

1920s

CALL of HORROR ROLEPLAYING CTHULHU

HORROR'S HEART



**A SHORT CALL OF CTHULHU
CAMPAIGN IN MONTRÉAL**

**Sheldon Gillett, Lynn Willis
Jason Eckhardt, Mark Schumann**



HORROR'S HEART

A Short Call of Cthulhu Campaign in Montréal

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Introduction

*Intent of the scenario; Montréal; the Loups-garous;
Andrews, St. Cutis, and The Blood;
Chaugnar Faugn; the Lords.*



HORROR'S HEART is a short campaign intended for three or four experienced investigators, or perhaps slightly more inexperienced investigators. Although most groups might need as many as six or seven sessions to finish, a few may conclude this adventure in half that time.

If the investigators have among them some magic, that will be a useful advantage. If the investigators are inexperienced, the keeper might consider scaling back the strength of the opposition for better play balance: a great old one, two deadly cults, a pack of shape-changers, mobsters waiting in the wings, roving monsters, and the usual incredulous police and disbelieving public amount to more than normal opposition.

The scenario is organized into chapters, titled Day One through Day Six. This span of time is not meant to restrict investigation, which may be stretched out as the keeper wishes. There is a nominal deadline, but only if the keeper wishes to observe it, and it may be adjusted at any time. Certain events do happen in sequence. The chapter titles help emphasize that.

All questions raised by the scenario are answered, but some answers appear only at the end of this book or in the appendix discussing the great old one Chaugnar Faugn and its servitors. The prospective keeper should first read or skim the scenario to understand its scope and to place seemingly minor clues and mysteries in context. Then return to this introduction and read the Keeper Information sub-section nearby, which unravels the plot.

The sexes of investigators are not significant to the plot, and can be as the players desire. Sexes of non-player characters for the most part are truer to the period if left as is.

Since the action takes place in Montréal, Québec, the keeper should try to characterize the European feel of that city and remind players that the city often will seem foreign to Americans in a way that Toronto or Vancouver might not. English-speakers are a minority in the city, and resolutely English-only speakers even rarer. Because of that, investigators from the United States may have trouble communicating and getting information. They also may experience rejection or resentment by hard-nosed francophones (speakers of French). The keeper must play minor characters as he or she sees best. Street signs and shop signs may be in French, or a mix of French and English.

Any current guidebook to Montréal or Québec contains pictures that convey some of the city's flavor. Browsing through one or two in your local bookstore will give you quite a bit of information.

The nominal date for this adventure is 1923. The actual year is of little importance, however, and this book would lose very little if reset in the 1890s or 1990s. The keeper would need to change internal dates, and give the Lavoie family a major

source of income other than that of bootlegging liquor into the United States.

Montréal

Located on the St. Lawrence River in southwestern Québec, Montréal is Canada's largest metropolis and the country's financial center. It was founded over 350 years ago as a mission for the conversion of tribes people to Christianity. Now, prosperous and growing, the city has some 620,000 souls. The majority speak French as their primary language. Montréal is the second largest French-speaking city in the world.

The people of Montréal and Québec are self-consciously Cartesian and rationalist in outlook, rooted firmly in the seventeenth century, when classical Rome and Greece were still eminent influences. Design dominates and orders nature. One has an orderly life, just as one has straight clean roads and precisely curving lanes. Romantic English gardens featuring copses, lawns, and ponds (the sort after which cities in the United States tend to model their parks or gardens), or places of miniature wildness and sentimental rusticity (such as found in Japan), have no place here. The Québécois tend to be planners. They shy from the simulation of chaos or randomness. Life may be full of beauty, but it also must be founded in an ordered symmetry.

Most residents accept Paris, if not Parisians, as their cultural model. Québec, with Montréal at its center, is the symbol of French culture in the New World.

Mont-Royal, a small mountain which rises 660 feet above the shoreline, lies close to the center of the city and dominates Montréal's landscape. The whole of the city and most of its suburbs are built on a large island, the Île de Montréal, in the St. Lawrence River.

Most of the city is laid out in rows of three-story flats with winding, outdoor fire escapes, a trademark of Montréal's architecture. Its evocative paving stones, elegant lamp posts, and buildings all under ten stories remind the viewer of Paris. The city contains two major universities, one French, Université de Montréal, and one English, McGill University.

Montréal offers an excellent location for a *Call of Cthulhu* adventure. The city is 320 miles from New York City, easily accessible by train, automobile, or ship. Transportation around town is easy, with a complete network of buses and taxis. The cab drivers can be quite rude, but they are willing to drive as fast as you like.

In this adventure, most of the action takes place in the oldest part of the city, between Mont-Royal and the major arm of the river. There the streets are narrow, and cobblestone alleyways wind down through a maze of seventeenth-century buildings to the murky chill of the St. Lawrence River.

Keeper Information

THIS SCENARIO contains intertwining, mostly unrelated story lines. The investigators come to Montréal at the invitation of their old friend, Father Philip McBride. He has recently discovered a tomb, and in it a great mystery. On the second night of the investigators' visit, Father McBride is abducted and the newly opened tomb is raided. Along the way, the investigators become entangled with Jean-Claude Lavoie and the Lavoie family's strange secret. Behind these events a shadowy struggle occurs between two ancient cults, and a great old one, Chagnar Faugn, appears.

The Loups-garous

In Montréal, the wealthiest and most influential family are the Lavoies. Jean-Claude Lavoie's liquor empire is making enormous amounts of money smuggling booze across the border into the United States. Because Canada frowns upon exploitation of its borders for actions illegal in a neighbor nation, Jean-Claude keeps his dealings secret. Most people can guess what he and his McTanish Distilling Company are doing. The Lavoie family also shares a darker, stranger secret: they are all loup-garous.

Loups-garous are important in French-Canadian folklore. The word refers to shape-shifting; the loup-garou is accursed, but has the power to assume the form of an animal or, in some cases, even an inanimate object. This curse was introduced to the Lavoies by Jean-Claude's father, Lucien, early in his life. While living in northern Québec, the contamination was passed to Jean-Claude and his brother Jacques. In turn Jean-Claude has passed on the loup-garou curse to his children, Stéphane and Celine.

Except for Jacques, the family considers being loup-garous a benefit, more a capability than a curse. They are in control of their shape-changing, and they take pleasure in it.

At the end of his life, Lucien wanted to stop the infection from spreading further, so he cast his own curse on all those of Lavoie blood. Lucien's spell ensures that the targets quickly lose their sanity and their humanity until they retain only the instincts of the animal side of the loup-garou. The spell is structured in such a way as to be unremovable by anyone with Lavoie blood. The clan needs outside help to stay as loup-garous.

