

Triad Entertainments Presents

Dwellers in Shadow

For Call of Cthulhu



An Abundant Assortment of Abominations by Eley, Johnson,
Kingrea, Pauwels, Ross, and Szymanski

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Hidden in the darkened places....

Their place is where the daylight cannot reach, where festered secrets come to tainted fruition. Presented within these pages are six shuddersome selections designed to pierce the veil of shadow and bring forth, if only for a time, the horrid secrets which are contained within their jealous folds. Take care that when you peek into those shadows you are not drawn into their hypnotic voids to be swallowed whole and resigned to those realms where only shadows dwell.

Here are six divers and dire scenarios from many of the most well known authors for the Call of Cthulhu role playing game. As with all Triad products, a variety of time frames and settings are provided so that the Keeper can always find something to fit his or her campaign, including anything from a one-nighter to an extended case for multi-session play. With an assortment of lesser known and completely unknown creatures combined with extensive handouts, you hold in your hands the opportunity for hours of touring the realms of H.P. Lovecraft. Good luck to all!!

Triad Entertainments PO Box 90 Lockport, NY 14095

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Johnson, Kingrea, Pauwels, Ross, and Szymanski

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Triad Entertainments

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Welcome once more to Triad's little shop of horrors; we hope you like it here in the shadows, and will want to remain for a strange eon or so. Here again is a unique selection of nasty notions from the minds of some of the most prolific of Call of Cthulhu authors, spanning a wide range of time periods and locales designed to fit into any campaign.

From the Louisiana bayou to the sandstone wilds of the Midwest, your investigators will face new and terrifying menaces from the realms of the Cthulhu Mythos. From the present day to the 1920's to the Earth's prehistoric past, they will explore many eras of history and prehistory. Exciting tales - if the investigators live to tell them!

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Watcher In The Bayou

By Mark Eley

KEEPER'S INFORMATION

As most experienced investigators probably know, notoriety isn't an easy thing to live with. Even in such a secretive business as thwarting the evil forces of the Mythos, an investigator's reputation is bound to grow; between rescued townfolk, nosy reporters, and escaped villains, it seems inevitable that someone somewhere will one day contact them to request their rather unique services. Such proves to be the case in the following scenario.

This scenario is recommended for a medium-size group of moderately experienced investigators with some Mythos knowledge. If the investigators are not that well known, the Keeper may choose to have the villains of the piece learn of them through a series of scrying spells. In any case, the investigators are contacted by mail at one of their private residences; exactly who receives the letter can be determined randomly by dice roll.

BACKGROUND

In the latter part of the 17th century, a Spanish galleon attacked and enslaved a group of native islanders in the West Indies, stealing their treasure and burning their village. Among the stolen booty was a powerful Mythos artifact, the Chott Rhuul, which had been the object of the villagers' worship.

As the ship neared the North American coast, a great storm diverted the craft into the Gulf of Mexico. Sighting the mouth of a small but negotiable waterway, the captain sailed up the Louisiana River to escape the hurricane's fury. After a number of twists and turns which took the ship out of the main channel, the vessel emerged into a stagnant lake, where the captain decided to wait out the storm before continuing on to their destination in Florida.

The natives in the hold had received their sacred artifact from a tribe of the Deep Ones, whom they held in equal reverence, and they had no intention of giving up their treasure. As the ship lay at anchor, they began a chant to awaken the Chott Rhuul so that it might summon assistance for them.

The object responded, but not in the manner anticipated. The Chott Rhuul summoned a hideous abomination from out of the trackless expanses of the bayou, a monstrous, leech-like thing which attacked and crippled the vessel, slaying all aboard, including the natives, who were of no more use to the cursed object. But even more blasphemous was what occurred next. The artifact enslaved the beast and animated the dead to serve as guardians of its watery lair.

Decades, then centuries passed, until the wizard Gaston LaRue and his band of minions ventured into the area of the lake after having laboriously traced the artifact's horrid history. LaRue knew of the Chott Rhuul's power and fickleness, but still greatly desired it. The artifact's guardians proved too much for his followers, and one was even killed by the leech-thing, adding yet another horrid soldier to the ranks of the creature's army of undeath. Even the villain's foul sacrifices have done nothing to placate the Chott Rhuul, and LaRue was nearly at his wit's end. Until...

As discussed in the Introduction, LaRue and his followers came upon knowledge of the investigators, and proceeded to invent a plot to pull them into the situation by devious means, so as not to draw attention to themselves and their heinous goals. This was achieved through an unwitting dupe named Jean-Claude DuMoss, an old treasure hunter who lived near the cursed lake.

LaRue had a letter typed, purportedly from DuMoss, asking for the investigators' assistance in the matter of certain strange events transpiring on and around his property.

DuMoss, of course, knew nothing of the investigators, and was in fact murdered by LaRue's men shortly after the fake letter was sent, for in point of fact, he was growing altogether too suspicious of the goings-on in the bayou.

It is LaRue's intention to use the investigators to obtain the Chott Rhuul, after which they will become suddenly superfluous to the cunning ringleader's plans. There is more than one kind of danger awaiting the party as they enter into the still, dark reaches of the deep bayou, a place of mystery and nightmare...

INTRODUCTION

(Read To A Randomly Selected Investigator)

An otherwise dull afternoon is interrupted by the arrival of the postman, who brings with him a rather interesting letter requesting your assistance in the matter of certain strange occurrences, certain "horrible things" which have been seen but cannot be explained. Mr. DuMoss seems sincere in his request, in that he has enclosed the sum of \$500.00 along with a map to his home outside Halbert, Louisiana.

You consider the map and the money. Well, you've begun investigations on far less than this letter, and if nothing comes of it, there is always the prospect of a holiday in New Orleans to look forward to...

KEEPER'S NOTE: Give the chosen player DuMoss' letter (see Handout Section)

Dear Sirs,

I have recently heard of your exploits involving certain strange goings-on and occult happenings, and I am hoping to enlist your services in a matter of bizarre import.

Very recently, I have been witness to unexplained sightings on my property, and I suspect a supernatural cause. I am normally not a superstitious man, but the things I have seen have changed my whole outlook. Such horrible things...

I do hope you will come quickly to my residence near Halbert, as I now feel that I am in danger. I have enclosed some funds to help your trip and I promise you more on arrival for your help.

Sincerely,



Jean-Claude DuMoss
Rt. 2 Old Dock Road
Halbert, LA

LOCAL MAN VANISHES

Hilbert police are investigating the possible disappearance of a local man, Mr. Jean-Claude DuMoss, 79, of Old Dock Road. DuMoss, a treasure hunter and amateur geologist, was pronounced missing yesterday after the Postmaster, Mr. Richard Swain discovered that Mr. DuMoss' mail had not been opened for several days.

Later investigation by Sheriff Buton revealed that the rear door of the residence was ajar, and several windows in the back of the house had been broken.

Sheriff Buton stated that no signs of a struggle were present at the scene, but some rummaging around the house might have taken place. Sheriff Buton made a point that the reclusive DuMoss was eccentric, and might possibly have left town before his house was looted.

The Sheriff also stated that he will continue his investigation of the case until a satisfactory answer is found.

The Handouts

THE LEGEND OF DEADWATER LAKE

According to many old timers, a horrible monster lurks in the scummy depths of the lake, devouring wanderers and delinquent boys fishing on the shore. The monster is said to be guarding a treasure of great value somewhere near or in the lake.

This terrible creature is also rumored to have been attracted to the lake when, centuries past, something fell from the sky and plunged into the lake.

On moonless nights, the thing is said to leave the water and crawl into the outskirts of town, devouring any foolish late-night traveler who doesn't have the good sense to be safely in the comfort of his own home.

It is said that a cross will drive the thing away, screaming back into its lair. This is not known to be true, for none have ever returned to boast of its success.

Finally I found it. Pretty well hidden, but doesn't explain why it took so long. Maybe there's something there that pushes you away from the place, so you never really get close enough to spot it.

Damn difficult to spot, too, even if you know what you're looking for. Strange, it's almost whole after all these years, but so overgrown it looks like part of the bayou. Have to get aboard, but sure as hell not at night!

I'm sure there's some in town who don't want me to go out there at all. Got to watch out for them, I know they mean no good, and they won't be too happy if I cross them. Have to be careful...

THE TOWN OF HALBERT

Halbert is a very small bayou town of roughly 150 residents situated 10 miles from the Gulf of Mexico, and about 30 miles south of New Orleans. The town boasts a sheriff, a food market/hardware store, a single pump gas station, and the dilapidated homes of the townsfolk. The Halbert Herald, the town's single-sheet newspaper, is printed at the town's records office, located next to the sheriff's office.

Historically, the town grew from a cypress logging camp which was established in the area in the 1870's. The Halbert Lumber Company remained in operation for nearly a decade before relocating to the western part of the state, but the town's name remained behind. The remains of the lumber warehouse can still be seen in a wooded clearing south of town, but the old sawmill itself was lost in a fire in 1910.

Before the coming of the white man, various Native American tribes, most predominantly the Seminoles, thrived in this and many other deep bayou regions of the state. Should any investigators research this area, they will find it dotted with innumerable native names for various rivers, streams, lakes, and other such landmarks.

Curiously, the natives abandoned the area around Halbert centuries ago, near the time of the arrival of the Santa Christina, but they seem to have left a part of themselves behind. Several old-timers of Halbert who worked in the swamps extracting pine sap for turpentine whisper of glowing spirits seen gliding through the misty bayou on the darkest nights.

The town lacks many of the modern conveniences of the 1920's, including a phone system and indoor plumbing. A few residents own automobiles, but most roads are dirt or mud, except for Main and Broad streets "downtown," which are worn cobblestone. Investigators seeking a library will have to return to New Orleans for such an intellectual luxury.

The people of Halbert are typically illiterate, superstitious, and surly to strangers. Any investigator with a high Credit Rating, fancy clothing, or a new car will risk being openly ridiculed out of small town jealousy.

When the investigators first arrive, they will immediately notice the general dislike the residents harbor for strangers. Asking most townsfolk any questions at this point will prove a fruitless exercise which might end up in a fistfight.

The population is fairly equally divided amongst blacks, southern whites, and Cajuns. The common language is French, followed by a heavily accented English, and it may prove difficult understanding what is being said unless a successful Listen roll is made if and when the Keeper requires it.

The main occupation in Halbert is fishing, and there is an abundance of seafood and bayou delicacies available in town, fresh every day.

On Saturdays, townsfolk frequently congregate near the town square, where a small local band plays church hymns, blues, jazz, and Cajun tunes. There is fresh food and dancing, horseshoe playing, and a little moonshine passed around - Sheriff Buton tends to look the other way in this instance. This is the one occasion when outsiders will be tolerated, though any attempts to ask questions will be ignored.

Greeting the investigators in Halbert will be the damp, subtropical heat and pestiferous mosquitoes that have made the

bayou their own. Spanish moss hangs in menacing fronds from tall cypress trees, and a chorus of bullfrogs echoes through the swamplands, day and night.

Halbert is situated slightly below seal level, and is surrounded by a low earthen levee which is hardly noticeable but which nonetheless holds back the waters of the swamp. Even so, the land is rather boggy, and the weathered, ill-kept homes of the residents are constructed on solid wooden pilings or columns of crumbling cinder blocks.

WHAT CAN BE LEARNED

Upon arrival in town, the investigators will very soon learn of DuMoss' disappearance. If they should inquire after the fellow, they will be directed to "read the paper."

That morning's Halbert Herald contains a brief article covering the "disappearance" of DuMoss (see the Handout Section).

The only place to stay in town is the Bayou Belle, a ramshackle bed and breakfast frequented by fishermen down from New Orleans on the weekends. The food is good, the rooms are clean and, most importantly, the proprietor, Cleofus Brule, is one of the few openly friendly souls in the entire town. He will be happy to direct the investigators to the missing man's home, or any other location in town.

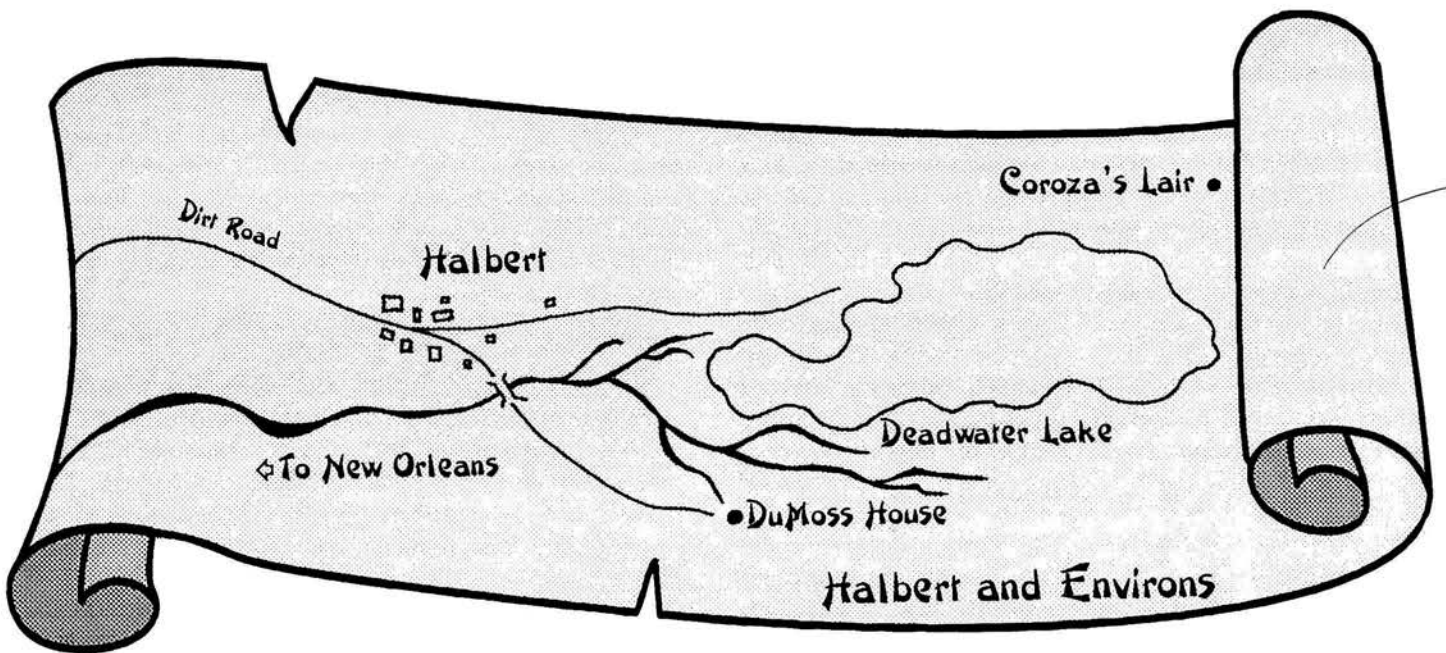
However, Cleofus is acutely aware of LaRue's power in Halbert, and has been warned of the consequences of thwarting LaRue's plans, whatever they may be. Should the investigators find themselves at an impasse in the case, the Keeper may allow Cleofus' conscience to get the better of him, so that he will drop a clue or two.

On a successful Listen -10% roll while in Halbert, the investigators may overhear snippets of gossip before their presence is noted. These include the following:

- A comment is made that Halbert would not be the same town if it were not for the efforts of Mayor LaRue and his good friend, the Sheriff.
- The swamp is surely an evil place, especially around the DuMoss residence. No doubt the old man was killed by "something horrible."
- Sheriff Buton is a good man, despite "them city folk" who investigated him awhile back because a few out-of-towners under his arrest had turned up missing - escaped is more like it.
- DuMoss actually found some pirate treasure on his property, and was spotted by a townsfolk's cousin at a New Orleans train station. (This is of course a false rumor.)

THE POLICE STATION

The police "station" is a simple two-room structure with a single jail cell, most frequently occupied by drunks sleeping it off. Situated downtown next to the Records Office, the station is one of the relatively newer buildings in town. Locked in an oak cabinet (STR 20, and only Buton has the key) on the back wall are the following weapons: three .38 revolvers, one .45 automatic, two .30-06 rifles, and one pump-action 12-gauge shotgun. Each weapon is accompanied by one box of shells, kept in a drawer built into the cabinet.



While at the station, investigators who make a Spot Hidden roll will notice a pile of papers sitting next to an old typewriter. The typed pages all have the letters "e" and "c" handwritten, as those keys on the machine have broken off. The letter to the investigators which was supposedly written by DuMoss was in fact typed on this machine by Sheriff Buton at the direction of Mayor LaRue.

The station is run by Sheriff Axil Buton and his deputy, Barney Fluter. Like the rest of the town, they appear to be calm, laid back, a little slow on the uptake, and naturally suspicious of strangers. Most of this is a very good act.

Buton is a large, bearish man in his mid-fifties, with short-cropped greying hair, a thick neck, and the beginnings of a healthy pot belly. Buton will be extremely polite to the investigators, flashing his sparkling white teeth as he speaks in a jovial manner with a thick southern drawl. He will happily answer any questions the investigators may have, and offer his department's assistance if and when it is needed.

If asked about Jean-Claude DuMoss, Buton will comment that he was a private man who wasn't seen in town very often. If told about or shown the letter, Buton first acts surprised, but then he states that others in the past have supposedly witnessed

strange things in the area of Deadwater Lake. He will mention briefly the legend concerning the bayou (see Handout Section), but maintains that he can offer little more on the subject.

If investigators mention anything concerning the Mythos or the supernatural, Buton will smile and wink knowingly. Ignorant superstition, he will assure them affably.



Axil Buton

Sheriff Axil Buton

STR 15	CON 14	SIZ 15	HP 15
POW 11	DEX 13	INT 12	MV 07
APP 10	SAN 10	EDU 12	

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
.45	70%	1D10+2
Bowie Knife	65%	1D4+2
DAMAGE BONUS +1D4		

SKILLS

Camouflage 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 23%, Dodge 26%, Drive 55%, Hide 30%, Jump 35%, Law 50%, Listen 40%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 50%, Track 25%

SPELLS

Brew Space Mead, Contact Hastur

Barney is a scrawny, nervous type who seems eager to please, but this is the cover of a psychotic personality who wants to be in on the fun when it comes time to dispose of the investigators. To this end, he will offer his services and apparently attempt to make the investigation proceed as smoothly as possible.

He will, of course, lead the investigators on a merry chase, pointing them to other minions of LaRue, and generally laying a trail to the lake and its horrific residents. Only a successful Psychology roll at half will alert the investigators that good old Barney is not quite what he appears to be.

Deputy Barney Fluter

STR 10	CON 12	SIZ 11	HP 11
POW 12	DEX 08	INT 10	MV 07
APP 09	SAN 10	EDU 12	

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
.45	40%	1D10+2
Bowie Knife	25%	1D4+2

SKILLS

Camouflage 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Dodge 20%, Drive 30%, Hide 20%, Jump 25%, Law 20%, Listen 20%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 30%, Track 15%

SPELLS

None



Barney Fluter

WHAT'S GOING ON

Sheriff Buton and his deputy are cultists of Hastur, and are led by the Mayor, Gaston LaRue. LaRue and his followers have sacrificed many out-of-towners to their monstrous deity; strangers in town frequently find themselves locked up by Buton on trumped-up charges, only to "flee town" the next day, never to be seen again.

In reality, they are brutally sacrificed, their bodies tossed into one of the bayou's many quicksand bogs. This was also the fate of the hapless DuMoss. Since no trace of the victims has ever been found in Halbert, no one in town has ever been accused of any crime, and this evil practice continues unfettered.

Both Buton and LaRue will appear to be friendly, easy-going men whose only goal is the prosperity of their town; no one in Halbert suspects either man or any of the other cultists of any wrongdoing. (Cultists have the same stats as Barney.)

As already mentioned, LaRue has set up the trap to lure the investigators to Halbert and eventually to the lake. Buton has

been instructed to assist them in their investigation, short of actually telling them what they are looking for. The Keeper should bear this in mind as another way of pointing the investigators in the right direction if they are missing the clues.

THE RECORDS OFFICE

This single-room building next to the Sheriff's station serves as a storage area for numerous legal and financial information necessary for the operation of the town; it is also the office of the Halbert Herald. The Town Clerk is Mr. Thomas Dunn, and he is also the editor of the Herald.

Mr. Dunn is a short, thin man of nervous demeanor, whose buttoned-up shirts show very clear signs of overstretching. As he speaks in a soft, quivery voice, he absently runs his hand over his near totally bald pate.

If the investigators are cordial, he will relax a little and gladly talk about any subject for hours on end. He will be overjoyed to show interested investigators the town records, or old prints of his newsletter if they ask politely. If one of the investigators is actually a reporter, Mr. Dunn will even volunteer to assist in any research.

Going through the files and back issues will take roughly three hours to produce any result. Then, a successful Luck roll will turn up a legal file containing a statement by Sheriff Buton on the high incidence of disappearances in his town.

This statement is part of a larger file dealing with an investigation by New Orleans authorities looking into the matter of a number of that city's citizens who vanished in the area, mostly sportsmen out for a weekend of fishing or hunting in the bayou. The results of the investigation were inconclusive, and formal charges were never brought down.

Lastly, if the investigators ask Mr. Dunn about Deadwater Lake, he will paraphrase The Legend, as reproduced in the Handout Section.

CITY HALL

This old three-story building was at one time an old plantation. Drafty in the winter and stifling in the summer, the second floor of the manse serves as the Mayor's office. Mayor Gaston LaRue, a gentleman of French descent, and has run the town efficiently for the past three years.

LaRue is tall, of medium build, with prominent nose and the salt-and-pepper hair of a man in his mid-sixties. His clothing is impeccable, his pencil-thin mustache neatly trimmed. His eyes are a striking shade of green and in public they flash with a warm friendliness as he greets town residents and respectable-looking strangers in a charming, soft-spoken manner.

LaRue, despite all appearances, is a wizard of great power who is directing the cultists of Hastur in their plan to recover the Chott Rhuul. He is over a century old, and for most of that time he has been searching the globe for this mysterious artifact. He covets the Chott Rhuul, but is somewhat of a coward and fears a confrontation with the artifact's guardians. He would much rather manipulate a group of unwitting dupes into doing his dirty work for him.

If and when the investigators retrieve the artifact, LaRue, with the assistance of Sheriff Buton, will attempt to separate the investigators and murder them or capture them for later sacrifice.

LIBRARY INFORMATION

In New Orleans, the library has no specific information on the town of Halbert besides commonplace data.

If the investigators look up any reference to a ship called the Santa Christina, a successful Library Use roll locates a volume on the slave trade which mentions a Spanish galleon of that name which was lost in the Gulf of Mexico in 1692 during a hurricane.

The book mentions that the ship was supposedly laden with treasure and island slaves, but no further useful information will be forthcoming.

If the investigators attempt to research any references regarding swamp indians or the general Louisiana area, a successful Library Use roll will turn up a volume titled Bayou Life: Now and Then, written in 1912.

The book deals with both primitive and contemporary life of the settlers and their dealings and misadventures in the swamps. The section concerning native legends will certainly catch the reader's eye.

In the area south of New Orleans, a small tribe of Atakapa used to anoint their arrows in a stagnant lake somewhere very near the coast. This ritual was only performed once every three years to bless the weapons. Towards the end of the 17th century, the Atakapa arrived at their lake to find a "strange canoe" beached near the shore.

While attempting to investigate, they were attacked by a "water spirit" and driven out of the water. The Atakapas interpreted this as a bad omen and fled the area, never to return. From that time on, they performed their rituals at nearby Lake Catahoula.

AT THE DUMOSS PLACE

The home of Jean-Claude DuMoss is located at the end of a muddy dirt road approximately four miles outside Halbert. The house is a simple single story structure with peeling paint and a crumbling front porch. The front door stands ajar, and several windows have been broken out. Inside, most everything appears undisturbed, except for the fact that a raccoon has taken up residence in the kitchen closet.

Searching the bedroom automatically turns up several sheets of paper with hastily scrawled notes on them. These notes all concern strange lights and strange forms seen in the bayou around nearby Deadwater Lake. Also mentioned is some sort of lost treasure that DuMoss had been searching for.

One sheet is a complete version of The Legend (see Handout Section), set down in the same hand. These notes were planted here by Buton, and were also written by him.

While searching in a small room that served as a study of sorts, the investigators should make a Spot Hidden roll. A success will unearth from a moldy collection of geology texts

and volumes of Louisiana history a tome that will reveal itself to be DuMoss' diary.

Upon reading it, the investigators will notice that Mr. DuMoss' script is rather unique, and a successful Know roll will cause them to realize that the script is completely unlike his supposed signature on his letter and his bogus notes.

The diary is mainly comprised of mundane events and the chronicling of DuMoss' treasure hunting efforts along the coast. Only the last two entries have any significance to the case at hand.

The first was written a week earlier, and mentions trespassers seen on the property at night. DuMoss writes that he assumed they were hunters out for 'possum, and easily shoed them off by firing a shotgun into the air.

The second entry is only three days old, and is reproduced in the Handout Section. Under this last entry is a poor sketch of what appears to be a ship or galleon, and the phrase "Santa Christina?" scrawled in beneath it.

Nothing of further interest can be found in the house. If the investigators read the second entry and know the name of Buton's deputy, they will recognize the name "Fluter" as being Deputy Barney Fluter.

THE SWAMP

Directly behind DuMoss' house, the already boggy soil deteriorates as the area moves into the heart of the bayou. Spanish moss hangs from cyprus trees in great sheets, shading out most sunlight. The muddy and most often submerged ground and the tree stumps emerging from it serve as home for snakes, alligators, and a variety of nasty, biting insects. At night, the croak of frogs and the incessant chirp of crickets is nearly unbearable. Half a mile into this stagnant morass lies Deadwater Lake.

For every hour of exploring the swampy bayou around the lake, the investigators will have a 20% chance of encountering some sort of difficulty, as determined by a 1D6 roll:

DIE ROLL

RESULT

1-2

A 'gator inspects the party with thoughts of lunch (STR 28, POW 10, DEX 8, MV 7, ARMOR 7, Hit Points 18, Bite 75% for 1D10+2D6, Tail Slash 60% for 2D6.) If shot at, the beast will grudgingly retreat.

3-4

A randomly selected investigator nearly steps on a frightened Watersnake (STR 5, POW 6, DEX 24, Armor 4, Hit Points 5, Bite 40% for 1D4 + Poison POT 10).

The snake will strike once, and unless attacked, slithers away into the swamp. A save on the Resistance Table against the poison indicates no ill effect, but a failure inflicts an additional 1D4 points of damage.

5-6

A random investigator slips into a pool of quicksand. Note that this incident will not occur if the players announce that they are

probing the ground carefully as they walk. Victims must make a STR vs STR roll on the Resistance Table to pull themselves free, or next round they will be sustaining Drowning damage as per the rule book. For purposes of this roll, the quicksand has a STR of 20. Any trapped investigator can, of course, be pulled free by his or her companions.

DEADWATER LAKE

This stagnant body of water is two miles long and almost as wide. Surrounded by the desolate swamp, this land-locked lake was at one time connected to the ocean, in particular the nearby Gulf of Mexico. A successful Geology roll will make this fact obvious.

The lake's depth ranges from 10 feet in the shallows to as deep as 85 feet at its center. Catfish and Sheephead swim along its murky bottom, and an occasional 'gator can also be found along the shores.

At night, a thick mist frequently hangs over the cloudy water, a phenomenon generated by changing temperatures and the presence of various swamp gases.

Thick mud and quicksand line much of its banks, and the scraggly trees hanging over the water are shrouded in thick veils of moss.

THE WATCHER

Living at the bottom of the lake lurks the guardian of the Chott Rhuul. This monstrous bayou demon resembles a gigantic, bloated leech, its thick, glistening black hide rising bonelessly to a gaping maw lined with hundreds of serrated teeth that can shred a human body in seconds.

It is a blind thing, but its other senses compensate, making it a deadly predator; and only the swiftest of creatures feel secure enough to remain in its vicinity.

The creature possesses three snakelike grasping tentacles which extend from its underside just below the yawning orifice of its mouth. These tentacles can be used to paralyze prey and draw it inescapably towards those rending, razor-sharp teeth.

Unless it has not eaten for some time (10% chance) the Watcher will not attack anyone who merely skirts the edge of the lake, but will viciously assault anyone who approaches the Santa Christina, fighting on until it loses a third of its hit points.

When this occurs, the creature's hide will have been punctured, and it will begin to lose buoyancy. It will begin sinking to the bottom of the lake, all but helpless to defend itself. If not destroyed, the beast will burrow into the muddy bottom of the lake, where it will gradually regenerate.

The Watcher cannot normally pass beyond the boundaries of the lake, though its great size and grasping tentacles gives it an extended reach. It can move up to 25 knots in deep water, but in the shallows it will be reduced to a Move of 5.

The Watcher attacks with its three grasping tentacles, which will paralyze a victim who cannot win a struggle on the Resistance Table against a poison of Potency 9. If the struggle

is lost, the victim is helpless as the tentacles pull him or her into the thing's maw.

Like its much smaller counterparts, the leech-thing will fasten onto the chest of its victim, its teeth tearing through flesh, opening up a wound through which it can draw out the blood of its prey. The initial incision will cause 1D8+3 points of damage, and the victim will sustain 1D3 points of blood loss per round until released.

The Watcher's poison will last for 1D6 hours. To the good, it is a type of toxin that slows down the body's functions, so the victim will not immediately bleed to death if released from the creature's hideous embrace. In fact, anyone attempting a First Aid roll will have a 15% bonus because of this fact.

However, anyone who is killed by the Watcher will be transformed into one of the zombie-like creatures which also protect the ancient ship of the damned. Like the Watcher, these creatures will be controlled by the Chott Rhuul, and any investigator who falls under its influence will turn on his or her companions, attacking them without hesitation - or mercy.

The Watcher regenerates one point of damage per round and, since it lives in a lake and is covered with mud, takes no damage from fire. Any gunfire which penetrates its thick hide will cause a normal amount of damage and, as previously stated, once the creature is down to one third of its hit points, it will be unable to remain afloat, and will retreat to the bottom of Deadwater Lake to recover.

The Watcher will attack all those who attempt to cross the lake, or those who approach the Santa Christina. If the investigators have reached the ship, the Watcher will pull itself partially out of the water and attack them in deck areas A and B (see diagram), but it cannot reach area C.

The Watcher knows the difference between trespassers and the Santa Christina's zombie crew, so all attacks will be aimed at the living.

The Watcher In The Bayou

STR 30	CON 26	SIZ 46	HP 36
POW12	DEX 08	INT 04	MV 25/5

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
Tongues (3)	50%	1D6
Bite	40%	D8 + 3
Blood Drain	Automatic on Successful Bite Attack	1D3

ARMOR: 3 Points Rubbery Hide

SPELLS: None

SANITY: 1D8 / 3

THE WALKING GHOST

On the northern shore of Deadwater Lake in a hollow cyprus trunk dwells the last "living" remnant of the Santa Christina's crew. Standing well over six feet tall, this imposing, semi-living thing has jet-black, iron hard skin which is draped in a tattered, peeling white membrane. The thing's jaw is bizarrely widened,



R. D. SANFORD JR.

The Watcher

displaying the stained and pitted remnants of its teeth. The taut skin causes its face to appear skeletal at first glance, with flared nostrils, sunken cheeks, and glossy, pupil-less eyes glaring out from the dark pits of their sockets.

The zombie-thing is Captain Coroza, one-time master of the Santa Christina. Though forced to serve the Chott Rhuul in those early years, Coroza's will was strong, strong enough to eventually resist the power of the artifact and struggle for a macabre freedom.

By sheer will alone, the Captain partially broke the Chott Rhuul's hold. Having fled into the swamp, Coroza is now in the process of transforming into a decaying, hybrid creature only half aware of its erstwhile humanity.

Coroza is trapped in a semi-intelligent state, and must concentrate to think clearly for even a few moments. The artifact still partially influences him, and so he is unable to leave the vicinity of the lake.

Seeing the Captain will be quite a shock, but unless he is attacked, the being will only warily observe the group, fleeing into the swamps at the slightest sign of aggression. If the investigators act calmly and attempt to communicate with the entity, it will eventually respond, speaking the words "I man" in Spanish.

Spanish speaking investigators can converse with the Captain, though his dialect is ancient and garbled. It will warn the party away from the lake, speaking of "The Black Swallower," and tell of "the power hidden in the hull."

The Captain will go nowhere near Deadwater Lake, and should the investigators ignore his warnings, he will grow so agitated that his grip on his humanity will slip, and he will become once more a gibbering thing that will slink off into the swamp in whatever direction is most directly away from Deadwater Lake.

Seeing the Captain calls for a 1D8 SAN loss unless a successful SAN roll is made, in which case the loss is 2 points. If attacked, the Captain-thing retaliates with two claws and a bite per round. It's skin is the equivalent of 5 points of armor. Guns and impaling weapons have only a minimal effect, inflicting only 1 point of damage, while all other weapons will inflict half their normal damage.

Captain Coroza, Walking Ghost

STR 22	CON 25	SIZ 19	HP 22
POW 08	DEX 07	INT 11	MV 07
APP 01	SAN 20	EDU 10	

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
Claw	45%	2D6
Bite	65%	1D10

DAMAGE BONUS +1D4

SKILLS

Camouflage 60%, Climb 70%, Dodge 15%, Hide 60%, Jump 20%, Listen 25%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 50%, Throw 60%

SPELLS

None



Captain Coroza

THE SANTA CHRISTINA

The Spanish slave ship sank in Deadwater Lake in 1692, after it was forced upriver by a Gulf hurricane. When the natives aboard used the Chott Rhuul to summon the Watcher, they were also slain by the uncaring beast and transformed into guardians.

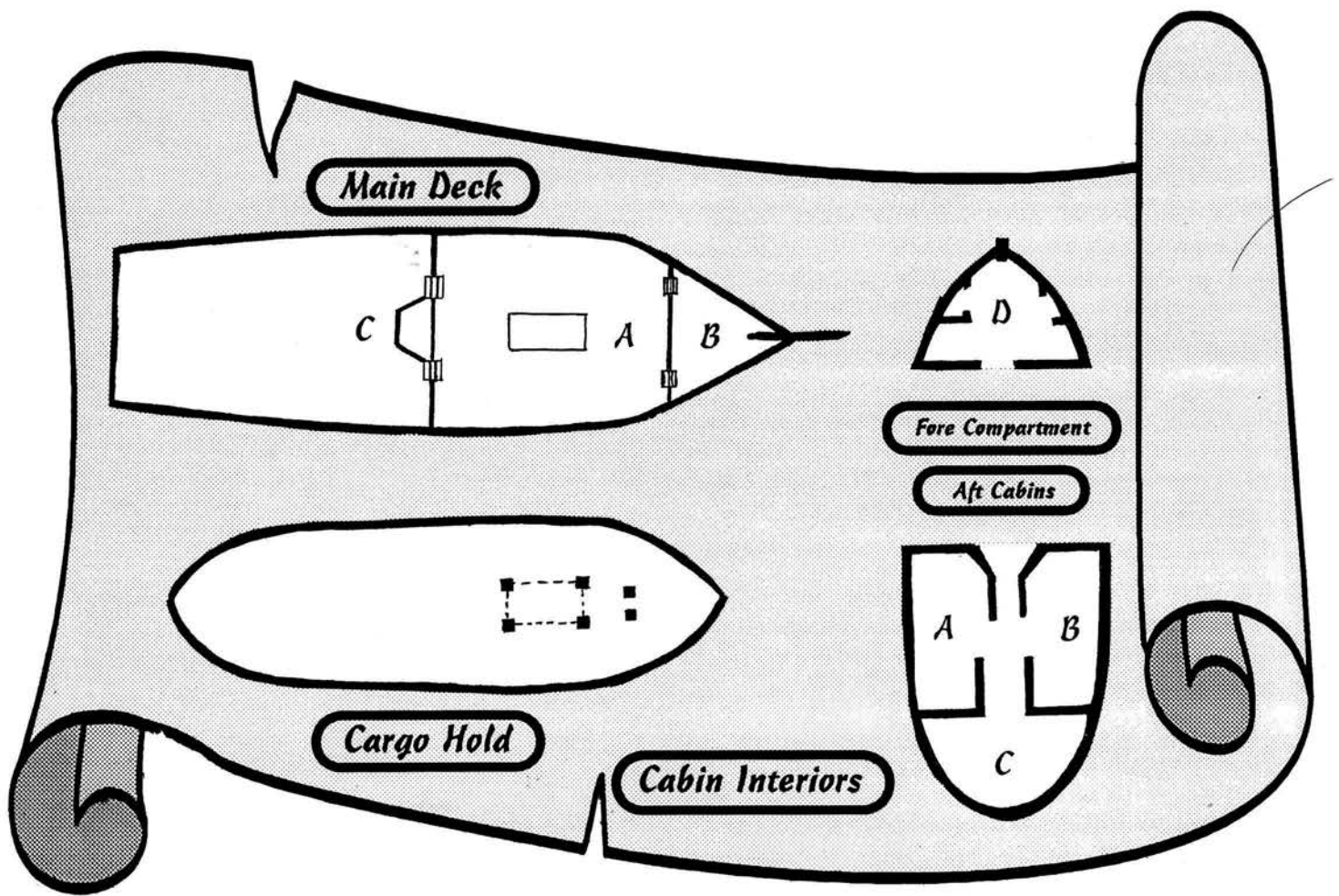
The ship was forced aground in the shallow water on the south eastern shore of the lake, and settled some three feet into the muddy bottom. It has long since become completely obscured by thick vines and hanging moss, yet even after all these centuries, it is still intact, held together by the power of the artifact.

The vessel measures 100 feet long by 30 wide, its great mast standing close to 80 feet tall, rotten sails hanging in tatters. In the evenings, a combination of swamp gasses and the proper conditions creates a St. Elmo's Fire effect, setting the Santa Christina afire with a ghostly, flickering light which few have ever witnessed, for most folk avoid the lake at night.

The Santa Christina is truly a ghost ship, with its cracked hull, slime-coated deck, and barnacle-encrusted sides. Its name is still barely discernable at the bow, near the ship's dragon figurehead. Because of poor lighting and the dense coverage of vegetation, investigators will only spot the ship if they are within 50 yards of it and make a successful Spot Hidden roll.

The ship rests approximately 15 feet offshore in six feet of water, requiring explorers to wade out into the stagnant muck to reach it - if they can! The Keeper should remember that the Watcher will attack anyone approaching the vessel, or at the very least any living human being who attempts to leave it.

The investigators will also be required to cut their way through the thick, ropery vines to gain access to the deck itself. Of course once on board, they will be met by the "crew."



The Decks

Covered with slimy algae and debris, the deck is very slick, and in some places rotten completely through. This slimy coating is quite fire resistant, so any attempt to burn the vessel will be met with failure. The decks are littered with torn but curiously well preserved canvas, broken crates, and various other sundry debris which is also unnaturally preserved.

Once aboard, the investigators will all receive a faint psychic hint that something of great value and power is hidden somewhere aboard the ship. This is a side effect of the Chott Rhuul and its unending quest for new slaves.

The deck is divided into three sections:

AREA A This is the main deck under the mast, and the easiest access for investigators wishing to board. Rotten ropes stretch up through the encroaching foliage to the crow's nest, which is still attached near the top of the mast.

Amidships is located the cargo hold, the hatch torn off and a broken ladder descending halfway down into the gloomy interior. (See Cargo Hold for more information.) It is in this area that most of the confrontations aboard the Santa Christina will most likely take place.

This section of the deck has been greatly weakened over the passing centuries, and has the potential to collapse under a weight of over 120 pounds. Each round that an investigator or guardian stands in this area, a random victim from each group

must make a Luck roll. A failed roll indicates the decking has given way, and a Dodge roll is then required to avoid plunging through the deck and into the cargo hold.

For this purpose, the guardians are considered to have a POW and DEX of 10 for their Luck and Dodge rolls, as they know the deck far better than any trespassers.

Another section of weak decking, marked on the map by the circled X, is located between aft cabins A, B, and C. Anyone crossing over it must attempt a Luck roll -20%, failure resulting in a plunge 12 feet down into 5 feet of very stagnant, extremely malodorous water. (See Cargo Hold.) Damage from the fall is only 1 point, though a CON roll is required by the drenched investigator to prevent his or her stomach from rebelling violently at the putrid stench that has been stirred up by the fall.

AREA B Investigators entering this area will find themselves on an upraised section of deck at the bow of the vessel. It is quite defensible against any attack from the lower deck, but should a foe gain access to this section, the defenders will find themselves driven back into a very tight corner.

From this section the ship's dragon figurehead is accessible, and from here the inscription of the ship's name can easily be seen, as though carved into the wood yesterday, rather than centuries past.

AREA C This large area is ideal for combat should it occur. Despite the debris, this area is fairly clear and open for

tactical moves. Rotting ropes extend from various points to the top of the main mast.

The Cabins

CABIN A

This cabin contains bones, broken tables, rotten bedding, and six of the blasphemous "crew" controlled by the Chott Rhuul. These abominations are the former crewmen of the Santa Christina, half skeletal now, worm-ridden, wrinkled, and rank with the stench of salty decomposure.

The moment the investigators set foot on board, the ship's guardians will be aware of their presence. They will emerge from aft cabins A and B to stalk the intruders throughout the ship, setting up an ambush if possible, or an all out frontal attack if it appears the investigators are preparing to leave the ship.

They will shuffle out onto the deck, attacking with taloned, bony hands and an infectious bite (poison Potency 8), or with clubs or ancient, rusted cutlasses. Impaling weapons will cause only 1 point of damage, and all projectile weapons will inflict half normal damage, though an impale will do full damage to these blasphemies. What little armor is left them will absorb 2 points of any damage before crumbling into scrap metal.

The Undead Guardians

STR 15 CON 16 SIZ 11 HP 10
POW12 DEX 06 INT 09 MV 06

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
Fist	40%	1D6
Bite	40%	1D4
Embrace	Automatic on Both Successful Fist Attacks	1D3

ARMOR: 1 Point Mummified Skin

SPELLS: None

SANITY: 1D4 / 1

CABIN B

This is a duplicate of Cabin A, but there are only 4 undead crewmen lurking here. (See stats above.)

CABIN C

This cabin was the Captain's quarters; it still houses the Chott Rhuul in a large, deteriorated wooden chest set against the sternward bulkhead (STR 18 to break open).

Besides various broken and rotting items of furniture, the chief of the native slaves still stands vigil over his sacred artifact. He is a vaguely human figure, rotting flesh bloated and leprous, bulging eyes a solid, sickly milky white.

The thing's lower jaw is completely gone, and its swollen chest cavity seems to convulse spasmodically in grotesque contortions that have no readily apparent cause. This convulsing is caused by the six large eels which have taken up residence in the corpse's rib cage.

The tribal guardian will attack with a great rusted sickle once per round, and if struck a blow to the midsection, at least 2 of the eels will erupt from the thing's stomach to add their own

vicious attacks to the assault.

These slimy creatures are electric eels, so the investigators will be in for a shock when the writhing things emerge from the body of their host!

The native leader takes one point of damage from club-type weapons and fire, and only half damage from all other weapons. Each eel that is slain is replaced by another of its kin until all are killed. Damage to the eels does not affect the hit points of their native host.

Seeing this combination of horrors costs 1D10 points of SAN, or 1D4 on a successful roll. The native chieftain possesses the same stats as his fellow guardians.

The Electric Eels

STR 05 CON 06 SIZ 04 HP 05
POW02 DEX 10 INT 02 MV 10

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
Bite	40%	1D4
Shock	40%	1D3

ARMOR: 1 Point Tough Skin

SPELLS: None

SANITY: 1D10 / 1D4

CABIN D

This small cabin in the bow houses the great rusted anchors and chains of the Santa Christina. Should the investigators make a Spot Hidden here, they will see the faint outline of a trap door in the floor.

Hidden under the door are two rotten sacks containing one pound of gold and two pounds of silver coins. Also will be found a jeweled sword of great age valued at \$5,000 in the antiquities market.

This small treasure trove is all that remains of the Santa Christina's cargo of wealth and plunder. The remainder lies deep in the muddy bottom of Deadwater Lake, strewn about by the thrashings of the Watcher.

The Cargo Hold

This large, open area is completely flooded to a depth of 5 feet, the hull having finally rotted through near the stern, allowing thick, malodorous mud to ooze in from the lakebed.

This chamber once housed supplies, cargo, and slaves, but now contains nothing more than rotting crates, broken barrels - and a giant nest of writhing, hungry leeches!

While being quite natural and normal, the leeches are quite disgusting by their very nature, and this mass of several hundred blood-sucking slugs can still inflict a substantial amount of damage to anyone descending - or falling - into the hold.

The leeches will hungrily affix themselves to any living tissue that comes into their reach, feeding until they become glutted with blood. They will then drop off, to be replaced by another of their multitudinous brethren, who will continue the feast until the hapless victim is either rescued or completely drained.

THE CHOTT RHUUL

The Chott Rhuul is an alien artifact of unknown, but certainly darksome origins, which is fact an outre form of sentient entity possessing great and evil powers. Certain pages of the R'lyeh Text and the Necronomicon contain vague hints to the fact that it might have come from sunken R'lyeh itself, while the Pnakotic Manuscripts allege that it is in reality another manifestation of Yog-Sothoth. In any case, all texts agree that the artifact imbues those who know the proper rituals special powers in exchange for "the total servitude of body and soul."

The Chott Rhuul is a fickle entity, frequently discarding past servants when more suitable candidate present themselves, or if it merely requires a century or so of solitude. Each time it comes into the hands of Mankind, it emits a subliminal telepathic message to the first person to approach it, promising the fulfillment of every desire in exchange for a lifetime's guardianship. This chosen individual will become unconsciously aware of the artefact's general abilities, but will never know of its dangerous lack of gratitude until it is too late.

If the chosen guardian refuses this offer, the artefact will seek another, who is less strong of will. If the offer is accepted, the Chott Rhuul will begin a daily ritual of draining 1 CON point (reflected in blood loss) once every three days, and all the powers it offered will then be granted, the first noticeable effect being the doubling of the guardian's POW when (s)he is casting spells.

Once per week, the artifact will attempt to seize control over its guardian's mind. If a POW struggle is successful, the artefact will assume control of the guardian's mind for the next 12 hours. Once released, the victim will be unaware of the interval spent under the Chott Rhuul's control, but since these attempts will take place at night, (s)he may never become aware of them unless revealed by friends - or an arresting officer!

For every 6 months of guardianship, there will be a 15% chance that the artefact will grow tired of its protector and summon something up to retrieve it, most likely a Byakhee. If the guardian is present when this unmentionable thing arrives, he or she will be set upon by the creature, and will receive no protection or assistance from the Chott Rhuul.

The artefact is capable, in a limited way, of its own defense. If threatened, it will call upon its guardian for protection, sometimes possessing the poor soul if his strength should fail him. The guardian will then be brutally used and sacrificed in order to ensure the continued safety of his charge, and to give the artefact sufficient time to summon a Byakhee to remove it to a safer place.

The Chott Rhuul resembles a statuette of a barrel-shaped entity covered with slick, green scales, which stands 2 feet high and 1 foot wide. Twin sets of spines run up the sides of the thing, and a set of four blue eyes, arranged in a ring, adorn each flat end. The spines are used for drawing the blood from its servant, and as a protection against those who might seek its destruction, in that each spine is capable of injecting a poison of Potency 8 into the hands of anyone attempting to lift the statuette.

The artefact has no stats, being a more or less inanimate object, but it will require 25 points of damage to destroy it. The stone of which it is made is the equivalent of 6 points of armor, and it can regenerate 3 points per round, taking half damage from all physical attacks. If reduced to 0 hit points, it will explode into steamy, malodorous lumps of foul, black gel that will swiftly break down into an equally foul cloud of oily black smoke.

The Chott Rhuul is capable of the following spells: Summon/Bind Byakhee, Contact Deep One, Contact Ghoul, Contact Sand Dweller, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Contact Yog-Sothoth, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Alter Molecular Structure.

New Spell - Alter Molecular Structure

This spell takes the form of a thin silver beam which shoots from the caster to its target. The beam's range in feet is equal to the caster's POW (in the case of the Chott Rhuul, POW is 25. Those struck by the beam must match their POW vs the caster's POW on the Resistance Table. A success indicates a mere 1D4 points of damage, but a failure indicates disaster for the target.

Whatever portion of the target's body is touched by the beam is instantly altered on the molecular level, changing into either a solid (metal), liquid (water or, if the Keeper is particularly evil, acid), or gas (oxygen, helium, ammonia, etc). Clearly, if some vital organ is transmuted, the victim will begin suffering ill effects immediately, sustaining 1D6 points of damage per round until receiving either serious medical treatment, or some form of arcane relief, such as a healing spell.

This spell requires 1 round to cast, with the loss of 1D4 POW points and 1D6 SAN points for any investigator or NPC who realizes the horrible effects of the spell they have cast.

Anyone suffering this fate must make a SAN roll, with a 1D6 loss for a failed roll. On a successful roll, the loss is still 2 points, and the victim will sustain 1 hit point of damage per round for every 10 leeches attached to his/her body. To determine the number of leeches, roll 2D10.

Investigators who find themselves in the hold will discover that it is rather difficult to get out. It will take 1D4 rounds to reach the cargo hold opening by slogging through the thick, muddy water. From there, they may be pulled to safety by those still above, or they may make a successful Jump and Climb roll to pull themselves out. Failure at either roll indicates that the investigator has fallen back into the depths of the hold, though no damage will be sustained - except for that caused by another wave of leeches!

An investigator may choose to wade through a hole in the hull, and hence out into the lake, but there will be a 30% chance of encountering a bed of quicksand, and a 10% chance of meeting up with the lurking Watcher.

THE CONFRONTATION

If the investigators are successful in retrieving the Chott Rhuul and in dealing with the Watcher, they will still face betrayal at the hands of Gaston LaRue.

Deputy Fluter has been keeping an eye on the investigators' progress throughout the entire scenario, and will arrange for an ambush as the survivors reach the lake shore. Fluter and his fellow cultists are counting on the investigators being injured and exhausted from their ordeal, and so will be less cautious.

The ambushers will wait approximately 150 feet from the shore, intending to surround the investigators when they pass by. But if the cultists should miss their Sneak roll, the party will not be caught entirely off guard.

Unless the party looks strong, Fluter and his men will step out brazenly, and Fluter will demand the party surrender and relinquish the artifact.

Should the investigators comply, the cultists will attempt to murder them on the spot, their bodies to be dumped into a nearby quicksand bog. The same retaliation will occur if the investigators prove unsuccessful in removing the artifact from the Santa Christina.

As a last resort, the investigator carrying the Chott Rhuul may choose to use its power against the cultists, and thus become the artifact's servant. This decision is left strictly up to that investigator, though he/she should be made aware of the consequences (see The Chott Rhuul for more details).

If the investigators defeat Fluter's group, the bodies can be dumped into the quicksand, and no evidence will be left against them. In the days following, an intensive search will be conducted for the deputy and his compatriots, but in the end it will be assumed that the group ran afoul of the Watcher and now reside at the bottom of Deadwater Lake.

At no time will the party refer to Gaston LaRue, and it will appear that Fluter and his cronies are acting on their own. Neither will the attackers give away Sheriff Buton, who will strongly suspect the party's involvement.

