

END

THREE CASES OF CLIMACTIC CONFRONTATION
BY KINGREAR, ROSS, AND ANIOLOWSKI

OF

THE

WORLD



TRIAD ENTERTAINMENTS

FOR CALL OF CTHULHU
LICENSED BY CHASWIT, INC.

R.D. SANFORD JR.

WELCOME...

The scenarios contained in this book are designed to remind the investigators of the true and tenebrous scope and power of the Cthulhu Mythos. They are nasty, they are insidious, and they are global in their implications for the future of Humanity and the Universe itself.

Within these pages are three visions of doom from three authors whose names are well known within the realms of the Call of Cthulhu role playing game. They range in scope from the subtle to the spine-tinglingly obvious, and contain sufficient threats within threats to keep even the most experienced investigators on their toes and alert from the mystery-shrouded beginning to the final curtain.

While these scenarios are suggested for experienced investigators or for Keepers looking for a grand finale to a long-running campaign, they are each quite survivable to the thinking investigator who is not afraid to open his or her mind to new ideas, or slightly skewed views of the Universe and its many inhabitants.

So come, join us, for what may very well prove to be...

THE END OF THE WORLD

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THREE CASES OF CLIMACTIC CONFRONTATION

BY KINGREA, ROSS, AND ANIOWLSKI

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END

OF

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BREEDING GROUND BY J Todd Kingrea

"Watch out that no one deceives you. For many will come in my name, claiming, 'I am the Christ,' and will deceive many...Nation will rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom. There will be famines and earthquakes in various places. All these are the beginning of birth pains.

At that time many will turn away from the faith and will betray and hate each other, and many false prophets will appear and deceive many people."

--Matthew 24:4-5, 7-8; 10-12

SCENARIO CONSIDERATIONS

"Breeding Ground" is a Call of Cthulhu scenario, designed to possibly conclude a Keeper's campaign in dramatic and spectacular style. It is set in the small fictitious town of Eden, Georgia, in the spring of 1922. The year may be changed to suit a particular campaign, as it has no special significance in the outcome of events. The season, however, should be either spring or fall, in keeping with the themes related to Shub-Niggurath: death and rebirth.

KEEPER'S INFORMATION

In the year 1732, Reverend Dorian Keller left the pulpit of his parish in London and began a four-year missionary journey to Africa that would forever change his life--and his death.

Keller desired to bring the gospel of Jesus Christ to the primitive tribes of Africa. He arrived at a small English settlement on the coast, and made it his home. From there he plunged into the thick, steaming rain forests on excursions to the nearby tribes. On one such excursion he made contact with a native people who called themselves the M'tanda.

The M'tanda were a darkly primitive tribe, and it quickly became apparent to Reverend Keller that they had no interest in the white man's god, for they worshiped a mephitic fertility goddess known as Shub-Niggurath. Nevertheless, Keller looked upon the M'tanda as a challenge, and he began to learn their language and customs in an effort to introduce them to Christianity.

Over the course of the next year, Keller left the European settlement and relocated alongside the M'tanda tribe. The move was not prompted, however, by Christian demands. Over the course of his association with the tribe, Reverend Keller had slowly become intoxicated with Shub-Niggurath and the primal worship of Her. Instead of converting the M'tanda to Christianity, Keller had been converted to the foul worship of Shub-Niggurath. He participated in their obscene rituals of sacrifice, necrophilia, and cannibalism, madly renouncing God

for the animalistic passions of the Black Goat. He remained in Africa until 1736, when he returned to his native England with a new religion, hidden behind a facade of Christianity. It was at that time that his life would take another dramatic turn.

In 1732, King George II had signed a charter creating the "Georgia Colony" as the last of the original 13 American colonies. It was created to give debtors a chance for a new life, free from the rotten, plague-ridden prisons of England. Poets and ministers at the time predicted the colony would be a "Garden of Eden," a beautiful and bountiful land where the unfortunate could start anew. By 1734, ministers were being sent across the Atlantic, to look after the spiritual welfare of the colonists. Upon returning home, Reverend Keller promptly volunteered his services as a minister to the colony. His mind reeled at the possibilities of introducing The Dark Mother into this new land!

Keller arrived in the Georgia Colony at Savannah and began to minister to the people. In the months that followed, he introduced Shub-Niggurath into his teachings, in veiled and subtle ways. When it became obvious that he was working away from the Christian God, the congregation complained. Keller was dismissed from his parish post, and was replaced by the young John Wesley, who, years later, would go on to found the Methodist Church.

Angered, Keller departed Savannah with 12 faithful "disciples" he had managed to convert. Together they struck out westward, intent on creating their own settlement. After several weeks in the hot, sticky summer sun, the group found a suitable place for their settlement. It was near a tribe of Cherokee Indians. The Cherokee had proven themselves to be friendly and helpful to Keller's group whenever their paths had crossed, so with the aid of the tribe, the tiny settlement was built, and Keller christened it Eden.

Relations with the Indians continued to improve, and slowly Keller succeeded in subjugating several of the Cherokee to the worship of Shub-Niggurath. He had discovered that the Cherokee referred to younger women as "Mother," and older women as "Grandmother." Twisting this to fit his own insidious ends, he was easily able to introduce Shub-Niggurath into their culture. Over the next year, Keller regularly held despicable rites to Her, aided by his disciples and the beguiled natives.

But the end came swiftly. On a moonlit night, Keller summoned two Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath. The putrid offspring ravaged the countryside, including the village of the Cherokee. Dozens were trampled or devoured, their blood soaking into the dark soil. When the creatures thundered off into the inky forest, only a handful of Cherokee remained alive. Wounded and enraged, they found Reverend Keller and three of his disciples who had survived. The disciples were seized and

tortured before being killed. Keller was likewise tortured, but the Cherokee reserved for him a fate more hideous than death. The bodies of his 12 disciples were buried in an unmarked, unhallowed mound outside Eden, and Keller was entombed alive inside the mound with the corpses of his followers. The remnants of a once-strong Indian tribe then fled the area.

Keller's odyssey was not over, however. In 1920 he returned from the dead. It was achieved through the rituals and magicks of the M'tanda tribe. He had undergone numerous ceremonies of blessing, protection, and preparation, all for the day when he would carry the worship of Shub-Niggurath back to civilization. His body, mind, and spirit had been anointed for Her. He would be able to transcend even death to promote Her congregation.

Returning to find Eden a flourishing, thriving community, Keller quickly picked up where he had left off. He established the Eden Unity Church and slowly began to draw innocent believers into the web of Shub-Niggurath's power. His plans for Her had failed 175 years ago; they would not fail this time. Dorian Keller had returned to breed deceit and terror.

Reverend Dorian Keller

Dorian Keller is a tall, thin man with dark red hair, worn loosely about the top of his shoulders--too long for men of the times. He appears to be in his early 50's, with penetrating blue eyes, set beneath a pronounced forehead. His teeth are wide and long, jutting forward from dull gums, giving one the impression that he has too many teeth for his mouth. When he smiles, his eyes bulge outward. He remains in disconcerting eye contact while speaking, his mouth frozen in a death's-head grin.

He dresses similar to early Christian circuit-riding ministers: dark long-tailed coats, dark pants, white shirts and black bow ties with narrow, dangling ends. He wears a circular, flat-brimmed black hat and black, buckled shoes.

Keller is a dangerous, fanatical zealot, subtly wrapping all of his worship of Shub-Niggurath in the folds of Christianity. He implies to his congregation that God the Father is actually God the Mother. He cites the Catholic Church's emphasis on the Holy Mother, and proclaims that the "real" power of deity comes from the female aspects. Keller never actually mentions Shub-Niggurath in his services, but all of his veiled references, hints, and innuendo point to Her. He has replaced many of the familiar rituals of the Christian church with others that, although seemingly valid on the surface, promote and praise Shub-Niggurath. Charismatic, powerful, and knowledgeable, Keller converts the weak-willed, the lonely, and the lost by proclaiming how needed and important they are.

Reverend Keller is in the process of rebuilding what he lost after the Cherokee buried him alive. He intends to form a large congregation--a cult--to worship Shub-Niggurath. Those who are receptive to his message quickly become devoted disciples; others are merely brainwashed into believing his deceptions. At the time he has a congregation of approximately 50 people. Of that number, 15 are deluded followers and 12 are ardent disciples of the Black Goat. Each disciple has received Keller's communion of human flesh, and has participated in his vile necrophilic orgies.

Keller is a walking corpse, masquerading as a normal

person. Animals shy away from him, fleeing if not restrained. Hence his travel is usually on foot or in a wagon. He must engage in raw cannibalism several times a month, in order to keep his rotting body intact--the price he has to pay for service to his Goddess. Failure to consume the flesh of others causes the years to catch up with him, turning him into a dripping, putrescent mass that soon dies (permanently) a second time.



The Reverend Keller

INVOLVING THE INVESTIGATORS

The investigators are drawn to Eden by the disappearance of Donald Bradley. Bradley is a graduate student working on his Master's degree in Anthropology. He may be a class- or roommate of one of the investigators, a student (of any professors in the group), a friend, or a family acquaintance. Bradley has been in Eden doing research on the Cherokee Indians since January 15th.

The scenario begins with one or two investigators receiving a visit from Donald Bradley's parents. The investigators should be familiar with the young man through one of the approaches mentioned above. The Bradleys are not interested in the investigators' reputations as "spook hunters." They are interested in finding someone they know and can trust to discover what has happened to their son.

Nathaniel & Eleanor Bradley arrive at the investigator's home shortly before supper on Monday, April 17, 19___. Nathaniel is in his early 50's, with a full head of solid black hair, a square jaw, and many weathered wrinkles around his eyes and mouth. He talks in a slow, deep voice, carefully choosing each word. He is dressed in a light brown suit and matching shoes. Eleanor appears roughly the same age, but with much more grey in her short hair. She has soft hazel eyes that look out from behind a pair of small glasses and her pretty face is soured by a look of nervousness and worry. She wears a simple spring dress and carries a small purse. They introduce themselves to the investigators, unless they have already met (if

the investigators are family acquaintances or roommates with Donald).

After a few meager pleasantries have been exchanged, the Bradleys request to speak to the investigators about Donald. They are very worried about their son, whom they have not heard from in almost three weeks. He last telephoned them at the end of March (on the 28th), to wish his mother a happy birthday. They had been receiving regular letters and calls from him up until that point.

Donald had been renting a small cottage from an elderly lady named Mrs. Flora Hays. In addition to lodging, the kindly widow had also been providing Donald with two meals a day. When he didn't show up for breakfast and dinner the first day, and breakfast the second day, she alerted the police, fearing something had happened to him. Sheriff John McClellan and his men began searching for Donald, but could find no trace of him. Several days ago he telephoned Mr. and Mrs. Bradley to inform them of the situation with their son.

Both of the elder Bradleys are extremely worried. Nathaniel is preoccupied and distant; Eleanor is nervous and anxious. A Psychology rolls shows their fear to be deeper than that of their missing son. If asked about this, Nathaniel reluctantly tells the investigators that Eden has been plagued by several disappearances recently. Donald informed them of this during one of his calls. Despite worried pleas from his mother to return home, Donald stayed in Eden, and now both parents are afraid whoever is responsible for the other disappearances may be responsible for Donald's as well. The only other fact Nathaniel knows about the disappearances is that five people have gone missing in Eden in the last two years.

They ask the investigators if they would go to Eden and see if they can find out what happened to Donald. The police feel Donald left the area, perhaps pursuing a lead in his research and in his haste neglected to tell anyone. Or perhaps he left, planning to return shortly, and got tied up somewhere. The sheriff told Nathaniel that he doesn't believe Donald's disappearance is related to the others. In any event, the police will have to give up their search soon and attend to their other duties. Sheriff McClellan has told them that after one month they can file a missing persons report, which can then be sent to the state police. But the Bradleys don't want to wait another week. To punctuate this, Nathaniel pulls out a cracked leather wallet and draws out a \$20 bill for each investigator. He also hands them an envelope containing an additional \$100 for transportation, food, and lodging. If they can find out what happened to Donald, he promises each of them an additional reward.

If the investigators ask to see the letters Donald sent to his parents, Mrs. Bradley pulls them out of her purse, bundled together with a piece of string. There are six letters in all, and each runs two to two and one-half pages in length. The handwriting is clean and precise, easily identifiable as Donald's.

Each letter contains greetings and well wishes, along with updates on Donald's health, nutritional intake, Eden's weather, items of personal interest, and his work toward his Master's degree. He asks about family members, how things are at home, and other inquiries common to this sort of correspondence. He generally closes with a few more mundane comments, local observations, and projections for the next few

steps in his research, before closing each letter with 'God Bless, Your loving son, Donald.'

Reading all of the letters takes about 20 minutes. Important points from the letters can be found reprinted nearby and in the Handouts Section. This handout may be given to the investigators after all the letters have been read.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley cannot elaborate on any of the items mentioned in the letters, nor can they remember anything pertinent from their telephone conversations with Donald. Most of their talk, Eleanor says, was just about how everyone was doing and what had happened lately. Both remember Donald speaking about his paper frequently, and usually being excited about it, but neither recall anything special or unusual in their conversations.

If the investigators agree to go to Eden, both parents are very pleased. Nathaniel cautions them to be careful, and Eleanor scribbles down Mrs. Hay's address, along with their telephone number. Handing the carefully folded slip of paper over, she asks the characters to inform them the minute they know something. Still looking tired and worried, the two graciously thank the investigators before departing, Nathaniel walking away with his arm securely around his wife's shoulders.

EDEN, GEORGIA

Eden is located in the north-east part of the state between the almost identical towns of Gillsville and Martin, and boasts a population of roughly 2,000 people. It is an idyllic little community, cozily situated near forests of tall, thin-trunked conifers, as well as maples, elms, and poplars. Small domed hills dot the landscape, giving a wavy impression to the landscape.

The flatlands between and around the hills are covered by fields of peanuts, cotton, and tobacco. Rustic old farmhouses and exhausted-looking barns rise up out of the green; livestock graze in simple pastures. The air is filled with the scent of moist, dark earth and the sweet evergreens, all carried slowly on warm springtime breezes.

Most of Eden's citizens are farmers. The other two main industries in the town are the railroad and the canning factory. The railroad spur connects Gillsville to Eden (15 miles) and Eden to Martin (11 miles). Any of these towns may be reached from the major stations at Rome, Atlanta, and Athens. The canning factory provides approximately 35% of Eden's employment. Peanuts from around the area are processed, canned, and shipped out from this facility. It has been a fixture of the town since its opening in 1871.

Although somewhat geographically isolated from its neighboring towns, Eden is a thriving community, and suffers little from backwoods simple-mindedness. Its citizens are proud, honest people who treat visitors with the famous "Southern hospitality." There is an air of ease about the townsfolk, a feeling of relaxation and an enjoyment of life's simple pleasures.

At the time of the investigators visit, however, the continuing disappearances has thrown a dark shadow over the tranquil community. It has caused visitors to be received a little more carefully, and some citizens to be suspect. Speculations run

EXCERPTS FROM DONALD BRADLEY'S LETTERS

Letter #1 (Tuesday, Jan. 30):

...have met Mr. Eugene Powell, the librarian here in town. He's extremely friendly and helpful, and knows a good bit about the area. When I told him I was researching Cherokee religious beliefs for my Master's degree, he told me I should speak with Michael Keocuk, a Cherokee who lives just outside town. I intend to approach him about an interview within the next day or two.

Letter #2 (Monday, Feb. 12):

...I spoke with Mr. Keocuk last week. We had a tremendous conversation that lasted almost four hours! My hand was so tired from writing all that he had to say! But it was worth it. You two would like him; he's a proud, unselfish man.

When I told some of the townsfolk that I was going to interview him, they became very disquieted, as if I had said something I shouldn't have. I asked them about this, but they had turned quite icy, and would not broach the subject. I suspect they may harbor some Indian-related grievance toward him, but what that could be I cannot fathom. He's a wonderful man.

...while talking Mr. Keocuk told me about an old, old Cherokee named Tonkana who lives near here. Mr. Keocuk advised me to speak with him. He seemed to hold this Tonkana in very high esteem. I hope to arrange some sort of meeting with him soon. He must certainly be able to tell me things I can get nowhere else.

Letter #3 (Wednesday, Feb. 21):

...visited Tonkana yesterday! The man is incredibly old, just as Mr. Keocuk said, and every bit as knowledgeable. We met in his small house in the woods. He cannot do many of the things he once could (hunt, track, etc.), but his mind is still as sharp as a knife.

We discussed the Cherokee religion: their beliefs, rituals, and doctrines. My hand was cramping, I had written so much! Tonkana was pleased to see someone of my age so interested in his tribe. I tried to explain my Master's degree and thesis to him, but I don't think he understood. He did seem quite approving of my desire to teach, however.

...he can trace his heritage back to the beginning of Georgia (and I'm sure beyond), when it was still considered the 13th Colony! One of his family travelled with James Oglethorp to England in the mid-18th century, shortly after the "Georgia Colony" was established!

...odd before I left. He told me (in that rattling voice of his) to "tread carefully upon the ground, for it breeds no good, and know that the forests see all." He would not elaborate on this, but I feel it may be some sort of old ritual phrase of travel or departure. I must remember to ask him about it in greater detail when I visit him next.

Letter #4 (Friday, March 2):

...going to speak to Mr. Ely Bascom and Mr. Johnny Maniha sometime within the next few days. Mr. Bascom is an elderly man who's father (I'm told) served under General Andrew Jackson in the Creek War of 1812-13. I'm anxious to interview him, although I don't think he will have a great amount of material that would be pertinent to my paper. Creek Indians are not Cherokee; they differ widely in many ways. But there may be a small item or two which could prove helpful. And besides, the stories should be quite entertaining in themselves.

Mr. Maniha is a local farmer. His land contains several mounds built by the Cherokee, and he has graciously given me permission to view them. I hope to be able to sketch them, and possibly measure them, if time allows. The local Indians used mounds for religious reasons. I shall have to look deeper into the old town records to see if there is any indication of what these mounds could represent.

Letter #5 (Wednesday, March 14):

...been spending so much time at the library that Mr. Powell jokingly suggested that I move out of Mrs. Hays' cottage and into the back room there at the library! And believe me, it's tempting. I have been there, rummaging through their collection, for five of the past six days. It gets tiresome, but I know my paper will make all the sacrifice worthwhile.

Letter #6 (Thursday, March 22):

...received a visitor today at Mrs. Hay's. Reverend Keller stopped by to chat with her, just as I was finishing breakfast. He seems to be a nice, old-fashioned gentleman. I believe he is the minister of the Eden Unity Church. He is somewhat homely, but seems to possess much more charisma than his Baptist rival, Reverend Quentin Jessup.

...hope I haven't exhausted my library sources here in Eden. I would very much like to visit the library in Atlanta, but certainly don't want to undertake that trip unless it is completely unavoidable.

...no luck finding anything about those mounds on Mr. Maniha's property.

...if it doesn't rain the next few days, I want to go back and visit Tonkana again. There are a few gaps in my notes which, with his knowledge, I'm sure I can fill in. Perhaps he can tell me about those mounds.

high. And in the midst of it all, Reverend Keller slowly builds up a congregation of followers who unknowingly accept Shub-Niggurath as a vision of Christianity. And Keller sits in the center of the building maelstrom, the anointed one, orchestrating Her return and dominion over all.

An Eerie Welcome

The investigators may arrive in Eden on whatever day and time the keeper chooses. As their train labors along, the investigators begin to notice parts of the land that looks blighted or diseased. Fields, trees, crops and brush all randomly exhibit the touch of death. One peanut field may be green and thriving, while the one next to it is grey and drooping; two or three trees in a grove may be withering, but the others are straight and strong; swatches of sickly, brittle-looking grass and scrub lie side by side with blossoming flowers and luxuriant plants. The effect is not overpowering, but does occur frequently enough that investigators may attempt a Natural History roll. A successful roll notes the oddity of such a blight, and offers the possibility of some sort of insect or chemical being responsible. It is unusual, however, for either insects or chemical agents to affect only one area and not touch identical areas nearby.

Shortly thereafter, the train pulls to a stop at the Eden Station. Several passengers, along with the investigators, make their way off the train and through the station. If the investigators pause to ask someone about a hotel or Mrs. Hay's house, a local obliges with a smile. The cheery fellow notes that neither is far away, easily within walking distance. He tells them that Eden does have a small taxi service, but it is not operating today. Luther Moseby's wife went into labor last night and he's at her bedside. Grinning as if he himself were the proud father, the fellow happily notes that it is Luther and Mary's first child.

The investigators may opt to walk to their destination, or with a successful Luck roll from the investigator with the lowest POW, they can find a farmer who gladly offers them a ride on the back of his wagon.

As they make their way down the street toward the heart of Eden, a funeral procession can be seen coming toward them, singing in unison. If they are riding in the back of the wagon, the driver stops and waits for the procession to pass by.

The single-file line of mourners is led by Reverend Keller, the dangling ends of his tie flapping lazily in the breeze. He clutches a worn Bible to his breast and loudly sings "It Is Well With My Soul" along with the rest of the mourners. Behind him comes four men dressed in clean, simple suits. Over their shoulders they carry a child-sized coffin. Beyond them, the remaining mourners follow, singing and weeping.

As Reverend Keller comes up beside the investigators, he slowly turns his head and stares at them, never pausing in his hymn. He smiles and continues to stare at the group, even after he passes them by, his head looking back over his shoulder as far as it will go. As the mourners pass by, each one of them likewise stare intently at the investigators, all the while continuing to sing. One by one they file past, eyes riveted on the investigators, watching them in an unnerving, chilling manner. Like a row of automatons they perform the same actions: singing, walking, eyes piercing to the investigators' cores, until they face forward and continue their procession.

If any of the locals are questioned about the procession, they inform the investigators that the child, Rebecca Conley, died two days ago from scarlet fever. Everyone is saddened by the loss of the seven year old, and also grieve for her mother, Ellen. Three weeks ago two men from the United States Army arrived in Eden to see her. They informed her that her husband, who had been missing in action in World War I, had been found and confirmed dead. "It's a tragic thing," the local adds, "that young woman's had the two most important things in her life taken from her just like that."

The Blight

The investigators may ask about the unusual blight they witnessed (and can occasionally see manifested in town, in flower beds, gardens, and yards). Most folks have no concrete answers when it comes to the blight. The land has always done that for as long as they can remember. One season it may affect one field, the next year it might be the neighboring field. Farmers tend to grumble about it since each year they take a chance when planting and hope the blight doesn't affect their crops. All are quick to note that the local agricultural Extension Agent is likewise stymied by the peculiar phenomena.

Michael Keocuk and Ely Bascom are familiar with a Cherokee legend that explains the blight. A successful Persuade roll while talking with them gains the following story.

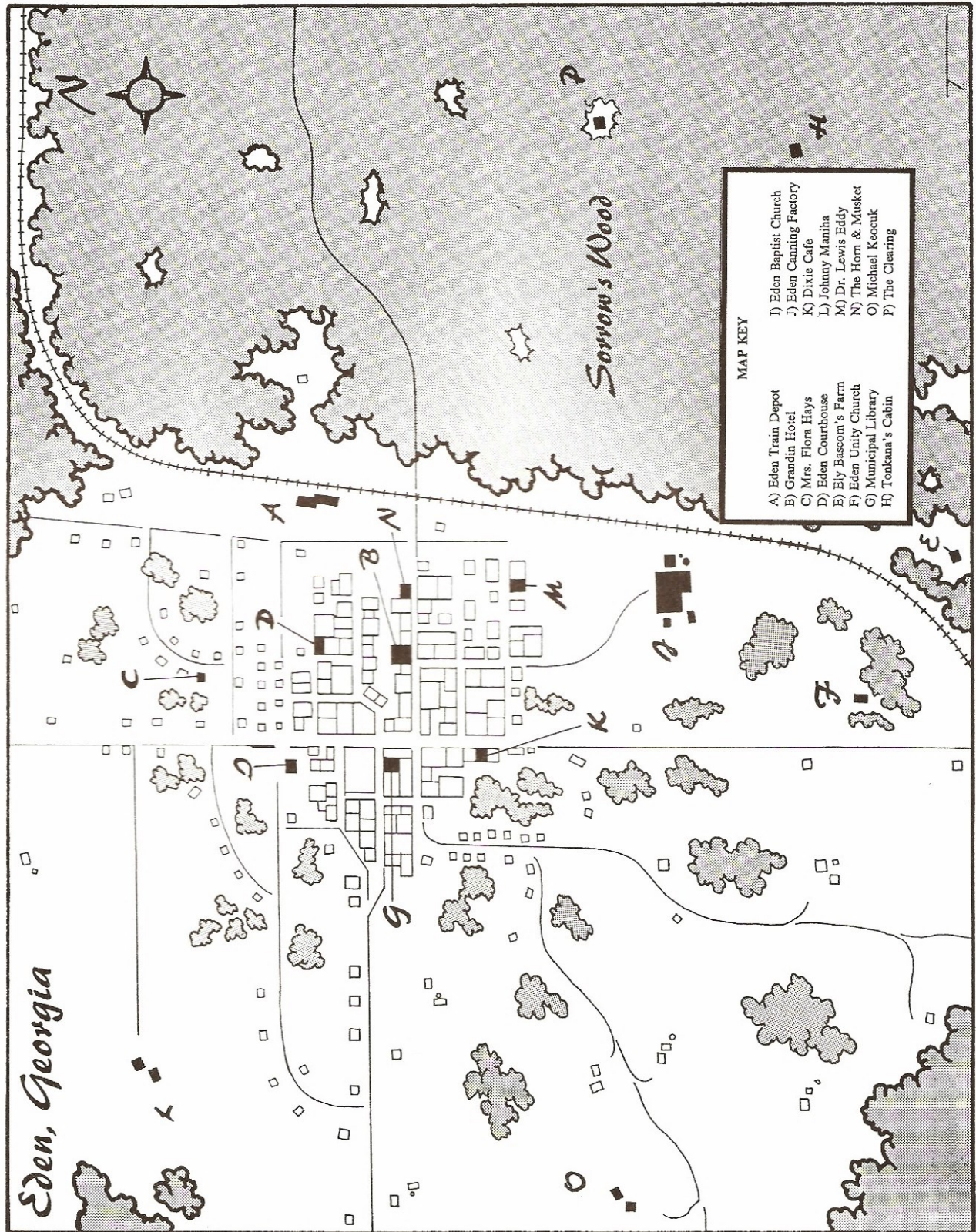
Long ago a tribe of Cherokee--now extinct--turned their back on their god, the Master of Breath, and began following an evil god, whom they called Shubak Narot. The Master of Breath was angered, and set a curse upon the land. He cursed the ground and the plants that in some seasons they would prosper, and in others they would wither. No one could predict the prosperity or blight. The arrogant Cherokee who had forsaken the Master--and all their descendants who claimed the land as their own--would suffer the punishment. It was a curse and a warning, so that the Cherokee would never again forsake the Master of Breath.

Investigators making a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll recognize Shubak Narot as a Cherokee pronunciation of Shub-Niggurath, the dreaded Outer God. Neither Keocuk or Bascom know how or where the story originated, but may mention that Tonkana is the likeliest person in the area who would know. He is supposedly a direct descendant of the tribe in the legend.

The blight actually has nothing to do with curses and punishment, chemicals, or insects. It is a side effect of the presence of the Dark Young in Sorrow's Wood, who have been semi-comatose there since Keller's summons ended. Their essence and extra-terrene make-up has, over time, polluted the ground in the area, causing the life/death cycle of the flora.

INVESTIGATIONS IN EDEN

Once the characters have settled in and are ready to begin their investigations, there are several places they can start. More than likely they will want to talk with Mrs. Hays and check the cottage that Donald was renting. The other townsfolk mentioned in the letters--Eugene Powell, Michael Keocuk, Ely Bascom, Johnny Maniha, and Tonkana--may also be questioned.



- MAP KEY
- A) Eden Train Depot
 - B) Grandin Hotel
 - C) Mrs. Flora Hays
 - D) Eden Courthouse
 - E) Ely Bascom's Farm
 - F) Eden Unity Church
 - G) Municipal Library
 - H) Tonkama's Cabin
 - I) Eden Baptist Church
 - J) Eden Canning Factory
 - K) Dixie Cafe
 - L) Johnny Maniha
 - M) Dr. Lewis Eddy
 - N) The Horn & Musket
 - O) Michael Keocuk
 - P) The Clearing

The sheriff's office may be checked with, and Reverend Keller may even be approached. Each of these are described below. Although the sheriff has already spoken with everyone Donald had extended contact with, the investigators will probably want to follow up.

All of the people Donald spoke with have high praise for his courtesy, interest, and thoughtfulness, and are genuinely disturbed by yet another disappearance. They are sympathetic toward the investigator's cause but have no useful information to impart.

If the investigators ask about the stares they received, the locals shrug and make faint comments about "new folks in town," and how everyone is on-edge because of the recent disappearance. People in the area are nervous and uptight, since the disappearances continue and the police can't seem to do anything about it. New faces in town are likely to be carefully watched.

Mrs. Flora Hays

Mrs. Hays lives in a quaint little two story white house, set back from the road and surrounded by dozens of bushes, shrubs, and flowers. An arched rose trellis--covered in roses, honeysuckle, and creeper vines--provides a fragrant canopy over the cracked sidewalk. A doorless carriage house stands nearby. Along the sides of the house run shoulder-high hedges, and investigators can make out a small cottage in back.

Mrs. Hays is a small woman, thin and very wrinkled. She has silver hair, tucked up into a bun, and squinted, soulful eyes. A pair of bifocals rest on her nose, and her face is marked with age. She wears a plain green dress and non-matching slippers.

She happily receives the investigators once they introduce themselves. Seating them in the living room, she goes to the kitchen for some refreshments, chattering all the while about the weather. She returns with tinkling iced tea and fresh lemon cookies.

She informs the investigators that Donald had been with her since mid-January, and that he was a perfect young man: mannerly, punctual, studious, and friendly. His rent for the cottage included breakfast and dinner in her kitchen. When he failed to show up for either of these on the first day, she became very worried. When he didn't show up for breakfast the following day, she telephoned the sheriff.

Mrs. Hays is very fond of Donald, as he often spent time talking and visiting with her. She is deeply troubled by his disappearance, and feels sure something bad has happened to him. She offers to show the investigators Donald's cottage once they've finished their refreshments. She says that Sheriff McClellan has already looked around the cottage, but he didn't find anything.

The Cottage

The cottage sits approximately 40 yards from the house, in between two large mimosa trees. Beyond the cottage is a small pond with a rickety-looking dock poking up out of the cattails and lily pads. Mosquitos and dragonflies buzz thickly through the air.

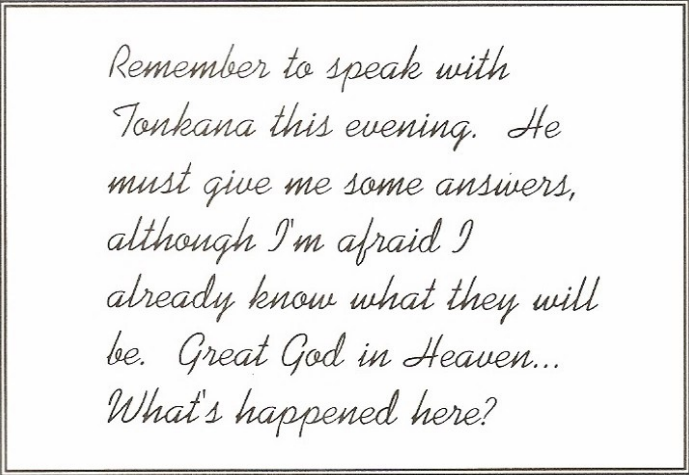
The cottage is small, consisting of a living room, bedroom, bathroom, and kitchenette. Mrs. Hays shows them inside where a gentle breeze drifts through the open windows. A second

door is located on the other side of the living room, leading out onto a back porch. The living room contains an old sofa, a leather-upholstered chair, a bookcase, several endtables, and a folding card table. The bookcase holds eight library and text books, all dealing with anthropology, religion, and Cherokee Indians. The card table is where Donald was working on his paper. Neatly organized on its top is a new typewriter, a can of pencils, notes, stacks of blank paper, his notebook, and the rough outline for his paper.

Searching through these items turns up nothing. The notebook records his day-to-day progress in research, interviews, etc. All of the names mentioned in the letters to his family can be found in the notebook, along with several nondescript follow-ups. Investigators skimming through can surmise that there is nothing helpful in it. Donald's outline for his paper is likewise of no use. It consists of three-pages paperclipped to several typed pages of appendix information, along with rough sketches and measurements of the Indian burial mounds. Reading this and his notebook show that the fastidious Donald was well on his way to developing a professional, intelligent thesis.

While searching around Donald's work area, investigators may attempt Spot Hidden rolls. A successful roll allows an investigator to notice a small scrap of paper lodged between the wall and the bookcase. Idea rolls show that it was probably on the table and a breeze through the windows may have blown it off and stuck it behind the bookcase. It is a little dusty, indicating it has been behind the bookcase for several days. It is dated one day before Donald's disappearance, and is in his handwriting.

The bedroom contains Donald's clothing, his suitcase and valise, and some personal effects. The kitchen holds a few cracked dishes, a box of crackers, some cheese, and a container of milk. There is nothing else useful in the cottage.



*Remember to speak with
Tonkana this evening. He
must give me some answers,
although I'm afraid I
already know what they will
be. Great God in Heaven...
What's happened here?*

Sheriff McClellan

The Sheriff of Eden, John McClellan, is a man in his late 20's with sandy brown hair and large, overpowering features. He has a pitifully pale mustache that looks as if it suffers from the mange. He is thin and gangly, looking much like a floppy scarecrow in his baggy uniform. He laughs frequently while

talking and tends to stand with his hands shoved into his pockets a great deal.

Sheriff McClellan was the deputy until a year ago, when the prior sheriff suffered a massive heart attack and died. McClellan, although a fair lawman, is unsuited to be the sheriff due to his inexperience. Town elections in November will likely replace him with someone more qualified.

Unlike most law enforcement officials in Call of Cthulhu scenarios, McClellan welcomes the investigators onto the case. He is more than willing to have some help, and listens to whatever they say or recommend. He wants to have this whole untidy mess taken care of, but his inexperience prevents him from being able to do that. If the investigators mention or hint at any of their brushes with the supernatural or the Mythos, McClellan's eyes light up.

The sheriff spends a great deal of his time reading pulp magazines, and he likes to consider himself something of an expert when it comes to "those forces which we cannot understand." Unfortunately he has no experience in those matters either and could end up getting in the investigator's way. However, he is quick to listen to whatever theories the characters may put forth. Keepers may use him as a bumbling goof-off who continually trips the investigators up, or he may be used as an inexperienced lawman who quickly matures as the scenario unfolds. His force consists of two deputies, younger than himself and just as inexperienced.

He can tell the investigators that he believes Donald's disappearance is indeed linked to the others, although he did not tell Mr. & Mrs. Bradley this. He felt it better not to alarm them until he was positive.

In the past two years, Eden--and the surrounding area--has suffered from five unsolved disappearances. Donald is the sixth. Three of the missing people were transients, riding the rails and stopping off in one of the towns in the vicinity. One hobo has gone missing from Eden, one from Martin, and one from Gillsville. The other disappearances have been Caroline Hollis, 5, from Martin; and Tully Beecham, a local "white trash" troublemaker who lives in Sorrow's Wood. The sheriff has investigated these disappearances, questioning friends and family, but has not been able to come up with any concrete clues or evidence. "It's as if they just got whisked off the face of the earth," he notes wide-eyed. Until the investigators showed up, he was on the verge of telephoning the Federal Bureau of Investigation for assistance, although he only admits this in private.

He has spoken with all of the people Donald mentioned in his notebook, but yet again has come up empty. He completed his initial questioning several days ago with Tonkana, since he was the last person mentioned in the dated notebook. If it hasn't been thought of by the investigators, McClellan encourages them to conduct follow-up interviews. They may also use his name, or even temporarily ally themselves with his department, if they wish.

If the investigators have not already searched Donald's cottage, McClellan can take them there. Although he will perform another cursory search through the cottage, he does not find the scrap of paper behind the bookcase (see "The Cottage").

Eugene Powell

Mr. Powell is the town librarian. A blubbery man, Powell has black eyes set in a puffy, drooping face. His thin brown hair is severely gummed to his head and he wheezes whenever he moves about. He is in his mid-40's, and keeps a pair of reading glasses hanging from a chain around his almost non-existent neck. He dresses in stylish shirts, bow ties, and pants. Powell is a charming gentleman with a wonderful sense of humor. After only a few minutes in his presence, investigators quickly note his joy of life, his bisque outlook, and pleasant demeanor.

If questioned about Donald, he shows a great amount of anxiety over his disappearance. He spent a tremendous amount of time doing research in the library, but Powell didn't have any contact with Donald other than that. But he notes that they got along marvelously. Occasionally, when only he and Donald were in the library, he would run down to the cafe and get coffee and doughnuts for the pair, even though eating or drinking is not allowed in the library. He suspects Donald's disappearance is somehow linked to the others, and is anxious for news of his friend. He willingly shows the investigators the newspaper articles on the missing people, or they may make Library Use rolls to find them on their own.

The articles all come from the area paper, the Gillsville Register. Each typically reports on the missing individual: last known whereabouts, attire at the time, and so on. They also contain interviews with the person or persons seeking the individual, as well as unimaginative comments by Sheriff McClellan. Clues seem to be non-existent, and leads generally turn out to be dead ends. As the number of missing individuals grows, the articles begin calling for McClellan to resign, for more money to increase the police force, and blatant suggestions of vigilante groups to patrol the communities.

The papers are dated as follows, and are reproduced in the Handouts Section:

-March 17, 1920: the missing individual is Charley Arnold, a hobo who was last seen in Eden.

-August 10, 1920: the missing individual is another hobo, Jefferson Hall, who was last seen in Martin.

-January 22, 1921: the missing individual is Caroline Hollis, a 5-year old girl, also from Martin.

-July 7, 1921: the missing individual is Nigel Nickerbocker, a hobo who was last seen in Gillsville.

-December 18, 1921: the missing individual is Tully Beecham, a resident of Sorrow's Wood near Eden.

If asked, Mr. Powell can show the investigators the books Donald consulted regularly, and the titles of the ones he had checked out (currently in his bookcase at the cottage). All are common texts on local Indians, anthropology, and religion, and provide no clues as to his disappearance. If the investigators ask about old local records, Mr. Powell shows them to the basement, where row upon row of musty boxes are stored. Since no one ever uses them, they are not catalogued. He tells the group that Donald did peruse these records several times, but to his knowledge, never found anything useful.

Michael Keocuk

A pure-blooded Cherokee, Michael Keocuk stands an impressive 6'4" and weighs over 200 pounds. He is muscular and conditioned, and his skin has a bronzed, weathered look. He has long black hair which hangs well below his shoulders, and is usually worn loosely. His face is wide, with a viciously thin nose and narrow lips. The heavily-lidded eyes are coal black. Several wrinkles and lines around the eyes and forehead add a touch of mystique and wisdom to his face. Michael dresses in ordinary work clothes, coveralls, and moccasins. Two handmade necklaces encircle his thick neck. When talking, he speaks in a slow bass voice that commands attention and respect.

He lives on a simple farm, raising horses and tobacco. The farm is beautiful and well-kept, surrounded by a meandering white fence. Once through the gate (and while still a good distance from the house), three sleek German Shepherds suddenly appear from around the house. Teeth bared, ears flattened, they silently spring toward anyone approaching. Before they can attack, however, a thunderous voice cries out a single command, and all of the dogs stop immediately. Standing in the barn door is a shirtless Michael Keocuk.

He does not approach the investigators, and if they try to move the dogs growl menacingly. He inquires about their business, reminding them that one word from him and the dogs attack. When they tell him the reason for their visit, he points toward the gate and orders them to leave. He has already spoken to the sheriff about the disappearance of the Bradley boy, and has nothing further to say. It takes a successful 1/2 Persuade roll for the Indian to call off the dogs and talk with the investigators.

Michael Keocuk has little to tell the investigators that they don't already know. He met Donald and talked with him for several hours about his paper. He suggested the boy talk with Tonkana, and heard that he had done so. Investigators making a Psychology roll on Keocuk find that he is very respectful of Tonkana, and holds him in high esteem. He has no idea what has happened to Donald, although he is sure it is related to the other disappearances. If questioned on other aspects of the case, Keocuk pleads ignorance. He keeps to himself a great deal, due to several skirmishes and Indian-related prejudices directed against him. He travels to Martin to sell his goods, and only ventures into Eden for supplies or other necessities. If the events described under "The Forests See All" has already taken place, Keocuk may offer to aid the investigators in whatever way he can. The extent of his help is left up to the Keeper.

Ely Bascom

Investigators wishing to speak with Ely Bascom can find him at his home, just off the road to Martin. It is a breezy, tarpaper shack with a tin roof. A sagging porch juts from the front of the house, and the windows all stand open, as does the screen door. Untended fields surround the property on three sides, patches in some of them exhibiting the odd blight.

Ely Bascom sits in a cane rocking chair on his porch. The 96-year old man has loose, leathery skin, spiderwebbed by wrinkles and crevices. His nose appears to have been broken at least once, and a few yellowed teeth peek out from his quivering mouth. His hair is gossamer-thin and pure white,

standing out from his spotted pate as if in shock. One eye blinks spastically at times while he sums the investigators up. He is dressed in faded coveralls and soleless shoes. A huge wad of chewing tobacco is stuffed in his cheek, and he regularly interrupts his conversations to spit a brownish dollop out into the yard. He also mumbles frequently about his chickens, warning the investigators not to scare them. There are no chickens anywhere in sight.

Bascom remembers speaking with Donald, and of telling him stories about his father, who served in the Creek Indian War of 1812-13 under General Andrew Jackson. However, the old man has no useful information to impart in regards to Donald's disappearance. He spoke to him once and that was it. He is upset at the boy's disappearance, but knows nothing. He does rattle on about plenty of other things though, telling stories, yarns, and tall tales in machine-gun fashion. Investigators wishing to leave must succeed in a Fast Talk roll in order to get away from the chattering old man. A failed roll indicates another 20 minutes of stories, spitting, and chicken-cussing.

Johnny Maniha

Johnny Maniha is a quiet fellow, middle-aged, with balding black hair and sleepy eyes. His face is plump, and marked by numerous wrinkles and weathering. He dresses in dirty bibbed overalls, complete with a grubby bandanna poking out of one pocket. He has a soft voice, but prefers to listen instead of talk. Johnny is an amiable fellow, good-hearted and open. He owns a 150-acre peanut farm outside Eden where the four Cherokee burial mounds are located.

Investigators speaking with Johnny find the farmer deeply disturbed by the whole incident. He suspects Donald's disappearance is somehow linked to the others, and points out that the disappearances are getting more and more frequent. He supports his statement by digging out a bundle of old newspapers and showing the investigators the articles on the missing people, specifically the date they were last seen. Information contained in the newspapers can be found under the section entitled "Eugene Powell." The farmer answers any questions put to him as best he can, although he really knows nothing about Donald's disappearance.

If asked to see the mounds, Johnny takes the investigators out through his fields to the mounds, approximately half a mile from his house. Three mounds stand in relative close proximity while the fourth is perhaps thirty yards away. The mounds are small, each being approximately 10 feet high at the dome, and ranging in diameter from eight to fifteen feet. Investigators may climb on or over the mounds with a Climb roll. They are covered in thick green grass, blackberry bushes, and brambles. The fourth mound exhibits a large patch of diseased-looking brush on its top. Each mound is sealed with a single large stone, now almost completely covered by honeysuckle, gorse bushes, and other foliage.

Johnny explains that these are burial mounds, built as a final resting place for honored members of the Cherokee tribe. Successful Archeology rolls date them about 150-200 years old. While looking around the fourth mound, investigators may make a 1/2 Spot Hidden roll. A furrow in the ground, in front of the sealing stone, can faintly be seen if the roll is successful. It is almost overgrown with grass and weeds, but if inspected, shows

CONTAGION, A NEW SPELL

This is a powerful spell, capable of stimulating the biological forces of nature into creating viral infections. These infections are assigned a particular effect by the caster.

The spell must be cast on a living host, in which the virus begins to develop. The requirements for gestation of the virus vary, depending on the infection created, but always result in the death of the host after its introduction. A Carrier-Thing serves as the embodiment of the virus and erupts from the dead host to carry out its specified task. Carrier-Things may appear in any shape or form, again defined by the type of virus created. They exist for a number of days equal to $1/4$ the caster's POW (rounded down) before separating into non-existence. When the Carrier-Thing ceases to exist, the effects of the virus begin to dissipate as well.

The spell itself has two parts. The first is a series of oute mathematical formulae. When solved, the solutions reach into a phantasmal plane that is parallel to reality. The caster may draw from that plane the essence of the disease that will form the spell. Solving these complicated equations takes $6 + 1D4$ hours. It is a long, arduous task that must be begun at dusk. The caster loses 10 magic points and when the formulae are solved, $1D10$ SAN as the gateway into the Void is opened. The caster is the only one who may solve the problems.

The second half of the spell begins one hour after the formulae have been completed. The caster must expend 40 magic points while following the prescribed chants and diagrams of the spell. This part takes four hours and costs the caster an additional $1D10$ SAN. Up to four other participants may assist by sacrificing magic points, and each loses $1d8$ SAN during the casting. It is at this point in the spell that the Carrier-Thing is formed, and the virus is created and defined.

