away are inexplicable pools of blood (not blood at all, merely deposits of water which seeped out of the walls after having been dyed red by dissolving fall leaves on the roof), strange cold spots (the poor condition of the house allows severe drafts), and mysterious moaning sounds (the house's original construction with uncured lumber is to blame). Cabot-Jenkins uncovers the house's true history, and he debunks all of the stories about the evil house, showing them to be baseless rumors and old wives' tales.

The second half of the notebook tackles the Martensen house, near Arkham, and including an address. Here Cabot-Jenkins is less confident of explaining the strange events. Pertinent points are reproduced. The actual journal is many times longer.

Martensen house built in 1840 by John Martensen. First-generation immigrant from Severn Valley area in England. Lingering xenophobia among the neighbors possible for some stories? Not likely — British trade policies by this time beneficial to New England.

Martensen accused of causing disappearances of neighbors or neighbor kin in 1861, 1866, 1870, 1878. In 1884: mob hangs Martensen; tried to kidnap Eliza Peaslee, a young woman well-liked in the area. Several confirming statements after the fact, but nothing then can be tested. He was lynched before evidence could be accumulated and a formal case presented. More disappearances in 1890 and 1891. Now they blame them on Martensen's ghost!

1895: Edgar Ramsay, wife Marian, and sons Edgar Junior and Rothbart move in. They buy the place. First people other than tramps to live there since Martensen.

1897: Marian flees house screaming that a giant worm has killed her husband. Police find Edgar, Edgar Junior, and Rothbart hacked to pieces in the cellar. Only weapon is a large bloody prybar — hah! unlikely weapon for a triple murder: why not an axe or a machete? Marian goes catatonic and never speaks again. State had her committed to the Cambridge Grove asylum in Boston, then declared the case closed. Pretty convenient: those lawyers sure hate to do a day's work. I

should check the records at the asylum.

1899: two more disappearances. No connection in time or in likely motive.

1904: Hiram Crewe moves in. Big frog in little pond: Boston occult investigator, author, braggart, dilettante, spiritualist, and horse's ass. Interview in *Leader* claims he'll have the mystery solved and the evil exorcised in a month. A month later Crewe states at Boston function that no unnatural phenomena are in Martensen house. Moves out of the house later that year. This is most peculiar! Crewe had every emotional and financial reason to describe and declare a great victory over the evil spirits of the house, repeating the obvious fabrications evident in all of his books. Did a past enemy threaten him during his stay, or did something at the house do the threatening? But if the latter, how did Crewe manage to get out of the house and move to New York City? And if the former, were they also responsible for his seclusion and death a year later?

— Arrived in Arkham. Still quaint and quiet, though the university facilities have been nicely updated. Bert Chambers, the lawyer, has the key and has made all the arrangements. Chambers is a disreputable sort, just the type to handle such a disreputable estate!

Ground floor nothing but dust, spiders, bats, and cobwebs. Ho hum, I wish just once that people wouldn't steal the furnishings. Maybe Chambers made off with them. Upper floor even less interesting. Still, the house does have an odd feel. To bed — tomorrow the attic, then the cellar.

Found quite a bit of stuff in the attic. I guess the thieves didn't think it worth the trouble. Broken furniture, old books, fairy tales, mountains of earnest verse. Tomorrow the cellar: I've been saving the scene of the crime for last. A fellow needs something to look forward to.

— Something strange today. While exploring the cellar (ominously musty, too) I hit my head . . . or at least I think I did. When I woke, I was filthy. Even after I washed up I still felt dirty. My skin still itches and crawls.

(Later) I took a walk, but I don't feel better. I'll go into Arkham for a good meal.

— I had a godawful dream. There was a coven of some sort, maybe a dozen people in robes. One made signs in the air with a jewelled dagger while the rest took turns reading from a crumbling old

book, and then a monstrous thing appeared in their midst. Something like an ape but carapaced like an insect. Then (be still, stomach) it ripped the coven to ribbons. As it feasted on them, it suddenly noticed me. I woke up screaming as it reached out.