Buton will not be able to back up his theories unless the body of at least one of the ambushers is discovered. Should this

occur, he will concoct a list of trumped-up evidence to support the flimsy theory that the investigators attacked Fluter and his men after they had discovered some kind of treasure, killing them for it and spiriting it away. He will even attempt to connect the investigators with the disappearance of Jean-Claude DuMoss. But without the bodies, there is no case, and the investigators will be free to leave town.

ENDGAME

Not long after the confrontation with the sheriff and his psychotic deputy has come to its conclusion, the investigators will receive a hand-delivered letter from the mayor of Halbert begging them to meet with him at his mansion that evening for the purpose of "discussing matters of serious consequence." The message explains that LaRue has been under threat by his own police force to back off investigating any local disappearances and strange goings-on around town.

Now that Buton and his thugs have seemingly vanished, he fears that his meddling might result in an ambush directed at the investigators and, possibly himself.

The message goes on to say LaRue strongly suspects poor Mr. DuMoss might be a hostage in grave danger, and that LaRue suspects where he might be imprisoned.

If Sheriff Buton, Deputy Fluter, and the remainder of the ambush party have indeed survived their encounter with the investigators, they will have not survived the wrath of Mayor LaRue, who has dealt with his failed minions in a decidedly fatal manner, using them to create more of his horrid Screaming Heads. (More of this later.)

Any investigator who declines LaRue's invitation without knowing for certain the fate of Mr. DuMoss will suffer a 1D4 SAN loss from the guilt of abandoning the hapless wretch to his fate.

Those who decide to meet with LaRue may use the directions included with the message to locate his plantation house, located on the higher ground to the north of Halbert.

THE MANSION

LaRue's mansion is a large colonial plantation house typical of the pre-Civil War south. Although still splendid in its antebellum way, the once clean white paint has faded from its siding, and the yard is overgrown with skunk cabbage and assorted weeds beneath the encroaching swaths of Spanish moss. Tipped over in a scummy pond in front of the mansion is a statue of a drowning Madonna, her features turned grotesque by slimy green algae.

The manse is surrounded on three sides by a wide porch typical of such structures, while the back sports a cobblestone patio. Despite the house's imposing facade, it consists of only two floors.

The investigators are met at the front door by LaRue's manservant, Theo, who greets them cordially and leads them into the dining room, where he asks them to be seated. Mr. LaRue, he informs them, is upstairs dressing, and will join them shortly.

Theo will next inform his guests that he has prepared a light meal and cocktails, which they may sample while they wait.

Anyone taking in their surroundings will find the interior of the mansion simply and elegantly decorated with antiques which match the house perfectly. The atmosphere of the room is congenial, and highly conducive to a relaxed mood.

After a few brief moments, LaRue will arrive, nattily attired in a tailored suit, apologizing for his tardiness. Seating himself at the head of the long mahogany dining table, he requests that Theo begin serving the repast.

LaRue will appear nervous and distracted, explaining that he is convinced Sheriff Buton is insane, and has some psychotic fixation on doing him harm. Despite contrary public opinion, he offers, the two of them were never close, and if he'd been a more courageous fellow, LaRue would have relieved the man of his office long ago. Now, he only hopes to make amends for his cowardice.

Anyone making a successful Psychology roll at this point will realize that LaRue's story is just a little too pat, and is therefore suspect. Anyone who makes a critical Psychology roll will realize LaRue is lying through his teeth, though the Keeper should inform only the player who made this roll of the fact, ideally by written note.

Theo will return from the kitchen with dinner salads and wine for all, including the mayor, who will dig in with gastronomic abandon.

Anyone (with the exception of LaRue, of course) who eats so much as one bit of salad or takes a sip of wine must make a CON vs Poison Potency 13 on the Resistance Table or be affected by the drug with which the food and drink is laced.

Those affected will become groggy, their limbs growing numb. They can still function, but at half their normal abilities and skills; they are, in essence, quite helpless.

At this point, Theo returns bearing a large silver covered banquet tray, which he sets on the table before the investigators. Lifting the lid, he reveals the six mummified, shrunken human heads arranged in a bed of skunk cabbage.

NOTE: If Sheriff Buton and Deputy Fluter survived their encounter with the investigators, their heads will be among the six on display here.

Seeing this grisly sight will cost the investigators 1D4 SAN, or 1 point on a successful SAN roll.

This task attended to, Theo will draw a 9mm automatic and move to block the doorway of the dining room. LaRue stands, removes a straight razor, and begins toying with it as he speaks.

"I am a fair man," he will explain, "and if you were to cooperate with me here tonight, we may still part as friends. Give me the Chott Rhuul, and all is forgiven. Refuse, and you will join poor Mr. DuMoss in an unmarked quicksand grave. I have searched for decades for this artifact, and you must believe me when I tell you that, compared with laying my hands on it at long last, your lives mean nothing to me."

If the investigators refuse, LaRue calmly instructs Theo to shoot a random investigator in the knee. If the investigators remain adamant, he will order the Screaming Heads to advance; at this point, this is a threat, and the Heads will not yet attack.

If the investigators still refuse, LaRue will set the Heads upon each investigator in turn until he gets what he wants or all the investigators are dead.

If the investigators choose to take action, LaRue will unleash the Screaming Heads and flee the dining room, leaving Theo to block the exit with orders to shoot to kill.

Gaston LaRue, Diabolic Mastermind

STR 14	CON 12	SIZ 12	HP 12
POW 13	DEX 14	INT 16	MV 7
APP 16	SAN 03	EDU 17	

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
Straight Razor	55%	1D6*
Fist	55%	1D3

DAMAGE BONUS +1D4

*An impaling attack indicates the target's throat has been slashed. If this occurs, damage is 2D6+3 for each successive round until First Aid is applied.

SKILLS

Archaeology 55%, Astronomy 40%, Botany 20%, Chemistry 20%, Cthulhu Mythos 38%, Debate 40%, Fast Talk 50%, History 35%, Law 55%, Occult 80%, Oratory 55%, Psychology 45%, Read/Write French 99%/ Speak French 99%, Read/Write Latin 40%, Sneak 40%

SPELLS

Call Hastur, Contact Hastur, Shrivelling, Voorish Sign, Screaming Heads



Gaston LaRue

THE SCREAMING HEAD

This spell requires the caster to decapitate a fairly fresh corpse (no older than 2 weeks). The caster recites an incantation in the moonlight while sprinkling a combination of human blood and graveyard soil on the head. Lastly, the caster must kiss this horrid thing on the lips, loosing a point of POW and 1D8 Sanity

in giving it its monstrous life.

The Screaming Head floats by supernatural levitation, swooping in on its prey in an attempt to fasten its rotting teeth on the neck of its prey. On a successful Bite attack, the Head will continue to hang on, inflicting 1D4 points of damage per round until destroyed, upon which it will crumble into dust.

Its "scream" is more of a dry, shrieking death rattle, which it emits while attacking. Anyone hearing this nerve-shattering sound must make a SAN roll or suffer the loss of 1D4 points of Sanity, or 1 point on a successful roll.

A Screaming Head looks like what it is; a slightly decayed human head, with taut, leathery skin and dark, sunken eye sockets. While attacking, its jaws will snap like those of an attacking wolf, and with the same ferocity.

Typical Screaming Head

STR 05 CON 10 SIZ 03 HP 05
 POW 04 DEX 18 INT 06 MV 12

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
Bite	40%	1D4 + Worry*

*On a successful Bite attack, the Screaming Head will thrash about wildly, inflicting another 1D3 point of damage as it tears off a piece of the victim's flesh and freeing it for another Bite attack.

ARMOR: 2 Points Mummified Skin
SPELLS: None
SANITY: 1D8 / 1D4

Theo, Deranged Manservant

STR 15 CON 14 SIZ 13 HP 14
 POW 12 DEX 11 INT 11 MV 07
 APP 10 SAN 45 EDU 10

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
Fist	60%	1D3
9mm Automatic	45%	1D10

DAMAGE BONUS +1D4

SKILLS

Camouflage 50%, Climb 80%, Dodge 45%,
 Drive 5%, Hide 60%, Jump 50%, Listen 60%,
 Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 50%, Throw 50%

SPELLS
 None

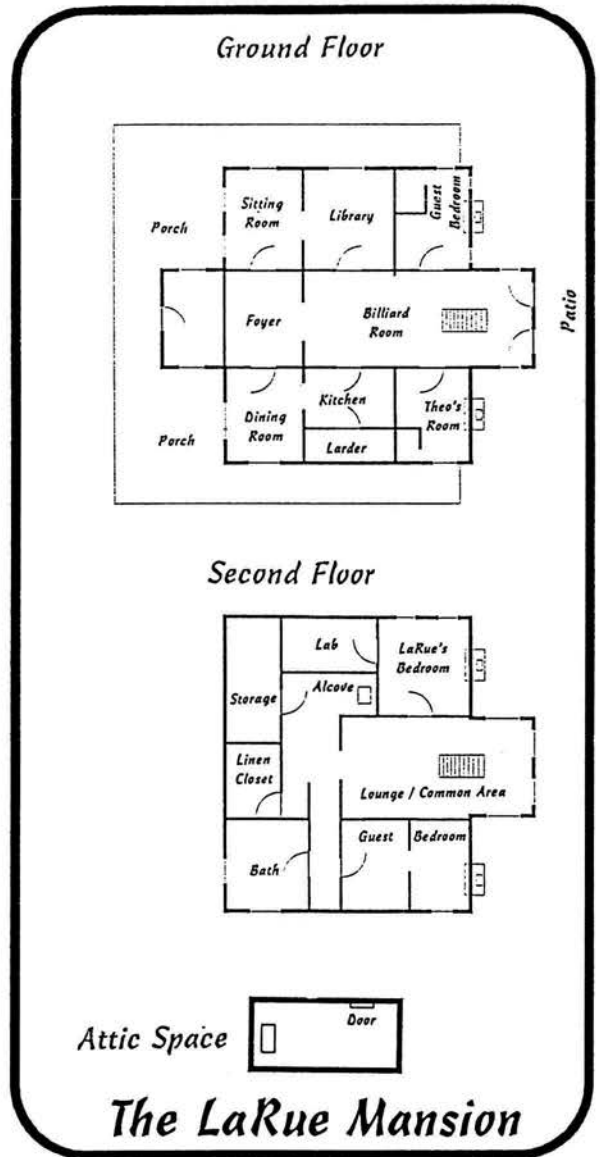
On his way to the upper floor of the mansion, LaRue will pause in the kitchen to demolish the fusebox, throwing the house into complete darkness. While the investigators are dealing with Theo and the Screaming Heads, LaRue will take steps to put his backup plan into operation.

If and when the investigators deal with the Heads, incapacitate Theo, and gain access to the rest of the mansion, it will become immediately clear with minor experimentation that they are now trapped inside.

All outer doors are two layers of solid oak with half inch thick

steel plating sandwiched between. The windows are either heavily barred or shuttered by plate steel. The investigators may try chopping their way out, but this will require the proper tools; in addition, they will have to inflict 75 points of damage to the doors or 65 points to the walls in order to hack out an opening of sufficient size to crawl through. And as will be seen, time will be of the essence.

For his part, LaRue will hide himself in a small upstairs storage room and await the tide of events. Should the investigators venture upstairs, he will leave his hiding place and make directly for his escape route (more of this later).



Most of the rooms in LaRue's mansion are quite mundane, and so have little to do with the events of this scenario. Therefore, only those rooms which are of importance are covered in the following paragraphs.

GUEST BEDROOM Strangely enough, this room is equipped with a fireplace, though it is obviously used for decorative purposes. Still, its placement helps keep cool air circulating through the room during hot, stuffy summer nights, which means that the flue is open to the outside.

Anyone of SIZ 12 or less who succeeds in 3 Climb rolls can escape to the roof of the mansion; two successful rolls will get them to the fireplace on the second floor. A failed roll results in either 1D6, 2D6, or 3D6 points of damage, depending on how high the faller has climbed.

THEO'S ROOM A duplicate of the Guest Bedroom, except that the top drawer of the nightstand contains ten 9mm shells and an ominously blood-stained butcher knife.

On top of the nightstand is an old photograph of Theo and a young woman. In the lower righthand corner of the photo is the inscription, "Theo and Thelma, 1820." A successful Idea roll will cause an investigator to realize that, to say the least, Theo is showing his age very well indeed!

BILLIARD ROOM This large room contains two billiard tables, a bridge table, and a collection of antique sofas and chairs. Animal heads and assortments of archaic weapons decorate the walls, and an ancient musket mounted on a mahogany plaque holds a place of honor amongst these trophies.

Standing in the center of the room is a strange, grotesque-looking suit of armor. Resembling a cross between medieval platemail and samurai armor, this iron giant stands some 7 feet tall. Its demonic iron faceplate has been shaped into an evil, leering visage with a lunatic's grin. Jutting out from its powerfully contoured body twist a number of weird, pipelike projections.

This is the Black Dolman, a metallic golem created by an ancient Chinese worshiper of Cthugha, which had been created to destroy the temple of an enemy. The piece was acquired by LaRue on one of his many excursions in pursuit of the Chott Rhuul.

On his way to his upstairs hiding place, LaRue stopped here to recite the incantation that would activate the Black Dolman, so when the investigators enter this room, the trap will be sprung.

1D6 rounds after the room has been entered, the metal plate of the armor will begin to glow with furnace-like heat; as the heat reaches white-hot intensity, the carpeting beneath its feet will burst into flame.

At this point, the golem will begin to move, zeroing in on whichever investigators have entered the room. Though it will never attack in any way, it will continue to follow those investigators wherever they run, setting ablaze rugs and draperies and any other combustibles it passes in its singleminded pursuit.

Any investigator who comes within 3 feet of this lumbering leviathan will instantly burst into flames, suffering 1D6 points of damage per round until extinguished.

The Black Dolman is impervious to all normal weapons attacks, though spells such as Fist of Yog-Sothoth will have the normal effect on it. Water will inflict 2D6 points of damage per gallon, and if doused with 15 gallons or more, the entire contraption will explode in a tremendous ball of flame and fragmented metal.

The Dolman has 60 hit points, a STR of 25, and has a movement rate of 9; no other characteristics apply to this engine of fiery destruction, as it is in no way organic or living, and has no mind to be affected by spells requiring POW struggles.



Part of the spell which activates the Dolman allows LaRue to see through the automaton's eyes, and also to speak through it, which he will do until forced to flee.

He will continually demand the Chott Rhuul be turned over to him, or curse the investigators if they have destroyed it or thrown it into some quicksand bog.

Regardless of what the investigators say, LaRue has no intention of calling off the Dolman, for he most assuredly wants the investigators dead. It will continue its pursuit, while the mad mayor of Halbert chortles and mockingly informs the investigators that they are "going to make ashes of yourselves."

If the Black Dolman can somehow be destroyed, its metallic bulk will collapse, but the tremendous heat it has generated will have by then set the entire lower story of the mansion ablaze, creating a conflagration that is completely out of control.

If the investigators escape the mansion without destroying the Dolman, it will follow after them. Fortunately, the boggy soil and swampy terrain around Halbert will provide sufficient water to eventually bring about the thing's destruction - but not before the investigators have had some harrowing escapes!

LA RUE'S ROOM

As with the bedrooms below, the fireplace flue allows access to the roof. Only 1 Climb roll is needed to negotiate the flue from this point, with a fall costing 2D6 points of damage.

A successful Spot Hidden roll will reveal a concealed panel in the bedside table which contains LaRue's diaries. There are 3 in all, and each details the frustrating search for the Chott Rhuul and, in the most recent book, he tells of the discovery of the artifact's location and his plans to retrieve it, including the plot which brought the investigators to Halbert.

Anyone making a successful Spot Hidden while reading these tomes may make an Idea roll at +10%. Success here causes the investigator to realize that these diaries cover a period of over 100 years, a chilling testament to LaRue's dark determination.

GUEST BEDROOM

Bears mentioning only because it too contains a fireplace such as that in LaRue's room.

LA RUE'S LAB

This room is locked (STR 12), and LaRue has the key. The room serves as a study area and laboratory; on a small table in the center of the room is a tray of beakers and phials filled with disgusting-looking fluids.

With a successful Luck -50% and a successful Spot Hidden roll, an investigator will be able to locate and identify 1D6 items required to cast the spells the investigators may have in their possession, as well as those spells of which LaRue himself is capable.

LaRue's notebooks lie beside the tray, but are written in a code known only to LaRue. Also found here are two handwritten notes from the R'lyeh Text and the Necronomicon which briefly mention the Chott Rhuul. Reading these notes will require a 1D4 loss of Sanity.

The writings vaguely hint that the statuette is more than it appears to be. Anyone who reads these notes and makes a successful Idea roll will realize that the Chott Rhuul may in fact be a living thing - inasmuch as such things can be considered living. This realization calls for another SAN roll, with a 1D4/1 loss hanging in the balance.

A successful spot hidden roll will uncover an old, water-stained partial translation of The Ponape Scripture, an excerpt which darkly hints of the terrible uses to which the Chott Rhuul might be put.

Reading this excerpt requires a SAN roll, with a 1D4 loss unless the roll is successful, in which case the loss is 1 point.

While in this room, have the investigator with the lowest Luck make that roll. If he is successful, allow everyone to make a Spot Hidden. Anyone who succeeds will discover that the locking mechanism on one of the lab windows did not function properly, thus providing an escape route.

Investigators leaping from this window can escape the house, risking only 1D6 points of damage from a fall onto the boggy ground below.

STORAGE ROOM

LaRue's temporary hiding place.

ALCOVE

In the ceiling of the alcove is a trap door which opens onto the attic. If LaRue has already made his escape by the time the investigators reach it, it will be barred from the attic side (STR 13 to break open).

The attic is a cramped, low-ceilinged area with no flooring or any other attempt at dressing. The only feature of the entire chamber is a rather plain looking door which, when opened, reveals nothing but a blank brick wall.

This is really a one-way Gate which is LaRue's escape route. Anyone stepping through this Gate will find themselves in an abandoned fish warehouse on the New Orleans waterfront. There will of course be no sign of Gaston LaRue.

The investigators will be forced to make whatever arrangements they can from this point, and will have to return to Halbert to retrieve their luggage, if they deem that wise.

IN CONCLUSION

If the investigators thwart the plans of Gaston LaRue and his cohorts, they will be rewarded with 1D10 SAN points, with an additional 1D6 points for retrieving the Chott Rhuul. If the cult is exposed or wiped out, another 1D4 points can be given. However, the Keeper should keep in mind that this might cause the investigators some serious legal problems, since they could be charged with the murders of any cultists slain in the course of this scenario.

1D10 SAN points will come from destroying the Chott Rhuul, upon which the Watcher of Deadwater Lake will return to its nighted home, never to be seen again. There is no reward if the creature is slain, since it was forced into service by the Chott Rhuul just as were its human guardians.

However, destroying the artifact will also release those human servants, including Captain Coroza, and for this, reward the investigators 1D6 Sanity points.

Conversely, if LaRue is successful, the investigators will forfeit 1D10 points of SAN - those who survive, that is! They must live with the shuddersome knowledge of what they have unleashed upon the world, and cringe in dire expectation of that time when the Chott Rhuul's abysmal power exerts itself in the world. The Keeper should consider ways to work a vindictive LaRue into future scenarios as a surprise encounter.

Configurations Of The Flesh

By J. Todd Kingrea

SCENARIO CONSIDERATIONS

"Configurations of the Flesh" is a Cthulhu Now adventure, set in Key West, Florida, but a minor amount of work will make it playable in just about any medium-to large-sized metropolitan area. The scenario is designed for 3-5 investigators of any occupational standing. At least one investigator should possess some Cthulhu Mythos knowledge. Credit Rating is another skill that will be frequently used in the course of the scenario.

KEEPER'S INFORMATION

Society has many names for them: the rich, the powerful, "the beautiful people." Each name produces images of fancy sports cars, dinner parties, cocktails by the pool, and 6-figure careers. Rarely does the facade of etiquette and affluence slip away to reveal the depressed, rotting core underneath. Except in the case of Franklin and Yvonne Gilmore.

The Gilmores are a very affluent young couple. Franklin is a commodities broker and Yvonne is a real estate agent, specializing in expensive homes. They live in an exclusive neighborhood amidst other couples with similar lifestyles. They have no interest in children; their careers, their social status, and their acceptance are all much more important than children. They move in circles of wealth, power, and lies.

Several months ago, Franklin purchased an antique desk for his study; The desk dated back to 17th century Spain, and Franklin paid an exorbitant price for it. Both he and his wife were thrilled about the old, dark piece of furniture. A few days later, Franklin made a discovery that would change his life.

One of the drawers on the desk became stuck as he was trying to open it. He worked with the drawer until it finally opened, revealing a mass of old paper in the recess behind the drawer which had caused it to stick. It looked like the papers had been shoved back into the depths of the desk, and had fallen down behind the drawer. Franklin carefully removed the papers.

It appeared to be a manuscript of some sort, very old and greatly mangled from its tenure behind the drawer. The document consisted of 44 pages, some of varying size, and all written in a crimped hybrid of English and Spanish. From the portions he was able to understand, Franklin learned that the pages were part of a larger collection. They dealt with magical theories, properties, invocations and rituals. The pages were

quite old, perhaps three centuries or more. Although he could easily recognize the monetary value of a manuscript this old, he was at something of a loss to understand how and why it had gotten into this desk. It was a problem he puzzled over and theorized about for many days.

One evening several weeks later, the Gilmores were hosting a small dinner party for a few friends. As the evening wore on, conversation turned to the odd manuscript Franklin had found, and he jokingly described the contents of the pages. From what he could understand, the pages were indeed only a part of a greater whole. They were apparently written by a monk who trafficked with the "dark powers." He wrote of formulae and communion, rituals and sacrifices. The pages even hinted at holding secrets that would allow the reader to "make contact with Those beyond and bend them to thy will."

Although still unable to trace the exact origins of the writings, Franklin was convinced that the monk had been on the verge of being caught at his blasphemous work, and shoved these pages into the back of the desk. Over time they slipped through a seam in the wood, coming to rest behind the drawer.

The guests were thrilled with Franklin's melodrama. Jokes and laughter swept the room as the assembled diners made light of the manuscript and its dire contents. Then the challenge was issued by one of the inebriated guests: if it was a "magical" book, why not cast a spell from it? The room exploded into laughter, and Franklin went to get the pages. He returned, snickering and reeling, and drew out the prescribed diagrams and intoned the invocations written--at least those he could understand. The group sat around the candle-lit circle, giggling under their breath and waiting for "the devil" to appear. They didn't have to wait long. The air suddenly chilled, and the haunting echoes of malign flutes could be faintly heard. Then in the center of the circle, engulfed in a scintillating halo of colors, a form appeared. The summons had been answered.

As the people screamed, the alien entity manifested itself. Madness reigned. Those who didn't pass out were reduced to blubbling, quivering caricatures of themselves, cowering before the voyager from the stars. It quickly realized that in the furor, no binding ritual had been performed. The circle that held it did so no longer--it had been broken by the terror-stricken guests--and no binding could be done. A Servitor of the Outer Gods now roamed unfettered upon the earth.

Subjugated by the Servitor, Franklin and his wife--along with the dinner party guests--have now become slaves to the glistening creature. Setting itself up like some obscene Roman emperor, its will is carried out by the yuppies as it dominates them through fear. The Servitor has also taught several of them a spell which allows flesh to be made malleable, to be twisted

and shaped as if it were clay. Over the past few months, the yuppies have brought several unfortunate victims before their "emperor," to manipulate, torture, and destroy, all for its perverse, unending pleasure. The terrified attenders giggle insanely as they re-design the flesh of their victims, saying how they are going to make the poor wretch like themselves--one of the "beautiful people". And as the creature strengthens its fearful control over them, they quietly and subtly try and introduce others to its glory.

With fairly regular consistency, the group meets and performs blasphemous rites of body and flesh before the baleful eyes of their lord and master. The creature revels in pain, anguish, and torture, fed to it by those who form the upper crust of our society.

These events began on May 1. Since that time the club has brought six sacrifices before the Servitor. Four of these sacrifices were performed in the Gilmore's home; the remaining two have been carried out at a condominium construction site, where the Servitor has recently been moved to.



The Gilmores

INVESTIGATORS' INFORMATION

The scenario begins with the investigators on vacation in sunny Florida. To date, they have enjoyed many of the local attractions, and are currently lounging in their rented car, driving through Key West and looking forward to enjoying the nightlife.

It is late at night and they are driving through an area of the city heavily populated by nightclubs. A delicious, balmy breeze--fresh off the darkened Gulf--carries fragrant smells as it blows past lazy palm trees, oleanders, and shadowed hibiscus. Overhead the night sky glimmers with a thousand stars; the temperature is warm, and the evening is alive with the magic of the Keys. Revelers glide along the sidewalks, thumping music and strobing lights echoing from each club. The street is lined

on both sides with vehicles of every make and model.

Without any warning, a man suddenly appears from between two parked cars and rushes out in front of the investigator's car. The man is so close to the car when he jumps that the driver does not have a chance to react. Above the squealing of the brakes can be heard the sickening crunch of metal against meat. The limp form smashes into the windshield. The body flips over the roof, hits the trunk with a dull thud, and then rolls off onto the tarmac. All passengers in the car lose 1/1d4 SAN; the driver loses 2/1d4+1.

The unfortunate suicide lies face down in an ever-widening pool of blood. He is wearing a filthy overcoat and the remnants of a tailored suit, now scummy and crusted. A crowd begins to gather, drunken partiers slobbering up rapidly to bask in the cold light of this horrible tragedy.

Whoever turns the poor man over is in for a shock. His face is ghastly--a putrescent morass of gouged and weeping flesh. One eye is clearly missing, the socket covered with a vague substance which resembles greasy skin. The nose is twisted, and deep tracks mar the face, as if it were waxen and subjected to just enough heat to make it malleable; then after it had been shaped and pulled like taffy, it was allowed to cool and re-solidify. All seeing this lose 1/1d4 SAN.

Investigators close to the man immediately notice that he is still alive, but just barely. He struggles to speak, and investigators must get close to him to hear him. He labors to speak through swollen, deformed lips, but his words come out garbled. It seems as though something is caught in his mouth or throat, and he is attempting to speak around it. He gags on a chunk of bloody phlegm, and then whispers, "Drive wood wild." A spasm of coughing and gagging overtakes him, and the two investigators nearest him are spattered with blood. Spot Hidden rolls made at this time reveal the presence of something definitely lodged in the man's mouth. Any investigator who checks the mouth discovers the man's other eyeball, glistening pulpy white, slick with blood and somehow fused onto the tongue. SAN loss is 1/1d3.



By now the police have arrived. Amid calls for an ambulance and orders for the crowd to move back, two officers hurriedly approach the investigators. They review the scene, taking notes and questioning each investigator. After about 20 minutes, police Detective Barry McNeil arrives on the scene. Dressed in a baggy shirt, a crooked tie, tan pants, and expensive designer sneakers, he talks with the officers before introducing himself to the investigators. He is a sandy-haired, middle-aged man with a full beard and quick, intense eyes. He questions the investigators yet again on the incident, and then excuses himself to confer with the other officers, who have been taking statements from the crowd. McNeil returns after a few minutes and informs them that several of the bystanders witnessed the entire incident, and they all confirm the fact that the man deliberately leaped into the path of the investigator's car. No charges will be pressed against the investigators (assuming the driver wasn't under the influence of alcohol or drugs, wasn't speeding, driving recklessly, etc.).

Detective McNeil lets slip the fact that this is the seventh disfigured corpse in the last three months that has been found in the area. With a successful Persuade roll, investigators can prompt a little more information out of him.

He knows that in the last three months, seven corrupted bodies have been found in various places around the island. All have been as oddly mutilated as the current victim, but this has been the only one to date who was encountered alive. The victims, four men and three women, have all been homeless vagrants. They have been found in dumpsters, abandoned buildings, and floating in the ocean. The forensics and pathology people haven't the faintest idea what could have caused wounds of this sort. But they have been able to determine that on every body, the victim died from severe trauma to the internal organs and bodily systems. It would seem, based on the coroner's evidence and speculation, that each of the victims died from sheer agony, brought about by the disfigurements inflicted upon their bodies. No fingerprints have been found, and they have absolutely no idea who--or what--is doing this. The most prevalent theory is a professional serial killer, perhaps some demented physician.

Detective McNeil has no problem with telling the investigators this information. He feels they will most likely hear it on the news anyway. A successful Psychology roll, made while the detective talks, shows him to be angry and painfully upset. He is angry at himself for not being able to stop these atrocities, and upset that these homeless people--who have nothing and harm no one--are being brutally butchered.

He will continue to talk with them until the area has been cleared up and everyone is allowed to leave. Before they depart, he tells them to come by Police Precinct 2 tomorrow and give a full, written statement about the incident.

OPTIONS

At this point the investigators have three leads they can follow up on. The first would be researching the previous six disfigurement incident victims. The second would be to try and get additional information from the police. And last, they can pursue the cryptic last words of the suicide victim, "Drive wood wild." Each of these is dealt with below.

Barry McNeil, Police Detective

STR 13	CON 15	SIZ 13	HP 14
POW 10	DEX 14	INT 14	MV 07
APP 14	SAN 60	EDU 14	

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
.45 Automatic	55%	1D10+2
Shotgun	45%	By Type
DAMAGE BONUS +1D4		

SKILLS

Accounting 35%, Art 25%, Computer Use 35%, Credit Rating 55%, Law 45%, Persuade 48%, Speak Spanish 55%

PREVIOUS VICTIMS

Investigators may wish to check their media sources for the six other disfigurement victims. Back issues of the Key West Citizen can easily be found at the local library with a successful Library Use roll. The byline on each article cites Hal Mangold as the reporter. Over the past three months there has been an article for each of the discovered bodies. In addition, a seven-paragraph editorial was published about three weeks ago. The editorial is very common, denouncing the works of serial killers and stirring up the old argument of capital punishment or rehabilitation. It has nothing inventive to say and even less that can benefit the investigators. The articles, on the other hand, are useful. Salient points of information from each article are presented below and in the Handouts Section:

- **May 25** - The first victim was a female, approximately 40 years old. The body was not identified. She apparently died from suffocation, due to the disfiguration of her throat and trachea. Her body was marred with deep, ugly furrows. She was found floating near the shore of the Atlantic Ocean by a jogger on the morning of May 24. She had been partially devoured and picked at by the fish, making identification impossible. There were no fingerprints or other traceable marks. The body was naked when found.

- **June 15** - The second body was identified as Mona Adler, a 54-year old bag lady who lived near Wild Wood Drive in the poor section of the city.

Her death was caused by loss of blood, as approximately 48% of her body's blood-carrying vessels were extended outside her body in a grotesque, hair-like fashion. Her body also bore "sculpted," messy tracks and gullies, similar to the first victim. The body was found beneath a row of bushes in a park on the east side on June 14. Again, nothing traceable could be found. Unlike the previous victim, Adler was clothed in the remains of a dress.

- **June 30** - The third body was that of Jefferson Thatcher, a homeless 39-year old black man. He was found late in the evening of June 29 by a city sanitation crew, in a dumpster near South Roosevelt Boulevard and U.S. Highway 1. Cause of death was a heart attack, brought on by the apparent "internal injuries," coupled with a "melted appearance of the skin," almost identical to the previous victims. He was dressed in the

filthy, tattered remains of a rather expensive suit. Thatcher was identified by a street friend of his, Willie Giles, who remembered seeing Thatcher only a few days before on Wild Wood Drive. The police feel confident, claiming to have "uncovered evidence that will speed things up." They are concentrating their investigations along Wild Wood Drive.

● **July 14** - Found on the morning of July 13, the body of Emilio Ruessa had suffered injuries identical to the other victims. Cause of death was "severe trauma to the internal organs." The body was found floating in the Salt Pond near the southern portion of the island, where it had apparently been laying for several days. Several human hairs were found somehow embedded in the flesh of this, and the previous victim. Large amounts of alcohol were also found in the blood and on the body. The man was clothed, wearing a woman's evening gown.

The police evidence from the previous victim turned out to be incorrect and useless. The citizens of Key West have begun to put more and more pressure on police to catch the perpetrator.

● **July 27** - The body of the fifth victim was found in an alley on the lower western side of Key West. No identification has been made. Police believe the body to be that of a middle-aged woman, but they cannot be sure until additional tests have been completed. The body was discovered by the owner of a nearby bar. The body was disfigured beyond recognition, in a manner identical to the previous victims. This body was found completely naked. The police believe drugs will be found when the test results come back, although they will not comment further on the incident.

● **August 23** - A 41-year old homeless woman, identified as Jane Markowitz, was found in an abandoned tenement building by an anonymous individual, near the north-eastern side of the city. The injuries she had sustained were responsible for her death. She was found wearing red lingerie and had several needle marks on her arm. Police believe they are closing in on the demented person responsible for this, and the previous murders. No explanation has been given as to how the murders have been committed, or for the unusual conditions of the victim's skin. The body was reported in the early morning hours of August 23.

Another successful Library Use roll allows the investigators to uncover the follow-up stories. Several can be found. They reveal further evidence that the last two victims had traces of cocaine in their bloodstreams; the hairs embedded in the flesh of victim #4 came from a black-haired Caucasian male, probably between the ages of 30-45, and coated with chemicals common to styling gels or mousses; victim #5 was determined to be a female after a complete autopsy, but no identification was made; samples of the victims' disfigured flesh have been sent to the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta for further testing; the police are no closer to catching the maniac responsible, as he seems very adept at covering all the angles; the mayor is thinking of creating a special task-force to help the police handle the situation.

Investigators wishing to speak with Hal Mangold must make a 1/2 Luck roll to catch him at his desk. If available, he listens to the investigators and agrees to meet them, especially if they

hint that they may be on to something. Hal arranges a meeting at the Blue Pelican, a bar located on West Fleming Street, at a time that is convenient with the investigators.

POLICE INFORMATION

The investigators may decide to check around for more information when they go to the police station to give their statements. Since Detective McNeil is in charge of the investigation, he has all the paperwork in his office. Investigators reporting to the station are pointed in the direction of McNeil's office by the burly desk sergeant.

The investigators find McNeil's office easily. The door is open, but the detective is not present. A successful 1/2 Spot Hidden roll allows the investigators to see a file laying on the detective's paper-choked desk. It is labeled "Disfigurement Case."

If the investigators want to risk taking an unauthorized look at the file, call for a Luck roll from the investigator with the highest POW. A successful roll indicates that McNeil hasn't returned yet and can be heard approaching the office when he does. A failed roll means he arrives, catching the group pilfering through the unattended docket. If caught, investigators are severely reprimanded and warned not to disclose anything they might have read in the file. If something from the file should be leaked out, the investigators are likely to be arrested.

The stuffed file contains several dozen papers. There are patrolmen reports, identification statements, departmental memos, coroner's reports, sworn statements, and the like. Keepers are encouraged to ask for Luck and Law rolls as the investigators search. Each successful roll produces one of the pieces of information listed below. They are listed in order of victim discovery. There are several pieces of data available at a glance on each victim. The more important information is found near the end of each section. Between 10 and 15 photographs are included with each autopsy and police report. SAN loss is 0/1d4 for viewing these, as they depict each body from numerous angles.

The following information can be found within McNeil's file, and in the Handouts Section:

● **First Victim:** body showed signs of physical and sexual abuse prior to death; her throat looked as if it had been heated (like wax), reshaped, and allowed to cool; her throat and trachea was completely fused; cause of death: suffocation; indications of finger marks on the flesh, but no prints--probably wearing gloves.

● **Second Victim:** bizarre condition of blood vessels outside the skin indicate some sort of surgical/medical knowledge; again, hand and finger marks, but no prints; autopsy revealed severe head trauma--probably from blows to the skull, prior to death; last known residence was approximately four blocks from Wild Wood Drive in the west-central section of the city; tests on dress remains show unidentifiable slime or mucus-like solution; dress appears to have been expensive designer quality.

● **Third Victim:** Cause of death: heart rupture, due to the "re-shaping" condition of the internal organs; head shows severe trauma, similar to second victim; friend Willie Giles mentioned

Thatcher talking with someone hours before he disappeared--person was in a fancy sportscar ("slumming?"); Giles can't remember make or model; thinks it may have been silver or grey; victim's suit was of expensive Italian manufacture and design.

● **Fourth Victim:** Cause of death: evisceration. Skin had been "re-shaped" out of the way, allowing access to abdominal cavity; All major internal organs had been removed, and have not been found; hair samples come from black-haired Caucasian male, 30-45 years of age, with traces of styling gel or mousse on it; blood-alcohol content indicates a large amount of red wine consumption; gown is very expensive designer quality (no connection between designer labels on clothing); the gown may have been used in this instance to try and throw the police off.

● **Fifth Victim:** Female, probably in her mid-40's; indications of severe torture and abuse; flesh had been fused together over genitalia; cocaine found in bloodstream was of a very high, very expensive grade; it was probably used to entice and/or subdue the victim; body looked like one great lump of misshapen flesh.

● **Sixth victim:** Cause of death: self-inflicted fatal knife wound to the heart; (forced to commit suicide?); Couldn't live with "re-shaped" flesh?; pain?; Autopsy revealed high grade cocaine in bloodstream, similar to fifth victim, and probably injected by murderer; evidence shows body was strapped/tied down, possibly before administration of the drug; genitalia showed evidence of odd slime-like solution (similar to victim #2).

Reports on the slime from the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, cannot be located in the file. Likewise, the reports haven't been completed yet on the seventh victim. Also among the reams of paper is a fold-out map of the city. If opened, it is marked with neon orange dots where each body was found. No discernible pattern is evident. A question mark has been penned-in over a section of Wild Wood Drive, with the words "Children/Night??" scribbled beside it.

Should the investigators bypass the file for whatever reason, most of the information contained therein is common knowledge around the station. With successful 1/2 Persuade rolls or possibly hefty bribes, someone is willing to let a few pieces of information slip away. Keepers will have to determine just how much a given officer knows, and how much he or she is willing to tell. The same information is also in the possession of reporter Hal Mangold. For more on him, see "Meeting Hal Mangold."

Once they've all given their statements, the investigators are free to leave, probably being reminded about "leaking things out" if they were caught rooting through the case file.

"DRIVE WOOD WILD"

These were the cryptic last words spoken by the man who committed suicide before the investigator's eyes. With a successful INT x 3 roll (if they haven't figured it out yet), the investigators can realize that the message was spoken backwards. It is actually "Wild Wood Drive."

Those making an EDU X 2 roll know that there are two streets with that name in Key West. The first, Wild Wood Drive, is located in the north-eastern section of the city. It is a rough district, ravaged by petty gangs, drugs, and poverty. Once a prosperous street, it has long since decayed into crimson alleys, small porno theaters, and ruined tenements. It is also the location of Hijos de la Noche, "Children of the Night," one of the city's most notorious nightspots.

The second street bearing that name is Wildwood Drive. It is located on the northern side of Key West, just off Palm Avenue. An exclusive suburb, it is home to city councilmen, wealthy businessmen, important families, and yuppies. It is a swanky, expensive neighborhood for the upper class.

WHAT'S GOING ON

The Gilmore's performed another "orgy" the night before this scenario begins. Using the poor man they picked up as their entertainment, they re-created and twisted him during their obscene rituals. When the night's revelry was over, the body was taken and dumped somewhere in the city, far from where the atrocity took place. That is how the yuppies have been handling things. They usually locate a homeless person or a vagrant in the early evening. The most favored area for the Gilmores and their friends to choose someone from is the north-eastern section of Key West, where "one or two homeless people won't be missed." With promises of a clean place to sleep or a hot meal, they regularly find someone for their purposes, someone who believes their story of wanting to help those "less fortunate" than themselves. Once they have acquired a sacrifice, the victim is beaten into unconsciousness or drugged. Then amid the stench of sweating bodies and exotic perfumes, they begin their horrific displays of depravity.

The seventh victim had much more stamina than the previous ones. When the yuppies were done, they mistakenly assumed the man was dead. In fact, he was only unconscious from pain. He did not regain consciousness until hours after he had been dumped. He then began staggering through the back-streets and alleys, suffering great pain and anguish, his mind almost completely destroyed. When he could no longer endure the agony, he chose suicide.

WILD WOOD DRIVE

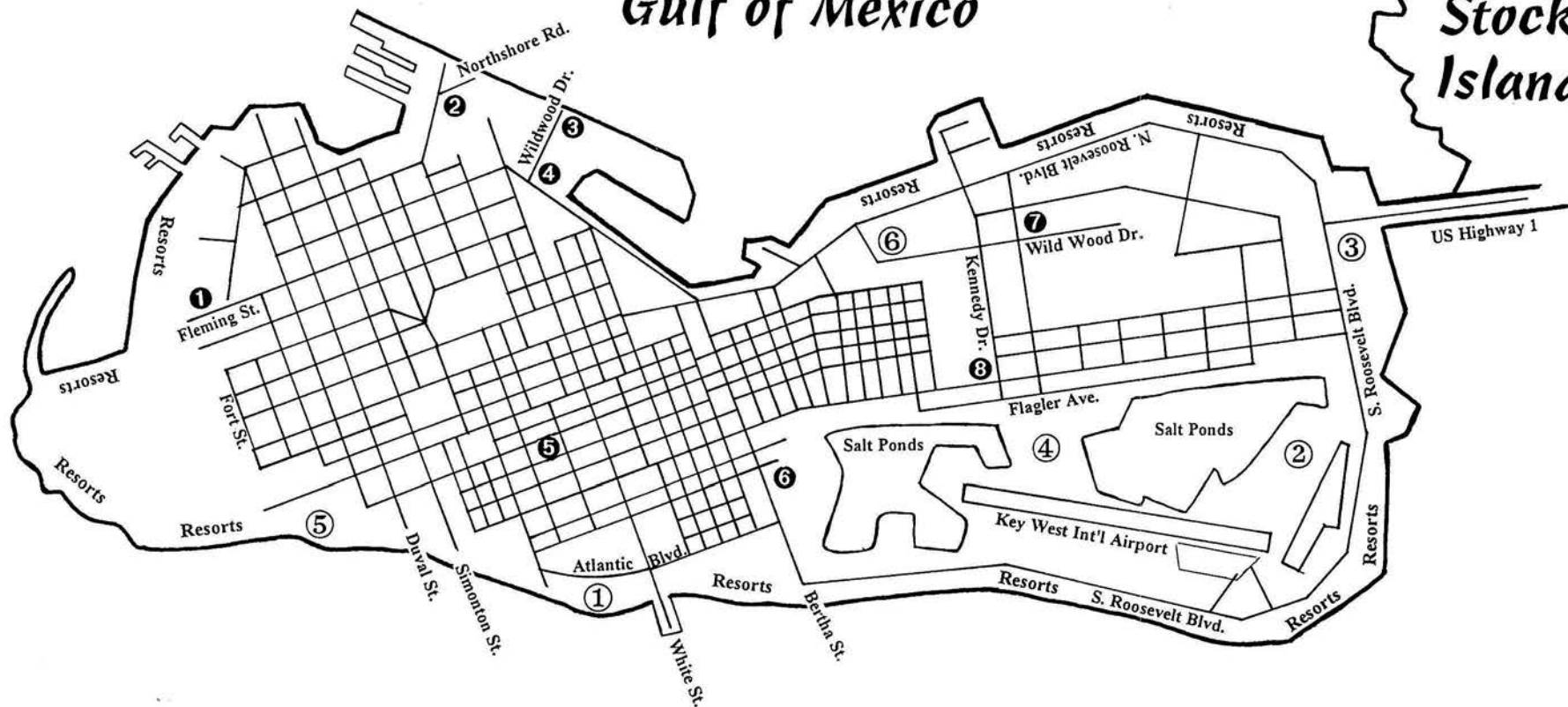
Wild Wood Drive stretches along for several blocks through one of the older sections of the city that has never been restored. It is a dark, foreboding neighborhood, ripe with crime and poverty.

Much of the city's poor find their way to Wild Wood Drive, just as their polar opposites--the elite, the rich, the powerful--find their way to the similarly-named street on the northern side of the island. The destitute congregate in the ruined tenements or sub-standard apartments; they lounge in doorways and scrounge for food. Drugs, prostitution, gambling...dozens of man's unlawful vices can be found in abundance along the street's brooding, cracked sidewalks. A small gang of Hispanic youths claim the turf, sometimes spilling blood over the rights to busted concrete and gutted buildings.

Key West

Gulf of Mexico

Stock Island



Atlantic Ocean

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| ① First Body | ④ Fourth Body |
| ② Second Body | ⑤ Fifth Body |
| ③ Third Body | ⑥ Sixth Body |

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| ① Blue Pelican | ⑥ Key West Highschool |
| ② Northshore Health Spa | ⑦ Hijos de la Noche |
| ③ The Wellington Club | ⑧ Hospital |
| ④ Corporate Rent-A-Car | ⑨ Briarwood Condominiums |
| ⑤ Precinct 2 | |

Adult bookstores, liquor stores, and pawn shops are kept in business by the locals, and several bars and taverns are best left alone. Tucked away between crumbling buildings and huddled together in vacant lots are the homeless. Their cardboard houses and lean-to's can be found on abandoned parking lots and in weed-choked lots.

Investigators looking for Willie Giles should make a 1/2 Luck roll for each half hour of their search. Success may mean they have found the person they're seeking, or they've been told where he was last seen (Keeper's choice). A fumbled roll indicates the street gang ("Los Demonios") have taken a fancy to the investigators and give chase. Investigators searching for Willie on foot--something that will eventually be required--should make a Navigate roll in order to remember what alleys they've gone through and how to get back to their car.

Should the investigators find Willie, he will be of little use to them. He is huddled up in a cardboard box, blanketed by a mangy sweater. He reeks of cheap alcohol. All attempts at communication are met with garbled responses such as "lemme 'lone, lemme sleep." If Jefferson Thatcher is mentioned, Willie begins to weep softly until he slips into unconsciousness.

Perhaps the most obvious landmark on Wild Wood Drive is the nightclub, Hijos de la Noche. It is located in a small warehouse, between a condemned church and an adult video store. The outside of the two-story warehouse is painted in a mural, depicting a bleak graveyard. Mausoleums and tombstones are realistically painted in wonderful perspective on the building, giving it the image of a giant necropolis. Skeletons and zombies stumble among the markers or claw their way out of damp tombs. The whole mural is artistically refined in style and technique, but the bulging eyes of the painted specters fill the viewer with an unexplainable sense of discomfort. A single metal door is the only entrance. When the club opens at 10:00 PM, two heavy Latino bouncers stand near the door, scrutinizing customers and collecting the cover charge.

Inside, tables are arranged around the warehouse floor, providing ample dance space. The bar caters to the Latino crowds, and investigators visiting here notice a proliferation of swarthy Cubans, seductive young women, greasy drug dealers, and locals with little or no hope for the future. The walls are painted in varying shades of grey, which seems to eat what little light there is coming from green-shaded lamps and candles. Salsa music blares from the speakers and thick smoke hazes everything. A stage covers the far end of the building. A metal set of stairs lead up to a partial second floor containing an office, several private rooms, and the DJ booth. Evil-looking bouncers guard the stairs, threatening anyone who tries to pass. Investigators are likely to feel very uncomfortable and out of place, and the Keeper should strive to make this a tangible feeling. Unless the Keeper has chosen otherwise, the investigators find nothing to help them solve their mystery in the club.

MEETING HAL MANGOLD

The wiry reporter has arranged a meeting with the

investigators at the Blue Pelican, a bar and seafood restaurant located on West Fleming Street. The bar, where Hal has secured a small table near the window, is a very nice, atmospheric place. It is highly praised in numerous tour books and restaurant guides. Former U.S. President Harry Truman dined here on several occasions.



Hal Mangold

When the investigators arrive, the sweet aroma of boiled lobster, oysters, and Caribbean-spiced flounder fills the air. Depending on the time of the meeting, the bar and restaurant may be packed with customers, or it may be merely cozy, with only a few people here and there. The investigators are shown to the reserved table, which looks out onto the seaside hotels and the shimmering Gulf of Mexico beyond. If Hal is meeting the group in the late afternoon or early evening, the investigators are in for one of the sights for which Key West is so well noted: the gorgeous sunset. During the sunsets, the sky is painted in cotton-candy pinks, yellows, golds, and oranges, all of which intermix to form an awe-inspiring sight.

Hal arrives 15 + 1d12 minutes late. He is a young, energetic writer, recently graduated from Radford University in Virginia. He is tall and gangly, with long brown hair worn jaw-length and framing his face, or pulled back in a pony tail. He dresses in comfortable jeans, a black T-shirt, and carries a backpack, decorated with dozens of safety pins. Hal possesses a warm personality, a keen intellect, and an instinctive drive for journalism. He seems anxious and wired, and is very apologetic for being late.

Hal obviously knows everything the investigators found in the newspapers, plus he has a few theories that he isn't allowed to print. He also knows all of the information found in Detective McNeil's file (see the section entitled "Police Information"). He doesn't believe in the "serial killer" idea being perpetuated by his editor and the police; he is more inclined to believe it is a cult of some sort. Or if cult is too harsh of a word, then perhaps a collection of disturbed individuals, trying to further some obscure end. He thinks several members of the medical community are involved as well, but obviously isn't allowed to print that. And he hasn't completely ruled out a government or military presence, although this is his least favorite theory. If asked, he lazily

admits that his theories have no solid basis, but he is damned sure it isn't a single serial killer. He is trying to make some connection with the Wild Wood Drive location, since it seems to be prevalent in most of the murders. He tells the characters how dangerous that area is, punctuating it by showing them three small, minor bullet wounds along his left arm. He does not hesitate to tell them how lucky he was to get away from Los Demonios alive.

The information he has from the police files comes from his contact at the police department. He will not, under any circumstances, reveal the name of his source. The keeper is encouraged to let Hal share his information with the investigators (especially if they present profession licenses or other respectable credentials), along with his theories. This allows the investigators the chance to gather any information they may have missed at the police station.

Hal rummages around in his backpack, removes a micro-cassette recorder, and places it on the table. With the investigator's permission, he turns it on and questions them about the suicide incident for another article. Hal is a serious, ethical journalist. If any investigators wants his or her name kept out of the paper, Hal will do so, without question. He talks with the investigators for a short time, discussing the disfigurement case, his theories, and their ideas. If the investigators express an interest in assisting him, or in pursuing their leads further, a Psychology roll shows Hal to be worried about their well-being, but happy nonetheless to have allies. He continues to talk until he realizes that he is late for a deadline or another appointment, and hastily makes an apologetic exit.

HIT AND RUN

This section should be run after the investigators have met Hal Mangold and had a chance to evaluate their information up to this point. It is designed to provide some action for the characters, and to present the ultimate catalyst for their investigation of the wealthy neighborhood on the island's north shore.

Around 11:30 PM (after the investigator's meeting with Hal), one of the group receives a telephone call from the reporter. He is out of breath and gasping for air. He hurriedly tells the investigator that he received a tip-off about Willie Giles, the friend of third victim Jefferson Thatcher. He is now on Wild Wood Drive, trying to locate Giles. With a hollow yelp, he tells the investigator that he has just spotted Giles and he's got to go after him. Before hanging up he asks the investigators to meet him at Hijos de la Noche in 30 minutes. He doesn't wait for an answer as he sprints off down the street after his quarry.