Lucien first tried to end the curse in 1860, just after meeting with The Blood, who had opened a church near where he lived. The Blood had told him that they would help if he joined the cult. He refused and they killed his son André. Four months ago Lucien abandoned his life in the north of the province and moved to Montréal to seek cult help with the spell. The cultists of The Blood saw this as an opportunity to get rid of Jean-Claude Lavoie, an important man belonging to an enemy cult, the Lords. They taught the spell to Lucien and gave him the bowl he needed. He successfully cast the spell three days ago.

(Jean-Claude and Stéphane had killed Jacques' son, Pierre, so that Stéphane would one day assume the directorship of McTanish. When Jacques discovered this, he worked with Lucien to stop Jean-Claude.)

The strain of spell casting and his own monstrous appetites

as a loup-garou then led Lucien to kill himself.

For more about the loup-garou, see the boxed information at the end of Day One, "Loups-garous."

Since whoever breaks the spell imperils his or her life, Jean-Claude has decided to get that help from strangers. A practical man, he uses his beautiful daughter Celine as the bait. Their scheme plays out aboard a New York to Montréal train, where intervention from the outside is impossible, and where the wide presence of firearms is unlikely. His cousin, Hugh Lavoie, pretends to kidnap Celine violently. It is on this train that the investigators ride to visit Father Philip McBride.

Lavoie agents arrange that stewards and other staff are drawn to another part of the train, leaving the passengers to fend for themselves. Those on the Great Northern who show wit and physical courage in coming to Celine's aid are the sort whom Jean-Claude wants to recruit.

Once rescued, Celine befriends the investigators, and then introduces them to Jean-Claude. In turn, Jean-Claude persuades them to assist in removing Lucien's spell. Jean-Claude has no intention of telling the investigators the true nature of his father's spell and suspects that he will have to kill the investigators once their task is done. Since he believes it likely that some of the investigators will die during the attempt, he is unconcerned by that possibility.

Andrews, St. Cutis, and The Blood

As mentioned, the investigators are heading for Montréal on invitation from their old friend Philip McBride. McBride, once an adventurous scholar, has become a Catholic priest. He is establishing a new parish and a new church in Montréal. He has taken this opportunity to renew his friendships, and thus the gathering.

The good Father has reason to contact the investigators. He has discovered a tomb in the recently excavated basement of what is to be his church, St. Cutis. The tomb contains a strikingly preserved but somewhat grotesque body which McBride believes might be that of a leper companion to a saint, and hopes possibly is the obscure saint after which his church is named. With the remains were some interesting artifacts that McBride wants the party to investigate, to determine if they have connection to St. Cutis, as he hopes. If they do, the discovery would be a triumph of faith for the Church and source of prosperity for the parish.

Six years ago, McBride took an interest in St. Cutis after discovering that a James Andrews, the youthful name of the saint, had arrived in New France, what is now Québec, 178 years after his supposed martyrdom. This minor coincidence piqued McBride's interest and led him to investigate the peculiar life of this saint. Six years later, McBride's research brought him to the burial site and to the discovery of the strangely preserved body. But he is not the only one who knows about the site or who suspects that there is more to the life of St. Cutis than is known. These others are the cultists of The Blood, the people who buried the man they know as Andrews there, and they want the body back.

James Andrews was believed martyred by the Ottomans. Later he was beatified and canonized because of three miracles associated with him during a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The confusing elevation of Andrews/Cutis was part of a political attempt to win popular support in England during the long reli-

gious conflict with the English Crown. Perhaps this worldly motive led officials of the Holy See to be less than thorough in sifting their evidence.

The representatives of Rome had confused Andrews with one Andrik of Kues (a town in Germany) and ascribed that good man's deeds to Andrews. When Andrik was martyred, Andrews was still alive, though long fallen from any faith. Swearing by Jesus or the Prophet, as he found convenient, the amoral Andrews lived while the good man of Kues died. Andrews journeyed on to Damascus. There history loses sight of him for many decades.

He located and joined the powerful secret cult, The Blood of the Heart, for which his mentor had prepared him. The cult worshiped a great old one, Chaugnar Faugn, which had connections to the dread Tcho-Tcho peoples of the desert plateau of Tsang, in or near Tibet. Perhaps they knew as well Leng of the Dreamlands, and of the gnawing things that live there.

Even as a young boy, James had little faith. Ambitious, he chose the most prestigious academic road, the study of theology. The influence of his mentor, Hatum, stayed with him all through his life. Hatum had first introduced to him certain secret teachings of The Blood. But it was not until Andrews visited Baghdad, the birthplace of the cult, that he converted and broke off contact with his past. With his knowledge of the inner workings of the western world, he became a favorite in the cult. At last he gave up his sanity in exchange for longer life.

Coming to Tsang, the stronghold of the cult, he was by that time a sorcerer of some accomplishment, still vigorous and

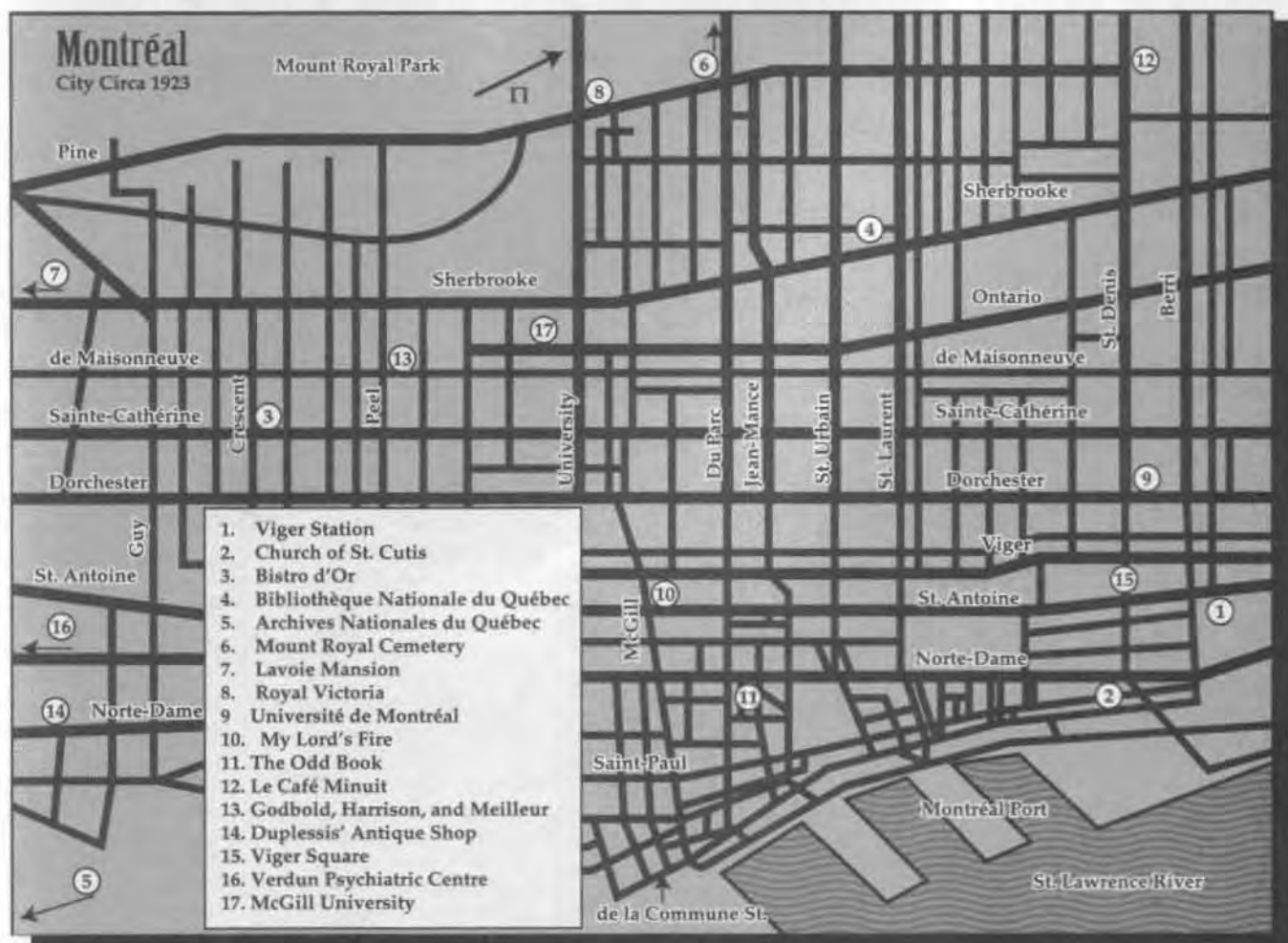
active though over a hundred years old. In Tsang he became Companion to Chaugnar Faugn (a position important to the god) and the leader of The Blood.