A living sacrifice is required during the second phase of the spell, as well as a piece of the body that will be primarily affected by the virus. Other components should be chosen by the keeper.

a wide groove in the soil some two inches deep. Know rolls can show that the mass of the stone would correspond with the depth of the indentation. A successful Geology roll reveals that the groove is 2-4 years old, given the amount of erosion and the growth of the plants within the groove.

Someone, at some point within the past few years, pulled this stone away from the mound. Or something pushed it open from the inside, then returned it to its original position.

Inside the Mound

Investigators may remove the stone (SIZ 45) and open the mound if they wish. No more than three investigators can attempt this at once. If Michael Keocuk is with the group at this time, he will not help them in desecrating the grave of his ancestors.

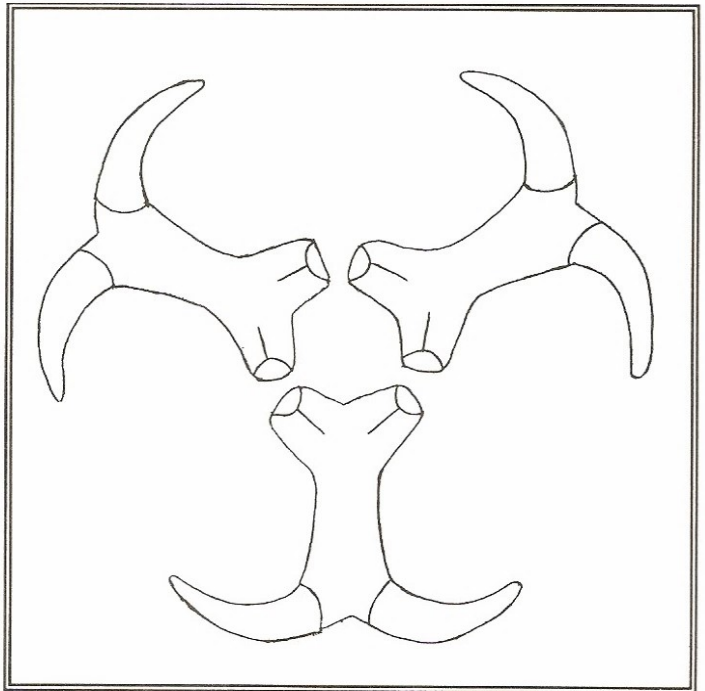
With the stone moved away, a faint, sickly odor of rot seeps from the opening. A few steps in, the investigators come into the center of the mound. Lying about on the packed earthen floor are 12 skeletal corpses. Remnants of clothing cling to the bony frames and insects crawl in the glare of the investigator's lights. SAN loss for this mass grave is $0/1D2$.

Investigators entering the round chamber can make several discoveries. With a successful Medicine roll, seven of the bodies can be identified as male; the other five are female. Each corpse shows signs of having been thoroughly cannibalized; SAN loss is $1/1D3$. In addition, many of the bones are crushed, almost as if they were squeezed by some terrible pressure. Anthropology rolls reveal that the clothing is not of Cherokee manufacture, but European. Successful Spot Hidden rolls note two other items:

--A man-sized set of footprints, leading from the inside of the mound out toward the stone. These were made by Keller after his resurrection.

--A strange symbol, gouged into the soil of the wall. It is reproduced nearby.

Successful Cthulhu Mythos rolls identify the design as a three-headed goat, the "sacred symbol of Shub-Niggurath"--shown in the Necronomicon, Unausprechlichen Kulten, and numerous other Mythos tomes. SAN loss for this realization is $0/1D3$. Further searching in the mound turns up nothing.



Symbol of the Three-Headed Goat

THE FORESTS SEE ALL

The old Cherokee, Tonkana, lives about two miles into Sorrow's Wood. Investigators searching for his house must make a Navigate roll in order to find the small path leading away from the road. Failure indicates a lost half-hour of wandering and looking. The path is too small for motor vehicles, which must be left parked by the roadside. The path

winds through the sweet-smelling forest of spruce, pine, and cedar trees for 300 yards before opening up into a small clearing. Standing in the overgrown clearing is an old, creaky log cabin, a collapsed outbuilding, and a well. As the investigators approach the cabin, flies can be heard and seen buzzing through the air.

The outbuilding appears to have caved in. Successful Spot Hidden rolls made while searching around it notice a circular indentation in the ground in the center of the building. Investigators must make a Climb roll to get inside the dangerous remains. Failure indicates the investigator has dislodged a beam or pile or debris, resulting in 1D4-1 points of damage. Inside, the mark can easily be made out: it is a giant hoofprint, measuring 2-3 feet in diameter and sunk eight inches into the soil.

Investigators climbing the rough steps up to the house notice a large number of flies around the screen door, and a gagging stench floods their nostrils. The smell emanates from inside the cabin, and investigators must succeed in a CON x 5 roll to avoid becoming sick before they can enter. The screen door is black with flies crawling over the torn mesh.

A scene of grisly proportions greets the investigators as they open the door. The floor, ceiling, and every wall in the room is covered in blood and viscera. Jellied internal organs stick to walls; ropy intestines dangle from the ceiling, suspended from glistening strands of gooey mucous; dried blood lies thick on the floor and has left hand-width paths down the walls. Everywhere bits and pieces of human organs can be seen, gummed to walls and furniture. And over it all buzz millions of fat flies, their plump white young wriggling out of the rotting organs. SAN loss is 1/1D8. CON x 3 rolls must be made by those viewing this carnage to avoid being sick. A failed SAN check results in an automatic missed CON roll.

Lying in the center of the mess is a lumpy, brownish pile, covered in split, blackened blisters. Successful Spot Hidden rolls reveal a human face, fingers, an elbow--enough for the investigators to realize that this is Tonkana. He has been reduced to a spongy sack of wrinkled flesh, his bones jutting randomly beneath his skin. A second Spot Hidden allows the investigators to notice numerous holes in the rugose skin. The holes are approximately the size of pencil leads, and cover what would have been Tonkana's left arm and chest.

Medicine rolls show that Tonkana's jaw has been broken in at least two places, and a jagged rupture can also be found on what was the man's back. From the condition of the scene and the body, investigators who made the roll realize that the old Cherokee's internal organs were all literally squeezed out, at the same time, and with a tremendous amount of force. At a later point, some other force ripped its way out of the Indian's remains. Idea rolls suggest that something was implanted inside Tonkana, which gestated and burst out of the fleshy cocoon. SAN loss for seeing Tonkana and this realization is 1/1D6.

If the investigators search Tonkana's cabin, it consists of a bedroom, kitchen, bathroom, and the living room where his remains are. All of the rooms contain simple furnishings, clothing, food, and so on. His decorations are sparse and reflect his heritage. The investigators may search for as long as they wish, but can find nothing helpful. Whatever information the old Indian had died with him in a gruesome, painful manner.

The Attack

As the investigators leave the cabin and begin their return to the road, an eerie silence blankets the surrounding forest. Successful Idea rolls notice it within 1D4 rounds after leaving the cabin. Birds and insects are silent. Even the wind seems to wait. Then a moist smell, like freshly turned earth, becomes noticeable.

Suddenly a great cracking noise shatters the silence, followed by a terrifying vision: separating itself from the surrounding evergreens, a Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath bears down on the investigators, tentacles waving, pus-dripping mouths champing. The hideous offspring screeches and howls. Long needles, similar to those of an evergreen, randomly cover the ropy tentacles and prickle from the bark-like hide. SAN loss for seeing this oncoming blasphemy is 1D3/1D10.

When it hits with a tentacle, the spines leave small round holes in the skin, about the size of a pencil lead. Investigators may assume that the spines injected Tonkana with something, causing his horrible demise. SAN loss for this realization--and the idea this could happen to them--is 1/1D4.

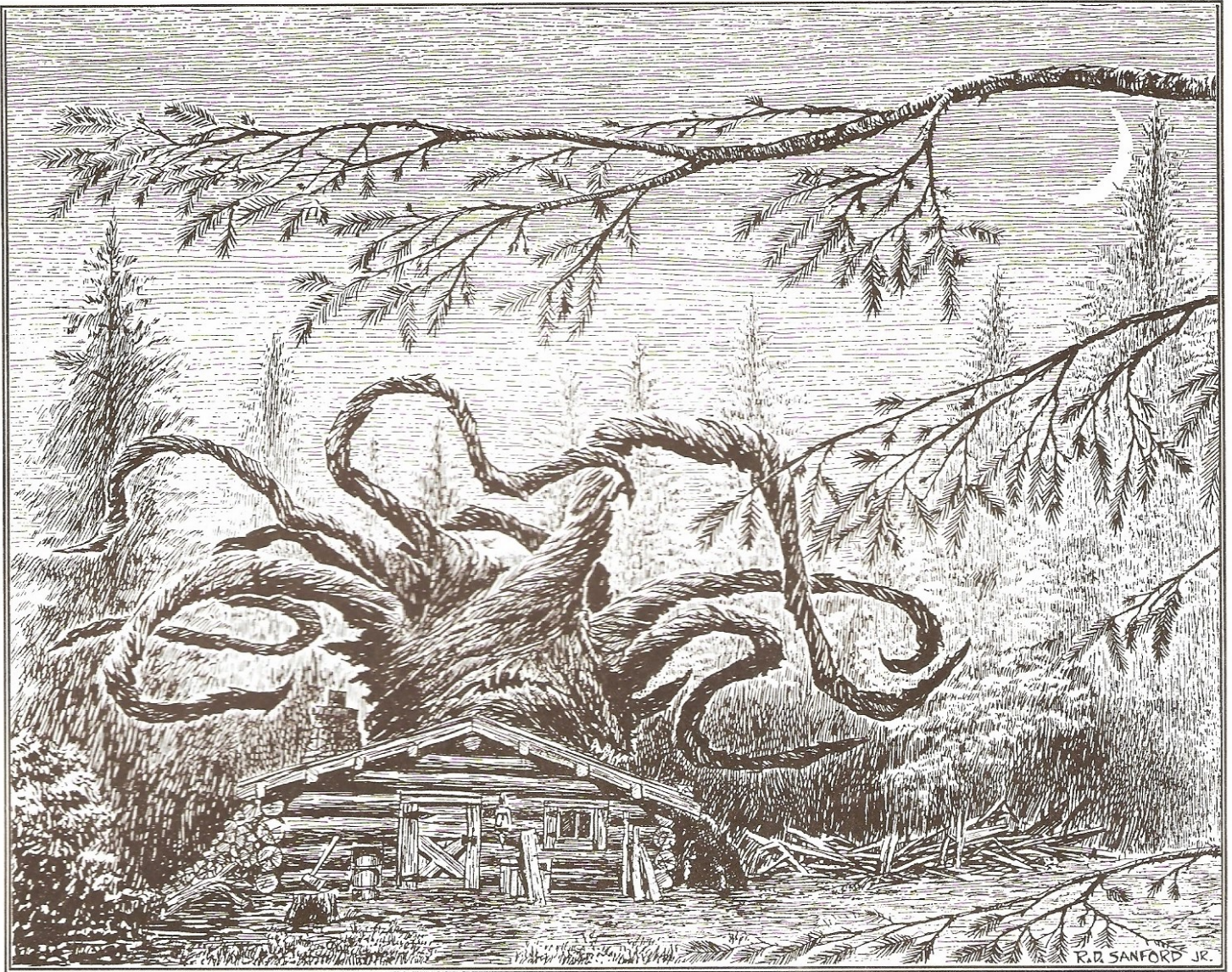
In truth, however, Tonkana was killed by the spell Contagion. Keller knew he had been contacted by Bradley (after the boy had discovered Keller's secret), so he dispatched the Dark Young to destroy the old Indian. Tonkana somehow got away from the creature's first physical attack, but was not so lucky with regards to the magical one. The spell worked, infecting him with an agent that killed him and gestated inside his corpse.

KEEPER'S NOTE: This spell can be used only once per night, even by the Dark Young.

REVEREND DORIAN KELLER

The investigators find Reverend Keller at the Eden Unity Church with a successful Luck roll. A failed roll indicates he is out, probably visiting congregation members. The church is an old structure that used to be the Eden Methodist Church. It sat unused after the fire which destroyed part of it until Keller arrived. He repaired it and claimed it as the Eden Unity Church. It sits high off the ground, indicating it has a lower story or basement beneath. Stained glass windows line the sides and a wooden steeple pierces the sky. As most of the townsfolk know, the church professes no denomination, instead promoting the unity of all Christians under God, regardless of denomination. Keller's principle is that by dividing the church of God up into various denominations, it fundamentally weakens the church. The rules and practices of the different denominations conflict with one another, creating chaos, and ultimately, taking the focus away from God and putting it on Man and his unimportant theological laws.

Keller's approach is brilliant and original, but is only a facade. He simply uses this brash proclamation to gain followers. In reality he subtly promotes the worship of Shub-Niggurath in his services, through the use of persuasion, cannibalism, and magic. Although initially greeted with resistance, Keller's church has started to grow. Word has spread about him and his down-to-earth approach to the ministry. Some people in Eden remain skeptical while others



The Dark Young at Tonkana's Cabin

have completely embraced Keller's ideologies.

If Reverend Keller is at the church, he can be found coming out the front doors with a thin, haggard young woman. Successful Listen rolls allow eavesdropping investigators to hear him speaking calmly with the woman, Ellen Conley. He is consoling her on the tragic deaths of her daughter and of her recently discovered MIA husband. Investigators can remember seeing her in the funeral procession when they arrived in Eden. Keller continues speaking to her, encouraging her to have faith and be strong. He tells her how important she is, and that her tasks on earth are far from over. He invites her to come and worship with him. Psychology rolls show that she is reluctant at first, but after several inaudible words from the reverend, she smiles and agrees.

Reverend Keller gladly speaks with the investigators as soon as she has departed. Standing in front of the church, he answers their questions as best he can, but providing them with no real assistance in the case. Holding a black Bible in his hand, he tells them of his continual prayers for those missing

and for their families. Psychology rolls made during the interview reveal nothing untoward about the minister, unless the result is a critical success. In that instance, the investigators get a chilling impression that Reverend Keller is lying and he is hiding something. A successful Listen roll made while talking with him notes an occasional, faint snippet of non-Southern accent coming through. Know rolls reveal the hidden accent to be British.

If Reverend Keller is not at the church when the investigators arrive, they find the doors unlocked. While the investigators are inside the church, Reverend Keller and Ellen Conley come in. Proceed with the events as described above. If the investigator's plans do not include visiting the church, the above scene may still be encountered at a time and location of the keeper's choosing.

Eden's Holy War

Dorian Keller's arrival in Eden two years ago sparked off a holy war (of sorts) between the resurrected minister and Pastor

Quentin Jessup of the Eden Baptist Church.

Jessup claimed nearly all of the faithful in Eden at his parish. A 61-year old man, Jessup is a dry, humorless lump in the pulpit. He possesses none of the raw charisma and leadership that Reverend Keller does. Consequently, his services are long, tedious affairs. But Pastor Jessup is a strongly convicted Christian. A devout man of God, he may seek the investigators out when he learns of their presence in town. He tells them that shortly after Keller opened the doors of his church, he visited there one evening to hear the new man preach. He does not deny Keller's personal charisma and identity in the pulpit, but notes that he did not feel right sitting there. Jessup tells the investigators that he seemed to feel out of place, almost uncomfortable--as if he didn't belong there.

He continues by saying that after he went to bed that night, he experienced strange, disturbing dreams, and has not set foot in the Eden Unity Church since. If questioned about his dream, Jessup grows reticent. A Persuade roll is necessary to gain his compliance. He tells them he dreamed about a dark, twisting mass that roared and bellowed. It birthed horrid abominations that scuttled into the dark recesses of the world, and he saw naked figures dancing before Its obscene idols in dank forests and steamy jungles. A Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the dark mass as Shub-Niggurath.

Jessup believes that Keller is operating some sort of secret society or cult. He has voiced this opinion to several members of the community, but his cries have gone unheeded. Jessup notes how much of Keller's congregation is made up of widows, poor farmers, the elderly--people who are seeking love, acceptance, and a place to belong. He believes that Keller is promising these people a chance to be important and to be wanted.

Pastor Jessup will provide whatever kind of aid he can to the investigators if they are able to prove his theories. Psychology rolls reveal Jessup to be honestly concerned about the safety of Keller's congregation, and not just jealous over losing a few members.

Keller's Plague

After the Contagion spell had taken effect on Tonkana, a Carrier began to grow inside his corpse. When its gestation was complete, it burst out. Following the dictates of the spell, it entered Eden and began infecting the townspeople. The Carrier-Thing appears as a blistered sphere, with dozens of long, narrow cilia dangling beneath it. Several mouths encircle the middle of the sphere. The Carrier-Thing moves by floating through the air, its body a misty, wavering shape. The entity has only one function: to spread the disease which was created by the spell. It does so by entangling its victims in the cilia, whereby they are automatically infected.

This virus causes the brain to regress to a primitive, neanderthal state. It thrives in, and can be transmitted through any form of liquid. Any physical contact with an infected person or a source of liquid runs the risk of catching the virus. It enters the body through ingestion (drinking) and absorption (if the investigators are grabbed or touched by an infected person). Keepers should match an investigator's CON against the POT 20 virus. Failure indicates the virus has started in the investigator's brain. A successful Resistance Table roll means



The Carrier Thing Attacks

the investigator is not infected and is immune to further exposure. Keepers should remember to check uninfected investigators every time they come into close contact with carriers, unless they are immune.

The plague first becomes noticeable to its carrier 1D4+4 hours after its introduction to the system. The virus attacks different areas of the brain, causing its victim to regress to a primitive, primordial state of mind. INT scores are reduced by 1d8 by the end of 24 hours of infection. Thereafter, an additional 1D3 INT is lost every six hours until the victim reaches zero. SAN loss is 1/1D6+1 during the first 24 hours; it is an automatic 1D3 loss every six hours from that point.

The first stage of the plague (loss of up to 1/2 INT) is characterized by nervous reactions, uncomprehending stares, fear, mistrust, and the loss of simple social skills. The whites of the eye begin to turn crimson. The second stage (loss of 1/2 to 3/4 INT) is marked by violent aggression, hunting in groups or packs, ignorance of mechanical devices, ravenous hunger, cannibalism, and a powerful, primitive sexual drive. The third and final phase (1/4 or less INT remaining) is a complete animalistic stage. The person has regressed to a state of bestiality, forsaking all laws and rules except for survival--very similar to early man. Victims prowl alone, violently attacking anyone or anything for food or sex. Social values and laws are non-existent and simple items are feared due to an ignorance of their workings. Physically, the victims resemble brutish cavemen, with sloping brows, thick wiry hair, and hunched movements.

Carriers of the virus may also exhibit signs of regression which include fits of rage, curiosity, fear of fire, communication involving broken sentences, monosyllables, or animalistic grunts and shrieks; acts of savage cruelty, and heightened hearing and sense of smell.

The Plague Commences

Investigators may want to seek medical treatment after their battle with the Dark Young, especially if they believe the spines brought about Tonkana's destruction. The only physician in town is Dr. Lewis Eddy, a cantankerous, 60-year old man who has served Eden his whole life. He is a bony fellow, with a thin, snipe nose and grey hair. He snaps and grumbles a lot, but is a very competent physician. Unfortunately, Dr. Eddy has contracted the regression plague. If the investigators know what the symptoms are, they may attempt Know rolls. Successful rolls reveal that Dr. Eddy is exhibiting symptoms of the plague. As he begins to run tests on the investigators during the examination, he attempts to inject one of them with a syringe containing an air bubble. Investigators in the examination room receive 1/2 Spot Hidden rolls to notice the deadly syringe. Failure to notice it results in the investigator being injected with the air bubble. On the following round, the poor unfortunate can take no action as the bubble enters the heart. By the beginning of the subsequent round, the investigator is dead.

If spotted, Dr. Eddy growls savagely and makes a leap for the closest investigator, wildly brandishing the syringe and a gleaming scalpel. He tries to slice the scalpel across the investigator's throat. The old man foams and shrieks, the whites of his eyes turning a gruesome red. He attacks

relentlessly until knocked unconscious or killed. SAN loss for seeing the manic physician is 1/1D4.

If the doctor kills an investigator with either the syringe or scalpel, all witnessing their friend's shocking demise lose 1/1D6 SAN.

OTHER EVENTS

The following list of events may be used by the keeper as the plague spreads through Eden. They may be presented in any order, anywhere in town. Keep in mind that the Carrier-Thing erupted from Tonkana's body three days ago. It arrived in Eden the same day the investigators did.

Events on Day 1 (of the Carrier-Thing's arrival)

Only a handful of people are affected. Carriers tend to exhibit symptoms like the ones mentioned below. Most people are still normal, but with a sense of unease over the odd behaviors of others.

1 - The investigators notice people acting nervous--almost afraid--of ordinary, mundane objects like rocking chairs, garden hoses, tea kettles, door knockers, oil lamps, etc. They tend to be extremely curious, but fearful at the same time.

2 - Some of the townsfolk stare at objects or each other with a vague, studying stare. It is a puzzled look, as if the viewer is trying to understand what is being seen. It is identical to the sort of expressions shown by monkeys in a zoo studying something.

3 - Tempers are impossibly short, leading to numerous shouting matches, accusations, and brawls. Spectators gather quickly and watch any entanglements with a cool, almost emotionless resolve.

Events on Day 2

The plague should be spread throughout Eden by now. Some cases are extreme, while others may not have contracted it yet. Advanced cases of the plague can be identified by their animalistic nature, unnerving crimson eyes, and the beginnings of a hunched, loping gait. Both Sheriff McClellan and Pastor Jessup contract the plague at this time.

1 - The investigators encounter the Carrier-Thing. It is in the process of attacking and infecting three elderly ladies. Seeing the Carrier-Thing costs 1/1D4 SAN. If the investigators attempt to save the ladies, the Carrier-Thing attacks them. Each lady rescued from the creature earn the investigators a 1D3 SAN reward.

2 - The people begin to band together, waving firearms and shouting in coarse, guttural voices. Windows are broken with riot-like aggression. Investigators encountering such groups must succeed in a Luck roll to avoid being set upon by the ravaging mob.

3 - A lone sniper, sitting on the roof of a house, begins shooting at people in the streets, all the while laughing and drooling. The sniper has a 25% chance to hit, his .30-06 rifle doing 2D6+4 damage. If the sniper is shot down, several dozen people cautiously creep out of their hiding places and approach his body. Once up close, they savagely begin to beat and

pummel the corpse. SAN loss for viewing this is 1/1D2.

4 - Investigators see several people fleeing from a non-descript home. Suddenly glass shatters and flames lick out of the windows and doors as a gas explosion rips through the house. The people withdraw from the flames and heat, staring at the inferno, and then quickly lose interest and leave.

5 - Numerous people can be seen wandering aimlessly along sidewalks and roads. They react with fear if approached, or attempt to attack if they're carrying a weapon. Occasionally someone cocks their head and listens. Then they begin to dig furiously into the dirt. After a few minutes, squeals are heard and the person pulls a fat groundhog or gopher from the ground. With disgusting suddenness, the person rips open the animal's body and devours the bloody organs. SAN loss is 1/1D4.

6 - Reverend Keller is seen with several members of his church. He states that Judgement Day is at hand and that God is punishing the people for their sins. They are passing along the message that a repentance service is scheduled for tomorrow evening, to pray and ask God for his forgiveness. All those who are able should attend. Keller asks the investigators if they will help him spread the word around town. If the investigators make a successful Psychology roll at this time, they notice a fanatical determination and eagerness about the reverend--an eagerness that is all too close to maniacal rejoicing.

Events on Day 3

The plague is widespread now. Dead bodies litter the streets and lawns. The townsfolk no longer band together, but roam about singularly, attacking others on sight. Guns have all but been abandoned (due to ignorance of how the weapon works), clubs and bats replacing them. Law, order, and society have collapsed; telephone and telegraph lines are out; motor vehicles that aren't burning are stripped and destroyed; fires blaze uncontrolled, and people still unaffected have taken refuge in strong homes, barns, or stores. Eventually, the majority of the unaffected people (as well as those affected but who haven't sunk to the animalistic levels) make their way to Keller's repentance service.

1 - The investigators see several children playing in a sandbox. Suddenly four of the children leap up and savagely attack the fifth. They kick and claw at the boy, burying him beneath their tensed bodies. Then one little girl grabs a gardening trowel and drives it into the screaming boy's throat. Amidst the fountain of blood, the other children begin to squabble over the still-convulsing meat. SAN loss is 2/1D6+1.

2 - The investigators see a large group of naked men and women, dancing around a large oak tree in a field. They gyrate and twist, performing before the silent oak. Successful Listen rolls hear the repeated chant of "Ia! Ia! Shub-Niggurath! Praise the Black Goat of the Wood! Come to us!" from the worshippers. SAN loss is 1/1D4.

3 - A group of six townsfolk are encountered carrying a coffin from the local cemetery. While the investigators watch, the coffin is broken open by the carriers and the reeking, spongy corpse is unceremoniously pulled out. Then the assembled horde begins a fearsome, perverse feasting upon the corpse. The sweaty, grunting townsfolk do not attack the investigators unless disturbed. SAN loss is 2/1D6+1.

4 - The investigators see a man leaving a house, cradling the limp body of a small girl. Blood covers both and coats the man's chin. The girl's chest cavity is a sopping, bloody hole. The man's eyes dart from one thing to another, never resting, like a predatory animal. SAN loss is 1/1D6. If he spots the investigators, he drops the child and flees.

The Keeper should present these events slowly at first, building up the severity and frequency of encounters as the plague spreads. Players with infected investigators should be encouraged to role-play their regression into primal man. At the keeper's option, Psychoanalysis rolls may be attempted on infected associates. Success negates any SAN loss for a 6-hour period, although the lost INT continues as described above.

There is no medical cure for the regression plague. Once the Carrier-Thing has died, the plague ends within 72 hours, as quickly as it began.

The Hunters and the Hunted

This event occurs on the second day of the plague. The investigators may be in their hotel room, out pursuing leads, or what have you. Regardless of their location, they encounter a desperate Pastor Jessup.

The pastor approaches the group at a dead run, looking fearfully over his shoulders. As he gets closer, he yells for them to hide and quickly joins them. If the investigators are in their hotel room, the pastor pounds frantically on the door, pleading to be let in. Once he is with the group, successful Spot Hidden rolls notice a pinkish tinge to his eyes, along with the tell-tale symptoms of the plague.

Jessup silences all questions with a look of fear. Footsteps can be heard, along with several grunts and yells. From the same direction appear a group of townsfolk. They are dressed in little more than rags and carry axes, clubs, and other makeshift bludgeons. Their bodies are hunched and they are covered in coarse, wire-like hair. One degenerate in front begins smelling the air; the others do likewise. Then they begin to howl in frustration. The front man growls out "Preeeeeeechurrrrrr..." and the rest gnash their teeth and beat their chests. SAN loss for viewing this mob is 0/1D2.

If the investigator with the highest Luck makes a successful roll, the angry mob lopes off in search of other prey. If the roll fails, they either spot or smell Jessup, and charge the investigators' hiding place.

In the event the characters do not let Jessup into their hotel room, the violent primordials discover him. He attempts to flee from them, screaming his message to the investigators as he runs. The mob quickly catches him, however, and hammers him with their clubs. They beat the pastor until he is a meaty, unflinching pulp. Afterward a few wander away while others gorge themselves on his bruised, bloody form. Investigators witnessing this horrific spectacle lose 1/1D8 SAN.

If the mob disperses or if they are dealt with, Jessup thanks the investigators. Psychology rolls show that he is fighting to hold onto his humanity, but is rapidly losing the battle. With grim determination, he grabs the closest investigator by the shoulders. "It's him. It's him. Him and his church. You don't believe me? Go see...tonight. A service tonight. I know, but no one listens to me. Oh dear God, help us. Your

children...your children...we need your help. Almighty God... I knew from the beginning, yes, from the start. But why would no one listen? Did he have them even then? Even from the beginning?!"

Jessup continues to rave and babble, Idea rolls suggesting that his sanity is crumbling. If the investigators help him to a safe place, he seems grateful, but begins mumbling Psalms 23 over and over. Before they leave, he hands the nearest investigator a small Bible and a silver cross on a chain, then slowly collapses into unconsciousness. Within several hours the good pastor dies peacefully in his sleep.

The minister's message refers to the worship service that Keller holds that evening. As dusk approaches, investigators begin to notice numerous people heading in the direction of the Eden Unity Church. A successful Know roll shows that at least half of the people they see do not seem to be infected by the plague. Those who are affected are not too advanced. The investigators may follow the people as part of the group or may hang back, secretly following the last few worshippers up to the church.

The Worship Service

The service begins at 7:00 p.m. The people begin to gather around 6:15, gossiping and socializing. The talk centers around the odd behaviors and unspeakable actions of some townfolk. Whispers of "Judgement Day" can be heard.

The church is a wooden structure, complete with wooden benches for the congregation, beautiful stained glass windows, and a nice altar. It smells of fresh lumber, and as the people continue to arrive, the temperature inside begins to climb.

Investigators may pass the time before the service begins by chatting with their neighbor, leafing through the hymnal (found on the seats), or otherwise engaging themselves. A piece of paper is easily noticed sticking out of the hymnal. It is a litany, to be read by the reverend and the congregation during the service, reproduced in the Handout Section.

EDEN UNITY CHURCH LITANY OF PRAISE

LEADER: *We stand before you, O God, and give thanks to you for life.*

PEOPLE: *We thank thee, O God.*

LEADER: *We praise your holy name, and bow down before the Trinity.*

PEOPLE: *A thousand praises we proclaim.*

LEADER: *For it is written, that if my people are silent, even the stones of the earth will cry out.*

PEOPLE: *Together we raise our voices and shout out your glory, O God.*

LEADER: *Let all Heaven and Earth, all Creation, proclaim the wonder of our God.*

PEOPLE: *We give thanks unto our God.*

LEADER: *We come into your presence, O God, with glad hearts. Come and fill us with your Spirit.*

ALL: *Amen.*

The stained glass windows are fine pieces of work, colorful and exquisitely detailed. There are six windows, interspaced by

smaller paned windows which have been opened to facilitate air flow. The images depicted in the stained glass are the Nativity, Jesus being tempted by Satan in the wilderness, Jesus calming the storm, Jesus raising Lazarus from the dead, the crucifixion, and a cross surmounted by a dove.

Investigators studying these windows may attempt a Spot Hidden at 1/2. If successful, they will notice two items of interest. The window showing Christ's temptation places the central figure before a forested background. With careful scrutiny, several of the tree trunks appear to be massive legs which terminate in simplistic hooves. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies this representation as a Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath.

The other item is found in the window depicting Lazarus' resurrection. A second Spot Hidden roll is required to realize that, behind the image of Christ, worked meticulously into the colored panes, is the suggestion of something with a bulky body mass and what appear to be tentacles. It is extremely difficult to make out, as it has been expertly disguised within the design.

Idea rolls indicate that the hidden form could be meant to replace Christ as the giver of life, and a second Idea roll notes a disturbing resemblance between the long-haired Lazarus and Reverend Keller. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the vague form as a representation of Shub-Niggurath. The Sanity loss for both windows is 0/1D3.

The service begins with the congregation singing the hymn "A Charge to Keep I Have." Reverend Keller appears from the door behind the altar, smiling and singing loudly. He takes his place behind the podium, and when the hymn is over, he indicates that everyone should sit.

With unsettling quickness, his eyes find the investigators and he pleasantly announces them as visitors; all eyes in the church will be turned on any investigators present.

Keller then moves into his sermon, informing everyone that they are here to pray for the community, and for release from the illness which has befallen it. For the next 20 minutes, prayers of hope, love, and faith are read by various members of the congregation, receiving an occasional heartfelt "Amen!" in response. At the close of the prayer session, Keller asks everyone to stand and repeat the litany of praise.

This litany is a magical construct developed by the false minister. All who read it aloud lose 1 Magic Point. For investigators who read along, Keepers may decide if they realize the loss of the Magic Point or not. The litany completed, Keller casts Mass Entrall over the congregation, disguising the spell as a prayer at the beginning of his sermon.

There are 32 people present at the service, plus the investigators. Assume that Keller draws 22 magic points from the locals; Resistance Table checks may be attempted, pitting each investigator's POW against Keller's. If the roll fails, the investigator is enthralled and attentive to Keller's preachings. Unaffected investigators will, with a successful Occult roll, realize what has just transpired. Keller does not use this spell to hypnotize the crowd, but rather to make them more receptive to his message.

He will begin his sermon by speaking about the Holy Mother and his version of the Trinity; renaming God with feminine terms. He is adept at disguising his proclamation of Shub-Niggurath within the folds of proper Christianity. Investigators

who make the Occult roll quickly realize what is - and has been - taking place here, an insidious program of brainwashing, and a perversion of the Christian faith to Keller's own twisted vision.

As can be seen throughout the crowd, Keller has done a thorough job. The majority of the congregation hangs on his every word. Investigators may attempt to disrupt the service or to speak with some of these people individually, but they will be unable to break Keller's hold on them; he has imbedded himself deeply into their minds, their spirits, and their lives.

During his sermon, Keller speaks about the plague. He explains that God is punishing the people of Eden for their misdeeds and lack of faith. He equates this to God's displeasure and punishment of the biblical cities of the Old Testament:

"Only by kneeling humbly before God and asking Her forgiveness can Eden be saved," he suggests. "It is the end of the world, just as the book of Revelations predicted. We must go before God and beg forgiveness, so that we may all be delivered from the pain of the final hours."

If any unaffected investigators attempt to disrupt the service at this point, Keller will immediately cast Mass Suggestion, again disguised as part of the sermon, using his own Magic Points for this casting. Again, assume that almost all of the locals respond to Keller's suggestion.

Enthralled investigators suffer a -3 penalty to their POW, but may attempt to break the suggestion with another resistance roll.

For two rounds, Keller can command the assembled congregation to do his bidding. He orders them to capture the troublemakers, the "trespassing outsiders who are responsible for this plague!" Those who comply will not be gentle about their task. Controlled locals will not attack controlled investigators, since they are now "one of the congregation."

Each investigator is attacked by 4+1D4 clawing, biting, grappling members of the congregation. Sanity loss for witnessing this zombified horde of fanatics is 1/1D3. If the investigators are captured, Keller has them bound and locked away in the church's basement, to be sacrificed later.

If allowed to continue, Keller will conclude his sermon by informing the congregation that he will hold a prayer meeting, a service of repentance, the next evening. It will be held in the large clearing in Sorrow's Wood, which can hold more people than the church. It is to be "a show of dedication and faith, a declaration that the citizens of Eden recognize their failures and are ready to step away from their materialistic world into the open arms of repentance."

Keller urges his worshippers to bring as many of the townsfolk as possible: "We must show God that each and every one of us - in this town and in this country - are heartily repentant of our sins! Bring all brothers and sisters, so that we may pray together."

Before bidding his flock good night, he requests that the church committee meet with him after the service for a brief time. The benediction is then given, and the congregation begins to leave.

The Church Committee and the Initiation

As everyone exits the church, the investigators see 12 people leaving through the door behind the altar, seven male, five females. If the investigators have visited the burial mound, a

successful Know roll will put them in mind of the 12 corpses found within, and that the ratio of men and women is identical.

Spot Hidden rolls identify Ellen Conley as one of the five women as she disappears through the door. If the investigators attempt to follow the committee, they are turned away by Keller, the last to leave. Idea rolls can show that with enough stealth and a little luck, the investigators may be able to hide in the church until everyone else has left.

Investigators attempting this can hide beneath the pews, or behind the altar and podium. Once any of these havens has been reached, a successful Hide roll must be made to escape detection.

When the last worshiper has left, a single man leaves the narthex and steps into the sanctuary, giving it one final examination. He has a 15% chance to notice any investigators behind the altar or podium if their Hide rolls were unsuccessful.

If he spots an investigator he calls to them as he approaches, informing them that they must leave the church immediately; this fellow is unarmed, and can easily be subdued by careful investigators.

If the investigators do not hide, they will be forced to leave the church with everyone else. Outside, a successful Spot Hidden roll notices faint, flickering light coming from the fellowship hall windows, which is quickly cut off by the closing of heavy drapes. Investigators can, with a Luck roll, loiter around outside long enough for everyone else to leave.

Nothing can be seen through the fellowship hall windows, for they are all curtained off with thick fabric. The ground-level windows toward the rear of the church are also dark, but the draperies are not cinched tight, nor are they quite as opaque. Investigators attempting re-entry into the church may try either these windows or the coal chute, as the front doors have been locked (successful Locksmith roll to open).

A successful Mechanical Repair roll will allow an investigator to loosen one of the window casements enough to slip a hand in and unlock the window. The hinged door on the coal chute will open easily, but investigators must be SIZ 10 or less to slip through. Once inside the church, muffled voices can be heard coming from the fellowship hall.

The church committee is actually Keller's most devoted - and consequently his most twisted and fanatical - disciples. With the exception of Ellen Conley, all have partaken of Keller's blasphemous rituals and have totally embraced the worship of Shub-Niggurath. Tonight's meeting is for the initiation of Mrs. Conley into the committee's inner ranks.

The initiation takes place in the fellowship hall, which has been darkened save for the light of dozens of black candles arranged in a circle in the center of the floor. Bizarre diagrams have been drawn upon the floor, and the ceiling is likewise decorated with strange symbols and dizzying, paganistic images.

A floor-to-ceiling drapery encircles something at the back of the room, from which escapes the occasional low moan. Near the center of the room, lying before a black podium decorated with bones and skulls is a child-sized coffin.

Investigators watching from the doorway cannot be seen if the investigator with the highest Hide roll makes a successful check. They will witness Keller take his place behind the podium, while Ellen Conley is stripped and carried to the center of the candle circle.

It can be easily seen that she is quite lethargic, as though she had been drugged. She is laid on the floor, legs together and arms outstretched, which any investigator who has ever encountered Shub-Niggurath will recognize as a living representation of It.

As the others begin to gyrate sinuously around the outside of the circle, Keller intones a chant of praise and glory to Shub-Niggurath. His voice rises and falls, insane lust sweeping across his shadowed features.

The shadows of the dancers spin and slide around the room like some hypnotic, serpentine carousel. As Keller continues his recitation, the dancing reaches a fevered pitch.

Suddenly the dancers stop when Keller ceases his chant. Investigators will notice that the dancers' shadows seem to continue their mad capering over the walls, toward them, away from them, as if they are aware of the investigators' presence and are trying to raise the alarm.

Ellen is then picked up and carried over to the black podium and coffin. Keller announces that Ellen must receive her new baptism, marking her as a child of Shub-Niggurath. With a ceremonial knife, he cuts open the palm of his hand, which he places over the woman's face, smearing it with his tainted blood.

When the baptism is complete, Keller and the others carry the dazed, unresisting Ellen Conley over to the draperies at the rear of the room. The mad minister draws Ellen forward as he abruptly pulls the concealing curtain aside.

Investigators loose 1/1D8 SAN from the horrifying sight concealed there. Suspended from the ceiling by a number of hooked chains is Donald Bradley.

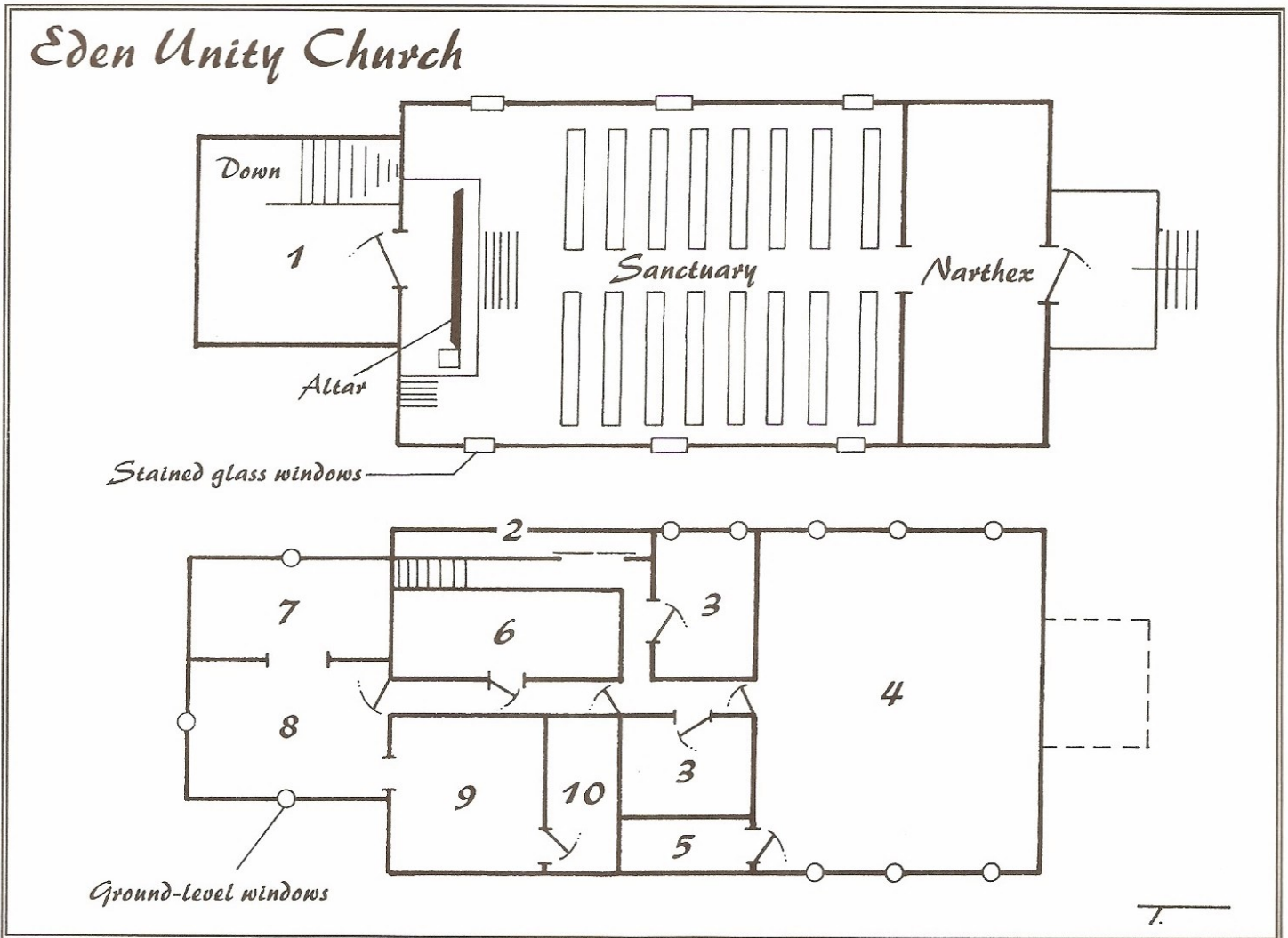
Hooks pierce his chest and shoulders, forcing his arms to hang away from his body. He is covered in blood, and moans weakly from time to time. His eyes are vacant pits that only hint at the crushed sanity behind them.

The flesh of Bradley's torso, legs, and arms has been stripped away to reveal the glistening, raw tissue beneath. In some places the bare, white bone can be glimpsed.

Even from their position the investigators can see the vicious bite marks - human bite marks - on the exposed areas, these wounds leaking pus and blood.

Keller steps forward and grabs one of the boy's legs. Baring his teeth, he bites down and tears off a mouthful of muscle tissue, causing the boy's moans to rise into shrieks. Keller greedily consumes the flesh and gnaws of another, which he hands over to Ellen. In a drugged daze, Ellen consumes it.

Keller steps back in triumph, allowing the remaining



The Church

committee members to feast on the hapless Donald Bradley. This entire mad scene calls for a Sanity roll with a 1/1D6 point Sanity loss hanging in the balance.

After several moments, Keller draws the curtain back around Donald as he welcomes the newest member of his congregation. At last Keller is revealed for the monster he is.

The Church's Basement

Within the basement of the Christian Unity Church lies Keller's darkest secret. Investigators may explore these areas during the initiation when Keller is occupied, or at some point when he is not present. The door leading into his chambers (rooms 6-10) is always locked, as is the doorway behind the altar. Keller is the only one who carries keys to the locked doors. The basement hasn't been used for Christian functions in over a year. Only Keller's 12 disciples--and his victims--have been down there with him, performing nefarious rituals of worship.

1) This room is used to store the minister's robes, altar cloths, and other items that may be used during a service. It is currently empty.

2) **Storage:** This cramped room is filled with chairs, tables, boxes of candles, Christmas decorations, janitorial supplies, tools, and so on. There is ample hiding space to be found. Moving through this narrow room with no light requires a DEX x 3 roll to avoid tripping over something and creating a terrible amount of noise.

3) **Sunday School Classrooms:** Used primarily for children, they contain a table and several chairs, and are decorated with stories and pictures from the Bible. Each is dusty and cobwebbed from neglect.

4) **Fellowship Hall:** This wide hall was used for dinners, meetings, etc. It is now where Keller conducts his "committee" meetings, initiating new followers into the cult. Investigators searching through here can see the traces of chalked diagrams on the floor and ceiling with successful 1/2 Spot Hidden rolls. The curtained area at the rear of the room hides what remains of Donald Bradley. If found, he appears as described previously, hanging from the blood-encrusted hooks. SAN loss for discovering him in this state is 1/1d8. No medical attention can help Donald; investigators making a Medicine roll can estimate he has 5-8 hours left before he dies. He is hopelessly insane, and can only mumble, moan, and drool idiotically.

5) **Furnace:** This grimy room contains the furnace and a coal pile.