Investigators who do not go to meet Hal read about the following incident below in the morning paper and suffer a 1/1d4 SAN loss.

If the investigators do go to the club, they see no sign of him outside. They do see about a dozen Caucasians and Latinos standing around, relaxing on the hoods of polished white Cadillacs, smoking cigarettes. If they wait outside the club for longer than 10 minutes, five burly men detach themselves from the loungers and move toward the investigators, intent on a

fight. Should the investigators decide to go into the club in search of Hal, they are eyed hatefully and subjected to obscene verbal harassment as they approach the door. Lewd comments and gestures are made, and the investigator with the highest Luck should roll to avoid a potentially nasty situation.

Once inside, a single Luck roll should be attempted by the investigator with the lowest score. If successful, the characters can find an empty table, large enough for all of them. Failed rolls indicate all tables are taken. Keepers may ask for Spot Hidden rolls, perhaps with -10% or -20% modifiers, as the investigators search for Hal. However, no matter how good an investigator rolls, the journalist is nowhere to be seen. In fact, he is not even in the club. Characters wishing to move around, searching for him, should make DEX X 4 rolls to avoid bumping into anyone. Fights are common here, and it takes very little to provoke the customers.

A Generic Latino

STR 15	CON 12	SIZ 14	HP 13
POW 10	DEX 13	INT 13	MV 07
APP 14	SAN 55	EDU 12	

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
.45 Automatic	45%	1D10+2
Shotgun	45%	By Type
Fist/Punch	50%	1D3
Kick	45%	1D6
Head Butt	20%	1D4
Grapple	48%	Special

DAMAGE BONUS +1D4

SKILLS

Climb 50%, Conceal 30%, Dodge 55%, Fast Talk 35%, Hide 40%, Jump 35%, Listen 40%, Locksmith 25%, Persuade 35%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 35%, Throw 30%

After about 15 minutes, a successful Spot Hidden roll shows Hal entering the club. He looks quite disheveled, his hair hanging loosely down his face and his clothes rumpled. He quickly tells the group that he lost Giles twice, and hasn't been able to find him after the second time. He suggests leaving the club, explaining to them as they go that he got an anonymous tip where Giles could be found tonight. He came down to follow up on it. Outside, he answers any questions the investigators may have before excusing himself to make a telephone call. He tells them he needs to get in touch with his editor and police department contact about this. Handing his backpack to one of the investigators to hold, Hal crosses the street to a telephone booth.

Keepers may opt, at this point, to give the investigators a Listen roll to hear the sound of squealing tires nearby. This role is optional, due to the fact that investigators have probably heard numerous squealing tires since coming onto Wild Wood Drive. With or without the role, as Hal enters the phone booth, a car comes screaming down the street, headlights off. Investigators possessing DEXs of 14 or higher may be given one action. Remember that Hal is across the street from them.

The car purposefully drives up onto the curb toward the

phone booth and turns on its headlights. It accelerates and plows into the booth, spraying bits of glass and steel into the air. Hal's body is shattered as it is flung away from the speeding car. Viewing this costs 1/1d6 SAN. The car then careens off the curb, tearing off down the street. Investigators suffering less than 4 points of SAN loss may make Spot Hidden rolls. A successful roll allows the investigator to notice the license plate of the car and a small sticker on the bumper which reads "Corporate Rent-A-Car."

In the event that the investigators go with Hal to the phone booth, they each receive a Spot Hidden roll to see the car approaching. Successful rolls may be allowed one action. Investigators may leap out of the way (automatic if the Spot Hidden was made; DEX x 4 rolls are required for those who failed) or try to pull Hal from the booth. Characters wishing to get him out of the booth must make a DEX x 5 roll to get the doors open, followed by a roll on the resistance table (investigator's STR vs. Hal's SIZ of 15). If either roll fails, Hal remains in the booth. An investigator failing at an attempt to save Hal must make a Dodge roll to get out of the way and avoid the speeding car. Characters hit by the car suffer 3d8 points of damage. Unless rescued, Hal is dead, his phone call never answered.

AFTERMATH

The investigators still have Hal's backpack, which contains his information on the disfigurement case, his wallet, micro-cassette recorder, and other odds and ends. They may take it and flee the scene, call the police and an ambulance, or whatever they wish. Keepers should resolve any actions and role-playing necessary to tie-up this section.

Without a doubt, they will want to check on Corporate Rent-A-Car. The company is listed in the Key West telephone directory as being a national chain with an office located at 5110 Wildwood Drive. A phone call requesting information on the license plate meets with a bureaucratic runaround unless a Persuade roll is made. At that time, the desk clerk informs the investigator that the car was rented three days ago to Mrs. Valerie Mitchell, and that it was returned this morning (assuming the characters are checking this out on the morning following the hit-and-run). Investigators succeeding in a Credit Rating roll recognize Valerie Mitchell's name: she is a Key West City Councilwoman, very rich, very influential, with many contacts.

A visit to Corporate Rent-A-Car reveals dozens of newly polished, disgustingly priced upper middle class status symbols, limousines, and expensive sports cars. The hit-and-run car, a silver-grey sedan, stands plainly in sight--without a single scratch, having been efficiently repaired and cleaned overnight.

VALERIE MITCHELL

Valerie Mitchell is an attractive 40-year-old woman, married to Nelson Mitchell, a prominent Key West financial advisor. She has held the City Councilwoman position for two consecutive terms, and is due for re-election within two years.

Investigators researching her at the library or city hall should make Library Use rolls. All information pertaining to her career, her platforms, support causes, etc. can be found with one roll. There is nothing untoward about her career or her financial backings. It is all legal and accounted for. The only piece of information about her that should concern the investigators is that she is a member in good standing of The Wellington Club and the Northshore Health Spa, both of which are located in the upper-class neighborhood of Key West.

If the investigators try to cross-reference her political career with any relevant articles by Hal Mangold, another Library Use roll must be made. If successful, the investigators may find a handful of articles written by Hal about Mrs. Mitchell. None of them are forceful, antagonistic, or suggestive. They are all good pieces, reflecting in an unbiased manner a particular political statement or stand, a press conference, or something similar.

HOW IT ALL FITS IN

The followers of the Servitor have started to become concerned that their frequent abductions and rituals are bringing too much attention down on their heads. They fear discovery as much--if not more so--than the Servitor.

They knew of Mangold's increasing involvement in the case and decided to get rid of him. Valerie Mitchell did indeed rent the car for three days, but it was not used for her business trip. Several lowbrow, cheap hoodlums were secretly paid to send the fake tip to Hal, and then to run him down, making it look like a simple hit-and-run accident. Unless the investigators report as witnesses, no one else on Wild Wood Drive will, and the deed will go down in the police books as an unsolved hit-and-run. The thugs saw the investigators with Hal, but did not report it or make any mention of it to their employers.

For her part, Valerie Mitchell will maintain that the car was stolen that night (she will, of course have reported it after the hit and run), and she can provide an airtight alibi for her whereabouts at the time of the crime. These witnesses are of course all members of the circle of the Servitor.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD

The area of town in which Wildwood Drive is located is an exclusive, glossy neighborhood, catering to affluent socialites. Homes in the area are old manors of three or four stories, or brand new architectural obscenities. Almost every home has its own swimming pool, as well as jacuzzis and tennis courts. Just about all of the homes are bordered by fences or walls, and numerous trees and shrubs are professionally landscaped to add additional value, beauty, and privacy. Automobiles are always of the best quality and highest expense.

The majority of residents in the area are gone during the day, pursuing their various careers. Their homes are generally looked after by domestic staff, while for protection, they also possess state-of-the-art security systems. The neighborhood is quiet and clean, two items which are kept under constant surveillance by local police patrols. Any disturbance is usually

answered by police in 1d6+5 minutes. The investigators will have to be extremely careful in how they carry out their examination of the area.

When the group decides to begin its investigations, the most opportune method of doing so would be to try becoming part of this society. For some investigators this may be inconsequential and routine; for others it may be a test of patience and morals. The best way for them to go about this would be to try to become members of the local clubs, or possibly fabricate a story about purchasing a home in the area. They may even want to rent a home there for a few weeks. Simply going door-to-door, questioning people about odd occurrences will not work; Neither will skulking around the streets after dark or peering into windows. In both cases, the investigators will more than likely end up in the police station, explaining their actions to several unimpressed officers.

JOIN THE CLUB

There are two main clubs in the area that should attract the investigator's attention, due to the fact that they are the two places the wealthy flock to, if not because of Valerie Mitchell's association with both.

The Wellington Club is the perfect model for the term "filthy rich." It is a country club, very formal and highly regarded. The club building itself is reminiscent of old southern plantations, with pillared verandas, carefully-tended ivy, and gorgeous landscaping. The mansion has been restored to its original condition, and if any recent additions have been made to it, it is impossible to tell where. Situated on a man-made peninsula that juts out into the Gulf, the club possesses its own marina with dozens of docks for fancy sailboats and huge yachts.

To either side of the club are seven natural grass tennis courts, an olympic-sized swimming pool, a pro shop, and one of the most spectacular 9-hole golf courses around, with its famous views of both the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean.

Investigators researching the club (either by reading about it in the library or by talking with someone) discover that the club was formed prior to the American Civil War, as a place for the wealthy to gather and discuss their livelihoods. It is named after Charles Wellington, the first president of the club. It has always been exclusively for the rich, as they make their membership dues obscenely high and their criteria for membership even higher. The club holds dances, tournaments, and dozens of special events each year, most of which are for members only. These events take the form of the notorious New Year's Eve Party, and on the opposite side of the spectrum, the Annual Underprivileged Children's Easter Egg Hunt. There are many who say that *The Wellington Club*, even though it does overindulge its members, is an asset to the community. Of course, there are others who would disagree.

Investigators may discover that membership in *The Wellington Club* is neither cheap nor casual. If they telephone or approach the club, they are pleasantly informed that the club is for members only. One wishing to apply for membership

should make an appointment with Dr. Neil Caine, who heads the New Member Committee. Receiving an appointment with Dr. Caine requires a successful Persuade roll and a successful Credit Rating roll.

Dr. Neil Caine is in his early 40's, with thick brown hair and an incredibly pompous demeanor. He dresses in exquisite suits, has immaculate nails, and speaks with a snide tone that drips of condescension. He has also been a member of the Servitor's court for as long as the Gilmore's have. Caine is a thoroughly brutal man, with a bad drug habit and a total ambivalence toward anyone he considers poor. The hideous disfigurements have come, for the most part, from his twisted mind.

Psychology rolls during conversations reveal Dr. Caine to be an arrogant, presumptuous man who seems to be continually prying for something secret and hidden inside a person. It also reveals him to be radically insecure, a possible reason for his attempts to put himself in positions of power and authority.

Dr. Caine conducts the initial interview in a room overlooking the private marina. With an ungracious sneer, Dr. Caine gestures for the investigators to sit in chairs arranged before his heavy desk. He explains to them about the club's membership policy: those interested must first be sponsored by a current member and must pay the necessary membership dues. Investigators with a Credit Rating of 40%+ are looked upon favorably. Anyone with lower ratings must make a successful 1/2 Persuade roll before the pompous Dr. Caine will even consider their applications.

If any investigator has been charged or convicted of a felony, they are automatically ineligible. *The Wellington Club* is interested in members who represent the creme-de-la-creme of society, not someone who may bring scandal to their prestigious organization.

The membership dues are \$25,000 per year, payable within a month after their application is accepted. He provides them with a short questionnaire that asks basic personal information, and then tells them that he will call a meeting of the membership committee the next day, provided they have a sponsor. They will be informed of the outcome. Caine will then tersely answer any of the investigators' questions in a haughty tone before terminating the interview rather abruptly. A successful Psychology roll shows this to be a mere act of authority abuse.

Neil Caine, Twisted Physician

STR	12	CON	16	SIZ	13	HP	15
POW	13	DEX	12	INT	16	MV	07
APP	13	SAN	25	EDU	17		

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
.38 Automatic	30%	1D10
Fist/Punch	58%	1D3
DAMAGE BONUS +1D4		

SKILLS

Biology 34%, Chemistry 20%, Computer Use 15%,
Credit Rating 70%, First Aid 88%, Library Use 39%,
Listen 33%, Medicine 80%, Read/Write Latin 25%,
Spot Hidden 35%

SPELLS

Control Tissue

The Northshore Health Spa is the second club the investigators may wish to become involved with. Investigators wishing to join are given a full tour of the facilities by a beautiful, trim young lady named Kathy. They are shown both the indoor and outdoor pools, weight room, sauna, indoor track, aerobic workout rooms, and the many pieces of state-of-the-art exercise equipment. There is also the Northshore Lounge, a fancy restaurant located on the upper floor that can be frequented after a workout. The lounge specializes in herbal teas, exotic fruit drinks, salads, and other small dishes for the weary exerciser. It is also a common place for exchanging gossip about one's neighbors and friends.

Investigators may join for 3, 6, or 12 months after filling out an application, a medical history form, and a release form. Each receives their own full-sized locker and complete use of the facility for \$300.00 per person per month. They are also interviewed, in turn, by a personal, full-time trainer. Shasta Rogers is the female trainer. She is slim, gorgeous, and well-tanned; her auburn hair falls loosely around her shoulders and she looks like a Sports Illustrated swimsuit model. Mariano Fuerza is the male trainer. A muscular Latino, he has perfect teeth and a perfect, dark tan. His hair is cut short and his blue eyes have been known to be lady-killers on countless occasions.

They each talk with their respective-sex investigators, setting up plans, workouts, and goals. They assist in developing dietary requirements and schedule routines using most of the available facilities. They are available for the clients to talk with, answer questions, and even provide "personal" attention workouts.

A SECOND INTERVIEW

The day after the investigators meet with Dr. Caine, they receive a telephone call from him. He informs them that the membership committee wishes to meet with them for a formal interview that evening at precisely 7:00 p.m. The interview will be held in the Cypress Room at the club. The committee has thoroughly researched each investigator, covering everything possible from social and economic standing to shoe size.

Upon arriving, investigators are escorted to a very stuffy, antiquated room in the club. Dr. Caine introduces the other members of the committee before beginning the interview. They are:

- *Mr. Vincent Wyler*, criminal court justice. Wyler appears to be in his early to mid-70's, with a devious hook nose and a sharply pointed skull, ringed with grey hair. He has piercing eyes and a mouth that seems permanently set in a straight line.

- *Mrs. Adelaide Ryan*, prominent social figure and wife of Wall Street guru Edward Ryan. She is in her mid-50's, with a slightly-lined face and cherubic cheeks. She is a slight bit overweight and smokes imported cigarettes. Her eyeglasses hang from a silver chain around her neck.

- *Mr. Reece Fairbanks*, legal genius. He is a young, fair-haired gentleman wearing mirrored sunglasses, and a crisp, immaculate suit. He appears ridiculously bored and impatient.

- *Mrs. Helen Carlisle*, fashion designer and model. She is a radiant young woman in her mid-30's, with medium length curled hair and precise doll-like features. She makes obvious flirtatious remarks to attractive male investigators.

The characters are shown straight-backed chairs to sit in. They are lined up side by side, facing a long table behind which sit the membership committee. Keepers may wish to role-play the interview with each investigator separately, or simply as a group. The interview may take as long as the Keeper desires, as the committee asks rather piercing questions about the investigators and their backgrounds. Examples of the sort of questions asked include family matters (divorce, insanity, bankruptcy, contributions to society, etc.), love life, prominent people acquainted with, financial status, prejudices, "shady" or questionable parts of the investigator's past (previous investigations, unusual situations, etc.), current social-political stands, and so on. Although they already know much about the characters, the committee wishes to discover how the newcomers react to, and answer, their questions. Psychology rolls reveal that all the committee members are probing to uncover something they can use against the investigators, as well as trying to determine whether or not to let them join.

Keepers should judge whether each investigator's past history makes them an acceptable candidate for membership. Some investigators may make the cut; others may not. If the Keeper feels a character is borderline, allow the investigator to plead his or her case to the committee, with an additional Persuade and Credit Rating roll to get the point across.

When the interview is completed, the investigators are shown to the door and informed that those selected for membership will receive written notification within the next few days. As the characters leave, a successful Spot Hidden roll shows Dr. Caine and Mr. Fairbanks standing at one of the windows, watching them.

THE RICH AND INFAMOUS

If any of the investigators are accepted into the Wellington Club, and/or if they choose to join the Northshore Health Spa, their investigations may begin to accelerate and show promise. But things may move slowly to begin with.

KEEPER'S NOTE

Keepers are highly encouraged to set up private role-playing sessions with any investigators who become members of the Wellington Club. This allows for more in-depth role-playing and discovery about the NPCs, as well as keeping the regular game sessions from becoming boring for non-Wellington members. A few extra hours in between regular sessions will heighten the suspense and appreciation of the case. Investigators who join the health club may also do some investigation during private sessions, however the demands on the health club member is not as stringent as those on the Wellington Club member.

Try to avoid allowing the investigators to join the clubs, and then begin doling out clues after 15 or 20 minutes. It is

essential that the investigators begin to feel the undercurrent of deceit, misery, jealousy, and stress that permeates this community. Figure the investigators prominently in role-playing discussions, introduce them to dozens of people, shower them with exquisite foods; let them start to fit in before moving on.

MEMBERSHIP

Once they've joined their respective clubs, the investigators will be expected to attend the various functions--even if they don't want to. The NHS is a little more relaxed on its attendance policies, but investigators still run the risk of harming their Credit Rating if they do not work out frequently, or if they don't mingle in the lounge afterward. After all, it isn't really that you LIKE the event or function, it's that you're seen at it.

WELLINGTON CLUB BIOS

(NOTE: S = Servitor's Minion)

Donald & Eleanor Berkley - Donald, 54, is the vice-president of a southern telecommunications firm. He has silver hair, humorous eyes, and occasionally a cynical view of the club. His wife, 52, stays at home or visits friends most of the time. She is a sweet, open woman. They have two children: Randolph, 26, studying law at Yale, and Jennifer, 30. Jennifer is divorced and works as a corporate manager. She is a member of The Wellington Club.

Dr. Neil Caine (S) - 38; a hateful, antagonistic person, Caine cannot tolerate poverty. He has extremely condescending views of those who do. He also suffers from a bad drug habit. He serves the "emperor" willingly (not out of abject fear) and fanatically.

Kenneth & Helen Carlisle (S) - 35 and 34, respectively. Both are materialistic and stuck-up. They share dim views of anyone not in their tax bracket. He is an astronautics engineer, and she is a fashion designer/model. Wild rumors, most of them true, circulate about their sexual preferences and infidelity.

William & Doris Clarke - "Bill," 41, is an affectionate, happy man. He is the owner of three large jewelry stores in the Keys. His humor and jovial approach to life often puts him on the gossiping-end of other club members. Bill couldn't care less. Doris occupies her time at the club, golf course, or in town with friends. She is a tiny lady, always with a smile and a kind word. They have one child, Blake, age 12.

Reece Fairbanks (S) - 32. He is a suave, well-cultured, well-travelled jackass and seller of expensive sportscars. He believes everyone should share his opinions, since they're always the right ones. A self-made lover, Reece is quite attractive (APP 16). He is not so much scared of the Servitor as he is inquisitive about "what's next." He speaks three languages fluently, and is not afraid to spend money on

attractive females.

Franklin & Yvonne Gilmore (S) - Both 36, he a commodities broker, and she a real estate agent. They are terrified of the Servitor, and are too afraid to seek help. They have a tasteless view of couples their age who have children, and they cannot stand attending the club's "charity" events.

Valerie (S) & Nelson Mitchell - 40 and 42, city councilwoman and financial advisor, respectively. Nelson is frequently busy with work and knows nothing of his wife's involvement with the Gilmore's "club." He is a nervous, owlish man with a razor-sharp financial mind. Valerie is an excellent politician, supported by many in The Wellington Club. They have two children, Brittini and Bryan, ages 15 and 12.

Joel & Tabitha Pallido - 34 and 33. They have both built strong careers, he in computer design and she as a financial advisor, and are now interested in having children. Tabitha is 3 months pregnant. They dislike the Gilmores, due to their nasty view of children. They are a happy, fun couple with a respectable view of life and society.

Robert & Jillian Pembroke - 43, accountant and 41, art dealer. Made for each other, both of the Pembrokes are backstabbers. Their friends usually include people who have something on either of the two. They have two teenage daughters, both of which stay in trouble with the law.

Edward & Adelaide Ryan - 58 and 56, respectively. Edward, a stock broker, spends much of his time in New York on Wall Street, performing his financial magic. Adelaide visits with friends, takes long walks, and assists at the Key West Historical Preservation Society. Of their three children, two of them (Katherine, 33, and Phillip, 30) belong to the club.

Margaret Southall - 72 years old. Margaret, a widowed heiress, is an old-fashioned, hilarious, elderly lady with dozens of stories about club members (most of which are embarrassing or humiliating to the subjects). That's why she loves telling them! She is a wonderful woman, who enjoys talking with intelligent people.

Vincent Wyler - 73, is a grim harpy. With never a kind word, he preys upon others in the club. His stubbornness and thriftiness is legendary. As a criminal court justice, Wyler has broken many a strong man.

Listed below are four events, useful for involving the investigators in role-playing situations at the respective clubs. They can also be used to show the heavy separation that lies between the rich and the poor. The Keeper may present these events in any order.

1: The Yatch Party

The yacht party is a glamorous affair, hosted by Reece Fairbanks onboard his 45-foot yacht. People in expensive

designer suits and evening gowns parade around, mingling, drinking, laughing, and playing. Buffet tables are spread out with obscene amounts of fresh seafood, crackers, champagnes, and wines. As the sun sets, the yacht is piloted out of the marina and into the Gulf.

The party is a chance for the investigators to meet some of the other club members. Luck rolls gain them access to small groups of revellers without appearing to "crash" the gatherings. Credit Rating rolls may be needed to cover up a gaff, spread one's name around, or simply act pompous and important.

Throw the excesses of this society into the investigator's faces: the money, the prestige, the disdain, the jealousy. Investigators with APPs over 14 receive plenty of flirtatious attention. If the investigator's APP is over 16, flirtation is dropped and sheer bluntness replaces it. Proposition them, talk about them, seduce them...drag them through the dirt of the rich and famous.

2: The Golf Game

DEX x 2 rolls and Luck rolls should be called for every 3 holes shot. Critical success on the DEX roll indicates a hole-in-one (and at least one extra Credit Rating point). Final scoring is up to the keeper to determine, based on the rolls the players made.

While playing, conversations revolve around politics, society, banks, children, the cost of education, foreign markets, taxes, and so on. At least one of the other golfers should complain vehemently about tax increases on the rich to help out the poor. Someone else agrees, adding "Why should we have to suffer just because they won't get a job?" Another remarks, "They're the ones who choose to live like that, and we shouldn't have to spend our hard-earned money to look out for them."

3: The Fundraiser

A fundraising dinner is held for supporters of Valerie Mitchell as she prepares to begin her campaign for a third term in office. The dinner is held in the spacious Sunset Room at the clubhouse. Investigator-members are expected to attend. The dinner costs \$300 a plate, and is a feast fit for a king. The meal consists of imported Russian caviar, champagne from France, Maine lobster, pheasant under glass, exotic fruits, hand-prepared vegetable dishes, breads, and desserts. Alcoholic beverages are of course available at a manned bar.

Valerie Mitchell gives a 25-minute speech after the dinner is over, re-stating her platform, her promises, and her goals. One of her prime points is over a new city referendum that would erect more low-income housing for the poor and homeless. It is an idea that Valerie Mitchell opposes, stating that they--and many others in the keys--would suffer because of crime, pollution, drugs, and declining property values. She rallies the majority of those present with a feverish admonition that she will stand against the referendum, for the security and decency that everyone present has worked hard to obtain. After the speech, she moves among the mingling crowd, shaking hands and talking. Latino menservants also move among the crowd

accepting campaign contributions. When the plate gets to the investigators, the smallest denomination present is a \$50 bill.

4: Culture

The investigators are invited to go with several members to a theater in Key West or Miami, to see the opening of a new play or opera. Tickets are \$110 per person, and the event is formal. The investigators travel in a limousine, snacking on vegetable trays, crackers, and caviar; washing it down with expensive liquors.

Upon arrival, as the club members step out of their cars, two small boys approach through the crowd. They are poor and ratty, their faces smeared with dirt. They move toward a group of club members exiting their limousines and smile simply. The lead boy painfully asks for some money--anything--to help his family eat tonight. His companion glances up from his bare feet, nods, and looks back down, ashamed.

The club members scowl at the children. "Oh my God, get away from here you filthy urchins. Go away! Begging is SO disgraceful!" The member sidesteps the children with an air of haughty disdain. The children, looking ashamed and humiliated, run off down the street. Keepers should have this happen within sight of the investigators, but just out of their reach.

Other ideas to promote role-playing include:

- Involving the investigators in conversations about art, music, dance, or theater. Investigators must make Art and Persuade rolls in order to avoid appearing ignorant or wrong.

- Subject them to parties--cocktail parties, "happy hour" gatherings, dinner parties, and so on. Allow each investigator to make Persuade and Credit Rating rolls to help them mingle, enter conversations, and fit in.

- Investigators may be invited to a shooting range, a polo game, or some sort of equestrian event. Specific rolls will be dictated by the nature of the outing.

- Allow characters Listen rolls when approaching small groups of club members. What they hear depends on their Credit Rating: if it is low (less than 35%), rumors, gossip, and derogatory comments are heard in abundance, quickly silencing when the investigator approaches. If the skill is 40% or above, the comments are positive and expectant. The comments also reflect on how well the investigator has fit in since joining.

- Investigators attending the Northshore Health Spa may make STR x 2, DEX x 4, CON x 3, and Swim rolls whenever working out. If the investigators work out but do not go to the lounge afterward, they are the subject of much talk, none of which is good.

RUMOR AND INUENDO

After the investigators are either successful in their charade or woefully bombing out, Keepers may begin to drop clues through the conversations of the members. Again, this should be done in a careful, well-paced manner. There are three important clues which can be heard, and each is dealt with as described in the following paragraphs.

The Gilmore's Parties

Investigators succeeding with Listen rolls hear snappy, trite remarks being made by a group of women. They are terribly upset about another party that the Gilmores are hosting this Saturday night. They have been having private parties for a select few friends--the Carlises, the Pembrokes, Reece Fairbanks--for the past three or four months. The women all agree that the Gilmores are running the risk of damaging their status with their friends and with the community. It is readily obvious that none of these women have been invited, which is the reason for their venomous gossip. They do not seem overly concerned with the Gilmore's social standing, but only with not being invited.

If any of the investigators approach the ladies, they must first make a Credit Rating roll, followed by a Persuade roll. Failure of either roll results in the ladies quickly changing the subject. If the rolls are successful, the ladies continue by saying that the Gilmores began having these "private" soirees about three or four months ago. The couple also dismissed their housekeeper about the same time, citing poor work habits and an inability to follow instructions. None of the ladies know anything about the housekeeper. They do find it odd that the Gilmores haven't found someone to replace her yet.

The Delivery Truck

A successful Listen roll allows eavesdropping investigators to hear a group of men talking about a delivery truck recently seen at the Gilmore's house. An unnamed observer was returning from a business flight in the early hours of the morning when he passed the Gilmore house. A delivery truck was parked in the driveway. Franklin told several friends that he was remodelling his wine cellar and was using the truck to carry off the old wine racks. He wanted to get the cellar completed before his next party. This was about a month or so ago.

The men continue, noting that the drive-by observer mentioned a car--resembling Dr. Caine's--was parked in the driveway alongside the truck. Dr. Caine is a frequent guest of the Gilmores. Another man speaks up. A mutual friend who has recently been snubbed by the Gilmores saw the couple driving home with a third person in the back seat. The person appeared to be black.

Briarwood Condominiums

This should be the last clue that the investigators receive. It is important that the characters investigate the Gilmore's house before going to the condominium site.

Investigators are likely to overhear that Yvonne Gilmore has recently ordered construction stopped on the Briarwood Condominiums, on Canalizar Drive on Stock Island. Supposedly the construction firm was utilizing substandard materials and Yvonne halted the work because of this. She is now accepting bids from interested firms to replace the now-released Usher Construction.

Yvonne terminated the work around the end of July, but still

hasn't found a company to take over. Successful Know rolls can tell that there are probably quite a few construction firms in the area who would love to get a contract like the Brierwood Condominiums. If the investigators ask, they are told that Yvonne is the owner of Silver Ponds Realty. A quick check in the telephone book also reveals this.

If the investigators wish to pursue this clue, a phone call placed to Silver Ponds Realty gets Odonna Givens, the receptionist. The investigator with the lowest POW should attempt a 1/2 Luck roll in order to see if Yvonne is available. Failing this, a successful Persuade roll gets Odonna to reveal that Yvonne did indeed halt the construction, citing poor workmanship and faulty materials as her reasons. Usher Construction was released from their contract on July 22. No other bids have come in from interested firms. Beyond this, she can tell the investigators little else.

Should they contact Usher Construction, they end up speaking with Paul Cararas, a designer with the firm. Usher handles jobs ranging from complex shopping malls to children's playgrounds, and has a sound reputation.

Mr. Cararas explains that Mrs. Gilmore inspected the condominium site on July 20, then terminated the contract two days later. Her reasoning was that Usher Construction was not using the materials they specified in their contract bid. She is claiming breach of contract, to which Mr. Cararas only laughs.

He tells the investigators that the bid stated Usher would use a specific brand of concrete block. The blocks being used were of that brand, but listed under a different name and supplier. He compares it to going to the store and purchasing "Aspirin A" or "Aspirin B." Both are exactly the same medicinally, they just have different names and manufacturers.

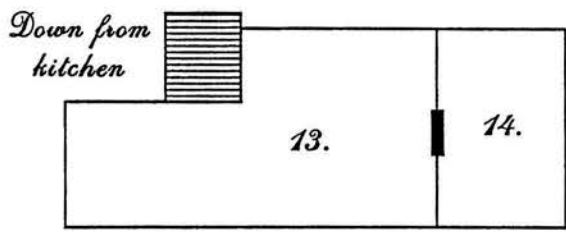
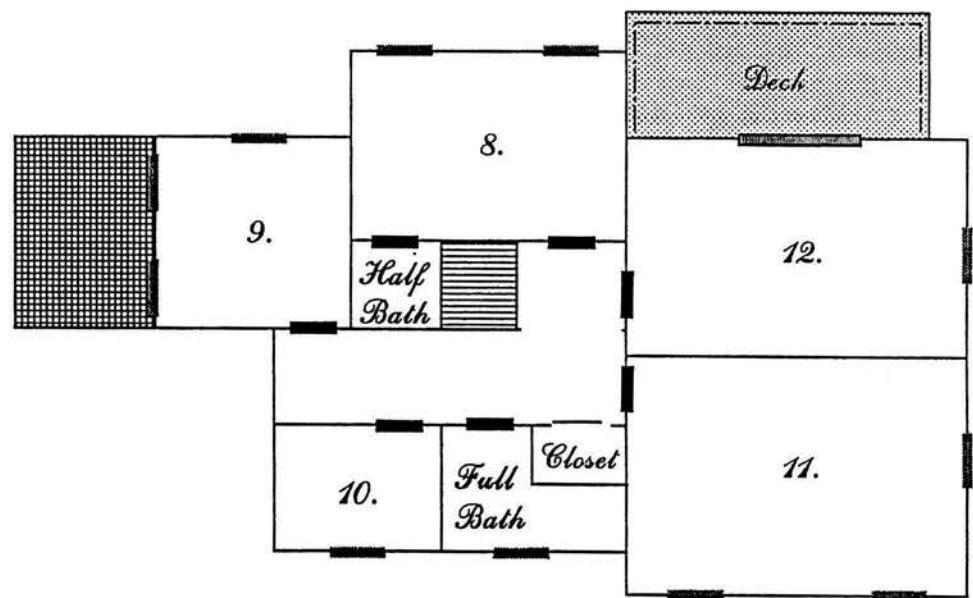
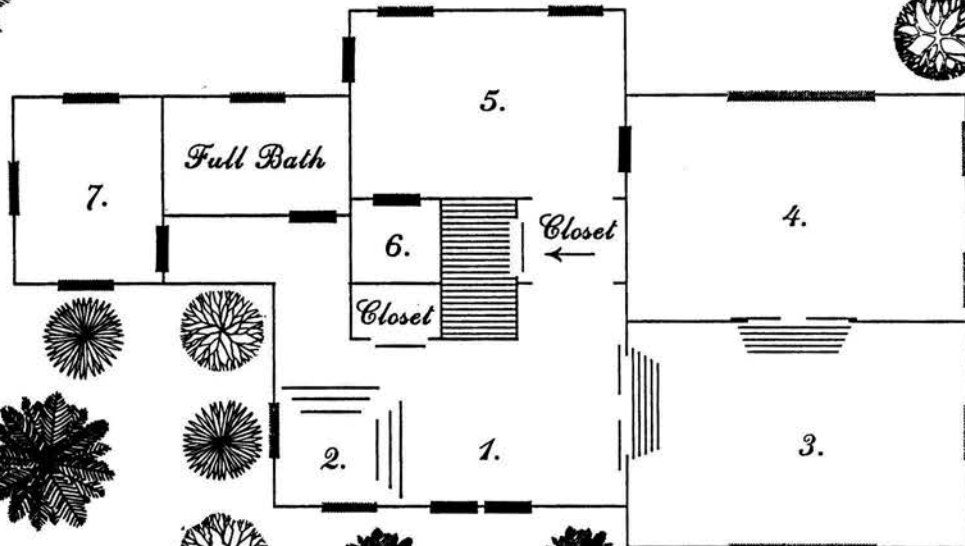
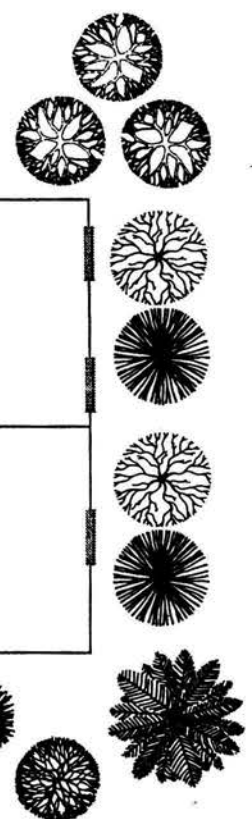
He believes Mrs. Gilmore has received a late bid that was cheaper than Usher's, and wants to employ the other firm. This is her way of trying to have the current contract rendered invalid, so that she may arrange a deal with the other company. It's the only reason he can think of for such a crazy stunt. In his professional opinion, Mrs. Gilmore does not possess the necessary knowledge of construction to make a judgement of this nature. He also indicates that Usher's legal representatives are currently preparing a strong counter-suit against Mrs. Gilmore and Silver Ponds Realty.

Investigators succeeding with a Law roll realize how flimsy and unsubstantiated her claims are, and that she would have almost no chance of winning if the case went to court.

THE GILMORE HOUSE

Eventually the trail should lead to the Gilmores, and by extension, their home. They live on Wildwood Drive in a new and very modern house. It sits approximately 40 yards back from the street in an exquisite landscaped yard. The entire property is surrounded by an eight-foot high brick wall with an iron gate allowing access up the driveway. The gate is electronically operated, and a successful Electronics roll is required to bypass the circuitry and open the gate.

During the day, both Franklin and Yvonne are away from the house, busy with their respective jobs. Access is still difficult, however, due to neighbors, police patrols, and broad



The Gilmore House

daylight. At night, the Gilmores are at home unless engaged in meetings, a party, or some other event. It wouldn't be too difficult for investigators asking around the clubs to find out when and where the Gilmores are going to be on a given night. Entering the property may be done through the main gate or by scaling the wall, which requires a Climb roll and a Jump roll. Penalties for noise, amount of light, and so on are left to the Keeper.

The grounds consist of the house, a double garage, and a swimming pool with cabana. The cabana is made up of four rooms (a central room, two changing rooms, and a bath) and holds swim wear, a stereo, linens, and other mundane items and furnishings. On a redwood deck beside the pool is a large jacuzzi.

The garage is locked, but may be opened with a successful Locksmith roll. An Electronics roll is required to open the double doors on the front. Inside, the garage holds tools, gardening implements and normal household items. A successful Spot Hidden roll reveals two drops of dried blood amid the oil spots on the floor. A Know roll shows that these spots are located about where the back doors of a parked car would be.

The house itself is protected at both doors with an electronic key-pad security system. An Electronics roll is needed to bypass the system or shut it down. On the inside, the house is tastefully decorated with the most expensive furnishings and trappings. Expensive, original paintings hang on the walls; stunning exotic plants accentuate each room; everything is of the best quality, highest price, and disgustingly flaunted.

GROUND FLOOR

1) Entry foyer: the foyer sports a large cathedral ceiling and oversized front windows to give the impression of light and space. A 1/2 Spot Hidden roll and a Luck roll reveals a minutely discolored patch of carpeting, from the sliding doors of the den to the kitchen. If closely inspected, the stain appears to have been vigorously cleaned several times, although faint traces still remain. This is where the servitor slithered when the Gilmores moved it to the basement.

2) Sunken living room: contains several pieces of pristine furniture, numerous electronic entertainment devices, and a fine collection of light jazz and classical music.

3) Den: this room is perfectly ordered. Two huge Oriental rugs cover most of the floor, upon which rest chairs, bookcases, planters, and a television set. All of the furnishings are expensive, but mundane; so likewise are their contents.

A successful 1/2 Spot Hidden roll notices a very faint white marking on the floor, not completely covered by one of the rugs. If the floor is exposed, the thinnest remains of a diagram can be seen. An Occult roll shows it to be some sort of magical device, probably used for summation or communion. The markings are so faint that it is impossible to discern anything else.

4) Dining room: holds a beautiful table, eight matching chairs, and a corner cabinet, replete with elegant crystal and china.

5) Kitchen: the kitchen contains every modern cooking and time-saving convenience imaginable. The room is split by a

counter, above which are a row of cabinets. A small snack table and four chairs occupy one side of the kitchen. The appliances and cabinets rest on the other side.

While searching, a successful Spot Hidden notices a glossy note board attached to the refrigerator. Amid dry-erase notes for meetings and telephone calls is the following:

"Saturday--Brierwood. Wine (us), entertainment (Reece)"

This is the next flesh-orgy, and Reece Fairbanks is scheduled to provide the Emperor's entertainment.

6) Pantry: the stairs to the cellar can be found within. A Spot Hidden roll reveals a peculiar discoloration on the steps (identical to the one in the hallway). A disagreeable smell, similar to sour milk, becomes stronger as the investigators descend into the cellar.

7) Guest bedroom: holds a double bed, dresser, nightstand, and closet. Everything is well-kept and unremarkable.

SECOND FLOOR

8) Study: this is Franklin's room. It contains a TV set, VCR, his antique desk, a recliner, and a bookcase. Window curtains are drawn and mini-blinds are tightly closed. The room smells of cigarettes and sweat.

The bookcase is filled with Franklin's career-related books. The desk is very old, successful History rolls dating it from mid-17th century Spain. It is an elegant, refinished writing desk, with intricate scrollwork along its top. Three large drawers run down one side. A personal computer sits on top, accessible with a Computer Use roll. If the discs nearby are checked, they contain normal household and business programs.

All but one of the drawers are unlocked. They each hold common office supplies, stationary, and the like. The middle drawer shows several small nicks in the otherwise unblemished wood. A successful Idea roll notes that the drawer may have been forced open at some point. If this drawer is completely removed from the desk, a thumb nail-sized piece of one manuscript page can be found.

A successful Locksmith roll is required to open the locked drawer. Inside can be found a fireproof box--likewise locked--two unlabeled videocassettes, and a collection of yellowed papers, stored in a plastic bag. The fireproof box holds all the Gilmore's important papers (insurances, deeds, wills, etc.), \$5000 in cash, and two rolls of dimes. If the dime rolls are handled, the ends of each are hard and coin-filled, but the centers are soft. Emptying the rolls reveals several dimes on each end, and an ounce bag of cocaine in the middle.

The papers are Franklin's old manuscript. There are 44 pages in all, written in a cramped hybrid of English and Spanish. Reading the pages requires a successful Own Language (English or Spanish) roll, followed by an Other Language (the one remaining) roll. The pages deal specifically with the occult. They mention theories about Hell; powers of certain diagrams and formulae; properties of odd chemicals and their effect on the dead; invocations, and disturbing rituals. They hint at "forces beyond the knowing of Man," and peculiar lines such as "That which pierces the veils and rends asunder reality, strides forth from black gulfs to reclaim its own, as it did aeons before Yuggoth died and the Hyades were formed." Reading all the pages requires 1d3+1 hours and the loss of 1d3

SAN. Skimming through takes half an hour and costs 1 SAN. They add 2 points to the reader's Cthulhu Mythos skill, and contain the spell Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods (with a x1 multiplier).

It is interesting to note that the summoning portion of the spell has been underlined. The binding, displaced several pages, is unmarked. Successful Idea rolls show the possibility of something being summoned, but not bound. A Cthulhu Mythos or Occult roll shows the danger of not binding a summoned entity: it has free reign to do as it wishes, and it cannot be banished until it is bound.

The Videotapes

Both videocassettes are unmarked and ready to play. Once the snow clears from the screen, the investigators can see a dimly-lit room, which a Know roll identifies as the Gilmore's den. People move about in the candle light, sipping wine, giggling, and whispering. Shortly Franklin Gilmore becomes recognizable as he brings out several razor blades and two plastic bags of white powder. Other faces which soon become identifiable include Neil Caine and Helen Carlisle.

During all this, investigators who succeed with a 1/2 Spot Hidden roll notice an odd, blurry shape in the background. No details can be made out, but there is something unsettling about the shape. Over the mellow strains of classical music can occasionally be heard a mucus-like squelching or popping.

The drug festivities continue for some time, while in the background, Franklin and Yvonne stand in front of the strange shape, facing it. Something resembling a barbed tentacle slithers around Yvonne's back, coming to rest on her buttocks. Then the screams are heard.

Kenneth Carlisle comes into frame, dragging a woman in her early 40's. She is thrown on the floor, where Kenneth, Dr. Caine, and Franklin begin to savagely kick and beat her. While smashing her face into the floor, kicking her ribs, and stomping her stomach, the men take turns posing for the camera. They hoist wine glasses in mock toasts and hideously patronize the poor woman.

Blood spreads from under her head and livid bruises appear almost before the eyes of the viewer. During this, they continually turn to the undefined shape in the back and ask, "My Emperor, do you approve?" and "For the glory of our Emperor!" SAN loss for this barbaric scene is 1/1d3.

Finally, the woman's body is placed upon a table. The group walks around the table, reciting an odd, undecipherable phrase over and over. Their fingertips never leave her body as they walk and chant. Then her eyes snap open and she screams in sheer agony. The frenzied guests begin to stretch, pull, and manipulate the woman's flesh, as if it were warm wax! SAN loss for seeing this is 1/1d6. They continue shaping and molding her flesh until she writhes--trying to shriek behind melded lips--into death.

As this concludes, the squelching shape in the back moves forward. It is visible for a split second, a Spot Hidden roll allowing the viewer to see it plainly. It is roughly the height of a small pony, but thick, greasy, and flabby. Its neck and head are slug-like, with two voracious mouths and feral yellow eyes, mounted on thick stalks. From its ponderous base spread

numerous tentacles of different lengths. SAN loss is 1/1d4 (since it is only visible for a second, and is "confined" to a television screen).

If the rest of the tape--and the second--are viewed, apply SAN losses as above. Both tapes hold a total of seven such parties. The second through fifth segments are held in the wine cellar; the sixth and seventh are in the skeletal framework of a new building.

The House - Continued

9) Guest bedroom: identical to #7.

10) Office: used by Yvonne for her business. The room contains her desk, two chairs, two bookcases, and a personal computer. The discs found with the computer are all business-related and perfectly normal. All other items in here are dull and mundane.

11) Guest bedroom: identical to #7.

12) Master bedroom: this room is stunning with its queen-sized bed, french doors, separate closets, vanity, and other expensive furnishings. Designer clothing and fabulous jewelry can be found in abundance in both closets, drawers, etc.

The Basement

13) Wine cellar: the reek of sour milk emanates from here. There are four wine racks, each loaded with bottles of various vintages. A successful Mechanical Repair roll notes that these racks appear to be somewhat old, certainly not the new ones Franklin was supposed to have installed.

A Spot Hidden roll reveals the presence of the same odd, yellowish discoloration as seen upstairs. It is more obvious here, and concentrated in one corner. A wide trail leads from the stairs to the corner, and the peculiar stench seems to come from the discoloration.

14) Laundry room: Nothing of interest is to be found here.

INVESTIGATORS' OPTION

At this point the investigators have enough evidence to take to the police. Unfortunately--unless they acquired the videotapes in some other fashion--their evidence was obtained illegally. This may be circumvented, however, by an anonymous phone call or by anonymously mailing the tapes to the police station.

In most cases the police need to get a search warrant before barging in on the Gilmores. In all but the most extreme cases, the police err on the side of caution. They recognize the influence and power the people in the area hold, and act accordingly. If the investigators phone in an anonymous tip, the police are extremely reluctant to investigate too deeply into the activities of these upstanding, important citizens. This reluctance allows the Gilmores a chance to dispose of any evidence, free and clear.

If the Kkeeper allows the police to act on any investigator evidence, the Gilmores (along with everyone else clearly depicted on the tapes) is arrested. Scandal and gossip spread through the community like wildfire. Should this happen, each

investigator receives 2d4 SAN back as a reward for exposing the flesh cult. Each also receives a 1d6 Credit Rating bonus, as the community is grateful that the killings have been stopped. The biggest problem if this climax results is the fact that the servitor is still unbound. Given time, it begins to dominate others by force or fear, perhaps starting again in a different location. SAN losses and nightmares are appropriate if the investigators hear or read about a new wave of disfigurement murders.

Franklin Gilmore, Terrified Yuppie

STR 12	CON 13	SIZ 12	HP 13
POW 12	DEX 11	INT 15	MV 07
APP 15	SAN 30	EDU 16	

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
.38 Automatic	30%	1D10
Fist/Punch	54%	1D3
DAMAGE BONUS +1D4		

SKILLS

Accounting 45%, Computer Use 35%, Credit Rating 55%, Persuade 48%, Speak Spanish 33%

SPELLS

Contact Servitor, Control Tissue

Yvonne Gilmore, Terrified Yuppie

STR 10	CON 13	SIZ 10	HP 13
POW 11	DEX 11	INT 16	MV 07
APP 16	SAN 30	EDU 14	

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
.38 Automatic	30%	1D10

SKILLS

Accounting 27%, Art 55%, Bargain 30%, Computer Use 35%, Credit Rating 52%, Law 20%, Listen 38%, Persuade 53%, Speak Spanish 45%, Spot Hidden 35%

SPELLS

Control Tissue

BRIARWOOD CONDOMINIUMS

The construction site of the condominiums is located on the northern tip of Stock Island, east of Key West. The site is around a natural inlet, populated with small marinas and summer homes. The closest of these homes is a mile away, with the thick bushes and trees providing ample privacy around the construction site.

A total of sixteen individual framework condominiums, each two stories tall, are being constructed. The backs of the condos face the inlet, separated by a small stretch of red mangrove trees. The front contains the rudimentary outlines for the parking lot, scrap lumber, and uncountable tire tracks. A metal storage building carrying the Usher Construction logo stands nearby.

The storage building is locked. A successful Locksmith roll

opens them easily, revealing numerous tools, wheelbarrows, troughs, and other construction implements. Stacks of lumber, sheetrock, concrete blocks, quick-drying cement, and other building materials line the walls. In addition there are two man-sized cement mixing units and two small, gasoline-powered generators.

If the investigators have decided to wait until Saturday night (presumably to catch the group in the act), they recognize several automobiles in the neighboring vicinity. Otherwise, the area is deserted except for the permanent residents.

Each of the 16 condominium units is designed exactly the same. Some are almost completed while others are bare, skeletal frameworks. Investigators succeeding with a Spot Hidden roll notice an inordinate amount of recent footprints, which a Track roll at +20% will reveal as leading up to the front door of one unit. Approaching, the faint smell of sour milk is detected. The front door is not locked, but the investigators may wish to enter through one of the glassless window frames. This requires a Climb roll.

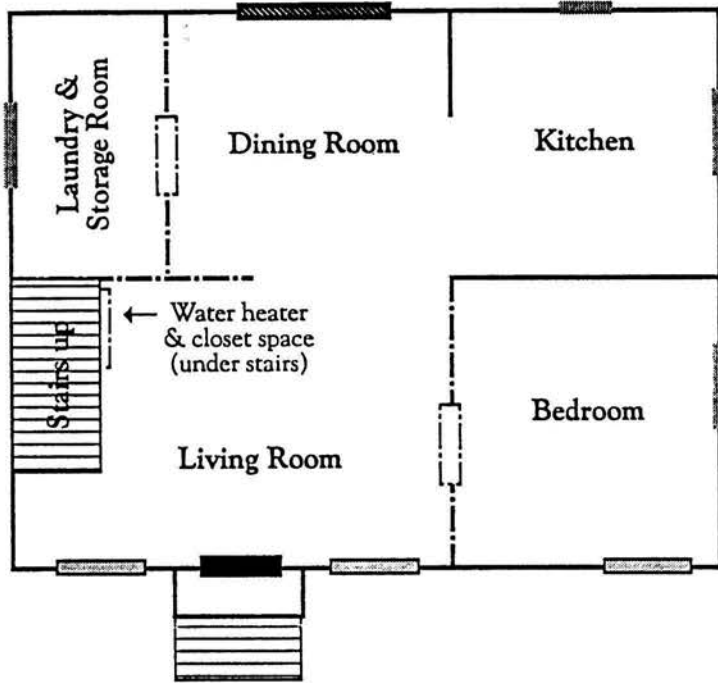
Once inside, the aroma of bad milk fights the smell of new lumber for superiority. The unit is unfinished, as yet-to-be completed walls, door frames, and spidery electrical wires attest. Sawdust and grit coat the naked floorboards. Mechanical Repair rolls notice that many of the support pieces for the upper floor have yet to be fully secured. Investigators may surmise that there is enough support to allow workers and equipment up there, but the flooring could not hold a great deal of weight. A Spot Hidden roll also notices several fissures and cracks in a few of the supports, indicating an excessive weight has been placed upon them.

The Servitor has been placed upstairs in the rear bedroom. The partially-completed wall separating the bedrooms has been torn down to create a dusty arena for the flesh-cult's activities. As the investigators move up the stairs, the pungency of the milk odor grows thicker. At the top of the stairs, monstrous slurping, popping noises can be heard and the Servitor can be seen.

It looks like a bloated snail without a shell. The body is a putrid yellow with dark brown globules of slick fat pulsating beneath its translucent skin. The neck and head rise snail-like from the body, terminating in two drooling mouths with needled teeth. Wickedly barbed tongues lick out of the mouths, and from the flattened head grow two thick stalks, upon which rest unblinking yellow eyes. Its tentacles wave excitedly through the air and snake themselves around beams and over joists. SAN loss is 1/1d10.