Rivalry with another cult forced The Blood from Central Asia. Fleeing west, they spent a short time in France, then followed a prophecy from Chaugnar Faugn into the New World, and sailed for New France. At that time Montréal was a village.

Once sequestered in a maze of underground passageways and vaults beneath what became Montréal's port area, The Blood continue to worship their god. The cult secure, Chaugnar Faugn allowed Andrews to die. He was mockingly buried by the cult as a real saint might be, under the foundations of what coincidentally would become the innocent L'Église St. Cutis Paroissiale. Auguries proclaimed that Chaugnar Faugn's arrival in the New World was centuries off, and the cultists kept their faith all that time.

Chaugnar Faugn

In the 1920s, the Staunton archaeological expedition returned from Central Asia, bringing back to New York a gigantic statue of the Elephant God of Tsang. This so-called idol was actually Chaugnar Faugn itself, resting unmoving on its pedestal throne. After several deaths, that episode closed when Chaugnar Faugn was dispatched far back in time, as hypothesized in the otherwise unrelated adventure by Bill Barton, "The Curse of Chaugnar Faugn." This adventure can be found in the



long-out-of-print *Curse of the Chthonians*, later reprinted as part of the *Cthulhu Casebook*.

Now Chaugnar Faugn has ascended the time-stream to reappear in present Montréal. There the Great Old One will take a new Companion, to aid the resurrection of The Blood and to take vengeance upon the Lords. The god appeared just two weeks ago, on the day that McBride discovered the tomb of Andrews and opened it.

Chaugnar Faugn is comparatively weak after the battle and the journey down and back through the time-stream, but the god is still immensely powerful. Even while hurtling through time he has psychically induced Dr. Alisa Ley, the head of Verdun Psychiatric Centre, a local asylum, to bring him sacrifices, which she has now begun to do. Bent by the powerful and unrelenting dreams he sends, she shuttles the forgotten and the unloved among her patients to his vault, where the god consumes them alive and shrieking.

Chaugnar Faugn has declared that Dr. Ley shall be his next Companion. To accomplish this to best advantage, a ritual must take place involving a previous Companion's corpse and heart, that of Andrews in this case. McBride found those remains in the foundations of L'Église St. Cutis itself. The undecayed heart

contains the essence of Andrews, and would grant Ley great strength if passed on to her before she becomes the new Companion.

The Lords

While the cultists of The Blood satisfied their rituals and regularly sacrificed to Chaugnar Faugn, The Blood's age-old enemy, the Lords, took root in Montréal and in many other cities. The Lords had formed to oppose The Blood during the Crusades, and when New France became a dominion of the British Crown in 1760, the Lords arrived in Montréal. No living Lord has ever imagined that The Blood were more than a remnant broken and dispersed five hundred years ago. Since then the Lords have grown all-powerful and quite decadent.

Important among human society, the Lords count distinguished officials of Montréal among their members. Members enjoy high-society depravity in the upstairs bedrooms and the even darker secrets found in the basement dungeons of the exclusive Canterbury Club. Life is private, placid, and very pleasant for the Lords. Of the Lavoies, Hugh, Stephane, Jacques, and Jean-Claude are members.

Who's Who in Horror's Heart

ANDREWS, JAMES — in medieval England, raised as a cultist of The Blood, though falsely taking priestly vows in the Church. Later, Companion to Chaugnar Faugn before leading a remnant of the cult to Montréal. Andrews' identity and the deeds of Andrik of Kues were confused by Vatican agents, and Andrews is now hailed as St. Cutis, a minor saint. Though Andrews is long dead, Chaugnar Faugn finds jobs for him now and then.

ANDRIK OF KUES — a holy man who performed verifiable miracles, but after his death was confused by Vatican officials with James Andrews, an ambitious sinner. Andrik became mistakenly known as St. Cutis, after a name that Andrews assumed.

AUBERJOINES, DR. HENRI — consulting industrial chemist, a member of the Canterbury Club and of the Lords cult. He intentionally misleads the investigators about the polish found on François Sauvcur's cuff.

BIRLA, MAHR — this cultist was tailing the investigators, but has decided to leave the cult and leave town. He arranges a meeting, but is assassinated by his brother and other cultists mid-way through the meeting.

BIRLA, RAM — he assassinates his brother, Mahr. He and his accomplices may also extract flesh from the investigators in order to cast the Curse of Chaugnar Faugn.

BLOOD, THE — a cult devoted to Chaugnar Faugn, a great old one, headquartered far within Mont Royal. Its members are devious and many.

CANTERBURY CLUB — a select private club where the Lords meet and play. Jacques dies in the basement.

DESCHAMPS, ARTHUR — one of the workmen who found the body of James Andrews, made mentally unstable by having touched Andrews' evil immortal heart.

DUSSEAU, NATALIE — night records clerk at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

CAPRICE, CARMINE — (alias Bigsy Capriccio, Sal Caprone, etc.) an important Chicago mobster who arrives to make a bootlegging deal with Jean-Claude Lavoie. We never meet Carmine or his

henchmen in the adventure, but keepers who enjoy gangsters may want to insinuate portly, heavy-breathing Carmine when convenient. If there are chorus girls in Montréal, Carmine will find them. Caprice's ace hitman, Bad Mickey Martin, is a smirking professional loaded with maximum stats.