6) **Bathroom:** A foul-smelling room that is clotted with mold and mildew. It has no personal hygiene products, linens, or other bathroom necessities (including toilet paper).

7) **Bedroom:** This is where Keller makes the pretense of sleeping. Like the rest of the reverend's living quarters, this room smells vaguely moist and rotten. It contains a bed, dresser, and closet. Lying on top of the dresser is a very old, cracked copy of the Holy Bible. It is caked with dirt and has suffered greatly from exposure to moisture. The book requires a successful DEX x 3 roll while handling to prevent it from falling apart. It is inscribed to "Dorian James Keller" on the date of his ordainment, 4 May, 1705. Investigators flipping through it notice that every reference to God the Father has been changed to God the Mother; all masculine indications of God

have been scribbled out and feminine forms written in. At the back, several dozen pages have been stuck in it. These hand-written pages contain the spells Create Zombie (spell multiplier: x2), Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath (x3), and Contagion (x1). A successful Spot Hidden made while perusing the spells note how the zombies in the Create Zombie spell can only be destroyed by removing their heart.

If the dresser is examined, a Spot Hidden roll uncovers a rolled up bag stuffed beneath several shirts and ties. The bag contains a rumpled hat (which can be identified as belonging to Charlie Arnold), a small bracelet with the name "Caroline" etched into the back, a wallet belonging to Tully Beecham, a crushed top hat (Nigel Nickerbocker), and a patched overcoat (Jefferson Hall). The bag also contains an old shoe, a few socks, several loose coins, two pocketknives, a corn cob pipe, a hair ribbon, and a Bowie knife (initialed with "T.B." on the handle).

If the closet is searched, investigators find several black robes, some shirts, three black suits, and two pair of shoes. A Spot Hidden roll notes a pile of clothing tossed into the back of the closet. They belong to Donald Bradley, as the wallet in the pants can show. While searching the clothes, a successful Luck roll uncovers a wrinkled, brittle piece of paper. It requires a successful DEX x 3 roll to handle. Keepers may tear off a random portion of the handout if the roll fails.

A DOCUMENT FROM THE EDEN PUBLIC LIBRARY

"It shall be set down forthwith, on this, the 11th Day of August, in the Year of the Black Goat, Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-Eight, that this settlement is to be called Eden, as a mockery to the Garden created by the Christian God.

This settlement shall be our home; these hills and forests, the providers of our needs and our temples of worship. Although the 13 of us erected this Eden, it shall be hereafter open to those natives who wish to join us in our worship of Her.

This document was prepared in the presence and witness of the 12, and shall serve as the right of claim for our settlement.

Signed,

Reverend Dorian Keller

Archeology rolls easily date the paper as being from the early to mid-18th century. Accompanying it is an artist's rendering, of the same age, which depicts Eden's founding fathers. Seven men and five women are shown, one of which bears a brutally chilling resemblance to Reverend Keller. SAN loss is 1/1D3.

While pursuing the old records in the basement of the library, Donald stumbled upon the above information. He planned to visit Tonkana and show him this discovery and question him about it, but was intercepted by Keller and a Dark Young. Keller brought him back to the church, where he has been ever since.

8) **Living Room:** Ordinary, with several pieces of ugly furniture and no decorations.

9) **Kitchen/Pantry/Dining Room:** This room serves as a

tiny kitchenette and dining room. There is a stove, several cabinets, a small table and two chairs. The pantry is little more than a narrow closet and contains only scurrying cockroaches.

10) Corpse Room: This is where Keller keeps the bodies of his victims. The corpses of all the missing individuals (except for Bradley) are here. They stand propped up in corners or strewn about on the floor. One lies in an extremely suggestive sexual position. Every one shows signs of voracious cannibalism, as indicated by the human bite marks covering the bodies.

While alive the people were eaten by Keller, in order to preserve his mimicry of life (much like he is doing with Bradley). What remains of the putrid, sticky flesh is black with rot. Stinking strips of flesh hang from peeling faces. All of the bodies have been cut and ripped open from throat to groin. A successful Medicine roll notes that the heart is the only major organ left inside the maggot-infested carcasses. SAN loss for discovering this charnel house is 1/1D6.

These five corpses are zombies, raised and controlled by Keller. They animate on Keller's mental command. However, if the Keeper wishes, they may animate once the investigators are inside the room. These zombies are incredibly quick, striking and moving as they did when alive. Any sudden attack upon the investigators by these squalid horrors results in a 1/1D4 point SAN loss.

The only way to stop the zombies is to remove the heart from the body. In combat this requires a successful DEX x 3 roll to reach in and grab the shrivelled organ. Investigators who make a Luck roll may tear the heart from the chest in the same round. If the roll fails, the investigator must wait until the following round to rip the heart out, and the zombie may add +35% to any attack upon the investigator. Keepers may opt to call for CON x 3 rolls in order for investigators to stick their hand into the decayed, squirming chest cavity. If the heart is torn out, the zombie immediately collapses to the ground. They will pursue the investigators anywhere inside the church, but will not leave the building.

THE REPENTANCE SERVICE

On the evening of the third day, Keller holds his repentance service for the people of Eden. Eager for forgiveness and release from their suffering, the townsfolk rally around Keller's promises. He plans to draw power from them as they pray and use that power to summon forth Shub-Niggurath, providing Her with dozens of sacrifices. The people of Eden, expertly deceived by Keller's words, will play a key role in the destruction of their town and of themselves.

The service begins at dusk in a huge clearing deep in Sorrow's Wood. The clearing is dominated by a rough, table-like altar made of stone. The evening breeze is cool and feathery, and stirs the flames of torches lining the perimeter of the area. The people gather in the clearing--crying, whispering, clinging to one another. Those who are infected roam around the perimeter like predatory animals, pausing to study something or sniff the air. Others who haven't regressed too far kneel and pray or find comfort with families and friends. Several skirmishes threaten to break out, with much weapon-brandishing

and verbal assaults. The investigators may position themselves anywhere in or around the clearing as they wish. Four successful Spot Hidden rolls allow the investigators to see Keller's 12 disciples in various places among the crowd.

Keller moves among the people, offering comfort and support. They flock to him and beg him to stop the terror that has gripped their town. He moves behind the stone altar and raises his arms to get everyone's attention. They all turn toward him and fall silent.

He tells them that Judgement Day has arrived, just as written in the book of Revelation. "God has declared an end to the world, and will send her angels to rescue the faithful," Keller proclaims. "But the unfaithful, the evil--those who have turned away from God--She will destroy." He tells them that the destruction taking place in their town is a sign of God's anger. "God wants you to repent before the world ends. She wants you to turn from your evil ways and embrace Her again before it is too late. Join with me in prayer and let us humbly ask God to forgive us for our sins. We must show her our repentant hearts and bow down before Her, confessing our wrongdoings and asking for deliverance. Join me now, people of Eden. Kneel; bow your heads, and pray with me."

The people comply. As heads are bowed, two of the men and a very pregnant, joyous young woman make their way toward Keller. She stands beside the smiling preacher, the two men at each end of the altar.

As night descends upon the clearing, Keller begins to pray aloud. He also begins to draw magic points from the faithful who are praying throughout the clearing. Unbeknownst to the multitude, the harder they pray, the more power they give to fulfill Keller's plan.

After several minutes of verbal prayer, Keller changes his tone. He begins to repeat garbled-sounding phrases with wording that somehow raises chills. Investigators who know the Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath spell easily recognize it. A humid wind swirls through the clearing, reeking like an open grave. Investigators who make Spot Hidden rolls see the spiny Dark Young that attacked them, swaying among the trees on one side of the clearing. On the other side, a second Dark Young can also be seen. It is a repulsive pile of dripping mouths and agitated tentacles. The bulky body is rotten. Great peeling patches of leprous hide dangle from the oily-black frame. Dozens of multi-pupilled eyes blink and stare from all parts of it. A wide mouth rests between the thunderous legs, salivating. Investigators who spot these horrors suffer a 1D3/1D10 SAN loss.

The Call is Answered

Midway through the spell, Keller stops and lifts the young woman effortlessly onto the stone altar. The summoning spell continues, however, its hypnotic, unnerving resonances being repeated by Keller's disciples throughout the crowd. On the altar, the pregnant woman begins to writhe and moan. The two men at either end take a firm grip on her wrists and ankles.

At this point, the investigators may make a move to prevent the spell's completion. They cannot stop the calling unless they silence each of the 12 disciples--including the pregnant woman. The disciples each know only a portion of the spell and repeat it over and over. It progresses from one disciple to another

whenever the next phrase is arrived at. The final part of the recitation is spoken by Keller, just as the first part was. The investigators have no way of knowing which disciple's phrase has or hasn't been used. In addition, remind the investigators that the disciples are scattered throughout the crowd and random gunfire could easily hit innocent bystanders. If the investigators persist in trying to wipe out the disciples, Keller can simply finish the spell himself.

Assume that Keller receives 40 magic points from the praying crowd and invests all 17 of his own into the calling. The presence of the consecrated altar and the two Dark Young add an additional 40% to the chance of success. Overall, Reverend Keller has a 97% chance to summon Shub-Niggurath.

As the spell concludes, the wind ceases to blow through the clearing and the torch flames gutter low. A scream shatters the absolute silence, emanating from the altar, where the woman tosses her head from side to side, bloodying it on the unforgiving stone. Then she screams again and pulls her knees up. The entire crowd looks on in shock as she gives birth, forcing the infant out into Keller's greedy hands. With a shout of joy, Keller severs the umbilical cord and raises the screaming newborn above his head. With a fervent gleam in his eyes, he throws his head back and begins to laugh. A foul-smelling wind whips up and the earth rumbles. The ritual complete, the Black Goat of the Wood answers the call.

THE BLACK MOTHER

*"Then I saw another beast, coming out of the earth."
--Revelations 13:11*

In the center of the clearing Shub-Niggurath begins to manifest. Wispy, black vapors start to rise from the earth. They spiral and climb into the air above the clearing, reeking like vomit. Strong winds blow from all directions, sweeping along the ground and flowing up into the sky above the clearing. The winds tug and pull at everything around, drawing objects into the forming madness: sticks, rocks, small plants and animals, soil, leaves. All around items are sucked up into the growing shape to compose Her material form.

Life and death co-exist in Her presence. In every direction nature feels the strength and authority of the Earth Mother. Trees and plants blacken and die while others burst forth with fragrant blossoms and heavy foliage. A deer staggers into the clearing and dies. A hound at the clearing's edge lies down and gives birth to a litter of puppies. Everywhere life and death play out their eternal game simultaneously.

The already-terrified crowd panics. People attempt to flee the clearing, shoving and trampling those who get in their way. Those that have fallen find themselves pulled into Shub-Niggurath's form, screaming as they disappear into the reeking cloud. The investigators are also pulled by the powerful winds. Match the STR of each investigator against the STR 7 of the sucking winds. Failed rolls indicate the investigators are pulled across the ground and up into the air toward Her. Unconscious investigators are automatically pulled; any who are insane must make a SAN check against their current SAN in order to react and attempt to save themselves. Other anchored

investigators may attempt to grab onto their associates with a successful DEX x 3 roll. Extremely lenient Keepers may also allow a 1/2 Luck roll for investigators to grab onto a protruding rock or tree root as a last resort. If any investigators are sucked into Shub-Niggurath's form, they automatically lose 5D20 SAN as they become part of the Outer God's body.

As the crowd tries to flee through the darkness, the plague victims shriek and howl, hopping around in frenzied displays of worship beneath Shub-Niggurath. Over the screams, shrieks, and the sucking winds, Keller cries out: "She is here! Our Lord--the Black Goat of the Wood--SHE HAS COME TO US! HOLY MOTHER, I OFFER THESE PEOPLE UNTO YOU. A CONGREGATION TO WORSHIP AND PRAISE YOU, TO SPREAD YOUR DESIRES ACROSS THE WORLD!"

Shub-Niggurath floats over the clearing, her manifestation complete. Dozens of thick tentacles protrude from Her roiling, festering mass. Cloven hooves and slime-dripping mouths continually appear and disappear, created and destroyed by Her ever-changing essence. The whole cloudy shape carries a stench of rotten earth and vomit. Investigators can easily see the plants, animals, stones, and people that form Her entire being, continually roiling and changing overhead. SAN loss is 1/1D10/1D100.

Dismissing Shub-Niggurath

Investigators who wish to Dismiss Shub-Niggurath may attempt it once she has formed. They cannot try at any earlier point, since they are unable to cast the spell and secure themselves from the pulling winds at the same time. If they are successful with the Dismissal, the events described should be altered to reflect this. In such an event, the Keeper must determine how many of Keller's disciples are captured or escape. Keller makes a run for it, carrying the child and calling to the Dark Young for assistance. Investigators who follow him, attempting to rescue the child, must play a deadly game of cat and mouse through the dark wood with the insane reverend.

The Arrival

Shub-Niggurath descends into the clearing, people either fleeing and screaming or falling down before Her. Several of Keller's disciples and dozens of the totally-regressed clamber around Her, shrieking praises. The pulsating Outer God draws them in, forming sexual organs to satiate them. Some cling to Her greasy teats, fighting for the precious milk within. Her body is a seething mass of tentacles, gruesome mouths, reproductive organs, and grunting, screaming degenerates. Investigators watching this numbing spectacle see several people burst like wet, red balloons from Her penetrations; others in the throes of ecstasy are gobbled up by the lipless mouths; still others are yanked apart by the powerful tentacles.

From Her pulsating orifices and dripping cavities Her children are spawned. Some are snatched back up by questing tentacles and devoured. A few manage to squirm, crawl, or thunder away into the forest, consuming any people they find. Her offspring are hideous conglomerations of bloated legs, tentacles, eyes, limbs, and gnashing mouths.

One of the zealous disciples cavorting beneath Her suddenly screams, "Feed us, Mother!" Whether in answer to the plea or merely by idiotic whim, Shub-Niggurath scoops up one of the



Shub-Niggurath Manifests

faithful and devours him. After a few moments, a different mouth stretches wide, revealing several rows of razored teeth. In a torrent of undefinable fluid, the hapless wretch is regurgitated out onto the ground. Glistening, steaming, shrieking, the man is set upon by dozens of worshippers who begin to rip the flesh and organs from his body. As his ear-piercing screams gurgle into nothingness, the worshippers feast on the bloody pieces they tore from him. Shub-Niggurath has fed her children, in the same manner that a mother bird feeds her young. SAN loss for viewing the offspring and the feeding is 1/1D10.

Other Problems

The investigators are in the thick of things, whether they are among the crowd or hiding out in the forest. Beginning the second round after Shub-Niggurath has manifested, Keepers may consult the following chart for events and encounters to hurl at the investigators. As long as they stay within a two-mile radius of the clearing this table can be used. Thereafter, encounters are sporadic, lessening in frequency and severity the farther the investigators get from the clearing:

1) **Falling Tree:** A nearby tree begins to fall toward the investigators. Successful Listen rolls alert the investigators to sharp pops and cracks of the dead wood. Then with a rush the tree topples. With Luck rolls, investigators can easily avoid being hit. Failed rolls earn a single Dodge roll, which halves the 4D6 damage from the crashing tree.

2) **Degenerates:** The investigators are attacked by a band of 1D6 regressed townsfolk. They fight to the death.

3) **Footing Trouble:** While running, one investigator trips over a tree root. DEX x 2 rolls avoid falling; the investigator stumbles forward, arms flailing. Failed rolls cause the investigator to suffer 1D2 points of damage. Of course, they can SWEAR that it was a tentacle that momentarily wrapped around their ankle...

4) **A Cry for Help:** A nearby cry for help catches the investigators' attention. Checking, they find a young woman. She is cradling a tiny infant and being attacked by a band of plague victims or one of Shub-Niggurath's offspring. If the investigators manage to save both of them, they gain a bonus of 1D6 SAN back. Keepers may opt to charge a loss of 1D2 SAN for either that dies, or if they pass by and do not help.

5) **Dark Young:** One of the two Dark Young spot the investigators and gives chase. DEX x 3, Dodge, and Luck rolls should be required while running through the forest to avoid the thing.

6) **Eruption:** The ground buckles, forcing huge chunks of stone and bedrock out of the ground. Investigators must make DEX x 3 rolls to navigate around or over the erupting rock. Failure indicates 1D6 points of damage from falling off the

stones.

7) **A Mother's Embrace:** One of Shub-Niggurath's tentacles has found the investigators. A random investigator is automatically snared by the thick, ropy tentacle and is hauled back toward her boiling mass. Associates can try to free their friend by grabbing arms and legs and pulling. Up to four investigators can add their STR together and try to overcome Shub-Niggurath's STR. The caught investigator suffers 1d6 points of damage each round from being pulled in two directions. If the pulling investigators roll a critical failure, their friend is literally torn limb from limb. SAN loss is 2/1d8+1. It takes two rounds before the captured investigator is shoved into one of Her mouths and devoured. Associates lose 1/1d6 SAN in this instance as they witness their friend's death.

8) **Offspring:** One of Shub-Niggurath's many children discovers the investigators. This centipede-like horror is covered with barbed, chitinous plates and has an anemone-like head. It grabs prey with its wavering tentacles and stuffs it into the circular mouth. SAN loss is 1/1d6.

Centipede horror, spawn of Shub-Niggurath

STR 17 CON 20 SIZ 22 Move: 10
INT 8 POW 7 DEX 20 HP: 21
Damage bonus: +1d6.

Weapons: Tentacles (x4) 60%, 1d4+db; Bite 45%, 1d10

Armor: 4 points chitinous shell

SAN: 1/1d6

The Problem of Reverend Keller

With a successful Spot Hidden, investigators can see Keller still at the altar, holding the crying newborn. The woman lies dazedly on the altar, and both disciples hold positions on either side of Keller. One of the men pulls out a long butcher knife and hands it to Keller. Then both grab the woman and pin her down. Investigators making Listen rolls hear the maniacal reverend scream, "LET THE PACT BE SEALED AND THE NEW COVENANT CREATED. THE OLD WORLD MUST DIE AS THE NEW WORLD--YOUR WORLD--IS BORN. ACCEPT NOW THIS WOMAN, MADE IN YOUR IMAGE. ACCEPT HER OFFSPRING, BORN UPON YOUR ALTAR, TO DIE UPON YOUR ALTAR. FROM THE HAND OF THE ANOINTED ONE, THEIR DEATHS WILL USHER IN A NEW ERA OVER WHICH YOU SHALL REIGN FOR EVER AND EVER."

The investigators have little time to act. Before they can move, Keller swiftly plunges the knife into the woman's heart to the hilt. He then lays the baby upon its mother's bleeding corpse and prepares to repeat the act. Witnessing this innocent woman's sacrificial death costs 1/1D4 SAN.

Investigators who try to prevent the infant's murder can easily attract Keller's attention with gunshots, thrown objects, or a rapid approach. He instructs the two disciples to intercept

the investigators while he continues to attempt the sacrifice.

Confronting Keller, the investigators are in for a sharp surprise: since he is dead, physical weapons have no effect on him (other than cosmetic). The investigators are not so lucky, and he strikes fiendishly at them with the knife. The now-silent infant can be spirited away from the altar with successful Sneak and Luck rolls while Keller is engaged.

The only way Reverend Keller can be destroyed is by removing his heart. Investigators who stopped any of the zombies may realize this with an Idea roll. If they found Keller's Bible, they may also remember spotting it somewhere in there. Any attack that hits or lands near his heart causes him to grimace and recoil slightly. Astute investigators who recognize his aversion to chest attacks may discern that the heart is the vital spot. However, simply shooting at it or plunging a knife into it won't stop him; the organ must be removed from his chest.

Investigators need to inflict a total of 15 points of damage into Keller's chest in order to make a big enough hole through which to reach the heart. This may occur during combat, or they may grapple him to the ground, hold him there, and saw their way through. This latter approach costs each investigator holding him down 1/1D4 SAN to hear and watch.

As with the zombies, a successful DEX x 3 roll is required to grab the heart. However, due to Keller's resurrected nature, no Luck roll is allowed to remove the heart on the same round. Once grabbed, the heart cannot be torn out until the following round. During that time, Keller may add +35% to his attacks on the investigator holding his heart. On the subsequent round, the investigator must match his STR against the STR 5 of the heart in order to pull it out. The investigator may make two attempts per round, the second coming at the end of the round. If the tenacious investigator suffers more than six points of damage while holding the heart, a DEX x 3 roll must be made in order to keep hold of it. With his heart torn from his body, Keller collapses into a steaming, moldering pile of rotten tissue, organs, and bones. After two rounds, he is permanently dead, leaving nothing behind but a greasy, nauseous smear on the ground.

Shub-Niggurath continues to float in the clearing, plucking up worshippers and devouring them, giving birth, changing, festering. She remains for several rounds, until the clearing is empty except for the bodies of the dead and Her own children. Then She drifts simultaneously over and through the forest, contracting and expanding, always bringing life and death.

She departs soon after, the rushing winds and chaotic fury of her dissipating mass signalling her departure. It is up to the Keeper to determine how many of Her spawn are taken with Her. Like their siblings the Dark Young, those offspring left behind may enter a period of hibernation in the vicinity, awakening when called or when the stars come right.

CONCLUSION

Shub-Niggurath's manifestation causes far-ranging problems

and complications. In Eden and the nearby towns, an unusually high birth rate occurs. Many of the births seem extremely rapid, but otherwise normal. In some cases, horrible mutations force drastic courses of action. Gorgeous flowers and lush plants spring into existence, all because of the Earth Mother's appearance.

The blight seems to spread overnight, thickening over the land. Animals die with alarming regularity, as does foliage, crops, and other living things in the area. The land and surrounding towns experience birth and death, creation and destruction, side by side.

If the investigators successfully rescued the infant, they must now decide what to do with him. If it hasn't already occurred to them, an Idea roll points out that even though the child is normal in every physical respect, it was born on an altar consecrated to Shub-Niggurath. What unguessable powers (if any) might he possess? He is Keller's son--the offspring of a resurrected corpse and a living woman. What plans have been laid for him? What vile destiny awaits him? What intelligence might he even right now possess? The nature of the child is left up to the Keeper.

Those investigators who survive this scenario are hardy, tempered souls indeed. They have just lived through a nightmare. Reward each surviving investigator 1D4+1 SAN, just for being alive to witness the dawning of a new day.

For destroying Reverend Keller, each investigator should receive 2D10+5 SAN. Razing the Christian Unity Church, destroying the burial mound, burning Keller's Bible, and eliminating all traces of the cult and its leader gains each investigator 1D6 SAN. If they rescued the infant, the reward is 1D10 SAN. If the investigators successfully Dismissed Shub-Niggurath, each gains 3D20 SAN, and the knowledge of just what it was that they prevented. They should also receive 1D3 SAN for every zombie they destroyed, and 1D2 SAN for each infected townspeople they did not kill whenever attacked. Investigators also regain 1D6 INT back every six hours after the plague begins to dissipate.

Within 24 hours the regression plague quickly fades and disappears altogether after three days. Those infected return to normal, with only half-remembered dreams and images from their frightening ordeal. Memories are hazy and unsure, similar to fever dreams.

The town of Eden is devastated. Homes and buildings are burnt and property destroyed. Animals have been slaughtered. Stores and vehicles are demolished. Black smoke rolls into the sky past downed telephone and telegraph lines. Throughout the town, corpses litter the streets, sidewalks, buildings, and lawns. As the surviving townsfolk wander through the remains of Eden, they can only weep. The obliteration of their community and the deaths of friends and family came from their hands. They walk along, numb from realization and discovery. Even though Dorian Keller may have been defeated, his deception of the town was a shattering success. The breeding ground of Shub-Niggurath and Her followers has left Eden as nothing more than a smoke-filled necropolis, drowning in misery and despair.

REVEREND DORIAN KELLER

STR 20 CON 18 SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 17
 DEX 12 APP 9 EDU 15 SAN 0 HP: 16
 Damage bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, 1D3; Bite 30%, 1d4;
 Knife 40%, 1D6

Armor: Since he is already dead, all firearms and melee weapons do no damage. He may only be destroyed by removing his heart from the chest with a successful DEX x 3 roll. The chest must be subjected to a minimum of 15 points of damage before a large enough opening is created to reach the heart.

Tearing the heart free requires a resistance roll of the investigator's STR against the STR 5 of the heart.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Fast Talk 35%, Listen 40%, Natural History 15%, Navigate 20%, Occult 15%, Other Language (M'tanda tribal) 55%, Persuade 70%, Psychology 20%, Religion 85%, Spot Hidden 45%

Spells: Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Cloud Memory, Mass Enthrall*, Mass Suggestion*, Create Zombie, Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath, Contagion

* These spells are variants on Enthrall Victim and Mental Suggestion. They cost twice the normal amount of magic points to cast. Otherwise, they conform to the descriptions listed on p. 154 and p. 156 of the 5th Edition Call of Cthulhu rules.

SHERIFF JOHN MCCLELLAN

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 16 INT 13 POW 13
 DEX 13 APP 11 EDU 15 SAN 65 HP: 14
 Damage bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, 1d3; .38 automatic 35%, 1D10; Nightstick 35%, 1D6; .30-06 Springfield Rifle 30%, 2D6+4

Skills: Climb 45%, Conceal 20%, Credit Rating 23%, Fast Talk 12%, Hide 15%, Law 60%, Listen 38%, Occult 10%, Persuade 30%, Psychology 15%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 34%

MICHAEL KEOCUK

STR 17 CON 15 SIZ 15 INT 14 POW 14
 DEX 14 APP 13 EDU 12 SAN 70 HP: 15
 Damage bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, 1D3; Grapple 45%; Knife 55%, 1D4+2; .30-06 rifle 40%, 2D6+4

Skills: Climb 55%, Conceal 25%, First Aid 45%, Hide 24%, Jump 40%, Listen 50%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Natural History 25%, Navigate 50%, Occult 10%, Persuade 35%, Ride 65%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 50%, Track 65%

DARK YOUNG, SPINY OFFSPRING

STR 40 CON 18 SIZ 48 Move: 8
 INT 16 POW 21 DEX 15 HP: 33
 Damage bonus: +4D6

Weapons: Tentacle 80%, Damage Bonus + STR drain; Trample 40%, 2D6

Armor: Dark Young are of non-terrene material, hence firearms do only 1 point of damage (2 points on an impale). Shotguns are exceptions and do minimum possible damage. Hand-to-hand weapons have full effect. Heat, blast damage, corrosion, electricity or poison have no effect.

Skills: Sneak 60%, Hide (in woods) 80%

Spells: Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath, Bait Humans, Wrack, Summon Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Contagion plus 1 other chosen by the Keeper

SAN Loss: 1D3/1D10

DARK YOUNG, ROTTING OFFSPRING

STR 44 CON 19 SIZ 42 Move 8
 INT 13 POW 18 DEX 17 HP: 31
 Damage bonus: +4D6

Weapons: Tentacle 80%, Damage Bonus+STR drain; Trample 40%, 2D6

Armor: The same as the spiny Dark Young above.

Skills: Sneak 60%, Hide (in woods) 80%

Spells: Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath, Summon Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Command Birds, Curse of the Stone, Contagion

SAN Loss: 1D3/1D10

NPC AND CREATURE STATS

ZOMBIES, CORPSES OF KELLER'S VICTIMS

	C. Arnold	J. Hall	C. Hollis	N. Nickerbocker	T. Beecham
STR	10	12	7	14	17
CON	14	11	11	11	18
SIZ	15	12	6	13	13
POW	1	1	1	1	1
DEX	10	12	9	13	13
HP	15	11	9	12	16

Damage Bonus: +1D4 (All except J. Hall, who gets none)

Weapons: Claw 40%, 1D6+1; Bite 30%, 1D3

Armor: Impaling weapons do only 1 point of damage; all others do half rolled damage. They continue to fight if reduced to zero hit points. They may only be stopped by removing their hearts from the bodies with a successful DEX x 3 roll followed by a Luck roll. If the Luck is successful, the heart is torn out on that round, otherwise it cannot be removed until the subsequent round (the zombie receives a +35% to all attacks under that situation).

Skills: Sneak 45%

SAN Loss: 1/1D8

CARRIER-THING, VESSEL OF DISEASE

STR 13 CON 17 SIZ 10 Move: 7 (levitating)
INT 2 POW -- DEX 13 HP: 14

Weapons: Tentacle-cilia 70%, automatic infection by virus and loss of 1D8+3 INT.

Armor: None. However, the entity is constantly fluctuating between corporeal and non-corporeal status. Because of this, any successful hit requires a 1/2 Luck roll in order for the creature to be in a corporeal state, in which case it takes normal damage.

SAN Loss: 1/1D4

PLAGUE VICTIMS - BESTIAL TOWNSFOLK

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	9	14	12	15	13	10
CON	13	10	14	18	9	13
SIZ	13	16	11	15	12	12
INT	1	5	6	2	3	4
POW	9	9	13	11	10	12
DEX	12	11	14	14	13	9
HP	13	13	13	17	11	12

Weapons: Fist/Punch/Claw 60%, 1D3; Bite 25%, 1D4; Grapple 25%; Club 40%, 1D6

Skills: Smell Prey 55%, Track 40%

DISCIPLES OF DORIAN KELLER

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6	#7	#8	#9	#10	#11	#12
STR	12	9	14	11	10	15	11	14	8	13	12	10
CON	10	14	13	12	9	11	14	17	12	9	11	13
SIZ	9	12	17	14	16	14	8	12	15	16	13	11
INT	11	12	13	10	12	9	11	9	13	12	14	15
POW	13	12	9	12	14	10	13	11	12	16	9	10
DEX	9	13	10	14	11	13	12	13	9	15	13	12
HP	10	13	15	13	13	13	11	14	14	13	12	12

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, 1D3; Kick 25%, 1D6; Grapple 25%; Club 30%, 1D6; Firearm 40%, by weapon type

Skills: Listen 35%, Persuade 20%, Sneak 15%, Spot Hidden 35%

SHUB-NIGGURATH, OUTER GOD

STR 72 CON 170 SIZ 120 Move: 15
INT 21 POW 70 DEX 28 HP: 145
Damage bonus: +11D6

Weapons: Tentacle 100%, automatic catch; Trample 75%, Damage Bonus; Bite 100%, 1d6 STR per round.

Armor: Shub-Niggurath has no armor, but her slimy mist body is immune to physical weapons. Magical weapons, fire, electricity or similar energies cause normal damage. Each magic point she expends regenerates 2 hit points of damage.

Spells: All spells pertaining to the Outer Gods; Create Gate, Voorish Sign, Curse of Azathoth +10 others chosen by the Keeper.

SAN Loss: 1D10/1D100.

NPC AND CREATURE STATS

THUNDER IN THE BLOOD

By Kevin A. Ross

"Thunder in the Blood" is intended to provide a major climax to a campaign. This scenario takes place during a Latin American revolution, and the resulting chaos and bloodshed may result in a very high party mortality rate. Thus, even larger groups of investigators should find this adventure a considerable challenge.

Due to the war-torn setting of this scenario, investigators with good combat skills will come in handy at times. Skills such as Archaeology, Spanish, and Cthulhu Mythos would also be useful.

Although specifically set in 1924 to make use of an actual Honduran revolution, keepers may easily alter the history of their own game-world to suit the timeline of their campaign.

KEEPER'S INFORMATION

In 1924 the Central American nation of Honduras was embroiled in a bloody revolution. To protect the terms of a 1923 treaty, United States marines were landed in the country to help restore to power the rightful president, Rafael Lopez Gutierrez. Fighting the forces of the usurper, General Tiburcio Carias Andino, the U.S. forces found themselves involved in a guerilla war. Much of Carias' army is in the form of groups of bandits, and much of the U.S. battle plan involves hunting down these scattered forces in the jungles and mountain valleys of Honduras. In such a war tempers are short, and decisions -- and mistakes -- are made hastily.

Miguel Viega was his country's most accomplished archaeologist. Viega, his wife and young son, and several scholars and Maya Indian laborers were at work at Cerro del Espiritus, an ancient Mayan ruin near the Rio (River) Jicatuyo in western Honduras (see MAP I). While excavating an overgrown temple Viega and his party were mistaken for bandits by patrolling U.S. marines. Viega's family and co-workers were all slain in the skirmish, and Viega himself took a bullet to the head. Dazed and frightened, he sought refuge in the ruin -- and stumbled into another world.

Just over a thousand years ago, the Maya civilization of Latin America went into decline for reasons unknown. At that time they ceased work on their magnificent buildings and intricate time-keeping stelae. Part of the answer for the Mayan decline lies at Cerro del Espiritus. There a Maya astronomer-priest named Ah Chan had received hallucinogenic visions of the beginning and the end of the world. These visions gave him a glimpse of that which had given birth to the universe -- the Daemon Sultan, Azathoth; this being Ah Chan identified as Hunab Ku, the Mayan god of creation. The visions drove Ah

Chan mad, and his further researches delved deeper into the nature of the universe, the stars, and time and space. As a result of his blasphemous beliefs, Ah Chan was ritualistically slain by order of the local Maya king: his heart was torn out and his body was rolled down the long stone stairway of the temple at Cerro del Espiritus. But the local Maya populace was disturbed by Ah Chan's ominous teachings, and thus began a slow exodus out of the area.

Ah Chan's followers remained behind. Before Ah Chan's death these faithful had helped the priest build a subterranean chamber in which they would wait and watch for the end of the world. Reached only by Gate, this dark place has been the home of three deathless Maya priests for the past thousand years. Here they sat in darkness, feeding only on a very special drug they had brewed from the rendered-down remains of Ah Chan himself. Through the drug they gained the memories of Ah Chan. Deathly pale and thin, dressed in the skin of Ah Chan, they recoup their supply of the drug by slashing their own wrists and adding it to the existing supply.

This is the mad scene into which Manuel Viega stumbled, dazed and dying. The ancient Maya priests soothed the injured Viega by giving him the Ah Chan drug, and he too was endowed with the dead priest's memories. Something of Ah Chan recognized the chaos which Viega had witnessed in the world outside. And Ah Chan's soul awakened in Viega. The time had come. The chaos outside was a sign of the return of the creator-god Hunab Ku. As had occurred many times before, the world was about to be destroyed and recreated.

So it was that when Manuel Viega left Cerro del Espiritus, he did so with a second soul within him, a soul which sought to aid the earth's destruction. Wandering Honduras in search of further omens, Viega/Ah Chan came across an encampment of U.S. soldiers in the jungle. Viega seethed at the sight of these murderers, and he used Ah Chan's knowledge to bring vengeance down on them. He begged for Hunab Ku to appear, and his call was answered.

The sky over the marines' camp boiled that night, and dreadful shapes poured forth: huge alien tangles of flesh and gas and energy. These were the beings known as the Lesser Other Gods, the unspeakable entourage of the entity the Maya called Hunab Ku: Azathoth.

The soldiers were nearly wiped out by the ravaging horde, but Ah Chan prayed for Hunab Ku's mercy: the time was not yet right for his return. Thus dismissed, Azathoth and most of his court left. In their wake lay a ravaged section of jungle and many dead, dying, or insane men.

This bizarre incident was attributed to chemical warfare on the part of the Honduran rebels. But a crusading American

journalist named Paul Farrell believed otherwise. Farrell gathered together photos and news reports of the massacre and sent them to a friend in the States who was knowledgeable of such odd and ominous events. Thus the investigators learned of the mysterious massacre of American troops on Honduran soil.

And Manuel Viega/Ah Chan still wanders the turbulent country, watching for portents of the end of the world, when he will welcome Hunab Ku to earth once again.

INVOLVING THE INVESTIGATORS

The investigators are drawn into this scenario when one of their number receives a large battered envelope in the mail. Inside are a letter, a news clipping, and several photographs; each of these components is described below.

Greetings, old chum. I realize it's been a long time since we've been in touch, but I still keep tabs on you. I know you have an affinity for weird events and occult-type rigmarole. Well, I may have something for you. Brace yourself; the enclosed photographs will give you nightmares.

I've been down here in lovely Honduras covering the unrest that's taken hold of this country since the presidential election of last year. You may have read some of my pieces in the Globe recently. Basically, what's happened is that a fellow won the election fair and square, but his enemies decided not to let him take office. So this fellow, General Tiburcio Carias Andino, has staged a pretty ugly revolution to get back his country.

The bad news is that our government is sticking its nose into Honduras' business. The Tobar Doctrine (part of a Latin American agreement we signed in '07 and reaffirmed last year) dictates that we will not recognize any Latin American regime obtained via revolution. So we sent in the marines to help restore order. And of course we're causing about as much trouble as if we'd stayed out of it.

It gets worse. Check out the newspaper clipping I had my editor send me. It's basically correct: two squads of men WERE killed or wounded, and it did LOOK like some sort of chemical warfare. But I don't think that's what it was. I was allowed on the site to take photos (to keep the propaganda machine fueled-up, don't you know), and I didn't smell any mustard gas or what-have-you. There were several burnt or trampled areas around the camp. And as you can see from the photos, these are NOT mustard gas-type injuries.

Aside from the suspicious physical evidence, you have to consider that Carias and his army simply can't afford such weapons -- even if they could FIND them. No, I think this is something else -- something more in your line.

So, here's another nasty puzzle for you, old friend. If I've whetted your appetite, and you can get away, look me up at the Casa de Argento Hotel in San Pedro Sula. Take care!

Your wandering friend,

Paul Farrell

The clipping is fairly small, and identified by a handwritten scrawl in one corner as having come from the Boston Globe, dated nearly two months ago.

U.S. MARINES ATTACKED WITH POISON GAS

Honduran Rebels Blamed for Atrocity

SAN PEDRO SULA, Honduras (AP) -- U.S. Army officials today reported that two squads of marines were killed while on patrol in the jungle near Santa Barbara in west central Honduras. General James E. Piedmont Jr., the commander of the U.S. forces in Honduras, claims that Honduran rebels are to blame. "It looks like the attackers used mustard gas or some other form of poison gas. Our men had no chance -- we weren't expecting such a cowardly act." Gen. Piedmont also stated that patrols would be stepped up in the area, and that any captured rebels would be held accountable for this action. Gen. Piedmont further advised that "We should now realize that General Tiburcio Carias Andino is capable of anything. He's bombed his own people before, and now this."

General Carias took control over Honduras by force after disputes marred last year's presidential elections. Since then Carias has ruled the country from the capital of Tegucigalpa while fomenting the current revolt. U.S. military forces were sent to Honduras to restore order according to the terms of the Latin American treaty signed in Washington early last year.

There are a dozen 8"x10" black and white photographs in the package. Most are of a bleak landscape; the remainder show several mangled human corpses. The landscapes show what appear to be burnt or trampled surroundings. A few of these show soldiers at work clearing debris, and thus the size of the razed area can be estimated: it is several hundred yards across at least. Withered or charred trees and flattened plant-life can be seen in many of these photos. A few glimpses of bone or charred limbs hint at the contents of the remainder of the photos.

The rest of the photos depict terrible, once-human forms. In one photo a metal helmet is melted onto the scream-faced skull of a charred and blackened figure. Another shows four uniformed men lying on the ground, physically untouched, but with clutching hands and contorted grimaces of pain and fear. Another shows two large pools of dark liquid strewn with chunks of clothing, metal, bone, and worse. Still another shows a twisted corpse with its uniform in ruins: splintered bones jut through rents in the cloth and from areas of exposed flesh -- including the face. The last photo shows a large bonfire surrounded by uniformed soldiers; the setting is the bleak area described earlier, and within the flames can be glimpsed what appear to be the human remains depicted elsewhere in the photos. Viewing the photographs calls for a loss of 1/1D4 Sanity.

CONCERNING PAUL FARRELL

Paul Farrell was a friend of one or more of the investigators during high school or college. He is remembered as a lanky young man with a keen mind, a sharp wit, and a smart mouth. The keeper should try to work Paul Farrell into his campaign prior to this scenario. This can be anything from a chance meeting in the States, to a letter from afar (similar to the one previously mentioned) that leads the party to a scenario elsewhere in the world.

Paul Farrell is now a foreign correspondent working for the Boston Globe. He has covered the Great War in Europe, sending back harrowing reports from the western front. He has covered numerous foreign treaties, wars, revolutions, and elections. He has a reputation for involving himself in situations that sensible people would avoid.

AREAS FOR FURTHER RESEARCH

The investigators may conduct a little further research before leaving for Honduras. They may wish to learn more about the country, the current revolution, or possible occult explanations for the tragedy. These topics are discussed below in 2 Handouts, which the Keeper should also read to get a feel for the situation (for reasons of space, they are not reproduced here).

Researching Occult and/or Mythos Topics

The investigators may try to theorize what could have caused the massacre of the American soldiers. Without examining Farrell's photographs this is impossible. Examining the photos and making a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll, an investigator may guess that the widespread extent and the bizarre nature of the destruction would seem to indicate that an entity (or entities) of impressive alien power was responsible. At the very least, an Idea roll offers that the disfigurements weren't caused by any known chemical weapon.

Seeking an explanation in more traditional occult sources, an Occult, Archaeology, or halved History or Know roll recalls that the ancient Maya civilization had its southeasternmost border in Honduras. While no specific aspects of Mayan myth seem to dovetail with the attack on the U.S. troops, the investigators might want to research this topic in more depth. With a few successful Library Use rolls they may gain the information given in the boxed information on "The Maya", found later in this scenario. The keeper might want to limit the players' use of that knowledge unless the investigators actually bring along their Maya research texts.

TRAVELING TO HONDURAS

Arranging passage to Honduras is perhaps easier than the investigators would guess. A steamship freight line owned by United Fruit Company makes frequent trips between Boston and Puerto Cortes. Bananas and passengers are unloaded in Boston, and passengers and company supplies are taken back to Honduras.

Passage aboard a fruit freighter costs less than \$50. The accommodations are spartan, at best. The trip takes five days, with very brief stops in Miami and Havana. The climate soon becomes unrelentingly hot and sticky.

At some point during the journey, an investigator making a POWx1 roll overhears a strange conversation in a closed cabin aboard the fruit vessel, the Henry Meigs.

One voice speaks perfect English, and informs the other speaker that "while he supports your cause, Mr. Chavez, I'm afraid Mr. Keith cannot offer such direct aid. Customs officials are getting more and more thorough in their searches." The second voice speaks with a heavy Spanish accent. "But señor, we cannot defeat your country's forces without help. We must have more guns." First voice: "I'm sorry, Carlos, but I think we've done everything we can for the time being. General Carias will have to do without our help. Your people are strong, and your cause is just. You must have faith." Second voice: "I will relay your message, señor Ryan, but I fear the general will need much more than faith." With this, the door to the cabin swings open. Failing a Hide roll, the investigator is revealed to the occupants: a well-dressed middle-aged white man and a slightly-less dapper latino. If they notice an intruder, they scowl menacingly, and the latino reaches beneath his coat -- but is stopped by the other man. These men disappear elsewhere aboard the ship, ignoring any attempt to stop or question them.

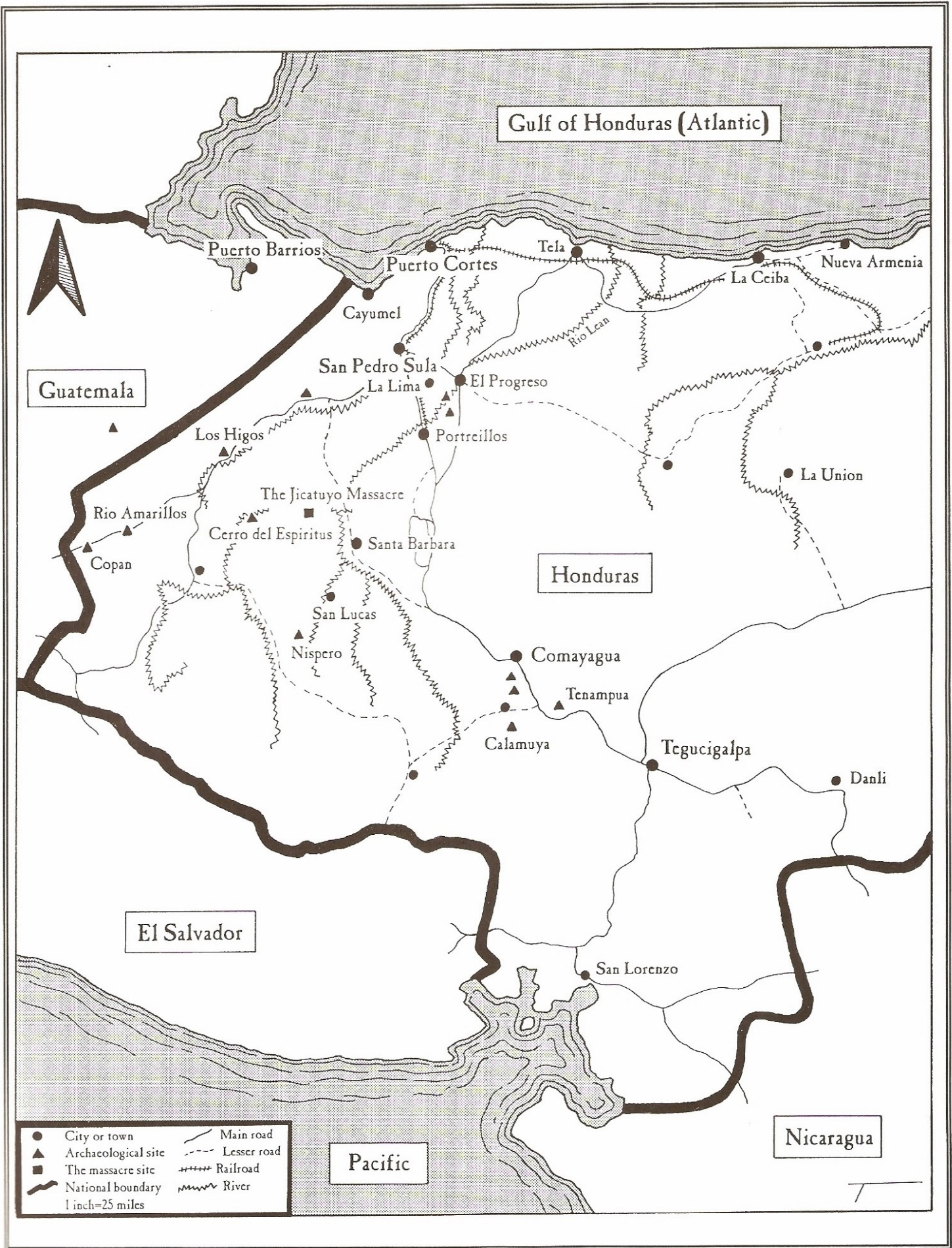
With a POWx1 or halved Credit Rating roll, an investigator recognizes the white man as a prominent Boston lawyer named Bruce Ryan. Knowing this, a roll of Accounting, Credit Rating, or halved Knowledge then recognizes that "Mr. Keith" refers to Minor Keith, owner of the Boston-based United Fruit Company, and that Ryan is on Keith's payroll.