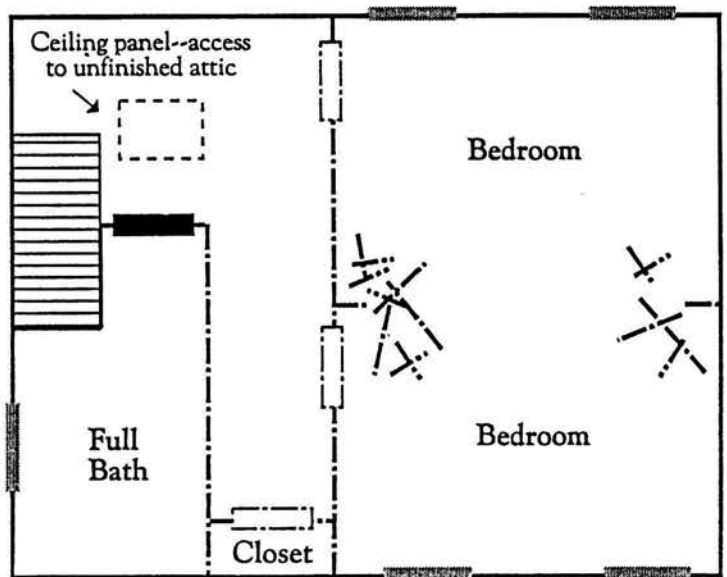
The Servitor quickly recognizes that these are not its followers and attacks with lightning quickness, attempting to destroy any who could compromise its existence. Investigators snared by the tentacles suffer 1d6+1d6 points of crushing damage, and may attempt to break free on subsequent rounds with a STR vs. STR resistance table roll. The servitor knows only too well the fleshly weaknesses of humans, and may smash or throw investigators into the wooden framework for an additional 1d6 points of damage. Although it has powerful spell capabilities, Keepers are encouraged only to use them if the party is extremely strong or armed with magical devices.

If it is the Saturday night ceremony, the cult members scatter when combat begins. Some flee, cower in corners, or watch the



Legend

	Unfinished walls
	Solid wall
	Finished door frame & door
	Unfinished door frame
	Unfinished window frame
	Finished window frame & window
	Finished sliding glass doors



Briarwood Condominiums

entire affair, maniacally excited. None of them, however, enter the combat unless there is absolutely no other choice.

Servitor of the Outer Gods

STR 19 CON 18 SIZ 21 HP 20
POW 19 DEX 17 INT 22 MV 07

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
Tentacles (1D8 per round)	45%	1D6

ARMOR: Physical weapons do no damage, but magic does full damage. 3 point regeneration per round

SPELLS: Summon/ Bind Fire Vampire, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Call/Dismiss Azathoth, Call/Dismiss Yog-Sothoth, Dampen Light, Mesmerize, Control Tissue

SANITY: 1D10 / 1

DEFEATING THE SERVITOR

There are three possible ways by which the investigators may triumph over the Servitor. Keepers are by no means limited to these, but are encouraged to devise other plausible methods as they see fit.

1. Investigators perform the binding ritual: If the investigators have discovered Franklin's manuscript and realized the creature was not bound, they may attempt to perform the binding ritual. At least one investigator must know or learn the Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods spell. The binding must be read aloud in the presence of the creature. It costs 3 magic points, 1d3 SAN, and takes 1+1d4 rounds to cast. If interrupted (attacked, distracted, etc.), the ritual must be started over.

If successful, the reader may issue one command to the servitor, which it must obey. The command cannot be anything self-destructive to the creature, but orders to leave immediately would work quite well. To keep the tension alive, Keepers should roll a few dice and pretend to check something in the book, or may insinuate that anyone caught in its tentacles may be banished as well.

If the Servitor is ordered to leave, a vortex of prismatic colors begins to spiral around it. Icy winds from the blackness of space scream through the barren rooms, tearing at clothes and hair. The Servitor releases any captured investigators as the spinning vortex shoots out through the roof, leaving behind a chill and the dispersing odor of sour milk.

An alternate approach would be to have Franklin perform the binding, if the investigators have been able to psychoanalyze him. Although the events would unfold as noted above, Franklin would need much reassurance and continued psychological support. Keepers should require Psychology or Psychoanalysis rolls, plus Fast Talk rolls, before he has the

courage to begin the binding. Any time he became distracted, the skill rolls would need to be successful again before he could continue.

2. Electrocuting the Servitor: Utilizing one of the generators in the storage building, a successful Electrical Repair roll would allow the generator to be connected to the loose wiring in the condo. At least two additional rolls would be required to make sure all the connections were correct. If the Servitor is touched with a live wire, it suffers 1d8+1 points of damage. Due to the nature of the electrical current, the Servitor gets only half its usual number of attacks while being shocked. Investigators must make a resistance table roll (DEX vs. DEX) each round to hit the Servitor with a live wire. Due to the number of outlets available, only two wires could be used against the creature at any one time.

The Servitor, if reduced to zero hit points, begins to quiver and spasm, great splits rupturing along its bulk. A greasy brown fat spurts out, clinging like jelly to everything it hits. The tentacles flail (held investigators take half-damage from the electricity) and the twin tongues swell and explode. Ghastly brownish-yellow pus seeps out of the still-unblinking eyes. Seared fat mingles with the stench of vomit and sour milk as the great body slumps over, resulting in CON x 2 rolls for all present to avoid being debilitatingly ill. After several minutes the servitor's body begins to separate, hundreds of flabby chunks falling off onto the floor. Within 20 minutes the entity is reduced to blob-like, gelatinous puddles.

3. Trapping the Servitor in cement: Using the troughs, cement, and mixing units in the storage shed, the Servitor could be imprisoned in cement in the condo's foundation. A successful Mechanical Repair roll would allow investigators to know where to destroy the second-floor supports to cause it to fall. A total of four supports, each requiring 10 points of damage, could be broken. The weight of the creature, plus the debris, would be enough to send it plummeting through the ground floor and into the foundation. Readied troughs of quick-drying cement could then be poured through the hole, burying the Servitor completely.

Unfortunately, this solution is only temporary. The Servitor is still alive, temporarily imprisoned in its concrete grave. Its powers, abilities, and tenure in the building's foundations are left to individual Keepers and their campaigns.

Typical Cultist

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 12 HP 13
POW 12 DEX 11 INT 15 MV 07
APP 15 SAN 30 EDU 16

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
Fist/ Punch	45%	1D3

DAMAGE BONUS +1D4

SKILLS

Accounting 40%, Art 25%, Computer Use 25%,
Credit Rating 50%, Listen 20%, Spot Hidden 25%

SPELLS

Control Tissue

If the investigators faced the Servitor, bound, and banished it, each receives 2d6+2 SAN. If they successfully psychoanalyzed Franklin, they receive an additional 1d4 SAN. If the servitor is destroyed by electrocution, the reward is 2d6 SAN; if imprisoned in the foundation, 1d8 SAN should be awarded. Investigators who rescue the potential victim on Saturday night, each receive an extra 1d4 SAN.

If the investigators help Franklin through psychoanalysis, each receives a bonus of 1d6 points to their Credit Rating scores. They also receive 1d4 Credit Rating points for solving the mystery, putting their reputations on the line, and infiltrating wealthy society. Although the Wildwood Drive community is stunned, appalled, horrified, and disgusted; they are grateful for the services rendered by the investigators.

The Gilmores and the rest of the flesh cult may be turned over to the police. They will undergo numerous psychological tests and evaluations before being sane enough to stand trial. These trials will be drawn-out, expensive, and highly scrutinized affairs which will not soon be forgotten in Key West.

If they are not placed in police custody, the flesh cultists will quietly slink back to their old lives, eradicating any evidence of their connection with the cult and try desperately not to scream when they awaken in a cold sweat in the dark of night.

No further disfigured bodies will be discovered, and Detective McNeil eventually, though reluctantly, labels the case "unsolved," and files it away.

Control Tissue - A New Spell

This revolting spell gives the caster and any participants the ability to control and manipulate flesh.

The spell costs 12 magic points to cast and 1d3 SAN per participant. After a period of time equal to 30 minutes - the caster's POW, the spell is ready. All those partaking of the actual manipulation suffer an additional 1d8 SAN point loss. The spell lasts for a number of minutes equal to the caster's POW. Once this time has elapsed, the flesh returns to its natural elasticity, forever holding the reshaping it has undergone.

Using this spell on a living being causes indescribable agony and madness. The victim suffers 2d4 points of damage per round and loses 1d10+2 SAN. The flesh may be kneaded, melded, gouged, pulled--whatever the fevered mind of the caster can conceive. The spell does not affect bone, hair, teeth, or nails.

To date, the spell has never been written down. It is only learnable through direct tutelage. It is included in this scenario for the understanding of the keeper, and in the event that one or more investigators may become involved in the flesh-cult.



The Servitor And Its Minions

The Dare

By Kevin A. Ross

KEEPER'S INTRODUCTION

In this one-nighter, tournament style scenario, the players take on the roles of preteen kids (don't whine) who, on a dare, spend the night in a supposedly haunted house. The snotty kid who made the dare will be there along with them, to make sure they don't chicken out like a bunch of fraidy-cats. So at midnight, these kids sneak out of their respective houses and meet in front of the old Barnaker house.

Of course the house really is haunted, but that snotty Roger kid (who made the dare) keeps stringing the others along by threatening to tell their friends what a bunch of yellow-bellies they are. And there's the rub: Little Roger isn't what he appears to be either - he is in fact a horrible child-thing used by the house's main haunter to lure other children to their deaths.

This "main haunter" is a blind, deathless witch living in a series of secret rooms beneath the house. From these lightless chambers she sends out her servants: rats and rat-like things, bats and bat-like things, and her terrible cat familiar Rastis.

Within her chamber the ancient blind grandmother-thing seethes, giving birth to monstrous rat- and bat-like things, and sitting quietly as the creatures of dank and dark scurry over her motionless body. She lives, but acts mostly through her servants. And she hungers for child-flesh...

The youthful investigators will spend most of the beginning of the scenario exploring the old dark house, meeting lesser servant-creatures, and so forth. Soon though, Roger will slip away and attempt to split up the group so that he and his fellow minions can ambush them one by one to take to their pale and bloated mistress.

He will try to keep the others from leaving the house by using taunts, wisecracks, and dares. He is not afraid, so why should they be? (Fraidy-cat! Fraidy-cat!). Finally, Roger will attempt to lead the kids down into the lair of the awful grandmother-thing.

The investigators' goals should be to discover (and perhaps destroy) the secret of the house and - more importantly - get out alive.

THE BARNAKER HOUSE

Evelyn Barnaker was a witch from New England who moved to this small Midwestern town in 1866. Her husband had allegedly died in the Civil War, and with his sizeable fortune she built the house in which this scenario takes place. She was

responsible for many child disappearances over the next several years, but she was clever and cautious, and so was never caught. She had, in fact, lured in the boys and girls with her illusionary kindly demeanor and then, just as in the fairy tales, she had eaten them.

Her pacts with various dark powers had given her this horrible, insatiable hunger, and besides the obvious, her condition is not without its side effects. Frequently after these terrible feasts, Evelyn would give birth to small, horrible, monstrous things that were part human and part animal; usually rat, bat, cat, spider, or insect.

After several years of this, Evelyn's behavior became somewhat erratic, and she came to realize that she couldn't continue to function normally in society. So in 1885 she "disappeared" into the caverns she had constructed below the house, and left the structure itself to the state. And every once in awhile a child would disappear, and the grotesque witch-thing would grow fatter, and then produce some increasingly inhuman offspring.

A few years later, in 1894, the house was bought by an innocent family (father, mother, and young son and daughter) who would later fall prey to the house's unseen occupant. In 1906, the daughter was kidnapped and devoured by the witch. The distraught parents of the little girl moved out soon after the tragedy. The house has stood vacant ever since.

And in the 20 years or so since the house's last occupation, this small town has suffered numerous vanishings of children - victims of the cannibal-witch Evelyn Barnaker.

TO BEGIN...

The Keeper should give each player one of the pre-generated characters included in the Handouts Section, as well as a copy of the one page Player Introduction, also found in the Handouts Section. For considerations of space, only one copy of this introduction is included, so it will be necessary to make photocopies.

The Keeper should read this introduction and become familiar with the character sheets as well, the better to understand the situation and help the players to get into role-playing their characters.

And remember, those characters are young children, with all the mannerisms and attitudes of children. The Keeper should encourage the players to really role play their youthful investigators in order to have the most fun with this scenario.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD

This is a normal residential area near the edge of town, and is only a couple of blocks from where the investigators live. Houses are fairly sparse here, with occupied domiciles on either side of the Barnaker house, each separated by an empty lot. Most of the houses around here are at least a little run down, and the Barnaker place is the worst of the lot.

THE HOUSE

NOTE: The floorplans of the Barnaker house do not indicate the locations of mundane items and furnishings in the house or on the grounds which are not discussed in the following text. Feel free to furnish the house as you please. Note also that all of the creatures mentioned, as well as Evelyn, are fully described with complete stats at the end of this scenario.

The Yard: The grass in the yard is over two feet high in places, and thoroughly overgrown with weeds and wild bushes. The driveway was packed earth, and has nearly vanished beneath a carpet of wild growth, while the sidewalk is composed of broken, unlevel brick which is also being slowly consumed by undergrowth. The grounds are largely cut off from the outside world by a fence on one side and hedges and bushes on the other three.

The Shed at the back of the yard is listing badly; inside are numerous rusting tools (hammers, saws, screwdrivers, hedge-trimming shears, a shovel and pick, a 10 foot length of chain, and other assorted items) cluttering the workbenches. Nothing else of note will be found here, though a rat or bat may appear briefly before harmlessly vacating the structure until the intruders have gone.

The Fish Pond is a concrete pool just behind the house. Its waters are dark and smelly and seem unfathomably deep, though in fact the pond's depth is a mere 3 feet; warped and sickly lilies cover most of its surface, and frogs croak and sing with deep, ominous tones. A vine-shrouded trellis looms about 8 feet over the pond, a number of vines trailing into the water below. As the kids approach the pond, a Spot Hidden roll will detect a small dark shape fleeing back toward the house; an Idea roll will suggest that the shape was about the size of a cat.

The Cistern just behind the house is covered by a patch of cracked and crumbling concrete, in the center of which is a 2 foot square wooden cover. Three feet below the cover is the surface of a dark and odorous body of stagnant water of indeterminate depth. (Actually, it's about 12 feet, but the kids probably will not be able to find this out.) Anyone falling in must make Swim rolls each round to avoid Drowning (see Call of Cthulhu Rulebook for details), and **MUST** be helped out; escape is otherwise impossible.

The Front Porch is noteworthy only for the fact that, in the cramped crawlspace beneath it, there is a trap door which opens into a tunnel sloping down into the area **Beneath the Basement**. Anyone crawling under the porch *will* meet a rat or two, and entering the tunnel will draw the attention of others - and even a rat-thing or two (40% chance).

GROUND FLOOR

The Back Entryway is empty save for a few coathooks holding moth-eaten rags and a pair of stiff moldy boots.

The Kitchen has several cupboards and drawers containing a couple of pots, a number of pans, and assorted utensils. There are also a few moldering cans and boxes of spoiled foodstuffs. While going through the food, there is a 40% chance of encountering some rats. Anyone searching in the ashes and coals in the bottom of the wood-burning oven will come across a good-size bone; a successful halved Idea roll will bring to light the fact that it could be from the forearm of a human child (SAN loss is 1/1D4).

The Dining Room is unspectacular: a big heavy round wooden table surrounded by 5 wooden chairs, and a small, empty china closet.

The Front Entryway is long, narrow, and lined with many windows (some broken and boarded over). There are several potted plants here, many leaning and growing at odd angles and even into other pots; it is in fact nearly a jungle in places.

Livingroom A is large and roomy, filled with dusty chairs and couches, all spilling their stuffing.

Livingroom B is smaller, and contains a sofa and a large set of shelves. On these shelves are dozens of miniatures and statuettes of cats, foxes, birds, deer, and other animals. There is also a stuffed cat here, a large thing with black, glistening fur. It will do nothing if toyed with - but it *will* remember those who disturbed it in any way.

If someone tries to take the cat with them, it will snarl and turn in their grasp, causing 1 hit point of damage to the holder and a SAN loss of 1/1D4 for everyone present. The cat will flee into the deeper recesses of the house to plot its revenge. If the cat is not picked up, it will turn up missing on subsequent visits to this room. This is the witch's familiar, Rastis, and it will single out those who torment it as its first targets later on in this scenario.

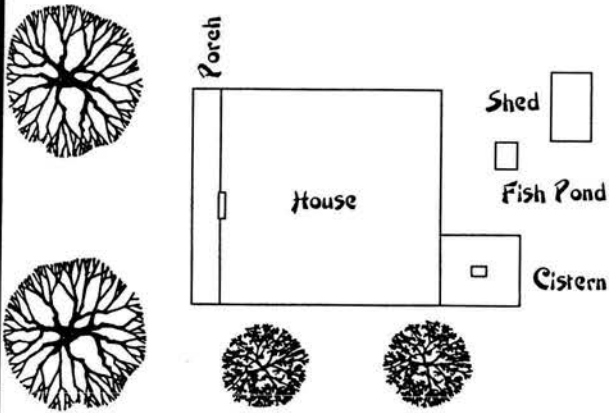
UPPER FLOOR

A **Landing** partway between the Ground and Upper floors opens onto a small **Bathroom**. Inside are a big claw-footed tub, a medicine cabinet, and a toilet. Anyone rolling their POW or less on D100 while in this room catches a glimpse of something in the mirror out of the corner of their eye. A second POW X 1 roll allows a slightly better but very fleeting glimpse of that investigator's grandmother, though in a very frightening fashion (frowning, laughing or smiling evilly). The SAN loss for this sight is 0/1. This is in fact the witch using the house's mirrors to keep an eye on the kids.

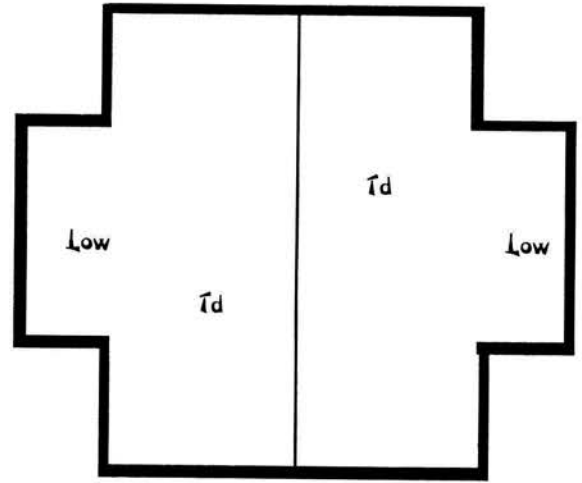
Bedroom A is very plain, and contains an empty dresser topped by several more wildly-thriving potted plants. There *will* be a bat or two in here.

Closet B opens off Bedroom A. It is quite narrow, and there may be a rat in here. A very cramped **Attic Space (C)** off this tiny closet is cluttered with wooden chairs, boxes containing children's clothes, toys, children's books, and so on. Again, there *will* be a rat or bat or their unnatural counterparts lurking here (35% chance).

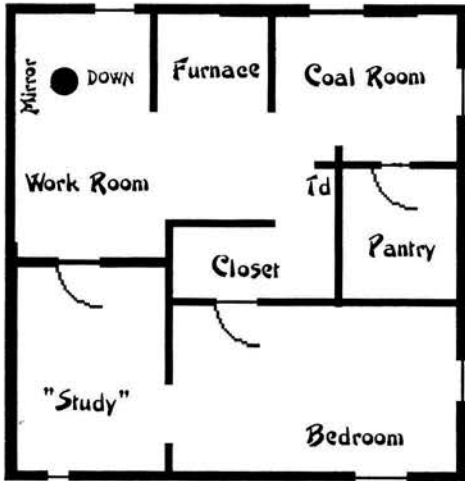
A **Wooden Trap Door** can be found above the landing at the



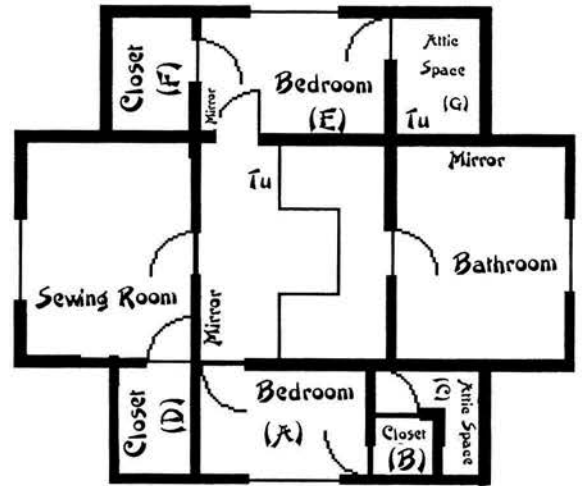
The House And Grounds



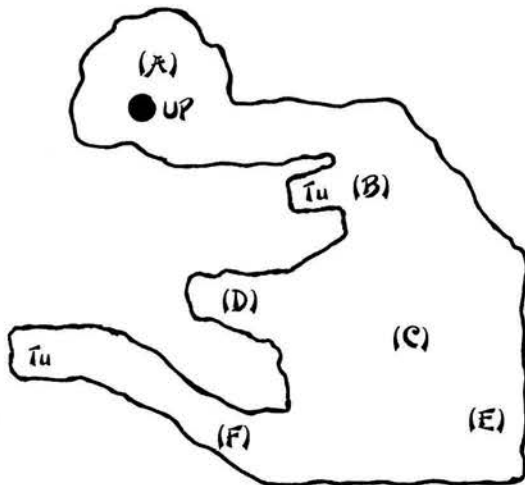
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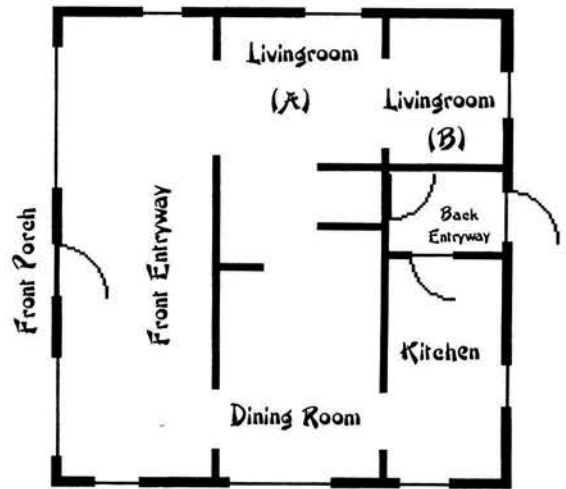
Basement



Upper Floor



Beneath The Basement



Ground Floor

Tu = Trapdoor Above
Td = Trapdoor Below

top of the stairs. The kids will have to stand on the bannister to open it. Above is the attic, and a Climb roll is needed to reach it; a fumbled roll indicates a fall down to the steps below, doing 2D6 damage. There is a full-length mirror here as well, and it behaves exactly like as the one in the bathroom (see previous entry) with respect to catching a fleeting glimpse of an investigator's evil-visaged grandmother.

The Sewing Room is located off the landing. Inside are needles, thread, yarn, knitting needles, a dress dummy, and a rusty foot powered sewing machine. A small **Closet (D)** opens off this room, containing an assortment of women's shoes and a few dresses on hangers.

Bedroom E opens off the landing, its only furnishings a large bed and several dressers containing the remnants of men's and women's clothing. A mirror over one dresser acts exactly as that in the bathroom and the landing.

A **Closet (F)** opens off the bedroom, and contains some articles of men's clothing on hangers and hooks.

The Attic Space (G) also opens off the bedroom. Inside are boxes of old documents, blankets, luggage, books, magazines, newspapers, and so on. If someone searches through all this junk and makes a halved Spot Hidden roll, he or she will discover a battered scrapbook containing numerous newspaper clippings dating back to the 1860's.

A Read English roll deduces that most of the clippings deal with cases of missing children in this town. A second Read English roll comes across an 1885 article concerning the disappearance of Evelyn Barnaker, a resident of this very house.

Another Read English roll notes that the latest clipping is dated 1906, and deals with a little girl named Donna Briggs. An Idea roll allows a kid to remember that the last people to live in this house were named Briggs. This spooky information costs 1/1D3 SAN to learn. Elsewhere, in one corner of the ceiling is a small trap door opening into the main attic; it can only be reached by standing on a box or chair. There will probably be a rat or bat here, and maybe even a bat-thing (40% chance).

THE ATTIC

The attic consists of one large, fairly open area criss-crossed by wooden beams. There is nothing stored here, but there are dozens of bats and 1D4 bat-things roosting in the rafters. SAN loss for the whole lot is 1D6, due to the number of creatures involved. The bats will not be roused or attack unless a strong light source is brought into the area (ie a lamp as opposed to a flashlight).

Anyone moving around up here should stay on the beams to keep from falling through the ceiling of the upper floor; figure there is a 10% chance this will occur for each person stepping off the 2 X 4 beams, causing a fall into the room below which will inflict 2D4-1 damage.

THE BASEMENT

Note that all the basement windows are set high up, meaning the kids will have to either help each other up or stand on boxes, chairs, etc. if they wish to crawl out of them.

The Workroom at the bottom of the basement steps is stocked with extra storm windows, boxes of useless plumbing supplies, and assorted junk, plus a large coal-burning furnace.

Opening the door of the furnace, poking through the inside, and making a successful Spot Hidden roll will turn up a few scraps of blackened clothing and bones, which an Idea roll will identify as those of a human child, perhaps more than one (SAN loss 1/1D3).

There is also a metal grating which requires a combined STR of 25 or better to move; below is a dank, dripping earthen-floored area beneath the basement. Near the grating a small, dusty mirror hangs; it too can be used by the witch to spy on the kids as previously described. There is a 55% chance of a rat being here, or a 35% chance that it is a rat-thing.

The Coal Room is just off the Work Room, where a wooden-doored chute opens up next to the driveway outside; a successful Climb roll is needed to scale the mound of coal and negotiate the chute. There is a shovel here, and maybe even a rat or two (40% chance).



Roger Revealed

The *Pantry* is located off the Coal Room, and in it are shelves of burst jars which once held preserves, jellies, juices, sauces, and so forth. The place smells horribly of rot, and stains of all kinds mar the shelves, walls and floor.

Anyone entering and looking around will, with a successful Spot Hidden, find an intact jar - one of few - hidden back on a shelf. Inside are several human eyes floating in a clear pinkish liquid (SAN loss 1/1D4). There are sure to be 1D6 rats present here.

The "*Study*" is located opposite the Work Room. The only furnishings are a mildew-rotted sofa, two equally decayed stuffed chairs, and several floor-to-ceiling bookshelves. All the books on the lower shelves have been eaten by rats, or destroyed by the damp. Several volumes on the upper shelves are similarly gnawed or damp-damaged.

Anyone inspecting the bookshelves will notice that a large rat-thing is sitting atop one large black book high up on a shelf. It will not flee, and will attack if anyone climbs up to retrieve the book. It will not leave the shelf unless attacked with missile weapons, and will defend the book until killed. A successful Climb roll is required to reach said book.

Most of the pages are stuck together, and many flake right out of the binding in large, brittle chunks. A successful Read English roll will glean the information in Handout #1 from one of the very few readable pages of handwritten text. San loss is 1/1D3.)

The *Bedroom* is accessed through an open doorway off the "Study." A damp-rotted mattress lies on the floor of the odorous chamber, and a nightstand, bookshelf, and small dresser have also succumbed to the ravages of decay. There is nothing of any worth to be salvaged from any of these crumbling furnishings.

A low doorway here opens into a cramped closet space. Behind a couple of ratty women's dresses, this area opens into the area beneath the stairs. There are three rat-things nesting in the debris they have collected here. Also found here will be a stained but reasonably intact portrait of a grey-haired, middle-aged woman who, while smiling benignly at the viewer, still gives the impression of furtive secrecy. This, of course, is Evelyn Barnaker as she appeared in better days.

BENEATH THE BASEMENT

If the kids are able to remove the metal grating in the Work Room they will see, in the glow of their flashlights, a muddy floor 10 feet below. If they are able to get down there, they will find themselves in a *Small Room (A)* with earth walls and floor. An earthen passage leads off from one corner, from which trickling and faint scurrying sounds can be heard.

A second opening into the area beneath the basement is via the *Trap Door (B)* from the area beneath the basement steps. A set of wooden rungs set into the bare earth take the climber down into one end of a large earthen chamber with dripping walls and puddles of standing water.

This is also the first view of the chamber that someone will receive by coming down the passage from the grate room. There are 2 rat things lurking in this area, in the shallow, stagnant

water near the far wall.

The area marked (C) on this map is littered with bones (human and animal), numerous rats, and an occasional bat. But worse yet is the sight awaiting the kids within the alcove at (D).

Each investigator viewing the witch must roll their Magic Points vs. the witch's on the Resistance Table. If the kids succeed they see the old hag in her own form, a bloated distortion of the woman depicted in the portrait under the basement stairs.

If a kid fails to resist the witch's influence, take that player aside if possible, and tell him or her that (s)he sees his/her character's grandmother sitting cross-legged on the floor of this alcove.

Regardless of whether they see Evelyn Barnaker or their grandmother, the woman the kids see is filthy, pale, bloated, and crawling with horrible creatures of every description: rats, spiders, worms, snakes, and insects of all kinds, her empty eye sockets acrawl with filthy pests. SAN loss is 1/1D6 for those kids seeing the witch, and 1D3/2D4+1 for those who see their grandmothers under such revolting conditions.

As the terrified kids watch, the woman, in whatever form, suddenly lurches off her muddy seat and trundles toward them. Cackling "Come dearie, let me give you a great big hug!" the witch will attempt to scoop up one of the kids and begin to devour him (SAN loss 1D3/1D6).

If unable to make a capture, she will then attack with spells, and order her animal servants to join the fray as well; the cat, Rastis, if still alive, will also fight with spells if necessary.

In one corner (E) of the witch's lair, the kids may notice a steady drip of water. An Idea or Map Making roll will tell them this is coming from the cistern outside. A well-placed hit from a hammer, pick, or similar tool will break open the cistern and allow it to drain into this room - the resulting foot or so of water probably will not kill any of the creatures, but it will effectively remove them from the fight. Unfortunately, it will also slow the kids down as well should they attempt to flee.

Directly opposite the weak wall section is a narrow tunnel (F) sloping upward. Crawling up it, a kid will come out through the trap door beneath the front porch.

RUNNING THE DARE

The fun begins with the kids meeting in front of the old Barnaker house. They know the rumors listed along with their character's description, and have all the equipment listed therein. Their darer, the obnoxious but persuasive Roger, insists that they proceed, he along with them to make sure they don't go sneaking off. If the others threaten him with violence, he will remark that his older, larger brother Ace will come looking for them if they try anything.

Keeper's Note: To keep the players from guessing Roger's true purpose, copy only enough kid characters to cover the number of people in your gaming group, then treat Roger as an "extra" character which you will - most graciously - run as an NPC, stating that there should be a player for each character provided. This will make Roger appear to be just another member of the group, and make it easier for him to avoid suspicion.

Once the kids have been persuaded to go in, describe the house as follows. Note that Keepers should phrase these descriptions as if a child the age of the characters were giving this information:

The yard is wildly overgrown, and the sinister swaying and rattling of the trees is not exactly reassuring. Only a few of the windows in the front of the house are broken, while those on the sides and at the rear appear to be intact. There are very few basement windows, but there is a coal chute which could provide an easy way in to the basement. There is, of course, a door at the front and rear of the house.

If they wish, the kids can explore the back yard before attempting to gain access to the house. Do not make this any more difficult than necessary. The doors are not locked (that would keep the little dearies out, now wouldn't it, and we do want them to come in, don't we?), but they are a bit warped and may require some shoving to get them open far enough to permit entrance.

Once the kids start looking around and discovering rats and such, they may want to leave. Again, bring Roger in with a few taunts and challenges: "I'm staying, you bunch of sissies. An' t'morrow, everybody's gonna know what fraidy-cats you are! Fraidy-cat! Fraidy-cat!" By the end of this scenario, the kids should be sick and tired of that epithet. Use the phrase every time the kids think about bugging out.

After about an hour of exploration in the house, Roger should disappear, preferably while the group is on the upper floor. From this point on he will be trying to split the group, or ambush them one at a time.

He will create diversions, close doors, even lead them outside or make them think they are helping him pull off a practical joke - whatever it takes to isolate an intended victim. He will then try to knock them out and drag them down into the witch's lair, but he will kill them first if necessary.

At some point the Keeper should offer the players some clue that Roger isn't really Roger. Maybe part of his face slips a bit or, better yet, he loses a finger, or his arm bends impossibly out of joint. If the kids manage to kill him/it, they are in for a nasty surprise.

If the kids do kill Roger prematurely, or if they decide to escape the house before the real fun begins, you have two options.

If you are far enough along in the scenario, you can simply let them escape, leaving the mystery of the Barnaker house unsolved. Or, have the witch use her Seal House ability to magically "escape-proof" the house (doors and windows will not open, and glass will not shatter). The only way out will then be the tunnel under the front porch.

By all means, do not assume that every time the text states there is a creature present in a room that those creatures will all attack or fight to the death. Most will simply frighten the kids; some of the unnatural things will fight for a round or two, or flee when one of their number is killed.

Only charge SAN losses for the first two or three of any creature encountered. Reward ingenuity: A firecracker is a simple and safe way to clear a room of rats, and perhaps their unnatural counterparts as well. Clever uses of food to distract the critters, or using tactics from comics or monster magazines could also be used to overcome such obstacles.



Evelyn Barnaker

CREATURE AND CHARACTER STATISTICS

Roger Simmons - snide kid and undead thing

STR	10	CON	15	SIZ	9
INT	10	POW	5	DEX	9
EDU	6	APP	8	SAN	0
HP	12	MOVE	8		

WEAPON	ATTACK %	DAMAGE
Fist / Punch	55 %	1D3
Kick	50 %	1D6
Grapple	35 %	Special - see Rulebook
Club	45 %	1D8
Butcher Knife	35 %	1D6

SKILLS: Climb 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Dodge 50%, Fast Talk 40%, Hide 55%, Jump 45% Listen 35%, Psychology 20%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 30%, Throw 35%

SAN: 1D3/1D6 when the kids find out what Roger actually is. An additional 1D4/1D8 may be lost if Roger is killed, as hundreds of spiders, worms, and other loathsome things burst from the hollow shell that was his skin.

Roger used to be a normal kid, but a few weeks ago he stayed out late after dark and wandered too close to the old Barnaker house. Mesmerized by the witch's cat-familiar Rastis, Roger was forced to crawl into the slimy cavern below the house. There Evelyn Barnaker and her vermin friends carefully devoured his innards, bones and all. The witch then stuffed the empty skin full of small and disgusting creatures, and magically imbued this horrendous creation with the ability to pass as human. This creature is intended to lure more children back for the witch to sup on.

To all appearances Roger is a normal kid. Once he gets in the house with his intended victims, he may unconsciously drop his guard somewhat: His skin may twitch and sag, or bulge unnaturally. Soon after the kids enter the house, Roger will slip away and try to pick them off one at a time, taking them to feed the witch. He will try to separate the kids from each other, preferring to attack a single target if possible, or ambushing a party member at the rear. His weapons (knife and club) are hidden in the house, located where he can retrieve them unobtrusively.

Roger will be a fleeting shadow for the kids to deal with. If injured but not killed, he may sneak down to the cave below the basement to await the kids' arrival with the witch. If Roger is killed, his skin collapses as bugs and snakes and worms and other horrible things crawl out of the now useless skin. SAN loss for such a sight is 1D4/ 1D8.

THE RATS

These creatures have average stats as per the Rulebook. Unless otherwise noted, the presence of rats in a given room is up to the Keeper, with 1D6 rats in any pack encountered. However, in the caves beneath the basement there may be as many as

1D10 *packs per character* (but don't get too carried away; these little beasties are here primarily for atmosphere).

In describing the rat packs, attempt to create the illusion that there are more of them present than there actually are. A child's imagination could transform a pack of 6 rats into a ravaging horde of at least 20 or 30.

Note that any loud noises or sudden movements has a 20% chance of driving off one or two rats from each pack prior to any attack.

SAN loss is 1/1D3, but for the first pack encountered only; afterward, there is no loss.

THE BATS

Again, these are average as per the Rulebook, and their presence is up to the Keeper unless otherwise noted. The only exception is the attic, where there will most definitely be 1D10 bats *per character* present. The same holds true for the areas under the basement.

Note that in most cases, loud noises or sudden movement has a 30% chance of scaring off half the bats present should they attack.

THE RAT THINGS

STR	2	CON	7	SIZ	1
INT	9	POW	5	DEX	18
HP	14	MOVE:	9		
DAMAGE BONUS: -1D6					

WEAPON	ATTACK	DAMAGE
Bite	35 %	1D3

SKILLS: Dodge 85%, Hide 85%, Sneak 70%

ARMOR: None, but -40% to hit running, -20% when stationary

SAN: 1/1D4

This is a mutant rat that has been magically warped, possessing human and other non-ratlike features. They may have additional limbs, human hands or faces, unnaturally long tails, and other similar defects. Most are the size of a large normal rat, but some may be as big as a cat (SIZ 2, HP 5). Single specimens are not overly brave, but are braver than normal rats. Groups will be much bolder and much more aggressive.

THE BAT THINGS

STR	1	CON	4	SIZ	1
INT	10	POW	9	DEX	22
HP	3	MOVE:	12		
DAMAGE BONUS: -1D6					

WEAPON	ATTACK	DAMAGE
Bite	35 %	1D3

SKILLS: Dodge 95%, Hide 35%, Spot Hidden 50%

ARMOR: None, but -50% to hit in flight

SAN: 0/1D4

These are similar to the Rat Things in that they are mutant creatures with human or other non-batlike features. They may have human heads, faces, or hands, or even long, ratlike tails, no eyes, one central eye, two tails, etc. They are slightly larger and bolder than normal bats, and tend to be fearless in groups of 3 or more.

RASTIS - Evelyn's familiar

STR	2	CON	10	SIZ	1
INT	15	POW	18	DEX	29
HP	6	MOVE:	10		

DAMAGE BONUS: -1D6

WEAPON	ATTACK %	DAMAGE
Bite	35%	1D4
Claw	50%	1D3
Rip	40%	2D3

SKILLS: Climb 70%, Dodge 90%, Hide 85%, Jump 65%
Listen 75%, Sneak 90%, Spot Hidden 80%

SAN: 0/1D3

Rastis is a big grey-furred, sinister-looking cat with a malign intelligence. It is Evelyn Barnaker's familiar, and what it sees, she sees. It knows some magic, and prefers to use its spells rather than attack physically; it will only resort to the latter if cornered.

Rastis will sneak around, following the kids, casting spells and meowing in the darkness occasionally to scare them. It will continue toying with the kids while driving or luring them down into the witch's lair.

Note Rastis' considerable stealth skills.

EVELYN BARNAKER - Deathless child-eating witch

STR	9	CON	15	SIZ	9
INT	17	POW	24	DEX	9
EDU	22	APP	2	SAN	0
HP	12	MOVE	6		

WEAPONS: None - she relies on her spells and servants to defend her.

SKILLS: Listen 40%, Spot Hidden 20%, Spawn Vermin Things 95%

ARMOR: None

SPELLS: Grandmother Illusion*, The Black Binding, See Through Mirrors*, Bind Rat, Bind Bat, Mesmerize, Power Drain, Wrack, Seal House*

*See character description to follow

SAN: 1D3/ 2D4+1 if she is appearing as a kid's grandmother.
1/1D6 if appearing as her own pale, bloated, filthy self.

Evelyn Barnaker was once a witch in New England before coming to the Midwest to continue her horrid practices. Since that time, she has become a pale, eyeless, bloated thing which looks vaguely like some nightmarish elderly woman.

She feeds on human children, but also rats, bats, worms, insects, and other such things as might wander into her underground lair. This unappetizing diet provides her the genetic material required to produce the bat and rat things which inhabit the house above.

Evelyn will use the mirrors in the house to monitor the kids' progress, sending her servants out to lure them to her, or to kill them and bring her their bodies. However, she gains the most enjoyment from simply waiting and letting the kids' own curiosity lead them down into the caves beneath the basement, where she will "have them for supper."

The following spells are unique to Evelyn, she having used her dark powers to create them over the years. She does, however, have them written down in her spell book, which she keeps at her side at all times (1D6 SAN to read, 5% Cthulhu Mythos).

SEE THROUGH MIRRORS - The witch uses this power to spy on those in the house, and costs 1 Magic Point per use. It allows normal vision, but is somewhat like a window, in that those being viewed may catch a glimpse of the caster.

SEAL HOUSE - The witch can use this power to make it difficult for the children to leave the house. It costs 8 Magic Points to cast, and each kid attempting to escape the house must make a Resistance Table roll pitting their POW against a roll of 1D6+6. If the character succeeds he or she can leave normally, but if the roll fails they house will not let them go. A door or window will refuse to open or break, an open door or window will slam firmly shut, and so forth. Note that this power does not affect the trap door beneath the front porch, as technically it is not part of the house.

THE GRANDMOTHER ILLUSION - This power costs only 1 Magic Point, and requires a Magic Point vs Magic Point roll on the Resistance Table. If the witch wins, the viewer sees his/her grandmother under the horrible conditions in which Evelyn actually lives. If the viewer resists, he or she sees no illusion - just the witch as she really appears.

THE DARE CHARACTER INTRODUCTION

Well, You did it. You've managed to sneak out of the house without your parents knowing about it, and now you stand on a cool late summer night in front of the creepy old Barnaker house. Your friends have all managed to sneak out as well, and are now waiting to enter the house in which you have been dared to spend the night. Roger, the snotty little butthead who dared you to do it, is also here - to make sure you guys don't chicken out. The Fink.

It all started earlier today, after the sandlot baseball game. Words were exchanged between your friends and Roger, taunting as children are wont to do, and it was then he spoke those immortal words: "You guys think you're so tough an' brave. Well I think you're just a bunch 'fraidy-cats. If you were such hot snot you'd spend the night at the old Barnaker house." At those words a shudder wormed down your spine, because *everybody* knows the old Barnaker place is haunted. "In fact," Roger continued, "I double dare ya to spend the night there." You and your friends hemmed and hawed, but you all know Roger had you exactly where he wanted you; you couldn't back down in front of the whole neighborhood, could you? So it was decided; everyone would sneak out of their rooms and meet here in front of the Barnaker house.

And now, chilled by the breeze rattling the tree limbs overhead and combing through the tall grass of the overgrown front lawn, that snothead Roger grins nastily and insists on going into the house right away, "Unless you want to be a 'fraidy-cat!" He's obviously quite serious, and you just know if you back out now he'll squeal to the whole neighborhood. But at least the little turd's going in with you, so maybe he'll be the one who chickens out and you can all go home. What else can you do?

Your personal character introduction on the back of your character sheet lists the stories you've heard about the old Barnaker house. Your character sheet also lists all the equipment you've brought with you tonight. In addition, you may choose **ONE** item from the following list to take with you (circle the one you will take):

Slingshot	Monster Magazine	Comic Book
Book of Matches	Bag of Marbles	Wristwatch
Candy Bar	Flashlight	Baseball Bat
Cross (handheld)	Crucifix (necklace)	Bible

Finally, you may distribute 100 points among any skills you wish. Note that some skills have modified base percentages due to the characters' age, while others are not available at all.

Your friends on this night's adventure are:

Kyle Robards: A small, quiet guy who's kind of a bookworm - and he wears glasses to boot! He'd rather be reading than playing ball, and is really wild about dinosaurs, monsters, ghost stories, and stuff like that. He's the smartest kid in class.

Joey Delafano: A mean-looking though guy who's always in trouble at school, and even with the cops sometimes. He wears a leather jacket and smokes, and has been through the fifth grade twice. He really is a loyal friend, though.

Richie Davis: A big, butterball of a kid who's always being made fun of by you and the rest of the gang. But he's a real pal, and always has some candy or something else to eat that he'll share with you. His folks are always buying him all these neat things like BB guns and stuff. All kidding aside, he will probably be a good highschool football player.

Darren Pickett: The local kid baseball star, Darren's a quick, natural athlete. He's a real team player, and an inspiration to his teammates. If things get down, Darren takes the initiative and either does something himself or talks others into giving their all for the team. A natural leader, but it always seems he's just *got* to be leader, nobody else.

Shirley Kent: A quiet girl who hasn't quite decided to be a girl yet. She hangs around with the boys, plays ball, fishes, and does all that other "boy stuff." Her mother wishes she would be more ladylike, but tomboy Shirely would rather be playing ball, which she does better than most boys, so she always gets picked first when choosing up teams.

Paul Laughlin: The class clown. He's got a motor mouth, and a sharp wit for a kid his age. He knows all kinds of great jokes, and loves pulling practical jokes, too. He's always got some kind of gag waiting to be used - a hand-buzzer, joke gum, firecrackers, etc.

Roger Simmons: Not really a friend, just another kid from the neighborhood. Roger is sort of a nasty, unlikable version of Paul Laughlin. Roger's the guy who's always being picked on, and who always seems to deserve it. He's a whiner, a tattletale, and an all-round brat. Unfortunately, he's got a big brother named Ace who he always runs to for protection. A lot of kids have picked on Roger, most to regret it later after a visit from Ace.

WEAPONS AVAILABLE FOR THE DARE

WEAPON	DAMAGE	%	RANGE	SHOTS/ROUND	# SHOTS
Baseball Bat**	1D8	25%	NA	1	NA
BB Gun*	1D6	10%	10 Yards	1/2	1
Club/ Spear*	1D8+3	25%	NA	STR X 3	NA
Chain**	1D8	15%	NA	1	NA
Firecracker@	1D3-1	Throw %	STR X 2 feet	1/2	NA
M-80 (Cherry Bomb)	2D3-1	Throw %	STR X 5 feet	1/2	NA
Hammer	1D6+1	25%	NA	1	NA
Hedge Shears*	1D6	15%	NA	1	NA
Hunting Knife*	1D4+2	25%	NA	1	NA
Pocket Knife*	1D3	25%	NA	1	NA
Switchblade*	1D4	25%	NA	1	NA
Pickaxe* **	1D10	20%	NA	1	NA
Rock, Thrown	1D4	Throw %	STR X 5 feet	1	NA
Screwdriver*	1D3	25%	NA	1	NA
Shovel**	1D10	20%	NA	1	NA
Slingshot	1D4	10%	20 Yards	1	NA

* These weapons can impale

** These weapons require both hands to wield properly

@ Firecrackers can be thrown individually or in bundles. Damage is a total of each firecracker in the bundle.

Whispers Out Of Mind

By Sam Johnson From a story idea by Sam Johnson and C.T. McCarthy

KEEPER'S INTRODUCTION

Whispers out of Mind is set in Arkham, Massachusetts in late October of the year 1928. The designers have made considerable use of the Call of Cthulhu sourcebook Arkham Unveiled. All locations from this source will be referenced in parenthesis, the book itself as AU.

KEEPER'S INFORMATION

A degenerate cult worshipping an insidious hive mind from another dimension known simply as "The Other" has converged on Arkham to pave the way for the Other's arrival on, and later conquest of, the Earth. The cult members, mostly foreign men of dubious heritage, have been kidnapping and sacrificing Miskatonic University students to create a temporary gate to the Other's dimension, so that the alien intelligence might contact and infest a human body. That body, known in legend as "the Host," would then track down and seize the Mind Gem, a powerful artifact from the Other's home plane, a gem capable of creating a permanent bridge between our world and the Otherworld.

The Mind Gem was brought to Earth millennia ago by the ancient, cursed Hindu sorcerer Haril Ashaba, who while astrally projecting his consciousness, visited the Other's dimension and stole it from the plane's seemingly benevolent denizens. Ashaba did not know that the Other had intended for Ashaba to steal the Gem, which, upon Ashaba's return, created a tenuous link between its world and the Earth. Ashaba was driven mad by the Other's continual bombardment of his dreams, but refused to open the gate.

The Other cursed Ashaba with immortality, and Ashaba lost the gem. Over the centuries, the Other has contacted the minds of degenerate humans all over the world and created its cult. Ashaba, unable to die, has also sought it in order to end his curse.

The renowned British explorer Jeremy Ward stumbled upon the Mind Gem while on an expedition in Tibet, and has traveled the world trying to translate the inscription on the gem's surface. Ward's travels have also brought him into contact with the forces of the Mythos on several occasions, so when all conventional scholastic avenues dried up, he came to shadowy Arkham to seek answers in the erudite lore of Miskatonic University. The cult has followed him, however.

Ward made an appointment with Dr. Barnard Rice in the hope of obtaining a translation of the inscription on the Gem, but before he could meet with Dr. Rice, the cult attacked him,

forcing a wounded Jeremy Ward to flee into hiding. It was at this time that he penned a desperate letter to one of his most trusted friends, and a fellow Mythos investigator; it is this letter which brings the party to Arkham.

Meanwhile, intrigued by the puzzling mystery presented by the gem, Dr. Rice began his own search for the missing Ward, and it was in the course of this investigation that he met and joined forces with the investigators.

The cult has kidnapped Billy Bob Hatfield, meaning him to be the next sacrifice. Ward, shadowing the cult's movements, was able to send word to his investigator friend, telling him where and when Billy Bob might be saved. Ward, using books stolen from the University Library, has been translating the Gem, and intends to use the reverse of the ritual on the Gem to destroy it. He has, unknowingly, taken the role of the legendary figure called "the Sentinel."

Soon, the Host will walk the Earth, and the two of them will face off to determine the fate of the world. Should the Host seize the Mind Gem, it will use the ritual on it to open the gate, and all Terrestrial life will be assimilated by the insidious hive mind. This is, however, the near future.

INVESTIGATORS' BACKGROUND (Read Aloud)

The letter from Jeremy Ward was hastily scrawled and reeked of desperation; and knowing Jeremy, you also know that he is not easily unnerved. His warnings concerning kidnappers at work brought you to Arkham with all possible speed, only to find that Jeremy had vanished or, more hopefully, gone into hiding. And so a double search began, both for Jeremy and the kidnappers.

In the course of your investigation into your friend's allegations, you met Doctor Barnard Rice, a professor of ancient languages with whom Jeremy was to have met to decipher the inscriptions on a strange gem which had recently come into his possession, hinting that there may be some connection between the gem and the kidnappings. Having an interest in the unusual, Rice agreed to the meeting.

Jeremy never kept that appointment, and Doctor Rice, intrigued by the mysterious hints Jeremy dropped concerning the gem, began investigating on his own initiative, an initiative which in but a short time brought you and he together. Joining forces, it was easy for you to pinpoint the location of the kidnappers' hideout, and now you and Doctor Rice stand in the darkened alley, ready to commence your assault on these miserable traffickers in human misery. At the prearranged signal, one of you slams into the door before you, and your rescue mission has begun.

THE FIRST NIGHT: 10/27

The scenario begins on Saturday, October 27th, 1928, at 11:58 PM in the alleyways of Arkham's riverfront (439 AU), where, as described previously, one of the investigators has just battered in the door to the small hovel where Billy Bob is being held. Read the following aloud:

"The door flies apart with a loud crash, spilling light into the alley. Inside, the hovel consists of a single bare room with yellowing, cracked plaster peeling from the brick walls. It is devoid of windows, and a single oil lantern on a table by the door provides feeble illumination.