CHAUGNAR FAUGN — a great old one, somewhat weakened by a recent passage up the time-stream, but still vastly powerful. Has a sly way of sitting motionless in daylight like a statue, then slipping out at night for a (human) snack. More trouble than any number of investigators should ever take on.

CUTIS, HATUM — the original seducer of the young orphan James Andrews, who introduced James to the mysteries of The Blood.

CUTIS, SAINT — a minor saint of the Catholic Church. See James Andrews and Andrik of Kues.

D'ANJOU, MADAME DENISE — Father McBride's housekeeper. She conducts a seance which contacts Andrik of Kues (the real St. Cutis), James Andrews (the Corpse-Companion of Chaugnar Faugn), and Chaugnar Faugn itself.

DEROZ, DANE — city police detective. The investigators first notice him watching them at the Canterbury Club. When they meet Victorin, they may also spot Deroz nosing around. Ultimately Deroz falls afoul of The Blood, and under magical influence he rips out his own heart for Chaugnar Faugn, an unworthy fate.

FALSE CONDUCTOR, THE — Hugh Lavoie disguises himself as a conductor when he stages the mock abduction of Celine Lavoie.

GASTON, ALAIN — reporter for the Montréal Star. He can help the investigators with information if they can supply leads to him in return. Alarmed by Gaston's clever delvings into their business, The Blood soon kill poor Alain, and send his body against the investigators.

LAVOIE, CELINE — daughter of Jean-Claude, sister to Stephane. She entices the investigators into helping lift a curse set by Lucien against his family. Later she and Stephane betray their father and seize control of the family fortune. She and Stephane reappear at the end of the adventure, and may help the investigators fight their

PSYCHIC DISTURBANCES

When Andrews' body was unearthed and exposed, psychically sensitive members among the Lords felt the disturbance but did not understand it. After research and study, Robert Lowell, the Lords' leader in Montréal, speculated that The Blood might still exist, and guessed that the recent appearance and disappearance of Chaugnar Faugn in New York City might be linked to them in some fashion.

His speculations split the Lords into two camps. A few believe with Lowell in the stories of magic and weirdness from the past, but most members are too preoccupied by their fleshly diversions to give Lowell's ideas credence. While the membership alternately argues and debauches, Lowell seeks evidence of The Blood. He was thunderstruck when McBride handed him Andrews' journal. He stationed agents to watch the cadaver and heart, hoping that The Blood would soon come looking for them.

From the moment that the investigators appear at the parish house, both cults mark them as friends of McBride and begin to watch them. The day after the investigators arrive, Lowell imprisons McBride and steals the journal, tortures McBride, learns the little he has to tell, and then dumps what is left of the priest on the street. Lowell believes that if he can find the sanc-

tum of the cult before Chaugnar Faugn appears, he will be able to attack and slay the remnants of The Blood with impunity.

The same day that McBride is abducted, The Blood break into the church and steal the body of Andrews, but fail to get the heart. Dr. Ley plans to become the Companion in four more days, and these relics will aid her. During that period, she and her cultists also collect the gallons of human blood needed for the ceremony. Ley decides to eliminate Lowell and the investigators, whom she fears will interfere because they are McBride's friends. She invades the investigators' dreams and sends assassins to extract pieces of their flesh to be used in the spell Curse of Chaugnar Faugn.

With McBride missing, Chaugnar Faugn rising, the renewal of the ancient battle between the two cults, the entangling plea for help from the Lavoies, and assorted bootleggers and police, chances for investigator success, escape, or survival are dim. Still, the investigators are not alone. A fleeing member of The Blood reveals the existence of the Blessed Blade of Tsang, a knife that has the power to steal the life from any heart, even the preserved heart of Andrews. They also meet Victorin, an agent from the Vatican, who is secretly investigating McBride's find, and who knows where the party can find McBride.

way out of Chaugnar Faugn's stronghold. She belongs to no cult or secret club. She is a loup-garou, taking the form of a black panther.

LAVOIE, HUGH — cousin to Jean-Claude and Jacques. Aboard the train to Montréal, Hugh pretends to kidnap Celine in order to locate some people likely to help the Lavoie family. (The family thinks the job is likely a fatal one.) Hugh is Jean-Claude's enforcer, practiced at casual murder. He is a loup-garou, his animal side appearing as a three-legged black bear. He is also the Peg-Legged Man, a minor mystery at one point in the adventure. Hugh is a member of the Canterbury Club.

LAVOIE, JACQUES — Jean-Claude's elder brother, fallen into ineffectual alcoholism since the death of his son, who he secretly believes was killed to allow Stephane's promotion to heir-apparent in directing the family holdings. He attempts to warn the investigators of their fate, but in the end is murdered by Hugh Lavoie. Jacques is a loup-garou, in the form of a large black Newfoundland dog. He is also an inactive member of the Canterbury Club.

LAVOIE, JEAN-CLAUDE — master of the Lavoie family fortune and enterprises, an intelligent, powerful, and ruthless man. The Lavoies currently reap enormous profits by supplying liquor to U.S. bootleggers. Jean-Claude connives to bring the investigators to his estate in order to lift a spell cast by Jean-Claude's father, Lucien. The spell threatens to consume all of the remaining family. Jean-Claude is also a loup-garou (in the form of a large raven), and an inactive member of the Canterbury Club.

LAVOIE, LUCIEN — father of Jean-Claude and Jacques. A sorcerer, a madman who infected his family with the powers of the loup-garou and then cursed them with a degenerating spell shortly before he died. Unlucky investigators may meet him in a vision. When he lived as a loup-garou, he could take the form of a large wolf.

LAVOIE, STEPHANE — son of Jean-Claude, brother to Celine. Stephane will control the family enterprises after Jean-Claude retires. He is intelligent and extremely capable. He aims to win high political office as well as take the family businesses into international trade. He is a minor member of The Blood, strictly as a representative of the family's interests. His money is important to the cult. He is also a loup-garou, in the form of a Siberian tiger.

LEY, DR. ALISA — Chaugnar Faugn's designated Companion-Apparent, head of the Verdun Psychiatric Centre in Montréal. She brings McBride before Chaugnar Faugn.

LORDS, THE — an ancient Christian cult devoted to combating The Blood. The group has grown sinful and decadent, but some members still find purpose in hunting down The Blood. The local commander is Robert Lowell.

LOWELL, ROBERT — the local commander of the Lords, once a Christian cult now fallen into sin and decadence, still devoted to fighting The Blood. Lowell kidnaps McBride, tortures him, and leaves him insane and lost on the street. Lowell owns a bookstore that the investigators can visit.

MCBRIDE, FATHER PHILIP — the man who brings the investigators to Montréal. A man of unquestionable faith, McBride yet more wishes that his parish be tangibly affected by saintly benefits than by the faith worthy of a saint. Kidnaped and driven mad by Robert Lowell, McBride is brought as a blood sacrifice to Chaugnar Faugn's lair, and there partakes of an unusually unsuitable Host.