— Another dream. This time it was dark streets, with unseen ghastly wails. Someone invisible followed me the whole time. Something flew overhead, and when I looked back down a man stood right behind me. "Tell me, have you seen the Yellow Sign?" he asked, and showed me a card bearing a glowing symbol that squirmed on the paper like a yellow worm. Who is the King In Yellow? Who? Why is this happening? I feel weak, disoriented.

— I'm in a house by a lake. It's dark. Somebody's outside the house, chanting. I feel he is evil, and wants to do me harm. Yet I go to look out the window. I see eyes but no face. I scream. Awful spiny things break down the door and drag me outside where a gruesome white thing like a monstrous flaccid crab moves up and stabs me with a spine. This hurts not at all, and I dreamily, contentedly know that it's all over, and I look down into the black lake, and see the black buildings deep within it trembling with desire for me.

I must leave this house. Did Crewe experience this? Did he too encounter this kind of paralysis? Another dream last night. This time two men with another book. I knew they were going to die, and I knew they deserved death. I watched gleefully while one chanted from the book, and then the windows burst open and something lifted the one who was reading. It started sucking his blood and bones, and then only a floating bloody red mass twitched and wobbled in the air.

— Little white things, like pus with legs. It's all I can think of. Last night's dream was a black metal city with buildings higher than Manhattan. The streets were a few feet wide, and things of writhing colors flew through the black canyons. Lobster things threw me off a tall building, and I fell slowly to a river of black pitch, and it grew eyes and reached up, and sucked out my brain.

Psychiatry is out. Couldn't help now. Something happened to me. Something talks to me while I sleep. Something enjoys my screams. Call Harvey W., get a reference. [*Here follows the investigator's name, address, and phone number, concluding the journal.*]

Divers Killed

Two Royal Navy divers died yesterday afternoon in a training accident near Morecambe Bay, off the Lancashire coast.

Petty Officer Jones (29) and Able Seaman Barber (27) were salvaging equipment from the trawler *Highland Spring*, which was sunk during the Great War. Authorities believe that they accidentally detonated an explosive mine lodged in the wreck. The bodies were taken to Barrow-in-Furness, where an inquest will be held.

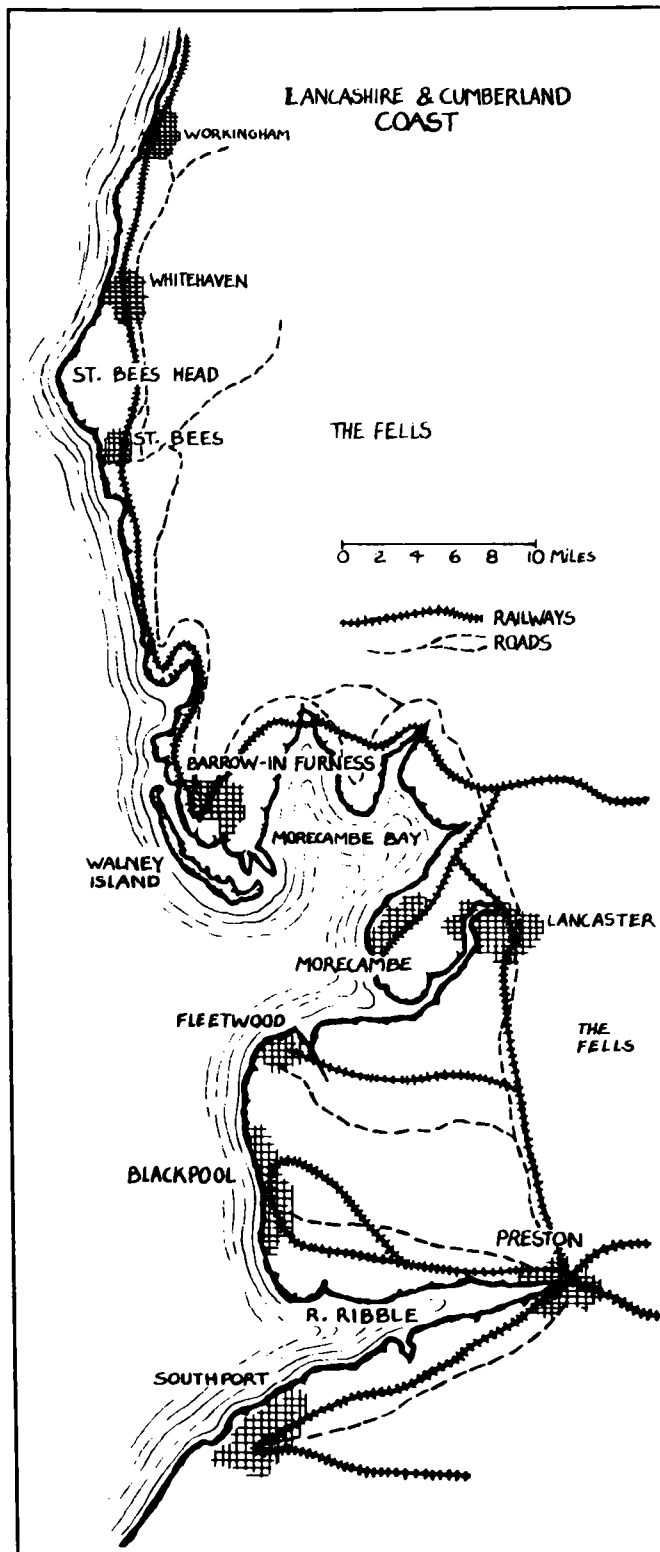
Three fatal accidents involving divers have occurred this year. We are led to understand that the Navy may review safety practices and equipment.