Four railroad spikes have been driven into the dilapidated wooden floor, and tied to them, lying spreadeagled on his back, is the feebly struggling form of Billy Bob Hatfield, clad only in his underwear and socks. Beside Billy Bob stands a tall swarthy man in black robes and two huge, Asian looking thugs. The men turn and stop their loud chanting as you make your noisy entrance. The robed man's fingers are covered with a dark fluid; you dread to attempt an identification. On the wall opposite the door, colors whirl around a circle of glowing, spidery symbols. A strange, alien vista is visible inside the circle, with deep purple skies and a silvery landscape; but what chills your blood is the huge, misshapen green beast which is reaching one of its huge claws in through this hole in the wall from beyond, its taloned fingers seeking Billy Bob's flesh..."

This weird sight requires a SAN check with a loss of 1D2/1D8. For Billy Bob, a failed check is automatic. Proceed immediately to combat. Investigators with firearms go first, and then the wizard will draw a knife and attack, while the two thugs attack with their clubs.

The thing in the wall, a drone of the Other, will freeze, howl, and on its DEX of 20 spew a stream of grayish slime from its mouth, striking Dr. Rice full in the face (for another loss of 0/1 SAN). The stricken Doctor will fall to the floor, unconscious; Rice is now being infested with the Other's consciousness, though neither he nor the investigators should realize it. Details of his slow transformation can be found in the section titled "Curse of the Othermind."

The Cult Thugs

STR 17	CON 16	SIZ 16	HP 16
POW 09	DEX 11	INT 05	MV 07
APP 08	SAN 00	EDU 04	

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
Club	65%	1D6+2
Fist/Punch	45%	1D3
DAMAGE BONUS +1D6		

SKILLS

Dodge 35%, Hide 40%, Track 25%, Sneak 30%,
Spot Hidden 25%

SPELLS

Summon Drone

The Cult Wizard

STR 06	CON 09	SIZ 16	HP 12
POW 17	DEX 10	INT 16	MV 07
APP 09	SAN 00	EDU 06	

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
Knife	40%	1D6
Fist/Punch	35%	1D3

SKILLS

Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Dodge 40%, Listen 30%,
Persuade 23%, Spot Hidden 35%, Throw 45%

SPELLS

Contact Other

If the wizard or the creature takes more than 5 points of physical damage, the contact spell is disrupted. The wizard screams, the creature howls and then reaches out and grabs the wizard and one of the thugs by their throats and pulls them through the gate as the glowing circle rapidly shrinks to nothing. There is a flash of light and a sickening crunch as the gate closes, leaving a circle of strange lettering on the blank wall with a huge splash of blood in the center. On the floor lie the wizard's left foot and both of the thug's legs, severed neatly at the knees, a grisly sight worth 0/1D4 points of SAN.

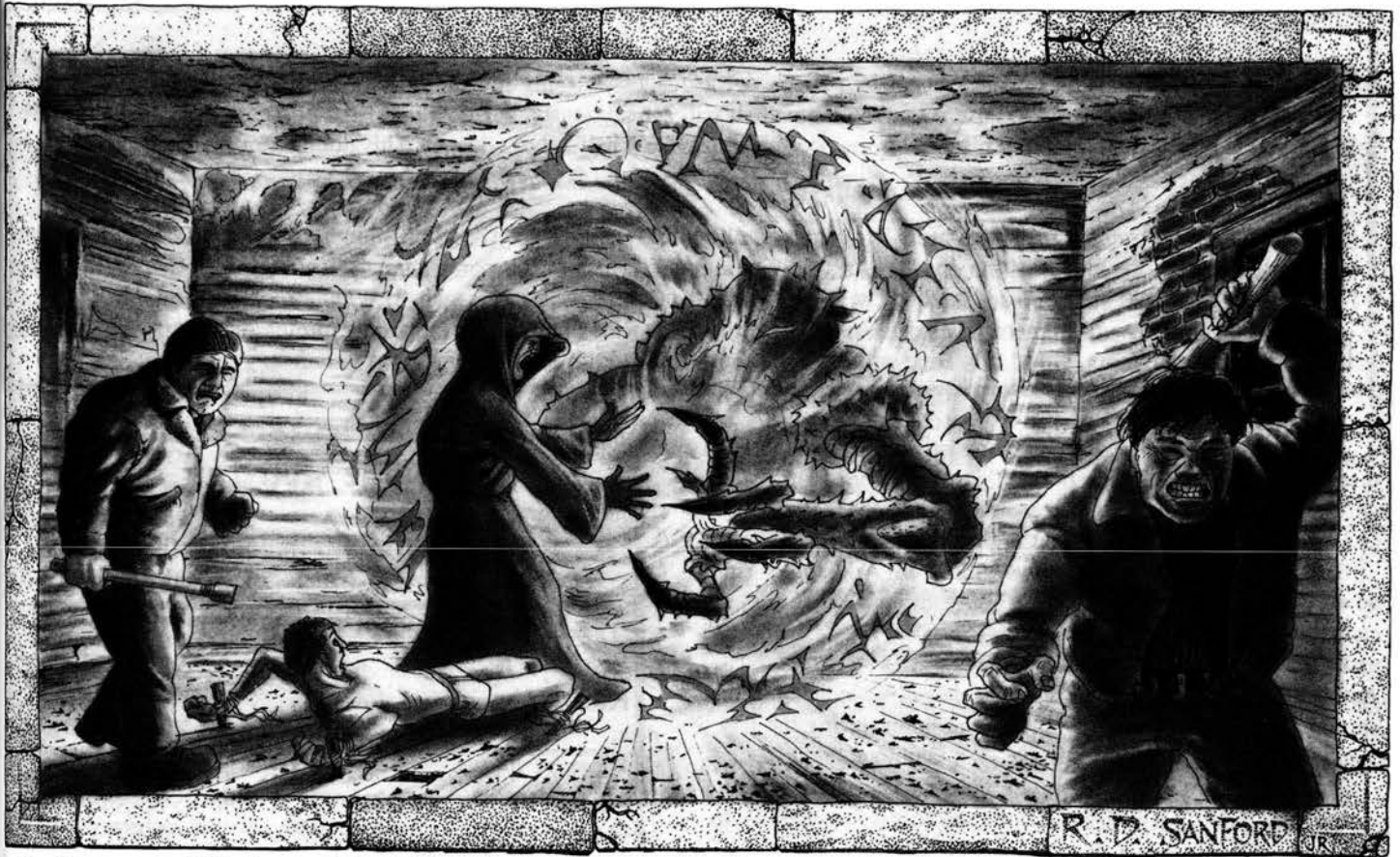
The newly infected Host will die in four minutes of suffocation unless the slime is cleared from his mouth and nostrils. The stuff is warm to the touch, grayish and translucent, and seems to quiver and move as if alive - clearing Rice's face costs 0/1 SAN point. The clearing investigator also has a 10% chance of noticing a small globule of slime slither into Rice's ear - or was it just a trick of the light? If the investigators try to take a sample of the stuff, it evaporates after ten minutes. If not selected as the Host, Billy Bob is drugged and groggy, but otherwise unhurt.

A search of the room will reveal the wizard's knife (strange looking but otherwise normal), two clubs, a lantern, and a copper bowl half full of the viscous paint used to write the circle on the wall. It looks like blood, but if tasted will prove not to be blood at all. A successful Chemistry roll will identify the stuff as mud mixed with water and the pulps of several rare, alkaloid herbs, none of which are native to North America.

The bowl itself has an inscription circling it in modern Arabic, which can be translated after one hour of work. If it is translated, hand out Handout #1.

An examination of the writing on the wall will show that it is the same as found at the other crime scenes. Anyone with Linguist skill can identify it as a strange, ancient form of Arabic. It will take a half hour and a successful Linguist roll or a Read Arabic roll at half skill to make a translation. It says;

"Let the Way pave and Void split, and the One of many parts join us to his Legion. Let the chosen Host walk the world, and find salvation with the stone."



The Drone and Minions of the Othermind

The Alien Drone

STR 24 CON 50 SIZ 18 HP 39
 POW30 DEX 20 INT 50 MV 06

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
Claw	80%*	2D6+2D6
Slime	99%**	1D2

*Claws cannot reach the investigators

**Target of a successful attack is knocked out and infected

ARMOR: 3 points, plus bullets do only half damage

SPELLS: None

SANITY: 1D10 / 1

If the second thug is subdued, he will scream an endless stream of curses at the investigators in Chinese. Finally, if coerced, he will warn them that "Soon walk the Host, and after walk the Legions, and with your legs will Legions walk, with all men's legs. And the Legions are all One." Nothing else can be gotten out of him.

If the Investigators fired guns in the fight, the Arkham Police will arrive in 15 minutes. At the sound of sirens, about five minutes prior to the cops' arrival and, if no one suggests it, any investigator succeeding with an Idea Roll will realize that being here when the police arrive is not a good idea.

The Police will frown on the investigators' involvement in

this affair, and are likely to detain the investigators all night for questioning. Billy Bob and Rice will be sent to St. Mary's Hospital and released at noon the next day, nothing found wrong with either. Questioned investigators will be held until late afternoon the next day. For more details, see "The Authorities," and entry 232 AU. Detective Harden will grimly tell the investigators that another student was kidnapped this very night.

Unpleasant Dreams

Both Rice and Billy Bob are still in bad shape, and will be under constant hospital care, though the next morning Rice will insist he is feeling quite fit and able to be discharged. Having no real cause to believe otherwise, the hospital will release him, and he will rejoin the investigators.

No matter where the investigators find themselves sleeping, they are plagued by nightmares. Hand "TheDream" to the players. The Keeper should read this Handout before giving it out, in order to be familiar with the material it contains.

THE FIRST DAY: 10/28

The Host and Billy Bob regain consciousness in the morning, suffering from blinding headaches but otherwise none the worse for wear. Note that Rice will not mention this to his doctors.

The day dawns grey and grim, made grimmer by the front page news. While reading the morning edition of the Advertiser over breakfast, the investigators discover that a little girl went missing Saturday night; the police have imposed a city-wide curfew effective at 6PM tonight. Incidentally, Jeremy Ward has cancelled his talk at the University (Handout #3).

The Curse of the Othermind

The Othermind will subtly insinuate itself into Rice's consciousness, turning him into a tool to achieve its goals, which are simple: find the Mind Gem, and use it to open the way. It will act cautiously and slowly at first, possessing Rice's body while his mind is asleep, manipulating his dreams, or floating about like a half-heard whisper. This domination will proceed in three stages.

1) The Other will implant messages in its Host's mind, telling him that it is the friend of Mankind., that it will help him avert a disaster, and that he must trust no one. 2) After the first night, the Other will become a tangible presence in Rice's mind. Rice will appear distracted and confused, and will begin to assume the Other's goals as his own. 3) When Rice comes into the presence of the Mind Gem, it will immediately seize control and burst from Rice's body. It will retain the professor's memories, and will reward the investigators with death. Rice will be dead, body and soul; all that remains is the Other.

Upon leaving his room, Jeremy's investigator friend will find that a wrinkled envelope has been shoved under his door. Inside will be found a mysterious letter summoning the party to the Old Arkham Graveyard at 8 that night (Handout #4).

Since it is Sunday, nearly everything in Arkham is shut down. The investigators do have some options, however. They can go to The Hotel Miskatonic, The University Library, undertake "Other Investigations," or pay a visit to "The Authorities;" each of these locations is described in detail in the appropriate sections. **NOTE:** At some point during the day, one of the investigators will receive "An Ominous Phone Call."

That night, they are likely to go to "The Old Arkham Graveyard" and "Showdown," both described in sections to follow.

As they make their way about, the investigators will notice that Arkham is quieter than usual, even for a Sunday. No families are out to enjoy the day, and the parks are empty. The University Common, usually thronging with students relaxing, playing football, or studying, is empty. Those who are about walk quickly, not smiling, and not interacting with anyone else unless absolutely necessary. More police stand on corners or cruise the streets than is usual. A palpable tension fills the air.

As the day goes on, the Host will start showing flu-like symptoms. By late afternoon, greenish blotches will appear on his skin. By nightfall, his hands start twitching.

Unwanted Guests

The investigators, having fallen under the cult's watchful eye before the scenario started, will be followed. Anyone making a Spot Hidden roll will notice their tail. If spotted, the tail will break off immediately, to be replaced by a different one an hour later. Their new tail, if spotted, can be evaded with Drive or Sneak rolls. If confronted, the heavily accented Arab will plead innocence. Any loud or violent confrontation will certainly arouse the attention of a patrolman, who will send everyone about their business.

If the investigators fell into the law's bad graces last night, they are 60% likely to have a police tail as well.

An Ominous Phone Call

Early that morning, before the investigation can begin in earnest, Dr. William Dyer, Dean of the Natural Sciences school

The Cult Tail

STR 13	CON 12	SIZ 15	HP 13
POW 11	DEX 14	INT 09	MV 07
APP 09	SAN 00	EDU 04	

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
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Fist/Punch	65%	1D3
Kick	25%	1D6

DAMAGE BONUS +1D4

SKILLS

Dodge 40%, Fast Talk 50%, Listen 45%, Sneak 65%,
Hide 50%, Track 35%

SPELLS

None

and chair of the Geology department, will call Jeremy Ward's friend, having heard that (s)he was in some way involved in the investigation of the explorer's disappearance.

It seems that a week ago, that English fellow Ward came to Dyer with something he needed analyzed. It was a huge, translucent stone the size of a football that vaguely resembled a human brain with some unsettling differences. The thing had a strange inscription running all over it. Dyer tried to chip it, cut it, scratch it, etch it, do anything to it, but to no avail. He was unable to identify it as any terrestrial mineral.

As if that weren't strange enough, working with it filled Dyer and his students with a strange sense of dread. Sometimes the stone would seem to shift position when unwatched, or flash with an inner light out of the corner of one's eyes, but only just enough to leave the viewer doubting. Ward came back two days later and took it away again, saying that there had been others who couldn't help him, and that Dyer should keep this whole matter a secret. Funny fellow, Ward, very cryptic and almost sinister.

What troubles Dyer now, and what has prompted him to break his silence, are the dreams. Each night, Dyer has been plagued with nightmares about strange alien vistas, green insect like creatures, and the strange glowing gem which whispered to him of horrible things. Dyer is convinced that he has touched something as alien and evil as The Necronomicon, and thought Jeremy's friend should know about it.

The University Library

When the investigators go to the Library, they will find Dr. Wilfred Llanfer, assistant to Dr. Armitage, in charge. (Armitage's recent delvings into the unknown have left him in a state of poor health requiring a reduced work schedule.) The library is an empty, shadowy place of oppressive silence and ill forebodings, with imagined movements at the edge of one's vision and the ghosts of murmured conversation puzzling the ears.

Llanfer will restrict the investigators to the first floor on Sunday, and the investigators will also not be let near the library's black tomes. A call by Dyer to Armitage will get the investigators past any of Llanfer's restrictions, but in no case will he let them stay past 5 PM - "I daresay the books will still be here tomorrow."

Note that Dr. Rice will offer to make the call, but he in fact will not, telling the investigators that Armitage has denied their request, and that all restrictions still apply. He will also do what he can to discourage the investigators from attempting to gain access to the books in question without drawing suspicion onto himself.

The Following clues may be found at the library, each requiring four hours of snooping and a successful Library Use roll. For further details of this location, see the map from Arkham Unveiled, as well as Entry 623 AU.

The First Floor And Periodicals

1. The Arkham Advertiser's news reports of the first three kidnappings, dated 10/3, 10/23, and 10/27. ((Handout#5).
2. An Arkham Gazette article concerning Jeremy Ward's arrival in Arkham, dated 10/2. (Handout #6).
3. Should they be sought, the entire collection of volumes pertaining to the origins of ancient written Arabic and ancient Arabic inscription are missing. If asked, Dr. Llanfer says they have been known to be missing for about a week. Jeremy Ward came in to peruse them on the 15th, and he was the last person known to have looked at them.

Any investigator making a Spot Hidden roll on the aisle where the books were located and succeeding at half chance will find faint traces of chalk on the carpet. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll will identify them as the leftovers of some form of gate.

Basement Periodicals

If information about Jeremy Ward is sought, the investigators will find:

1. An article in the Boston Globe dated 7/18/17 telling of a Lord Jeremy Ward being decorated with several American soldiers in the Great War. (No Handout)
2. Another Globe article about an archaeological expedition to Egypt and Ethiopia, dated 6/19/20, and a second article from 11/17/21 recording Ward's recovery of ancient artifacts and his subsequent knighthood. (Handout #7.)

3. An article about the loss of Ward's expedition to the Congo, dated 4/16/26 (Handout #8).

4. Another Article dated 5/14/28 concerning Ward's return from Tibet and some shady secrets (Handout #9).

The Third Floor

The only items of interest up here are Armitage's restricted books; the famous Latin Necronomicon, Unausprechlichen Kulten, The Book of Eibon, The John Dee Necronomicon, The Pnakotic Manuscripts, the Latin Liber Ivonis, the Coultres des Goules, The Eltdown Shards, and the works of Dr. Laban Shrewsbury. Each four hour period spent researching them will cost the investigator 1D2 points of SAN and give an investigator without Cthulhu Mythos a skill of 2%. No leads can be found in their blasphemous depths.

Perusing the Pnakotic Manuscripts will net the investigators the information found in Handout 10.

OTHER PLACES

If visited, the investigators will find the front desk closed and the management very unresponsive to questions. The investigators will have to wait until Monday, unless they are feeling rather daring. Anyone trying to find Ward's room on the sly will need both a successful Sneak roll to bypass Frank the watchman (or a diversion to distract him) and a successful Locksmith roll to pick the lock to the office, where the register will list Ward as staying in room 415; a spare key is on hand. Another Sneak roll will be necessary to get to the room itself.

Ward's Room

Jeremy Ward's hotel room is a mess - in the outer room, a table is overturned, the inner room's bed is a mess, and some clothing is strewn around. Only one small, empty suitcase can be found in the closet, too small to hold the clothes strewn about. Spot Hidden rolls will reveal (roll 1D6 to see which clue):

1. A mousetrap in the closet.
2. A clump of rags in the bathroom's waste basket, stained dark brown - a Know roll will allow an investigator to recognize it as soaked in dry blood. A successful First Aid roll will show that its at least a week old. Beneath it in the trash is a large knife, identical to the one used by the wizard at the hovel, also stained.
3. Several dark spots on the carpet - more blood. The spots make a trail from the door to the bathroom to the closet to the door again.
4. On the floor, scattered about in plain view are several large bullets. Any gun toting investigator will identify them as elephant gun shells. No other trace of the gun can be found.
5. Signs that the front door has had its lock picked or jimmied.
6. Under the bed are two notebooks full of Ward's notes. (Handout #11. Note that Handout #12 is given out to any investigator spending four hours of work translating #11 and making either a successful Linguist roll (normal chances) or an

Arabic roll at half skill.

7. Jeremy Ward's Journal (Handout #13).
8. An article concerning Haril Ashaba (Handout #14).

The Authorities

Not the best of ideas. The Keeper should discourage the investigators from going to the police, perhaps with hint Idea rolls.

The Arkham Police Station (232 AU) will be bustling with activity, even on Sunday, as the detectives scramble for leads on the murdered students. The bizarre deaths have been kept secret so that the papers can't cause a panic, though chief Nichols doubts if the secret can be kept for too much longer.

Upon their arrival, tough, hard boiled chief of detectives Luther Harden will immediately take all of the investigators into custody, separate them, question them vigorously, and sit them in a holding cell while he examines their testimony and compares stories. Rice will be treated with respect, but the rest of the investigators will be in for a rough time.

Any investigator not visiting the police will be fetched by Harden should any investigator name him. Harden will hunt down discrepancies in their statements and cross-examine them out of existence. Any talk of sorcerers or monsters will be dismissed as rubbish.

Other than questioning them, the police can't take any action against the investigators, but Harden will warn the investigators that these are serious matters best left to professionals. Any further interference will force Harden to arrest the lot of them for Interfering with an Official Investigation.

The investigators will be grilled for nearly a whole day, and from then on, there is a 60% chance that a randomly selected investigator will have a policeman follow him wherever he goes. The tail, if noticed, must be evaded with Drive Auto or Sneak rolls. Should the investigator try anything suspicious, the cop will try to take him in.

Fights with the police should be discouraged; they will only end with the arrest of the investigators.

OTHER INVESTIGATIONS

Should they ask, tell the investigators that all of the other crime scenes were similar to the place where they rescued Billy Bob, and that they already have all the information they can use from them.

Should the investigators try to follow up on the latest disappearance, they will find that the police have beat them to it. Friends and family of the missing girl will not talk to the investigators, having been instructed not to by the police. If the investigators push, they will undoubtedly run afoul of the law. (See The Authorities.)

Shady Dealings

The investigators can easily be made aware of the bootlegging racket run by kingpin Danny O'Bannion, and they might seek out this source of information. O'Bannion runs his operation through the Lucky Clover Cartage Co. (412 AU), but

is currently in Boston on business; inquiring investigators will deal with his sly henchman, Bobby Sills. Sills will tell the investigators that he and his boss "don't know and don't want to know" anything about the kidnappings, and that the increased level of law enforcement activity and threat of Federal involvement in the case are making things quite uncomfortable for the whole operation. Business has been lucrative lately anyway, though. If asked about cults or foreigners, Sills will tell them to go ask Dan at the speakeasy (104 AU).

At the speakeasy, Dan will naturally be very suspicious. A successful Debate or Fast Talk roll, plus the purchase of some liquor and a sizeable gratuity, will loosen Dan's lips. Dan will relate that business has been very strong in the last month or so, on account of all the foreigners that are in town. A strange, mixed lot they are: "Most of 'em don't even speak English, but they do love their hooch." Ordinarily he wouldn't let such riff raff in, but with the police scaring off his usual patrons, Dan's had to take what he can get.

Arkham Graveyard

NOTE: Should the investigators not go to the graveyard, the desire to use up time translating, researching, or answering police queries may well push the scenario into a second day. Each day, the investigators will receive a cryptic note from Ward imploring them to meet him at the graveyard. Just run the encounters from there unchanged. Eventually, the investigators will get to the climax of the scenario.

Nightfall

In order for the investigators to keep their mysterious appointment at the Old Arkham Graveyard (712 AU), they will have to violate the curfew. If they travel to the graveyard after 6PM, there is a 30% chance that they will be spotted by a police squad car and have to either evade pursuit with a Drive Auto or Sneak roll, or bluff their way out with a Fast Talk roll (fleeing from the police will preclude the second option).

If the investigators are caught, the authorities will be very testy, indeed. (See The Authorities.) The police will only hold the investigators overnight, and the next day a new letter (Handout #15) will whisk them to The Showdown.

If, on the other hand, the investigators go to the cemetery early and wait, perhaps hoping to catch the author of their invitation on his arrival, there is only a 20% chance of being noticed by the police, reduced to 10% if the investigators conceal their car.

With the coming of night, the ominous cemetery becomes downright horrifying. No crickets chirp, and the oppressive silence seems almost alive, consuming any sounds made like some invisible predator. The grey clouds that have haunted the sky all day grow thicker with the sunset, and before long the faint ghosts of thunderclaps can be heard. The clouds almost completely obscure the moon, leaving everything bathed in a pale half light in which the bare boughs of the trees and thick brambles cast moving, claw-like shadows; and the headstones glow, lolling about at all angles like the worn down teeth of some ancient giant.

Shadows and tricks of the light will give faint impressions of

10/2/28

FOREIGN VISITOR GRACES ARKHAM WITH LECTURE

Sir Jeremy Ward, well known explorer and archaeologist, arrived in Arkham today, and is expected to spend about 3 weeks researching at Miskatonic University to clarify some finds of his made on his recent expedition to Tibet and India.

Ward will also give a dinner and lecture at the University on the night of the 28th concerning archaic myth patterns of Asia and the Near East. A splendid evening of learning is guaranteed for all.

10/3/28

UNIVERSITY STUDENT MISSING

Frank Parsons, English student at Miskatonic University, was reported missing yesterday by his roommate, Mark Billings. Parsons went out to see a feature at the cinema, and simply never returned. "Parsons was known as a quiet lad, not very forthcoming," said Detective Luther Harden, assigned to the investigation of Parsons' disappearance. "He's likely on some extended jaunt in the country and simply failed to tell anyone."

Harden urged the populace not to worry overmuch, and asks that anyone with any information regarding the disappearance to contact him immediately.

10/23/28

SECOND DISAPPEARANCE BAFFLES POLICE

Another Miskatonic student has gone missing. While search parties combed the surrounding woods for any sign of Frank Parsons, co-ed Lucy Streiber was abducted on her way to meet friends at a social gathering. Streiber, originally from Maine, was studying nursing at M.U.'s medical center. Detective Luther Harden has been assigned to head the investigation of this apparent kidnapping as well, but would not confirm that the two events are linked in any way.

"Now that this has happened, anyone missing for 24 hours will be presumed part of this case, when it may not be so," he said. Harden urges university students to limit their travel about at night, and to travel in groups.

The Parsons of Rhode Island have stood by their promise to offer a \$500 reward for the return of their son, despite police urgings to the contrary.

10/27/28

M.U. KIDNAPPERS STRIKE AGAIN

The ranks of the missing swelled to 3 yesterday when Joseph Banks was declared missing by police. Detective Harden, in charge of the investigation, responded to charges that the Arkham police are delinquent in their duties at yesterday's emergency council meeting. "This is a very complex case, and we are doing the best we can. To tell you more would give you details which might help the guilty parties." Harden did not rule out calling in the FBI, but did state that he would "personally hand the scum responsible."

10/29/28

MISSING GIRL PROMPTS CITY-WIDE CURFEW

The parents of 8 year old Cynthia Wheeler were roused from their sleep last night by the sound of their daughter's screaming. They rushed to the girl's room, only to find her gone, and the window standing open. Out the window they saw "a large group of degenerate-looking people fleeing into the night." Police responded with lightning speed, but no trace of the perpetrators was found.

"Until now, this gang has preyed on university students, not natives of Arkham, presumably to avoid drawing undue attention to themselves, but now they have gone entirely too far," said Detective Luther Harden, head of the ongoing investigation into the growing number of missing in Arkham.

According to Harden, the following steps will be implemented immediately: the imposition of a city-wide curfew effective 6PM tonight, the formation of a special squad of deputies that will go house to house along the riverfront in a massive search and corralling of suspects, and the official involvement of the FBI in the case. Harden refused to comment on the rampant rumors that the missing university students have already been found, each brutally murdered. Come on, Detective Harden! Surely truth is no worse than rumor, however embarrassing to your inept department it might be. Mayor Peabody has made statements in private that call for the resignation of both Harden and Chief of Police Asa Nichols. Meanwhile, the terror still grips Arkham

10/29/28

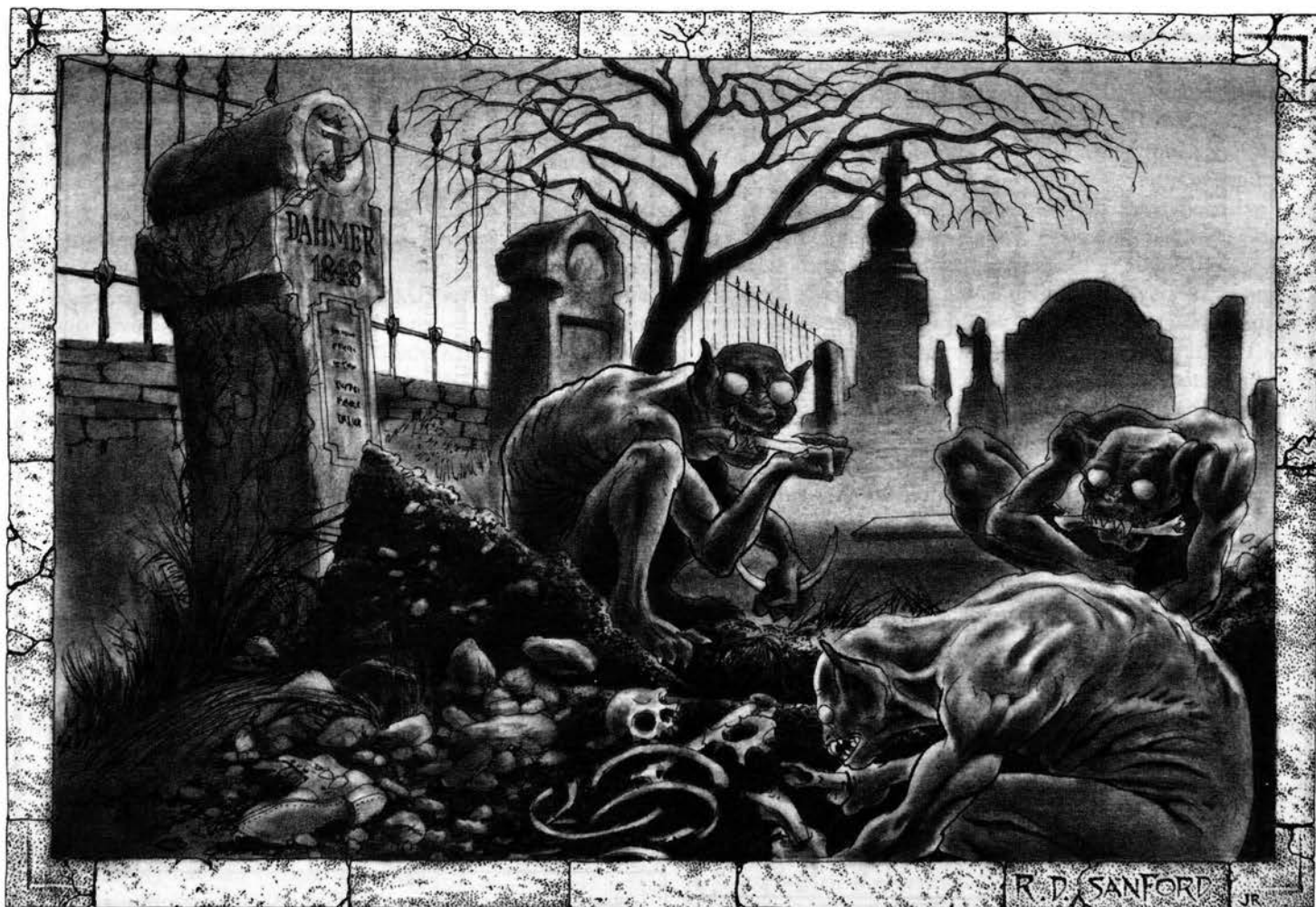
EXPLORER CANCELS DINNER

World renowned explorer and noted archaeologist, Sir Jeremy Ward of Great Britain, left notice that a benefit dinner and lecture he was to give tomorrow night was canceled.

Ward was a visiting guest of Arkham's Miskatonic University, and was not available for comment at his suite at the Hotel Miskatonic.

Ward's notice cited "personal, pressing reasons" for the cancellation. What a loss for the elite and educated of Arkham!

Pertinent Handouts



A Midnight Snack

stealthy movements, the wind in the undergrowth will reinforce them. An hour after dark, however, those investigators succeeding in Listen rolls will hear some strange scrabbling and nipping sounds that they can't discount. If they wander off to investigate, they will find the source; 1D3 ghouls robbing a grave, who will be as startled at the investigator's presence as the investigators will be at theirs. The ghouls will flee; this encounter should be played up to increase the atmosphere of horror, not distract the investigators from what is to come. If combat should occur, these ghouls have average stats as per the rule book.

The Trap

Jeremy Ward sent the invitation to the investigators, but he himself will never arrive. The cult, learning of his plans, has arranged a nasty surprise for the investigators.

Around 8PM, the investigators will notice some lights and voices coming from near the center of the graveyard. If the investigators hurry to follow, they may (with a Spot Hidden roll) see the cult wizard and two cultists running away. They seem to have left a black velvet cloth draped over a particularly large headstone. If the investigators chase the fleeing cultists, they will stumble upon a startled group of 4 average ghouls - the confusion of the encounter should allow the cultists to escape.

They'll get away anyway. The key to the trap is the velvet cloth.

If or when an investigator pulls back the cloth on the headstone, they will find a mirror tied to it. Looking in the mirror, investigators will see an eerie, alien landscape swirl into view and blot out their reflections. Just one look by one investigator is all it takes, and suddenly the investigators find themselves standing on a flat, endless gunmetal plain under a livid purple sky, in which swim seven orange suns. The plain is broken all around by gray, crystalline formations which jut up at odd angles, growing to monstrous size on the horizon. Before the group stands a white, tree-like crystal with a mirror tied to it. Even investigators who ran off in pursuit find themselves back with the group, lost in the alien surroundings. A SAN check is called for, for a cost of 1/1D8.

In the mirror the investigators can see the Old Arkham Graveyard, where six huge, green beasts like the one encountered in the hovel in the opening sequence of this scenario lope about, a sight worth another SAN roll for a cost of 2/1D4+2. Any investigator making an Idea roll will realize that the creatures are exactly mimicking the investigators' movements.

But before they can react to any of this, the investigators hear a gurgling hiss from behind them. Turning, they find themselves confronted by a huge creature with a head and a set

of jaws far too big for its body, with a glistening, pink hide and talons of what look like steel. Beady, golden eyes peer out from under its huge shark grin, and two tentacles slither through the air.. Of course, a SAN check is necessary, with a cost of 1D3/1D10.

The beast immediately attacks. Roll dummy dice rolls, even let guns go first and pretend to keep track of hit points, but no matter what the investigators do, they cannot kill the beast. It, and the entire transdimensional jaunt, are an illusion. The thing will horribly slay two investigators a round (More SAN rolls! 0/1D3). Determine who gets it at random.

The key to stopping this is the mirror. If any player thinks on his own (no hints!) to break the mirror, the entire horrifying illusion is broken, and the Otherplane shatters with a deafening ring. Any investigators not "killed" find themselves back in the graveyard, so stunned that all they can do is fall to their knees and try to stop the ringing in their ears. Their "dead" companions lie unconscious and whole around them. If they all "die" they will all awaken in the graveyard, heads buzzing and aching miserably.

In either case, a circle of hungry, leering ghouls is closing in for dinner, ready to finish the helpless investigators off for good. SAN loss for this grisly sight is 0/1D6.

No matter how hard they try, the stunned investigators literally cannot lift a finger. But just as the feasting is about to begin, a wizened old Asian man steps out from behind a tree. "Okane Beh Fusu! Okawa!" he shouts in his cracked, aged voice, and he makes several passes in the air with his hands. The ghouls hesitate, then flee.

Still too stunned to move, the investigators watch the old man turn toward them, his bone white hair glistening in the ghost of the moonlight. "Seek out the Host," he says in a thick accent that betrays his origins as hindu, "Aid the Sentinel. Simpson apartments, Walnut and Saltonstall. Two one five." With that,, he vanishes into the shadows.

A few moments later, the thunder picks up in earnest, a cool breeze blows, and lightning flashes can be seen.

The investigators' paralysis lifts as the first drops of rain fall.

The old man was, of course, Haril Ashaba. He's here to see that this business with the Other ends one way or the other. Now the pieces are in place, and only the final conflict remains...

THE SHOWDOWN

It's only a short jaunt from the cemetery to the Simpson Apartments, and the investigators will reach their destination just as the storm whips into its full fury, brilliant lightning lashing the sky and wind howling madly.

The Room

If the adventure has run well, the players should be uncertain if Ward is friend or foe, and Rice should be persuading them towards the latter. In any case, the door to room 215 is locked, and there's no response to any knock or call. If an investigator

succeeds in a Listen roll, they will hear a rhythmic, solitary voice. Is it chanting? The only thing to do is bust in. When the investigators knock the door in or pick the lock, the room's occupant will break of his chant with a surprised shout when the investigators' entrance admits a gust of the storm outside.

The apartment is tiny, with the most basic furniture. The investigators' eyes will first be drawn to the room's lone and haggard occupant,, a tall, lean man with disheveled brown hair, wild blue eyes, and three days growth of beard. His is the face of a madman, contrasting sharply with his conservative, wealthy looking clothes. The man's left arm is bandaged and in a sling.

This is explorer extraordinaire Jeremy Ward, in bad need of sleep without dreams and a good shave. After several frenzied days of preparation without sleep, he's about at his wit's end.

The next thing that the investigators notice is on the table in front of Ward, the source of the room's pale white illumination, the Mind Gem. Investigators are overcome with a sense of dread while viewing it, and need to make a SAN roll for a loss of 0/1.

Next to the Gem are several books about ancient Arabic inscription - the ones Ward purloined from the Miskatonic University Library with use of a Gate spell. Ward grips several sheets of paper in his trembling right hand.

Ward jumps back at the investigator's entrance, then shouts "Oh, it's you! Good! You shall help me to complete the Ritual and open the gate. We haven't much time."

Now, Ward means the reverse of the Gem's ritual, to open the gate and throw the Gem back, but depending on their interpretation of the scenario's clues, the investigators may not pick up on this. They're likely to threaten Ward to get him to stop, but before a confrontation can begin, the Host's proximity to the Mind Gem will cause the Other to snap Rice's will and take over, molding the professor's body to its own image. At this point, read the following aloud:

The strange jewel on the table suddenly flares with a bright light, and Rice stiffens. Sweat pours down the man's brow and his skin turns ashen as he begins to babble incoherently in a voice that is not his own.

"No!! For God's sake, NO!!" cries the wild eyed man as he rushes forward, but without warning huge steel talons erupt from Rice's fingertips in a shower of blood and rip the man's throat out in an even bigger explosion (SAN check, 0/1). On the far wall, colors begin to flow and swirl, forming a large circle. The Jewel has turned moist, glistening in its own light. Before your very eyes it begins to pulsate and squirm, the stone made flesh.

Convulsions wrack Rice's body, and he screams, yet that horrible other voice echoing out of his throat continues. The poor man then swells, and in the space of a second bursts in an explosion of blood and bits of steaming flesh that drenches all of you and the entire room. A hideous beast stands revealed where once a man stood, its gaping maw roaring and drooling where moments ago was a human countenance. The thing's baleful, golden eyes, set at the thing's waist, seem to burrow into your very souls as it clicks its huge steel talons together

The deep inhuman voice still raves on from somewhere beyond its chilling shark grin, and now the gate on the far wall is clearly forming, with what seems to be an infinite horde of

green, misshapen beasts pressing against it as if against a pane of glass or a mirror..."

The transformation of the host is a true horror, with a SAN loss of 1D6/1D10. The investigators now have five rounds to stop the Other from securing the gate and forcibly assimilating all life on Earth. It is unlikely that they will be able to kill the Host,,while it will make mincemeat of them.

Jeremy Ward

STR 12 CON 16 SIZ 14 HP 15
 POW 13 DEX 12 INT 16 MV 07
 APP 14 SAN 25 EDU 17

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
Knife	35%	1D4
Fist/Punch	58%	1D3
DAMAGE BONUS +1D4		

SKILLS

Dodge 55%, First Aid 88%, Hide 35%, Library Use 49%, Listen 43%, Read/Write Latin 35%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 35%

SPELLS

Create Gate (To Othermind)

SUCCESS

The surest way to defeat It is to grab the Mind Gem and heave it into the gate. The gate will shatter like a mirror, and the countless throats of the Other will howl in defeat and outrage, a sound half of Arkham will take to the grave. The Host,,its link with the Othermind severed, will die instantly.

With a flash of light and a clap of thunder, the gate will vanish, leaving the investigators alone and dazed with the grisly remains of Dr. Rice and possibly several of their companions.

Defeating the Othermind will earn the investigators 1D10+3 points of Sanity. If Jeremy Ward is still alive when the gore settles, award an additional 1D8. If the investigators kill Jeremy, deduct 1D8+3 points for the murder of an innocent.

The Transformed Host

STR 26 CON 35 SIZ 18 HP 26
 POW30 DEX 20 INT 50 MV 07

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
Claw (2)	75%*	1D6+2D6
Bite	45%**	2D6+2D6

*Claws cannot reach the investigators

**Target of a successful attack is knocked out and infected

ARMOR: 3 points, plus bullets do only half damage
 No weapon can impale

SPELLS: None

SANITY: 1D10 / 1D6



The Host's Final Moments

Skinwalker

By Michael Szymanski

KEEPER'S INTRODUCTION

Before play begins, the Keeper should select an investigator who will receive Anna Price's letters from the Handout Section. Also, refresh the investigator's memory with the following facts:

Anna Price is an assistant professor of Anthropology at the college nearest the town in which the investigator lives. She and the investigator are friends, but more in a professional rather than personal way. Anna is very sure of herself, and is not overly patient with delays and procedures, which has caused many at the University to consider her reckless and hard-nosed.

Anna was scheduled for a three week vacation, and the last time the investigator heard from her was when she called to say good-bye. In that conversation, Anna spoke of her anticipation of visiting the ruins of the ancient Anasazi cliff dwellings, and perhaps participating in a dig. The three letters followed in rapid succession from the first to second week, and then nothing.

The investigator should be allowed to make an Idea roll once he or she has read all three letters. Success will make it obvious that Anna is in fact on a dig of her own, and is doing so without the consent of the University, or permission from the Navajo tribe, on whose lands the ruins are located.

If this roll is made, a Knowledge roll will then call to mind the fact that the rules governing excavations of Indian burial sites are very strict, and only approved and qualified individuals are allowed to conduct such digs. And while Anna may be qualified, it is fairly certain that she could not have gained such approval so quickly at this early stage of her career.

Anna was in fact excavating without permission in the wilderness of Arizona, where she hoped to prove a theory she had concerning the Anasazi. But what she found out there in the sandstone maze near the town of Three Buttes was quite more than she bargained for, and the discovery has sealed her doom.

KEEPER'S INFORMATION

Prior to Anna Price's arrival in Three Buttes, an artifacts thief named Charlie Two Horses has been making regular trips out to the Anasazi ruins to dig up more pottery, which he sells on the black market for substantial sums of money. On one such expedition, Charlie discovered the entrance to a cave of some extent, in one chamber of which he stumbled across the cocoon of the Skinwalker.

Two Horses is a Navajo witch or, as such a one is often called, a skinwalker. Versed in the mystic arts of his people and closely acquainted with the dark realms of the Mythos, Two Horses recognized the cocoon as something from the eldritch realms of evil. Having realized this, he immediately set out to release the creature, hoping to gain dark knowledge from it.

This was accomplished after much study and consultation of certain books it was necessary for him to steal; the fact that he had to kill their owners did not slow him down a bit. Two Horses is more than a little mad, and as this scenario progresses, his sanity will steadily degenerate.

Once the release was accomplished, Two Horses was able to communicate with the creature, and an abominable alliance was formed. Each learned of the other's nature, and arrived at an arrangement that would profit them both. Two Horses sought arcane power, and the Skinwalker sought a shell in which to house itself; both were all too easily accomplished.

Unfortunately for Anna, her excavation was located in the ruins nearest the entrance to the cave, and one day while exploring, she found it and, eventually, the empty cocoon. Two Horses found her there, and to protect his secret he killed her.

The Skinwalker dissolved Anna's flesh and entered her skin, thereupon granting Two Horses the two spells that would enable him to accomplish the same feat. Since Navajo belief holds that a witch can change his form, becoming a wolf or other such creature, Two Horses was now a "skinwalker" in a very literal sense.

The problem was, once the Skinwalker was released from the cocoon, it began to grow, and soon outgrew Anna's skin. This problem will precipitate a series of bizarre murders which will begin shortly before the investigators arrive in Three Buttes.

In order to provide the growing Skinwalker with a larger body, Two Horses will stalk and kill townfolk by ones and twos, skinning the bodies and using the human hides to sew onto the Skinwalker's body, thus allowing it to increase its size comfortably. This body will be a true horror to behold, for the faces and hair are left intact, and their previous owners will be easily identifiable - cause for a second Sanity roll should the investigators recognize one of their own party in this abominable sac!

In order to throw the police into confusion, Two Horses redresses the corpses once he has removed their skin, leaving behind wallets, purses and other personal belongings. He will, however, place the victim's shoes on the wrong feet, which to a Navajo is a sure sign of a Witch at work. A Spot Hidden will call attention to the misplaced footwear, and an Anthropology roll at one quarter will bring to light the significance of this circumstance.

Two Horses is doing this for another, equally important

reason: to cast blame on someone else in town, and thus draw attention away from himself. The victim of this monstrous frame is one Michael Blackmoon, a young Navajo student of Anthropology, who is trying to establish himself as a Navajo Singer, or shaman (see Michael Blackmoon).

Two Horses hopes to keep the police off his trail long enough for the Skinwalker to establish itself in the area and grow strong enough to protect him once their unholy alliance becomes known - which by then, he hopes, it will be too late for the people of Three Buttes.

THE SKINWALKER

The Skinwalker

STR 85 CON 40 SIZ 80 HP 60
POW28 DEX 20 INT 20 MV 10

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
Fist/Punch	65%	1D6+1D6
Kick	40%	1D6+1D6
Club	30%	1D6+1D6
Grapple	25%	1D6+1D4*

*1D6 crushing damage, and 1D4 suffocation damage per round. If more than 3 points of damage are inflicted on the creature, it will break off its attack, releasing its victim and turning on the source of its injury.

SKILLS

Camouflage 45%, Climb 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 45%, Dodge 40%, Hide 30%, Jump 45%, Listen 40%, Sneak 30%, Speak English 30%, Throw 30%

ARMOR: 20 point skin slime (works only against fire)

SPELLS: Cloud Memory, Deflect Harm, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Flesh Ward, Power Drain, Liquify Tissue, Fluidity

SANITY: 1D10 / 1D4

In its natural state, the Skinwalker is an amoeboid lump of semi-transparent, pinkish-hued protoplasm with the consistency of thick jelly through which run deep red and purple strands connecting multicolored tissues which may serve as rudimentary organs.

The creature can stretch and shape itself into any form, but only for brief moments, which is why it requires a shell of human skin to contain itself. Most often, it will form the tendrils it forces into its victims' bodies to liquify their tissue.

The pseudoflesh of the Skinwalker is quite flammable, and to protect itself, the creature exudes a slimy fluid over its surface which gives it 20 points of protection against fire damage. Fire of any kind will inflict 1D6 points of damage per round, and the

entire 20 points must be burned off before the creature itself can be harmed. With its protection gone, the Skinwalker will take 1D10 points of damage per round from the flames.

Because of its vulnerability, the Skinwalker holds its own preservation as uppermost in importance. It will move under cover of darkness or in the skin of one of its victims to go unnoticed until its increasing size makes this impossible.

If danger is expected, it will employ all of its protective spells on itself on the chance that its true nature might be discovered. Only if it is cornered will it resort to its offensive spells. But primarily, it will rely on subterfuge and deceit to attain its goals.

Once released from its cocoon, the Skinwalker begins to grow, adding 1 point to its STR and SIZ every 3 days. The stats previously presented represent the creature's stats on the day the investigators arrive in Three Buttes.

When the Skinwalker attains a SIZ of 30, it will be ready to reproduce 1D10 offspring with 5 points in each attribute, after which the parent reverts to the to its original stats, beginning the process again.

The same rate of growth as the parent's also applies to its offspring. When the offspring reach a SIZ of 30, they in turn will become the parents, and the cycle will begin again.

While the Skinwalker is obviously a monstrous creature, it is also highly intelligent and cunning - a combination which will make it doubly dangerous. It is not a summoned creature, so it is under no one's control; it has its own motivations and agenda, which at the moment consists of surviving to bear offspring.

The Skinwalker is also using Charlie Two Horses, gaining knowledge from him that will allow both it and its offspring to survive and thrive in the outside world. Once it has produced its first offspring, the creature will consider Two Horses of no further use, and kill him, adding his skin to its gruesome collection.

After this has happened, the Skinwalker will lead its offspring into Three Buttes and allow them to stalk the unsuspecting townsfolk, taking their skins to provide human disguises for the time when they set forth into the world.

New Spells

The Skinwalker has two unique abilities which function in much the same manner as a spell, and which can indeed be passed on to a human in the form of a spell.

Liquify Tissue

This ability/ spell is the process by which the Skinwalker dissolves the meat and bone and sinew of its prey in preparation for taking possession of the husk. The creature extends a portion of itself through an orifice of its present shell - usually the mouth - and into the target's body - once again, most likely through the mouth, but the nose and ears are also the most readily accessible. This represents Fluidity in operation as the Skinwalker's ability.

Once inside its victim, the creature begins the process which will transform flesh into a thick pink jelly from which it gains

sustenance. Once the flesh is completely jellied, the creature is free to inhabit the skin.

In order to feed, the Skinwalker will literally wallow in the jellied protoplasm of its victims, absorbing nutrients through its gelid skin. This rather messy process will always leave traces of jelly behind at the scene of a killing, but these traces will remain only for a period of 6 hours before evaporating.

In their spell form, these abilities function in much the same manner, but with a few minor exceptions.

Liquify Tissue in its spell form costs 1D6 Magic Points and 3 Sanity Points to cast. Also, the caster must win a POW struggle for the spell to take effect. If the caster loses, the spell must be recast; if he wins, the victim is doomed.

This spell takes 3 rounds to intone, and in 3 rounds after a successful POW struggle, it will cause the target's internal organs, bones and other tissue to break down into a lumpy pink jelly. This process is unspeakably agonizing, and anyone witnessing it or hearing the victim's soul-wrenching screams must make a SAN roll or lose 1D6 points of Sanity; and even on a successful roll, there is still a 1 point loss.

The jelly resulting from this spell will evaporate in a matter a few hours, but can be preserved in sealed jars or some other such airtight container. As previously stated, this jelly is the primary ingredient of the moisturizer used to preserve the caster's temporarily vacant skin.

Fluidity

This ability/ spell allows the caster to transform his flesh into a viscid, pink fluid which still retains full consciousness and intelligence. This spell costs 1D6 Magic Points to cast, as well as 1D8 Sanity Points. If this SAN loss causes Temporary Amnesia, the caster will be stuck in this fluid state until he recovers and regains full memory.

There are certain advantages to this fluid state, mainly in the mobility department. The fluid caster may flow under doors, through narrow pipes or air ducts, or anywhere too small for a human body but through which water might flow.

The fluid form still possesses all five senses, though the sense of sight is expanded to a complete sphere, allowing the caster to 'see' in all directions at once. This can prove a bit unsettling until one gets used to it.

The fluid body does not breath, technically, and thus it can exist in various mediums where a human body could not, such as water (up to 1 mile deep), toxic gasses, and even in a vacuum for a period of 1 hour.

Great care and preparation must be taken before this spell is attempted. The caster must find a safe place for the casting, for there his skin will remain until its owner returns to it. If it should be taken or destroyed while the caster is gone, all chance of regaining the original identity will be lost.

The body is usually anointed with a special mixture of herbs and the tissue-jelly of a liquified victim; this moisturizes the skin and preserves its suppleness while its owner is elsewhere. Ideally, the caster mixes a tubfull of this concoction, then immerses himself in it just prior to casting the spell. But at the very least, the skin *must* be anointed, otherwise it will begin to stiffen and decay.