After this incident, the two men avoid all contact with each other and with the snooping investigator. Chavez, a prominent Honduran banana plantation owner and Carias supporter, carries a .38 revolver in a shoulder holster; he had traveled to the United States to petition United Fruit for guns for Carias. Once the ship reaches Puerto Cortes, Chavez returns to his plantation outside Tegucigalpa, while Ryan attends to company business in Honduras.

PUERTO CORTES

Disembarking in Puerto Cortes (population 4000), the investigators find themselves in a bustling, humidity-drenched port city: at every turn bananas are loaded onto waiting freighters, and Spanish-speaking farmers argue prices with white buyers. The investigators are constantly jostled by passersby, and frequently have to make way for mule-drawn carts. The odors of bananas, sweat, animals, tobacco smoke, and liquor fill the air.

The investigators also note several uniformed American soldiers as they pass through the town. These soldiers are apparently on leave: sightseeing, drinking, gambling, brawling with Hondurans or each other, or negotiating with prostitutes. Depending on their current activity the soldiers may either be unwilling to be disturbed, or happy to see a fellow American. A brawl might erupt in the former case, while the latter might gain the investigators news of the war or information on local



lodgings or transportation to San Pedro Sula (see below). Of course a drink or two at the investigators' expense is liable to gain the soldiers' favor in either case.

The soldiers are typically young, brash, and unseasoned. They are on leave from fighting in the interior, where they have been protecting small villages and hunting down bandits. They know little else about the country and its politics

Lodgings in Puerto Cortes are easily found, but very simple. Modern conveniences are few. The suggested transportation to San Pedro Sula is the daily train.

THE TRAIN TO SAN PEDRO SULA

From Puerto Cortes, the investigators must travel to San Pedro Sula, where they were to meet Paul Farrell. The simplest means of travel is by rail. Trains leave at 10 AM and 2 PM daily, the cost is \$1 one-way, and the 30-mile trip takes a little over an hour.

As the investigators purchase their tickets, they note several armed and uniformed U.S. Marines lounging in the station, and several more boarding the train itself. These men seem to be more alert and less recreationally disposed than those met previously.

The train consists of an engine, coal car, two passenger cars, three wooden-slatted boxcars, and a private car/caboose. With a Spot Hidden, an investigator notices several soldiers in one of the boxcars; an especially good roll might also glimpse sandbags piled up around a tripod-mounted machine gun in the car.

Boarding a passenger car, the investigators are assailed by babbling voices and animal odors. Their fellow passengers (all latinos) include a mother and three young children, two rough-looking older men with wire cages holding clucking chickens, a farmer with his dog, two middle-aged women, and a male youth. The investigators are free to sit wherever they wish.

The train pulls out laboriously, several minutes late. The first part of the trip passes without incident: the children playing and shouting, the chickens clucking, the dog at his master's feet, and the muffled conversations of the latinos. Those used to U.S. rail travel find that the Honduran version is much slower and far less luxurious. The journey passes through numerous large banana plantations, and only a few areas of jungle and rain forest.

Trouble starts about 45 minutes into the trip. As the train lurches around a bend, anyone peering outside toward the front of the train sees a large pile of lumber and debris stacked on the tracks ahead. Seconds later, the brakes squeal and the passengers are thrown forward. Anyone failing a DEXx5 roll takes 1D4-1 points of damage.

Then a gunshot is heard outside, then another, and soon the air is filled with a cacophony of gunfire. Bullets whine through the passenger compartment, shattering glass and splintering wood. Anyone failing a Luck roll takes 1 point of damage for every 5 points by which the roll was missed. This damage is from flying wood splinters, glass shards, and grazing bullet wounds.

Outside, the investigators see dozens of armed men scuttling about in the dense foliage and rocks. They fire rifles

and pistols at the train, which they have surrounded. A few of the bandits ride horses, panicking and rearing in the hail of gunfire.

As the battle rages, an American lieutenant carrying a rifle enters the passenger car, shouting in Spanish: "Everyone stay down! Get down on the floor! We will protect you!" As he repeats the order, he suddenly reels to the floor, struck in the throat by a bullet. He lies choking in the aisle, blood pouring from the gaping wound. This calls for a loss of 0/1 points of Sanity. The stricken lieutenant can be stabilized with a successful First Aid or Medicine roll, otherwise he dies.

Meanwhile, bursts of machine gun fire are heard, and a Listen roll realizes that it comes from somewhere aboard the train. The bandits are struck down right and left. Horses rear, plunge and fall, their riders plummeting into the dust.

The investigators may return fire through the shattered windows if they wish. Handgun attacks are halved, at best, due to range. Anyone risking such action must again roll their Luck as above to avoid taking incidental damage.

After several minutes the fight is over. The hopelessly outmatched bandits retreat, riding or scurrying deeper into the forest. A few final shots, and then all is silent save for crying women and children -- and not a few prayers. There are probably a few wounded in need of medical attention, if the investigators wish to help. A pair of American soldiers soon enter the car. They make sure that everyone is all right, help tend the wounded, and take the fallen lieutenant -- dead or alive -- back with them. If applicable, they profusely thank the investigators for any help they might have tendered -- particularly if they are American. They state that all is under control, and the train will soon be on its way. The attackers were Honduran rebels, they say, part of Carias' motley army.

10 minutes later, with soldiers patrolling alongside the train for further trouble, the debris is moved off the tracks and the train is underway. Less than 20 minutes later, the train finally arrives in San Pedro Sula.

SAN PEDRO SULA

At the train station in San Pedro Sula (population 8000), the investigators again see soldiers hovering about, this time carrying rifles. Gaining the wide street, they spot several large army tents on the hill beyond the station, apparently a field barracks.

The town is even more bustling than Puerto Cortes. Here ranchers lead their livestock to the slaughter houses, while small-time farmers load their banana crops onto the train. At one point a random investigator is temporarily separated from the others when a herd of cattle are driven through the streets. Moments later a wild-eyed, filthy latino madman grabs this same investigator wailing in Spanish: "Our people suffer! The hard rain falls! The land bleeds! The invaders will be washed away!" Drooling into his matted beard, the old crank shuffles away.

Continuing through the crowded commercial town, the investigators note fairly new constructions including a hospital, a small electrical power plant, the meat-packing plants, and several small stores. Inquiring about the Casa de Argento Hotel, they are directed toward the town square.

Nearing the square, they pass a huddled crowd of several dozen people. Here and there armed American soldiers stand impassively. With Listen and Spanish rolls, the investigators hear the orders "Ready," "Aim," and "Fire," then a handful of gunshots. Spot Hidden rolls then reveal, through the milling, mixed reactions of the crowd, that a Honduran army firing squad has just executed four men. Successful Spanish or Fast Talk rolls learn that these were suspected rebels.

As they depart the crowd, the investigators are approached by seven American soldiers carrying rifles. One, a Major Wyatt Simmons, asks for the investigators' passports, and for permits for any visible weapons. With an authoritative glance, Simmons pockets the passports and permits, confiscates any unaccounted-for weapons, and orders the party to come with him. He states only that the local commandant wants to question them. The other soldiers take up the investigators' luggage and escort them to a small villa a few blocks from the square. Several more soldiers -- some with Thompson submachine guns -- patrol the villa's courtyard.

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS

Leaving the other soldiers and the investigators' gear behind, Major Simmons leads the group into a large study or office. The walls are covered with maps, tables and chairs crowd the floorspace, and a large desk occupies the center of the room. Three men wait here, all aged in their mid-40s. One, an American in tan military uniform (a Know roll identifies his rank as general), is tall, plump, balding, and large-featured. Another American stands in civilian clothes and panama hat; he is of average height and build, but well-tanned from the tropical sun. The third man is a latino, stockily built and grim-looking, with a drooping moustache and squinting eyes; he wears a light brown Honduran military uniform. All three men wear holstered pistols.

The general introduces himself as General John Piedmont. The American civilian is Sam Zemurray (owner of the Cayumel Fruit Company), and the latino is the recently deposed Honduran president General Rafael Lopez Gutierrez. Throughout the meeting, General Gutierrez puffs on a cigarillo and scowls at every mention of bandits, while Zemurray bemusedly leans on a table and sips iced tea. Sweating profusely, Piedmont informs the investigators that they have been invited here to look into the mysterious slaughter of the American patrol a few weeks ago. Though Piedmont and his guests don't necessarily believe it, journalist Paul Farrell suggested that the massacre was caused by something other than poison gas. Farrell recommended sending for the investigators, since they have some experience with such bizarre events.

General Piedmont can offer little information other than what Farrell has sent them. The site of the massacre was a rain-forested area a little over 40 miles southeast of San Pedro Sula. (Here he points to a black-pinned spot on a wall map of the country.) Several of the intact weapons found at the site appeared to have been fired. There were signs of intense heat (but not necessarily fire): melted metal, withered plants, charred spots of ground, etc.. No bandits had been reported in the area in the days before or after the massacre.

Piedmont also reports that only one person has survived the attack; three other survivors have since died of their wounds, mostly horrible burns or unnatural disfigurements: "You saw the photos." The survivor is kept under care in a room in the villa, should the investigators wish to see him. (See "The Sole Survivor", which follows.)

During the discussion, General Gutierrez supports the claim that the massacre was by poison gas; a Psychology roll reveals that his belief is based on prejudice against the enemy rather than on fact. In his folksy tone, Zemurray also supports this contention, stating that "Carias and his bandits might not be able to afford that stuff, but United sure could"; a halved Know roll infers that he is implying that a rival company, United Fruit, has been supplying the enemy with weapons -- including banned ones.

Piedmont apologizes for the ambush on the train, which they had expected. If informed of the suspicious conversation heard aboard the ship en route, Zemurray smiles with grim triumph, while Piedmont scowls and Gutierrez erupts with rage, cursing (in Spanish) at the meddling United Fruit Company.

The investigators are told that the army will be of little help to them, arranging minor transportation and protection while in U.S.-occupied towns. Further American military protection might draw the unwanted and lethal attention of the Honduran rebels. This villa is the U.S. headquarters in the area. As for Paul Farrell, General Piedmont states that he's on his own somewhere, either in the rain forests with the troops, or haunting the bars and backstreets for news of the rebels.

Looking over the maps, the investigators note that there are several red, white, and blue pins in addition to the black-pinned massacre site. If asked, General Piedmont states that the white pins mark villages destroyed by the rebel General Carias' air strikes in the early part of the war. The blue pins are suspected bandit hideouts. The red pins mark hideouts that have been attacked and routed by U.S. forces. These hideouts, he says, can be anywhere: banana plantations, villages, archaeological sites and ruins, or hidden jungle camps.

With Spot Hidden and Archaeology rolls, an investigator recognizes one of the red-pinned sites, Cerro del Espiritus, from his Mayan researches. The sketchy information was that the locals shunned this ancient Mayan ruin for fear of ghosts living in the hill (thus the name); located about 50 miles southeast of San Pedro Sula (and thus not far from the massacre site), the site is said to hold a small temple. General Piedmont claims that the site hid a small rebel camp, routed some three months ago by U.S. forces.

Once their questions have been answered, the general either leads the investigators out, or takes them to see the massacre survivor. As they go, Zemurray heartily shakes their hands and wishes them luck; General Gutierrez merely nods and grunts. Leaving, they may pick up their baggage, passports, and weapons.

THE SOLE SURVIVOR

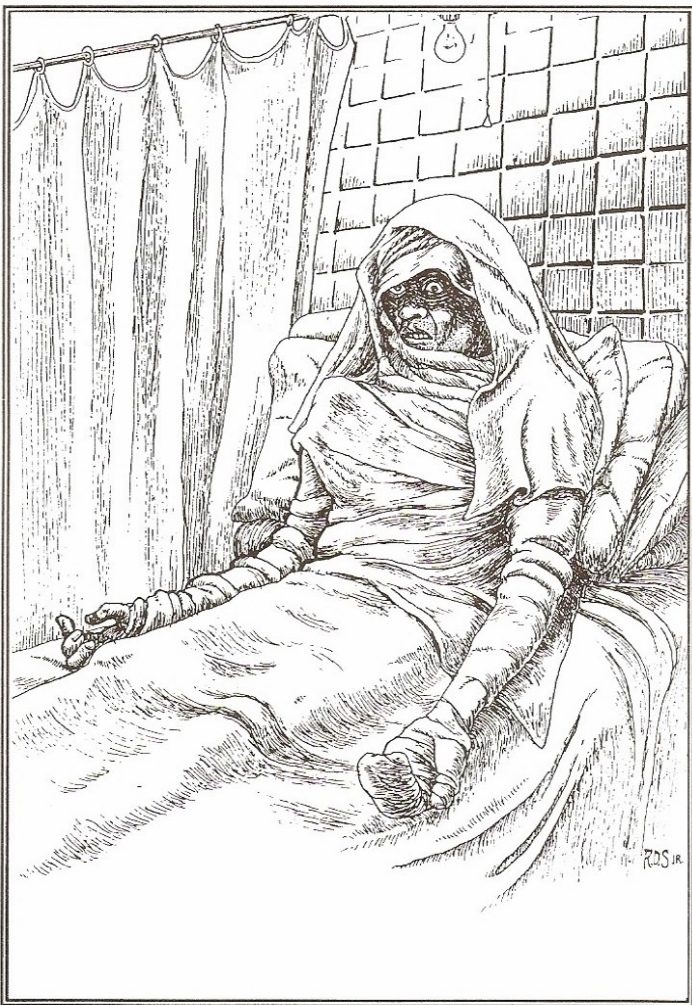
If asked, General Piedmont takes the investigators to meet the only survivor of the massacre. The wounded man is kept in a small bedroom in a secluded wing of the villa. A fire is kept

burning in the hearth here, and the room is unpleasantly warm. "Corporal Russell doesn't like cold air," explains Piedmont.

Young Corporal Russell lies swathed in blankets, sweating rivers. A Medicine roll notes that Russell is dehydrated and his eyes are unresponsive to light. His face is badly sunburned. He is awake and can answer questions, but often becomes delirious.

If questioned about the attack, Russell weakly states that he was sleeping and when he awoke the stars were shining brightly, almost as if it were daytime. He could hear rain falling, but couldn't feel its moisture. There were screams from the other men -- or were they animals? -- surely men don't scream like that. Gunfire. Flames reaching down from the sky. Clouds of purple and greenish gas or smoke following the men, catching them, killing them. He thought he heard someone singing somewhere. Gasping for breath in the sweltering room, Russell remembers that the last thing he saw was the sun: "It looked like the sun, anyway, but it was all full of silver and black swirling around itself like an oil slick on water." With a rasping breath, Russell lapses into sleep.

From Russell's vague descriptions, successful Cthulhu Mythos rolls might suggest anything from fire vampires to servitors of the outer gods, colours out of space, flying polyps, hounds of Tindalos, or star vampires; more dire conjectures might include Cthugha, Cyaegha, Ithaqua, Zhar, or any of the Outer Gods, lesser or otherwise. In short, Russell's story only hints that something terribly powerful and alien fell upon the men in the jungle.



The Sole Survivor

THE ABSENT FRIEND

Once the investigators leave the U.S. forces' villa, they can head for the Casa de Argento Hotel (one of Piedmont's men offers directions). The hotel is of a low, wide construction, a rather simple 19th century Spanish design.

As they enter, a tanned, grizzled American steps up and asks for a light -- it is Paul Farrell. He takes the party inside, helps arrange their rooms, and answers their questions as they unpack. He also has a room at the hotel.

Farrell is thin, unshaven, and a heavy smoker (he will be indebted to anyone who'll share their American cigarettes with him). He wears wire-rimmed glasses and working class latino clothing. Farrell seems cynical, and complains frequently about everything from the humid climate to the poor local alcohol and cigarettes, to America's constant intervention in foreign affairs.

He admits to having set up the investigators' meeting with General Piedmont. The military would just as soon clear up the mystery surrounding the massacre, and nobody really believes poison gas was to blame -- that's just propaganda. The rebels aren't organized enough for such trickery. A Psychology roll infers that Farrell sympathizes with the rebel cause, but he won't admit to it.

Farrell hasn't heard of any subsequent similar attacks, but the whole country seems to be crawling with crackpots spouting warnings of the end of the world, with the revolution the cause of the whole mess. He is pleased if the investigators are intrigued by what they've learned so far. If they express interest in visiting the massacre site, or the Mayan ruins at Cerro del Espiritus, he offers to accompany them. He warns that while Americans aren't unwelcome, it's best to stay neutral. This is United Fruit Company territory, and they support the rebel president Carias. Hanging out with the U.S. army forces is a good way to fall out with the rebel sympathizers.

ON THE TOWN -- ANOTHER YANQUI

At some point during the investigators' stay in San Pedro Sula Farrell suggests going out for a drink or a bite to eat. He takes them to La Sombra, a seedy cantina not far from the hotel. Several latinos and a handful of U.S. soldiers carouse in the smoky, dimly lit place. The harried waitress is drunkenly propositioned at every turn. The investigators may question the soldiers about the massacre, the revolution, and so on, but they learn nothing new or interesting.

During a visit to La Sombra the investigators should notice another American patron, a regular. Tall, lean, and muscular, this rough-looking 30-ish man is clad in a leather jacket and wears a pistol holstered conspicuously on his belt. Farrell identifies him as Randall Ketchum, a pilot who sometimes flies reconnaissance for the Army. Farrell barely knows him.

Ketchum is initially leery of strangers, but if they share a few drinks with him (namely "this watered down mule-piss they call whiskey"), he becomes friendlier. Randy, as he is called by friends, is an adventurer, a daredevil, a hard-drinker, and a womanizer. He is foul-mouthed, brash, and boastful, but fiercely loyal to his friends and country.

Ketchum is a freelance pilot, currently hiring out his

services to the Army. He flew in the Great War, returned to the States for a couple of years, where he barnstormed some, then started flying cargo to Central America. Leaving his cargo plane in the much-safer States, Ketchum now flies a cheap Curtiss "Jenny", a 2-seat biplane outfitted with a .30 caliber machine gun.

Ketchum flew over the massacre site and searched the area for rebels, but found none. From the air, he noted that there were burned spots and several felled trees and areas of flattened brush. He guesses that it was caused by a freak electrical storm.

If the investigators want to hire Ketchum for their own purposes, the investigator with the highest POW must succeed in a Luck roll for him to be available; failure means he is scheduled to fly for the Army. His prices are as follows: \$5 per 10 miles, \$5 per landing, plus any damages. He cannot be Bargained with: "I don't know if you've heard, friend, but there's a war going on in this country." And only one person may go along with Ketchum in the 2-seat plane.

TRAVELING IN HONDURAS

On most of their explorations in Honduras, the investigators must travel by mule train -- an uncomfortable mode of transport, but the only one capable of traversing the mountains, hills, and forests. General Piedmont usually arranges mule parties for the investigators, hiring muleteers and their beasts. Each investigator rides one mule, another mule is needed to carry the personal gear for every two characters, and yet another for every five characters for tents, food, etc.. Finally, one peasant muleteer (and his mule) is needed per five mules in the party; these men tend the mules, and also serve as guides. The muleteers carry rifles and machetes, but would rather flee than fight bandits or monsters.

In the event of danger or stress (gunfire, flight, monsters, lurking bandits, etc.), the mules may act up, throwing their riders, bolting into the jungle, bumping into the other animals, or stopping stubbornly in their tracks. Ride rolls are necessary to prevent these mishaps. The party will undoubtedly spend some time chasing down a spooked animal, picking up scattered gear, or looking for a thrown companion.

Camping in the jungles is an unpleasant task. The party must sleep in uncomfortably warm mosquito netting inside their tents. Mosquitoes, ticks, clouds of nasty black flies, and worse insect horrors infest the Central American jungles. Each night the investigators must scour their tents for these pests or suffer their attacks. In this case, a D100 roll of CONx3 or less suffers only discomfort; failure indicates a fever or a sting which may cause inflammation and swelling. DEX and CON may be reduced by 1 or more points each per episode. Medicine or First Aid rolls might remove these penalties.

During the day, travelers are advised to wear mosquito netting over their heads, and cover as much skin as possible to avoid insect bites. Again, this makes for uncomfortable warmth, compounded by the dreadfully humid climate. Add to this the frequent rains and the traveler finds himself soaked to the skin with sticky clothes and supplies.

Other hazards include snakes, spiders, and jaguars and other cats. If the Keeper desires, a fumbled Luck roll might run

the party across one of these creatures; a Spot Hidden or Listen roll might then avoid it. Honduras' poisonous snake varieties include the tropical rattler, the fer de lance, and jumping and palm vipers; determine poison Potencies by rolling 3D6. For a jaguar attack, use the statistics for the lion on page 132 of 5th edition Cthulhu.

VIEWS FROM THE AIR

If the investigators hire Randy Ketchum to reconnoiter some of the sites they wish to visit, there is actually little to be gained. Only one investigator can accompany Ketchum in the cramped plane.

The massacre site, described in the following section, is easily found from the air. All that can be seen, however, is a large cleared area dotted with burn marks and flattened vegetation. Spot Hidden rolls might note withered or discolored flora; details cannot be seen from the plane.

The ruins of Cerro del Espiritus offer far less from the sky. Halved Spot Hidden rolls are needed just to make out the overgrown site from the air. The jungles have drowned the buildings in a sea of green. What can be made out is a large central stone pyramidal structure partially cleared of vegetation, with vague suggestions of much smaller mounds scattered throughout the jungle within a 1 mile radius of the pyramid. With a Spot Hidden roll, observers from the air might detect what appears to be a human corpse lying near the pyramid. Further fly-bys and Spot Hidden rolls confirm this. An "impaled" Spot Hidden roll spots a flash of movement in the ruin below: though they can't be certain, the observer thought he saw a shabby-looking man near the pyramid; he is not seen again. (Keeper's Note: this was Manuel Viega, the wounded archaeologist harboring the soul of the Mayan priest Ah Chan.)

After their capture by the bandits (still to come), the investigators might make an unwise attempt to revisit the ruined village of San Lucas by air (see The Capture). Nothing can be learned from such a fly-over, and the bandits in the village fire on the plane. If the investigator fails a Luck roll, the plane is hit, and they must return immediately. A fumbled roll might call for a crash landing in the jungle, or for the investigator to pilot the plane for the wounded Ketchum.

A final thought: In their lofty travels, the flyers may come across "The Cloud-Thing" described later. The Thing can't match speeds with the plane, and the plane itself might be used as a weapon against it. For each pass through the cloud, a successful Luck roll does half the number rolled as damage to the airy, immaterial mass of the Cloud-Thing. A failed roll has no effect. Each pass also requires a Pilot Aircraft roll, failure resulting in anything from a temporary stall to serious damage to the plane. Also, with each pass the flyers must roll their CONx5 or less on D100; failure results in a loss of 1D2 from STR, CON, and POW, as the Cloud-Thing briefly sucks part of their life away.

THE SCAR ON THE LAND

The investigators will presumably want to view the

massacre site. If invited, Paul Farrell accompanies the party to the site. If requested, General Piedmont arranges the trip for them: first a short (and uneventful) train ride to Portrerillos, where Piedmont has mules, gear, and muleteers waiting for them. The muleteers include a gruff old mestizo named Carlos, a younger English-speaking mestizo named Enrique, and a young Maya Indian named Jose.

From Portrerillos, the journey takes two days by mule. The trip alongside the Rio Ulua is uncomfortable due to the heat, humidity, heavy rains, and swarming insects. The mules are stubborn vehicles, at best. The rain forest thickens as the party travels inland. Exotic bird calls echo through the thick foliage. Insect buzzes, jaguar growls, and the howls and cries of spider- and howler-monkeys fill the air night and day. Beautiful butterflies and birds flit about, monkeys and kinkajous scamper in the trees, and other shapes rustle in the undergrowth.

Not far from their destination, a Spot Hidden roll notes a pale animal corpse close to the trail. With further examination, it proves to be a small goat-like Honduran forest deer called a brocket. The corpse is brittle and crumbles to the touch. Viewing the brittle corpse causes a loss of 0/1D2 Sanity. A Medicine roll perceives that it is apparently drained entirely of moisture. There is no indication of how long it has been dead. A handful of fingernail-sized purplish crystals are scattered around the area. These elicit a tingling sensation if touched, and prolonged contact causes a numbness in the adjacent flesh. This holds true even if placed in a pocket. Such prolonged contact "melts" the crystals. (These are the spoor of "The Cloud-Thing" -- see below.)

Enrique, the English-speaking muleteer, led the Army to the massacre site earlier, and finds it fairly easily now. As the party nears it, the mules are skittish: Ride or Natural History rolls are needed to settle them down and avoid mishaps. The mules won't approach the site too closely.

Tying the beasts off, the party can examine the area. In several areas the trees are leaning or split open, their leaves brittle and dead. A Biology roll notes at least one instance where a dead plant has suffered a recent frost. There is another section nearly 50 feet across that is badly charred: Spot Hidden might turn up bits of melted metal here. Another Spot Hidden notes a palm tree whose leaves are veined pure white; a Biology notes that this is unnatural. More Spot Hidden and Biology rolls detect an area of jungle growth stained an odd pale green.

Yet another Spot Hidden unearths something the previous party never found: in what appears to be a clearing a skeletal hand protrudes from the ground. Sanity loss for this grisly discovery is 0/1D2. Digging around it, they find an intact human skeleton buried here, calling for a further loss of 0/1D3 Sanity. The skeleton shows signs of charring, but is otherwise intact. With a Geology roll, an investigator discerns that the topsoil here has been seriously disturbed, as if it were scooped up and haphazardly replaced.

With a Spot Hidden roll, another find is made. In one of the flattened-down areas are 2D20 more of the purplish crystals like those found earlier near the brocket's corpse.

If samples of the affected plant life and crystals are taken and somehow analyzed (Honduras doesn't offer much in the way of sophisticated laboratory equipment), little can be learned. The

outward anomalies are merely confirmed, though various unfamiliar chemical elements might show up.

Successful Cthulhu Mythos rolls might now suggest possible causes for the massacre. The burnt areas might have been fire vampires, but the extent of these areas calls to mind Cthugha. However unlikely, the frostbitten flora suggests Ithaqua. The various types of alien residue point toward one or another of the Outer Gods, perhaps even a manifestation of Azathoth. It is now certain, however, that the massacre of the soldiers wasn't perpetrated by a human agency. Something huge and alien and powerful has touched the earth here.

SUBSEQUENT EVENTS

The next few events can be played in any order desired. Since they are so close to "Cerro del Espiritus", the Mayan ruin noted on General Piedmont's map, they may wish to explore it. En route, they may encounter the mismatched fight with "The Cloud-Thing", or they may experience it afterward. And at some point in their travels, they are attacked by "The Bandits". These events are described below in the suggested order of play. While the encounter with the Cloud Thing is not essential to this scenario, it is still highly recommended, in that it will reveal the Mythos involvement as well as break up the more mundane action that has transpired to this point. The Keeper should make this encounter frightening, but not overly difficult for the investigators to handle, since it is, in effect, only a minor incident to show them they are on the right track.

THE CLOUD-THING

A few hours after the investigators leave the massacre site (regardless of their destination), they hear distant gunshots. Idea rolls discern the direction, and travelling that way, the party soon comes upon an odd scene: a dozen Honduran soldiers are shouting in excitement and fear as they fire their rifles into the air. A Know roll realizes that the soldiers are Honduran nationals, not rebel bandits.

Their apparent "target" floats 100 yards above the ground. There, hovering over the treetops, is a cloud. Spot Hidden rolls note shimmering bursts of purplish light within the cloud. Below the thing is a swirling funnel cloud reaching nearly to the ground. Within the funnel, drawn inexorably up into the cloud, is a screaming man. This bizarre tableau costs 1/1D4 points of Sanity to view.

Within seconds the man is enveloped by the cloud, his screams barely audible above his comrades' gunfire. Moments later the area beneath the cloud is pelted with a light rain of purplish crystals. They are identical to those found earlier, but these are fresher, stickier. Even as those below ponder the weird rain, the pale, desiccated corpse of the soldier plummets out of the cloud, its bones snapping loudly as it hits the ground. This gruesome development calls for a further loss of 1D2/1D6+1 Sanity points. And the cloud is now a deeper purple, alive with flashes of purple phosphorescence.

The thing is an Outer God, one of Azathoth's court. After the massacre it lingered behind when the rest of the Daemon Sultan's entourage returned to the abysses of space. Since then

it has been leisurely feeding on various denizens of the rain forest -- man and animal alike.

THE CLOUD-THING, Outer God

STR 35 CON 25 SIZ 75 INT 8 POW 16
DEX 9 HP 50
MOVE 5
DAMAGE BONUS +6D6

WEAPONS: Funnel 80%, damage none -- sucked into cloud-body in 1D4+1 rounds
Fluid Drain 80%, damage 3D6 per round from STR, CON, and POW

ARMOR: None, but the thing is unaffected by impaling weapons; magic, explosives, and fire affect it normally. If brought to 0 HP, the cloud dissipates.

SANITY LOSS: 1/1D10.

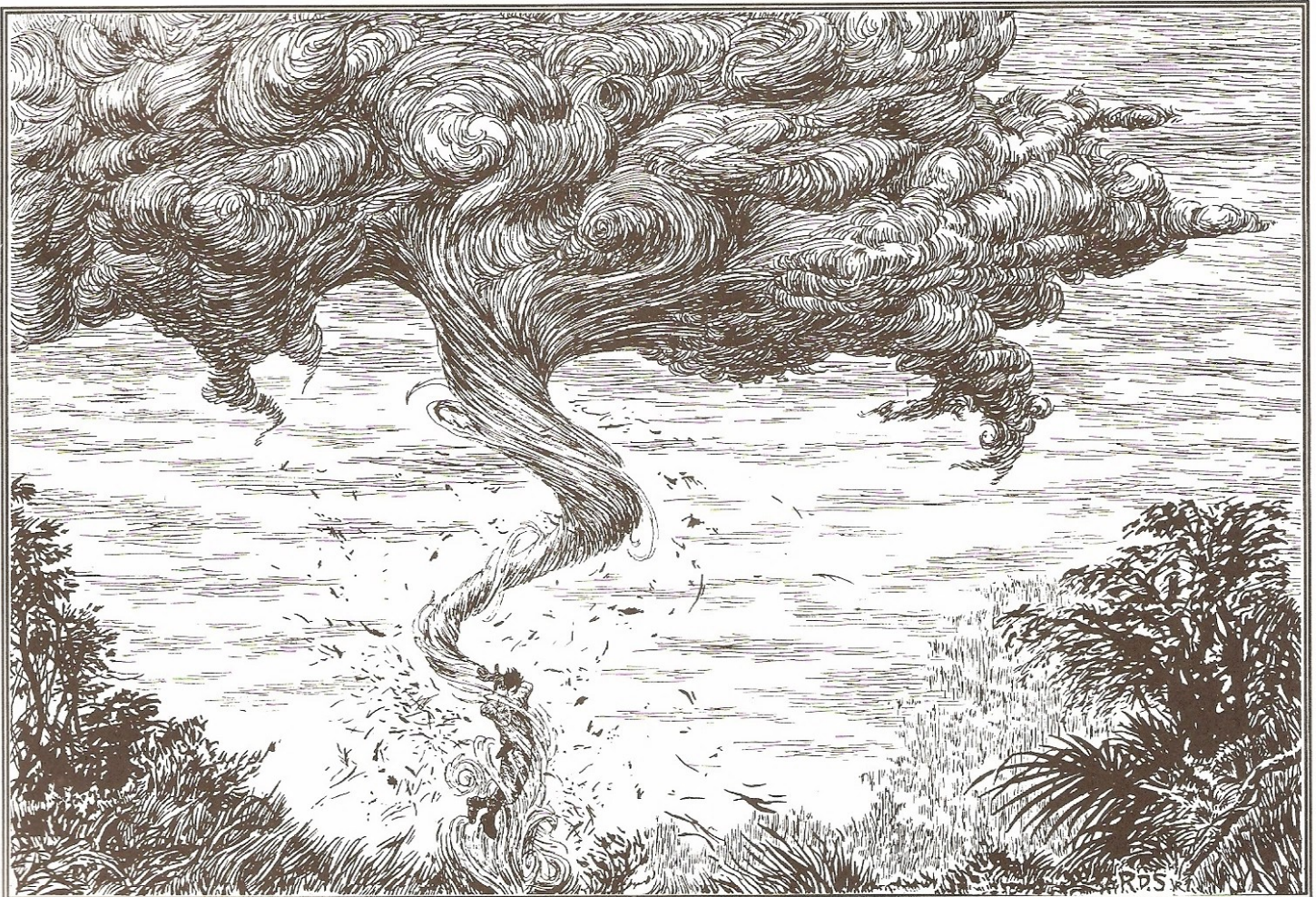
The funnel can attack only one target at a time, at a range of 100 yards. Once taken into the cloud, victims are drained of fluid each round until death. They can escape its clutches by rolling their STRx1 or less on D100, but then must suffer a fall from the appropriate height.

The purple cloud continues to feed on the terrified soldiers until it has killed a number of SIZ points equal to its own. Sated, it then floats off on the wind. The cloud becomes deeper and deeper purple with each victim it feeds upon. And with each victim, more purple crystals -- unmetabolized "waste" -- fall like rain into the forest, followed by the victim's body. Each time a victim is taken the witnesses lose 1/1D6 points of Sanity.

The Honduran soldiers, for their part, flee into the rain forests after losing three men. The investigators may aid them if desired, but the mules react adversely if driven toward the mayhem. The muleteers won't approach the fray either, but stay with the mules.

There is perhaps little the investigators can do but hope the purple cloud leaves. It is a timid creature, however, and if it is harmed in any way it departs this world, soaring higher and higher into the clouds until it vanishes. Any type of Binding or Dismissal also frightens it off.

Afterward, or if the investigators track down some of the fleeing soldiers, they can find out what has just occurred. Guererro, one of the Hondurans, relates (in Spanish), that they were searching for a recently reported bandit camp when they came upon the cloud. It lowered toward them, and then took Vasquez, at which time Guererro and his men attacked it -- to no avail. He has no idea where it came from, or even what it was. He is terrified, and offers to escort the investigators' party back to the nearest city or village. If they decline, he warns of the bandits and leaves them. He and his men have had enough



The Cloud Thing

of the jungle for now.

If present, Paul Farrell decides to return to civilization with Guerrero and his men. "I don't know how I'm going to tell it, but this is going to make one helluva story." He promises to meet the investigators again in San Pedro Sula.

THE BANDITS

This event occurs as the investigators' party travels to civilization, or to Cerro del Espiritus, or on the return trip from Cerro del Espiritus. Paul Farrell should have left the party by now, but even this can be accommodated.

As the party trudges along the narrow trail, successful Natural History rolls hint that the mules are skittish. Spot Hidden rolls note glints of metal or subtle movement in the rain forest close by. As the party reacts to these hints, the trouble starts.

In the jungles along the trail are 2D6+10 rebel bandits waiting to ambush passersby. These men are armed with rifles, revolvers, and machetes. If the investigators are travelling with Guerrero and his men (see the previous event), the bandits open fire on the Honduran soldiers and the muleteers; they are careful not to kill the whites in the party, in case they are fruit company personnel. But if an investigator fires back, that individual is fired upon.

If the investigators are travelling only with their muleteers, the bandits demand the party's immediate surrender; the terrified muleteers immediately put their hands up. Failure to surrender results in a gunfight.

Ride rolls are required to stay on the panicking mounts as the firefight starts; alternately, Jump rolls get the riders off and into cover safely. Once dismounted, the investigators can either flee or fight. If an investigator doesn't fire, but receives successful Hide and Sneak rolls, he is able to creep into cover and avoid combat and capture. Failing either roll means that the bandits know where to find him.

The fight should go badly for the investigators' party. If Guerrero and his men were present, they are nearly wiped out: when only Guerrero and 1D3 others remain, he surrenders. In any kind of gun battle, only 1D3+1 of the poor muleteers survive (including Jose, the Maya), even if they tried to surrender.

Arrange the fight so that the bandits eventually win. Presumably the investigators realize they are outmatched, and that surrender is preferable to certain death. An Idea roll might suggest that perhaps the bandits will ransom their captives back to the army, as they have done previously. In the end, the result of this encounter should be that the investigators and a handful of the muleteers and soldiers are captured by the seedy-looking bandits.

If by some miracle the investigators' party does outlast the bandits, the latter flee when they have lost half their number. They return a day or two later with reinforcements, doubling their original number and again demanding surrender.

If Farrell is still with the investigators' party during this attack, he manages to hide and escape the bandits' notice. He sets out on his own, to reappear later on.

THE CAPTURE

Once the party surrenders, the bandits (speaking in Spanish and halting English) have them throw down their guns. That achieved, the bandits come forward. They are a rough-looking lot, shabbily-dressed, young and old alike. They fall upon the investigators and their mules, sifting through pockets and personal belongings, and taking all valuables for themselves. Any resistance is met with a rifle butt or pistol barrel alongside the head.

Throughout these indignities a short, plump, stockily built mestizo sits on a fallen log smoothing his moustache and grinning maliciously. He laughs at any investigator's dismay. "Cheer up, gringo. You are helping the poor. Does that not make you feel good?" In crude English he introduces himself as General Luis Navarro. His band guffaws at the title of "general", and he jokingly retorts "You laugh, dogs, but was I not given this title by our president?"

If anyone talks back to Navarro, the burly mestizo strolls over, offers this person a cigar, and as he or she replies, the bandit punches him in the mouth. Further wisecracks earn additional kicks and punches. After this, Navarro loses his sense of humor with respect to the gringos.

While his men gather their booty, "General" Navarro allows the investigators to perform First Aid on their wounded fellows. Meanwhile, 2D3 bandits round up the scattered mules and search for any hidden foes. If an investigator successfully hid earlier, he is safe now unless he moves; in this case Hide and Sneak rolls are again needed to elude capture. Failing either roll, either this time or previously, the hider is captured. If he doesn't surrender, he is fired upon.

After ransacking the party, the bandits tie their captives' hands and lead them off through the jungle. Their destination, says Navarro, is the village of San Lucas. The journey takes a little over two days. Attempts to escape are met with beatings. The bandits camp in the jungle the first night; long after dark there is a panicked moment when a rifle falls over and discharges, rousing the confused bandits from sleep and into readiness for an ambush that never comes; an investigator making a halved Luck roll is awake and sees what triggers this panic. The party travels again the next day, and camps in the wilds again overnight. They finally reach San Lucas early the third day.

During this journey, farmers and villagers are met a few times, and Spanish and Psychology rolls detect that the peasants respect the bandits, but fear them as well. These folk are of no help to the investigators.

Investigators who escaped the bandits' scrutiny may follow them (risking capture) or return to civilization for help. Either route is extremely dangerous, travelling alone in the jungles.

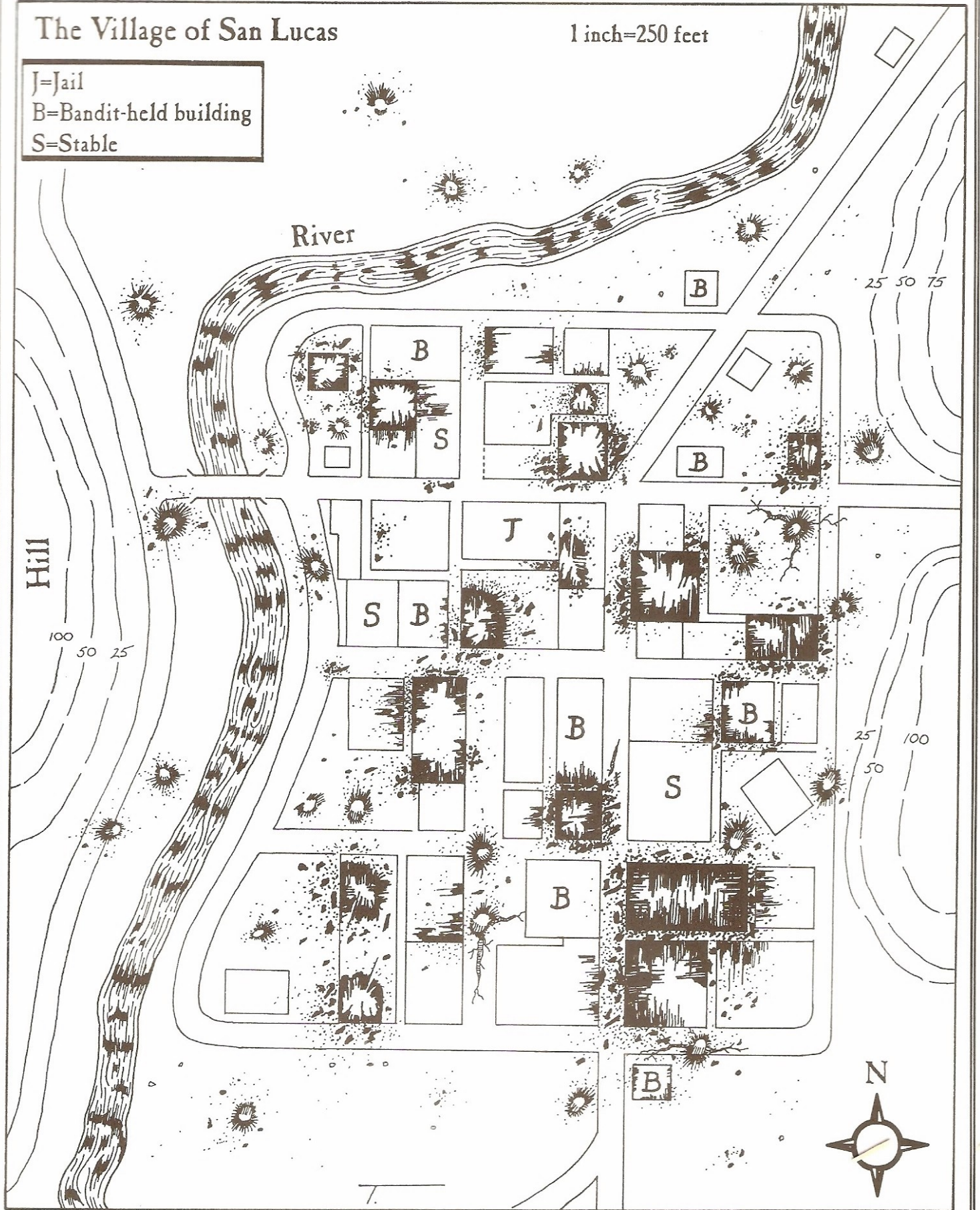
OF DISTINGUISHED VISITORS TO SAN LUCAS

The bandits end their journey at a ruined village 10 miles south of the massacre site. Buildings have caved-in roofs, others have collapsed altogether, and bomb-craters mar the streets and courtyards. The few inhabitants give a wide berth to the bandits.

The Village of San Lucas

1 inch=250 feet

J=Jail
B=Bandit-held building
S=Stable



If asked, the bandits explain that several months ago President Carias ordered the bombing of the village to punish the residents for turning in other members of his rebel/bandit "army".

The investigators and the other captives are led to the town jail and placed in cells. Each of the four iron-barred cells can hold up to three prisoners. A guard armed with two pistols sits in the office in full view of the cells. The guard changes every morning and evening. The guards won't speak to the prisoners, but make sure they are fed (tortillas, beans, and water) twice a day.

Let the investigators plot escape as they will, but success is unlikely: the bandits are armed and numerous here in San Lucas, and they act in groups when handling the prisoners. Even if the investigators get out of the jail, the villagers are liable to turn them in rather than help them. And then there's the long journey back to San Pedro Sula through the jungles...

Navarro returns to the jail at the end of the first day. He is in a foul mood, and with a cruel smile informs the prisoners that they are to be executed as enemies of the revolution. To prove his point, Navarro has one of Guererro's men or a muleteer taken out into the street and shot by a firing squad. The execution can be seen from most of the cells: witnesses lose 1/1D3 points of Sanity, as their fate becomes clear. Tugging at his moustache, Navarro states that another dies at dawn. Anyone who has foul-mouthed the bandit chief is chosen ahead of the others. Otherwise, another of Guererro's men or the muleteers is chosen.