ONE-EYED DOG, THE — the animal side of Jacques Lavoie as a loup-garou.

PEG-LEGGED MAN, THE — see Hugh Lavoie.

SAUVERUR, FRANÇOIS — the man in the blue blazer, his throat is also slit by the One-Eyed Dog outside the Bistro d'Or. A dab of special armor polish was on François' cuff. The investigators learn that he was employed by My Lord's Fire, a specialist armor shop that offers the investigators an alternate entrance to the Canterbury Club.

TREVIGNE, CLAIRE — a part-time maid for the parish of St. Cuts. She is secretly an informant for The Blood, but finally reveals herself.

TROVIO, RICCARDO — one of many thugs kept on the Canterbury Club payroll by the Lords. The One-Eyed Dog slices his jugular outside the Bistro d'Or.

VICTORIN, JEAN-PAUL — appears in Days Four-Five of the adventure, aiding investigators during a street fight with lesser brothers of Chaugnar Faugn. He knows that McBride has been found, and is presently in Verdun Psychiatric Centre. Victorin is an agent of the Vatican who has been instructed to investigate McBride and that which rumor says he has found.



Day One

The false conductor; Celine Lavoie; a friendship renewed; the amazing heart; the Bistro d'Or; the Lavoie family; the loup-garou defined.



Contact

The investigators have been contacted by a friend and mentor, Philip McBride, whom they have not heard from in years. Now he is *Father McBride*, pastor of the newly opened church of St. Cutis in Montréal, Québec province, Canada. The investigators did not know that McBride was of strong religious faith, though they had long lost touch with him. During that time, Father McBride has followed the events in the lives of his friends and now has a need for them. See *Horror's Heart Papers #1*, printed nearby.

The players need to figure out their investigators' previous association with McBride. If there are new investigators in play, the players also must decide if they are known to any of the older investigators.

At least one of the investigators must travel from New York to Montréal by train. It is recommended that all of the investigators ride on this train.

Horror's Heart Papers #1 A Letter from Philip McBride

My Dear Friend

Much time has passed since last we met. I have been able to follow a little of your career from afar, discreetly. I assure you. My own career has no doubt been invisible to you. I have become a priest in the Catholic Church! Yes, I am now Father Philip! I know this may come as a surprise to you and I heartily acknowledge my multitude of sins, but we are all such sinners that my teachers and confessor alike find my faith and honesty more interesting than my sins! I am washed in forgiveness. Each day is precious to me.

I write to you now because I need your particular research skills, and am inviting you to Montréal. I dare to hope that you are free, and will not mind a week's sojourn in this beautiful city. I have arranged that you stay in our new parish house, in the new parish of St. Cutis, and receive your tickets by train.

The matter about which I write is confidential, so I may not indicate it here. The prize in view is of great value to the Church and to Christianity as a whole. Need I add that the success of the venture might bring the participants world-wide fame?

*Your friend,
Philip*

The pleasure of a reunion with an old friend is salted by the vague mystery conveyed by the invitation. The investigators are left to ponder this as they make their way to 432 Bonsecours, Montréal, the site of La Nouvelle Église St. Cutis, McBride's new church and parish.

Travel

The New York to Montréal run is one of the Canadian Pacific Railway's most popular and luxurious routes.

From now on the text assumes that Father Philip has taken the liberty of booking all the summoned investigators on this train and in the same car. The eleven-hour journey passes through Buffalo, Niagara Falls, and Toronto, with minor stops along the way. This time allows players and investigators to get acquainted.

The train's operating company, Canadian Pacific, is known for the service, comfort, and convenience of its coach service. The company boasts of having "the most substantial and perfectly built railway on the continent of America." At seven sharp in the morning, the passengers board train number 2212, the Great Northern, a fully equipped luxury train pulled by a speedy and powerful Pacific steam engine, and the trip is under way.

Inside, polished walnut paneling of the finest craftsmanship greets the passengers. The day coaches are lined with rugs and carpets. Rich upholstery decorates the seats. There is a sleeper car with upper and lower berths, an elaborate club car, and a luxurious dining car with tasseled damask curtains, cut glass mirrors, fine china, and a solid silver service. Attendants are prompt and precise, and make every effort to satisfy passenger needs and requests.

As the afternoon shadows lengthen outside, the investigators should be well settled into their seats and perhaps dozing. The train has slowed in preparation for a track change. Amid the normal clangs and rattles of the ambling train, a loud, flat "Bang!" is heard. Any investigator familiar with firearms recognizes the sound as a shot from a small revolver, a .25 or .32 caliber. In the next car, a woman's scream is followed by shouts and hubbub.

If the investigators attempt to find out what is happening, they find that the passage leading to the next forward car, the dining car, is blocked by a very large, bearded man trying to get through. He wears a conductor's uniform. He shouts, "*Laisse-moi passer! Laisse-moi passer! Let me pass!*" He waves a gun with one large hand, while with the other he grasps the waist of a short woman, half dragging and half carrying her toward the back of the train. There is something awkward about the way his legs move, but there is no time to see what.

Would a conductor fire a gun and assault a passenger? He must be an impostor! The false conductor ignores protests, and shoots at whomever gets in his way. If an investigator decides to return fire and hits the target, there is a 20% chance the bul-

let strikes the captive woman; this is waived if the player rolls an impale. If the shot misses, because of the confusion, there is a 40% chance of striking the woman and a 10% chance of hitting someone else.

If the investigators choose to return to their seats, as the false conductor commands, train staff soon arrive and try to surround the man. Even then, if the investigators come to the aid of the staff, knowing eyes will approve of their conduct, and set the adventure going.

The large man fires the rest of his six shots through the ceiling, in an attempt to clear his way to the back of the train. After the gun is empty, he throws it down and draws a long knife.

At that point, the woman elbows him in the ribs and breaks free. His prey now out of reach, the false conductor chooses the exit offering the best chance for escape. If bullets strike him, he staggers or is knocked down, but gets up again and keeps going, apparently unharmed. He seems extremely strong. If both front and rear doorways are blocked, he unlocks one of the vestibule embarkation doors and leaps from the steps. Failing all else, he seems to transform into a black blur and savagely crashes through a train window. Glass flies. He carries the entire metal frame with him, leaving a gaping hole in the side of the coach through which a chill wind whips.

Each pair of train windows are small, sturdy, and fixed so that they cannot open; to make such destruction believable, the false conductor must be unbelievably strong. Unless an investigator can bring magic to bear right away, the attacker escapes.

THE FALSE CONDUCTOR, about age 50, burly and aggressive

STR 17 CON 13 SIZ 16 INT 11 POW 12
 DEX 8 APP 11 EDU 14
 SAN 45 * HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: .32 Revolver 40%, damage 1D6

Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+1D6

* **Armor:** regenerates 1 hit point per round as a loup-garou.