CHARLIE TWO HORSES



Charlie Two Horses

STR 15	CON 14	SIZ 13	HP 14
POW 12	DEX 17	INT 12	MV 07
APP 12	SAN 45	EDU 13	

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
.45 Revolver	65%	1D10+2
.22 Rifle	60%	1D10+2
Bow	55%	1D4
Bowie Knife	50%	1D3+1D4
Fist/Punch	75%	1D3+1D4
Kick	30%	1D6+1D4

DAMAGE BONUS +1D4

SKILLS

Bargain 45%, Camouflage 50%, Climb 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Dodge 40%, Fast Talk 40%, History 25% Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 30%

SPELLS

Contact Servitor, Control Tissue

Two Horses is a man dedicated to the cause of evil, no matter what form it takes. Being a Navajo Witch, he is at odds with the natural harmony of the tribe and its land. He can best be described as a tribal sickness, whose infection will have an effect on everyone else until it is cleansed.

Two Horses began his descent into evil some 20 years previously, when he began illegally digging and selling Anasazi artifacts to black market dealers and certain wealthy locals with a passing interest in archaeology.

In those years, Two Horses has come to know the canyons, passes and arroyos of the back country far better than anyone in Three Buttes. In fact, he knows the location of several Anasazi ruins which have yet to be discovered by outsiders, and it is to these he most often ventures to secure his merchandise.

However, time and opportunity sometimes force Two Horses to risk discovery and raid one of the known sites, though never when a dig is under way. With the Big Reservation as spread out as it is and covered by a relatively small police force, Two Horses is pretty much free to come and go as he pleases, although there have been one or two surprises. And one of those was Anna Price.

The cave of the Skinwalker is located in Many Houses Canyon, a side canyon in which several small dwelling places can be found. These ruins are typical of their kind and not very extensive, so they have been left relatively untouched in favor of the more extensive sites several miles closer to town.

These ruins were chosen by both Anna and Two Horses because of this fact, for neither was overly keen to be found out; Anna because she was conducting an unsanctioned dig which could ruin her reputation, and Two Horses because getting caught would mean a stiff fine and an even stiffer jail sentence.

Up to this point, things had been running smoothly for Two Horses, who subtly worked his witchcraft to scare off the tribesfolk, or at least make them wary enough to keep away from the Many Houses Canyon area without actually drawing attention to the fact.

On one of his visits, Two Horses was poking around through an ancient kiva when the ground suddenly gave way beneath him, dropping him 10 feet into a small chamber off which several tunnels extended into an entire chain of rooms and grottos. Having given some thought to getting into the drug smuggling business, Two Horses began to explore the caves with the notion of using it as a warehouse and hideout.

It was on one of these explorations that he came upon the chamber containing the Skinwalker's cocoon. Realizing that he had found something of great magical power, he set about dragging the cocoon to the surface. This process took several days, much longer than Two Horses had expected.

With one more day to go, Two Horses arrived on the scene, only to find Anna Price in the kiva, gazing down into the chamber below and the cocoon resting within. Creeping up behind the woman with shovel in hand, Two Horses was about to swing when some sound alerted Anna to his presence, whirling around, she confronted the witch, who brought the shovel down on her forehead, killing her instantly and sending blood spattering.

Some of that blood landed by chance on the cocoon of the Skinwalker, and was quickly absorbed, providing the energy required to raise the creature inside from its hibernation. As Two Horses looked on, the Skinwalker broke free and rose into the collapsed kiva.

Aware that Two Horses had been helping it, the creature flowed into Anna's body, dissolving the flesh and taking possession of the skin. Being an intelligent being, the Skinwalker was able to communicate with Two Horses in a rudimentary fashion, indicating that it required his help. And so the alliance was formed.

Two Horses took the creature back to his place and hid it there. Over the next few days they improved their communication, the creature learning a few words of Navajo, enough to tell Two Horses that it was growing, and would need a larger body soon.

Two Horses also had another problem. Anna had been seen in town, and it was common knowledge that she had gone out to the ruins. If she failed to return, someone was certain to come looking. And so, without a qualm or hesitation, Charlie Two Horses became a multiple murderer.

It started with a couple of hobos who were passing through town. Two Horses offered them a ride, took them where they wouldn't be seen and killed them both, skinning their carcasses to fashion an obscene coat of skin for his alien guest.

The two human hides combined were sufficient to give the creature some growing space, and allowed Two Horses the use of Anna's skin. Given the knowledge of the Liquify Tissue and Fluidity spells, Two Horses preserved his own skin and took over Anna's. In this foolproof disguise he returned to Three Buttes.

But the disguise wasn't perfect. For one thing, even though he looked like Anna, Two Horses could not duplicate her voice; also, there was that bruise on her forehead to explain. And so he put on an act, causing the townsfolk to believe Anna had had an accident, struck her head and developed amnesia, coupled with the fact that the trauma of the incident had caused her to lose her voice.

"Anna" was treated by Doc Brule, the town General Practitioner, who suggested his patient be taken to the hospital. But Two Horses refused, making it clear that "Anna" wished to rest and recuperate here in town before continuing on her way. Not being one to interfere in other people's business, Doc Brule prescribed some medication and that was the end of it.

It had been Two Horses' intention to wait 3 days before making a show of leaving town, but it is on the second day that the investigators will arrive, and he will be forced to maintain the charade until he or his ally can deal with them.



"Anna Price"

If nothing else, Two Horses is a good actor, and the Keeper should portray "Anna" as the victim of some terrible event that caused such a shock that it was driven from her memory, and struck her dumb as well. This will no doubt lead the investigators to believe Anna experienced something out in the canyons that was sinister and unnatural - allow them to continue thinking that, and wasting their time searching for a threat that is in fact right beside them!

From time to time, Two Horses has been able to slip away from the TeePee Motel where Anna was staying and return to his place. During these times he has practiced his newfound magic, taking for himself the skin of a wolf, which he has preserved in an Anasazi clay pot in the manner described in the Liquify spell description. Two Horses keeps this jar in a small root cellar beneath his cabin (see Two Horses' Place).

Two Horses plans to use the new power given him by the Skinwalker to his best advantage. He intends to leave the Big Reservation, seek out the wealthy and powerful and take their skins, creating a vast empire that is secretly under the control of one man. What he will do with all that wealth and influence he hasn't quite figured out yet - but it will be something evil and on a grand scale, that's for certain!

On the evening of the investigators' arrival, "Anna" will disappear, as Two Horses plots to lure the party into the wilderness and kill them off. He will return to the Motel that night in the skin of the wolf and seek out a lone investigator.

He will confront the investigator, and in perfectly clear English warn him, "Leave this place, for you are not wanted here!" This will call for a Sanity roll on the investigator's part, or the loss on 1 SAN point. Having given its warning, the wolf will turn and trot off into the night, leaving the party to speculate.

The next morning, Two Horses will appear in town as himself, and will attempt to befriend the investigators, offering local information and tips on camping or hiking in the wilderness. He will even offer to guide the investigators wherever they wish to go, for a fee that will be more than reasonable.

He will tell the investigators that Anna has probably wandered back into the wilderness, and may in fact be heading back to Many Houses Canyon, where it is likely her accident occurred. If that is the case, he will say, then the investigators will certainly require his services.

Two Horses will have no fear of taking the investigators to Many Houses Canyon, for he knows that the Skinwalker's cocoon has been removed. He will encourage the investigators to explore the caves, hoping that they will waste enough time for his alien ally to establish a firm foothold.

Two Horses will attempt to lead the investigators to their doom, either as a group or one at a time. He will most likely make the first attempt on Anna's friend, luring the investigator off to some secluded spot where he will attempt to kill the investigator using the Liquify Tissue spell. He will then assume the skin of his victim and pose as the investigator to destroy the group from within.

If this investigator is a male, Two Horses will attempt to mimic his voice as closely as possible, having studied it during the time he has spent with the group. To cover any discrepancies, he will claim he is coming down with a cold.

However, a successful Listen roll at -10% will draw attention to the fact that the investigator's voice is still strangely different.

Since he can in no way duplicate a female voice, Two Horses will simply kill outright any female investigators, setting the deed up to seem like an accident.

NOTE: The Keeper should secretly inform the player of the unfortunate investigator's fate, and allow him or her to continue on with the scenario - but operating on the other side!

There will be a 30% chance each night that Two Horses will slip away from the group and assume the skin of Anna Price to lure a lone investigator to their death. This would be done in the middle of the night, when the entire camp is asleep, and it is Two Horses' turn at watch.

Anna will wake an investigator, sign to him to be silent, and lead him out of camp as though she were taking him to see something. Once well enough away from the camp, Two Horses will attack, and by the time the rest of the party arrives, the deed will be done.

Two Horses will claim that he heard a sound in the night and went to investigate, and that was why he wasn't present in camp. So good a liar is he that a Psychology roll at -25% is needed to detect the fact that Two Horses is lying.

Lastly, if things start going bad for Two Horses, he will take his evil knowledge and flee the reservation, abandoning the Skinwalker to its fate. If the Keeper so desires, this could set the stage for a follow-up scenario in which the investigators must pursue the witch into the city.

THE KILLINGS

As previously stated, the first two victims of Two Horses were a pair of hobos whose remains will never be found. The third is Virgil Nist, who stopped to help Two Horses with his truck, and was killed for his kindness.

On a schedule of once every three days, Two Horses will have to kill again, for the Skinwalker's rate of growth is quite rapid. In each case, the victim will be found fully dressed, the skin peeled from the flesh, with boots or shoes always on the opposite feet.

The Victims

- *Mary Cloud* - A teenager who went riding up near the ruins and went missing. When her horse returned without her, a search was undertaken - Two Horses will be one of the first to volunteer. Mary's body will be found hanging upside down, suspended by a length of rope around her ankles to the branch of a tree. Strangers will not be very popular in Three Buttes after this, and the investigators should be made to feel this poorly veiled hostility.

- *William Talltree* - A middle-aged sheep rancher discovered in his hogan after he failed to appear for the Blessing Way ceremony which began on the night of his death.

- *George Evitts* - A long-haul trucker who was taking a short-

cut through town. He and his truck will be found near the Onyx Canyon Bridge, the load completely undisturbed. George will be found with a half-empty can of beer in one hand and the microphone of his CB in the other, an unlit cigar jammed between his skinless lips.

- **Jacob Quinter** - An old prospector, whom Two Horses will prop up in a sitting position on the back of his victim's packhorse, allowing it to wander into town. Any investigators in town at the time will not be able to miss this grisly spectacle.

- **Amanda Wolf** - A waitress at the Tee Pee Diner adjoining the motel. It was Amanda's turn to close up the diner, so she was all alone there, and easy prey for Two Horses, who will leave her body propped up in one of the booths with a cup of coffee and a piece of pie set on the table on front of her.

- **Richard Bodman** - A businessman passing through town on the way to Phoenix. Two Horses will waylay him between the Tee Pee Diner and the Motel, drag the body into the motel room through the open back window, and leave the skinless corpse in a bathtub full of water. He will smear shaving cream over the victim's face, placing a razor in his hand.

As Two Horses' murderous rampage continues, it can clearly be seen that he is swiftly slipping into the realm of madness, and his crimes begin to take on a gruesome creativity and macabre humor which can only be the product of a disturbed mind.

The Keeper should feel free to include additional murders as required, steadily increasing these morbid artistic touches as Two Horses sinks deeper and deeper into madness.

A TIMETABLE

Two Horses will claim 1D3 victims per night after the investigators have arrived in Three Buttes. After skinning Richard Bodman at the motel, the killings will all take place in town, as Two Horses, in his madness becomes ever bolder.

Two Horses' usefulness to the Skinwalker will come to an end 7 days after the investigators' arrival, and it will claim his skin in the manner of its species, if the madman has not already been captured by the authorities - or killed by the investigators.

It should be noted that Two Horses will never betray the Skinwalker to the police. If taken alive, he will claim that, as a Navajo Wolf, he was attempting to sow disharmony amongst the tribe, and that the killings were simply an act of pure evil for which he alone is to blame. In fact, Two Horses will by this time have grown so sure of his powers and abilities that it will be nearly impossible not to catch him in the act.

This circumstance acts as an excellent red herring, causing the investigators to think that their work in Three Buttes is done.

Regardless of the fate of Charlie Two Horses, the Skinwalker will be ready to reproduce when it attains a SIZ of 30. At this point, the need for secrecy will be past, and the horde of loathsome creatures will descend upon the town in the night, stalking their human prey and taking possession of their skins.

While some of the creatures will remain in town to feast, others will set about the task of making it out into the world at large. Since they are unfamiliar with Terran technology, the creatures will simply start walking down route 6 in either

direction, regardless of time of day or weather conditions.

If all of these creatures are not stopped, the world will be in terrible danger, and this knowledge will cost the investigators 1D10 Sanity Points. This penalty will be eased to 1D6 points if the investigators are instrumental in bringing an end to the murderous career of Charlie Two Horses.

MICHAEL BLACKMOON



Michael Blackmoon			
STR 15	CON 14	SIZ 13	HP 14
POW 15	DEX 17	INT 12	MV 07
APP 12	SAN 75	EDU 15	
WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE	
.22 Rifle	75%	1D6+2	
Bowie Knife	80%	1D4+2	
DAMAGE BONUS +1D4			
SKILLS			
Anthropology 60%, Archaeology 25%, Bargain 25%, Camouflage 40%, Climb 75%, Dodge 55%, Fast talk 35%, First Aid 35%, Hide 60%, History 35%, Jump 60%, Library Use 65%, Listen 55%, Psychology 45%, Ride 70%, Sing 70%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 65%, Throw 55%, Track 85%,			
SPELLS			
Call Eagle, Call Crow, Call Hawk			

Michael Blackmoon is a full-blooded Navajo Indian who has a deep and abiding interest in the history of his tribe, and an unwavering commitment to its future. He is the greatest potential ally the investigators will find in Three Buttes - but the evidence will initially show him to be a despicable villain.

After receiving his Master's degree in Anthropology, Blackmoon returned to the Big Reservation to specialize in Native American Cultures, particularly the Navajo and Anasazi. It is Blackmoon's interest in the Anasazi which has drawn him into this monstrous affair and earned him the enmity of Charlie Two Horses.

Blackmoon makes many trips into Many Ruins Canyon to photograph the ruins and make notations concerning their location and condition; several volumes of these notes and

accompanying maps occupy the bookcase at Blackmoon's cabin (see Blackmoon's Place).

It was on one such trip to the Canyon that Blackmoon came across the collapsed floor of the kiva which opens into the cave system. This discovery was made after Anna's murder, but before Two Horses could remove the Skinwalker's cocoon.

Realizing that something unnatural was afoot, Blackmoon removed the cocoon himself, hiding it in the storage shed behind his cabin, to be used as proof when he has built a strong enough case to take to the authorities.

Blackmoon suspects Charlie Two Horses on general principles, but he can as yet prove nothing. He tries to keep tabs on Two Horses, and to check out each new crime scene without himself being seen. Unfortunately, this furtive behavior only enhances the appearance of his guilt, and his distrust of strangers will make him uncommunicative and eager to avoid the investigators' questions.

If the investigators can gain his trust, Blackmoon will tell them of his discovery of the cocoon, and offer to guide them to Many Ruins Canyon to show them where he found it. Bear in mind, though, that Blackmoon did not explore the cave system, and is familiar only with the chamber directly beneath the kiva. He will also tell the investigators of his suspicions concerning Charlie Two Horses.

In addition, if the players have not yet met Thomas Hawk, Blackmoon will make the introduction.

DEPUTY SAM CROW



Deputy Sam Crow

STR 15	CON 14	SIZ 13	HP 14
POW 15	DEX 17	INT 12	MV 07
APP 12	SAN 75	EDU 14	

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
.22 Rifle	70%	1D6+2
.45 Revolver	55%	1D10+2
Bowie Knife	45%	1D4+2
DAMAGE BONUS +1D4		

SKILLS

Bargain 25%, Computer Use 10%, Camouflage 50%, Climb 75%, Dodge 50% First Aid 50%, Law 40%, Hide 55%, Jump 50%, Listen 45%, Psychology 40%, Ride 75%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 55%

Sam Crow is a man of the modern world whose soul is deeply rooted in the Navajo culture. As a youth discontented with life on the Big Reservation, Sam set out for Phoenix, Arizona shortly after his eighteenth birthday. In Phoenix, he attended college, intending to get his degree in Law, but after a year, he became interested in Law Enforcement, and shortly thereafter entered the Police Academy.

Sam proved an excellent cadet, graduating with honors, and serving the next three years on the Phoenix Police Force with distinction. But in that time, he grew more and more homesick. He missed the people of the reservation, and that feeling of *rightness* which came from being part of the tribe, a feeling he could never explain to his non-Indian friends on the force.

So when he heard of an opening in the office of the Navajo Tribal Police, Sam jumped at the opportunity, and was fortunate enough to be accepted. He is one of a half-dozen officers who patrol the Big Reservation, his normal patrol area being the Three Buttes area, since this is his home, and he is more or less related to every Navajo in town.

Sam is a quiet, introverted man, always polite but firm when on the job, and in the case of more serious crimes, he is quite unwilling to stand for any nonsense from the folks involved. Like most people in a small town, he is wary of strangers, but his stay in Phoenix has made him somewhat more tolerant of outsiders, so he will be likely to listen to any reasonable story the investigators might tell him - though he will of course investigate the facts quite thoroughly.

It is Sam who will be sent to Three Buttes to investigate the skinning murders when they begin. The bodies of the two hobos which Two Horses kills first will never be found, so it will be the killing of the first resident of Three Buttes which brings Sam to town. This will take place on the day after the investigators' arrival.

Anyone in town at the time who makes a successful Spot Hidden roll at +25% will see Sam's patrol car speeding through town with lights flashing, but with no siren, heading due east towards Culver Pass.

Anyone following the patrol car will encounter Sam in the Pass, his car pulled to the side of the road near a battered old pickup truck which is half hidden in the gully running beside the road.

Inside the pickup, Sam has discovered the body of Virgil Nist, a young Navajo who was well-liked and who had no enemies. The body has, of course, been skinned, the clothes replaced on the body, with the boots placed on opposite feet. Sam will spot this almost immediately, but will say nothing about it to anyone but his Lieutenant back at headquarters.

If the investigators arrive on the scene, Sam will inform them that there has been an accident, and will request their assistance in pulling the pickup from the gully. He will do his best to keep the investigators away from the truck, and if they prove insistent, he will inform them that someone was killed in the accident, and he would appreciate them not going near the truck.

A successful Spot Hidden at this point will reveal that there is something strange about the body; how the investigators handle the situation should be left to the players, but the Keeper should note that if the investigators should try to bully Sam, or disregard his request, they will quickly find themselves under

restraint and on their way to a night in jail.

Sam can prove to be a valuable ally and a useful source of needed information, but only if he is dealt with in a straightforward and honest fashion. Should he feel that he is being used, the investigators could find themselves under suspicion for the crimes perpetrated by Two Horses.

Through Sam, the investigators can learn something of the Navajo culture and how it relates to the murders, and get to speak with many townsfolk who would normally tell them nothing. By cultivating Sam as a friend, the investigators can save valuable time, and in so doing, save many lives.

One bit of information of great value which Sam possesses is that he grew up with Michael Blackmoon. He knows that Blackmoon wishes to be a Singer, and as such could never be capable of committing such horrible crimes, even though the evidence points unerringly to him. This will be the first indication the investigators will have that there may be a second, unknown party involved in this horrible affair.

THOMAS DONNENGER, FBI



Thomas Donnenger, FBI

STR 15	CON 14	SIZ 13	HP 14
POW 15	DEX 17	INT 14	MV 07
APP 12	SAN 75	EDU 15	

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
.45 Revolver	65%	1D10+2
Fist/Punch	85%	1D3
Head Butt	55%	1D4
Kick	75%	1D6
DAMAGE BONUS +1D4		

SKILLS

Climb 50%, Conceal 30%, Dodge 55%, Fast Talk 35%, Hide 40%, Jump 35%, Listen 40%, Locksmith 25%, Persuade 35%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 35%, Throw 30%

The Navajo Tribal Police handle any small crimes which occur on the Big Reservation, but for cases such as murder, the FBI is called in. And in this case, the FBI is Thomas Donnenger.

Donnenger is the stereotypical FBI agent; uncommunicative, unwilling to work with other law enforcement agencies, and intolerant of civilians interfering in a Bureau investigation. The investigators will get only one chance to cross Donnenger, upon which he will obtain a court order instructing them to leave Three Buttes immediately and not return until the case is solved. If they are caught anywhere near town after this, they will be arrested and held at the Navajo Tribal Police headquarters 50 miles away.

Donnenger will interview the investigators concerning the "incident" involving Anna Price, and by his questions, it will shortly become clear that he suspects Anna may be the killer. He will in fact proceed with that mistaken assumption until he is given good reason to think otherwise.

There will be a 40% chance that Charlie Two Horses will kill Donnenger during the agent's interview with "Anna". Donnenger will insist on conducting each interview in private, and on a one-on-one basis, so there will be ample opportunity for the deed to be done.

If this should be the case, the false Donnenger will immediately have the investigators arrested, claiming that Anna has escaped, and that he has reason to believe the investigators helped her. As previously stated, the prisoner will be held at the headquarters of the Navajo Tribal Police.

However, in this instance, Two Horses plans to assault the headquarters with the help of the Skinwalker, killing everyone inside and skinning them, preserving the skins for future use. He cannot afford to let the investigators go, even though they may have only suspicions as to what is taking place in Three Buttes. Besides, by this time, the witch has gone totally insane, and to him, this exercise in brutal, horrifying death is an evening's entertainment.

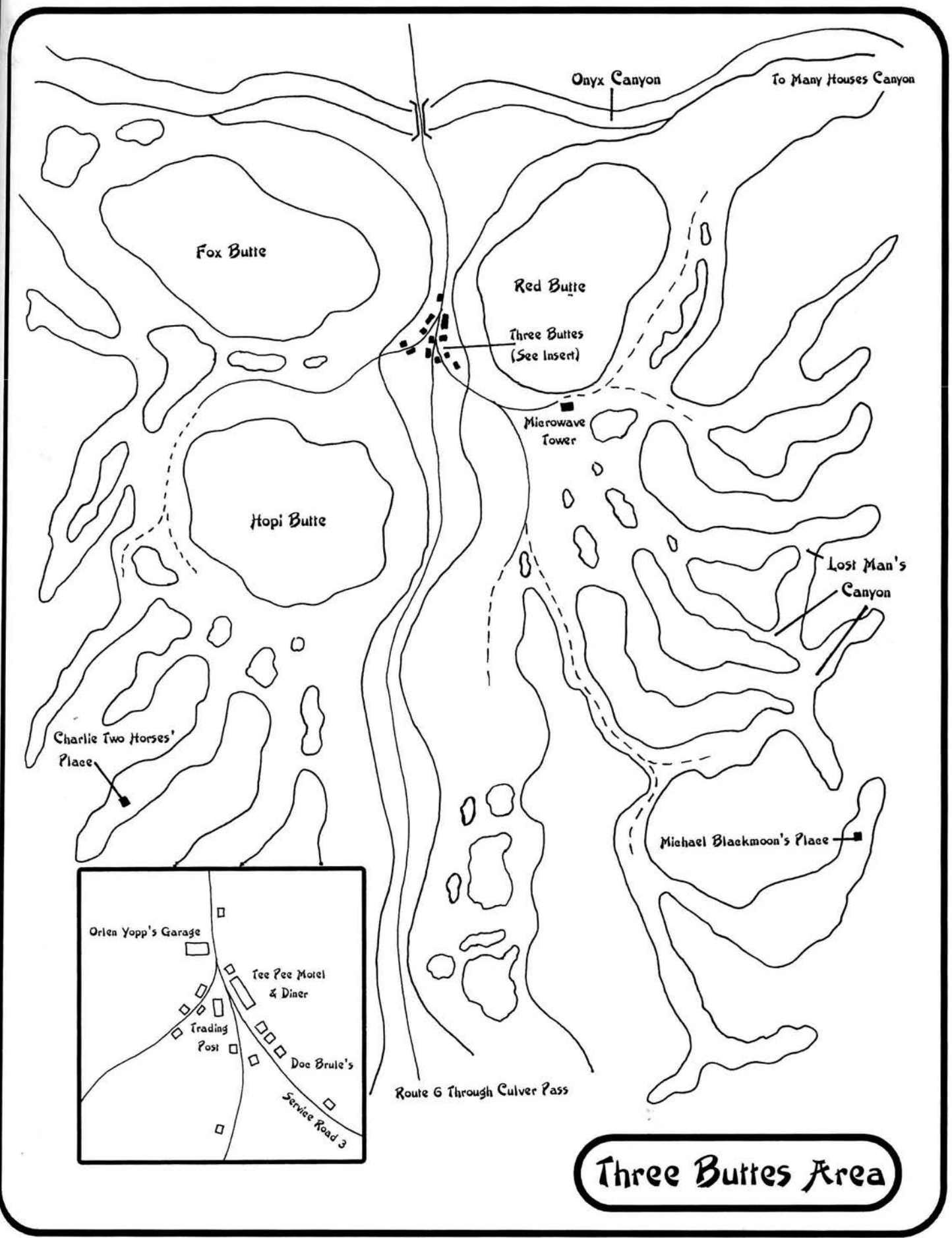
Since the headquarters building is somewhat isolated, no one nearby will know of the assault. Two Horses will first cut the phone lines, then see to destroying the radio. After that, he will guard the patrol cars and allow the Skinwalker to deal with the unsuspecting victims inside.

Two Horses will then set fire to the building, to make these multiple deaths appear to be the result of an accident.

THREE BUTTES

Three Buttes is a small Navajo community on the Big Reservation which straddles old Route 6 as it passes through Culver Pass on its way to the Onyx Canyon Bridge and Phoenix several miles beyond. The town's name derives from the fact that it is located almost precisely between three high-standing buttes: Fox Butte to the southwest, Hopi Butte to the southeast, and Red Butte to the north. Because of their location, the buttes shelter the town from winter's fury, and from the direct assault of summer's sun.

Culver Pass is a narrow cleft in the surrounding sandstone, in places just barely wide enough to accommodate the narrow two-lane road which follows its contours into town. Its greatest



Three Buttes Area

claim to fame is as a shortcut used by truckers traveling from Phoenix to points east, and vice versa. These truckers make it a point to stop in Three Buttes, for they know they can get a fine meal at the Tee Pee Diner, and the motel has an excellent reputation.

Most of the town's business is centered around the truck traffic. At the far western edge of town, Orlen Yopp's Garage and service station specializes in big rig repairs and diesel fuel. Orlen also sells regular fuel, kerosene, and propane, but supplies are limited. He also owns a pair of beat-up old pickups which he will be willing to lease; in fact, one of these vehicles was recently rented by Anna Price.

Orlen will tell the investigators of how Anna simply came driving back into town in her rented truck, parking it by the gas station and sitting there behind the wheel until Orlen came up to see what was the matter. Anna was of course unresponsive, but "thet nasty-lookin' bruise there on 'er head" made Orlen realize that the woman had been in some sort of accident, so he took her straightaway to Doc Brule's.

Orlen has cleaned out the truck since then, but the stuff he found in the back he is keeping out back behind the garage in a storage shed. If asked with a successful Fast Talk if there was anything in the truck when Anna returned, Orlen will mention some items he is keeping in the shed.

He will take them back and show them Anna's camping gear, her backpack, and a number of clay shards, which a successful Archaeology roll will identify as Anasazi pottery over 300 years old. If questioned about these shards, Orlen will shrug.

"Lots of places they cudd've come from, up there in them canyons to the north. Didn't want to mention it, but you ain't s'posed to be takin' that stuff outta them ruins without permission in writtin', which I don't think the little lady has."

Right at the center of town is the Tee Pee Motel and Diner, surrounded by a large dirt parking area for the big rigs. The motel is owned and operated by Jim Tallman and his wife Mary, who serves double duty as cook at the diner.

The Navajo couple are friendly enough to their guests, but the investigators will find it difficult to get either of them into an involved conversation. They will tell any who ask that Anna was a model tenant, was quite friendly, and asked a lot of questions about the Anasazi ruins.

On a successful Fast Talk roll at -15%, Jim Tallman will admit that it was he who directed Anna to Many Houses Canyon, where most of the best cliff dwellings are located.

If the investigators visit the Tallmans in the company of Deputy Sam Crow, the couple will add that after her return following her accident, Anna seemed to act strangely. They will readily admit that this could be the result of her amnesia and muteness, but still, they felt a certain "wrongness" about the woman, and haven't been comfortable in her presence ever since.

Directly across from the motel complex is the Rodelle Trading Post, owned and operated by Sanford Rodelle, whose great grandfather first opened the post back in 1846. Little has changed since the general store-post office first opened its doors. The Navajos trust Sanford, entrusting him with their pawn when they spend extended periods away from home tending their flocks of sheep, or even just when they need a few dollars to cover unexpected expenses.

Sanford is an outgoing type, reminiscent of the tall tail-telling cowpoke of the previous century, and with his beat-up old stetson and worn jeans, he surely looks the part, all the more enhanced by his bushy handlebar mustache. Sanford will be glad to stretch his legs on the front porch of the post and chew the fat with visitors, and he will prove to be a solid source of information concerning what's going on in town and who is doing it.

Sanford will give the investigators as much information as the Keeper has available on the town and the surrounding countryside, embellished with tales of bandits and buried treasure, of artifact thieves - sometimes referred to as Thieves of Time - and of the occasional drug runners who use the vast wilderness to hide their illegal deliveries.

He will also reveal quite a bit of the history of the local ruins, as related in The Ruins section. Sanford has an accurate map of the area, which he will bring out and use to clarify his lecture.

If the investigators do sit and chat with Sanford, there will be a 55% chance that Michael Blackmoon will stop in to pick up supplies. He will ignore the newcomers and enter the store. Sanford will leave his guests to take care of him, rejoining them when his customer is done.

"I don' know about that there young fella," Sanford will mutter as Blackmoon pulls away in his black 4 X 4. "He was a good kid, but since he come back from that there college, I dunno; things're differr't. But then, that-all's prob'ly just folks talkin'."

If questioned about this remark, Sanford will reluctantly relate that Blackmoon, recently returned from college where he studied Anthropology, had come under a dark cloud. Some say that he might even be a Wolf, the Navajo term for witch. Through Sanford, the Keeper can also relate information included in the Navajo Navajo Crash Course. Sanford's Lecture is located on the following page.

Just a short distance up Service Road 3 is Doc Brule's place. Doc is in his middle 70's, and is in fact a retired practitioner from Phoenix who moved to Three Buttes for the relative peace and solitude. He is gruff but good-natured, and always puts his patients' well-being above all else, which is why he is still concerned about Anna Price.

He will tell the investigators that he felt - and still feels - that Anna should be taken to a hospital for observation, considering the fact that the blow to her head could easily have given her a concussion. But Anna had adamantly refused to go, and Doc could only give her a dozen pills to help with any pain she might be experiencing. (These pills can be found in Anna's room, all unused.)

A Psychology roll on the good doctor will reveal that he is not telling the whole truth. When pressed, he will admit that, in his estimation, the blow to the head Anna received must have been powerful enough to fracture her skull, but he could find no such evidence during his examination. All in all, he considers Ann extremely lucky to be alive.

The doctor will also add that Anna became quite agitated when he attempted to take a sample of her blood; so much so that he did not take a sample. This is because "Anna's" blood would have revealed strange properties, not the least being that it was not Anna's type, and would indicate a male donor.

SANFORD'S LECTURE

Folks 'round here are a little put off by what happened to your friend. The Dineh - that's what the Navajo call themselves - seem t' feel that the orenda, the tribal soul, may have been affected by whatever happened out there in them ruins. The Dineh, they got a feel for them unseen influences that can affect their lives, even if it was caused by a belagana, someone not of the tribe.

There's been some talk - though not much of it when I'm around - 'bout a skinwalker workin' his devilment 'round here. A skinwalker's a Navajo witch, an ornery cuss who's always up to no good, puttin' curses on folk an' such, an generally poisoning the orenda. Y'know, they say them skinwalkers can change their shape, become a wolf or rattler or some such. I ain't ever seen it, but I heard me some stories...

Anyway, what affects one member of the tribe affects the whole tribe, an' the skinwalker purely loves causin' that kinda trouble. 'Course, there's other causes for illness an' death.

Possession by an evil force, loss of harmony with Nature, breakin' a taboo, that sorta thing. In suchlike cases, you can consult a Hand Trembler, a shaman who can tell ya what's causin' your sickness, an' then you go to a Chanter, who can perform just the right ceremonial cure. Word 'round town is your friend got on the bad side of one of them skinwalkers, an' she's outta harmony - that's why she can't speak nor remember whatall happened to her.

Maybe a Blessing Way sung for her would do her some good. I seen the ceremony couple of times, an' it seemed to do some good for the fellas it was sung for - couldn't hurt, I reckon.

That puts me in mind of somethin' else. See, the Dineh have this thing 'bout death. They don't talk about it, on accounta the consider it evil. An' whatever ya do, don't ever bring up a dead person's name, 'cause that'll call a chindi down on ya.

Now a chindi is a kinda ghost, one that's made of everything that was bad about that particular person what died, an' none of the good. Speakin' that person's name can call the chindi to inflict you with the ghost sickness, an' ya don't want that. That's why when a Dineh dies in his hogan, a hole is punched in the roof to let the spirit get itself out, then the place is abandoned along with everything in it, an' no one ever goes in there again.

When warriors killed an enemy in battle, they had t' purify themselves with sweat baths and a ceremony called the Enemy Way, which would cure 'em of the "war sickness."

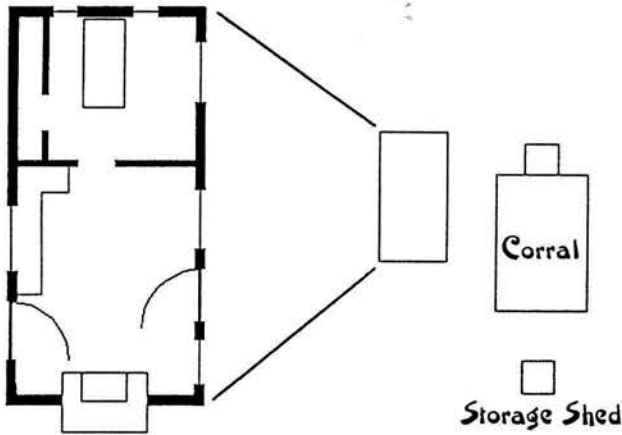
See, there's a whole heap of Chantways that cover just about every aspect of Dineh life. Boys in training to be warriors learned themselves a few of them chants, ones as'd give 'em power against their enemies. These chants were learned from an older man who knew a particular "Way." The two, man an' boy, would head out into enemy country and build themselves a sweat house, where they stayed for four days while the boy learned the "Way" of Mountain Lion, Snake, or some such powerful being, along with the secret name of the enemy.

The Dineh are a spiritual folk, an' ya shud keep in mind all I been yammerin' about here when ya talk to anyone 'round here. An' don't be rushin' the conversation either. Jus' ease on in to what ya really want to talk about; it's the way things're done in these parts. 'Sides, you city slickers do everythin' just too damn fast; rush, rush, rush! I ain't seen nothin' like it in all my born days!

Say, I just had me a thought. Don't know if it'll do ya any good, but ya might want t' see ol' Thomas Hawk. See, he's a Crystal Gazer, a shaman that specializes in answerin' hard questions, findin' what's lost, tellin' what ails ya - an' even flushin' out skinwalkers.

Seems to me your friend is sorta lost, ain't she? Anyway, you want to go out there, I'll be glad to direct ya.

BLACKMOON'S PLACE



This is a modest adobe cabin located some distance from the end of a rough trail which dwindles out in the mazelike network of Lost Man's Canyon. Near the end of the canyon in which Blackmoon lives, there is a small spring from which he gets his water, this found in a small cave surrounded by a lush growth of desert fauna. The nearby cabin is a simple structure boasting a neat and spartan bedroom and a comfortable, lived-in kitchen/livingroom with a large fireplace taking up most of the width of the room.

Flanking the fireplace are two concrete block-and-plank bookshelves which hold a large number of books on Anthropology, Native American History, and the Anasazi. One entire shelf is taken up by dozens of hand-written notebooks, each pertaining to a different ruin to be found in the Three Buttes area. Another shelf is stuffed with maps of the ruins, all drawn in painstaking detail by Blackmoon himself.

A successful Spot Hidden roll on the shelves will locate the map of Many Ruins Canyon, and a second roll while perusing this map will draw attention to what is clearly a recent addition: the entrance to the cave system in the kiva.

The remainder of the shelfspace is taken up by various Native American relics, most recent, a few old, and one or two that are obviously of great age and importance. They are a strange-looking assortment of carvings and fetishes, and to the untrained eye they will appear to be evidence of Blackmoon's involvement with the dark arts, but anyone making a successful Anthropology roll will recognize them as the sacred symbols of the Navajo tribe.

The only true item of interest - and the greatest piece of damaging evidence - is hidden in the locked storage shed behind the cabin. Anyone making either a Listen or Spot Hidden roll will be made aware of an enormous swarm of flies which has been attracted to the shed by the smell of the decaying cocoon.

The lock on the shed door is brand new, and will require a successful Locksmith roll at -10% to defeat. Once the door swings open, anyone standing within 10 feet of the shed must

make a successful CON X 3 roll or become nauseatingly ill as a near solid wave of noxious, putrescent miasma boils out of the shed amidst the roiling cloud of flies. Anyone thus affected will remain so - with a 10% loss to all skills - until they leave the vicinity of the shed.

The windowless shed is quite gloomy, and the investigators will have to enter it to see the large shape on the floor, covered over by a large tarp; it is unarguable that this is the source of the putrid odor. Pulling the tarp back reveals the cocoon, a sagging, half-rotted husk of undefinable material whose appearance calls for a SAN roll or a 0/1 point Sanity loss.

Very little can be learned from the rotting mess, save that it is clearly otherworldly, and that whatever it once contained was approximately six feet long and two feet wide.

Charlie Two Horses has been doing some snooping of his own, and has learned that Blackmoon is in possession of the cocoon, and he and his alien ally have taken steps to retrieve it. It will be the investigators' fate to witness this retrieval.

The Skinwalker will Summon and Bind a Shantak, commanding it to fly to Blackmoon's place and take the cocoon. Since this cabin is so far out in the wilderness, it will not be necessary that this retrieval be done under cover of darkness, especially since the need to destroy Blackmoon's evidence is great.

The Shantak will fly across the desert to Blackmoon's place, tear down the shed with its powerful claws, with which it will then pick up the remains of the cocoon and fly off. It will hit the shed while the investigators are inside, but a successful Listen roll at -10% will alert them to the presence of flapping wings of some considerable size.

The creature is primarily concerned with the retrieval of the Skinwalker's cocoon, and so will not actively attack the investigators unless they initiate the hostilities. However, any interference with its task will be considered an act of aggression, and treated accordingly.

After the situation with the Shantak is resolved, a successful Idea roll will cause one of the investigators to realize that Blackmoon would not summon this creature to destroy his own property, and that there must be a third party involved in this affair.

It will be possible for the investigators to follow the retreating Shantak to the place where it was summoned, this being very near Charlie Two Horses' place. If they are prevented from following, a successful Idea roll will alert the investigators to the direction of the creature's retreat, so that an examination of a local map might shed some light on its destination.

The Shantak

STR 85	CON 40	SIZ 80	HP 60
POW28	DEX 20	INT 20	MV 10
WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE	
Bite	55%	2D6+2	
ARMOR: 9 point hide			
SPELLS: None			
SANITY: 1D6 / 0			

The Navajo - A Crash Course

The Navajo were originally of the Apache nation, but over time branched off to become Dine (Din-ay), "the People," settling in the lands of the abandoned Anasazi cliff dwellings around New Mexico. They called their land Dine Tah, or "Among the People."

The Navajo lived in small settlements of related family groups, and while they did grow crops and build simple homes, they were still a semi-nomadic people. Throughout the 18th and 19th centuries, tribal lands included a region situated between four mountain peaks: Colorado's Hesperus Peak (North), New Mexico's Mt Taylor (South), Arizona's San Francisco Peaks (West), and back to Colorado to Blanca Peak (East).

During the times when crops needed tending, the traditional Navajo dwelling was the hogan, or "home place." It is a circular, single room earthen structure whose entrance always faced East, framed by a pair of vertical poles. Three poles supported the roof, while a fire pit occupied the center of the living space. Even today, when Navajo build modern-style homes, it is not uncommon to find a traditional hogan located somewhere nearby.

When the owner of a particular hogan dies, the structure is deserted, with all possessions and furnishings left behind. In some cases the hogan is destroyed so that the spirits of the dead will not follow and torment the living.

During the 17th century, the Dine and their closest neighbors, the Pueblo Indians, were assailed by the Spanish invaders, who burned crops, destroyed villages, murdered men, women, and children, or sold them into slavery. As a result of the invaders' depredations, the Navajo took in members of the Pueblo tribe, until over a period of time more than half the Dine could trace their roots back to the Pueblo culture.

Because of this absorption, the Navajo integrated much of the Pueblo culture, from weaving and agricultural techniques to ceremonial sand paintings, rejecting what they felt conflicted with their long-established beliefs.

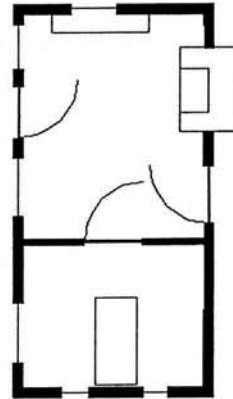
Ironically, it was from the invading Spanish that the Navajo acquired horses, cattle, and other imported livestock, as well as the knowledge to manage them and to build their herds. While the men owned the horses and cattle, the women owned the sheep, and grew expert at managing their own herds, shearing them and refining the art of weaving to a point where their work rivaled that of European craftsmen.

In the late 1860's the US Army, determined to put an end to Indian raiding, rounded up or hunted down over 9,000 Navajo, marching them hundreds of miles in what came to be known as "The Long Walk" to Bosque Redondo, 40 square miles of arid wasteland on which they were expected to make their homes and care for their seriously reduced herds. This was an impossible expectation, and during the next four years nearly 2,000 people succumbed to the privations of what was in effect a prison camp.

Realizing the extent of this disaster, the government finally agreed to let the Navajo return to their native land, or rather a very small portion of it, which became the Navajo Indian Reservation.

Once again, the Dine learned from other cultures and adapted to new ways. Today, they are the largest Native American Nation in the country, and they have never lost track of their heritage, nor strayed from the firm belief that spiritual happiness can only be achieved through harmony with the world in which we live.

TWO HORSES' PLACE



Shed

This is an old log cabin which served as a hunting lodge back in the 1920's, which Two Horses purchased from the estate when the owner died. Like Blackmoon's cabin, it is a two room affair, a bedroom and kitchen/living area with a front and back door of rough planking.

On the surface, all will seem quite normal and aboveboard here, but successful Spot Hidden rolls will reveal a few suspicious discrepancies.

For one, several of the pottery pieces on Two Horses' mantle are quite old - several hundred years, in fact. A successful Archaeology roll upon this discovery will identify these pieces as classic examples of Anasazi workmanship of a quality usually found only in museums. These pieces were illegally obtained by Two Horses on several of his visits to the Anasazi ruins.

If the lid is removed from one of the larger of these pieces, a thick, pink, semitransparent substance will be found filling the pot to the brim. This is Two Horses supply of emollient which is necessary to preserve his skin when he is gone from it.

A second jar will also contain the same substance, but immersed within that substance is the skin of a wolf, which Two Horses uses from time to time to keep track of Michael Blackmoon without attracting attention.

But the true horror resides in the third and largest jar, for this is the container in which Two Horses is keeping the skin of Anna Price, a revelation which demands a SAN roll or a 1D4/1 SAN loss. The Keeper should note that the investigator who was Anna's friend will suffer a -25% penalty to his/her SAN roll, and the SAN loss will be doubled.

There are no books in the cabin, and nothing much else of any interest to the investigators. However, there is a loose floorboard at the foot of Two Horses' bed which easily pulls up

to provide access to a large strongbox. A Spot Hidden will be needed to spot this loose board, and a Mechanical Repair will open the box, to reveal several stacks of \$100 bills valued at \$50,000. This is Two Horses' proceeds from his desecration of Indian burial grounds and other nefarious dealings.

Two Horses does not keep a horse, so there is no barn. But there is a large shed some distance behind the cabin where the Navajo witch stores his tools. This is where the Skinwalker hides during the hours of daylight. While the creature is not adversely affected by sunlight, it was judged too dangerous for the being to be roaming around in the open on the off chance it might be seen.

There is no lock on the door, but if strangers attempt to enter the shed during the day, the Skinwalker will simply hold the door shut from within, requiring a STR vs STR struggle to pull the door open - thus setting the stage for a horrific confrontation with the monstrosity.

The Skinwalker will attempt to use the ensuing surprise and confusion to make good its escape. Two Horses will of course claim ignorance of the creature's presence, claiming that he hadn't been in the shed for several days, and that the monster must have slunk in there one night when it couldn't be seen.

There is a 50% chance that Two Horses will be home when the investigators visit. He will treat them cordially, but will not invite them into the cabin unless the visitors request to do so. He will behave as though he had nothing to hide, but if anyone expresses an interest in the Anasazi pottery, he will ask that no one touch the pieces, saying that they are quite old and delicate.

THOMAS HAWK

As stated in Sanford's Lecture, Thomas Hawk is A Crystal Gazer, one of the most respected elders of the tribe. Though over 75 years of age, he is a robust and active gentleman who is at peace with himself and the world around him. Like most of his people, he is cautious of strangers, especially in light of Two Horses' killing spree, but if an introduction is made by any member of the tribe, he will greet visitors hospitably.

Any serious conversation with Thomas will begin with a discussion of trivial matters, such as the weather, local history, or small town gossip. Eventually, however, Thomas will ease into the subject most on the investigators' minds. His discourse will run as such:

"Many people come to these lands to see the cliff dwellings; every year, more and more. Part of why they come is the mystery of these places. No one knows where the Anasazi came from, really, or where they went. Many theories, but no one can say for sure.

"In their own legends, they came up out of the ground from another world, like First Man and First Woman, but this was a different place, and who can say what it was like.

"Your friend was drawn to the ruins by that mystery, but she was impatient, unwilling to wait. There are secrets that will reveal themselves in their own time, secrets which have no liking for the impatient. Perhaps she found her answer out there in Many Houses Canyon - or perhaps it found her. Be careful that you do not fall into the same trap."

Thomas will also speak to the investigators about the Navajo culture, imparting the information contained in "The Navajo - An Extremely Brief Crash Course." He will not speak of the murder victims, nor will he be willing to talk about Charlie Two Horses beyond expressing a dislike of the man.

THE RUINS

A dirt service road runs roughly North out of town, switchbacking up the steep sandstone cliffs to a flat tabletop plateau on which stand the three buttes which give the town its name. This road is maintained in relatively good condition as far as a large microwave transmitting tower, which was constructed three years previously with the consent of the tribe.

Beyond the tower, the road fades into a barely discernable track meandering around the northern base of Red Butte, and then along the base of a second plateau which forces the trail to turn West. After about 20 miles, the trail, now almost undetectable except by a trained eye, veers around the second plateau and curves back to the north.

For the next 30 miles, the face of the cliff is cut by numerous canyons and washes cutting deeply into the plateau, some for several miles. There is nothing special to mark the mouth of Many Ruins Canyon, but a successful Track roll or a Spot Hidden at 1/4 by anyone examining the ground here will call attention to several sets of vehicle tracks leading into and out of the canyon.

If the Track roll is successful, that investigator will know that one set of tracks displays the same tire tread as that on the truck Anna Price had been driving. Other than this, a local guide will be needed to identify the right canyon.

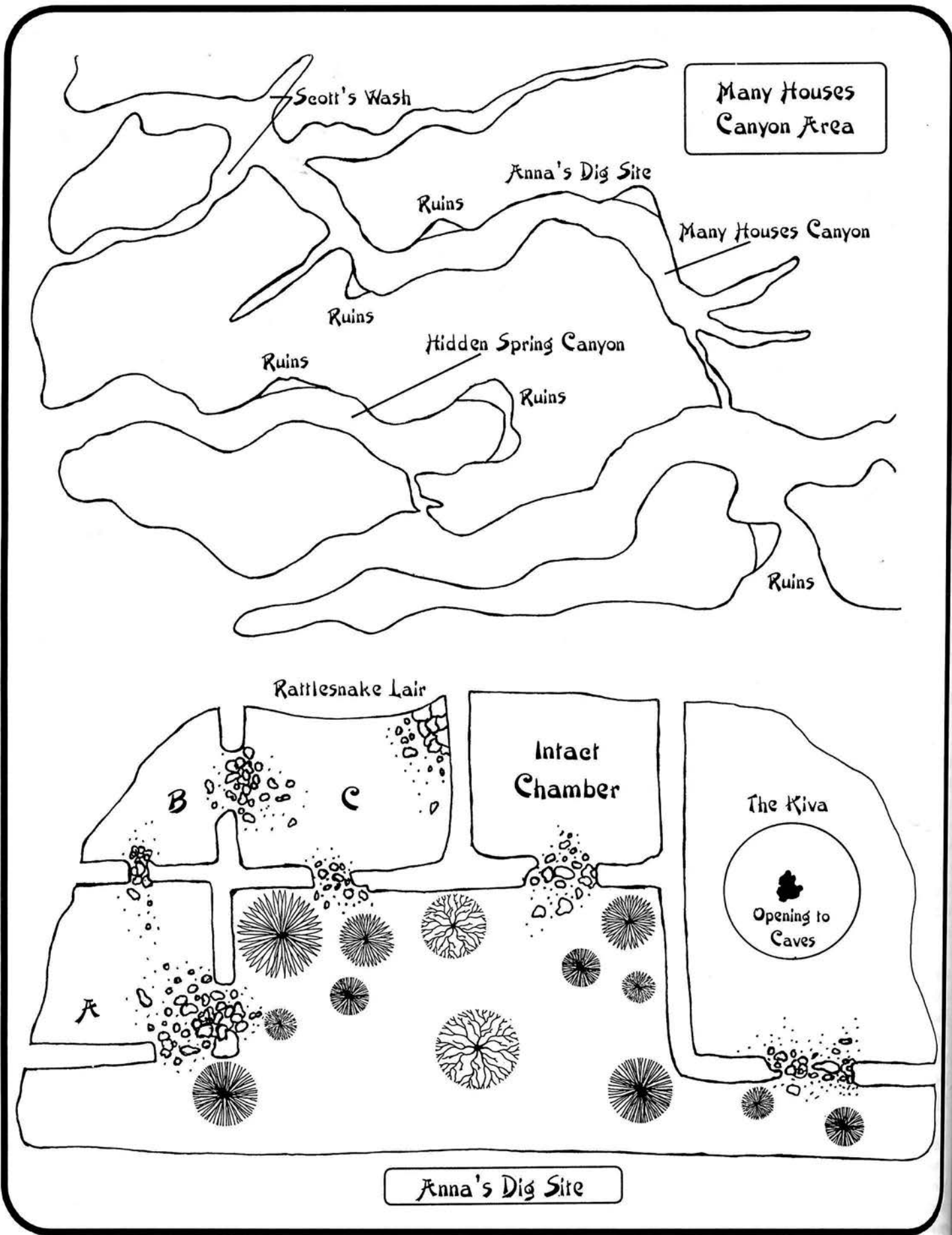
THE DIG SITE

Anna's dig site is located 10 miles into the canyon, and again, track marks, aided by a Track roll, will show that her vehicle stopped here. There is a small ruin on a wide ledge 100 feet up the face of the cliff, and without climbing equipment, 3 successful Climb rolls will be needed to scale the sandstone face.