The next morning the firing squad again carries out its duty. Anyone resisting is pistol-whipped or shot. Sanity loss for watching this execution is 0/1D3. (The keeper should choose the firing squad victims carefully. If possible, keep the investigators alive by shooting the soldiers and muleteers first. Then again, an investigator who steps over the line should be prepared to pay for it.)

THE PROPHET

Sometime early in their stay, there is a visitor to the jail. The guard bolts to his feet, but then lapses into his chair. Chuckling, he greets (in Spanish), "the Old Man".

The visitor is a filthy, unshaven, and haggard-looking man in his late 40s or early 50s (despite the "Old Man" nickname); he has the classic features of the Maya: straight dark hair, broad nose and full lips. He is pale, wild-eyed and his head is wrapped in a dirty, bloodstained bandage. He speaks to the prisoners in a mixture of Spanish, Chorti Mayan, and another odd Mayan dialect. Jose, the Maya muleteer, should have survived to this point so that he can translate the old man's speech.

The battered man claims to be Ah Chan, a great Maya chilán, or prophet/priest. He is walking the land, watching for signs that will tell him when the time is right for Hunab Ku to return. (An Archaeology roll recognizes Hunab Ku as the enigmatic Mayan creator god.) The last cycle is nearly upon the world, he has read the important significance in the ending of the current tzolkin; a Archaeology roll notes that the tzolkin was the name of the sacred calendar of the Mayans, as opposed to the normal one called the haab. "The world wars against itself.

My people have forgotten the old ways and been enslaved by the whites. Destruction walks the land. The land itself has turned the color of blood," he cries. (A halved Idea roll guesses that here he refers to the fact that the removal of the topsoil in some highland areas of Honduras has turned it into reddish-colored wasteland.)

A Medicine or Psychoanalysis roll notes that the Old Man is delirious with fever, probably combined with the head injury he has suffered. A halved Archaeology roll guesses that the odd Mayan dialect he speaks is some ancient dialect not spoken in the present-day; Jose frequently has to ask the Old Man to repeat himself, hinting that the Maya-speaking muleteer doesn't understand the dialect being spoken. More importantly, a halved Archaeology roll recognizes that the Old Man is actually Manuel Viega, a Honduran archaeologist. If called by name, Viega stops ranting for a few moments, then mutters "Viega died at a place he called Cerro del Espiritus." He then leaves the jail, obviously troubled and confused. He doesn't return.

The bandit guard says the Old Man is some crazy Maya who's been wandering the country for months now, ranting about Mayan gods returning to settle the war once and for all. The guard guffaws: he's betting the Mayan gods take the revolutionaries' side, as there's too many Yanquis fighting for Gutierrez and the Liberals.

Another prisoner is shot that evening. Navarro takes great pleasure in thoughtfully scanning the prisoners before choosing which one is to die.

EL PRESIDENTE

The next day, long after the morning execution, there is a commotion in the streets. Dozens of armed bandits crowd the dusty streets, pushing back clots of people as they clamor toward a small cluster of men. Navarro and a tall, fedora-wearing mestizo are in the midst of this group.

Navarro, the tall man, and a handful of bandits soon enter the jail. Leering, Navarro introduces the tall man: General Tiburcio Carias Andino, president of Honduras.

Carias Andino is in his late 40s, well over six feet tall, tanned and muscular, weighing over 250 pounds. He has cold penetrating eyes and a flaring white moustache. He carries a well-worn cane, but wears peasant clothes, battered boots, and a fedora. A .45 automatic pistol is holstered at his belt.

The president glares at the captives. "You are spies?" he growls in English. Navarro tells him the circumstances by which the investigators were caught. If they were apprehended in the company of soldiers, Carias spits "Kill the traitors now. Continue the rest of the executions as before." To the investigators he then says "Your country and its people should mind their own affairs."

If the investigators weren't with the Honduran soldiers, he has Navarro hold off on further executions until he decides what to do with them. Pleas for mercy or offers of money are laughed at by the president and the bandits. Carias soon leaves the jail, to a chorus of cheers from the villagers outside.

The executions of the remaining soldiers (the "traitors") are carried out immediately. Other executions depend on the circumstances surrounding the investigators' capture.

A FINAL VISIT

When things look darkest for the investigators -- perhaps after another of their number has been executed -- they receive their final visitors. At midday, president Carias and Navarro enter. Both look grim. Navarro orders the investigators and what remains of their party released. "You have a persuasive friend," grunts Carias, motioning them outside. Paul Farrell waits there, asking for a light of his cigarette. "Damn, but you guys can get into trouble. Good thing Tibby and I get along as well as we do." Farrell proceeds to explain his revolutionary sympathies, stating that the U.S. has no business butting into Honduran affairs. Farrell has been writing stories for the U.S. propaganda machine, all the while helping the rebels whenever possible. He doesn't spy for them, just lets them know when and where U.S. forces are preparing to attack. He knows it endangers "our boys," but claims that his information has never directly affected American casualties. He begs the investigators not to reveal his traitorous dealings to General Piedmont. "I just saved your hides, boys. You owe me that much, at least."

Scowling, Carias and Navarro watch this exchange. Finally, Carias orders Farrell and the investigators to take their mules and belongings and leave. "And next time our paths cross, señors, I perhaps will not be so generous."

Each investigator is given a mule and rifle, plus food, water, a bedroll, and meager ammunition. If necessary, a villager can guide the party back to the road to Santa Barbara, which will eventually lead them back to more civilized areas. The journey to Santa Barbara is about a day's ride.

FALLING BACK TO REGROUP

The haggard investigators can either rest in Santa Barbara (pop. 4000) or continue on to San Pedro Sula. It is a miserable, rain-drenched two day mule-ride from Santa Barbara to Portrerillos, which is then but a short train ride away from San Pedro Sula.

Paul Farrell stays with the investigators, desperately defending his actions. But at no time does he back down from his convictions. He points to the American fruit companies' exploitation of all of Central America, at the expense of the natives. "They become dependent on the company for everything: food, supplies, liquor. All this stuff comes from the company stores, so the companies get back the wages they pay out." And our government's involvement in the revolution is equally unfair: "This isn't our country. We have no business interfering here. Tibby's well-justified in his actions anyway: the Liberals rigged the bloody election."

Once back in San Pedro Sula, Farrell leaves the investigators to ponder the choices they must make: do they tell General Piedmont about Farrell's actions? They should certainly tell the army about the bandits, their camp in San Lucas, and the meeting with President Carias. The investigators also now know for certain that the massacre was not caused by anything human.

When they visit General Piedmont with their report, the investigators find him with General Gutierrez and Major Simmons. On learning of the bandits, Gutierrez bellows for an

immediate attack on the village, and Piedmont seems to agree.

Presumably the investigators still want to visit the archaeological site of Cerro del Espiritus. If they tell the assembled officers this, Psychology rolls note that Major Simmons suddenly becomes tense. Confronted about this, he claims he is a little defensive of having civilians second-guessing his findings: Simmons led the raid on the bandits at Cerro del Espiritus, and found nothing there but a handful of armed and dangerous Maya Indians who had been giving food and shelter to the rebels; the ruins were empty, as far as he could tell. As Simmons relates his story, further Psychology rolls note that he is still very tense regarding this subject -- not fearful, but defensive. Simmons henceforth is very cold toward the investigators, and further questions about Cerro del Espiritus are waived off -- by both Major Simmons and General Piedmont. Piedmont warns against further investigator "adventures", but nevertheless arranges an expedition if they request it.

Returning to the Casa de Argento, the investigators find that Farrell has checked out, leaving no message for them. They are on their own again. Cerro del Espiritus beckons, though perhaps an initial fly-over with Randy Ketchum might be in order (see the earlier section on "Views from the Air").

CERRO DEL ESPIRITUS ("THE HILL OF THE SPIRITS")

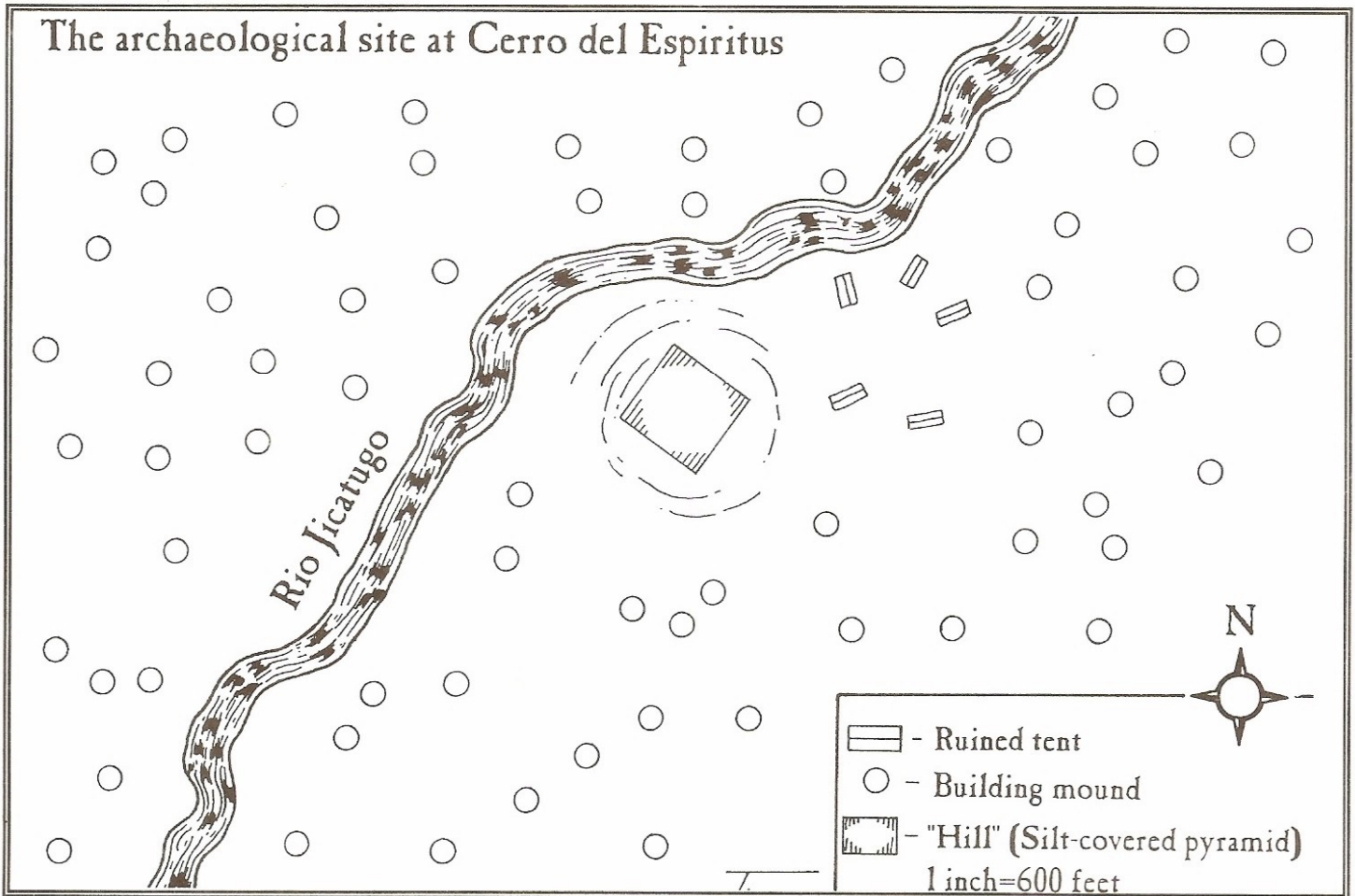
The investigators should be intrigued by what they've heard of this site. General Piedmont and the suspicious Major Simmons claim that it was a bandit outpost, but the rantings of the "Old Man" (archaeologist Manuel Viega) in San Lucas hint that it is something else -- something more.

Piedmont once again arranges for the investigators' transport: a short train ride to Portrerillos, then another mule train into the rain forest. The muleteers this time are actually Honduran soldiers dressed as peasants: Piedmont orders this as protection for the investigators.

From Portrerillos, the trip overland takes just under three days, once again passing near the massacre site. The trip this time is unseasonably warm and humid, with temperatures in the 90s.

On the third day halved Spot Hidden rolls are needed to find the site, situated not far from the Rio Jicatuyo. The first indication of the site is the discovery of numerous overgrown mounds near a large, oddly-formed hill. On further examination the mounds prove to be collapsed and buried ancient dwellings. A little digging unearths pottery shards and crude stone implements which Archaeology rolls date at the ninth century.

Closer to the hill, a handful of tents are discovered, collapsed, torn, and rotten with mold and mildew. If all are searched, a number of rotted Spanish-language archaeological texts are found, along with scattered supplies (spoiled foodstuffs, tools, and shattered artifacts) and personal effects (clothes, illegible papers, a doll, a pipe). In one tattered tent is a more grisly discovery: a human corpse several months dead, picked at by scavengers and now little more than scraps of meat on bone. Sanity loss for this find is 0/1D3. Medicine rolls guess that the body has been here several months; a halved Spot Hidden notes a bullet wound in the sternum. As the party nears the hill, another 1D4+2 similarly ravaged corpses are found,



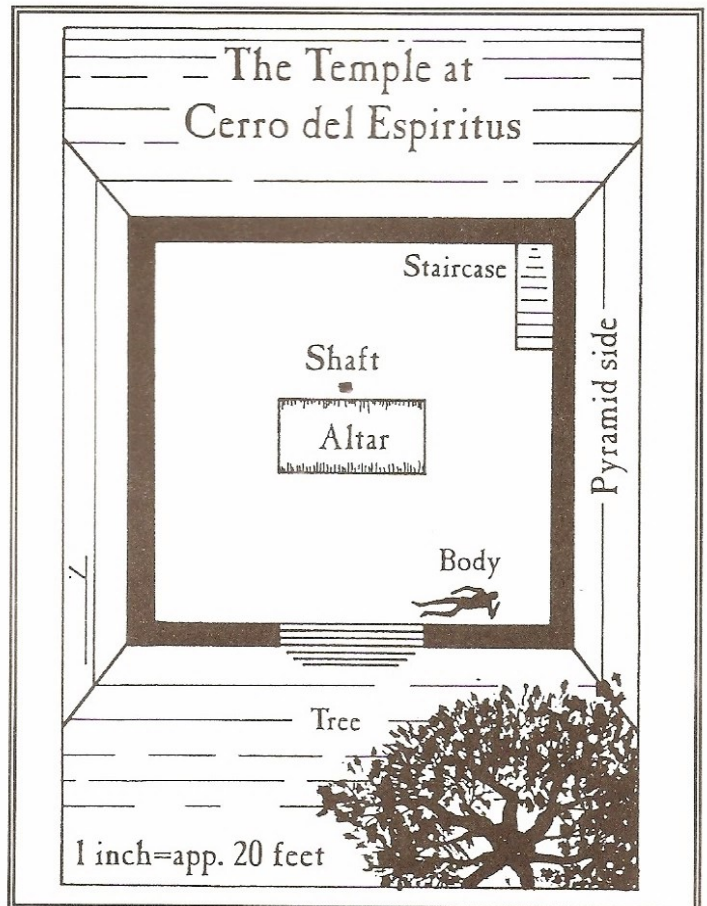
also with gunshot wounds; one of the bodies is that of a young child. Sanity loss is 0/1D3+1 for viewing these figures.

As the party makes their way through the ruins, halved Spot Hidden rolls also turn up several rifle shell casings. A Know roll notes that the casings are U.S. Army issue .30-06 rounds. A halved Idea roll notes that there are no signs of any weapons or extra supplies here.

THE TEMPLE

Reaching the hill, the investigators and their party discover that it is actually a stone pyramid, almost 300 feet square at its base and nearly 90 feet tall. It is partially silted over with earth and acrawl with vines, creepers and small trees. A tree grows about halfway up the side of the structure, its roots exposed along the lower parts of the building. Near the top of the hill -- and the tree -- is a dark opening. Using the tree, it is an easy climb up to the opening. Those climbing the tree note old bloody handprints along its trunk all the way to the top. Inside, with a light source, the investigators see a 40-foot square room littered with dirt and fallen stones. Another human corpse lies inside the doorway, again suffering from multiple bullet wounds: Sanity loss is 0/1. No rolls are needed to find the several spent rifle casings here.

The walls are covered with worn, faded, and unreadable Mayan glyphs. Archaeology rolls might detect a recognizable glyph or two: the glyph for the city of Copan, a date reading



821, another for Cauac Sky (a Maya ruler from the 8th century), and a few representations of the sky god Itzamna. In the center of the room is a low altar, its worn and crumbling sides carved with skulls. Behind the altar, opposite the doorway, is a small 8-inch square shaft in the floor; it is filled with cobwebs and a sluggish spider or two, but seems very deep -- its bottom can neither be seen nor sounded with a dropped stone.

In one corner of the room is a narrow stairway, the faces of each step carved with worn, unreadable inscriptions. Oddly, the stairway ends at the ceiling of the chamber. At the very top of the stairs, more bloody handprints are smeared on the solid stone wall and ceiling. A Spot Hidden roll discerns designs and symbols carved into the ceiling there; a Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies this as a Gate.

The Gate will not activate, however, unless fresh blood is applied to it in any way. If this is done, the stairway can be walked up normally, and the user seems to pass right into the stone ceiling. He or she then enters the Dark Chambers, losing 1 Sanity point and 1 Magic Point in doing so.

THE DARK CHAMBERS

As the Gate-user passes into the Dark Chambers, he becomes aware of the faraway voices of his companions back in the temple, echoing oddly. The voices are passing into this space through the square shaft near the altar. Those back in the temple can barely hear his voice through that same opening.

The dark chambers are just that: vast, open, dark, and cold. The Gate-users apparently stepped right through the floor when they entered -- and there is no return Gate marked here! This calls for a loss of 0/1D3 Sanity points.

With no apparent way back, the investigators are forced to explore their surroundings. Their light sources seem pathetically dim, and only after walking for several minutes do they come to a wall, carved from the rough stone. They may follow the wall for nearly an hour before they finally hear something: voices.

Listening, the investigators hear two or three voices speaking in an unknown tongue. An Archaeology roll, or a halved Idea roll by anyone who heard the "Old Man" ranting in San Lucas, guesses that it is some ancient Mayan tongue. Traveling toward the voices, the party spots a dim light beyond a curve in the wall. Peering around it, they see three impossibly withered old Maya men crouching in the flickering light of a fire. Even as the investigators spy on them, the old men stand and look toward them, leering and beckoning them forward.

THE DEATHLESS

The three ancient Maya are terribly emaciated, pale, wrinkled, and haggard, their dark hair long, shaggy, dusty, and adorned with long-faded quetzal feathers. They are dressed mostly in rags, but each sports a short obsidian-bladed knife in a sheath at their belt. Closer examination reveals that parts of the rags are sewn together in menacing shapes: finger-like seams, a navel, and a human face stare out of the old mens'

attire. No roll is needed to guess that some of the rags are in fact part of a human skin -- Sanity loss for gathering this notion is 1/1D3. A halved Spot Hidden roll detects numerous scars on the wrists of all three men.

THE DEATHLESS MAYANS

STR 9 CON 9 SIZ 11 INT 15 POW 17
DEX 13 APP 6 EDU NA SAN 0 HP 10

DAMAGE BONUS +0

WEAPONS: Fist 50%, damage 1D3 Obsidian knife 40%,
damage 1D6

SPELLS: Create Gate.

SKILLS: Ancient Mayan Tongue 80%, Astronomy 75%,
Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Dodge 40%, First Aid 75%, Listen
85%, Archaeology 90%, Occult 20%, Spot Hidden 70%.

The old men make no sinister moves, merely motioning the party forward, carefully examining their odd clothing and belongings. Conversing with one another in their alien language, the Maya pick at, pull at, and handle everything. They do not understand English, and thus cannot speak with the investigators. Soon they tire of this, and turn back to the fire, motioning the investigators along.

The fire is small, and nearly extinguished. Piles of small roots, twigs, and animal bones are used for kindling. Near the fire is a large earthenware jug with inset jade designs. The Maya talk among themselves, glancing at the investigators. Finally, one takes the jug, drinks deeply from it, and passes it to his fellows. As each finishes, his lips are stained crimson, and Spot Hidden rolls note that his eyes become slightly dull. When each has drunk, the Maya offer the jug to the investigators. They are not offended if no one drinks, but soon ignore the investigators. Within 2D6 minutes they fall into stuporous trances.

Taking the jug, an investigator notes that it smells of blood -- and something else, something bitter. Tasting it, they note the unmistakable salty taste of blood, with a terrible bitter aftertaste. Each person who drinks should rate the size of his drink on a scale of 1 to 10, with 1 being the smallest (a small sip) and 10 being a long, deep drink. This number should be written down, as it becomes important in "The Calling", later in this scenario. Take this number times 1D6 to determine the potency of the drug they have imbibed, and make a resistance table roll against their CON. If the investigator resists he or she still suffers the drug's effects, but not the illness afterward. Due to the visions they will have, those who take the drug also add their drink rating to their Archaeology skill.

The drug lasts a number of hours equal to the potency rolled for each investigator (up to 2.5 days!). After its immediate effects wear off, those who were overcome by the drug's potency become nauseous, temporarily losing CON equal to the drink rating; this loss is regained at 1 point per day. This nausea halves all skill rolls until CON is fully restored.

THE MAYA

The Mayan civilization ranged from southeastern Mexico and the Yucatan peninsula, through Guatemala, British Honduras (known today as Belize), and parts of El Salvador and Honduras. According to their own calendrical system, the Maya traced their origins back to 3113 BC (a date disputed by many scholars). Originally nomadic, they settled into agrarian communities around 1000 BC.

The Maya were the most advanced society in the Americas. They developed a sophisticated calendar based on their obsessive studies of the stars, moon, and planets (particularly Venus). Their astronomical calculations were amazing for their time; their estimation of the Venusian synodical year was off by what amounts to less than one day in 6000 years. They also developed a written language and a numerical system. The written language used hieroglyphic characters to represent everything from city names to animals to proper names, yet scholars to this day haven't been able to completely decipher it. Their mathematics were also sophisticated in that they identified zero in their figures (which their contemporaries, the Romans, did not). The Mayan system was not decimal (based on 10s), but vigesimal (based on 20s).

The Maya calendars were also based on units of 20. The "Vague Year", or haab, was made up of 18 "months", or uinal, each consisting of 20 days. The haab was the equivalent of our own solar year, and the Maya even added five uayeb, or unlucky days, to the haab to make up the discrepancy between the solar year and their vague year. The "Sacred Year", or tzolkin, was made up of 20 months of 13 days each. (The numbers 9 and 13 were of immense significance to the superstitious Maya.) The haab and tzolkin coincided 1 day in 52 years. A third calendar, the Long Count, was an extension of the haab used to depict especially large periods of time - including the 3113 BC date mentioned earlier. These calendars were useful in calculating lunar and solar eclipses, and other celestial movements. The Mayas' fascination with their calendars influenced its architecture as well: stairways, stelae (often carved with dates and rulers' name-glyphs), and even whole buildings were erected to serve as guides for astronomical observation.

The Mayas' bewildering mythology was crammed with gods and goddesses and heavens and hells. The Maya believed that there were thirteen "heavens" or sky realms and nine "hells" or underworlds, with the earth in between these two sets of realms. The Chorti Maya (those with which this scenario is concerned) believed there were four great serpents or "chiccans" holding up the sky, each residing in a lake at one of the cardinal directions; each had its own color -- north was white, west was black, south was yellow, and east was red. The chiccans' restless movements accounted for floods and earthquakes. And the Maya believed that the world had been created and destroyed many times.

Other aspects of Maya mythology still aren't clearly understood. Each god had both good and evil aspects (such as the rain god as bringer of life to the crops, but bringer of death in the form of floods), and many also possessed both male and female aspects. And the gods governed many facets of life: for instance, Ek Chuah, the black god of war, was also the patron of merchants and travellers (and thus appropriate to mention in the context of this scenario).

Some sources state that Hunab Ku, an enigmatic and incorporeal entity, was the Mayan creator god; whatever his role, he was so remote that he was not worshipped. Itzamna, son of Hunab Ku in many sources, was the chief deity of the Maya, the father of the remainder of the gods. Itzamna was the Mayan sky god, bringer of food and light, day and night, and so on. He had many forms, including a lizard-bodied old man and various reptilian avatars (Itzamna means "iguana house"). Other Mayan deities included Ix Chel, wife of Itzamna and mother of the gods; the sun-god Ah Kinchil (perhaps another form of Itzamna's); the skeletal lord of death, Ah Puch; and Ah Mun, the youthful maize god.

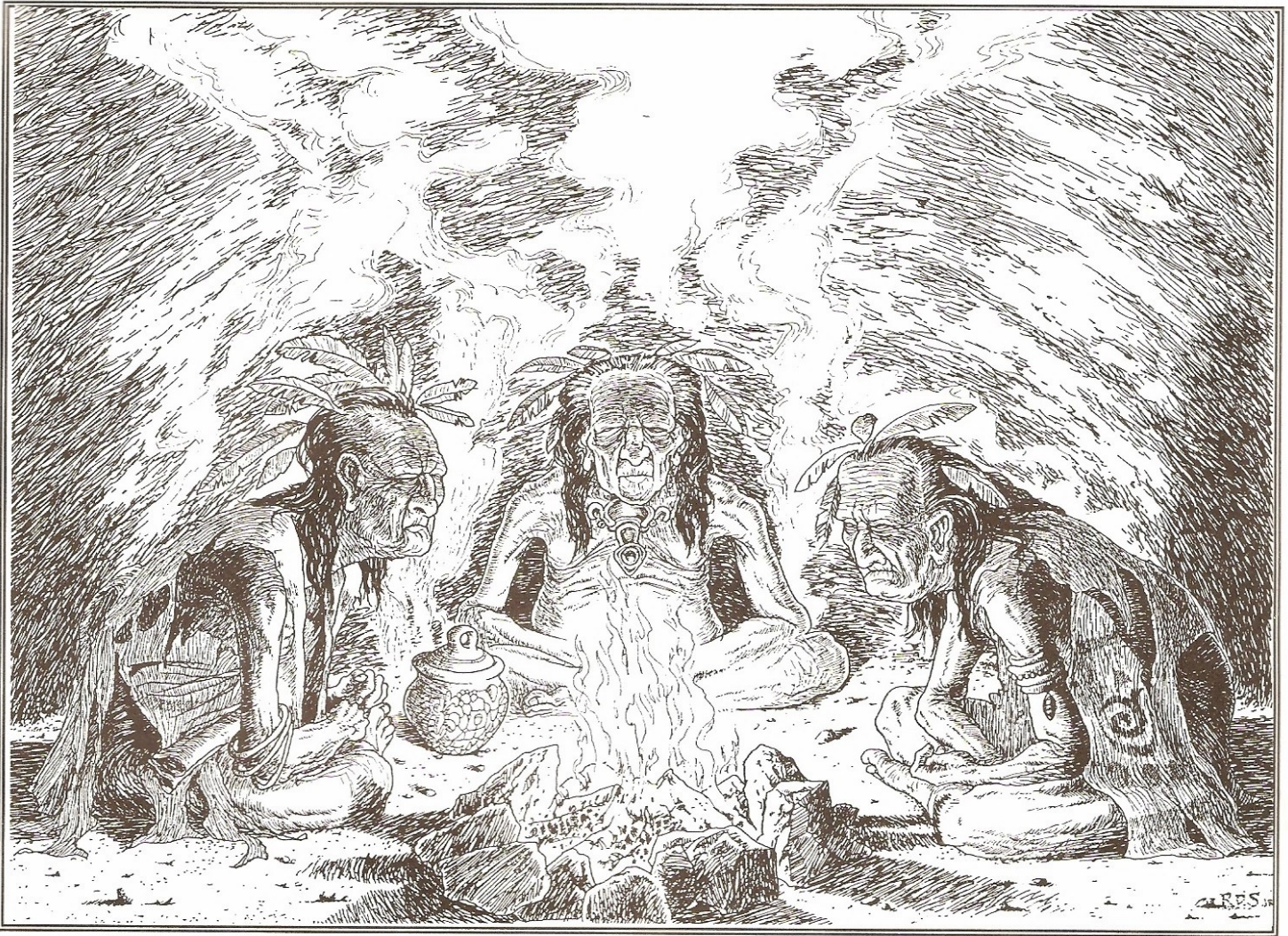
Mayan communities were governed by kings and nobles, who ruled over cities of up to several hundred thousand people. Religion also played an important role in Mayan government, with the priests responsible for the mathematical and astronomical data. Each day was dedicated to a specific god, and rituals (including human sacrifice) were carried out according to the tzolkin and the priests' dictates. There was also specialization among the priesthood: the high priests were called the Ah Kin; the nacom carried out the actual sacrifices; the chilans were seers or prophets; and the chacs assisted in the sacrifices. In the early ninth century AD, the Mayas began abandoning cities in the southeastern part of Mayaland (including Copan and the mythical site Cerro del Espiritus of this scenario). Scholars have been unable to explain this evacuation for certain: some theories include the loss of farmland, political upheaval and revolt by the Maya "peasantry" over the nobility. Whatever the truth is, by the time the Spaniards conquered the Maya throughout Central America in the 1500s, the Mayan civilization had fallen to ruin. Most of the great cities had been abandoned and reclaimed by the jungles.

Many archaeologists have explored the ruins since the Spaniards arrived, but much of the real workings of the Mayan civilization remains unknown. The matter wasn't helped by Bishop Diego de Landa, a Franciscan missionary who arrived in the Yucatan in 1549. In 1562, as a reaction to the Indians' unchristian behavior, de Landa had all the Mayan codices ("books" consisting of a long piece of paper folded many times, like a screen, to form pages) collected and burned. Thus, only three known codices exist intact today. A wealth of information -- perhaps even the key to understanding the Mayas' written language -- was lost forever.

THE MAYA AND THE CTHULHU MYTHOS

On the surface, there seems little to link the Mayan and Cthulhu mythologies. A Cthulhu Mythos roll notes that the Mythos entity Yig supposedly corresponds to Quetzalcoatl, the serpent god of the Mayan neighbors the Aztecs; an Occult or Archaeology roll recalls that the Maya worshipped Quetzalcoatl under the names Kukulcan and Gucumatz.

Once the investigators have learned of Hunab Ku from the dazed Manuel Viega (see "Of Distinguished Visitors to the Village of San Lucas"), they may -- with successful Archaeology and Cthulhu Mythos rolls -- connect the Mayan creator deity with the Mythos entity sometimes referred to as the accidental creator of the universe: Azathoth. Having seen the razed massacre site, the investigators should now be able to guess that the Daemon Sultan and his terrible court were somehow involved here.



The Deathless Mayans

DEAD MEN'S VISIONS

Those who take the drug become dizzy and disoriented within 1D3 minutes, and 1D3 minutes later they are overwhelmed by cascades of colors and light. As their vision returns, they see the Maya by the fire, brightly colored quetzal feathers in their dark and luxurious hair. The Maya grin at the imbibers, greeting them in a language they now understand. This unnerving development costs them 1/1D3 points of Sanity.

These men are the Watchers, who wait for the final days, as foretold by their fellow priest, Ah Chan. They are the faithful, the ones who took Ah Chan's body after he was sacrificed, brought it to these lightless chambers which Ah Chan himself had built. Ah Chan's body was skinned, his meat and blood and bones rendered down to create the sacred liquid in the jug, the blood of Ah Chan. It holds his memories, and through it the old men have become Ah Chan, and he lives on in them. And now he will live on in the minds of the investigators who have drunk from the jug.

If asked about Ah Chan, the old men say that he was a great chilán (prophet) who had foreseen the unraveling of the world, and for it had paid with his life; the king Sky Shield accused him of blasphemy and corruption of his powers. (A

halved Archaeology roll recalls that Sky Shield lived in the early ninth century -- if these men were his contemporaries they must be over 1000 years old! Sanity loss for this realization is 1/1D4.) Ah Chan was ordered sacrificed, his heart torn out, his lifeless body thrown roughly down the hundred steps of the temple. All for trying to warn the people that Hunab Ku, the creator, would soon return to destroy the world and recreate it anew.

As the Watchers relate the tale of Ah Chan, the drug awakens in the bloodstream of the affected investigators: they become Ah Chan, reliving through his eyes his heart being ripped dripping from his chest, his body rolling down the temple steps, his skin being flayed from his body, his flesh melting and bubbling as it is rendered down. Each affected investigator loses 1D3/2D4+1 points of Sanity from these inherited memories; failed Sanity rolls temporarily reduce these individuals to screaming heaps before their unaffected companions.

The Watchers continue their tale. Ah Chan has returned to the outside, however. The bleeding man, whom the Watchers nursed to health -- he had the ancient blood of the Maya in him. And when he took the drug, they could see that Ah Chan had

awakened. He walks the land, looking for some sign from the gods. Signs that will tell him when Hunab Ku is to return. Ah Chan will aid the creator's return, for perhaps then Hunab Ku will reward him and save him to see the next cycle of the world.

Throughout this, the unaffected investigators see their drugged companions speaking with the Maya in their own tongue. The drugged investigators can now only understand English with successful Idea rolls (roll for each sentence).

During the conversation with the investigators, one of the Maya picks up the jug, takes the obsidian knife from his human-skin belt, and slashes his wrist -- his blood pouring into the jug. Undrugged investigators lose 1/1D3 Sanity points for seeing this, while those drugged are non-plussed by it. The Watcher explains that this is the only way to replenish their supply; investigator blood, however, isn't pure enough to add to the mix.

Before long the Watchers tire of the investigators' questions. "Follow the footsteps of Ah Chan, if you would go into the world. Now we must sleep." With that each of the Maya takes a large drink from the jug, red rivulets then running down their withered hairless chests as they sit. Within moments, their heads droop.

The drug's effects continue, perhaps for several hours. Every few minutes the drugged investigators receive brief visions of Ah Chan's life and death. They see him writing in a codex, watching the sacrifice of a jaguar, imbibing a drug similar to the one they themselves have taken, studying the stars from atop the pyramid-temple, and watching the star-filled sky seemingly reach down to enfold him. There is a Sanity loss of 1/1D10 for these visions, and an equal increase in both Cthulhu Mythos and Archaeology.

The investigators still need to find a way out of the Dark Chambers. Taking the Watchers' advice, the drugged investigators can try to find Ah Chan's footsteps. Every hour they can attempt a halved Luck roll, and if successful they find a trail of bloody footprints leading into the dark; the unaffected investigators can't see them. Following them for 1D3 hours, the drugged investigators see a dim light ahead. The light comes from a staircase leading into the floor of the dark chamber -- the staircase in the Mayan pyramid-temple. (If no one took the drug, the staircase might eventually be found by rolling a random character's POW or less on D100 for every 1D3 hours spent searching.) Again, using the Gate costs 1 Magic Point and 1 point of Sanity.

Freed from the dark chambers, the investigators must still ride out the effects of the drug. And then it is another long journey back to civilization.

AS STORMS GATHER

It is another three-day journey by mule back to Portrerillos, then a short train ride back to San Pedro Sula the following day. The humidity is oppressive throughout the trip, and heat lightning is seen regularly -- angry flashes on the horizon.

Back in San Pedro Sula, the investigators find the U.S. Army villa in turmoil: visitors are thoroughly searched before

entering, and inside the courtyard are signs of an explosion in one wing of the building. A passing soldier relates that a mysterious explosion destroyed the armory, killing a handful of men and wounding several others.

An unharmed General Piedmont greets the party, relieved that their trip was a safe one this time. He and Major Simmons listen to the investigators' report. They are only mildly interested in the existence of the Mayan ruin, the ancient Maya, and the possibility that Manuel Viega now roams the country thinking he's a long-dead Maya priest. They have grown weary of fanciful explanations for the massacre.

A Psychology roll notes that Major Simmons is stiff, aloof, and uncomfortable throughout the meeting. If the investigators claim that the victims found at Cerro del Espiritus were not bandits, but archaeologists, Simmons angrily argues that those people were aiding the rebels -- giving them food, shelter, and information. Another Psychology roll reveals that he is at least uncertain of this, if not actually lying. Mentioning the child's body shocks him -- and General Piedmont: ashamed, Simmons argues no further. Piedmont dismisses him and continues the debriefing.

The investigators may share whatever other finds and theories they wish, but Piedmont seems distracted, gazing at the map on the wall. If asked about the armory explosion he states that they still haven't found the cause, but they don't think it was sabotage. An aide soon enters the office to inform the General that additional companies of Honduran nationals are in place east of the target. If Piedmont is asked what is going on, he says that a major offensive is set to occur. He won't say when or where, and too many questions along these lines irks him into dismissing the investigators. None of the other soldiers will discuss the upcoming strike with the investigators. Even the inebriated ones at La Sombra grow secretive on the matter -- perhaps even surly if the investigators press too hard.

On a Luck roll (made once each day), Randy Ketchum is found at La Sombra. If the investigators have bought him drinks before, or hired him out, he may share his knowledge with them. The U.S. and the Honduran nationals are going to attack some small village south of here in a matter of days. Ketchum himself is to fly reconnaissance for them, and has been paid for the next week solid. If an investigator makes a Persuade roll, Ketchum agrees to inform him or her when he is to fly, and will even allow one of the party to accompany him if desired.

Returning to Casa de Argento, their hotel, the investigator who was contacted by Paul Farrell is surprised to find someone in the dark in his room: an unshaven figure sitting on the bed asks for a light. It is Paul Farrell. Farrell, unsmiling, tells the investigator of the upcoming attack on San Lucas, the tiny ravaged village where the investigators were held by the bandits. The bandits have been caching weapons and organizing their "troops" there. Now, thanks to the investigators, the U.S. has found out about the site, and plans to crush Carias' army there in four days' time. The bandits are trapped, with U.S. forces and Honduran nationals moving in from all sides. "This battle is going to go a long way toward deciding who really governs this country in the future: us, or them." Farrell says goodbye to the investigator, shakes his hand, and says he hopes to see him again. He then sneaks out and disappears into the crowd.

Once they learn the date of the attack, a halved

Archaeology roll (or full percentage for those who took the Ah Chan drug) recognizes that something is peculiar about the date, with respect to the Maya calendars. A second such roll figures out that from the dates seen in the ruins at Cerro del Espiritus, the date of the attack marks the coincidence of the Mayan haab and tzolkin -- an auspicious event that occurs only once every 52 years. A third roll notes that -- worse yet -- the date falls on one of the uayeb, the "unlucky days" used to conform to the haab to the solar year. This should indicate that the attack on San Lucas coincides with an auspiciously unlucky day to the Maya.

With the knowledge Farrell has given them, the investigators have only a short time to act. General Piedmont was reluctant to give them details of the attack, so they should realize that he doesn't want them involved. If they ask him to arrange transportation into the area, he denies their request. If they persist, he has them arrested, and thus they miss the battle of San Lucas.

So the investigators should be forced to arrange their own transport. The short train ride to Portrerillos is easily handled. In Portrerillos, however, they must hire their own mule train. The cost is \$(1D6+4) a day for each mule, plus another \$(1D6+4) a day for each muleteer.

From Portrerillos it is a good two-day journey on the road to Santa Barbara, and from there another day's ride toward San Lucas. During this time the weather swings wildly from wretched heat to drenching rains. And Luck, Hide, Camouflage, or Persuade rolls are needed to avoid detainment by the U.S. and Honduran forces moving around in the area. Failure could lead to possible arrest or detainment.

Finally, on the eve of the battle or thereabouts, the investigators find themselves camped a short distance from the ruined village of San Lucas. They have seen hundreds of soldiers in the area, and binoculars show a considerable force of bandits in San Lucas as well.

Tomorrow, all hell breaks loose.

"On that day, dust possesses the earth,
On that day, a blight is on the face of the earth,
On that day, a cloud arises,
On that day, a mountain rises,
On that day, a strong man seizes the land, On that day, things
fall to ruin."

from The Books of Chilam Balam, a Mayan chronicle

THE BATTLE OF SAN LUCAS

After a night devoid of the usual jungle cries, the battle begins just before dawn. The first indications are heard with Listen rolls: the soft thumps of mortar fire, followed closely by explosions as the shells land in the village. Several minutes of this follow, answered by scatterings of gunfire both in and out of San Lucas. Then there is gunfire closer by, well outside the village. Binoculars and Spot Hidden rolls note clots of bandits creeping into the jungle to ambush the mortars. The first of countless dozens of skirmishes begins.

The investigators are free to do as they will. If they were captured by the U.S. forces earlier, perhaps they can free

themselves in the confusion of the battle. If they try to reach the village, they must first work their way through the American and Honduran forces, and then past the bandits themselves. If they stay outside the village, they must avoid occasional allied patrols, and perhaps a few bandits staging ambushes.

To reflect the chaos of battle, and their as-yet small role in it, each action the investigators take requires a Luck roll to avoid contact with either of the combatants. Failing this roll, an investigator takes 1D6 damage from gunfire, shrapnel, knife-wounds, or fisticuffs. Alternately, the Keeper can either play out these engagements or assume the investigators make their way through them. During the battle, binoculars discern the officers in charge of the allied forces: chief among them is a Major Wyatt Simmons.

As the battle rages, it appears the bandits have indeed been caching weapons: in particular they have a few tripod-mounted machine guns which they are using to defend the town. This first becomes apparent when a small contingent of Honduran cavalry charge into San Lucas from the west, near the river. Men and horses reel and plunge to the ground, cut down by the machine guns.

The battle rages well into the sweltering morning, with more periods of mortar fire, more engagements both in the hills and in the village outskirts. The bandits and the village seem to be taking the worst of it, with bodies littering the streets and fires choking the sky with smoke.

Then after an hour or two of only occasional firing, the mortars thump again, and San Lucas again bellows smoke and fire into the skies. And the skies answer with a drenching rain that does nothing to quell the heat of the battle below.

ABOVE THE FRAY -- PART ONE

If an investigator was to fly with Randy Ketchum, he is awakened in the middle of the night by the grizzled pilot: "Time for us to fly, my crazy friend." Within minutes, he has dragged the investigator (if still willing to go) to San Pedro Sula's simple airfield. As they head south they pass over the massacre site, shrouded below in the darkness.

In less than an hour they are over San Lucas, already crackling with gunfire. As the fighting continues, Ketchum points out areas of combat and troop movements of both sides. He occasionally flies low to toss out smoke grenades to direct the allied forces to bandit movements or areas of weakness in their defenses. Only rarely does he fire the Jenny's machine gun: once to mow down a line of mounted bandits massing near the river on the west end of town, and another time to cut down a small force headed into the jungles near a large U.S. encampment. If desired, the Keeper can create other events to spice things up for the passenger-investigator: gunfire from below, furtive troop movements to spot, investigator weapon-fire, etc..

After an hour over the battle, the Jenny has to return to San Pedro Sula for refueling. "Then we'll come back and help 'em mop up this so-called revolutionary army. Stupid amateurs." It takes two hours to return to San Pedro Sula, refuel, and fly back to San Lucas. By that time, despite a heavy rain things have really heated up...

THE CALLING

As the investigators move furtively about in the hills and jungles above San Lucas during the rain-pelted second offensive on the village, they should make halved Listen rolls. If successful, they hear a distant singing somewhere above the town. A Know roll identifies it as some form of Mayan, specifically that spoken by Manuel Viega and the Watchers in the Dark Chambers of Cerro del Espiritus. Those who drank the blood of Ah Chan in the Dark Chambers now feel dizzy, with visions of the priest's life again intruding upon their memories: Sanity loss is 1/1D4.

For these folk, the song takes on a terrible significance. With an Archaeology roll, the affected characters can identify the song as a prayer to ancient Mayan gods. Each player should now recall what his "drink rating" was during the hallucinogenic episode in the Dark Chambers. This number is multiplied by that character's INT. If a D100 roll is less than this number, he or she knows this spell: it is a prayer or calling directed at the Mayan Creator-god: the ancient, enigmatic Hunab Ku. With a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll it becomes clear that the creator-destroyer Hunab Ku can only be a manifestation of the Ultimate Chaos: Azathoth.

More importantly, those who understood that the calling was for Hunab Ku also realize that because they shared Ah Chan's memories, they also possess the means of Dismissing the entity. This requires an expenditure of at least 20 Magic Points, just to have a 5% chance of success. Each additional Magic Point adds another 5% to the chance. One person must actually cast the spell, and may expend as many Magic Points as desired, as can anyone else who knows the spell. Anyone not knowing the spell may expend 1 Magic Point. Thus a 100% chance of Dismissing Azathoth requires 39 Magic Points. The casting takes a number of minutes equal to the total number of Magic Points expended. Figure the investigators' chance for Dismissal and roll D100; if they fail San Lucas is doomed. But even if they succeed there is a brief glimpse of something no sane being was meant to see...

If the party doesn't opt for the Dismissal spell, they must seek out the singer in the rain forest. Listen rolls are needed to track him down, and halved Luck rolls are required to avoid battle-related mishaps (bandits, or Honduran or American troops). The singer doesn't move, chanting his song above the fighting, in the torrential downpour.

The investigators find him standing on a rock outcropping above the village, his arms upraised. It is the "Old Man", Manuel Viega. He is dirty, his clothes are torn, his bandage slipping from his freshly-bleeding head. His eyes and voice are clear, however. He doesn't heed the investigators' calls unless a Psychoanalysis roll can be made, imploring him to recall his identity, his family, his life. Viega must be made to cast out the Ah Chan identity within him. If this tactic succeeds, the dazed, heartbroken archaeologist collapses, freed of the ancient Maya priest's influence.