Skills: Accounting 35%, Bargain 75%, Bluff 80%, Dodge 40%, English 55%, Fast Talk 75%, French 80%, Hide 30%, Listen 44%, Occult 15%, Psychology 55%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 50%.

This is Hugh Lavoie in disguise. As a loup-garou he regenerates one hit point per combat round.

From the train, the false conductor can be seen running awkwardly away from the tracks and into the woods. The woman he had captured has fallen on or near the investigators, no doubt diverting them. If an investigator attempts to pursue the false conductor, then he or she should be reminded that the train will not wait. Failing to heed this warning, the investigator will have 2+1D4 rounds before the train is gone, unless a friend pulls the emergency cord first.

At the edge of the forest, the pursuer needs a successful Track roll to pick up the trail. After two rounds the tracker needs a second roll because the human tracks suddenly disappear. With a successful Track roll, the tracker finds in the area traces of various animals rabbit, deer, and some very fresh, very odd



What You Know About Celine Lavoie

The New York society columns have chronicled her stay in New York City. First working casually as a model, more recently she has made a name for herself as a Broadway actress. The producer had hired her for her obvious beauty, but on stage she demonstrated charisma and deep talent. Audiences raved.

Celine Lavoie has become the toast of New York, but her father still claims a share of the limelight. She is the daughter of Jean-Claude Lavoie, Canada's liquor baron, the controversial owner-director of the McTanish Distilling Company distilling fine whiskeys in Montreal and other locations. It is well known, but has never been proven, that the Lavoie family has made an enormous fortune from bootlegging to the United States.

The McTanish distilleries are privately held, so no one outside the company knows the value of McTanish, but the yearly sales of all the Lavoie holdings are estimated at \$200 million U.S., which would net the family well over \$10 million yearly — more than \$100 million in 1990s purchasing power.

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bear prints. The next round a large and very angry black bear presents itself but it waits yet another round before attacking, and does not chase a fleeing investigator. (This is the animal side of Hugh Lavoie, who is a loup-garou.)

BLACK BEAR, the False Conductor as a loup-garou

STR 34 CON 13 SIZ 21 INT 11 POW 12
 DEX 12 Move 08 (lacks left rear leg) * HP 17

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Bite 30%, damage 1D10

Claw 40%, damage 1D6+2D6

* **Armor:** 3-point fur and gristle, regenerates 1 point per round.

Skills: Climb 10%, Dodge 30%, Listen 65%, Scent Prey 60%.

Celine Lavoie

The woman who was assaulted gets to her feet and brushes herself off. Was she shot a moment ago? No, the investigators must be mistaken. Perhaps there is a tear in her dress, but she was frightened, nothing more.

The conductor rushes in, addressing her as Mademoiselle Lavoie. Miss Lavoie is a petit, short-haired brunette wearing a simple cream-colored, one-piece traveling dress of current fashion and excellent cloth. A smooth layer of crimson lipstick glistens on her perfect lips, accenting her strikingly beautiful face. Her cool green eyes survey the scene, flitter over the conductor and move on, to fasten on an investigator.

The conductor stammers out his sincerest concerns for her health. He apologizes deeply and swears the vengeance of the Canadian Pacific Railway upon her assailant. The police have been telegraphed, but the train will not delay in the vicinity of such a villain.

Perhaps surprisingly, Miss Lavoie is unshaken by her ordeal. If the investigators aided her or helped surround or sub-



Celine in Her Family's Private Railroad Car

due her assailant, she smoothly introduces herself as Celine, Celine Lavoie [*suh-leen lah-vwah*, with roughly equal stress on each syllable].

Miss Lavoie straightens her hair and nods to the conductor. She apologizes to the investigators for the inconvenience and hopes that they are all right. If they aided her, her thanks are warm and sincere, and the investigators feel that she would like to be their friend.

She then turns to the conductor and tells him that her father will pay for all damages if the incident can be kept quiet. "My father hates such notoriety," she says winsomely. The conductor tugs his cap respectfully and murmurs that he will try to keep the Lavoies out of the affair, but that Miss Lavoie's body-guard is dead, and that there must be an inquiry. Unblinking, she replies, "Yes, the poor man. I only just hired him. He smelled dreadfully. I am sensitive to smells."

If an investigator tried to come to her aid, she invites all of the group to drinks in her private car at the rear of the train. She tells them that they should not have to stay here while the workers fix the damage and clean up the blood. If no one aided her, they may interest her by astute remarks concerning her previous peril, or offer some other evidence of capability and courage that the keeper only need mention. If a member of the group is a police officer, for instance, that is reason enough for her to invite them all. Upon doing so she playfully takes the officer's arm and lightly says, "Good, now you can protect me." If there are no police, a private detective or ex-soldier will make a good candidate.

If the investigators do not now interview Miss Lavoie, a second opportunity occurs in Montréal when they leave the train. The keeper should have in mind this possibility and prepare for it.

For Celine Lavoie's statistics, please see the Lavoie Family Digest at the end of this chapter.

After the Assault

Miss Lavoie's private car is sleekly decorated in the still-developing Art Deco style (plain surfaces, rich materials, dramatic lines, indirect lighting, stylized natural forms). Her female secretary offers the investigators whiskey, sherry, or cocktails, while Miss Lavoie's personal maid scurries to arrange seating for the group. When the doors to the bar cabinet open, inside are ranked row upon row of ryes, scotches, and liqueurs, all the bottles bearing the characteristic crimson *McT* of the McTanish label. There are also fine French wines. Miss Lavoie does not drink beer.

The investigators are struck by Celine Lavoie's charm and easy mood so soon after what must have been a terrifying incident for her. A successful Psychology roll suggests either that she has nerves of steel, or that she has good reason to think that a new assault will not be made while she is in Montréal. She is an accomplished actress. Perhaps she is playing one of her characters now to guard against her natural fears, or perhaps she was acting a part during the kidnaping and is now herself. The investigators lack information to reach a conclusion.

Miss Lavoie is relaxed, responsive, and willing to answer any investigator questions, but she soon brings the conversation around to drama, her passion. She finds Shakespeare rather barbarous when compared to Corneille and Racine. Still, she feels she must play the cruel love of Lady Macbeth before she dies.

She also informs them that this was the third attempt to kidnap her. Her father has powerful enemies. She does not name these enemies.

If the investigators ask Miss Lavoie why she is returning to Montréal, she tells them that her grandfather just died and that she is returning for the funeral. If an investigator receives a successful Psychology check, then he or she knows that Celine Lavoie has an additional motive, and is holding something back.

When pressed, she reveals that her father is having trouble with certain rival businessmen. They are "a powerful syndicate of dealers in the United States," she adds, declining to be more specific. Some of them have threatened members of the family. Today's assault must be their work. She is going to Montréal for her own protection and, more importantly, to support her father, as she is most concerned for him.