The ledge which houses the ruin is littered with rubble and patches of mesquite which make moving around an awkward affair. A great deal of brush has grown over the actual structure, and a Spot Hidden roll is needed to locate one of the entrances, except for the one opening into the Intact Chamber (see Map).

While exploring this sandstone dwelling, the investigators should be required to make a DEX X 5 roll to keep from losing their footing on the smooth and slippery rock. There is a 20% chance that a slip here could send an investigator sliding towards the edge of the cliff and a very nasty, if not fatal fall to the canyon floor. Should this be the case, a Luck roll at -25% will be sufficient to save the plummeting investigator from the drop.

Chambers A, B, and C are in complete ruins and contain nothing of interest. However, in Chamber C there is a large pile of rock and debris which has become the home to several large



Many Houses
Canyon Area

Scott's Wash

Anna's Dig Site

Ruins

Many Houses Canyon

Ruins

Hidden Spring Canyon

Ruins

Ruins

Ruins

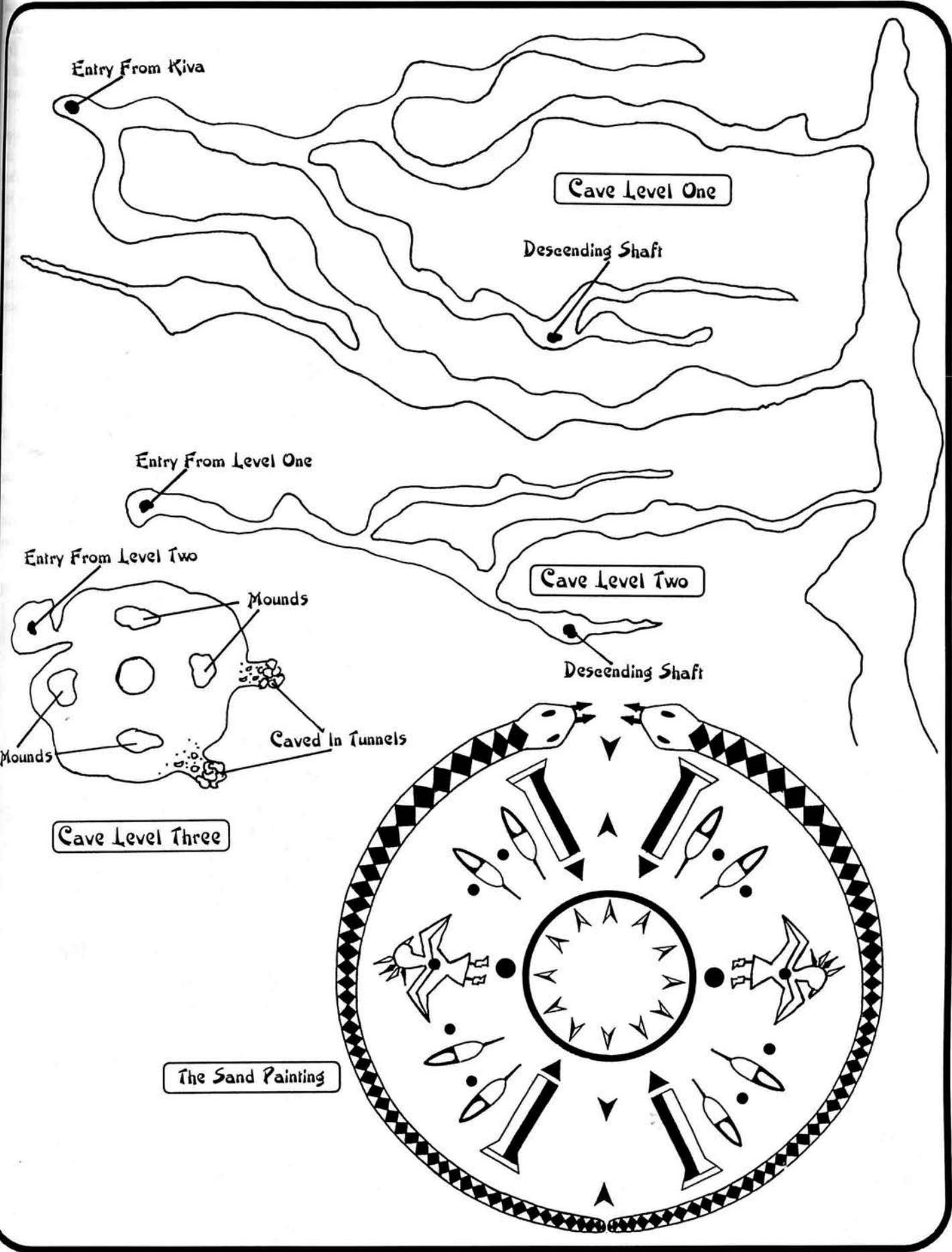
Rattlesnake Lair

Intact
Chamber

The Kiva

Opening to
Caves

Anna's Dig Site



Entry From Kiva

Cave Level One

Descending Shaft

Entry From Level One

Cave Level Two

Descending Shaft

Entry From Level Two

Mounds

Caved In Tunnels

Mounds

Cave Level Three

The Sand Painting

rattlesnakes, who will not think kindly of anyone poking about their home.

The Rattlesnakes

STR 05 CON 06 SIZ 03 HP 04
POW 03 DEX 12 INT 01 MV 06

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
Bite	40%	1 Point*

*The bite of a rattlesnake will deliver a neuro-toxic poison of POT 3 into the victim, who must make a CON X 2 roll to avoid immediately losing consciousness. A CON X 3 roll is required every hour until an antidote is administered. A missed roll means the loss of 1D6 Hit Points for a period of 1D8 days.

ARMOR: None

SPELLS: None

SANITY: 1/0

The kiva is relatively intact, and much of the roof still remains, framing the opening through which the Anasazi originally entered. Anyone climbing to the top of the ruins will see this hole from above, but the condition of the roof is obviously poor and will clearly not support the weight of a person.

The main feature of this chamber is the central pit, its smooth, curved lines contrasting with the jagged opening ripped into the floor. This is the entrance to the cave system.

Anyone descending into the pit will see signs of recent activity, and a Spot Hidden will draw attention to several spots of dark red against the rusty sandstone; these are drops of Anna Price's blood.

A second Spot Hidden here will unearth a slip of paper which was a page from Anna's journal, which bears the following words:

"The cave-in appears quite recent, within the last month or so, and by the looks of things here, I'm not the first one to find it. I shined my light down into the chamber below, and there was something large and smooth down there. I'm going down for a look after...."

There the message ends, for it was at this point that Anna was murdered, as several drops of blood on the paper will attest to.

THE CAVES

As indicated by the map, a number of sandstone caves extend from the lower reaches of the dwelling site, worming their way to various and sundry dead ends and exits. The first visible chamber is, of course, the one directly below the kiva which Anna was exploring when she met her doom.

Beyond this is a series of tunnels (see map), one of which opens into a large ceremonial chamber of ancient origins. Within this chamber will be found a disturbing sand painting, which a successful Archaeology or Anthropology roll will indicate is not one of the known Navajo patterns.

This pattern is in fact an ancient Gate which opens onto the

world of the Skinwalker, but the passing ages have disturbed portions of the pattern, and the Gate is no longer functional.

Due to its location, this chamber will always remain dry, even during the flood season. But this is not true of several of the intervening tunnels, so the investigators run a 20% chance of having their way blocked by a subterranean pool.

These pools are not very deep, nor are they over large. Anyone making a successful CON roll can successfully dive under the water and swim through to the other side without sustaining drowning damage, and even on a failed roll, the loss is only 1 point.

These tunnels are mentioned for use in the event the investigators are trapped by a cave in in the kiva, which Two Horses will most surely cause if he catches the investigators snooping about down below. This way, the trapped investigators will be able to make their way to freedom - eventually.

REWARDS

If the investigators can stop Two Horses and destroy all the Skinwalker larvae, they will receive 1D10 Sanity Points, and if they can destroy the Skinwalker before it reproduces, the reward will be 1D12+3 Sanity Points. If the Keeper is feeling generous, he can reward the investigators an additional 3 points for each of Two Horses' potential victims they are able to save from a grisly death.





R.D. SANFORD JR.

Time And The Serpent

By David Pauwels

KEEPER'S INTRODUCTION

"Man has always been a slave to time. Throughout the ages man has learned to control so many aspects of his environment, though still the elusive minutes flow unhindered by any interference. It is understandable, then, why man is so entirely obsessed with time and its perpetual passing. Science has torn down so many of the boundaries presented by nature, but the long siege against the fortress of time has, currently, been unsuccessful; and many believe that time will always remain unconquerable. But I say to you today that there will indeed come a time when man will no longer be the slave of time, but will use its awesome power to his own ends, a tool like any other tool. I also believe that this day is soon at hand. . ."

~Professor Garret M. Rhodes
(addressing his last class at Miskatonic University) 1927

Running The Scenario

At the end of this scenario the Keeper is given a list of options. These options outline possible routes of conclusion and are given in order that the Keeper can decide on the length and spectrum of the scenario. Too often a particular scenario is either too long or too brief to fit into a campaign and must be discarded. By giving the Keeper a number of possibilities they may customize the scenario to fit into their current trend of play. Besides, the time stream is never set. . .

A Brief History

Professor Garret M. Rhodes grew up just outside Boston. He excelled in his early studies and went on to attend Miskatonic University where he studied physics. His college career was one of outstanding achievements and he stayed at M.U. to teach upon completion of his graduate studies. He soon excelled to become head of the Physics Dept. and a man respected by both his fellow faculty and his students alike. He wrote and published a vast amount of papers, the most celebrated dealing with the dimension and properties of time. His theories were debated quite heatedly and critics viewed his work, while interesting and innovative, to be "far-fetched" and

rooted in the pulp writings of Jules Verne and H.G. Wells. Still, most academics saw Rhodes as a creative and thoughtful contemporary, if a tad eccentric.

Rhodes, after ten years of teaching, became anxious to delve further into his as of yet unrealized theories. He longed to give research his full attention and he began making preliminary plans to leave the University for a time to go on a sort of sabbatical. The University, valuing the potential recognition Rhodes's work could afford the school, agreed to his terms and provided the Professor with his requirements. Rhodes began final preparations and soon left for Chicago, where he had found a secluded location that met the energy requirements he would need.

Rhodes set up his laboratory in an abandoned meat-packing facility. The facility had been closed after failing a number of health inspections and a buyer for the riverside property could not be readily found; so instead, one building had been leased to the Miskatonic for Rhodes and the rest of the grounds remain an empty tax write off. The location is isolated and terribly run down, though being in the bowels of Chicago's industrial district meant that Rhodes could have access to the power needed to operate his impressive array of technology. Within two weeks of settling in, Rhodes began experimentation at a break-neck pace, his enthusiasm owing to his new found freedom from the academic environment of the New England classroom. He rarely left the laboratory, sleeping and eating irregularly. His enthusiasm quickly mutated into fanaticism as his first experiments proved successful.

After a few months Rhodes returned briefly to Miskatonic University. While he was there he spoke little to his former associates and spent long hours in research at the school's library. It had come to his attention that a number of ancient magical rites seemed to correspond with his own theories and experiments on time and time travel. After this realization, Rhodes sank deeper and deeper into his obsession. He finished copying his findings and returned with great haste to Chicago. His communications with the University then ended abruptly.

Once back in the lakeside city of Chicago, Rhodes began to assimilate the esoteric information he had uncovered into his current trend of experimentation. Day and night Rhodes worked, allowing his mental and physical health to deteriorate. Letters demanding explanation of Rhodes's silence from the University went unanswered as his work neared what he believed to be its ultimate climax.

Incorporating the terrible secrets he had gained at

Miskatonic, his time experiments took on a new and eldritch direction. Rhodes, too obsessed with his own ideas and speculations, was oblivious to the obvious danger inherent in the association between the two. The eminent physicist took the final step and proved that time travel was possible, though at a great cost.

The Experiment

Professor Rhodes covered the interior of his lab with the ancient and unwholesome runes he had studied in Arkham. After he painted the archaic symbols he put the finishing touches on his crowning achievement, the Temporal Distortion Generator. The Generator, designed solely by Rhodes, was engineered to conduct the flow of time and allow the professor to control the fluctuation. In its most simple explanation, it was a time machine. It would, along with the necessary runes and incantations, carry the surrounding space, that is to say the building housing the laboratory, back through time. Rhodes built the Generator to act as a regressive machine, unable to travel forward in time from its point of origin. The explanation for such a decision may deal with Rhodes's own trepidation at what his Miskatonic research uncovered about man's ultimate future. In any case, the Temporal Distortion Generator would theoretically prove Rhodes's assertions about time and man's ability to control it. With his dream finally realized, Rhodes activated the Generator and, as the power began to surge, started chanting the words prescribed by some ancient and unwholesome folio.

The Generator worked! The abandoned building that was once a slaughter house shimmered and was gone. It had carried Rhodes back in time much further than he had planned, however. Also, the Generator was damaged by the journey through the eons and Rhodes found himself trapped in Earth's primordial past.

When it became clear to Rhodes that he was trapped, he became hopelessly mad. He quickly made a few disjointed notes in his journal and then, finding no other option, journeyed out into the primeval landscape. It was not long after his trek began until some of the terrible beings mentioned in his studies found him. . .

Professor Rhodes made his way out of the laboratory and found himself on a primordial plane of cooled lava. It seemed to stretch endlessly in every direction; a harsh and hopeless landscape. Only one landmark broke the terrible monotony. A great, dark tower rose from the plane. It appeared as a nightmare, twisting like a gigantic serpent into the red sky. This sight was to be the final strain on the good professor's sanity. Rhodes began the long walk to reach the unknown structure.

As the professor neared the tower, he was attacked by a group of Serpent People. Near death, the professor was taken by the Serpent Folk to the fortress of their master, Praelis Angoor, a powerful sorcerer forced to live away from the bulk of Serpent Folk society due to his experimentations on his own kind. The exiled Angoor relocated with his small group of followers to what is present day North America, where he could conduct his vile experiments without interference from the more squeamish of his race.

The Serpent Folk sorcerer quickly began interrogating the mad human. The means of torture used by the wizard would surely have driven the physics professor mad, had he not already sustained complete mental breakdown. However, the insane Rhodes still possessed some knowledge of his journey through time. Intrigued by the power of this alien and a student of time travel himself, Angoor has kept Rhodes alive (barely alive) in order to uncover all the secrets of his apparent success at manipulating time. The wizard sent an expedition out to retrieve vital elements from the laboratory, but when the expedition returned they reported to their master that they had found no trace of the structure.

The building, in fact, had returned to the present. The damaged Generator, along with the magical runes, is still enough to create a temporal distortion. Now the lab shifts between the two times chaotically, alternating positions every day or so. When the investigators arrive at the scene of Professor Rhodes' experiments, a portion of the building will be positioned in the primordial past, leaving a curious and disturbing absence.

INVESTIGATORS' INFORMATION

The first the investigators will hear of the physics professor will be in a short article in the *Arkham Gazette* (see Handout Section). It is just a brief piece of local interest.

Arkham Gazette - October 26

Local Professor Leaves Classroom For Lab

Physics professor Garret Rhodes of Miskatonic University is leaving his position as teacher to begin a period of research in Chicago. Rhodes has been teaching at MU for over two decades, and is currently head of the Physics department.

Professor Rhodes is excited about the change. He commented: "I will definitely miss my students, but I've been waiting a long time for this opportunity."

Miskatonic University is understandably concerned about the lack of communication from Rhodes. All of their attempts at reestablishing contact with the professor have come to no avail. The University has, therefore, decided to send a small group to the city of Chicago in order to discover the condition of the school's top physics instructor. The investigators will be the University's first choice for the Chicago group (it may be quite likely that the group has assisted Miskatonic in the past with such mysterious developments). The school can not offer much in the way of money, though its representative will assure the investigators that the favor will be remembered and repaid in any way possible. The investigators will surely be able to appreciate being in such a position.

Alternatively, the investigators may be students of the physics

professor. In this case, they may undertake the investigation on their own initiative. One other possible connection between Rhodes and the group may be explained by one investigator's interest in Rhodes' research. This investigator has found it necessary to question Rhodes for the purpose of his/her own research in time travel. When the investigator makes inquiries as to the instructor's whereabouts, the school will take that investigator into their confidence and explain the lack of response from Rhodes. Finding no other solution, the University will offer to pay for travel expenses if the individual will go to Chicago and make contact with the professor.

If the group agrees to locate the University's lost professor, the school's representative (probably another physics professor or a minor member of the administration) will provide what little information is known. He will also make the investigators aware of Rhodes' visit back to Arkham three weeks ago. He will explain that Rhodes was seen very little, and was spoken to even less. Rhodes kept to himself and the Physics Department didn't even know the professor was coming back until he was spotted in the library's special section, seemingly absorbed in research.

The library will confirm that Rhodes obtained a pass for the special collection section, though being such a prominent faculty member obtaining such a pass was easy and not altogether uncommon. No special attention was paid Rhodes by the librarian on duty so what books or manuscripts he was studying currently remain a mystery.

If other faculty members are questioned by the investigators, most will restate what the school's representative said. Rhodes was seen only briefly and seemed to be in a hurry. He offered no explanation as to why he returned from his sabbatical in Chicago. Rhodes' fellow physics instructors will comment on Rhodes' apparent enthusiasm to conduct some experimentation and get away from the monotony of the classroom. They will also make some reference to Rhodes' studies of time and the possibility of time travel. They will make it clear that, while they respected his theories, most saw his work as a bit fantastic. He had no enemies as far as anyone knows. He was quite a likable teacher and kept his classes as interesting as possible. Any student questioned will attest to this fact.

Lastly, as far as the equipment Rhodes required, the University will be very vague. Some extremely rare pieces of technology were provided, but the exact nature of their purposes was known only to Professor Rhodes himself. Should the investigators press this point, the University will explain that the nature of the equipment is a classified matter.

After all sources for information at the University are depleted, the group may wish to visit the home of Professor Rhodes. His small house is just outside Arkham. Rhodes is a bachelor so he lives alone, though a maid visits the household three or four times a week. The house will be locked and empty, the maid's services not being required while Rhodes is on sabbatical. The usual Locksmith roll will be required, though a crude party will undoubtedly find a less subtle means of entering the house.

Inside the cottage, everything appears to be in a state of storage. The furniture is covered with cloth, the decorations and paintings have been removed, and the place is currently unheated, making the residence very cold. Searching through

the house will turn up very little in the way of clues. In Rhodes' study there is a large filing cabinet. In it is a complete library of Rhodes' published works. Most are mundane and a Library Skill roll will be necessary to uncover the more esoteric pieces. There are three papers that the investigators will find of special interest. These three papers have been published in the past year, consecutively, in a little known science journal, *The Macomb Physics Digest*. If questioned about the "Digest," the other physics professors at Miskatonic will agree that it is a questionable journal at best and they will be appalled to find that their colleague wrote for such a distasteful magazine. Reading the magazines in their entirety adds a +03% to any Occult skill due to the subject matter of the "Digest," which includes essays on witchcraft and American Indian burial mounds, for example. Rhodes' three contributions to the "Digest" all deal with the possibility of time travel. He is very adamant about the possibility, declaring often that it is only a matter of time before man can travel through the eons. Each piece is basically the same. An excerpt from one of these articles is provided in the Handouts Section to demonstrate what the three are like.

Excerpt from The Macomb Physics Digest, Vol. 1 Issue 26

TIME TRAVEL:

The Manipulation of the Temporal Stream

We, as intelligent beings, have the right to control our environment. It is only our lack of ability which halts our progress. However, once we attain this ability we must leap forward and seize the opportunity....

...Time travel is possible. Manipulation of the time stream is a simple matter once the calculations are made and a powerful distortion field is generated. A catalyst is necessary to open a gate through time; it is only the creation of such a distortion that has proven so elusive to our technology.

I believe that I have the key to the solution; I have discovered a means by which we can generate such a distortion. The real problem lies in controlling that distortion and confining its effects; without proper control, the phenomenon could theoretically unravel the fabric of the temporal stream.

There is nothing else to be discovered in the house. It may be worth while to note, however, that Rhodes' library contains the complete works of H.G. Wells, Jules Verne, and Rudyard Kipling.

After the preliminary investigations in the New England hamlet of Arkham are complete, the group may be provided with round trip tickets to the "Windy City". Once there, it is explained, the group will be on their own as far as accommodations. It is not expected that they will stay more than a few days, just enough time to check up on the silent

Rhodes. They are given the address of Rhodes's facility, the abandoned meat packing plant. If they should question the odd location for a laboratory the University will simply reply that "it was exceptionally cheap." The school will encourage the team of investigators to leave as soon as possible and to report any findings concerning Rhodes immediately, via telegram or telephone.

HORROR IN CHICAGO

The investigators will arrive in Union Station, Chicago on December 2nd. There will be a thin layer of snow on the streets and the wind chill factor is completely in keeping with the city's nickname. Upon arrival, the course of action will be totally up to the group. While they will be able to find accommodations easily enough, they may choose to advance straight to the facility provided for Professor Rhodes. This facility lies on the banks of the river, near the lake. It is a completely industrial area, with factories billowing black smoke from their chimneys. The site of Rhodes' lab used to be the McMurphy Meat Packing compound, and a sign at the entrance still attests to this fact. McMurphy's was shut down by the Health Department after failing a number of health inspections. The unsavory details of these violations would have the Chicago reform community up in arms and the Keeper should feel free to improvise should the investigators research the history of the facility.

The plant is now the epitome of industrial waste. The following should be read to the players once they arrive at McMurphy's Meat Packing plant:

The grounds of the former meat packing facility are in a terrible condition. Many of the complex's buildings are now simply burnt-out husks, while others are practically coated with graffiti. The plant is surrounded by a rusty fence that is padlocked and a sign on the fence still attests to the fact that this place was once the McMurphy Meat Packing plant. After opening the lock with the key provided by Miskatonic, you are free to enter the snow covered grounds of the plant. Though the cold of December is bitter, nothing can hide the stale stench that still drifts through the facility, a memorial to a by-gone era. Walking through the plant towards the laboratory of Professor Rhodes, you hear the dull banging of an open door in the wind. Arriving at the designated position of the Professor's lab, you are faced with a perplexing and mind-numbing sight. It seems that half of the physicist's lab is enveloped in complete darkness. The building's walls appear to just stop and then the utter blackness begins. There is no plausible explanation for such a phenomenon anywhere to be seen. It is as if half of Rhodes's lab has disappeared, leaving a tangible void in its place.

Half of Rhodes's laboratory is currently positioned in Earth's primeval past. The unstable Time Distortion Generator has only transported a section of the building now, leaving a temporal void in its place. Seeing this strange occurrence costs the viewers 0/1D4 points of Sanity. The void is a dangerous phenomenon; any investigator reaching into the darkness of the void will suffer 1D8 points of cold damage, the freezing

temperatures of the vacuum causing terrible injury to fragile human flesh. Should any character become fully emersed in the void, death will be instantaneous and the corpse will become lost in the endless corridors of the time/space continuum.

It is possible to enter the remaining half of the building, though nothing of any value will be discovered in that portion. The darkness inside the lab will seem like a wall, cutting the structure in neatly half.

There are three buildings that comprise the remaining facility (see Map). These buildings will offer nothing but old, decrepit machinery and a stronger odor of meat. Sometime during the investigation of the first two buildings have a random character make a DEX check. Failing the check, the investigator accidentally triggers an avalanche of rusty machinery (1D6 points of damage). A successful roll allows the investigator to jump aside at the last instant. Also, the investigators will have the misfortune of uncovering a large nest of rats - big rats. These rodents will defend their territory viciously, attacking the nearest investigators with feral fury.

There are 1D10 rats in this pack. They have a 40% Bite attack which will inflict 1D3 points of damage, though thick clothing will negate this damage unless an impaling attack is made. The rats will attack second unless their nests are threatened, as in the case described above.

The search of these buildings will provide nothing in the way of clues and will prove otherwise uneventful. After searching these three buildings the investigators will find the darkness gone and the missing half of the lab returned.

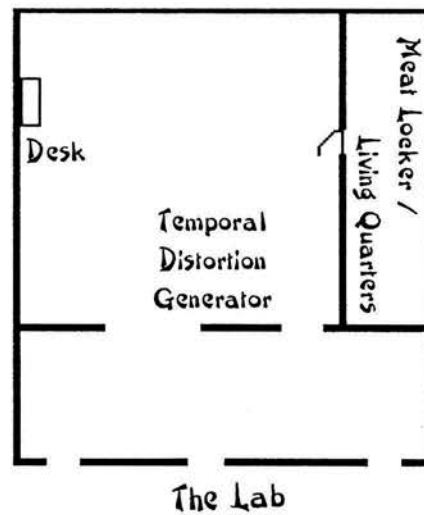
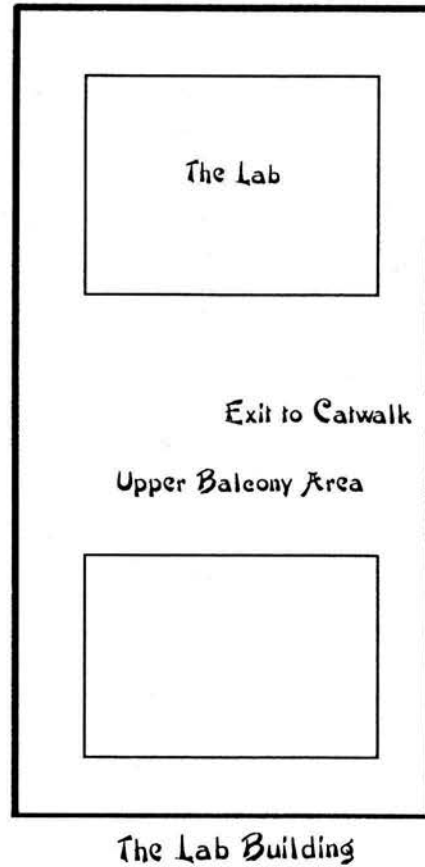
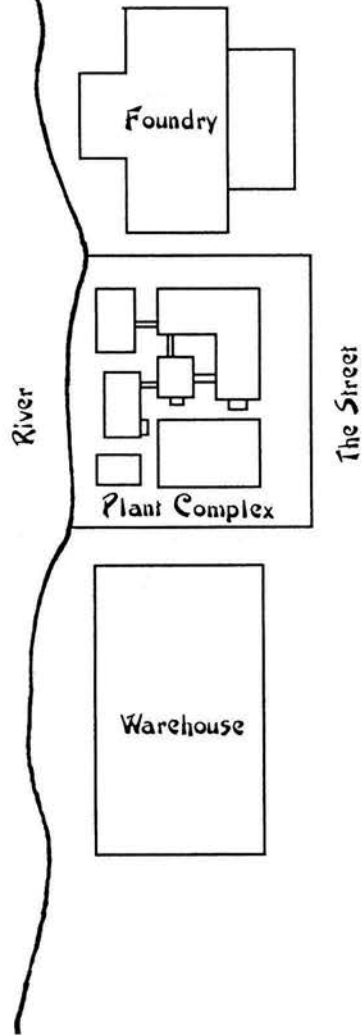
THE LAB RETURNS

The lab building has shifted back to the present day. The damaged Distortion Generator, along with the ancient runes, has continued to shift the location of the building, not in space, but in time alone. The cost of seeing the remaining section of the laboratory return through the eons is 1D3/0 points of Sanity. The lab is fully materialized and any investigator willing to enter the building is able to. The building will be unlocked, the door slightly ajar.

Professor Rhodes' lab is similar in size and construction to the other three buildings in the compound (see Map). The windows are boarded up and a rear door is securely pad-locked. The main feature of the lab is the Temporal Distortion Generator, a large brass globe with pipes and wires protruding from it. These pipes and wires are then connected to gauges and meters of all sorts; a very mind-boggling array. The globe is roughly five feet in circumference. Though it is no longer connected to any power source, a Listen at half will allow the investigator to hear a low humming sound emanating from the globe. There is a control panel in front of the globe with switches and buttons, though none are marked. Pressing or activating any of these has no effect; the Distortion Generator now acts completely on its own.

Six large symbols have been painted at various points along the walls of the building. They are strange, mystic symbols; an Occult roll will reveal to the investigator that the symbols are in some way magical, though their exact nature is unknown. Each rune is about two feet wide and three feet tall.

The Lab and Environs



As an added attraction for the visit to the meat packing plant, a diabolical Keeper may see the perverse cunning in populating the complex with a small assortment of prehistoric creatures in order to give the investigators a proper welcome, as well as to supply a clue as to the generator's temporal destination. Do not use anything too big and nasty; this is just a suggested option, and should have no real effect on the outcome of the scenario. Also, there could be a 20% chance that a minor Mythos creature has also taken the journey to the present. Again, the Keeper should choose carefully, so that the investigators do not get wiped out before the fun really starts!

There is a large desk near the left wall. It is covered with all sorts of papers - Rhodes' notes. Most are equations and plans for the Generator. Looking through the chaotic pile for half an hour will uncover Rhodes' journal; there has not been a new entry for two weeks. Rhodes discarded the use of the journal in his madness, finding the writing tedious.

The last entries of the journal indicate nothing out of the ordinary. There is also a rough sketch of the black tower of Phaelis Angoor, made by the mad Rhodes just before he began towards the unnatural structure. **NOTE:** A photocopy of "The Citadel" illustration can be used as a handout of Rhodes' sketch of the fortress.

Unopened letters from the University also rest on top of the desk. Finally, some \$500 dollars in cash can be found in the bottom drawer along with Rhodes' identification and contract to lease this building. The professor's desk offers no other clues as to his whereabouts.

There is a heavy door set in the right wall, leading to what was once a large freezer. The investigators will have no trouble opening the heavy door, as the hinges have been noticeably oiled. In this room the investigators will find a small bed, a lamp, an ice box, and a small tub of water. This is the professor's living quarters.

Rhodes spent little time sleeping so these humble arrangements look unused. Under the bed is a small supply of canned foods and some bottled water. Also, a portable stove and some pots and pans can be found along with some miscellaneous utensils. The walls of this room appear stained with a dark brown substance, blood from the time of the meat packing plant. A Spot Hidden check is necessary to find the one interesting object in Rhodes' chamber.

On the room's ceiling is a strange elongated and shiny object, about three feet long, with small leg-like protrusions. It will not reveal itself to be alive unless an unwitting investigator touches it. Only then will the group become aware that it is actually a primeval type of insect, an ancient millipede. It arrived here in Rhodes' room thanks to the Time Distortion Generator. Insects tend to make their way into moist places, and this particular one crept inside the lab while it rested in Earth's past.

If the millipede is attacked or even touched, it will scurry away as fast as it can and try to climb down the wall. It will make for the bed and try to slip itself in between the mattress and the box spring. Investigation of this intended hiding place will uncover another twenty insects all enjoying the warmth.

These millipedes, despite their size, are harmless. They are relatively easy to destroy if the investigators chose to do so, their speed being their only viable defensive tactic.

The investigators will probably spend some time searching

The Millipedes

STR 02	CON 10	SIZ 02	HP 03
POW 05	DEX 16	INT 03	MV 12

ARMOR: 1 Point of chitinous skin

SPELLS: None

SANITY: 1D4 / 0

and examining the lab. At some point during the investigation ask the group to make Listen checks at half. A successful roll will allow the listener to hear the humming of the Distortion Generator change pitch slightly upward. Also, a Spot Hidden will reveal a faint glow around the painted runes. After this point any investigator looking outside will be quite astonished to find that the view has entirely changed (1D4/2D6 San points).

The lab has returned to primordial Earth, taking with it any investigators inside the building. This will be the last journey of Rhodes' Generator; the strain of fluctuation has become too great, and another Listen at half makes the investigator aware of the absence of the humming sound. The group will now be apparently trapped in the primeval past, the lab will not travel through time again. Any investigator fortunate enough (or unfortunate enough, depending on your point of view) to remain outside the lab will find it gone again. Viewing the de-materializing structure causes a 1D4 point Sanity loss. Any investigator left behind will be saved the terrors of the past and future, though they will be left in the dark as to the whereabouts of Rhodes and their companions.

THE FORTRESS

Once the laboratory's final journey is complete, read this description of the primeval landscape:

The surrounding landscape is utterly desolate. The dark plain of cooled lava stretches to the horizon in every direction. Scanning the plain reveals some giant structure in the distance, silhouetted against the reddish sky. The structure appears to be the subject of the drawing found on Rhodes's desk. It is a strange and alien building, twisting like some behemoth serpent up into the sky almost 200 feet. Though the great structure appears clearly, it is quite a long way away. One would probably estimate that reaching the alien edifice could take the better part of a day.

Journeying out into the harsh landscape is a dangerous adventure. Angoor has disposed of some of his more uncontrollable experiments in the wasteland surrounding his citadel. It takes nearly a full day of walking to reach the Serpent Mage's fortress, and in this time there is a 60% chance that the group will encounter one of Angoor's conjurings. In this particular case, it will be a Shoggoth, that creeping terror. The Shoggoth will remain motionless until the group is nearly upon it, then it will attack.

The Shoggoth

STR 60	CON 44	SIZ 80	HP 62
POW10	DEX 06	INT 11	MV 10

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
Crush	100%	8D6

ARMOR: None, but fire and electricity does half damage, physical weapons inflict only 1 point of damage even on an impale. The Shoggoth regenerates 2 points per round.

SPELLS: None

SANITY: 1D20 / 1D6

The group will only be attacked once. Their journey towards the dark tower will be free of another potentially fatal encounter. As the group travels closer to the citadel, they will find a standing stone nearly five feet high with strange markings on it. This monument is actually a warning, describing the untold horrors that any trespasser will encounter in the Fortress of Phaelis Angoor. Obviously, no sane investigator will be able to decipher the meaning of the strange markings, though a Cthulhu Mythos roll is called for. If it is successful, the roll will indicate that some of the glyphs are obvious references to the Great Old One, Yig, Father of Serpents and Angoor's patron. As the group gets closer and closer to the Obsidian Fortress, they will encounter more and more of these standing stones.

Every so often have the group check their Track skills to follow the tracks. Nearly half way to the tower, the tracks are joined by three more sets. These new tracks are much larger and claw-like. Soon the group will reach the citadel of the Serpent wizard. It is constructed of pure obsidian and it reaches two hundred feet into the reddish sky. It twists like a gigantic serpent, looking as if it grew up from the dark plane. It is an ominous sight, though after the events of the last few hours, the investigators need not lose any Sanity for viewing the unnatural structure. There is an opening at the base of the tower. It is approximately twenty feet high and ten feet across and seems to be the only entrance into the structure. The interior is shrouded in shadows.

Within The Fortress

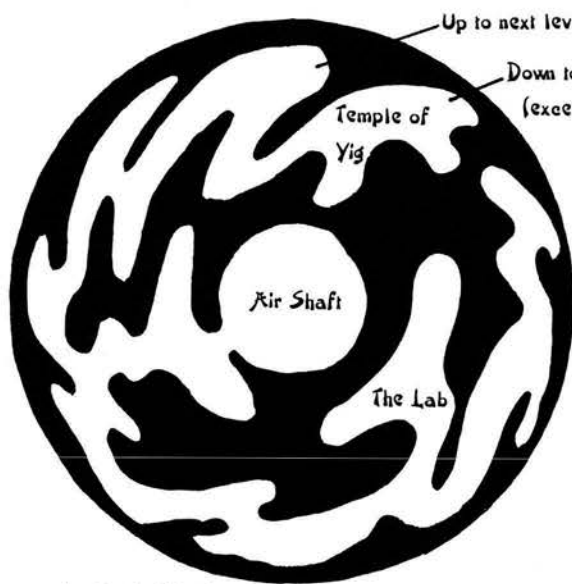
The Fortress of the Serpent Mage is a vast complex of tunnels, passages, and rooms. The passages inside the Fortress will perpetually twist and turn in seemingly random directions. All are completely cylindrical, like giant tubes. The alien shape of these halls give the investigators a -10% to any and all Sneak and Climb rolls. Occasionally a passage will dead end. There is no logical design to the interior of the Fortress, it is surely as mad as the Serpent Mage that called it up from the bowels of the young Earth.

To attempt to detail every chamber of Angoor's Fortress would prove a foolhardy endeavor. There exists an endless amount of rooms, some empty, some full of alien terrors, trapped by the conjuring Angoor. While a resourceful Keeper may find it worthwhile to add his or her own fiendish designs, we have included descriptions of the four most important chambers of the vast citadel. These four rooms should be encountered in the order they are given. In between these four rooms the investigators could become hopelessly lost in the network of passages. In this case, each room will be found completely by accident.

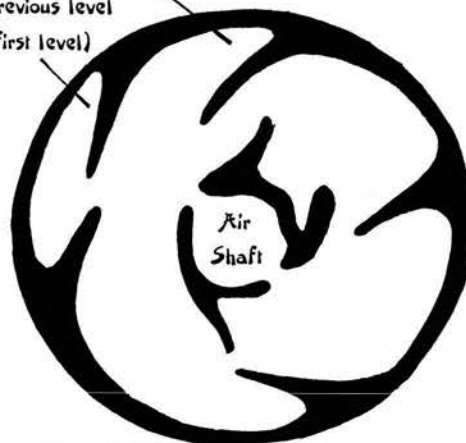
As Keeper, you may wish to place an occasional empty room in the path of the investigators, to frustrate and confuse the group even more. All in all, the investigators should be entirely overwhelmed by the sheer size and complexity of the Serpent Wizard's Fortress. Being trapped in this terrible structure in Earth's far distant past is a situation as hopeless as they come.

You may encourage the investigators to attempt moving stealthily around the Fortress. Have them speak in whispers,

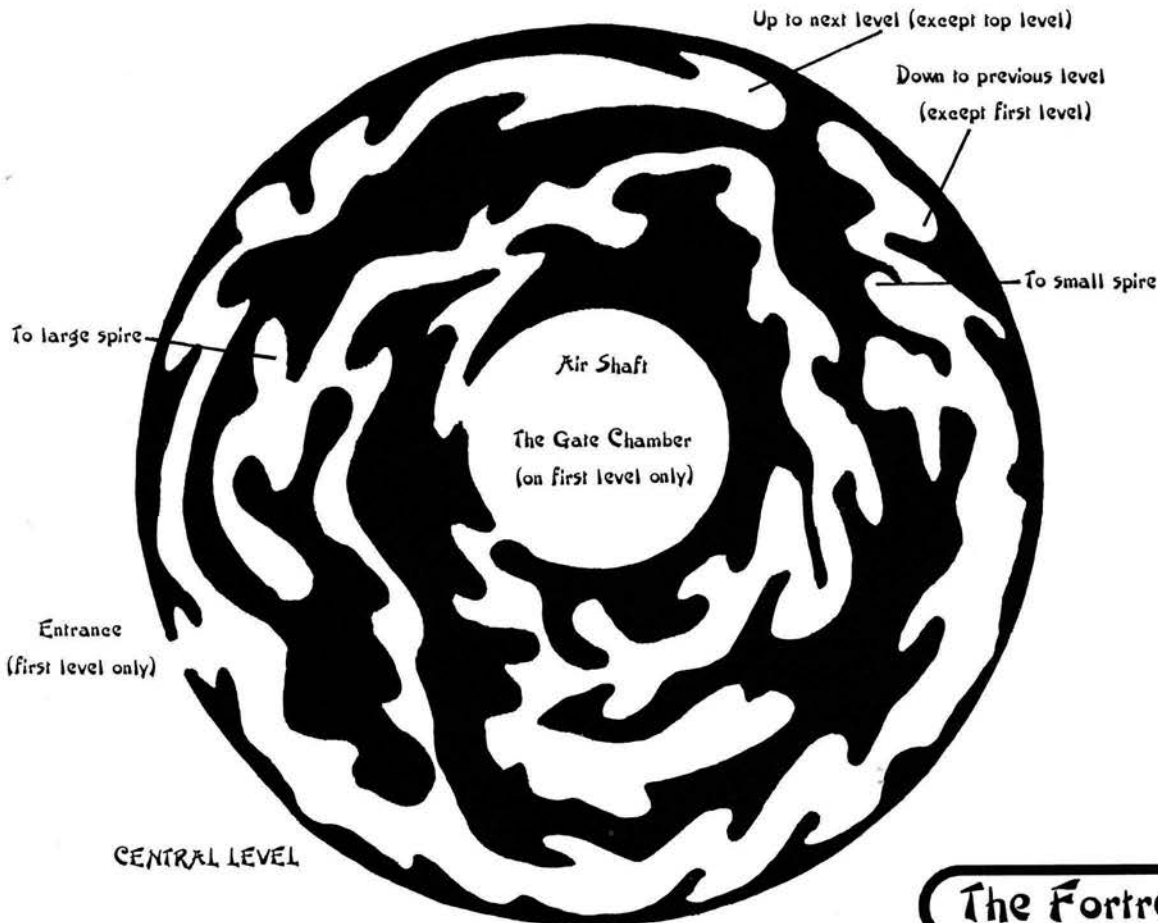




LARGE SPIRE



SMALL SPIRE
(Also The Serpentimage's Throne Room)



CENTRAL LEVEL

The Fortress

though any sound they make will echo through the vast tube-like passages and shafts. While encouraging stealth, it is impossible for the group to encounter anything outside of the rooms. Angoor's followers are few, and that few will be found in **Phaelis Angoor's Throne Room**, preparing for the Final Conjunction, when they will travel through time to conquer a future Earth. This ceremony will be detailed further in the final room encountered. So with all the Serpent Folk gathered at their master's side, the wanderings of the investigators will be over-looked completely.

Following are the four chambers encountered by the investigators during their search of the Fortress. Remember: have the group come across these rooms in the order they are given. If something is barring the entrance to a room it will be described; otherwise there is no door and the room can be entered through an open archway.

The Lab

The Serpent Wizard has long practiced many vile and unholy experiments. It was for this reason that the mage was cast out of Serpent Folk society in the south, his experiments exceeding the limits of even the most staunchest worshiper of Yig. Once Angoor and his retinue moved to their present location, Angoor began his dark conjurings anew, here in his laboratory.

This room is approximately 50 feet in diameter, its ceiling nearly 20 feet high. The walls, like the majority of the Fortress's architecture, is made from obsidian.

Filling the room is a stunning amount of machinery. It is strange, alien equipment; tubes, spheres, and philes containing liquids of every color of the spectrum fill the chamber. The tubes run from the walls to organ-like structures suspended in mid-air, ten feet above the lab's floor. These structures seem almost bio-mechanical, giving the overall appearance of Angoor's lab a surreal similarity to the interior of the human body, the wires and transparent tubes looking like veins, pumping insane liquids from organ to organ.

There is a pungent, oppressive odor present, making a long search of the laboratory almost impossible. This olfactory phenomenon is one of Angoor's creations, The Creeping Odor. The almost tangible smell will begin to cause damage at a rate of 1D4 points per round after the second round. Masking the face with cloth or similar material will be sufficient to cut the damage in half (round up). The source of this uncleanness is impossible to pinpoint exactly, the stench of it being all-encompassing.

A Spot Hidden will locate a pile of stone tablets at the far end of this room. Inspection of these tablets reveals a resemblance to the warning markers outside the Fortress. Again, they are unreadable, though a Cthulhu Mythos roll makes the inspector aware of Yig's presence in these primeval spell books. They are, in fact, Angoor's compilation of spells and plans for summonings. They are carved into a strange type of rock, turquoise in shade. They are 2 feet by two feet, and are fragile things, broken easily by dropping them to the floor.

Ignorance is bliss and the investigators will be unable, fortunately for them, to utilize the strange equipment in the Serpent Mage's lab. Should some foolhardy or curious

investigator meddle with the alien science there is a cumulative (+10% for each investigator meddling) chance of summoning something with Angoor's equipment. If this unlikely event should occur, consult the following table of the Serpent Wizard's previous conjurings to see what nasty the group accidentally calls forth from the nether regions:

- 1-30%: Hunting Horror
- 31-50%: Shoggoth
- 51-80%: Dimensional Shambler
- 81-100%: Nightgaunt

These creatures will attack the group and attempt to flee into the maze of the Fortress should the fight go against them.

The more cautious investigator will quickly discern that the laboratory of the evil sorcerer is a place to be avoided. In any case, the Creeping Odor will dissuade most members of the group from staying too long in the place.

NOTE: For purposes of combat, the Keeper may use the average stats for these creatures as described in the rulebook.

Temple of Yig

Before entering this room the investigators will come to a great door, circular in shape and 10 feet in diameter. It is covered with the now-familiar glyphs of the Serpent Folk's pictogram language. These runes are in every way similar to those encountered outside the Obsidian Fortress and in **The Laboratory** except that the association with Yig, Father of Serpents is more prevalent here than in the other chambers. Despite its great size, the door can be rolled away quite easily. Whatever strange compound it is composed of is curiously lightweight.

Once inside, the investigators will find themselves in a huge domed chamber. Nearly 100 feet high, the chamber is made of the same obsidian. Covering the dome are hieroglyphics, the same style as before, only much larger. The Great Old One, Yig is obviously the predominant subject of these ancient scrawlings. Translating these glyphs is impossible without hours of comparison with the other examples of the writing, and the investigators probably will not have the luxury of time.

The only other remarkable aspect of the Temple is the 50 foot high statue standing in the exact center of the room. This statue is a likeness of Yig; such a good likeness, in fact, that it costs the investigators observing it 0/1D4 points of Sanity loss. The huge half human-half snake creature is hideous to behold. It seems to be carved from the same turquoise material as the tablets found in the **Laboratory**.

The Gates

Eventually the group will stumble across a huge circular room. This room, composed of the same obsidian, is nearly 100 feet wide. The ceiling of the room is a great shaft, and the red primeval sky can be seen 200 feet above the floor. Starting at approximately 50 feet up or so, other passages seem to open up into the shaft; a successful Idea roll will reveal that this is probably the very center of the terrible Fortress. The openings in the shaft above will occasionally vomit forth noxious smoke

that drifts up through the shaft and out into the sky. Some of this gas is a glowing green, some is a putrid orange.

On the floor of this chamber can be seen more of the ancient hieroglyphs of the Serpent People. Yig, as always, is a prominent figure. Also, a successful Spot Hidden roll allows the observant investigator to find some new, unfamiliar scrawlings. These new pictograms are likenesses of reptilian creatures (a Natural History reveals that they are actually very good representations of dinosaurs from a number of different Ages).

The other noteworthy features of this room are the two archways at the opposite end of the chamber. These portals are approximately 30 feet high and twenty feet wide, and are covered with runes that emanate a bluish glow. Through these two openings can be seen only blackness.

These two archways are actually early time experiments of Phaelis Angoor. He created these Gates in his attempt to bring about what he calls the *Final Conjunction*, a time when he can, with his followers, travel across the eons and invade a future Earth to enslave any intelligent population. Then, after the conquering of Earth's inhabitants, the Serpent Mage will return to vanquish those of his own kind that formerly opposed and exiled him. These two Gates are failures of the wizard's demented dream. Angoor was unable to control where these time openings went and they actually ended in similarly inhospitable periods in the planet's history.

The investigators can cross the span of the eons via these two Gates, though neither will deliver them anywhere near their own time. Crossing into the blackness of the portals, the investigator will end up in one of the time periods detailed below. Should the cautious toss a stone or similar object into the void of these archways, it will simply disappear into the shadows. The Gates flow both ways and the archways will be quite visible from the other side. Therefore, they can be crossed back directly to the Obsidian Fortress. Following are brief descriptions of what the investigators will find across these thresholds of time.

•**Gate the First, The Time of the Reptile:** The first Gate is an unstable Gate, the destination varying almost constantly. This variation is, however, not extremely diverse. The Gate will always deliver to a period early in the Earth's history when dinosaurs ruled the planet. An explanation for this particular arrival point may have something to do with kindred spirits shared by the Serpent Folk and the dinosaurs, or possibly the direct intervention of the Father of Serpents, Yig. In any case, the investigators will find themselves in a great coniferous forest of giant trees, somewhere in the western United States. A successful Natural History roll at half will attest to this being the Cretaceous Period.

If the investigators remain for any period of time, let them attempt a Listen roll. If successful, they will become aware of the sound of distant footfalls, which will convince the group that something large is coming their way.

Should curiosity win out over good sense, the group will hear (and feel) the footfalls getting nearer and nearer. Soon the source of the terrible clamor will make its appearance. It is an Allosaurus, a huge meat-eating monster that has been attracted to the site by the ultra-high pitch sounds that emanate from the Gate when in use. It is currently hungry and will attack the

group without any hesitation. It will follow the investigators should they choose to flee, even if it means following them through the Gate.

A rampaging Allosaurus loose in the Obsidian Fortress will be an interesting development. It will continue to chase the group, though the passages and doorways in the vast complex will quickly become too small for the awesome girth of the carnivore.

The dinosaur will eventually find its way back to the Gates, though it will be pure chance that decides which Gate the thing will choose to enter.

There is a 25% chance that this ravenous thunder lizard will find its way into the Throne Room at the time of the Final Conjunction, thereby complicating things in an interesting way.

The Allosaurus			
STR 55	CON 55	SIZ 40	HP 45
POW 20	DEX 10	INT 06	MV 09
WEAPON		ATTACK%	DAMAGE
Bite		60%	2D10
Tail Lash		30%	3D8
DAMAGE BONUS +5D6			
SANITY LOSS			
1D6 / 1D2			

Other than this encounter with one of the Cretaceous Period's most lethal killers, the Age of Reptiles could be an interesting side trip. The Keeper is encouraged to go into greater detail and research some other inhabitants of the period if he or she sees fit, though it is expected that their first taste of the environment will probably appeal to the investigator's sense of self-preservation and convince them that staying might prove unhealthy at best. The investigators can, however, spend as much time as they deem necessary here in the Age of Reptiles, though by dawdling too long, they will miss any hope of finding Professor Rhodes and returning to their own time.

•**Gate the Second, The Wasteland:** Crossing through the second Gate will propel the investigators far into the future. No Geology, Natural History, or similar skill will be able to identify the time period. It is actually 3051, and the Earth has undergone some cataclysmic war of apocalyptic proportions, or perhaps some similarly devastating event more closely related to the Cthulhu Mythos.

The investigators will appear in a desert of irradiated sand, a wasteland that stretches for miles. In the far distance the shattered ruins of a city can be seen through the haze. Again, the investigators are free to remain here as long as they like, though after the third turn, have them begin making checks against their Con x 5.

If any member of the expedition fails they will begin suffering from 1D3 points of damage per round until back through the Gate. This damage, while not permanent, derives

from the high levels of radiation and chemical weapon residues.

Remaining in this nightmare era for more than five rounds will make the group of investigators target for a group of marauding degenerates, refugees from the war-torn cities.