Failing this, a Climb roll is needed to scale the craggy bluff where Viega/Ah Chan stands. Once there, however, the frail archaeologist lashes out at his aggressors with a large obsidian knife, fighting until either side is dead. But even if Viega is slain, within moments his bloody corpse rises from its

precarious position on the bluff; a Psychology roll realizes that what now sees through Viega's eyes is no longer Viega. Sanity loss for this terrible development is 1/1D6+1. Viega is dead, and now Ah Chan has total possession of the body; slain again, this time the battered corpse rises no more.

The same is also true if the investigators callously gun down the archaeologist where he stands: slain once, he rises moments later to continue his calling.

THE CALL IS ANSWERED

If Viega/Ah Chan completes his calling, it is assumed to be successful, and all hell truly breaks loose. Even if the investigators successfully cast a dismissal spell, the following glimpse is given to those in and around San Lucas.

As the last syllables are spoken, a deafening thunderclap rocks the earth and sky alike, and then the clouds roll back to reveal the sun. Then the sun itself is eclipsed as something forms out of it, flowing toward the earth: an impossibly huge mass of swirling silver, black, and fire. It looms above the village, seemingly miles across. The Sanity loss for just this much of the ultimate horror is 1D3/2D6. (This much is briefly seen if the investigators successfully dismiss Azathoth. Dismissed, the clouds roll back into place to close the hole in the sky through which he briefly appeared.)

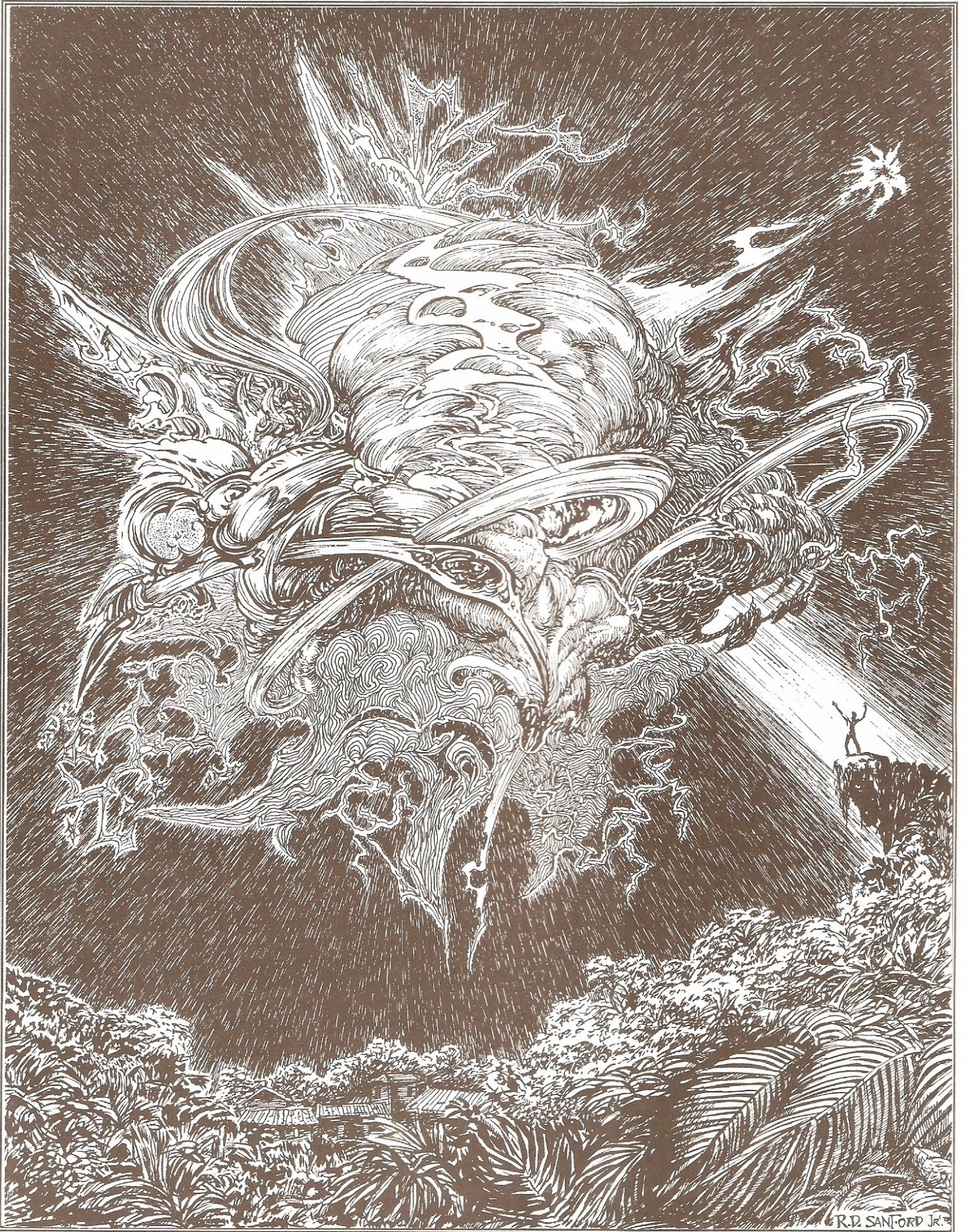
Then shapes begin swimming out of the black and silver void, hurtling toward the earth. Some are man-sized or nearabouts, others are huge clusters of gas, entrails, and energy. As the others fall to earth, the dark mass of chaos slowly lowers, flinging out limbs and blasts of energy. The additional Sanity loss for viewing this hurtling deployment of alien abominations is 2D4/5D20.

The smaller creatures are seven Servitors of the Outer Gods. These constantly-metamorphing toad- and squid-like horrors carry various bizarre musical instruments -- bone- and flesh-decorated drums, percussion, and flutes or pipes; instead of attacking, they play upon these things as a mad accompaniment to the destruction their masters wreak.

The larger monstrosities are five Lesser Other Gods. #1 is a large, black, crackling mass of energy, lashing out with bolts of ebony lightning. #2 is the purple cloud-thing which the investigators might have encountered earlier. #3 is a huge roiling greenish-grey gas-cloud gobbling up everything in sight with a variety of entrails, tentacles, and half-formed limbs. #4 is a shimmering liquid entity, slightly translucent, fully plastic, and ever-changing in shape as it absorbs prey of all sizes and shapes. #5 is a luminous, transparent blue-white entity formed entirely of pyramid-shapes, constantly shifting to make new configurations of itself, and enclosing objects within itself as it does so.

The dark chaotic black-and-silver mass of Azathoth hovers above the town, blocking out the sun. With no rhyme or reason, it occasionally lashes out at the area below, oblivious of who or what it hits.

The rains which had been falling on the area are now hot and sticky. Man and machine, animal and plant, all are struck down by the ravaging horde. Within minutes the village is entirely in ruins and the surrounding jungles are blasted to



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The Daemon Sultan Arrives

splinters. The monstrous idiot-things even lash out at each other, sending terrific thunderclaps and roars of alien rage into the void. Meanwhile, the human combatants from both sides break off the fighting to flee, still half-heartedly firing at each other despite the greater enemy above.

The investigators must escape the area or succeed in Luck rolls to avoid contact with one or another of the Outer Gods. Fortunately, these creatures won't pursue their prey, but move on to other shiny/moving/interesting targets.

Thankfully, the mindless things eventually grow bored with their surroundings. There is a 5% chance per round that Azathoth departs, sucking itself back into the hole in the sky with a vast rushing of wind which also draws up the lesser members of his court.

ABOVE THE FRAY -- PART TWO

Ketchum and his passenger return to San Lucas during Viega/Ah Chan's calling. They cannot hear the priest's song, but a halved Spot Hidden roll catches a glimpse of the strange figure standing on the crag above the battle. On a return pass, Viega can be seen, arms upraised and apparently singing. Again, if the passenger-investigator partook of the Watchers' drug, he or she might guess what is about to occur.

From here, however, the choices are few: either try to warn the other investigators of Viega's location/intent, or kill him from above. Though skeptical of the reasons, Ketchum shoots down the archaeologist if ordered. Unfortunately, Ah Chan then possesses the corpse as described earlier: Sanity loss is 0/1D6 for seeing the tenacious body rise again to continue its calling.

The air above San Lucas is a terrible place to be if Viega/Ah Chan's calling is answered. The Sanity loss for seeing the skies open and the alien horde falling to earth is 1D10/1D100.

If Ketchum goes insane, the Keeper has several choices. Ketchum may go mad and fly directly into one of the alien horrors; or he may simply go into shock, leaving the plane uncontrolled; or he may ignore the horrors above and continue his mission obliviously.

If he flies into one of the beings, a Pilot Aircraft roll is needed to keep the plane from stalling and crashing. The creature may attack if the Keeper desires. Most likely any successful attack destroys the plane and its passengers.

If Ketchum goes catatonic, or if the investigator wishes to take control of the plane, the Jenny does have tandem controls. If the investigator has no Pilot skill, figure half his INT as a default. Failure results in a crash. Roll D100 for damage in this case.

If Ketchum continues his mission, he must make a Luck roll for each round he stays in the air above the town. Any failure indicates one of the Outer Gods has taken interest in the plane, and attacks it. Again, this means almost certain destruction.

If Ketchum stays sane, he immediately leaves the area and doesn't return. Only a halved Persuade roll gets him to turn back to aid those left behind.

EPILOGUE: THE LAST LIGHT

After the nightmares have left the skies above San Lucas, the sun comes out to pour heat and humidity onto the ravaged land. There are still skirmishes in the rain forests between allied forces and the bandits, but these are half-hearted conflicts. All present have been struck down by the visions of ultimate destruction which they have seen today. In the end, the U.S. and Hondurans wipe out or capture most of the bandits, breaking Carias' army in this part of the country.

During these final chaotic moments of the battle, the Keeper may wish to stage final confrontations for the investigators. The bandit chief Luis Navarro and a handful of his followers might have escaped the death and madness in San Lucas, and now attempt to slink off into the jungle. Likewise, the cruel or impetuous Major Simmons might run across the investigators as they sweep the jungle for their enemies; if they accused him of murdering civilians, Simmons -- now even more insane -- orders his handful of men to shoot the traitorous investigators. The efficacy and numbers of both these potential enemy groups are left for the Keeper to determine. A final meeting does take place in the ruined area in or near what was San Lucas. As the investigators catch their breath, tend their wounded, or regroup, footsteps approach from the devastated jungle. A haggard, filthy Paul Farrell stumbles into view, his glasses gone, an unlit cigarette dangling from his lip. He greets the party impassively and sits on a stump. Coughing, he refuses offers to light his cigarette. He is uninterested in explanations for the chaos above the town, or reports of which side has won. "You don't get it, do you? I dragged you all the way down here, and I'm the only one who learned anything from all this. Look around --do you really think anybody won here?" A Psychology roll realizes that he is probably in shock or delirious. "I'll take that light now", he says. A Spot Hidden notes a dark red stain spreading beneath Farrell's dusty vest. He grins, inhales, and slumps back on the stump, smoke curling out of his nostrils and still-smiling mouth as Farrell dies.

The journey back to civilization -- three days by mule to Portrerillos, a few hours more by train to San Pedro Sula -- only seems longer. Hundreds of dead men are left behind, including the one who brought the investigators to this godforsaken land.

FINAL CONSIDERATIONS

Investigators who survive this scenario deserve respect and admiration. Theirs was an extremely difficult and terrible undertaking. Just surviving thus deserves a 1D4 Sanity reward.

If Manuel Viega was saved, he eventually recovers from his ordeal; this nets each investigator another 1D6 Sanity points.

If the investigators realized that Viega meant to summon Azathoth, and they cast a successful Dismissal, each gains 3D10 points of Sanity. If they were aware of the summoning but killed Viega to prevent it, the reward is only 1D20.

If the investigators were unable to prevent the calling of Azathoth, their failure results in an additional loss of 1D20 Sanity. Countless lives were lost, and several square miles of ground were razed due to their ineffectiveness.

Additional rewards might be gained if the bandit Navarro and the loose-cannon Major Simmons were dealt with. Killing or capturing Navarro is worth 2D3 Sanity points; proof of his capture or demise also brings a \$500 reward from the Honduran government. If they found out that Major Simmons slaughtered innocent civilians, the investigators gain 1D3 Sanity; a like amount is gained if he confronts the party in the jungles for a showdown and he is defeated. Another 1D4 Sanity is gained if proof can be brought against him -- if alive Viega can testify, otherwise the skeletons at Cerro del Espiritus should suffice. If the investigators cooperated with the U.S. forces during their sojourn in Honduras, they may add 1D6 to their Credit Rating skills. No reward is given if they obstructed the military in any way -- such as bringing charges against Simmons or hanging around with Farrell after reporting his traitorous activities.

As the investigators prepare to leave the country, a beaming Sam Zemurray hands each an envelope containing \$500 and a first-class ticket home. He is grateful for their role in putting down the revolt led by his enemy, Tiburcio Carias Andino, and sponsored in part by his rivals, the United Fruit Company.

And Honduras itself? By the end of 1924 Carias' military power had been removed by the combined U.S. and Honduran forces. In February of 1925 a free election was held in Honduras, and Dr. Miguel Paz Baraona became its president, defeating Tiburcio Carias Andino. Carias continued to play a role in Honduran politics: he lost the 1928 election, but won in 1932 and (rather brutally) ruled the country for the next 16 years straight.

And in 1929 Sam Zemurray made an enormous profit when he sold his Cayumel Fruit Company -- to his old friends at United Fruit.

BRUCE RYAN, ATTORNEY FOR UNITED FRUIT CO.

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 14 INT 16 POW 16
DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 19 SAN 80 HP 13
DAMAGE BONUS 0

WEAPONS: None carried; all at base percentages only.

SKILLS: Accounting 80%, Bargain 35%, Credit Rating 75%, Fast Talk 45%, History 55%, Law 85%, Library Use 45%, Listen 40%, Persuade 70%, Psychology 50%, Spanish 30%, Spot Hidden 40%

CARLOS CHAVEZ, PLANTATION OWNER

STR 16 CON 15 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 13
DEX 13 APP 12 EDU 13 SAN 63 HP 14
DAMAGE BONUS +1D4

WEAPONS: Fist 60%, damage 1D3+db Grapple 35%, damage special .38 revolver 40%, damage 1D10

SKILLS: Dodge 30%, Fast Talk 50%, Law 20%, Listen 35%, Persuade 45%, Psychology 20%, Ride 60%, Spot Hidden 45%

MAJOR WYATT SIMMONS, U.S. ARMY OFFICER

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 16 APP 12 EDU 15 SAN 50 HP 14
DAMAGE BONUS +1D4

WEAPONS: Fist 75%, damage 1D3+db

Grapple 55%, damage special .45 automatic 50%, damage 1D10+2 Thompson SMG 50%, damage 1D10+2 .30-06 bolt-action rifle 65%, damage 2D6+4

SKILLS: Climb 55%, Dodge 45%, Fast Talk 30%, First Aid 45%, Hide 40%, Listen 30%, Navigate 40%, Psychology 20%, Sneak 20%, Spanish 45%, Spot Hidden 45%, Track 45%

GENERAL JAMES PIEDMONT, JR.

STR 14 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 15 SAN 62 HP 15
DAMAGE BONUS +1D4

WEAPONS: Fist 60%, damage 1D3+db Grapple 50%, damage special .45 automatic pistol 55%, damage 1D10+2 .30-06 bolt-action rifle 50%, damage 2D6+4 Thompson SMG 40%, damage 1D10+2

SKILLS: Dodge 30%, Drive Auto 30%, Hide 30%, History 30%, Law 20%, Listen 30%, Navigate 40%, Persuade 40%, Ride 30%, Sneak 20%, Spanish 35%, Spot Hidden 35%, Throw 50%, Track 30%

GENERAL RAFAEL LOPEZ GUTIERREZ

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 13
DEX 10 APP 13 EDU 14 SAN 65 HP 14
DAMAGE BONUS +1D4

WEAPONS: Fist 65%, damage 1D3, .45 revolver 50%, damage 1D10+2 .30 bolt-action carbine rifle 45%, damage 2D6 Machete 65%, damage 1D6+1

SKILLS: Bargain 25%, Credit Rating 65%, Dodge 30%, English 45%, Fast Talk 30%, History 30%, Law 35%, Listen 40%, Archaeology 20%, Navigate 20%, Persuade 35%, Ride 55%, Sneak 20%, Spanish 70%, Spot Hidden 30%

SAM "THE BANANA MAN" ZEMURRAY

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 14
DEX 12 APP 13 EDU 14 SAN 70 HP 14
DAMAGE BONUS +1D4

WEAPONS: Fist 60%, damage 1D3+db 9mm automatic pistol 35%, damage 1D10 Thompson SMG 25%, damage 1D10+2 Machete 45%, damage 1D6+1

SKILLS: Bargain 70%, Dodge 30%, Fast Talk 60%, Hide 20%, Law 40%, Listen 45%, 75%, Psychology 50%, Russian 50%, Sneak 25%, Spanish 45%, Spot Hidden 50%

PAUL FARRELL, AMERICAN JOURNALIST

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 13

DEX 13 APP 12 EDU 15 SAN 59 HP 13

DAMAGE BONUS +0

WEAPONS: Fist 60%, damage 1D3 Kick 35%, damage 1D6
.38 revolver 30%, damage 1D10

SKILLS: Accounting 40%, Anthropology 15%, Bargain 30%,
Climb 50%, Conceal 30%, Credit Rating 30%, Dodge
40%, Fast Talk 70%, First Aid 40%, Hide 40%, History
60%, Library Use 40%, Listen 55%, Archaeology 20%,
Mechanical Repair 30%, Navigate 40%, Persuade 60%,
Psychology 40%, Ride 30%, Sneak 50%, Spanish 45%,
Spot Hidden 50%

RANDY KETCHUM, AMERICAN PILOT

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 13 POW 11

DEX 14 APP 13 EDU 12 SAN 51 HP 13

DAMAGE BONUS +1D4

WEAPONS: Fist 70%, damage 1D3 Kick 45%, damage
1D6 Large pocketknife 40%, damage 1D4 .45 revolver
60%, damage 1D10+2 Machine gun (aircraft-mounted)
50%, damage 2D6+3

SKILLS: Bargain 20%, Climb 55%, Credit Rating 25%, Dodge
35%, Electrical Repair 55%, Fast Talk 30%, First Aid
35%, Hide 25%, Jump 55%, Listen 30%, Archaeology
10%, Mechanical Repair 75%, Navigate 65%, Pilot
Aircraft 85%, Sneak 25%, Spanish 30%, Spot Hidden
60%, Throw 50%

LUIS NAVARRO, HONDURAN BANDIT

STR 13 CON 15 SIZ 15 INT 12 POW 12

DEX 12 APP 9 EDU 8 SAN 55 HP 15

DAMAGE BONUS +1D4

WEAPONS: Fist 80%, damage 1D3, Head butt 45%, damage
1D4, Grapple 70%, damage special Bowie knife 55%,
damage 1D4+2, Machete 60%, damage 1D6+1, .45
revolver 65%, damage 1D10+2, .30 bolt-action carbine
rifle 50%, damage 2D6

SKILLS: Climb 50%, Dodge 30%, English 25%, Hide 25%,
Listen 45%, Archaeology 15%, Natural History 45%,
Navigate 55% Ride 60%, Sneak 15%, Spanish 55%, Spot
Hidden 55%, Throw 55%, Track 50%

MIGUEL VIEGA, HONDURAN ARCHAEOLOGIST

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 12 INT 15+1 POW 11+16

DEX 13 APP 12-3 EDU 17+1 SAN 21 HP 11

DAMAGE BONUS +0

WEAPONS: Fist 55%, damage 1D3, Large knife or machete
35%, damage 1D6 or 1D6+1

SPELLS: Call/Dismiss Azathoth, Summon Servitor of the Outer
Gods, Voorish Sign, Create Gate

SKILLS: Archaeology 75%, Anthropology 50%, Astronomy
60%, Chorti (Maya Indian dialect) 70%, Climb 55%,
Cthulhu Mythos 45, Dodge 30%, English 35%, First Aid
30%, Hide 50%, History 70%, Jump 35%, Library Use
50%, Listen 35%, Archaeology 85%, Natural History
30%, Navigate 55%, Occult 25%, Psychology 20%, Ride
30%, Sneak 25%, Spanish 85%, Spot Hidden 65%

The alterations to Viega's statistics reflect his ordeal and
the added identity of Ah Chan. At any given time, Viega's stats
are the total of the two figures.

GENERAL TIBURCIO CARIAS ANDINO

STR 16 CON 16 SIZ 17 INT 14 POW 15

DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 12 SAN 66 HP 17

DAMAGE BONUS +1D6

WEAPONS: Fist 75%, damage 1D3, Grapple 45%, damage
special, .45 automatic pistol 50%, damage 1D10+2
Machete 55%, damage 1D6+1, .30-06 bolt-action rifle
65%, damage 2D6+4

SKILLS: Bargain 30%, Climb 50%, Credit Rating 60%, Dodge
35%, English 40%, Hide 25%, History 35%, Law 45%,
Listen 55%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Natural History
45%, Navigate 40%, Persuade 65%, Psychology 25%,
Ride 50%, Sneak 35%, Spanish 65%, Spot Hidden 55%,
Throw 45%

TYPICAL MULETEER / HONDURAN VILLAGER

STR 16 CON 13 SIZ 15 INT 11 POW 15

DEX 14 APP 12 EDU 10 SAN 60 HP 14

DAMAGE BONUS +1D4

WEAPONS: Fist 65%, damage 1D3, Grapple 45%, damage
special, Machete or large knife 55%, damage 1D6+1 or
1D6, .30-06 bolt-action rifle 45%, damage 2D6+4

SKILLS: Chorti (Maya) or Spanish 60%, Dodge 55%, English
25%, First Aid 40%, Hide 40%, Jump 55%, Listen 50%,
Natural History 65%, Navigate 70%, Ride 80%, Sneak
25%, Spot Hidden 35%, Tend Mules 70%, Track 45%

These are modest peasant folk with more interest in
self-preservation than in combat. 30% are of Maya Indian
extraction. The muleteers are hired to guide and transport goods
and people within the hills and rain forests of the Honduran
interior.

TYPICAL HONDURAN BANDIT-REBEL

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 15 INT 12 POW 11
DEX 15 APP 12 EDU 10 SAN 60 HP 13
DAMAGE BONUS +D4

WEAPONS: Fist 75%, damage 1D3, Grapple 55%, damage special, Machete or large knife 60%, damage 1D6+1, or 1D6, .38 revolver 55%, damage 1D10, .30-06 bolt-action rifle 65%, damage 2D6+4

SKILLS: Chorti (Maya) or Spanish 60%, Dodge 50%, English 20%, First Aid 40%, Hide 50%, Jump 40%, Listen 50%, Navigate 75%, Ride 65%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 50%, Track 50%

These men run the gamut from hardened criminals to villagers rendered homeless by destruction to Conservative supporters of Carias. They rob -- and kill -- as much for personal gain as to finance the revolution. 25% of these men are Maya Indians. For weaponry, 50% are armed with rifle only, 30% with rifle and revolver, and 20% with revolver only. All carry knives or machetes.

TYPICAL HONDURAN NATIONAL SOLDIER

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 16 POW 11
DEX 11 APP 12 EDU 10 SAN 55 HP 14
DAMAGE BONUS +D4

WEAPONS: Fist 65%, damage 1D3, Grapple 55%, damage special, Machete or large knife 50%, damage 1D6+1 or 1D6, .38 revolver 45%, damage 1D10, .30-06 bolt-action rifle 65%, damage 2D6+4

SKILLS: Chorti (Maya) or Spanish 65%, Dodge 45%, English 30%, First Aid 40%, Hide 35%, Jump 35%, Listen 40%, Navigate 55%, Ride 50%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 40%, Track 40%

These are troops allied with the deposed Gutierrez government, now aided by U.S. forces. 20% are of Maya Indian extraction. 60% are armed with rifle only, 20% with rifle and revolver, and another 20% with revolver only. All carry knives or machetes.

TYPICAL U.S. MARINE

STR 15 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 12
DEX 13 APP 14 EDU 15 SAN 55 HP 13
DAMAGE BONUS +D4

WEAPONS: Fist 70%, damage 1D3, Grapple 55%, damage special, Combat knife or machete 50%, damage 1D4+2 or 1D6+1, .38 revolver 55%, damage 1D10 .30-06 bolt-action rifle 65%, damage 2D6+4, Thompson SMG 50%, damage 1D10+2

SKILLS: Dodge 40%, First Aid 45%, Hide 35%, Jump 40%, Listen 40%, Sneak 30%, Spanish 25%, Spot Hidden 35%

American troops, armed as follows: 50% with rifle and revolver, 20% with revolver only, 20% with SMG only, and 10% with SMG and revolver. All carry combat knives or machetes.

AZATHOTH, (HUNAB KU), THE ULTIMATE CHAOS

STR NA CON 300 SIZ varies INT 0 POW 100
DEX NA MOVE 0 HP 300

WEAPONS: At the end of each round roll 1D6 to determine number of attacks and chance to hit; damage is 1D100;

1 = 100% 4 = 25%
2 = 50% 5 = 20%
3 = 33% 6 = 16%

ARMOR: None. Dispelled for 1d6 days by 300 HP damage. Takes 3D6 damage from an Elder Sign (which is destroyed by the contact).

SPELLS: Commands the Outer Gods and their powers, but apparently uses no spells per se.

SANITY LOSS: Alone, 1D10/1D100. See text.

The Daemon Sultan's massive earth-shattering blows cannot be Dodged. Allot attacks at multiple targets if desired.

5 OUTER GODS FROM AZATHOTH'S COURT

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5
STR	45	35	50	50	70
CON	90	25	85	100	50
SIZ	70	75	125	70	120
POW	50	16	80	50	20
DEX	13	9	8	14	1
MV	7	5	1	7	0
HP	80	50	105	85	85
DMG+	4D6	6D6	10D6	6D6	10D6
ATT	70	80	50	50	30

SANITY LOSS: Normally 1/1D20 alone. See text.

7 SERVITORS, ACCOMPANISTS TO CHAOS

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6	#7
STR	18	8	12	13	12	19	14
CON	21	18	20	20	14	19	13
SIZ	21	22	23	25	20	20	15
INT	15	18	17	20	20	17	15
POW	24	19	23	16	18	23	22
DEX	16	14	21	16	18	14	16
MOVE	7						
HP	21	20	22	23	17	20	14
DMG+	2D6	2D4	2D6	2D6	2D4	2D6	2D4

WEAPONS: Tentacles 45% (x2D6), damage as above

ARMOR: Normal weapons do not affect them; magic will do normal damage; regenerates 3 HP per round.

SANITY LOSS: Normally 1/1D10 alone. See text.

THINK TANK BY Scott Aniolowski

KEEPER'S INFORMATION

Recently an Antarctic exploration and research team has fallen prey to the dark machinations of the fungal Mi-go from Yuggoth. The Fungi have been mining the icy wastes of the frozen continent, extracting bits of the primal Ubbo-Sathla material from beneath the thick glacial ice as part of a diabolic alien plan.

The Mi-Go, with the aid of several alien prisoners, have been constructing a bio-mechanical vessel which they hope will be able to carry their plundering armies through time and space as they attempt to extend the web of their fiendish empire.

Unfortunately for them, the Antarctic team accidentally discovered the alien mining operation, and were quickly fallen upon by the Fungi, who slaughtered some of the humans and imprisoned the rest, taking them back to cold, abyssal Yuggoth.

As the investigators enter into this scenario with the discovery of their amnesiac colleague, the Fungi are nearing completion of their ultimate weapon on Yuggoth.

GETTING STARTED

The time is the present, and the date sometime in November or December. Late one afternoon, one of the investigators receives a call at his/her office from a man who identifies himself as Dr. Robert Finley, who is in residence at Boston General Hospital. Dr. Finley will ask for the investigator by name, stating that he wishes to see said investigator as soon as possible.

If the investigator inquires as to the nature of the doctor's business, he will simply say that it pertains to a colleague of the investigator's - one Steven Ziegler. Finley will not go into details over the phone.

The Keeper should "remind" the investigator that Steven Ziegler is indeed a friend, and that he was last known to be in the Antarctic as part of an American/Russian research team, and was not due to return to the United States for quite some time yet.

THE MYSTERIOUS STEVEN ZIEGLER

When the investigator arrives at the hospital, he is greeted by two men: one in a long white lab coat, and the other in a natty tweed suit. The man in the lab coat introduces himself as Dr. Robert Finley and his companion as Dr. Albert Warren, professor of Archaeology at Braun University. Dr. Finley explains that the investigator was called to the hospital because

Steven Ziegler was recently returned from the Antarctic under mysterious and disturbing circumstances.

At this point, Dr. Warren joins the conversation, explaining that Braun University and the University of Moscow had jointly sponsored an expedition to the Antarctic, an achievement in itself, considering the uncertain political climate in that strife-torn country.

The expedition was to take ice samples at various promising locations, with an eye to unearthing new fossil samples which might point the way to undiscovered sources of oil. The 11 man, 4 woman team was stationed at a central point for their research, at the Russian base Vostok.

Several days ago, all communications with Vostok station were lost. Teams from the Russian Mirny station and the Australian Davis station investigated, only to find the research facility had been abandoned. An intensive search of the area turned up five frozen bodies, and a stupefied Steven Ziegler. Nine members of the team were unaccounted for.

Dr. Finley will explain that the investigator's friend was transported back to the States, where he is now in the intensive care ward at Boston General, suffering from physical and mental shock.

He has severe frostbite, and is expected to lose several fingers, part of his nose, and a number of toes, if not an entire foot. The worst of it is that Steven is suffering from amnesia, and can recall nothing of those terrible events in Antarctica, his life, his work, or his friends.

The investigator was called in because on the long voyage home, when Ziegler would drop off into fitful sleep, he would mumble the investigator's name over and over. Also, having gained some reputation in certain important circles as something of an expert in the strange and unexplained, it was deemed advisable to see what he/she could offer.

If the investigator wishes to see Steven, it is allowed, though he will not recognize the investigator, and no amount of reminiscing will jog his memory. Ziegler is incapable of answering any questions concerning his past, his work, or the Antarctic expedition. In fact, his memory begins only when he first opened his eyes in this hospital bed three days ago.

AN INTERESTING PROPOSAL

After the investigator has had time to take in the entire story, he/she is hesitantly approached by Dr. Warren, who makes an unusual proposal.

Braun University is prepared to fund another expedition to Antarctica in an attempt to discover what became of the missing researchers, and what exactly happened at Vostok station. The investigator will be allowed to pick his own team, which will be

Dear Dad,

Well, you were right. This has been an incredible experience so far. It's really tough getting used to things down here - it's always day - 24 hours a day! I had a really hard time adjusting at first, but I think I'm getting used to it finally.

Of course, the food is horrible, we only get to shower once a week, and everything here is in Russian (I'm actually learning a little bit, myself).

Most of the team is okay, but I don't like this Pushkin kid - there's something about him I just don't trust, and I don't think he trusts me, either; actually, I don't think her trusts anyone. I always catch him giving me these really weird looks. Oh well, I just try to stay clear of him.

You know it's funny, except for the Pushkin creep the Russians are pretty nice people. I guess I expected them to be like in the movies. Maybe Pushkin's KGB!

There are some weird things happening here. Every other day we get some very strange tremors, and it is always the same.

Yesterday we found a big hole in the ice not far from here. I guess the professors all think it is a man-made hole, but boy is it big! And deep; they don't have any idea just how far down it goes!

We found a big, heavy cylinder of some sort near the hole. We brought it back here, but no one's figured how to open it yet. I never saw anything like this in any textbook before! I wonder what it is?

And the weirdest thing of all, now, is that on the day we found the hole I thought I spotted something red or pink flying off overhead - too big for a bird, but I couldn't make out what it was, because the sun was glaring in my eyes. The sun can make you see some pretty weird things, I guess.

I mentioned the pink thing to the others, but no one else said they saw anything, and no one seemed interested except Mr. Ziegler, but he's been acting really nervous or something ever since we found that hole. I wonder what his problem is?

He's asked me I don't know how many times about my flying object and I keep telling him the same things over and over again. I wonder what he's getting at?

Well, I gotta go - lots to do. I'll see ya real soon.

Love you,
J.T.

P.S. Dad - Thanks for getting me a spot here - its quite an experience and I'll never forget it.

transported to the station and back once their assignment is completed. In either case, each member of the team will be given a \$25,000 fee for their services.

THE BODIES

Two of the five frozen bodies discovered were from the American team, and the remaining three were Russian. If the investigators seek information on the Americans, they will learn that they are Professor Victor Howe and student Fred Pierson. Both bodies have been sent back to their families; however, Dr. Warren can get the investigators the medical reports and photographs of the bodies if they are requested.

According to the reports, death in both cases was caused by an intense burst of energy which left a large charred section of flesh in the chest area. Of special interest is a portion of the report which tells in vivid details how the brains of both victims had been neatly, surgically removed. Several photos of the bodies clearly support the medical reports, and SAN rolls are required for viewing them (0/1D6 SAN loss).

TO THE LAND OF FROZEN TIME

The trip to the Antarctic is a long and tedious one. The investigators will be flown from the States to New Zealand, and from there to Antarctica, the journey requiring approximately two days, with stops at Honolulu, Hawaii and Christchurch, New Zealand.

During the trip, the investigators will have a chance to be briefed thoroughly on the missing expedition and its members, as well as wilderness survival. Their instructor will be John Sinclair, professor of Archaeology at Braun University, who has made five successful and rewarding trips to the Antarctic in the past five years.

From Christchurch, the team will be flown by a Navy C-130 Hercules helicopter to McMurdo Sound, Antarctica. After a refueling layover, the 'chopper will continue on to Vostok station, which is located as Latitude 78° 12' south, Longitude 106° 52' east, at the coldest known place on earth - the polar plateau.

PROFESSOR SINCLAIR AND THE RUSSIANS

Joining the expedition in New Zealand is a team of five Russians sent by the University of Moscow to assist in the investigation. They are a suspicious bunch, who do not totally trust their American counterparts, and this should be played up by the Keeper as a red herring - pardon the pun.

Character stats can be found at the end of this scenario. These NPCs can be fleshed out as the Keeper desires, since they are of no real importance to the events which shall transpire.

VOSTOK STATION

Soviet-built Vostok station consists of a central structure and outbuildings; thick, squat, and grey, with years of ice and snow encrusted on its sides and roof. While heated and well insulated,

the climate within the structure is still very cool and dry, and the ever-present ice still creeps insidiously in through the smallest cracks.

Power generators are housed in a small shed just outside the station and attached to it by a service panel, while the team's exploration vehicles are kept in another squat structure attached to the main building by an enclosed tunnel that has long since been buried by drifting snow. Fuel is stored in a sunken insulated tank in the center of the vehicle garage.

The base sports five crew quarters, which each sleep four people, two well-stocked research labs, a small reference library, conference room, rec room, kitchen, kennel, toilet, shower, and plenty of storage space. All of the insignias, signs, and labels within the station are in Russian.

Lab 1: This room is full of electronic research equipment. Also found here are stacks of papers written in English and Russian which detail the team's day-to-day research, with notes on ice depths, fossil and mineral discoveries, and the like. There is also a rather fat file packed with what a successful Geology or Physics roll will identify as seismograms.

Anyone with a knowledge of Geology will quickly realize that these graphs are quite unusual in that they have recorded seismic activity that appears very abnormal. If the charts are studied for at least an hour and a successful Geology or Physics roll is made, the investigator will realize that these graphs show a repeating seismic movement which begins slowly, builds to monstrous magnitude, and then abruptly ends. The entire event lasts only about 90 seconds, but appears to occur every other day at approximately the same time. There would appear to be no natural explanation for these events.

A successful Spot Hidden roll by anyone who can read Russian will show that the last book of records and notes made by the lost team is missing. All of the other books can be found, with the last entry being a week before the last contact was made with the ill-fated expedition.

Reading through the record books will uncover nothing unusual, but will certainly require a great deal of time. There is no mention of uncommon seismic activity, and if the seismograms for that time period are checked, it will be clear that the tremors began about a week before final contact was made with the team.

Lab 2: This room is full of chemistry and medical equipment. Medical records on the missing expedition members are found in a file cabinet, although there is nothing unusual to be found within them. Because of the fine medical supplies kept at Vostok station, anyone using the First Aid skill here will be given a +10% to success, and an additional 1 hit point of healing.

There is nothing out of the ordinary to be found here.

Sickbay: This room is used to keep any injured or ill team members quarantined, since disease could spread quickly through such a small shelter. All seems to be in order, and the room appears to have been unoccupied for some time.

Library: About 90% of the books in this small library are in Russian, the remainder being in English. Most of the books are scientific in nature and used for research and reference,

Antarctica



THE ANTARCTIC - THE COLD FACTS

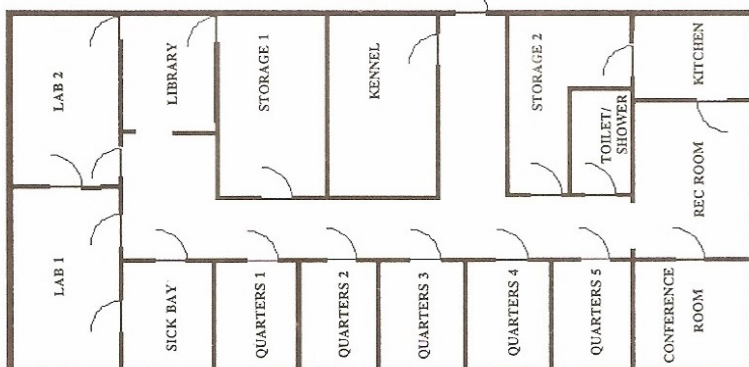
Antarctica is nearly 6,000,000 square miles of ice and snow. It is the fifth largest continent and is the coldest, windiest spot on the planet. The coldest recorded temperature in the antarctic is about -126° and winds of 200 mph have been recorded there. The ice in some areas is more than two miles thick, and the South Pole can actually be considered a desert, due to its low annual precipitation. The average altitude is 7,000 feet, making it the highest continent on Earth. Each year, billions of tons of ice break away from the continental ice shelves to become icebergs.

At the geographical South Pole there is no time, because the International Date Line terminates there, so one could move from one day to another by taking a single step. The magnetic South Pole is the spot in which the compass needle on a magnetic compass will point straight down. This point is constantly moving due to the rotation of the Earth.

Beneath the miles of ice and snow there is land, as opposed to the Arctic, which is completely ice. Plant and reptilian fossils have been discovered in Antarctica, indicating that the now-barren waste was once lushly forested.

The frozen south has its own ecological family, consisting of whales, seals, penguins, sea birds, and an assortment of fish and aquatic invertebrates.

There are two seasons in Antarctica - summer and winter. The summer consists of 24 hours of daylight, while the winter consists of just the opposite. Also, the seasons in the south are opposite of those in the north. Hence, November and December begin the summer season.



VOSTOK STATION

although there are a few literary classics for recreational reading. A successful Spot Hidden roll will let the investigator discover a soiled and well-worn copy of H.P. Lovecraft's *At the Mountains of Madness*.

Flipping through the book will reveal that the last page has been neatly folded in half. If the page is unfolded, the investigator will see that a star has been drawn next to the third-to-last paragraph of the story, which reads:

"He has on rare occasions whispered disjointed and irresponsible things about "The black pit," "the carven rim," "the proto-Shoggoths," "the windowless solids with five dimensions," "the nameless cylinder," "the elder Pharos," "Yog-Sothoth," "the primal white jelly," "the color out of space," "the wings," "the eyes in darkness," "the moon-ladder," "the original, the eternal, the undying," and other bizarre conceptions; but when he is fully himself he repudiates all this and attributes it to his curious and macabre reading of earlier years. Danforth, indeed, is known to be among the few who have ever dared go completely through that worm-riddled copy of the Necronomicon kept under lock and key in the college library."

Could this be a warning of some sort? Investigators familiar with the works of Lovecraft should know that the Mountains of Madness were reportedly located deep within the Antarctic continent - in the general area of Vostok Station.

Storage 1: This large room houses medical, chemical, and mechanical supplies, tools, and electronic parts. Against one wall is a large metal chest that is secured by a thick padlock. There is no indication as to what might be inside the trunk, and the key to the padlock is nowhere to be found. The investigators will have to break open the chest to reveal its contents.

The Nameless Cylinder: The trunk contains a number of blankets, which have been wrapped around a weird-looking cylinder. The thing is about six feet long and four feet around, is dull black in color, and has six sets of loop-like protrusions as each end and in the center.

The cylinder bears no markings, and has but one seam, which runs around one end of the artifact, like the lid of a jar. Its surface texture is warty and rough, feeling uncommonly cold to the touch, despite the relative warmth of its surroundings.

A Geology roll will be unable to identify the material, while a Cthulhu Mythos roll will reveal that it is the product of another world or dimension. The cylinder weighs nearly 800 pounds, requiring at least six people to lift it.

No matter how much physical abuse the cylinder takes, it will not crack, dent, or chip. Only a laser can cut the material, but there isn't one at Vostok Station; though there is a 10% chance that one of the nearby bases has one.

The cylinder is sensitive to ultraviolet light, which, if flashed over the cylinder in a prescribed pattern, will cause the lid to open. Anyone with Physics, Computer, or Electronics skills can set up a program of random patterns, after which 1D8 hours of waiting will be required for any result to be achieved.

The Primal White Jelly: Upon the opening of the cylinder a thick, viscous jelly-like material begins sluggishly oozing out,

choking the air with a bizarre and foul stench. The substance is like an oil spill with swirls of dirty white and grey slithering through the slick black puddle.

The stuff bubbles and festers for several minutes, but otherwise seems harmless unless it comes into contact with bare skin, in which case it sticks to the skin and begins to engulf that portion of flesh. The hapless victim of this event will sustain 1D4 points of damage every round until dead or freed of the primal jelly. Once hit points have reached 0, the victim has been totally absorbed into the formless mass and is forever gone, while the parent mass increases by the absorbed body's SIZ.

The mass has a STR of 45, which must be overcome in order to free a victim. A Cthulhu Mythos roll will identify this material as being closely associated with an Outer God of the Mythos.

The primal ooze is in fact a portion of the Outer God Ubbo-Sathla, which was mined by the Mi-Go and placed within the cylinder for transport to Yuggoth. This portion of the Unbegotten Source can function as an individual creature.

While terribly strong, the jelly has no intellect, and will simply remain where it is left, attempting to absorb who and whatever comes within its reach. It is susceptible to intense cold - far more intense than the frigid Antarctic air - and will become inert if frozen solid. This will require a bath in liquid Nitrogen, a single canister of which can be found in a locker in this room.

THE PRIMAL JELLY

STR	45	CON	38	SIZ	33	INT	0
POW	48	DEX	NA	HP	35	MV	0

WEAPON	ATTACK %	DAMAGE
Pseudopod*	25%	1D4

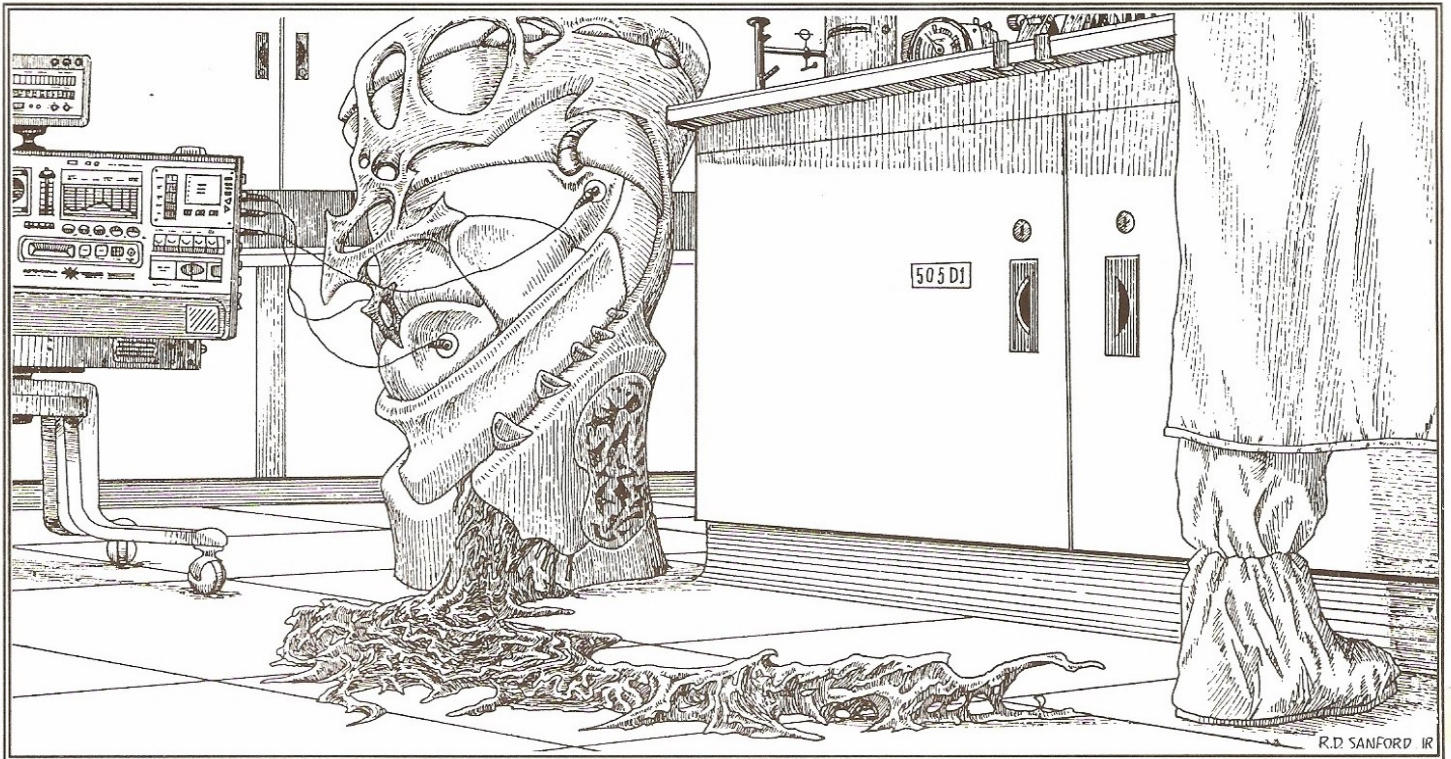
ARMOR: None, but all physical attacks will do only 1 point of damage, or 2 points on an impale. Fire, chemicals, or magic will do normal damage, but the jelly regenerates 3 hit points per round.