In this conversation she is friendly and appealing, and seemingly open. If any of the investigators, especially any tall, handsome investigators, are moved to gallantly offer service or protection, she does not reply but does not decline. In any case, she offers to show the group around the city tonight.

(Even as she speaks, of course, and in cooperation with the railway, other of Jean-Claude Lavoie's representatives aboard the train have wired New York to learn all they can about the investigators. By the time the train reaches Montréal, Celine and her father know if the investigators are worth her effort.)

Viger Station

It is twilight as the Great Northern rolls across the busy streets of Montréal and stops at Viger Station. Located in the southeast part of the city, the station was built in 1898 by an American architect. It exemplifies the Château style. Steep roofs and upper-story gables have since become symbols of Canada.

The investigators are ushered from the train to their waiting luggage. Customs is but a formality. Then they are approached by a tall, thin man in his sixties who inquires if they are the McBride party. This is the carriage driver who will take them to L'Église St. Cutis and Father Philip McBride. The investigators are pleased to discover that McBride has arranged for more than one carriage, if it is needed. The church is a short distance away.

Once outside, some of the investigators may feel that they are no longer in North America. Montréal's architecture, its people, even its air, carry such a distinctly European tint that the investigators may imagine that the train has crossed the Atlantic and deposited them in some foreign port. "Exciting, is it not?" asks Celine from behind them. She is with a portly, red-faced man who is wearing a long, unseasonable fur coat. She introduces him as her uncle Jacques. Miss Lavoie tells the party that she will call them tonight to show them around town.

Her uncle, who shows great concern for his niece, thanks the party for helping her (if they did) and invites them to the manor whenever they get time. His thanks are sincere. Then, with customary kisses on both cheeks, Celine leaves the investigators and gaily walks to her waiting limousine.

The gaunt coachman escorts the investigators to their waiting carriages and they, too, are off. They ride smoothly down the cobblestone streets toward the St. Lawrence River. If one of them happens to succeed in a Spot Hidden check, he or she sees a slick black raven swoop once over the receding limousine only to disappear into a darkening sky.

Arrival

THE AIR IS warm and summery when the investigators arrive in Montréal. The brief ride to the church takes them through the east part of the oldest area of the city. Father McBride greets them at the steps of his newly rebuilt church. The building has an odd mix of architectural styles. Father McBride explains that the church is a renovated seminary. The redesign kept the seminary's sturdy foundations and side tower, rebuilt the roof, and renovated the interior rooms.

McBride suggests that answers to direct questions can wait until after dinner. He shows the investigators to their separate small guest rooms and tells them that they will talk during their meal. If the accommodations are not suitable, the investigators may stay down the street at Rasco's Hotel, the largest and poshest hotel in Canada.

Father Philip McBride

McBride has had a full life of education and adventure. Each event is marked out on his worn, intelligent face. Although his thin white hair seems unfamiliar to the investigators, there are still his strong hands. By habit, McBride usually wears cowl neck sweaters and heavy wool trousers, giving him the appearance of a wise sea captain.

PHILIP MCBRIDE, age 54, Parish Priest

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 14 INT 17 POW 16
DEX 9 APP 12 EDU 23 SAN 75 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Fist/Punch 38%, damage 1D3+1D4

Skills: Administration 40%, Arabic 30%, Archaeology 25%, Church Doctrine 75%, Coptic 10%, Credit Rating 35%, Fast Talk 40%, French 55%, Gaelic 20%, Greek 25%, History 65%, Japanese 25%, Latin 40%, Library Use 50%, Medicine 10%, Occult 15%, Persuade 30%, Psychology 60%, Theology 35%.



Born and raised in Ireland's County Antrim, McBride attended Oxford on scholarship, where he read Classics. Passing down, he took up medicine but left England two years later (despairing at Parnell's fall). McBride wandered Europe for some time, supporting himself by writing newspaper articles. During a visit to the United States, he worked part time for a newspaper and graduated with a M.A. from Harvard in Philosophy and History. His love for foreign places led him to Tokyo where, in 1894, he acted in advisory capacities to England's military attachés during the Sino-Japanese war.

By now in his early thirties, Philip McBride returned to Ireland. There he remained, and over the next seven years wrote two books and made various trips to Baghdad and other parts of the crumbling Ottoman Empire. In 1906 he returned to the

United States and went on the lecture circuit till 1913, when he disappeared from public view.

In the following ten years, McBride, disillusioned with the world, studied for the priesthood and worked with the poor in several English cities. After service during the Great War as a chaplain in France, Father McBride asked to go to Montréal and establish there a new parish. With permission granted, he arrived four months ago and began raising funds to convert the old seminary into a church.

Old Friends and New

Supper is served in what was one of the seminary offices, an intimate room. At this point some players may need time to introduce their investigators to the others in the party and reunite ties with their old friend McBride. All of the investigators knew McBride as an intelligent and straightforward man who had little time for fuss or impracticality. His recent confidential request, shrouded in mystery, is uncharacteristic of the man.

The meal is not lavish but tasty and filling. It has been prepared and served by Madame Denise D'Anjou, St. Cutis's housekeeper. She is a short, stalwart woman with a prominent nose, and is usually found in the kitchen or in her attached quarters. She never moves quickly, yet is always moving. She always wears a heavy black dress, covered by a white cotton apron on which are embroidered pink roses.

Madame D'Anjou has a firm, no-nonsense air about her. If she is studied for a while, though, the observer notices that her daily life is made up of many small rituals, many Christian and Catholic in nature, others (such as the casting of certain fresh herbs against misfortune) deriving from pagan or occult sources. He or she would conclude that she is simultaneously very practical and adept at living in a world of mystical events.

DENISE D'ANJOU, age 54, Mistress of St. Cutis Church

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 8 INT 13 POW 16
DEX 11 APP 8 EDU 10 SAN 55 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: Medium Skillet 45%, damage 1D6

Flatiron 35%, damage 1D4+1

Skills: Art (French Country Cooking) 89%, Bargain 55%, Channel Spirits 38%, Create Order 80%, Credit Rating 29%, Cthulhu Mythos 04%, English 44%, Fast Talk 25%, First Aid 60%, Listen 45%, Natural History 20%, Occult 45%, Psychic Reading 34%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 60%.



During the meal, Father Philip (as he is known in the parish) is his usual flippant, expansive self, recounting how he has spent the last ten years of his life in service to the Church. He considers it the most worthwhile thing he has ever done. He tells his friends that he has followed their individual progress through the years but that his devotions would not permit him to contact the outside world. He apologizes for this, and hopes that what he has to offer them will make up for his long interruption.

WHAT THE PRIEST FOUND

McBride explains that work on the new church involved excavating part of the basement of the old seminary. There the workers discovered a small tomb that contained a preserved body. Astonishingly, and here McBride leans nearer to whisper the secret, the body's heart was fully intact. McBride believes that the body and heart belonged to St. Cutis himself, due to the stone pillow in the tomb on which is cut the words *James of Andrews*. That is the name St. Cutis had while at the orphanage where he was raised. At his confirmation, the saint shortened his name to *James Andrews*; later yet, he was recorded as using both forms of the names.