Moon A. Research Results: Divers Killed

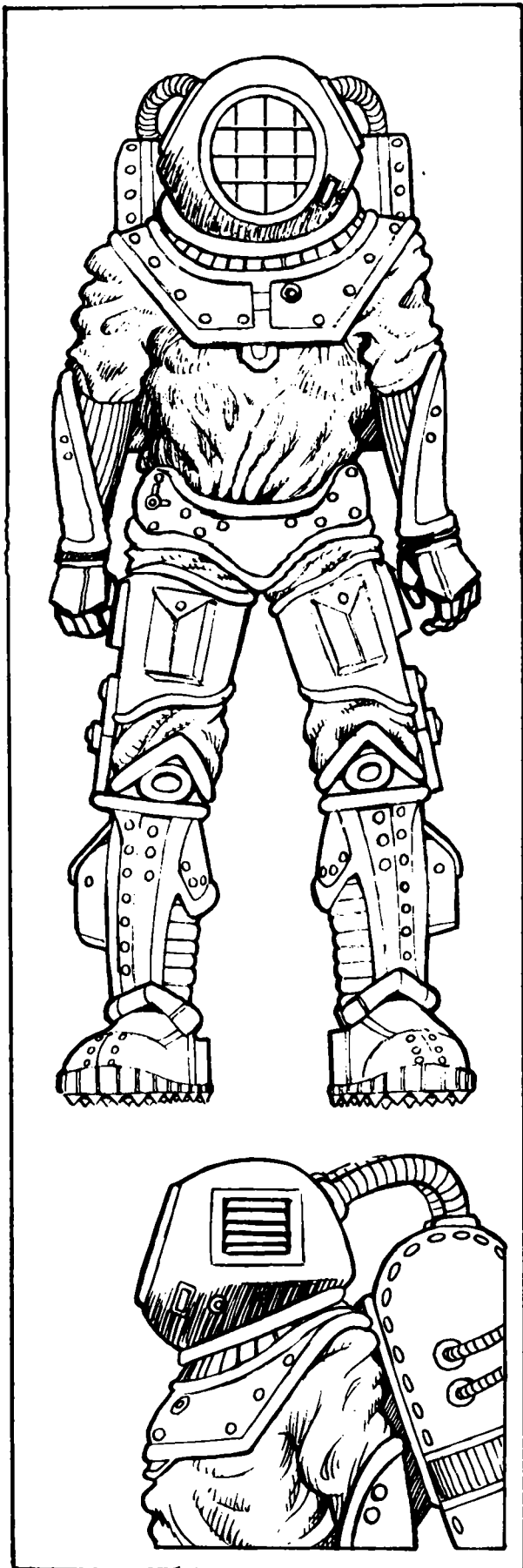
Prof. Moe's Telegram

URGENT YOU PROCEED TO LANCASHIRE AT ONCE TO LEARN EVENTS SURROUNDING TUESDAY LONDON TIMES ARTICLE STOP SEE ITEM DIVERS KILLED PAGE THREE COLUMN ONE STOP REMUNERATION ARRIVES BY CABLE STOP PLEASE SEND FULL REPORT TO MY HOME SIGNED MOE

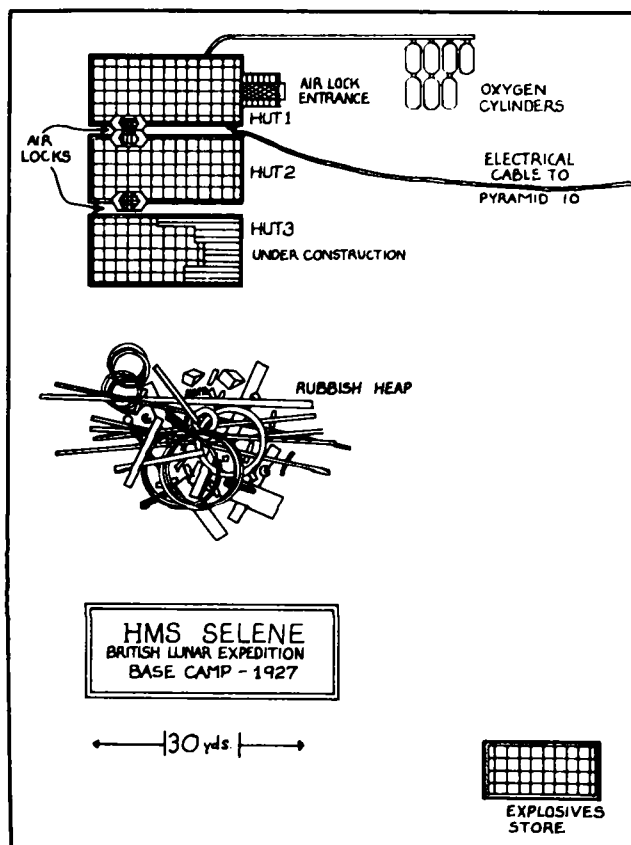
Moon B. Telegram: From Professor Moe



Moon C. Map: Lancashire and Cumberland Coast



Moon D. Illustration: Special Diving Suit



Moon E. Map: H.M.S. Selene

Translation of the Inscription

"IN THE SIXTEENTH SIXTEENTH SIXTEENTH [4096th?] YEAR OF —, THE [Ancient/Noble/Great?] RACE ESTABLISH THIS — ON OUR —. THROUGH THE [Long ages/Interregnum/Void?] THE WORK WILL CONTINUE. THE [Names?] OF THESE — SHALL [Long/Forever/Always?] ENDURE IN THE — OF THE RACE. ALL SHALL BE [Re-united/Joined/Restored?] AT THE NEW —, AFTER THE [Enemy/Evil/Despised?] HAVE [Expired/Died/Vanished?]. THE [Knowledge?] GAINED BY THIS [effort?] WILL [Long/Forever/Always?] [Serve?] THE RACE.

Moon F. Translation: Pyramid Inscription

L'APPEL de CTHULHU

Nom
 Profession Sexe Age
 Nationalité Résidence.....