SPELLS: None

SAN: 1D3/1D10

*Once struck by a pseudopod, the victim must overcome the STR of the jelly to escape, otherwise it clings and continues to absorb until the victim is dead. The jelly will only have one pseudopod active at a time, and so must wait until one victim is absorbed to attack another.

Once the Primal Jelly has absorbed enough victims to double its own SIZ, the investigators will be witness to a rare and horrible sight. The slimy puddle begins to quiver and bubble, pseudopods and limbs forming all over the thing's fluid surface. These appendages lash out in every direction, clinging to walls, ceiling, furniture, nearby investigators - in short, anything in the room. With all of its appendages firmly anchored, the jelly will begin pulling in every direction at once, effectively stretching itself out. Within minutes, the thing will pull itself apart, and in



The Primal Jelly

its place are 1D6+2 new, smaller jellies.

The thing has just reproduced through a primitive form of cell division. Each new, smaller jelly has the same STR, CON, and POW of the original, while the SIZ at the time of the division is divided amongst the new creatures.

Witnessing the reproduction of this primal ooze costs 1/1D6 Sanity points. Some of the jellies will begin rolling and oozing around the floor; those that encounter doors or vents seep through or into them. These things can seep through the tiniest, thinnest cracks.

Unless stopped, the Primal Jellies will spread throughout the complex, mindlessly attacking and absorbing any living tissue they come into contact with. Whenever the jellies' SIZ reaches 60 or higher, they will also split into 1D6+2 new, smaller versions of themselves, and the horrid process will continue.

Kennel: This is the area where the team kept their sled dogs. The team from Mirny Station has been taking care of the dogs since the disappearances, and so they are in good health. There are a dozen large, hearty, and somewhat nervous dogs here.

Storage 2: This area is used mostly to keep food supplies for the team, and nothing unusual will be found here.

Toilet/Showers: There is nothing unusual in this small, communal bathroom, but note that showers here are a luxury not often taken, and that they will be luke-warm at best.

Kitchen: A small area where meals are prepared, with nothing pertinent to this scenario.

Rec Room: This room is the center of life in the station, especially when the team is kept inside by bad weather. Within this crowded chamber is a small TV and VCR with its small library of tapes, a table and 12 chairs, an exercise bike and free weights, a collection of board games, several decks of well-worn cards, and stacks of sadly out-of-date magazines.

If anyone checks the VCR they will find that there is a tape in the machine already. Watching the video shows that it was taken by the lost team, and is narrated, in Russian, by Dr. Boris Diaghilev.

As the tape runs, the investigators are shown scenes of the lost team trekking across the polar ice fields, taking readings and measurements and joking around in the snow.

Finally, the video gets interesting when scenes of a large, dark pit are displayed. Through Professor Sinclair, who translates, the investigators will learn that the hole, which Diaghilev believes to be artificial in origin, is the center of the odd seismic activity which they have been recently recording.

The doctor claims to have no hint as to what made the hole, and that it appears to be deeper than their available equipment can measure. With that statement, the tape ends.

There is nothing written on the cassette to indicate where this hole might be, and a successful Idea roll will call attention to the fact that its location was strangely missing from the doctor's report.

Conference Room: This room is a formal meeting area complete with a large oval table, chairs, chalk board, area maps, and the like. The station's radio equipment is also located in one corner. Nothing untoward is to be found here.

Quarters 1: This was the room of Dr. Boris Diaghilev and his

wife, Dr. Bella Diaghilev. A successful Spot Hidden roll made here will uncover a book stashed away behind a small trunk beneath the bed. This is the missing record book.

The book is written in Russian and details the weird nature of the seismic activity the team experienced. As the seismographs in the lab showed, the tremors start slowly, build to a wild peak, and then suddenly subside. This occurs at the same time every other day, and the writer cannot discern any natural cause of such a phenomenon.

A few pages before the final entry, the writer notes that the team has found a strange hole on the polar plateau not more than a few miles from the station. The odd formation seems to have been artificially created, measuring some 30 feet in diameter, and is of unknown depth.

The final entry states that the team is going out to the mysterious hole on the next day before the anticipated seismic activity in order to view the phenomenon at first hand. The remaining pages are blank.

Quarters 2: This was home to Valentina Gagorin, Dr. Clara Lockyer, and Alyson Price. There is nothing unusual to be found amongst their effects.

Quarters 3: This room was shared by Professor Victor Howe, Professor Nikita Vorkata, Harrison Krieger, and Steven Ziegler. Again, nothing unusual will be found here.

Quarters 4: This area was used by Leon Pasternak, Vladimir Pushkin, and J.T. Warren.

Among J.T.'s things is a letter to his father, Dr. Albert Warren, which he apparently had planned to send back on the next mail pickup. A Spot Hidden is required to find the letter, a copy of which is reproduced in the Handouts Section.

Quarters 5: These quarters were occupied by Alexander Korsakov, Yuri Tamm, and Fred Pierson. Nothing of any importance will be found here.

BUNKING UP

As stated, each of the staff quarters sleeps four, and so the investigators and their companions will have to divide the rooms up accordingly. Mikhail Turgenev will insist on bunking with fellow Russians, while the rest care little about whom they share a room with.

Anyone bunking with Dr. Godunov quickly discovers that he snores quite energetically. Anastasia Rytkeu (Russian Police) will be very watchful of any roommates, and will carefully go through the rest of the team's belongings in an effort to turn up clues. A successful Spot Hidden while snooping through Turgenev's things will uncover his steroids. There will be little else to gain by a search of the rest of the team's luggage.

THE TREMORS

The day following the investigators' arrival in Antarctica, the area will be shaken by a brief but intense quake. If the seismic

monitoring equipment is still operating, the activity will read out as identical to the movements reported by the lost team. This pattern will repeat every second day for the duration of the scenario.

THE INVESTIGATION

If the team decides to explore the area, search for the mysterious hole, or research the tremors, they may do so by several means.

The station is equipped with an arctic exploration "snow cat," a small plane, and three dogsleds.

If searching by plane, the mysterious pit will be located in 1D3 days; 1D6 days by snow cat, and 1D10 days by dogsled. Each day, there is a 25% chance that a typically harsh arctic storm will force the team to turn back or risk getting lost.

The pit is a dark, yawning chasm out of which wafts steaming, fetid vapors. The bottom of the pit is too far below and too shrouded in abyssal darkness to be seen, even with telephoto lenses. Small items dropped into the pit are swallowed up with no noise; larger items, such as a gas can, can be heard striking the bottom after a 60 second fall.

This is an entrance into the primal lair of the Outer God Ubbo-Sathla, the Unbegotten Source. Any activity at the edge of the chasm has a 25% chance of drawing the attention of 1D3 of the Spawn of Ubbo-Sathla (see page 124 of the 5th Edition *Call of Cthulhu* rules for information and stats for these Spawn).

Investigators brave enough to lower themselves down into the yawning icy pit will find themselves in a nightmare world. After an interminable descent, the investigators will begin noticing dark shapes moving about the walls of the chasm. The shaft is lined with the primal Spawn of Ubbo-Sathla, creatures of all manner of shapes and sizes, from small cat-sized blobs to behemoth tentacled things the size of elephants. The blasphemies squirm, slither, and crawl over the walls and across each other.

Occasionally one will swallow up another of its smaller kindred. Other Spawn shoot out filaments or pseudopods into the chasm, pulling in anything they contact and consuming them in disgusting fashion. Discovering this horde of Spawn will cost 1/1D8 Sanity points.

Investigators who remain in possession of their wits may escape the chasm by climbing back up the rope or calling to their companions to pull them up. Those who become unsettled by their Sanity losses will either fall or freeze on the rope, to be quickly scooped up by a ravaging Spawn.

Should the investigators attempt to drop explosives or something of SIZ 25 or larger into the pit, they will be in for a Sanity-shaking surprise. Seconds after the item reaches the bottom of the shaft or the explosive detonate, the ground will begin to tremble violently.

Without warning, a wave of oily black material erupts from the chasm, spilling out onto the ice like the gushing of some cursed oil well. Pseudopods, tentacles, and filaments form in the thick black pool, and all lash about blindly. This is the Unbegotten Source itself, Ubbo-Sathla, roused from its mindless bubbling at the bottom of the icy shaft.

All investigators must make Sanity rolls and suffer the loss of 1D8/5D10 Sanity points. Stats and information on Ubbo-

Sathla appear on page 124 of the 5th Edition *Call of Cthlu* rulebook.

Each round, the Outer God produces 1D10 of its unholy Spawn, which slither, flop, and creep across the ice, attracted by the slightest movement or sound. Ubbo-Sathla seeps back down into its lair in 1D4 rounds, taking all but 1D8 of its Spawn with it.

THE ALIEN MINERS

If the investigators do not disturb the Outer God below but simply observe the pit, they will witness something unusual within the first hour.

A dozen winged creatures descend from the sky and cluster about the pit. Sanity losses for these creatures is 0/1D6. The Mi-Go mining party has returned.

The Mi-Go bring with them several of the strange black cylinders and their mining device, which is a gleaming metallic sphere approximately ten feet in diameter. The mining sphere floats several yards above the ground, emitting a deep, resonant drone.

When the Yuggoth sphere is activated, the bottom portion opens iris-fashion and several metallic tubes snake out, their ends bearing triangular bits that open and closed with a snapping motion. The tubes plunge down into the dark pit, starting the ground shaking. The tubes then go rigid as the tremors intensify, another, thicker tube extending from the sphere to pump something thick and black into the metal cylinders, which the Mi-Go quickly cap as they become full of the bubbling ooze.

After about 90 seconds, the black slime ceases to flow from the largest tube, and the others snake up out of the icy shaft, upon which the tremors stop. All of the tubes retract into the sphere and the bottom portion closes. The Fungi secure the large cylinders, and the miners prepare to return to Yuggoth with their monstrous payload.

If the investigators have remained quietly in hiding, then the fungal creatures simply scoop up the cylinders and swoop up into the air with them. There is a chance that the departing creatures will spot the team from the sky (5% multiplied by the number of investigators present).

If they are spotted, the Fungi not carrying containment cylinders will turn and attack the team, using their power guns to stun the investigators.

Each stunned team member will be injected with a substance similar to Space Mead, which will allow them to be carried through the ether back to the Mi-Go base on Pluto. Any team members that flee will be hunted down and captured.

The Keeper may wish to have the Fungi make an attack on Vostok Station if the team is separated, to ensure that all investigators end up on Yuggoth. A little cheating on the part of the Keeper is allowable here, since the investigators must all be taken to Yuggoth in order for the remainder of this scenario to be played out.

Regardless of the outcome of this encounter, the Fungi will return to the mine every other day to extract more Ubbo-Sathla material. If the investigators have destroyed most of the Mi-Go present, the replacements from Yuggoth will be better prepared, and will attack Vostok Station with overwhelming forces.

Keeper's Note: For purposes of combat, use the average Mi-Go stats from the rulebook.

Mi-Go Weaponry: The Mi-Go power gun looks like a small, metallic-red coil with a loop at one end and an amber crystal at the other. The alien coil emits a shimmering pink beam from the crystal end, and anyone struck by the beam must match their CON against the gun's POW of 2D10+2 on the Resistance Table.

If the target is overcome, they are totally paralyzed for 6D10 minutes. Anyone overcoming the gun's effects remains unaffected until attacked again, at which time they must make the Resistance roll again.

Anyone overcome by the weapon must make a CON X 10 roll; failure means that the life-supporting muscles of their bodies have been paralyzed, and the victim will quickly die.

A roll of 98-100 indicates that the weapon has malfunctioned, and the beam will engulf both the gun and the Mi-Go wielding it. The gun will burn itself out, rendering itself useless and causing the Mi-Go to suffer its full effect.

The power gun's effect has a ten foot radius range, and can reach up to 20 yards. It should be noted that the controls of this weapon are so intricate and multiple that a human being cannot possibly make use of it.

YUGGOTH AND THE FUNGI

Yuggoth, or Pluto, was discovered by modern man in 1930, although ancient sorcerers knew of its existence for quite some time before. Pluto is nearly 4 billion miles from the sun, and has a diameter of only 1,864 miles and a mass 1/400 that of the Earth.

Dark Yuggoth has an atmosphere of icy methane as well as a frozen methane surface whose temperature hovers at approximately -350° F. This tiny planet revolves around the sun once every 248 years and a mean orbital speed of 3 miles per second.

Pluto's only moon, Charon, discovered in 1978, has a diameter of about 745 miles, and completes its orbit around the planet in six and a half days. Charon orbits 10,500 miles from his frozen parent, and has an atmosphere composed mostly of neon.

Bitter methane storms rage over the icy surface of Yuggoth, where only simple fungal and insect-like life forms can survive. Black rivers of pitch snake over the surface of the planet, while volcanoes spew sulfuric ash and other molten materials some 150 miles into the atmosphere. These materials can reach temperatures in excess of 700° F, and shower down upon the frozen surface, forming thick gaseous fogs and mists that would be deadly to inhale. The ice planet receives the barest minimum of light, keeping Pluto shrouded in an eerie twilight.

Yuggoth's life forms evolved in a drastically different manner than those on Earth. Simple fungal organisms evolved into intelligent, dominant species which went underground, where they could flourish and continue their evolution.

The Mi-Go are perhaps the oldest race in the galaxy, although they did not arrive on Earth until after several other races, as they began spreading out amongst the stars to expand

their colonies and form their mighty empire. The Fungi discovered a wealth of materials were to be had by plundering other planets, and so as their empire grew, so did their technology and their greed for additional resources.

Their empire began to crumble as they encountered and made war with other races of the universe, and soon they were pushed back to their home planet. While the fungal creatures still maintain small outposts on many worlds, their empire has been seriously - if not fatally - crippled.

Now, as the Mi-Go work at completing their time and space device, they are preparing their plundering armies for a new invasion of countless star systems in a mad attempt to rebuild their shattered empire.

The Mi-Go care little for art, aesthetics, or individualism; only the good of the colony and the race matter at all. They are dronelike, emotionless beings that know no fear, pleasure, or any other emotion known to humankind.

The Fungi do maintain a grudging respect for certain other beings of the Mythos, whom they deal with cautiously, and only out of necessity.

A number of the Outer Gods and Great Old Ones are worshipped by the Mi-Go for the power and knowledge they offer to impart. These deities include Abhoth, Daoloth, Nyarlathotep, Rhan-Tegoth, Shub-Niggurath, and Ubbo-Sathla.

There are several different species of Fungi, although the Mi-Go are about the only type encountered outside mysterious Yuggoth, and they seem to be the most numerous. The Mi-Go may act as drone workers and scouts for the Fungi colony, leaving the unseen species to other tasks.

THE FUNGI METROPOLIS

The Fungi city is composed of cavernous chambers and tunnels, some natural but mostly fungi-made. The heart of the complex is the hive, where the Mi-Go dwell; the rest of the miles of tunnels and chambers spread weblike off from this core.

The caverns are fungi-encrusted areas where weird growths tower up to awesome heights or depend from the ceilings or walls in bulbous lumps, pustulant clumps, and sickly strands, all of which give off a multihued half-light that is the only illumination in the caverns.

The connecting tunnels have all been created by the Mi-Go, and are glass-smooth and quite slippery to walk on. They are for the most part lightless except at their ends, where the fungal growths have intruded slightly. Disturbing sounds emanate from the weird growths, and the whole place is thick with the cloying odour of decay.

Some areas of the Mi-Go city complex are sheathed in miasmatic rot, and pools of decomposing fibers and assorted debris are common. The whole of this alien city of death is cold yet humid; stinking water drips and flows down walls in steady streams, contributing another smell to the stench of the place.

Horrible, bloated insect-like creatures buzz in clouds around certain fat fungal clusters, while pallid, wormy things squirm and writhe through the undergrowth.

The whole place is so bizarre and totally alien that investigators will suffer the loss of 1D3 SAN points for each

day they spend in the Necropolis.

THE PRISON

When the investigators regain consciousness from the journey to Yuggoth, they will find themselves in a vast, gloomy chamber, the only light coming from a cluster of a dozen towering fungal growths with warty green skin.

The investigators will also discover that they are hanging suspended above the cavern floor, held individually within a semi-transparent, saclike bladder, anchored to the invisible ceiling by a thin, fibrous cord.

These bladders are a form of fungi which the Mi-Go use to hold their prisoners, and as such they are quite resilient. To break open the bladder, an investigator must match his STR against that of the fungal sac. A bladder's STR is equal to the investigator's SIZ + 2D10.

When the skin of the sac is ruptured, the bladder bursts like a balloon, dropping its human contents to the floor some 10 feet below (Keepers, check for falling damage). Liberated investigators may reach their still-imprisoned companions by climbing the glowing fungal clusters which, while quite messy, is a quite harmless activity.

Also imprisoned here are Alexander Korsakov, Harrison Krieger, Alyson Price, Vladimir Pushkin, and J.T. Warren of the missing Vostok Station expedition.

The remaining members of the missing team are not to be found. Their companions have no idea what became of them; all they know for certain is that the strange pink creatures took them away several days ago, and they have not been seen again.

The Vostok team members are not in good shape, as they have had nothing to eat or drink in several days, and are suffering mental and physical shock. They cannot be of any assistance to the investigators other than to tell them that they were each asked many scientific questions by the horrid pink creatures, questions which dealt primarily with physics and the nature of time.

The investigators will find that they have everything with them that they had when snatched up by the Mi-Go. They will also discover that they can breathe and otherwise function normally in this alien place.

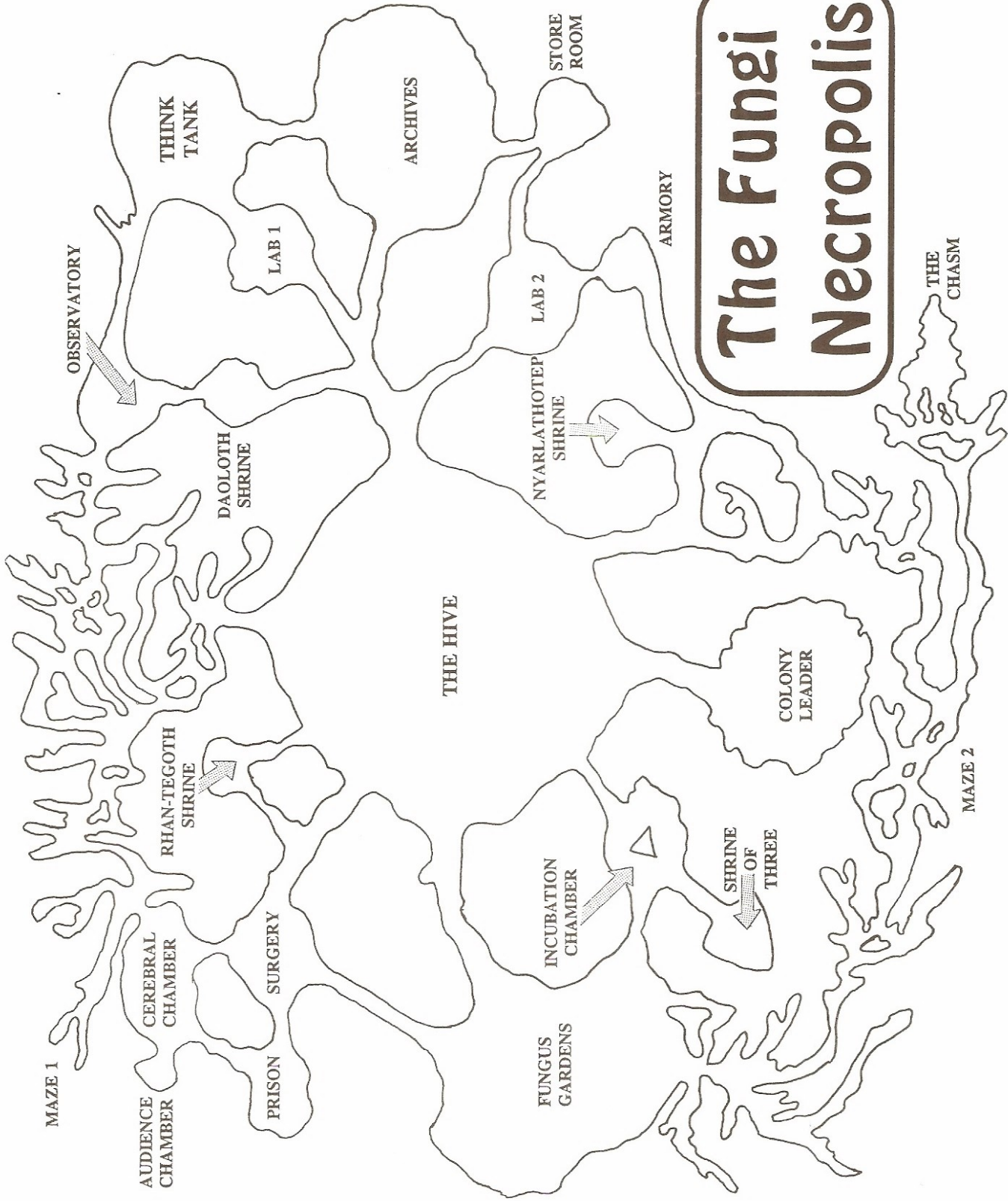
The drug that the Mi-Go injected into them allows the investigators to survive in the atmosphere of Yuggoth, but when they return to Earth, each investigator will be required to make a CON X 1 roll on 1D100. Failure will mean that the investigator will be seriously ill for 20-CON weeks as their systems flush the drug from their bodies.

Any investigator succeeding with the CON roll will readjust immediately to the Earth's atmosphere. Stricken investigators will run high fevers, hallucinate, become violently ill, and suffer from painful muscle cramps.

KEEPER'S NOTE: Vladimir Pushkin is totally insane. His actions will appear a bit odd, but will be no cause for alarm until the group encounters anything which requires a SAN roll. At that point he will begin laughing wildly, his mad mirth increasing as he runs off down a random tunnel.

Pushkin will consider his companions to be his enemies, and

The Fungi Necropolis



he will begin to stalk them, pouncing and killing whenever the opportunity presents itself. He will rely on his military training to hunt the investigators, as well as to survive in the fungal caverns. In his maddened state, Pushkin is totally oblivious to the Mi-Go, a fact which may very well prove his doom.

SURGERY

This chamber is different from the others in that the floor, walls, and ceiling are covered by pristinely white tiles. As the investigators enter, they will detect an odd static charge in the air, and for a few moments after passing through an opening into the chamber, static sparks will leap from everything they touch.

The Fungi have electrically sterilized this area by charging the very air; there are no fungal growths here, and the air smells nearly clean and reasonably fresh. This operating theater is brightly illuminated by an extensive, random pattern of glowing symbols in the ceiling.

This area is used by the Mi-Go to perform their infamous surgeries, including the removal of brains for storage in the brain canisters. Banks and columns of weird and totally alien instruments crowd the room and cluster around several tables that float unsupported about four feet above the floor.

When the investigators arrive here there will be no aliens present, although the cold and lifeless body of Dr. Carla Lockyer will be found lying atop one of these floating tables. Investigation will show that the good doctor's head has been neatly cut open and her brain removed. This sight requires a SAN roll or the loss of 1D6 SAN, or a 1 point loss on a successful roll. In the center of the room is a large pit, where bodies and unsuccessful experiments are disposed of. The investigators will be unable to clearly make out the bottom of the pit, but they will be aware of vague and furtive movements, and of a sickening slopping sound emanating from the darkness. This is a nameless genetic creation whose sole purpose is to devour those grisly leftovers created by the experimenting Mi-Go.

Should any investigator be fool enough to go down into the pit, he will be grabbed by that which dwells there and torn to shreds, the sounds of which will call for a SAN roll with the loss of 1/1D6 points of Sanity riding in the balance.

CEREBRAL CHAMBER

This is a cathedral-like chamber which reaches upwards far beyond human sight into cold and silent darkness. The whole of the chamber is full of strange metallic canisters which, if the investigators have dealt with the Mi-Go before, will be easily recognizable as brain canisters. Millions of these canisters are stored here.

In the center of the chamber is a six foot high, cone-shaped device studded with crystalline nodules that blink and glow through the entire spectrum of colors. This is a records-keeper, and within it is stored the location and identification of every brain canister in the chamber, although its workings are far beyond human comprehension.

THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER

This room is dark and empty, save for a platform atop which rests several bizarre machines with myriad blunt, spiked protrusions, long, flexible cords, and speaker-like areas. This is where the Mi-Go converse with their brain-canistered prisoners, with the help of these machines.

The canisters attach to the device, which allows the brain to see, hear, and speak. These machines are far more advanced than any the investigators may have encountered during their Earthly adventures, for these can generate a 3D holographic image of the brain's long-discarded body.

This image moves and gestures and speaks as if it were a living being, even to the point of reacting to external stimuli and speaking directly to the being operating the machine.

A successful Mechanical Repair or Electrical Repair roll will allow the investigators to activate one of the devices. The brain canister of Professor Victor Howe is already attached to one of the devices, but the ordeal has proven too much for him, and the poor wretch is quite insane. If this canister is activated, Howe will only sob and scream wildly unless a successful Psychoanalysis roll can be made, in which case he calms slightly and spouts the following:

"The Think Tank! The Think Tank! They have gone beyond all morality and science; they are going to bend it, break it, go beyond frail reality and send their plundering armies through all of existence, spreading like a plague and robbing the Universe of its treasures! The Empire will sweep all the rest away and the Earth will fall with the rest as the infestation spreads - corrupts - destroys! My God! They seek to tear through the veil of space and time!"

At that, the insane professor will break into sobs and soul-wrenching moans, and will be of no further assistance. This will bring 1D3 Mi-Go from a nearby area to investigate. The investigators will hear them approaching with a successful Listen roll. For purposes of combat, use the typical Mi-Go stats from the rulebook.

THE MI-GO LIGHTNING GUN

This trio of Mi-Go carry a new type of weapon, the lightning gun, which looks like a warped piece of triangular metal with three triangular holes, and is the device which killed the five members of the lost expedition. The device casts out a powerful beam of energy that can only be detected as a faint wavering of the air.

Upon striking its target, the power beam explodes with a brilliant blue-white flash that leaves flesh charred and metal seared and brittle. This device will malfunction on a roll of 90 to 100, and when this occurs, there is a brilliant flash and the weapon vaporizes, along with its wielder.

An Electrical Repair roll made at one quarter normal chance will allow an investigator a 10% chance of using the weapon, but remember, the malfunction roll applies to humans as well as Mi-Go. Investigators will never have more than a 10% skill at

using this device, even with successful use and experience.

THE RHAN-TEGOTH SHRINE

This roughly circular chamber glows eerily from sickly red fungal slimes that hang in sheets from the low ceiling. The center of the room is taken up by a statue which stands some ten feet high, nearly touching the ceiling of the chamber.

The statue is of a creature with three large, fish-like eyes and a long snout, six crab-clawed arms and an amphibious body covered with short tentacles. Viewing this idol calls for a SAN roll or the loss of 1D6 SAN. There is nothing in this chamber other than the image of the Great Old One Rhan-Tegoth, a minor deity of the Fungi.

MAZE 1

These are tunnels and passages that have been mined out by the Fungi in their search for the substance from which they brew the fabled Plutonian Drug. If any of the investigators have ever taken the rug, a successful KNOW roll will allow them to make out a scent in the tunnels that is identical to that of the mind-altering drug. Unless they have an actual formula for the drug, the investigators will not be able to identify which substance is the one required to create the Drug.

Once in the maze, the investigators will become quickly lost, and will require a successful Track to find their way out again.

The maze opens into the Cerebral Chambers, the Observatory, and the Hive, and there is a 33% chance that the investigators will end up in any one of those areas, even if they have just left that place. On a roll of 2D10, 1-33 = Cerebral Chambers, 34-66 = Hive, and 67-100 = Observatory. Because of the weird and alien angles and slightly unnatural twistings of these passages, the Make Maps skill will be of no use in navigating through The Maze.

FUNGUS GARDENS

This huge cavern is used by the aliens to cultivate a nearly endless variety of fungal growths. Towering fingers of jet-black fungus loom out of sight into the darkness above, sickly green toadstools with thick purple veins and short, grape-like clusters of brilliant red puffballs clutter the floor, while sheets and drapes of weird, fibrous stuff depends limply from walls, or dangles down out of the impenetrable darkness overhead.

Giant yellow puffballs with pulsing red veins float about the cavern, bouncing off oddly vibrating masses of twisted pink fronds and clumps of slime-dripping moulds.

There will always be 2D10 Mi-Go in this cavern, harvesting spores and caring for their blighted crop. These growths are being cultivated for transplantation to other Fungi outposts throughout the Universe as their plan for conquest sees fruition.

Again, these Mi-Go are average, as per the rulebook, but they do possess lightning guns as previously described. For the sake of variety, the Keeper may adjust hit points and related stats up or down by up to 3 points.

THE INCUBATION CHAMBER

This chamber is quite cold and damp, the temperature hovering at the freezing point. The floor is hidden from sight by a blanket of thick, icy muck. The chamber has only one feature - a huge, blunt triangular pillar that measures more than 500 feet to a side and reaches up into the frigid gloom some 2,000 feet above.

Each face of the pillar is riddled with triangular holes from which flows a noxious vapor. Within each of these holes is a gauzy lump which squirms and pulsates in a most offensive manner. These are fledgling Mi-Go which have not yet fully developed and torn free of their spore-sacs.

If the investigators tarry long here, they may well witness the "birth" of a Mi-Go, as one of the sacs splits open, releasing a semi-liquid, pusslike substance and a squat, pinkish thing which immediately flies out of the birthing chamber and down one of the tunnels. There will always be 1D20 average Mi-Go (without lightning guns, however) attending the unborn creatures.

SHRINE OF THE THREE

This chamber is pyramidal in shape, the walls glass-smooth and polished to a reflective gloss. No fungi grows here, but the room is still illuminated by three huge glowing symbols, set one to a wall. The floor is totally submerged beneath an ankle-deep layer of bubbling black ooze. A platform 35 feet in diameter rises ten feet above the pool of muck, and is also intricately carved with alien glyphs.

A pedestal rises from the center of the platform, and atop this rests a large clear crystal, or perhaps a piece of ice with three irregular facets.

There are three other pedestals in the chamber; each rises out of the muck about 12 feet, one on each side of the room. Atop each pedestal rests a statue. Two are of amorphous, blob-like things, while the third is of a being with ropy tentacles, numerous mouths, and hoofed legs. While the two amorphous idols appear at first to be similar, they indeed depict two different creatures.

A SAN roll is required for each statue, or a loss of 1D4 SAN is taken for each missed roll. These are representations of Abthoth, Shub-Niggurath, and Ubbo-Sathla, and three successful Mythos rolls will identify them as such.

The entrance tunnel to this chamber is 20 feet above the floor, making it rather difficult for any but flying creatures to get to the platform without falling into the roiling black muck. This muck is primal ooze, and is very much alive - any investigator luckless enough to plunge into the mire will be engulfed by ropy tentacles and formless folds, to be dragged down to a horrible black death as they are assimilated into this primal tissue.

This chamber is a shrine of fertility dedicated to the three Outer Gods, whose gross likenesses adorn the unholy cathedral. The faceted crystal is used by the Fungi to contact these deities. The crystal is three feet in rough diameter, weighing approximately 1,500 pounds. It adds +50% to any Call or Contact spell for the three deities worshipped here.

Each facet of the crystal is in effect a window into the realms of the abhominable trinity; unfortunately, the Outer Gods can peer through their facet of the crystal at any time, observing what is taking place on this side. Anyone peering into the crystal runs a 45% chance of coming face to face(?) with one of the three Outer Gods, with the appropriate Sanity penalties as described in the rulebook.

There is a 33% chance that a group of 1D4 average Mi-Go will be in contact with one of the deities as the investigators enter this chamber. If this is the case, a successful Spot Hidden roll will allow an unprepared investigator or unwitting NPC to get a clear view of the entity contacted!

MAZE 2

These miles of twisting tunnels will require a successful Track roll to navigate with any degree of accuracy. This system of passages has been for the most part abandoned, and so is thickly overgrown with the assorted fungi seen throughout the Necropolis. In some areas, investigators will have to hack their way through a particularly dense patch of growth.

It will require roughly 10 hours to successfully negotiate these tunnels, unless a Track roll is missed and the investigators become lost. Plus, for every hour spent here, there will be a 10% chance of stumbling onto a group of 1D10 average Mi-Go, though a successful Listen roll will alert them to the creatures' approach.

If the investigators are discovered, the Mi-Go will attempt to drive them towards The Chasm to meet their demise.

THE CHASM

As the investigators near this gaping maw in the planet, they will notice an obvious temperature change, the air growing warmer as they approach the precipice. A sickly glow permeates the air, and intensifies as the party nears the end of the approach tunnel. An Idea roll at this point will draw attention to the fact that the fungal life present in this area appears even more alien and horrid. A successful Treat Poison or Diagnose Disease roll will explain this to be the effect of radiation poisoning.

If they continue on to the brink, the investigators will find that what lies before them is a seemingly bottomless chasm from which pours an uncomfortable heat and a form of illumination which is painful to observe. A successful Physics roll will alert the investigators to the possible presence of radiation in this area.

There is nowhere to go from this location but back; the far side of the chasm cannot even be seen, and any investigators wishing to descend into the chasm are doomed.

The Mi-Go get most of their energy from a reactor they have constructed near the center of the planet, which is powered by the Seeds of Azathoth which they have found throughout the galaxy and have inexplicably harnessed.

Because of the sheer power emitted by the reactor, the excess energy is vented through Yuggoth's crust as volcanic activity. Such activity split open this tunnel, exposing the area to the raw, chaotic power of the Seeds.

Investigators tarrying here too long run the serious risk of radiation contamination, which can only be treated by experts back on Earth.

THE HIVE

This vast cavern is more than a mile in diameter, and several miles high. This is the core of the Fungi Necropolis, the place where the Mi-Go dwell. The walls of the chamber are crowded with millions and millions of dark recesses where the Fungi hibernate when their presence is not required.

To cross this chamber unnoticed, each member of the party must make successful Hide, Sneak, and Luck rolls; failure at any roll by any party member will draw unwanted attention, spelling utter disaster as hordes of Fungi swoop down on the hapless humans, either killing or recapturing them and returning them to the chamber in which they first awoke.

Unlike the other chambers of this complex, this one boasts an opening to the outside world, some four thousand feet from the floor, though with countless Mi-Go infesting this chamber, it would be impossible to reach the opening without being discovered.

The alien buzz of the Fungi is deafening here, and the sight of this blighted vista is so mind-twisting that each investigator must make a SAN roll or suffer the loss of 6 Sanity points. Even a successful roll will cost 1 point of SAN.

Besides Mi-Go, another type of Fungi will be seen in this area - the Greater Mi-Go.

Greater Mi-Go (Greater Independent Race)

The Greater Mi-Go are quite similar to their average brethren, except that they are of a much greater size, and are jet black with purple splotches. These beings function as overlords, and are seldom encountered outside Yuggoth, though they do command outposts on different worlds. These creatures are more cunning, more powerful, and more intelligent than their smaller counterparts (+1d10 to all characteristics).

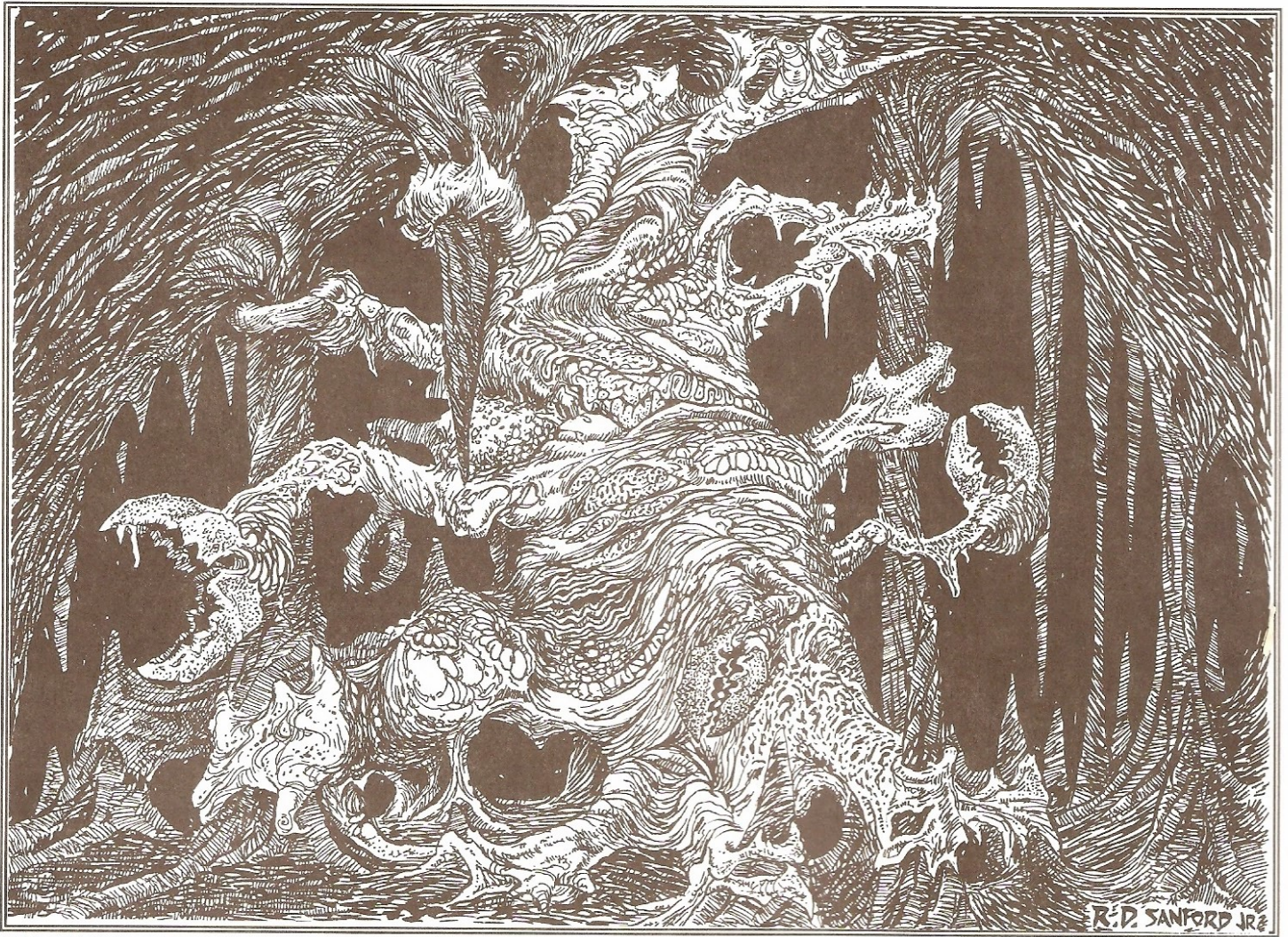
The Colony Leader

This is the very seat of power of the Mi-Go Empire. Within this huge cavern resides the Fungi colony leader - an alien mutant that presides over all the Mi-Go and their territories.

The sight which will face the investigators is utterly alien. A towering column of festering fungal tissue with myriad feelers, blistered appendages, and brainlike organs writhe and pulsate in the center of the room, while many Mi-Go and Greater Mi-Go buzz around it cleaning bits of decay away, feeding it and conferring with the ungodly mass.

The leader is composed of various colored patches of growth, and the whole thing glows through a hideous spectrum of sickly colors. The insect-buzz of this creature is near deafening.

This being is solely responsible for the procreation of all the Mi-Go races, and when needed, it simply excretes clouds of specific spores that are then incubated into adult Fungi. The



The Colony Leader

Colony Leader directs the Mi-Go Empire through the Greater Mi-Go, and alone decides every action of its subordinates.

The creature possess a multi-layered intelligence, and so may process hundreds of diverse pieces of information and acting on them in much the same manner as a mainframe computer, though a thousand times more efficiently. Each of its different brainlike organs functions as an individual mind, yet all are somehow connected. Should a sub-brain be destroyed or another required, the Leader will simply grow another.

While this abomination possesses wings, they are quite useless, and the thing is incapable of any unassisted movement. Even the thing's many appendages are ineffectual as weapons, although the Leader can defend itself by calling on the Mi-Go, and by using its spells.

MORE ON THE HIVE

The walls of this cavern are pitted with niches in which servant Mi-Go dwell. The Colony Leader's court consists of 2D6+3 Greater Mi-Go and 4D10+10 average Mi-Go at any given time. These creatures will protect their Leader at all costs, sacrificing their own existence as a basic duty to the Hive.

It should be noted here that, should the Hive Leader be destroyed, a selected Greater Mi-Go will begin to undergo a

metamorphosis that will mutate it into a replacement Leader. This process requires a full week, during which time the Mi-Go will be directionless, and can pose no further threat to the investigators.

For purposes of combat, treat all Greater Mi-Go as having the characteristics previously described and +15% to all skills, while all normal Mi-Go are average as per the rulebook.

NYARLATHOTEP SHRINE

The Mi-Go, over the ages, have probably had more dealings with remorseless Nyarlathotep than with any other of the Mythos deities. In its many forms, the Crawling Chaos has given aid to the Fungi through powerful alien technology and cursed magic as it enlisted the creatures into its own service.

This chamber is perhaps the most unsettling in the entire complex. The first thing noticed on entering is a heavy, repulsive aura of purest, alien evil. The room has no visible light source, yet the entire chamber glows with an ultra-violet glow, as if the very air itself were charged.

Even the ever-present fungal growths are deathly pale and washed out, as though hovering at death's cold door. The ground under foot is sere and corrupt, and the air is heavy and stagnant.

The most unsettling sight, however, is that of the one thousand stupefying idols which occupy this chamber.

The Mi-Go have gathered here in this foul shrine statues of the thousand different forms of the Outer God. The sight of this blasphemous gallery screams for a SAN roll or the loss of 1D20 SAN; a successful roll still results in the loss of 1D8 SAN. An Idea roll here will allow an investigator to realize that the weird black light which illuminates this chamber is emanating from the collection of statues.

Touching any of the idols results in the loss of 1 point of POW and 1D4 SAN. Should any of the investigators speak the name "Nyarlathotep" within this chamber, there is a 10% cumulative chance that the evil god's attention will be drawn to this place, and that it will respond by causing a Hunting Horror to manifest in the cavern.

The actual destruction of any of the statues is sure to bring some sort of immediate and most certainly horrible response, including a 5% chance of a manifestation of Nyarlathotep itself, in the form described by the ruined statue.

Lab 2

This chamber is a giant foundry wherein are forged the tools and weaponry of the Mi-Go. A giant steaming vat rests in the center of the chamber, myriad pipes and controls attached, performing all manner of unmentionable tasks.

The pipes and tubes snake off into other, smaller vats, and into outre machines that hiss and whistle in ways no Terran machine could duplicate.

Near the central vat rest several of the cylinders such as the ones the Mi-Go used to transport the Ubbo-Sathla tissue from Earth to Yuggoth. But these carried less frightful cargo - strange and rare minerals mined from farflung worlds scattered across the Universe.

Mi-Go are constantly dumping the contents of these cylinders into the molten contents of the vats, while others swoop down from above with full canisters. A large open space is clearly visible in the ceiling of this chamber, some 600 feet overhead.

At the far end of the chamber is an area where a group of Mi-Go are busy building the Fungi weapons. Other, totally bizarre devices are also being constructed from weird transparent spheres, multihued crystals, and odd lengths of curiously twisted metals.

1D10 average Mi-Go will be present in this room at any given time, but they are so preoccupied with their tasks that the investigators will have no difficulty traversing this chamber undetected.

ARMORY

This area is piled high with the Fungi's weapons of war. Ominous-looking clumps of twisted metal and fused crystals fill this chamber to near capacity. 1D20 average Mi-Go are present here at any time, and judging by their agitated state, it is clear that something portentous is in the offing.

A similar collection of alien machinery can be found in The Store Room.

DAOLOTH SHRINE

This is a chamber of outre madness. Within the center of this otherwise empty chamber is an alien icon of a being composed of disturbing geometric shapes. The image is vague at best, as there is little light here, and that which is present is totally malignant, and is more of an "anti-light." The statue appears to alter its form continually, although the human eye cannot fully focus on the object, though what can be seen will cost 1/1D6 SAN.

Everyone within this bizarre shrine must match their POW against a POW of 25 on the Resistance Table. All who win are unaffected by the presence of the Daoloth idol; however, those who fail are overcome by the illogical image before them, and will be visited by a ghastly vision of the Mythos, as selected by a 1D8 roll.