Starving and diseased, this tragic band of six mutant zombies will attack the investigators, resorting to cannibalism to continue their hopeless existence.

The mutants are still vaguely recognizable as human beings, but their behavior will be that of the most savage animal. Some terrible warping of their genetic makeup has created a being that is strikingly similar to the legendary zombie of the Voodoo religion, though various radiations have caused blistering, peeling skin tissue which makes the creatures even more horrific.

Zombie Mutants

STR 09 CON 11 SIZ 15 HP 13
POW 10 DEX 13 INT 24 MV 08

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
Bite	35%	1D8*
Club	45%	1D6

*This bite is infectious, calling for a CON roll on the Resistance Table against a poison of POT 6. A failed roll results in the loss of 1D6 Hit Points over the next 3 days.

ARMOR: None

SANITY: 1D6 / 0

SPELLS: None



An Uninvited Guest

The Throneroom

The nightmare explorations of the Obsidian Fortress will culminate in the discovery of the Serpent Mage's own Throne Room. It is here that the final confrontation with the Serpent Wizard will take place. It is also here that the investigators will find the gibbering Professor Rhodes.

The Throne Room is a long hall, nearly 100 feet long and carved from obsidian. Every five feet a pillar rises from the floor to the ceiling, 20 feet above the chamber's floor. These pillars resemble huge malformed bones, twisting in their contorted support of the roof. A group of figures can be seen at the far end of the hall; they appear to be gathered around a device of some sort, but at this distance it is impossible to make out anything clearly. The only illumination is derived from the machine, and its weird lights cast bizarre shadows along the walls of the hall.

As the investigators enter the Throne Room, a low chanting can be heard. It is a strange and alien chorus; the combined voices resonate in a very unharmonious way. As the group proceeds down the hall, the chanting will become louder and louder.

The group can get close enough to clearly see the figures and machine. The figures are eleven Serpent People. Ten of these Snake Folk are dressed alike, garbed in a smooth, flexible armor covered with runes. These runes are closely related to the runes discovered throughout the Fortress.

The eleventh Serpent Man is dressed in flowing red robes, likewise covered with the familiar runes. This Serpent is larger than the others and stands closest to the machine. His clawed hands stretched out in front of him. All of the Serpent People seem to be in a sort of trance as they chant ever louder. They will be unaware of the human's presence.

Their ceremony is seemingly directed at the machine in the middle of their circle. This device is a mutated version of Professor Rhodes' original design for the Time Distortion Generator. The central sphere is black and the connected tubes pump alien liquids into it. The main sphere is covered with runes (a successful Idea roll will allow the investigator to recall these runes as being the same ones seen in Rhodes's lab). It is these glyphs that glow and provide the light. All this looks like Rhodes' own machine, though one important difference exists and can be observed.

The machine is hovering in midair, about five feet off the ground. Below the floating Generator sits what remains of the Miskatonic physicist. He is gaunt and pale. His head has been shaved completely and a circle of stitches runs horizontally across the diameter. An ominous looking tube runs from the hovering machine to the top of Rhodes's skull. The Professor just sits, smiling and giggling quietly to himself. The sight of this travesty costs 0/1D4 points of sanity.

THE FINAL CONJUNCTION

The Serpent Mage has gathered his remaining followers here once he completed his own version of Rhodes's time machine.

The wizard has obtained the details of the workings of the Generator from the mad Rhodes, finally using the man's mind to power the thing. Now the final ceremony has begun. The Final Conjunction so often spoken of by Angoor is now taking place. Within minutes, Angoor, his followers, and the Generator will all travel back to Rhodes' time where they will, by force of their vile magic, enslave the simian population.

The ceremony has rendered the participants unconscious, the chanting being done in a trance-like state. The Serpent Folk will remain unaware of the intruders as long as nothing is tampered with. Should anything be meddled with, including the participants, all will awaken and attempt to dispose of the invaders.

The chanting will grow louder and the glyphs will grow brighter. The unholy version of Rhodes's machine begins humming. The investigators must act quickly. If they choose to attack either the Generator or one of the Serpent Folk, or if they simply remain silent and wait, the end result will be the same. The Generator will travel back to 1927, taking along the Serpent People, the investigators, and the Obsidian Fortress

The Serpent People

STR 09	CON 11	SIZ 12	HP 11
POW 15	DEX 12	INT 13	MV 08

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
Bite	35%	1D8 + Poison*

*Poison is POT 11

ARMOR: 1 Point of scales

SPELLS: 2D6 randomly selected spells, which must include Contact Yig

SANITY: 1D6 / 0

Phaelis Angoor

STR 09	CON 11	SIZ 15	HP 13
POW 20	DEX 13	INT 24	MV 08

WEAPON	ATTACK%	DAMAGE
Bite	35%	1D8 + Poison*

*Poison is POT 11

ARMOR: 1 Point of scales

SPELLS: 15 randomly determined spells, which must include Contact Yig, Create Gate, Create Time Distortion Generator, and Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler

SANITY: 1D6 / 0

itself. Once there, the mutant Generator will explode. Whether this self-destruction is caused by a disruption in the ceremony or basic faults in the thing's design is inconsequential; all present will take damage from the blast. Those standing extremely near to the device will suffer 3D10 points of damage (this will destroy all the Serpent Folk, except the mage himself) while those further away suffer 1D6 points. The concussion will knock all but the most stalwart investigators unconscious. A CON X 3 check determines if the character remains conscious or if they are knocked out for 1D6 turns.

POSSIBILITIES

Following are outlined three possible realities that the characters will return to. The Keeper may choose one particular alternative which best suits the circumstances of game play. These options are outlined to provide the Keeper with a base to build upon. They vary in length, so the Keeper can sustain the scenario or wrap it up directly.

Reality I: The Horror Banished

Due to the strange design of the second Generator, the characters will be propelled back through the eons not to Chicago but to Arkham. The Generator was fueled by Rhodes' own mind and he wished, at this point, only to return to his home in Massachusetts.

The investigators will awaken in the forest outside of town in the bowl of a large crater. No other evidence of their journey will be apparent.

The group has escaped and should be rewarded 1D10 points of SAN. If this scenario has been part of a greater campaign then the investigators should continue to have nightmares related to these terrible events. Miskatonic University will approach the investigators in order to discover the professor's whereabouts. They will relate to the investigators their plan to release Professor Rhodes' notes and formulae (some of it containing material on time travel). Despite any effort to stop publication, the papers will eventually be released.

Reality II: Timejump

This reality acts as a way to transfer 1920's characters into either Cthulhu Now or Cthulhu by Gaslight settings. Obviously, the Keeper would require a scenario or plan for these time periods. Because Time and the Serpent is a time oriented scenario, it would be interesting to force the investigators to come to terms with the possible consequences of meddling with the continuum.

In this reality the characters would find themselves stuck in either the past or the future. Either would hold some very strange possibilities for adventure and investigation. Not only would the characters have to come to terms with their place in the universe, but they would still be faced with all those terrors

which lurk and plot dark schemes.

The investigators should wake from the blast and find themselves in an extremely strange place (i.e. modern day Los Angeles or Victorian London). They will soon realize that they no longer dwell in the 1920's; their loved ones and their lives are lost in the shadows of time.

Note: This option is really recommended for those gamers who desire a little variety in their game. I often find that I have a great idea for a Gaslight setting but am currently involved in a modern day campaign. This alternate conclusion will make a great transitional piece for those resourceful and imaginative Keepers. - D.P.

Reality III: Serpentmage Unbound

The distortion caused by the exploding Generator moves the entire Obsidian Fortress back to 1920's Chicago. The huge structure will materialize completely underneath the city, bringing the investigators and a few surviving Serpentfolk, including the Mage himself. When the investigators awaken, they will find themselves in the same place, but the Serpentmage is not among the charred corpses. He has escaped through the top of the tower and into the sewer system of the growing metropolis. Track skill rolls will allow the investigators to find their way out through the same way. Soon they find themselves back in the Chicago cold.

Now the characters are faced with the terrible prospect that the powerful and evil Serpentfolk wizard is loose in the city. Tracking the elusive Mage and his remaining followers (now numbering three) is not an easy task.

Finding the Mage may take days and when the wizard is finally cornered he will fight with all the power he can muster. To elude the investigators the Mage will find an abandoned building to use as a base, and he will order his followers to venture out into the city in order to find victims for their master. Phaelis Angoor will use these captured humans as sacrifices to Yig in hopes of gaining his patron's favor. His ultimate goal is to raise the Obsidian Fortress into the city and use the power stored there to wreak havoc upon this future world.

The investigators will read of the kidnappings in a number of Chicago newspapers. The newspapers will report that the only clue they have is a strange ring found at the scene of one kidnapping. This ring is made of some unknown material and has mysterious markings on it. This ring was lost by one of Angoor's fanatics and should be enough to set the investigators on the trail of the Serpentman.

After dealing with the Mage and his retinue, the investigators will probably want to close off the passage to the subterranean tower. Dynamite will certainly do the job.

Miskatonic University will be curious - to say the least - and it will take a very convincing investigator to assure the school that this matter is well and truly settled. The University will attempt to publish the professor's papers as described above in **Reality II**.

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Dear Sirs,

I have recently heard of your exploits involving certain strange goings-on and occult happenings, and I am hoping to enlist your services in a matter of bizarre import.

Very recently, I have been witness to unexplained sightings on my property, and I suspect a supernatural cause. I am normally not a superstitious man, but the things I have seen have changed my whole outlook. Such terrible things...

I do hope you will come quickly to my residence near Halbert, as I now feel that I am in danger. I have enclosed some funds to help your trip and I promise you more on arrival for your help.

Sincerely,

Jean-Claud DuMoss

Rt. 2 Old Dock Road

Halbert, LA

Finally I found it. Pretty well hidden, but doesn't explain why it took so long. Mebbe there's something there that pushes you away from the place, so you never really get close enough to spot it.

Damn difficult to spot, too, even if you know what you're looking for. Strange, it's almost whole after all these years, but so overgrown it looks like part of the bayou. Have to get aboard, but sure as hell not at night!

I'm sure there's some in town who don't want me to go out there at all. Got to watch out for them, I know they mean no good, and they won't be too happy if I cross them. Have to be carefull...

Local Man Vanishes

Hilbert police are investigating the possible disappearance of a local man, Mr. Jean-Claude DuMoss, 79, of Old Dock Road. DuMoss, a treasure hunter and amateur geologist, was pronounced missing yesterday after the Postmaster, Mr. Richard Swain discovered that Mr. DuMoss' mail had not been opened for several days. Later investigation by Sheriff Buton revealed that the rear door of the residence was ajar, and several windows had been broken.

Sheriff Buton stated that no signs of a struggle were present at the scene, but some rummaging around the house might have taken place. Sheriff Buton made a point that the reclusive DuMoss was eccentric, and might possibly have left town before his house was looted.

The Sheriff also stated that he will continue his investigation of the case until a satisfactory answer is found.

THE LEGEND OF DEADWATER LAKE

According to many old timers, a horrible monster lurks in the scummy depths of the lake, devouring wanderers and delinquent boys fishing on the shore. The monster is said to be guarding a treasure of great value somewhere near or in the lake.

This terrible creature is also rumored to hae been attracted to the lake when, centuries past, something fell from the sky and plunged into the lake.

On moonless nights, the thing is said to leae the water and crawl into the outskirts of town, devouring any foolish late-night traveler who doesn't have the good sense to be safely in the comfort of his own home.

It is said that a cross will drier the thing away, screaming back into its lair. This is not known to be true, for none hae ever returned to boast of its success.

May 25 The first victim was a female, approximately 40 years old. The body was not identified. She apparently died from suffocation, due to the disfiguration of her throat and trachea. Her body was marred with deep, ugly furrows. She was found floating near the shore of the Atlantic Ocean by a jogger on the morning of May 24. She had been partially devoured and picked at by the fish, making identification impossible. There were no fingerprints or other traceable marks. The body was naked when found.

June 15 The second body was identified as Mona Adler, a 54year old bag lady who lived near Wild Wood Drive in the poor section of the city.

Her death was caused by loss of blood, as approximately 48% of her body's bloodcarrying vessels were extended outside her body in a grotesque, hairlike fashion. Her body also bore "sculpted," messy tracks and gullies, similar to the first victim. The body was found beneath a row of bushes in a park on the east side on June 14. Again, nothing traceable could be found. Unlike the previous victim, Adler was clothed in the remains of a dress.

June 30 The third body was that of Jefferson Thatcher, a homeless 39year old black man. He was found late in the evening of June 29 by a city sanitation crew, in a dumpster near South Roosevelt Boulevard and U.S. Highway 1. Cause of death was a heart attack, brought on by the apparent "internal injuries," coupled with a "melted" appearance of the skin," almost identical to the previous victims. He was dressed in the filthy, tattered remains of a rather expensive suit. Thatcher was identified by a street friend of his, Willie Giles, who remembered seeing Thatcher only a few days before on Wild Wood Drive. The police feel confident, claiming to have "uncovered evidence that will speed things up." They are concentrating their investigations along Wild Wood Drive.

July 14 Found on the morning of July 13, the body of Emilio Ruessa had suffered injuries identical to the other victims. Cause of death was "severe trauma to the internal organs." The body was found floating in the Salt Pond near the southern portion of the island, where it had apparently been laying for several days. Several human hairs were found somehow embedded in the flesh of this, and the previous victim. Large amounts of alcohol were also found in the blood and on the body. The man was clothed, wearing a woman's evening gown.

The police evidence from the previous victim turned out to be incorrect and useless. The citizens of Key West have begun to put more and more pressure on police to catch the perpetrator.

July 27 The body of the fifth victim was found in an alley on the lower western side of Key West. No identification has been made. Police believe the body to be that of a middleaged woman, but they cannot be sure until additional tests have been completed. The body was discovered by the owner of a nearby bar. The body was disfigured beyond recognition, in a manner identical to the previous victims. This body was found completely naked. The police believe drugs will be found when the test results come back, although they will not comment further on the incident.

August 23 A 41year old homeless woman, identified as Jane Markowitz, was found in an abandoned tenement building by an anonymous individual, near the northeastern side of the city. The injuries she had sustained were responsible for her death. She was found wearing red lingerie and had several needle marks on her arm. Police believe they are closing in on the demented person responsible for this, and the previous murders. No explanation has been given as to how the murders have been committed, or for the unusual conditions of the victim's skin. The body was reported in the early morning hours of August 23.

Handout 1 (Configurations Of The Flesh)

First Victim

Body showed signs of physical and sexual abuse prior to death; her throat looked as if it had been heated (like wax), reshaped, and allowed to cool; her throat and trachea was completely fused; cause of death: suffocation; indications of finger marks on the flesh, but no prints--probably wearing gloves.

Second Victim

Bizarre condition of blood vessels outside the skin indicate some sort of surgical/medical knowledge; again, hand and finger marks, but no prints; autopsy revealed severe head trauma--probably from blows to the skull, prior to death; last known residence was approximately four blocks from Wild Wood Drive in the west-central section of the city; tests on dress remains show unidentifiable slime or mucus-like solution; dress appears to have been expensive designer quality.

Third Victim

Cause of death: heart rupture, due to the "re-shaping" condition of the internal organs; head shows severe trauma, similar to second victim; friend Willie Giles mentioned Thatcher talking with someone hours before he disappeared--person was in a fancy sportscar ("slumming?"); Giles can't remember make or model; thinks it may have been silver or grey; victim's suit was of expensive Italian manufacture and design.

Fourth Victim

Cause of death: evisceration. Skin had been "re-shaped" out of the way, allowing access to abdominal cavity; all major internal organs had been removed, and have not been found; hair samples come from black-haired Caucasian male, 30-45 years of age, with traces of styling gel or mousse on it; blood-alcohol content indicates a large amount of red wine consumption; gown is very expensive designer quality (no connection between designer labels on clothing); the gown may have been used in this instance to try and throw the police off.

Fifth Victim

Female, probably in her mid-40's; indications of severe torture and abuse; flesh had been fused together over genitalia; cocaine found in bloodstream was of a very high, very expensive grade; it was probably used to entice and/or subdue the victim; body looked like one great lump of misshapen flesh.

Sixth Victim

Cause of death: self-inflicted fatal knife wound to the heart; (forced to commit suicide?); couldn't live with "re-shaped" flesh?; pain?; autopsy revealed high grade cocaine in bloodstream, similar to fifth victim, and probably injected by murderer; evidence shows body was strapped/tied down, possibly before administration of the drug; genitalia showed evidence of odd slime-like solution (similar to victim #2).

THE DARE CHARACTER INTRODUCTION

Well, You did it. You've managed to sneak out of the house without your parents knowing about it, and now you stand on a cool late summer night in front of the creepy old Barnaker house. Your friends have all managed to sneak out as well, and are now waiting to enter the house in which you have been dared to spend the night. Roger, the snotty little butthead who dared you to do it, is also here - to make sure you guys don't chicken out. The Fink.

It all started earlier today, after the sandlot baseball game. Words were exchanged between your friends and Roger, taunting as children are wont to do, and it was then he spoke those immortal words: "You guys think you're so tough an' brave. Well I think you're just a bunch 'fraidy-cats. If you were such hot snot you'd spend the night at the old Barnaker house." At those words a shudder wormed down your spine, because *everybody* knows the old Barnaker place is haunted. "In fact," Roger continued, "I double dare ya to spend the night there." You and your friends hemmed and hawed, but you all know Roger had you exactly where he wanted you; you couldn't back down in front of the whole neighborhood, could you? So it was decided; everyone would sneak out of their rooms and meet here in front of the Barnaker house.

And now, chilled by the breeze rattling the tree limbs overhead and combing through the tall grass of the overgrown front lawn, that snothead Roger grins nastily and insists on going into the house right away, "Unless you want to be a 'fraidy-cat!" He's obviously quite serious, and you just know if you back out now he'll squeal to the whole neighborhood. But at least the little turd's going in with you, so maybe he'll be the one who chickens out and you can all go home. What else can you do?

Your personal character introduction on your character sheet lists the stories you've heard about the old Barnaker house. Your character sheet also lists all the equipment you've brought with you tonight. In addition, you may choose **ONE** item from the following list to take with you (circle the one you will take):

Slingshot	Monster Magazine	Comic Book
Book of Matches	Bag of Marbles	Wristwatch
Candy Bar	Flashlight	Baseball Bat
Cross (handheld)	Crucifix (necklace)	Bible

Finally, you may distribute 100 points among any skills you wish. Note that some skills have modified base percentages due to the characters' age, while others are not available at all.

Your friends on this night's adventure are:

Kyle Robards: A small, quiet guy who's kind of a bookworm - and he wears glasses to boot! He'd rather be reading than playing ball, and is really wild about dinosaurs, monsters, ghost stories, and stuff like that. He's the smartest kid in class.

Joey Delafano: A mean-looking tough guy who's always in trouble at school, and even with the cops sometimes. He wears a leather jacket and smokes, and has been through the fifth grade twice. He really is a loyal friend, though.

Richie Davis: A big, butterball of a kid who's always being made fun of by you and the rest of the gang. But he's a real pal, and always has some candy or something else to eat that he'll share with you. His folks are always buying him all these neat things like BB guns and stuff. All kidding aside, he will probably be a good highschool football player.

Darren Pickett: The local kid baseball star, Darren's a quick, natural athlete. He's a real team player, and an inspiration to his teammates. If things get down, Darren takes the initiative and either does something himself or talks others into giving their all for the team. A natural leader, but it always seems he's just *got* to be leader, nobody else.

Shirley Kent: A quiet girl who hasn't quite decided to be a girl yet. She hangs around with the boys, plays ball, fishes, and does all that other "boy stuff." Her mother wishes she would be more ladylike, but tomboy Shirely would rather be playing ball, which she does better than most boys, so she always gets picked first when choosing up teams.

Paul Laughlin: The class clown. He's got a motor mouth, and a sharp wit for a kid his age. He knows all kinds of great jokes, and loves pulling practical jokes, too. He's always got some kind of gag waiting to be used - a hand-buzzer, joke gum, firecrackers, etc.

Roger Simmons: Not really a friend, just another kid from the neighborhood. Roger is sort of a nasty, unlikable version of Paul Laughlin. Roger's the guy who's always being picked on, and who always seems to deserve it. He's a whiner, a tattle-tale, and an all-round brat. Unfortunately, he's got a big brother named Ace who he always runs to for protection. A lot of kids have picked on Roger, most to regret it later after a visit from Ace.

**You Are
SHIRLEY KENT**

Shirley is a tomboy. She'd rather play ball than with dolls, and her mother is always trying to get her to hang around with the other girls her age rather than with the guys all the time. The truth is, Shirley is a better athlete than most of the boys, and is always the first one picked when ball teams are chosen. She is quiet, but always friendly.

Here is what you've heard about the Barnaker house:

A long time ago there was an old man and woman who lived in the house, and they were really nasty to kids. They didn't like kids coming into their yard, and sometimes if a kid did, he'd disappear and no one ever saw him again. People thought that maybe the old couple caught the kids and drowned them in that little fish pond behind the house.

The house is supposed to be haunted by the ghost of an old woman. On some nights you can see lights in the windows, supposedly the old woman carrying a lantern through the house. And sometimes at night you can hear crying in the house, and even wailing and screaming.

A long time ago there was a family that lived in the house with their kids. One time when the parents were in town one of the kids fell into the cistern and drowned. The parents were very sad, and they moved away. Ever since then, the ghost of the little boy who drowned has haunted the house, looking for his folks.

The Dare

Character Sheet

Shirley Kent

STR	07	DEX	07	INT	11	IDEA	55
CON	11	APP	13	POW	13	LUCK	65
SIZ	07	SAN	65	EDU	06	KNOW	30

Magic Points: 13 Hit Points: 09 Sanity: 65

SKILLS

Bargain	05	Listen	38	Sneak	27
Camouflage	25	Make Maps	10	Spot Hidden	38
Climb	57	Mech. Repair	20	Swim	25
Debate	10	Occult	05	Throw	42
Dodge	51	Oratory	10	Track	10
Fast Talk	05	Pick Pockets	05		
First Aid	30	Psychology	18		
Hide	38	Read/Write Eng.	41		
History	20	Ride	05		
Jump	42	Sing	05		

WEAPON	ATTACK %	DAMAGE
Club	33	1D6
Kick	30	1D6
Slingshot	44	1D4

Damage Penalty: -1D4

POSSESSIONS

**You Are
KYLE ROBARDS**

Kyle is a small, quiet, studious kid. He wears glasses, and is known as a bookworm who would rather read than play ball. He likes dinosaurs, monsters, and ghost stories and such, and is always telling scary stories to the other kids. He is also one of the smartest kids in the sixth grade.

Here is what you've heard about the Barnaker house:

A long time ago there was a mean old hag who used to live in the house. They said she was a witch and that she used to invite kids into the house, and then she'd feed them candy and fatten them up until finally she would eat them.

She would roast them alive, eat them, then plant the bones in her garden, and no one ever caught her. But finally she died and they buried her out in the country so she wouldn't bother any of the other dead people in the town cemetery.

A long time ago there was an old man and woman who lived in the house, and they were really nasty to kids. They didn't like kids coming into their yard, and sometimes if a kid did, he'd disappear and no one ever saw him again. People thought that maybe the old couple caught the kids and drowned them in that little fish pond behind the house.

The house is supposed to be haunted by the ghost of an old woman. On some nights you can see lights in the windows, supposedly the old woman carrying a lantern through the house. And sometimes at night you can hear crying in the house, and even wailing and screaming.

The Dare

Character Sheet

Kyle Robards

STR 07	DEX 13	INT 12	IDEA 60
CON 09	APP 09	POW 11	LUCK 55
SIZ 07	SAN 55	EDU 07	KNOW 35

Magic Points: 11 Hit Points: 8 Sanity: 55

SKILLS

Bargain	05	Listen	36	Sneak	36
Camouflage	25	Make Maps	17	Spot Hidden	37
Climb	53	Mech. Repair	20	Swim	25
Debate	10	Occult	31	Throw	25
Dodge	39	Oratory	10	Track	10
Fast Talk	05	Pick Pockets	05	Archaeology	07
First Aid	30	Psychology	28	Library Use	19
Hide	36	Read/Write Eng.	54		
History	20	Ride	05		
Jump	38	Sing	05		

WEAPON	ATTACK %	DAMAGE
Knife	30	1D4
Fist/Punch	25	1D6

Damage Penalty: -1D4

POSSESSIONS

**You Are
DARREN PICKETT**

Darren is a fine young athlete, the star of the local sandlot baseball games, and well-liked by everyone in the neighborhood, kids and adults alike. He is a good motivator, always pushing his friends to do their best, be it in a ball game, footrace, or whatever. He sticks up for his friends, but can seem a little pushy sometimes. Darren is a team player kind of guy, and is more often than not the self-appointed leader.

Here is what you've heard about the Barnaker house:

A long time ago there was a mean old bag who used to live here. They said she was a witch and that she used to invite kids into her house, feed them candy to fatten them up, and then she'd roast them and plant their bones in her garden. No one ever caught her, and no one knows whatever became of her. People think she probably died in the house, and her ghost is still prowling around the place.

The Dare

Character Sheet

Darren Pickett

STR 09	DEX 19	INT 10	IDEA 50
CON 13	APP 13	POW 13	LUCK 65
SIZ 09	SAN 65	EDU 06	KNOW 30

Magic Points: 13 Hit Points: 11 Sanity: 65

SKILLS

Bargain	05	Listen	25	Sneak	34
Camouflage	25	Make Maps	10	Spot Hidden	25
Climb	59	Mech. Repair	20	Swim	25
Debate	10	Occult	05	Throw	25
Dodge	76	Oratory	10	Track	10
Fast Talk	05	Pick Pockets	05		
First Aid	30	Psychology	05		
Hide	10	Read/Write Eng.	30		
History	20	Ride	05		
Jump	44	Sing	05		

WEAPON	ATTACK %	DAMAGE
Club	63	1D6
Kick	30	1D6
Grapple	25	Special

POSSESSIONS

**You Are
JOEY DELAFANO**

Joey is a troublemaker, a leather-jacketed tough who's had to repeat the fifth grade due to poor attendance more than poor grades. He smokes, picks fights, and otherwise frightens the local adult population. He's been in trouble in and out of school, and had done some vandalism which the police could never prove he did.

He is, however, a loyal friend, and once he calls you a buddy, you're pals for life. Because of this, everyone knows that Joey is on a collision course with Roger Simmons' brother Ace.

Here is what you've heard about the Barnaker house:

A long time ago there was a mean old hag who used to live in the house. They said she was a witch and that she used to invite kids into the house, and then she'd feed them candy and fatten them up until finally she would eat them.

She would roast them alive, eat them, then plant the bones in her garden, and no one ever caught her. But finally she died and they buried her out in the country so she wouldn't bother any of the other dead people in the town cemetery.

The Dare

Character Sheet

Joey Delafano

STR 08	DEX 16	INT 09	IDEA 45
CON 11	APP 12	POW 12	LUCK 60
SIZ 09	SAN 60	EDU 05	KNOW 25

Magic Points: 12 Hit Points: 10 Sanity: 60

SKILLS

Bargain 05	Listen 25	Sneak 48
Camouflage 25	Make Maps 10	Spot Hidden 37
Climb 56	Mech. Repair 29	Swim 25
Debate 10	Occult 05	Throw 25
Dodge 64	Oratory 05	Track 10
Fast Talk 29	Pick Pockets 05	
First Aid 30	Psychology 05	
Hide 53	Read/Write Eng. 25	
History 20	Ride 05	
Jump 41	Sing 05	

WEAPON	ATTACK %	DAMAGE
Fist	70	1D3
Knife	25	1D4

POSSESSIONS

**You Are
RICHIE DAVIS**

Richie is an overweight kid who's always being made fun of by his friends. But he is always sharing candy and food and stuff with them, so the group at the house tonight really like him. Despite his weight, he is a reasonably good athlete, and with a little training will one day be an unstoppable football player.

Here is what you've heard about the Barnaker house:

A long time ago a family moved into the house, only it was already haunted. The father got crazier and crazier, and one night his family just disappeared. This guy ran a little market, and eventually the police got suspicious. They investigated and found out the guy had chopped up his family and sold the human steaks at his market. They caught the guy and hanged him, but his ghost is supposed to still haunt the house, and that's why no one lives there.

A long time ago a boy was left alone with his sick grandma while his folks were away. The old woman died while the parents were gone, and the little boy felt very guilty about this. Afterwards, he claimed that his grandma still came to visit him, even though his parents kept telling him she was gone. Then one day the boy died too. Everyone (at least the other kids) said the grandmother's ghost came back to take the boy with her - either for letting her die, or because she didn't want to be alone.

The Dare

Character Sheet

Richie Davis

STR	10	DEX	10	INT	10	IDEA	50
CON	12	APP	09	POW	11	LUCK	55
SIZ	12	SAN	55	EDU	06	KNOW	30

Magic Points: 11 Hit Points: 12 Sanity: 55

SKILLS

Bargain	05	Listen	35	Sneak	20
Camouflage	36	Make Maps	20	Spot Hidden	52
Climb	48	Mech. Repair	20	Swim	25
Debate	10	Occult	15	Throw	40
Dodge	20	Oratory	21	Track	17
Fast Talk	05	Pick Pockets	05		
First Aid	40	Psychology	15		
Hide	10	Read/Write Eng.	40		
History	20	Ride	05		
Jump	32	Sing	05		

WEAPON	ATTACK %	DAMAGE
Fist	55	1D3
BB Gun	45	1D3
Grapple	47	Special

POSSESSIONS

**You Are
PAUL LAUGHLIN**

Paul is the class clown, a practical joker and all-round smartass. He wears glasses, and is always getting in trouble at school for goofing off or for playing practical jokes. He's always got some kind of trick up his sleeve (often literally); a hand buzzer, joke gum, a squirting flower, and so forth. His tricks often get him in trouble with the class bullies, but he keeps right on with them.

Here is what you've heard about the Barnaker house:

A long time ago there was a mean old bag who used to live here. They said she was a witch and that she used to invite kids into her house, feed them candy to fatten them up, and then she'd roast them and plant their bones in her garden. No one ever caught her, and no one knows whatever became of her. People think she probably died in the house, and her ghost is still prowling around the place.

The Dare

Character Sheet

Paul Laughlin

STR 07	DEX 14	INT 10	IDEA 50
CON 09	APP 12	POW 12	LUCK 60
SIZ 08	SAN 60	EDU 06	KNOW 30

Magic Points: 12 Hit Points: 09 Sanity: 60

SKILLS

Bargain	05	Listen	42	Sneak	36
Camouflage	25	Make Maps	10	Spot Hidden	37
Climb	47	Mech. Repair	29	Swim	25
Debate	10	Occult	11	Throw	25
Dodge	42	Oratory	21	Track	10
Fast Talk	33	Pick Pockets	05		
First Aid	30	Psychology	05		
Hide	24	Read/Write Eng.	40		
History	20	Ride	05		
Jump	32	Sing	05		

WEAPON	ATTACK %	DAMAGE
Club	33	1D6

POSSESSIONS

ave made the pact with the Black Man, who has many faces and forms, that knowledge and life shall be yours beyond imagining. The flesh of the immature is that which is most pure, for it contains fewer of the taints that age, experience, knowledge, and sin impart upon it. It can be consumed raw or cooked, though heat tends to remove some of the sweetest flavors of innocence and incorruption. Such repasts impart upon the feaster the vitality contained in potential within the child's flesh. Tribute must be given to that Black Man before each such feast, that he might also gain benefit from it. His children shall you bear, as the cost for his great gift.

Handout 1 (The Dare)

Let the (rites? rituals?) be spoke at night, let blood be spilled. Then shall come the (host? army? legion?) from beyond that is all of one thing. Their mark shall be left on all who offend them, as a sickness that shall spread. The one that is chosen shall be the host, and he must find the sacred stone. Dreams shall show him the way. He must find the stone and learn the ritual, so that the gate will be open and the (host? horde? army?) will walk the earth, and all life will be (consumed? taken in?). The stone is the key, the channel that sweeps away all (sickness? impurities?), and with it shall all evil ways be healed

Handout 1 (Whispers Out Of Mind)

10/29/28

EXPLORER CANCELS DINNER

World renowned explorer and noted archaeologist, Sir Jeremy Ward of Great Britan, left notice that a benefit dinner and lecture he was to give tomorrow night was canceled.

Ward was a visiting guest of Arkham's Miskatonic University, and was not available for comment at his suite at the Hotel Miskatonic.

Ward's notice cited "personal, pressing reasons" for the cancellation. What a loss for the elite and educated of Arkham!

Handout 3 (Whispers Out Of Mind)

10/29/28

MISSING GIRL PROMPTS CITY-WIDE CURFEW

The parents of 8 year old Cynthia Wheeler were roused from their sleep last night by the sound of their daughter's screaming. They rushed to the girl's room, only to find her gone, and the window standing open. Out the window they saw "a large group of degenerate-looking people fleeing into the night." Police responded with lightneing speed, but no trace of the perpetrators was found.

"Until now, this gang has preyed on university students, not natives of Arkham, presumably to avoid drawing undue attention to themselves, but now they have gone entirely too far," said Detective Luther Harden, head of the ongoing investigation into the growing number of missing in Arkham.

Also Handout 3 (Whispers Out Of Mind)

10/2/28

FOREIGN VISITOR GRACES ARKHAM WITH LECTURE

Sir Jeremy Ward, well known explorer and archaeologist, arrived in Arkham today, and is expected to spend about 3 weeks researching at Miskatonic University to clarify some finds of his made on his recent expedition to Tibet and India.

Ward will also give a dinner and lecture at the University on the night of the 28th concerning archaic myth patterns of Asia and the Near East. A splendid evening of learning is guaranteed for all.

Handout 6 (Whispers Out Of Mind)

According to Harden, the following steps will be implemented immediately: the imposition of a city-wide curfew effective 6PM tonight, the formation of a special squad of deputies that will go house to house along the riverfront in a massive search and corralling of suspects, and the official involvement of the FBI in the case. Harden refused to comment on the rampant rumors that the missing university students have already been found, each brutally murdered. Come on, Detective Harden! Surely truth is no worse than rumor, however embarrassing to your inept department it might be. Mayor Peabody has made statements in private that call for the resignation of both Harden and Chief of Police Asa Nichols. Meanwhile, the terror still grips Arkham

THE DREAM

Sleep does not come easily; images of the thing beyond the circle and the old wizard refusing to leave your mind. Finally, reality drifts away..... and you are in your home, sitting down in your favorite easy chair to read a favorite book for the tenth time. The summer sun filters in through the drapes, and you feel a sense of inner calm and peace. You open the book and begin to read, but the words on the page start to squirm and twist, molding themselves into strange symbols utterly beyond your comprehension. The sunlight outside turns a strange, sickly shade of orange, and you hear something... a faint whispering - is it from the next room?

You rise to check, but the room is empty. The whispers can still be heard, just soft enough not to be understandable. Where are they coming from? You must know - you run from room to room and find them all empty. Something is very wrong. The whispers grow louder; you race outside into the familiar streets of your home town, but the scene before you seems somehow alien.

People walk down the streets without smiles, handshakes, or even a friendly greeting. You realize with a start that there is no speech at all. A blind man drives by in a huge truck full of cattle, unerring in his course. The whispers now speak to you; you hear "host," "salvation," "sentinel," "destruction," "belonging... oneness."

You see your parents and run to them, asking them what the words mean. They look at you strangely, no recognition on their faces. At their feet is a nest of ants; as if sped up, they build their hive before your eyes, transforming the town around you into a warren of bizarre tunnels. With a shock, you realize that the expression on the faces of your parents is duplicated on every face in the transformed town.

Hands grab you from behind and the whispers become screams as you realize their source is within your skull. Your physical screams mix with them, a single note lost in a fugue of terror.... You tear free of the people holding you, and you find yourself lost in a strange, organic-looking tunnel made of some plastic, translucent substance. You look around and see huge green things, like the one from the hovel.

Moving like insects, they seem to take no notice of you. As you start looking for a way out of here, you shiver with dread as the whispering begins inside your head again... "I am the ghost of the world," it says, "come to tell you... it is not too late to avert the confounding of everything. Seek out the Sentinel, find the stone and stop the ritual - but you must act quickly!"

Your mind's eye whizzes about like an angry gnat, beyond your control. You seem to be at the edge of a huge mountain gorge. A river flows at the bottom, glistening silver in the noonday sun. You see a glowing, multifaceted gemstone, held in the hands of a hindu guru who appears immeasurably old. He is raving in a language you cannot understand, and a circle of light is forming on a boulder beside him. Suddenly there is a crack, and a rose of blood flares on the man's frail shoulder. He falls over the edge of the chasm, the gem slipping from his hand. It too falls, and you marvel at the light shining through the walls of a translucent tunnel which it leaves behind. You dive into the tunnel and the light flares to blinding brilliance.

The light transforms into the gemstone. In a flicker, you find yourself standing in a large cavern with the gemstone resting in the center of the chamber, its light revealing a crowd of people standing around it with peculiar, blank expressions.

Suddenly they all explode in a shower of blood, leaving behind more of the green-hued beasts. The creatures fall upon you, and begin tearing you to shreds.

You awake screaming.

I need to meet with
you, tonight.

Be in the Old Arkham
Graveyard at 8 O'clock
tonight. We have many
important things to
discuss.

A Friend

Handout 4 (Whispers Out Of Mind)

10/3/28

UNIVERSITY STUDENT MISSING

Frank Parsons, English student at Miskatonic University, was reported missing yesterday by his roommate, Mark Billings. Parsons went out to see a feature at the cinema, and simply never returned. "Parsons was known as a quiet lad, not very forthcoming," said Detective Luther Harden, assigned to the investigation of Parsons' disappearance. "He's likely on some extended jaunt in the country and simply failed to tell anyone."

Harden urged the populace not to worry overmuch, and asks that anyone with any information regarding the disappearance to contact him immediately.

Handout 5 (Whispers Out Of Mind)

10/27/28

M.U. KIDNAPPERS STRIKE AGAIN

The ranks of the missing swelled to 3 yesterday when Joseph Banks was declared missing by police. Detective Harden, in charge of the investigation, responded to charges that the Arkham police are delinquent in their duties at yesterday's emergency council meeting. "This is a very complex case, and we are doing the best we can. To tell you more would give you details which might help the guilty parties." Harden did not rule out calling in the FBI, but did state that he would "personally hand the scum responsible."

Handout 5 (Whispers Out Of Mind)

10/23/28

SECOND DISAPPEARANCE BAFFLES POLICE

Another Miskatonic student has gone missing. While search parties combed the surrounding woods for any sign of Frank Parsons, co-ed Lucy Streiber was abducted on her way to meet friends at a social gathering. Streiber, originally from Maine, was studying nursing at M.U.'s medical center. Detective Luther Harden has been assigned to head the investigation of this apparent kidnapping as well, but would not confirm that the two events are linked in any way.

"Now that this has happened, anyone missing for 24 hours will be presumed part of this case, when it may not be so," he said. Harden urges university students to limit their travel about at night, and to travel in groups.

The Parsons of Rhode Island have stood by their promise to offer a \$500 reward for the return of their son, despite police urgings to the contrary.

Handout 5 (Whispers Out Of Mind)

**YOUNG EXPLORER FOLLOWS
COUNTRYMEN'S FOOTSTEPS**

In what is something of a trend, another young English nobleman is embarking on a cavalier expedition into the unknown. Jeremy Ward, decorated officer in His Majesty's army in the Great War, has collected vast sums and gathered personnel at his estate in Sussex to embark on an expedition down the Nile.

Ward is expected to begin with a sightseeing tour, and then move on to excavate in the Valley of the Kings. Responding to local criticisms that this was but a wealthy man's diversion, Ward was quoted in the Times as saying "This is a completely legitimate dig. I intend to make a great find, and further our modern understanding of one of the ancient world's greatest empires."

Be that as it may, in this reporter's opinion, after Tut, Egypt is a dry vein. Surely, Ward is just another gentryman who misses the thrill of combat.

Handout 7 (Whispers Out Of Mind)

BRITISH EXPLORER KNIGHTED

Jeremy Ward, just back from his expedition to Egypt, was knighted in recognition of his recovery of several priceless Egyptian relics that had been stolen from the Royal Museum in Cairo. The museum pieces, it seems, were stolen by some sort of secret society blamed for many kidnappings and murders in the Cairo area.

Ward tracked the group down and brought their leader to justice, recovering the stolen items in the process. Ward had been staying in Cairo as his dig in the Valley of the Kings proceeded without any measurable success, complaining that the climate in the field had been bad for his health. Poor chap! Still, at least the mediocre venture was worth something.

Handout 7 (Whispers Out Of Mind)

**BRITISH EXPLORER DRAGGED
FROM JUNGLE: EXPEDITION FAILS**

Jeremy Ward, who embarked on an expedition down the Congo that was prompted by passages he read in some curious and academically questionable books, was put on a ship bound for home yesterday, the only survivor of his expedition. Far from lost cities or King Solomon's Mines, Ward seems only to have encountered disaster in the steaming jungles.

When he staggered into a small native village nearly a week ago, missionaries reported that Ward was feverish, incoherent, and babbling in a language none of them had ever heard before. Ward recovered a few days later, but has been described as "very disturbed and agitated," by his doctor, who also said he has been plagued by nightmares since.

A search by local authorities found the horribly mutilated remains of the rest of the expedition, and marvelled that Ward escaped without a scratch. Vague accusations of mismanagement or outright foul play have surfaced among Ward's financial partners back home. The poor gentry boy seems to have finally learned that the world outside the manor can be an ugly place.

Handout 8 (Whispers Out Of Mind)

**EXPLORER WITH SHADY PAST RETURNS
FROM TIBET**

Sir Jeremy Ward is back in England once again, returned from his third expedition, this one to Tibet. It seems to have been a success, a rarity for the trouble-plagued young nobleman. With Ward's return, a tide of shady rumors has arisen around the knight; tales of research into dark occult practices while in Tibet, participation in secret rites, an obsession with black magic, and his hushed up, half year stay in a British sanitarium following Ward's return from his disastrous Congo expedition.

Ward has been busy since his return, scouring European universities for their most unwholesome and arcane tomes, or so secret sources say. They describe Ward as a driven man, whose cheerful public face is but a veneer concealing a man teetering on the brink of madness. Rumor has it that Ward's next stop is the United States, where he plans to visit Miskatonic University in Arkham, famed for its collection of erudite lore. Lucky them!

Handout 9 (Whispers Out Of Mind)

And lo... Then did Haril Ashaba travel far to the east, beyond Taran-Santikh which is beyond Dotnak. There the wise one did meet high in a mountain cave a prophet whose name was known in Cthaht as Rohm. Haril offered unto the wise one two sips of his Tlanth and smoke from his pipe, and Rohm in his turn told Ashaba of Clioth many tales of Wisdom. He told of the Faraway Ones who dwell in the peaks beyond Ynd, they who tempt the valley dwellers in voices of crickets and mesmerize the unwary, they whose enemies are withered by winter's cold at noonday, and they who take their chosen into the gulfs beyond, winging through unknowable abysses, beyond all there is, beyond Yuggoth itself, from whence they came...

Rohm told also of the spirits who dwell beyond, the Philosopher-Kings who know both all that is past and yet to be. The Great Ones, so that they might see and know the ways of Men, take on the semblance of their chosen so that with the eyes of men they might know the Earth. The Chosen one is borne away across the sea of time and space to dwell with They who live beyond, there to reside among their secrets of what is to be.

Rohm heard their horrible voices, and from the Great Seers learned all that he knew. Haril Ashaba heard all, and those words Rohm spoke troubled him, so that for many weeks thereafter he dreamed of great halls beyond the Void, surrounded by They, next to whom his wisdom was but a gnat's portion. Haril, troubled, set out east for Ynd.

And then did Haril Ashaba, troubled by dreams, reach the vales of Ynd. There he settled for a time, and after a year did go to the mountains of Lyhama, east even on Xthaat and beyond Ynd. There in the mountains he found a group of prophets, who did teach him to send his mind out in the Void. Haril Ashaba longed to seek out the Great Seers in the Void, to learn the truth of his dreams, and longed to see those dreams end.

Long did he roam the Void, left from his body. Out in the Void he found a strange place, ruled by One Who Is Many, and returned to Earth, bearing a great treasure. The dreams still came to him; worse, the whispers from the Void broke his mind. Mad and acursed from Beyond, Ashaba fled back to Ynd, and hid from the sight of Man.

Haril Ashaba - the key

From Arabia, settled in India

Found something - great treasure

In Himalayan Mountains

Must find L'haro monastery

Great Treasure

Traveling the Void - Astral Projection???

Must research Cthaat Aquadingen

What was the treasure?

Who did he meet in the Void?

Pnakotic Manuscript hints Mi-go or Yithians

Someone else?

Ashaba accursed - how? By whom?

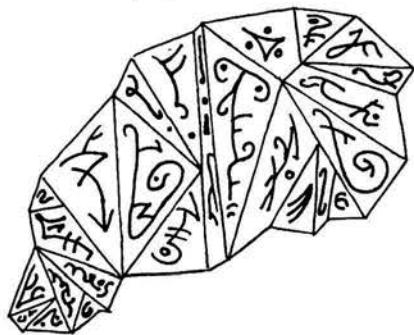
Answers at L'Haru

Excerpts from the journal of Jeremy Ward

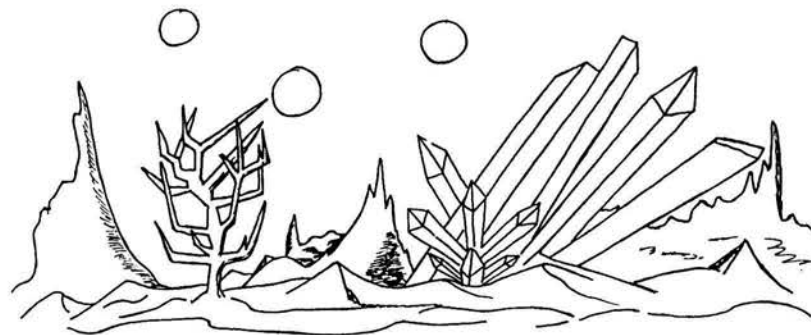
10/26/27 - The dreams again last night - like Africa but worse. Purple skies, crystal growths, green beasts... images of African army ants... hives... Will these dreams ever end?

10/27/27 - Dreamed was at home, but people all silent and sinister. Termites... building, reshaping world, people sharing eyes. L'Haro tomorrow.

11/1/27 - I have Ashaba's treasure!!! HUGE gemstone, unlike anything I've ever seen. Priceless... covered with strange symbols.. must translate.



11/2 - The dreams are worse - can't write about it.



11/5 - The dreams grow more intense each night. Green, hulking beasts, hives of glistening tunnels, and at the center of it all THE DEM. It moves on its own, shines with an inner light. I must translate it! This madness must end

11/7 - Dreamed of an old man falling from a cliff with the gem - Ashaba? Leaving for home. Going to take sedatives at night.

7/8/28 - Oxford University Library no help. Still no closer. I must go to Arkham, in America. There I can find the answers, perhaps in the Necronomicon. The dreams guide me to Arkham now.

**EXCERPT FROM A BRITISH COLONIAL
GOVERNOR'S REPORT FROM INDIA, 6/23/1867**

...the natives in the area had been in a state of unrest for some weeks, clamouring for protection from what they described as a group of evil men led by a black magician named Haril Ashaba. Interestingly enough, legends of this fellow date back centuries. This Ashaba and his gang of thugs were presumed to be a group of Thuggee cultists, and a detachment of troops was sent in to end the group's maraudings.

After rounding up most of the troublemakers, the troops chased the last of the cult to the top of a nearby mountain, where a pitched battle ensued. Ashaba himself was there, identified by the locals. In the fighting, two soldiers were killed, ten wounded, and all 38 of the cultists were slain. Ashaba was cornered at the top of a ledge overlooking a ravine, where he was shot and fell to his death. The troops who pursued and soon after killed him said that Ashaba was raving in a language that was definitely not Hindu, and that he was holding some intensely bright object in his hands when he fell.

The troops scoured the area for some weeks afterward, but no other traces of the group were found, and the matter was declared closed. Ashaba's body was never recovered.

Handout 14 (Whispers Out Of Mind)

It grieves me that you were
unable to meet me last night.
Please, I implore you, come
to the Simpson Apartments,
room 215, as soon as
possible. All is not yet lost.

HURRY!

A Friend

Handout 15 (Whispers Out Of Mind)

Arkham Gazette - October 26

Local Professor Leaves Classroom For Lab

Physics professor Garret Rhodes of Miskatonic University is leaving his position as teacher to begin a period of research in Chicago. Rhodes has been teaching at MU for over two decades, and is currently head of the Physics department.

Professor Rhodes is excited about the change. He commented: "I will definitely miss my students, but I've been waiting a long time for this opportunity."

Handout 1 (Time And The Serpent)

Excerpt from *The Macomb Physics Digest*, Vol. 1 Issue 26

TIME TRAVEL: The Manipulation of the Temporal Stream

We, as intelligent beings, have the right to control our environment. It is only our lack of ability which halts our progress. However, once we attain this ability we must leap forward and seize the opportunity....

...Time travel is possible. Manipulation of the time stream is a simple matter once the calculations are made and a powerful distortion field is generated. A catalyst is necessary to open a gate through time; it is only the creation of such a distortion that has proven so elusive to our technology.

I believe that I have the key to the solution; I have discovered a means by which we can generate such a distortion. The real problem lies in controlling that distortion and confining its effects; without proper control, the phenomenon could theoretically unravel the fabric of the temporal stream.

Handout 2 (Time And The Serpent)

Hello from the Wild West! Just a couple of lines to let you know I got out here without any major disasters. I think a dry climate agrees with me. The land is far more desolate than I had expected, yet there is a stark beauty to it all that makes me think I would be happy living out here.

Well, I'm off to tour Canyon deChelly - I'll send you a postcard as soon as I can.

Anna

Handout 1 (Skinwalker)

I am in love with this country. The Native American culture is rich and evocative, and the opportunities for archaeological digs are quite plentiful, if you can wait for permission to drift on down through the system.

I stopped at Professor Jergens' dig site, and found the place fascinating; I was even able to assist in the dig for the day, and that only served to whet my appetite for a find I can call my own.

The professor told me about some interesting cliff houses near Three Buttes, about 150 miles from his own dig. Maybe I'll drive over and check them out.

Anna

Handout 1 (Skinwalker)

The detour to Three Buttes proved to be well worth the trip. There are countless side canyons in the area in which can be found several Anasazi ruins. I have spent the last three days exploring some of these canyons, and I haven't even scratched the surface of what's out there. I've heard that there are cliff dwellings around here that have never even been visited by archaeologists - I'd give my eye teeth to come across one of those.

Think I'll be staying around here longer. The local motel is clean and cozy and the food is good. Maybe I can find someone willing to guide me to more of these undiscovered ruins. I've found some interesting artifacts on my own, many of which are perfectly preserved.

I'm really excited. This experience could end up as my doctoral thesis - and I did it all on my vacation! Now I understand how Professor Jergens must feel, having a dig all to himself.

Got to go; it's getting late and I need all the rest I can get.

Anna

Handout 1 (Skinwalker)