CHARACTÉRISTIQUES DE L'INVESTIGATEUR

FOR ... DEX ... INT ... Idée.....
 CON ... APP ... POU ... Chance ...
 TAI ... SAN ... EDU ... Connais ...
 Écoles
 Diplômes.....
 Bonus/Pénalité au dommage

POINTS DE MAGIE						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

POINTS DE VIE						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

POINTS DE SANTÉ MENTALE

(Folie)	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18								
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45
46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72
73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99

COMPÉTENCES DE L'INVESTIGATEUR

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| Anthropologie (00) <input type="checkbox"/> | Écouter (25) <input type="checkbox"/> | Occultisme (05) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Archéologie (00) <input type="checkbox"/> | Électricité (10) <input type="checkbox"/> | Parler (00) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Astronomie (00) <input type="checkbox"/> | Éloquence (05) <input type="checkbox"/> | Parler (00) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Baratin (05) <input type="checkbox"/> | Esquiver (DEX x 2) <input type="checkbox"/> | Pharmacologie (00) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Bibliothèque (25) <input type="checkbox"/> | Géologie (00) <input type="checkbox"/> | Photographie (10) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Botanique (00) <input type="checkbox"/> | Grimper (40) <input type="checkbox"/> | Pickpocket (05) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Camouflage (25) <input type="checkbox"/> | Histoire (20) <input type="checkbox"/> | Piloter un Avion (00) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Chanter (05) <input type="checkbox"/> | Lancer (25) <input type="checkbox"/> | Premiers Soins (30) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Chimie (00) <input type="checkbox"/> | Linguistique (00) <input type="checkbox"/> | Psychanalyse (00) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Comptabilité (10) <input type="checkbox"/> | Lire/Écrire l'Ang. (EDU x 5) <input type="checkbox"/> | Psychologie (05) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Conduire Automobile (20) <input type="checkbox"/> | Lire/Écrire (00) <input type="checkbox"/> | Sauter (25) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Conduire Engin Lourd (00) <input type="checkbox"/> | Lire/Écrire (00) <input type="checkbox"/> | Se Cacher (10) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Crédit (15) <input type="checkbox"/> | Lire/Écrire (00) <input type="checkbox"/> | Soigner Empoisonnement (05) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Dessiner une carte (10) <input type="checkbox"/> | Marchandage (05) <input type="checkbox"/> | Soigner Maladie (05) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Diagnostiquer Maladie (05) <input type="checkbox"/> | Mécanique (20) <input type="checkbox"/> | Suivre une Piste (10) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Discrétion (10) <input type="checkbox"/> | Monter à cheval (05) <input type="checkbox"/> | Trouver Objet Caché (25) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Discussion (10) <input type="checkbox"/> | Mythe de Cthulhu (00) <input type="checkbox"/> | Zoologie (00) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Droit (05) <input type="checkbox"/> | Nager (25) <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

ARMES SORTS CONNUS, AUTRES COMPÉTENCES, NOTES

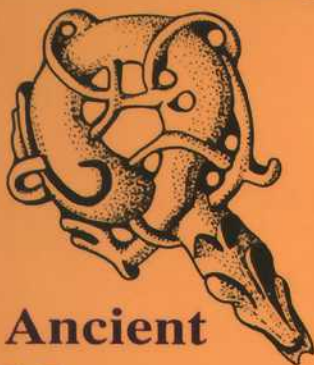
Armes	% Att	Dommages	Empal.	% Parade	PdV	
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Mythos
H.P. Lovecraft
Edition

THE GREAT OLD ONES

Six New and Deadly Adventures
Profusely Illustrated by Tom Sullivan



Ancient Mystery

"They worshipped, so they said, the Great Old Ones who lived ages before there were any men, and who came to the young world out of the sky. Those Old Ones were gone now, inside the earth and under the sea; but their dead bodies had told their secrets in dreams to the first men . . . The prisoners said that it had always existed and always would exist, hidden in distant wastes and dark places all over the world until the time when the great priest Cthulhu, from his dark house in the mighty city of R'lyeh under the waters, should rise and bring the earth again beneath his sway."

— H.P. Lovecraft.

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CTHULHU

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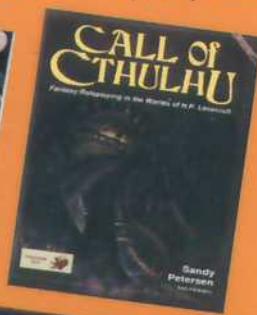
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(2324) book



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