1. Primal Earth - The botanical Elder Things are toiling away within their labs, brewing up a batch of Shoggoth matter. Sanity loss is 1D6/1D20.
2. Earth of the Far Future - A mass of intelligent beetles with jet black shells and metallic wings scurry about, constructing some alien machine. Sanity loss is 1/1D4.
3. An Alien Planet - Huge, cyclopean cities spread across the entire planet, populated by a mixture of humanoid creatures, though a glimpse will be had of a cat-headed woman. This is Celano, home of the Elder Gods, though seen in the far distant past. Sanity loss is 0/1.
4. Darkness of Deep Space - Within view is a mass of iridescent globes which shift and alter in an incredibly alien fashion. This of course is Yog-Sothoth. Sanity loss is 1/1D10.
5. A planet which appears to be Earth, though it has been infested by the Mi-Go. The Fungi appear to be in total control of the planet, from which they are clearly plundering all its resources. This view of Earth's possible future calls for a 1/1D10 SAN loss.
6. Space - A biomechanical planetoid plunges through the curtains of time and space. Within the great machine await the armies of the Mi-Go, prepared for the conquest and plundering of unsuspecting worlds. SAN loss is 1/1D10.
7. This vision begins as a glowing image of a strange machine constructed of a conglomeration of metallic spheres, globes, and other geometric forms. The whole thing spins in such a manner that it blurs into an indistinct form. Blinding, greenish light wells forth out of the center of this image, playing over an elephantine horror with webbed ears, a trunk ending in a flaring disk, and intertwined crystalline tusks.
This vision of dread Chaugnar Faugn calls for the loss of 1D4/2D10 SAN.
8. An Alien World or Dimension - A room whose column-lined

walls stretch up beyond the field of vision. In the center of the floor is a great jagged fissure running from wall to wall. A group of men with metallic, hooded robes are gathered around the edge of the fissure. Suddenly, something huge and totally alien looms out of the crack, a being composed of countless geometric shapes. The thing suddenly expands, engulfing several of the now-fleeing figures. This horrible vision of Daoloth costs 1D10/1D100 SAN.

Should any unlucky investigator roll a 99-00 while attempting the POW struggle, he will experience a totally different type of vision. Such unfortunates will be able to see how reality extends into the last dimension, and be given a glimpse of the world *as it really is!*

If this occurs, the investigator will suffer an automatic loss of 1D100 SAN. Everything is now different, tainted. Fellow investigators are now pulsing masses of primal jelly, and all other objects are quite insane-looking. If the investigator has not gone completely mad, friends may attempt to restrain him by matching their STR with their companion's STR on the Resistance Table.

Note that an investigator suffering in this manner will be unable to perceive sounds normally, and may very well interpret the primal masses that are his friends as Mythos monsters to be destroyed. This frightening affliction will last for 3D10 minutes.

Finally, a successful Spot Hidden made in this chamber will allow the investigators to discover a foot-long egg-shaped device that is hidden away in the base of the Daoloth statue. The thing emits an unusual, though not entirely disturbing whistling sound.

This object can be identified with a successful Mythos roll as a Crystallizer of Dreams. This object will allow a dreamer to temporarily bring an object out of the Dreamlands and into waking reality. For further information, consult Chaosium's *Dreamlands* sourcebook.

OBSERVATORY

This area is bitterly cold and open to the icy sky above through a huge, gaping hole in the ceiling. An incredible conglomeration of highly polished crystal spheres hang in a gargantuan grape cluster, supported in some incomprehensible manner directly beneath the opening. The entire chamber is alive with interstellar light refracted through the fabulous crystalline construct.

The investigators may suspect that this is a statue of Yog-Sothoth, and if so, the Keeper should not advise them otherwise. In reality, this is the Mi-Go observatory.

By peering into any of the crystal spheres, a different view of the Universe can be seen. The Fungi can focus in on any part of the Universe they desire, but the investigators will have to settle on whatever random views the device presently displays.

While examining this alien telescope, one investigator should be lucky enough to catch a glimpse of the Earth. If they have not yet figured it out, this should convince the humans that they are no longer on their home world, a revelation which will call for a SAN roll or the loss of 1/1D4 Sanity points.

One other view displayed by the device is that of a planetoid in orbit around a small, icy planet. A successful Astronomy roll

will identify this as Pluto and its moon, Charon. Upon closer inspection, the moon appears to be a biomechanical construct over which scurry thousands of Mi-Go, who appear to be adding to, cleaning, and even feeding the monstrosly huge living machine. The SAN loss for this view is 1D8/1D20.

The Charon entity is the Fungi's space/time device, a living planetoid fashioned from unearthly metals and biologically altered Ubbo-Sathla material. This being is the outer shell of the device, while the "brains," or control center is still under construction.

A successful Idea roll at this point will cause the investigators to realize that this is the reason Charon was discovered only recently - before the time of its discovery, the planetoid did not even exist!

THE ARCHIVES

This abyssal cavity houses ships, probes, and other space-faring devices and assorted debris. The most notable object in this yawning chamber is a large cone constructed of some super-dense material not found on Earth.

On closer inspection, the 30 foot tall cone is scarred and pitted, though a number of strange glyphs, symbols, and stylized pictures can still be made out. A circular trap door is the only obvious entrance into the cone, although the investigators will not be able to open this hatch and gain access to the cone.

Another, more hauntingly familiar device is a towering tripod machine with cabled tentacles sprouting from its metallic body. From the cannon-like device mounted on the front of the machine, it is quite clear this is an engine of war. It is 100 feet tall, and made of an unknown, seamless metal polished to a high luster.

The cone is one of the temple ships of the Insects from Shaggai, while the tripod is a Martian war machine. The Keeper may allow the investigators to recognize these objects with a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll.

There are countless other objects stored here, all battered and partially gutted, including a missing Earth probe or two mixed in amongst the clutter of pirated machines. All these devices are useless husks, their components long since cannibalized by the Fungi for use on Charon.

LAB 1:

This chamber is buzzing with commotion. This is a weird, alien laboratory where the Mi-Go are carrying on some sorts of weird experiments on a vat of bubbling protoplasmic material. This vat rests just off-center of the chamber and is surrounded by banks of bizarre switches and panels of alien devices and probes. Long needle-like devices hang from coiled wires and cords above the boiling vat of black ooze and every so often one of the vicious-looking needle-things plunges into the rolling mass, giving off weird blue surges of electricity. Mechanical claws extract bits of the material and deposit into long glass dishes where a number of odd-colored chemical compounds are added to it. In other smaller vats molten metals are being

infused into the cellular structure of the slimy flesh material. Centrifuges spin, lights flash and motors hum in this nightmarish cavern.

Slimy fungal growths drip from walls and high-off ceilings, giving an ominous pale glow to the chamber. The scent of something beyond description permeates this area, making any investigator who misses a CONx3 roll vomitously ill for 1D10 rounds. During this time any Investigator who has been stricken with vomiting can do little else - all skill rolls are reduced by 75% until the effects wear off.

This cavern is abuzz with 2D10 Mi-Go and 1D4 Greater Mi-Go at all times. The fungal creatures will go to any lengths to protect the vat of boiling black material. If they are attacked by the Fungi here some of the NPC characters will be swooped up by flying Mi-Go and dropped into the vat of ooze where they will be horribly absorbed into the rolling mass within a matter of a round or two. There is no help for such characters - they are gone.

The vat is full of the Ubbo-Sathla material. This material will not produce the weird Black Broodlings but it will extend pseudopods if it senses any disturbances near by. In this case there is a chance that an Investigator or NPC (or even careless Mi-Go) will be scooped up and absorbed into the gluttonous stuff. If the Investigators do enough damage to the stuff they can actually kill this batch of ooze. The vat itself has 35 hit points: if it takes enough damage to be reduced to 0 hit points it will break open, spilling the Ubbo-Sathla material out onto the chamber floor. If this happens anyone within 20 yards of the stuff will be washed over by the ooze and absorbed into the mass of writhing black flesh.

The Bubbling Ooze

STR 42 CON 39 SIZ 82 INT 0 POW 37
DEX NA Hit Points 60 MOVE 0

WEAPON: Pseudopod 55%, Grasp and Absorb

ARMOR: Immune to all physical weapons. Fire, magic, etc. inflict normal damage. It regenerates 1D10 hit points each round.

SPELLS: None.

SAN: 1D3/1D10.

THE THINK TANK

This is where it is all taking place: where the Mi-Go are building their time/space machine. A rough metallic sphere about 45 feet in diameter is somehow invisibly suspended in the air above a raised platform in the center of this chamber. This sphere rotates slowly on tipped axis and gives off an alien buzzing/humming sound. Long and slender mechanical arms tipped with claws, probes and other more bizarre instruments are busily working on the sphere, poking, prodding and piecing together bits of the strange malleable metal material. Other twisting wires, coiled cables and weirdly-glowing filaments stretch up to the sphere from the platform, which is also slowly rotating. Atop this platform are several small pink conical

entities with enlarged brain-like growths and tiny, stunted appendages. These creatures move as if in slow motion slug-like, their brains pulsating and changing colors and their entropied appendages quivering sickly. These are yet another form of Mi-Go known as Thinkers. Thinkers are a rare variety of Fungi found only on dark Yuggoth. They have evolved into super-scientific creatures and are responsible for the bulk of Mi-Go technology.

Six towering cones of some clear alien plastic-like material are spaced evenly around the slowly moving platform: four of the cones are occupied by weird prisoners. One of the cones holds an Elder Thing, another holds a member of the Great Race of Yith, the third contains a Martian and the last occupied cone holds three Insects from Shaggai. These alien creatures have been captured and imprisoned by the Fungi and forced to help build their war machine; the Mi-Go technology could not create such a device alone, and so they have been using members of other highly technological races to design the ultimate weapon. Some of these creatures have been held here for centuries and many others were here and died long before.

Massive banks of alien devices and equipment line most of the wall space: a stranger assortment of technology probably won't be seen by the Investigators. Crystals flash and blink, jagged bolts of power jump between weird receptacles, and an assortment of bizarre bio-mechanical devices glide about the chamber reading instruments, taking measurements and puttering about in other unthinkable ways. Some of these half organic/half mechanical robot-like creatures seem to be communicating with the cone-encased aliens, who are all busy making calculations and figuring complicated formulas.

The roof of this cavernous chamber is open to the black sky above although there seems to be some sort of barrier that keeps the bitter Yuggothan winds out. High in the sky above Charon, Pluto's only moon, can be seen. There are 1D3 Greater Mi-Go and 2D10 Mi-Go also present in this room. The slowly moving sphere is actually the brain center of the Mi-Go time/space machine. The alien prisoners have nearly completed this core and soon it will be flown up to Charon and installed within the living moon-creature. Once this has happened the Fungi will begin to sweep through time and space, plundering and conquering worlds as they go. The Mi-Go Empire will live again as world after world falls under their sweeping invasion.

The Investigators' job here is tough and a battle with the Fungi will probably prove to be a bloody one. Unless they have been battling the fungal forces in neighboring chambers, the Investigators' arrival will be unnoticed by the Mi-Go, who are all busy working on the brain core: the Investigators will have the first shot automatically if they choose to open fire on the Mi-Go and they should be given a +25% to any shots this round since they are aiming at easy targets. Once the Investigators have made their presence known, however, the Mi-Go will get nasty. The first thing that will happen is that all of the exits out of this room will close up with strange metal iris-like doors. Of course, the Investigators will be unable to flee the chamber, but no more Mi-Go will be able to join the fray, either. Unless the Investigators are overly foolhardy or just plain stupid, the Keeper may choose to be a bit easy on them, at least letting them pick off enough Mi-Go to make it a fair fight!

When the Investigators make their move on the Mi-Go they will suddenly hear weird voices within the chamber. These voices guide the hardy humans in their task of destroying the Fungi by pointing out weaknesses, strategic spots, vulnerable machinery, etc. It will soon become apparent that the voices are of the imprisoned aliens who are somehow able to speak to the Investigators. The strange plastic cones have been constructed with a material that allows free communication between otherwise foreign-tongued races - the Investigators will be able to understand the aliens and they, in turn, can understand the humans. The prisoners will also be able to explain to the humans how to release them from their cones.

The Investigators should be cautious about freeing these aliens for they have no loyalty to each other or to their human saviors. If the Investigators first bargain with the creatures before freeing them, they will hold true to their promises. This would be the best way for the humans to escape from Yuggoth and return home to Earth. A series of switches must be thrown in order to free the aliens (these cones have the equivalent of 100 hit points and 25 points of armor, so physical damage will not be a viable alternative) and once this has been done the clear cones will begin to shimmer and melt, filling the air with a thick stinking cloud of noxious vapors. Within a few rounds the cones will be gone and their prisoners freed. Note that each cone must be opened separately - opening one will not automatically open the others.

Unless the Investigators have made some deals with these creatures as soon as they are free they will react as follows: the Great Race member will suddenly slump over dead, having sent its mind into the future to join the rest of its race. The Insects from Shaggai will swiftly buzz away into the fungi passages back to their temple ship which they will cause to teleport away (another possibility, should the Keeper choose to use them is to have the Insects meld into the minds of some of the Investigators, as they are known to do. This can set up an entirely new scenario for the hardy adventurers!). The Martian and the Elder Thing will lumber over to the metal sphere, lower it to the platform and enter through an irregular hole that opens up. After a few moments the sphere begins to madly spin and glow a sickly reddish-pink. Flashes of colored light spark off of the sphere and a throbbing humming sound fills the air.

Before their eyes the Investigators see the sphere fade in and out, becoming dimmer and fainter until finally it vanishes with a noxious hiss, leaving a spinning cloud of flashing sparks and mist. The Think Tank is gone.

If they have made a deal with the creatures to take them home then when the sphere is lowered to the platform the aliens gesture for the weak humans to enter through the door, following close behind. Inside the sphere is like a bio-mechanical brain with strange vein-like tubes and throbbing wires covering the inner walls. Odd protrusions and lumps of pulsating black fleshy metal dot the surface of the cavity and in the center stands a hollow column of knobbed and warty metal with a series of foreign symbols and devices. In the center of this column is a Mi-Go brain canister and several others can be found stored away in a hollow area along a wall. This is the fuel the Think Tank requires - human brains: there is something in the human brain waves and thought processes that make them particularly effective for this purpose. The fuel lasts, however,

only one trip and once the Think Tank has reached its destination the brain canister is charred and the brain burned out and dead. The actual operating of this device is far beyond the capabilities of the Investigators, so they will be unable to steal the device away from the aliens.

Once the plastic cones are destroyed and the aliens are freed they will no longer be able to communicate with the Investigators since it was the cones that allowed this.

CAST OF CREATURES

Mi-Go Thinkers (Lesser Independent Race)

Description: Mi-Go Thinkers are small conical entities with enlarged brain-like growths and tiny, sickly limbs.

Notes: The Thinkers function as the Fungi scientists and are responsible for the bulk of Mi-Go technology. They are physically very slow and weak, requiring protection from their larger and stronger brothers. These creatures are never, therefore, encountered outside dark Yuggoth and even there they are very rare.

CHARACTERISTICS	AVERAGE
STR 1D6	3-4
CON 3D6	10-11
SIZ 4D3	8
INT 3D10+10	21-22
POW 3D6	10-11
DEX 1D6	3-4
Hit Points	9-10
MOVE	2

WEAPONS: Nippers 5%, 1D2, Weapon 10%, as per weapon

Armor: None, but due to the alien nature of the Fungi tissue all impaling-type weapons do minimum possible damage.

Spells: All Thinkers know 2D10 spells.

SAN: 1/1D3

Gatatak, of the Great Race of Yith

STR 52	CON 28	SIZ 62	INT 20	POW 15
DEX 6	Hit Points 45	MOVE 7		

Weapons: Pincer 40%, 1D6+6D6

Armor: 8 points of skin.

Spells: Call Azathoth, Contact Nyarlathotep, Dread Curse of Azathoth.

SAN: 0/1D6

Gummoshh, Martian

STR 20 CON 5 SIZ 24 INT 18 POW 14
DEX 14 Hit Points 14 MOVE 1

Weapons: Grapple 50%, special

Armor: none, however since the circulatory system of Martians is more diverse than most creatures all physical weapons do only half damage.

Spells: none.

SAN: 1/1D8

Oomsaah, Elder Thing

STR 39 CON 20 SIZ 32 INT 18 POW 13
DEX 11 Hit Points 26 MOVE 8/10 flying

Weapons: Tentacle 40%, 3D3 constriction

Armor: 7 points of skin.

Spells: Call Ithaqua, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Voorish Sign.

SAN: 0/1D6

Uzz, Arj and Qat, the Insects from Shaggai

STR	1	1	2
CON	3	2	2
SIZ	1	1	1
INT	13	17	19
POW	18	27	15
DEX	30	34	28
HP	2	2	2

MOVE 4/40 flying

Weapons: Meld 60%, progressive control of brain of target

Armor: none.

Spells:

#1: Contact Tsathoggua, Call Azathoth, Call Cthugha, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, Curse of Chaugnar Faugn, Voorish Sign.

#2: Contact Formless Spawn of Tsathoggua, Contact Deep One, Contact Fungi from Yuggoth, Contact Cthulhu, Contact Nyarlathotep, Call Yog-Sothoth, Call Azathoth, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods, Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Enchant Item, Shrivelling.

#3: Call Azathoth, Call Ithaqua, Call Yog-Sothoth, Contact Fungi from Yuggoth, Contact Elder Thing, Contact Flying Polyp, Contact Star-Spawn of Cthulhu, Contact Yig, Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Summon/Bind Star Vampire, Summon/Bind Servitor of the

Outer Gods, Steal Life, Power Drain, Mesmerize, Enchant Item, Dampen Light.

SAN: 0/1D6

Mi-Go:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
STR	11	6	13	12	14	16	11	13	14
CON	9	5	9	7	12	13	8	6	16
SIZ	11	13	10	12	13	13	16	12	12
INT	9	10	13	16	17	13	12	17	14
POW	15	13	11	13	8	13	17	11	15
DEX	18	15	15	16	10	6	12	12	15
HP	10	9	9	9	12	13	12	9	14

MOVE 7/9 flying

Weapons: Nippers 30%, 1D6+grapple

Lightning Gun (1-4), 60%, 2D10

Power Gun (5-7) 75%, stunned for 6D10 minutes

Dimension Gun (8&9) 50%, banished to another dimension

Greater Mi-Go:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
STR		24	33	23	26	31	23	32	25
CON		21	36	39	25	23	31	23	35
SIZ		27	33	34	35	26	30	35	31
INT		13	23	21	19	21	17	22	17
POW		27	24	34	24	14	22	32	13
DEX		19	17	9	13	11	17	14	13
HP		24	34	36	30	24	30	29	33

MOVE 5/8 flying

Weapons: Nippers 50%, 1D6+3D6

Lightning Gun (1-5) 75%, 2D10

Dimension Gun (6) 75%, banished to another dimension

Thinkers:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
STR	2	3	5	6	4	2	2	3
CON	12	13	9	10	11	10	9	8
SIZ	6	11	9	10	6	6	8	10
INT	27	27	23	25	30	26	25	30
POW	14	6	9	8	14	13	13	9
DEX	5	5	6	4	3	2	1	6
HP	9	12	9	10	8	8	8	9

MOVE 2

Weapons: Nippers 5%, 1D2

ON THE SURFACE

Should the lost humans find themselves somehow on the surface of cold, dark Pluto, they will be faced with the severe climate and raging elements of the alien world. Despite the effects of the Mi-Go drug that allows them to survive within the caverns and chambers below the icy surface, the Investigators will suffer greatly from any prolonged exposure on this hostile world. Each Investigator must make a CONx1 roll every 30 minutes while exposed to the surface elements. Failure to make this roll indicates the loss of 1D3 CON while success indicates a loss of



Charon

1 point of CON. When CON reaches 0 the Investigator is, of course, dead. Lost CON may be regenerated at a rate of 1 point per week. The Keeper may also wish to throw an encounter with Mi-Go or other less pleasant Yuggothan flora or fauna at Investigators on the surface.

CHARON

Charon, the Living Moon: Pluto's moon, Charon, is actually a living planetoid that the Fungi have constructed out of magically and biologically altered Ubbo-Sathla material. This artificial satellite is the outer shell of the Mi-Go time and space device while the brain core - the Think Tank - is being constructed below in the hellish labs of black Yuggoth.

Description: The living planetoid is a fleshy-metallic sphere of black material. Twitching and groping tentacles sprout from the surface and strange sensory organs wink open and closed as the whole surface continually changes.

Notes: Charon was constructed by the Mi-Go from altered Ubbo-Sathla flesh which has been magically enchanted and scientifically permeated with metallic materials. Once the brain core of the moon-ship is installed Charon will be able to travel through time and space, carrying the marauding armies of Fungi in the hollow interior. Even with the brain core Charon will still be a mindless entity, controlled by the Mi-Go (or whoever posses the creature).

The Charon entity can attack with its tentacles, which have a range of 1D20 miles; however, it is basically a giant harmless mass: it is the ability to pass through the veil of time and space that makes this an awesome being, and even this it can not do of its own accord. Note that without the brain core this is simply a satellite that is artificial and is incapable of moving from its orbit around cold Pluto. The Think Tank can function separately - Charon is used simply to transport bulk.

If the behemoth's POW or hit points are somehow reduced to 0 Charon becomes a normal lifeless moon. Considering the case, the Investigators would be best advised to leave well enough alone, unless they have some seriously powerful weapons such as nuclear devices!

Charon

STR N/A CON 600 SIZ 4,125,000 INT 0
POW 500 DEX N/A HP 2,062,800 MOVE 0

WEAPON: Tentacle, 25%, death by crushing

ARMOR: 20 points.

SPELLS: none.

SAN: 1D8/2D20

AND IN THE END....

If the Investigators have not used the Think Tank to get home then the Keeper may do with them what he will... perhaps they

know the Create Gate spell or can summon and bind some helpful Mythos transport creatures. If not then they most probably will spend the remainder of their miserable lives on abysmal Yuggoth.

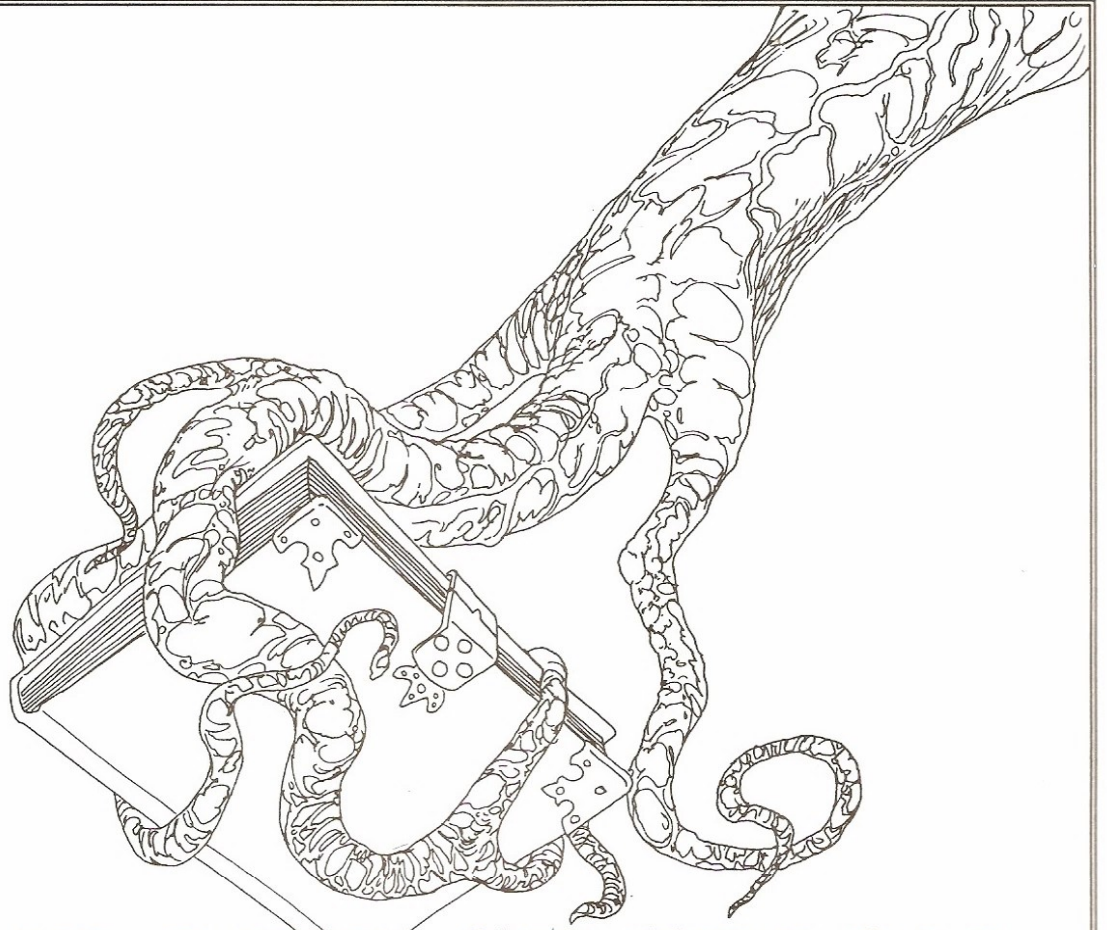
If the Investigators have gone along with the Elder Thing and the Martian in the Think Tank then they will be dropped off back at home... maybe! The Keeper is free at this point to do what he feels with his hardy crew. Perhaps they find themselves on Earth in the 1800's (Cthulhu by Gaslight), or perhaps in the hostile Australian outback (Terror Australis). The Keeper may wish to drop his Investigators into the 1920's or perhaps into the late 1990's or even into the 2000's. Maybe they find themselves in the Dreamlands (Dreamlands) or in England of the 1920's (A Green and Pleasant Land). Perhaps they find themselves in an Earth somehow altered and different from what they know. Or, the aliens may dump their human passengers off on some dismal alien world or in some far off time. The Keeper is urged to be creative with this bit and may find an entire campaign at his fingertips just with his group trying to get home.

The rewards of this scenario are as follows: if the Investigators manage to destroy or make off with the Think Tank they each receive 1D10 SAN. If the alien prisoners are freed (thus insuring that the Mi-Go don't rebuild the Think Tank) they each receive an additional 1D10 SAN. If J.T. Warren is rescued and returned safely home they should be rewarded with 1D4 SAN each (and whatever financial rewards promised them by Dr. Warren). If the Investigators find themselves in a different time, place or planet than they were expecting upon their return they each should suffer the loss of at least 1D6 SAN. Finally, the idea of the Elder Thing and the Martian off joyriding in the Think Tank should cause each Investigator the loss of 1D4 SAN (if they manage to get home and destroy the Think Tank, insuring that the aliens won't use it for foul deeds, they each should be rewarded an additional 1D10 SAN, but are now faced with a very angry Martian and Elder Thing!)

Because of the large number of NPC characters in this scenario the following chart has been created to make the Keeper's life easier:

CHARACTER	PO	SA	HP	D	L	SH	DB
Feodor Chichikov	12	60	16	14	35	50	1D4
Ivan Godunov	8	40	14	24	30	25	1D4
Alexander Korsakov	9	45	12	45	35	45	1D4
Harrison Krieger	7	35	13	26	25	25	1D4
Alyson Price	8	40	11	45	30	35	0
Vladimir Pushkin	11	0	16	25	35	35	1D6
Anastasia Rytkeu	10	50	12	30	50	50	0
Igor Sakharov	8	40	12	28	30	25	1D4
John Sinclair	10	50	14	25	25	45	1D4
Mikhail Turgenev	13	65	17	50	25	25	1D6
J.T. Warren	9	45	12	35	25	25	1D4

PO = Power, SA = Sanity, HP = Hit Points, D = Dodge, L = Listen, SH = Spot Hidden, DB = Damage Bonus



HANDOUT SECTION



EXCERPTS FROM DONALD BRADLEY'S LETTERS

Letter #1 (Tuesday, Jan. 30):

...have met Mr. Eugene Powell, the librarian here in town. He's extremely friendly and helpful, and knows a good bit about the area. When I told him I was researching Cherokee religious beliefs for my Master's degree, he told me I should speak with Michael Keocuk, a Cherokee who lives just outside town. I intend to approach him about an interview within the next day or two.

Letter #2 (Monday, Feb. 12):

...I spoke with Mr. Keocuk last week. We had a tremendous conversation that lasted almost four hours! My hand was so tired from writing all that he had to say! But it was worth it. You two would like him; he's a proud, unselfish man.

When I told some of the townsfolk that I was going to interview him, they became very disquieted, as if I had said something I shouldn't have. I asked them about this, but they had turned quite icy, and would not broach the subject. I suspect they may harbor some Indian-related grievance toward him, but what that could be I cannot fathom. He's a wonderful man.

...while talking Mr. Keocuk told me about an old, old Cherokee named Tonkana who lives near here. Mr. Keocuk advised me to speak with him. He seemed to hold this Tonkana in very high esteem. I hope to arrange some sort of meeting with him soon. He must certainly be able to tell me things I can get nowhere else.

Letter #3 (Wednesday, Feb. 21):

...visited Tonkana yesterday! The man is incredibly old, just as Mr. Keocuk said, and every bit as knowledgeable. We met in his small house in the woods. He cannot do many of the things he once could (hunt, track, etc.), but his mind is still as sharp as a knife.

We discussed the Cherokee religion: their beliefs, rituals, and doctrines. My hand was cramping, I had written so much! Tonkana was pleased to see someone of my age so interested in his tribe. I tried to explain my Master's degree and thesis to him, but I don't think he understood. He did seem quite approving of my desire to teach, however.

...he can trace his heritage back to the beginning of Georgia (and I'm sure beyond), when it was still considered the 13th Colony! One of his family travelled with James Oglethorp to England in the mid-18th century, shortly after the "Georgia Colony" was established!

...odd before I left. He told me (in that rattling voice of his) to "tread carefully upon the ground, for it breeds no good, and know that the forests see all." He would not elaborate on this, but I feel it may be some sort of old ritual phrase of travel or departure. I must remember to ask him about it in greater detail when I visit him next.

EXCERPTS FROM DONALD BRADLEY'S LETTERS

Letter #4 (Friday, March 2):

...going to speak to Mr. Ely Bascom and Mr. Johnny Maniha sometime within the next few days. Mr. Bascom is an elderly man who's father (I'm told) served under General Andrew Jackson in the Creek War of 1812-13. I'm anxious to interview him, although I don't think he will have a great amount of material that would be pertinent to my paper. Creek Indians are not Cherokee; they differ widely in many ways. But there may be a small item or two which could prove helpful. And besides, the stories should be quite entertaining in themselves.

Mr. Maniha is a local farmer. His land contains several mounds built by the Cherokee, and he has graciously given me permission to view them. I hope to be able to sketch them, and possibly measure them, if time allows. The local Indians used mounds for religious reasons. I shall have to look deeper into the old town records to see if there is any indication of what these mounds could represent.

Letter #5 (Wednesday, March 14):

...been spending so much time at the library that Mr. Powell jokingly suggested that I move out of Mrs. Hays' cottage and into the back room there at the library! And believe me, it's tempting. I have been there, rummaging through their collection, for five of the past six days. It gets tiresome, but I know my paper will make all the sacrifice worthwhile.

Letter #6 (Thursday, March 22):

...received a visitor today at Mrs. Hay's. Reverend Keller stopped by to chat with her, just as I was finishing breakfast. He seems to be a nice, old-fashioned gentleman. I believe he is the minister of the Eden Unity Church. He is somewhat homely, but seems to possess much more charisma than his Baptist rival, Reverend Quentin Jessup.

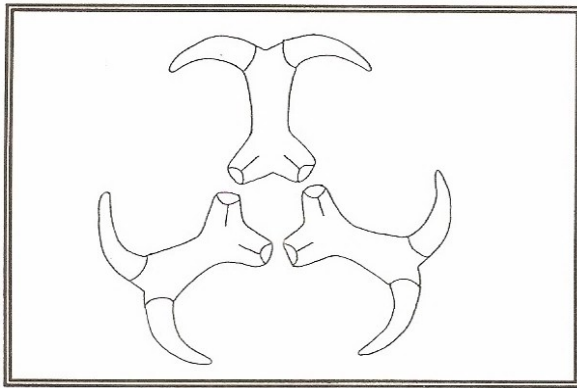
...hope I haven't exhausted my library sources here in Eden. I would very much like to visit the library in Atlanta, but certainly don't want to undertake that trip unless it is completely unavoidable.

...no luck finding anything about those mounds on Mr. Maniha's property.

...if it doesn't rain the next few days, I want to go back and visit Tonkana again. There are a few gaps in my notes which, with his knowledge, I'm sure I can fill in. Perhaps he can tell me about those mounds.

*Remember to speak with
Tonkana this evening. He
must give me some answers,
although I'm afraid I
already know what they will
be. Great God in Heaven...
What's happened here?*

Donald Bentley's Note



Symbol of the Three Headed Goat

*"It shall be set down forthwith, on this,
the 11th Day of August, in the Year of the
Black Goat, Seventeen Hundred and
Thirty-Eight, that this settlement is to be
called Eden, as a mockery to the Garden
created by the Christian God.*

*This settlement shall be our home; these
hills and forests, the providers of our needs
and our temples of worship. Although the
13 of us erected this Eden, it shall be
hereafter open to those natives who wish to
join us in our worship of Her.*

*This document was prepared in the
presence and witness of the 12, and shall
serve as the right of claim for our
settlement.*

*Signed,
Reverend Dorian Keller*

From the Eden Public Library

-March 17, 1920: the missing individual is Charley Arnold, a hobo who was last seen in Eden.

-August 10, 1920: the missing individual is another hobo, Jefferson Hall, who was last seen in Martin.

-January 22, 1921: the missing individual is Caroline Hollis, a 5-year old girl, also from Martin.

-July 7, 1921: the missing individual is Nigel Nickerbocker, a hobo who was last seen in Gillsville.

-December 18, 1921: the missing individual is Tully Beecham, a resident of Sorrow's Wood near Eden.

Missing Persons

**EDEN UNITY CHURCH
LITANY OF PRAISE**

LEADER: *We stand before you, O God, and give thanks to you for life.*

PEOPLE: *We thank thee, O God.*

LEADER: *We praise your holy name, and bow down before the Trinity.*

PEOPLE: *A thousand praises we proclaim.*

LEADER: *For it is written, that if my people are silent, even the stones of the earth will cry out.*

PEOPLE: *Together we raise our voices and shout out your glory, O God.*

LEADER: *Let all Heaven and Earth, all Creation, proclaim the wonder of our God.*

PEOPLE: *We give thanks unto our God.*

LEADER: *We come into your presence, O God, with glad hearts. Come and fill us with your Spirit.*

ALL: *Amen.*

Litany of Praise

HONDURAS

The republic of Honduras is made up of fertile river valleys and rain forests along its Atlantic coast (called La Costa) and high mountain valleys (or valles) and plateaus farther inland. In the late 19th century the river valleys were developed by foreign fruit companies (primarily American ones), who planted bananas and constructed extensive railroads in exchange for ownership of the lands they built upon. By the early 20th century these companies owned hundreds of thousands of acres of Honduran land thanks to these railroad concessions.

In addition to building railroads, the fruit companies built up the towns of La Costa to serve as ports for the exportation of the banana crop. Wharves, ice plants, generators, hospitals, and company-owned stores supported the banana industry while at the same time controlling much of the Honduran economy. The cities of La Costa are more modern and much more densely populated than the smaller agricultural villages in the country's interior.

Three major foreign interests were involved in the development of Honduras as the ultimate banana republic. These were the United Fruit Company of Boston, owned by Minor Keith; the Vaccaro Brothers of New Orleans; and Sam Zemurray's Cayumel Fruit Company. United Fruit owned much of the land in the Ulu-Chamelecon River basins in west-central Honduras, the Lean River valley, and the coastal plain near Tela. The Vaccaro Brothers set up their plantations in the Aguan River valley and the coastal plain around La Ceiba. Cayumel owned land along banks of the Cayumel River (near the border between Honduras and Guatemala), and also tracts of land near Tela. These companies owned considerable land in other parts of Central America as well.

To protect and further their interests, the fruit companies have often been involved in Honduran politics. Zemurray's Cayumel Fruit Company, for instance, aided a successful 1910 revolution staged by former Honduran president Manuel Bonilla.

Honduras has few other economic interests, located mostly in the valles of the mountainous interior. These include silver and gold mining, cattle raising, and subsistence farming.

Honduras' money system is based on the silver peso, valued at 50 cents U.S.. Though several other countries' currencies circulate here, the U.S. dollar is the most common unit of exchange.

Travel to Honduras is easily accomplished, as the fruit companies each have shipping lines which take their products from the Atlantic ports to New York, Boston, and New Orleans, and to Europe as well. Travel in Honduras is primarily by rail and a primitive highway system. Most of the railroads were built by the fruit companies (usually for their own benefit), and thus are primarily found along the Atlantic coast. Though no railway connects the coastal cities to the capital, Tegucigalpa, a central highway does connect it with both coasts. Again, the better roads are primarily found in La Costa. Further inland, in the mountains, mule trains are the most common mode of transport. A surprisingly well-developed government-operated telegraph system connects Tegucigalpa with most of the country's larger towns.

The Honduran people are primarily mixed Indian and white (called mestizos or latinos), descendants of Spanish conquerors and Maya Indians. A small Negro population exists along the northern coast, where they were brought from the West Indies to work on the banana plantations. The chief language is Spanish, with a few Chorti-speaking Maya Indians along the Honduras-Guatemala border. Because of the heavy American influence on the Honduran economy, English is also widely spoken.

Major cities include the capital city, Tegucigalpa (pop. 35,000+), the commercial city of San Pedro Sula (8000), and the Atlantic ports of Puerto Cortes (4000), Tela (3500), and La Ceiba (10,000).

The climate of the coast is warm and tropical, while the inland areas are more temperate. The average daily temperature is 80 degrees Fahrenheit, and annual rainfall is 40 inches or more. Much of the precipitation occurs in the rainy season, lasting from June to October.

Honduras is governed by a president and a congress of deputies, both elected by the people. The country is divided into 18 departments, each with its own governor.

THE HONDURAN REVOLUTION

Much of this information is available via Paul Farrell's news reports from Honduras. The revolution was triggered by the presidential elections of 1923. The Conservative candidate, Tiburcio Carias Andino, failed to gain a sizable majority vote over the Liberal incumbent, Rafael Lopez Gutierrez. When the Honduran Congress was unable to arbitrate, Carias charged that the Liberals had fixed the election. Carias subsequently led his followers in a successful armed revolt, driving president Gutierrez out of Tegucigalpa, the capital city. Carias, meanwhile, used force to squelch any and all opposition to his government, even going so far as to bomb villages whose residents were thought to support the Liberal cause.

Early in 1924, U.S. marines were landed in Honduran cities on the Atlantic coast with no opposition from Carias. In the ensuing months, Carias' air power has been depleted or defeated and most of his army consists of scattered bands of bandits. Carias himself roams the country from his base in Tegucigalpa, while the American forces currently control the more heavily populated coastal cities.

Greetings, old chum. I realize it's been a long time since we've been in touch, but I still keep tabs on you. I know you have an affinity for weird events and occult-type rigmarole. Well, I may have something for you. Brace yourself; the enclosed photographs will give you nightmares.

I've been down here in lovely Honduras covering the unrest that's taken hold of this country since the presidential election of last year. You may have read some of my pieces in the Globe recently. Basically, what's happened is that a fellow won the election fair and square, but his enemies decided not to let him take office. So this fellow, General Tiburcio Carias Andino, has staged a pretty ugly revolution to get back his country.

The bad news is that our government is sticking its nose into Honduras' business. The Tobar Doctrine (part of a Latin American agreement we signed in '07 and reaffirmed last year) dictates that we will not recognize any Latin American regime obtained via revolution. So we sent in the marines to help restore order. And of course we're causing about as much trouble as if we'd stayed out of it.

It gets worse. Check out the newspaper clipping I had my editor send me. It's basically correct: two squads of men WERE killed or wounded, and it did LOOK like some sort of chemical warfare. But I don't think that's what it was. I was allowed on the site to take photos (to keep the propaganda machine fueled-up, don't you know), and I didn't smell any mustard gas or what-have-you. There were several burnt or trampled areas around the camp. And as you can see from the photos, these are NOT mustard gas-type injuries.

Aside from the suspicious physical evidence, you have to consider that Carias and his army simply can't afford such weapons -- even if they could FIND them. No, I think this is something else -- something more in your line.

So, here's another nasty puzzle for you, old friend. If I've whetted your appetite, and you can get away, look me up at the Casa de Argento Hotel in San Pedro Sula. Take care!

Your wandering friend,
Paul Farrell

Paul Farrel's Letter

**U.S. MARINES ATTACKED WITH POISON GAS
Honduran Rebels Blamed for Atrocity**

SAN PEDRO SULA, Honduras (AP) -- U.S. Army officials today reported that two squads of marines were killed while on patrol in the jungle near Santa Barbara in west central Honduras. General James E. Piedmont Jr., the commander of the U.S. forces in Honduras, claims that Honduran rebels are to blame. "It looks like the attackers used mustard gas or some other form of poison gas. Our men had no chance -- we weren't expecting such a cowardly act." Gen. Piedmont also stated that patrols would be

stepped up in the area, and that any captured rebels would be held accountable for this action. Gen. Piedmont further advised that "We should now realize that General Tiburcio Carias Andino is capable of anything. He's bombed his own people before, and now this."

General Carias took control over Honduras by force after disputes marred last year's presidential elections. Since then Carias has ruled the country from the capital of Tegucigalpa while fomenting the current revolt. U.S. military forces were sent to Honduras to restore order according to the terms of the Latin American treaty signed in Washington early last year.

The Newspaper Article

d Newspaper Article - Thunder in the Blood

Dear Dad,

Well, you were right. This has been an incredible experience so far. It's really tough getting used to things down here - it's always day - 24 hours a day! I had a really hard time adjusting at first, but I think I'm getting used to it finally.

Of course, the food is horrible, we only get to shower once a week, and everything here is in Russian (I'm actually learning a little bit, myself).

Most of the team is okay, but I don't like this Pushkin kid - there's something about him I just don't trust, and I don't think he trusts me, either; actually, I don't think her trusts anyone. I always catch him giving me these really weird looks. Oh well, I just try to stay clear of him.

You know it's funny, except for the Pushkin creep the Russians are pretty nice people. I guess I expected them to be like in the movies. Maybe Pushkin's KGB!

There are some weird things happening here. Every other day we get some very strange tremors, and it is always the same.

Yesterday we found a big hole in the ice not far from here. I guess the professors all think it is a man-made hole, but boy is it big! And deep; they don't have any idea just how far down it goes!

We found a big, heavy cylinder of some sort near the hole. We brought it back here, but no one's figured how to open it yet. I never saw anything like this in any textbook before! I wonder what it is?

And the weirdest thing of all, now, is that on the day we found the hole I thought I spotted something red or pink flying off overhead - too big for a bird, but I couldn't make out what it was, because the sun was glaring in my eyes. The sun can make you see some pretty weird things, I guess.

I mentioned the pink thing to the others, but no one else said they saw anything, and no one seemed interested except Mr. Ziegler, but he's been acting really nervous or something ever since we found that hole. I wonder what his problem is?

He's asked me I don't know how many times about my flying object and I keep telling him the same things over and over again. I wonder what he's getting at?

Well, I gotta go - lots to do. I'll see ya real soon.

Love you,
J.T.

P.S. Dad - Thanks for getting me a spot here - its quite an experience and I'll never forget it.

TRIAD ENTERTAINMENTS

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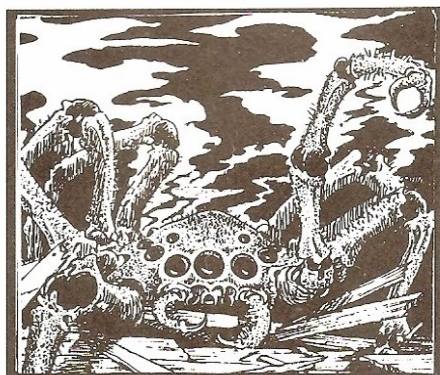


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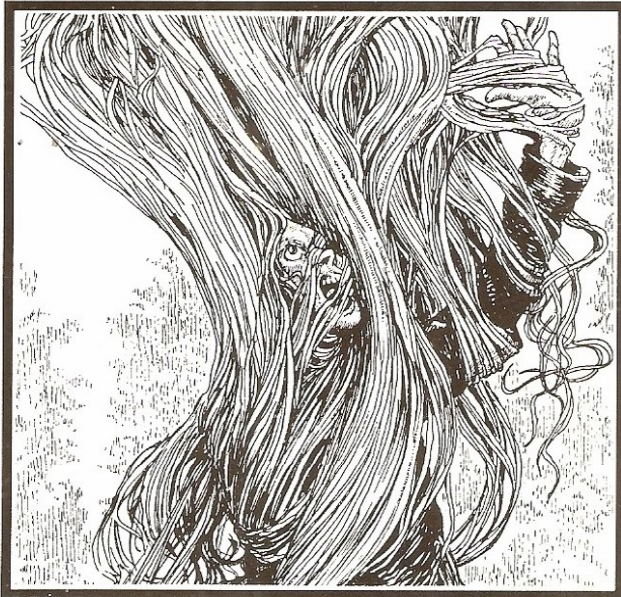
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