Whether McBride is right or wrong, a preserved heart would be powerful evidence of the supernatural at work. McBride hopes that the investigators can find evidence that the preserved heart is indeed the uncorrupted heart of a true saint. When satisfied that he has done what he can, McBride will inform the diocese of his find, and then the matter will be out of his hands. McBride dreams that his new parish may become a place of holy pilgrimage and the gateway to worldly prosperity for the parish and the church.

He smiles at the investigators. "So," he adds, "no danger this time, and no daemons from beyond. A dull-seeming task for you to research, but a noble one, which may reveal to all the Hand of God, and bring all your souls a little nearer to the Light." Why did McBride go through the expense and trouble of bringing the investigators here for such a task better left to specialists? McBride replies that he wished to see his friends again, that he needed people he could trust, and that he felt in debt to the investigators for his long silence.

As sincere as these words are, a feeling hangs in the air as the evening breaks up. McBride has said a lot, but not all. Regardless of his claim, danger is here as well.

THE WHOLE TRUTH

Father McBride concealed some of his motives. A successful Psychology roll shows that he is troubled and possibly withholding information.

McBride has not mentioned that someone has been trying to steal the heart and that he has received death threats warning him to give it up and not to make it public. Indeed, McBride himself has reservations about bringing St. Cutis to the faithful; even though St. Cutis has long been canonized, the apparent discovery of his miraculously preserved heart is so much more than McBride had imagined possible. He fears that the fresh scrutiny of the Church may explain away the miracle of the heart and strip away St. Cutis' sainthood as well.

McBride has begun to believe that St. Cutis later fell into apostasy, and that he had dark dealings within the Ottoman Empire around the same time that the Church lost contact with him. Dreams of a glorious parish are causing Father McBride to mislead his friends; there is potential danger. He has also withheld the important news of his discovery from his superiors and, most crucially, he has hidden his doubts under a cloud of petty lies.

Father McBride never speaks of his concerns and ignores or evades questions that seem to raise them as issues. If the investigators are curious about their friend, they may search his room and find his journal. See Day Three, the sub-section "McBride's Journal".

The Evidence

McBride explains that the body and the tomb's other contents have been taken upstairs. The finds are in a locked safe a few doors away. The body is in the walk-in cooler off of the kitchen (Mme. D'Anjou does not at all approve of that location), and the open tomb is in the basement.

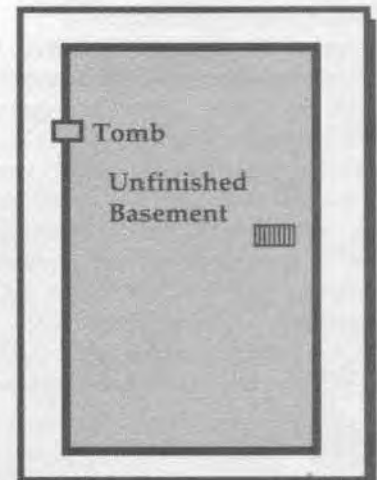
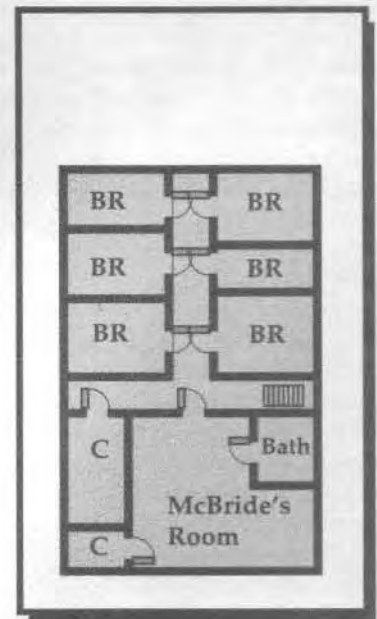
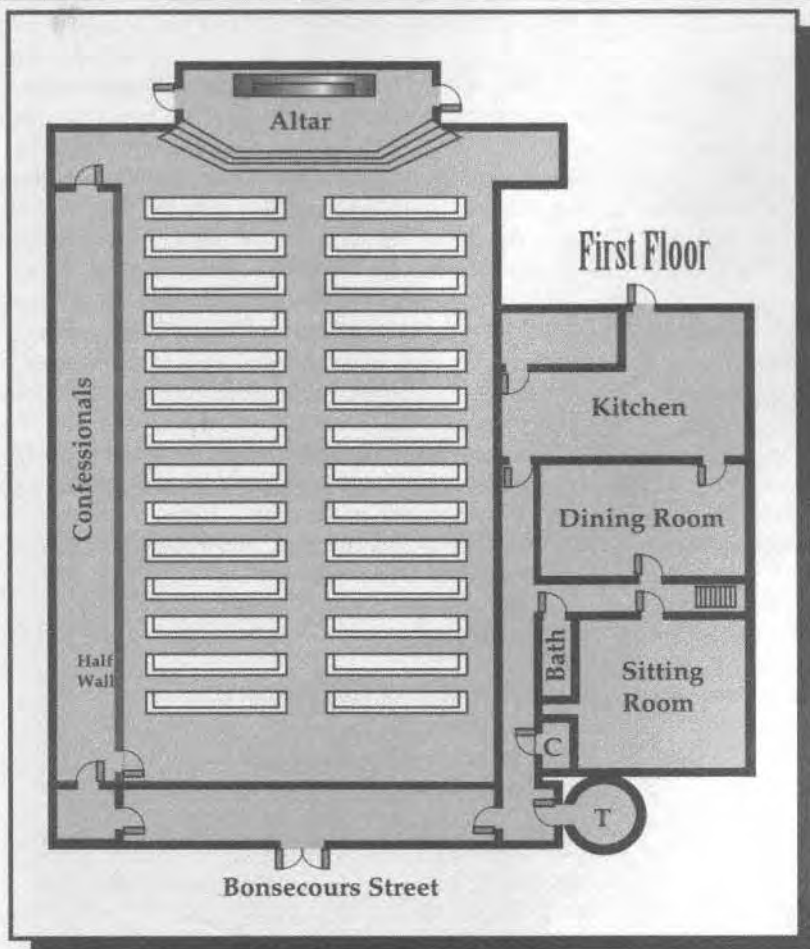
THE SAFE

It is one of those free-standing steel-plate affairs, painted a dark green with creamy vines stenciled on the door as decoration. It is about eighteen inches deep, two feet wide, and three feet high, and weighs 650 pounds. The hinges of the door are internal. Two

huge dials and a locking handle break the plane of the door.

On the safe's hinged side, where the door and box join, a successful Spot Hidden roll notes the glint of fresh marks scratched through the paint and into the metal of the safe. This damage comes from a failed attempt at stealing the heart, made last week. If asked, Father McBride passes off the marks as damage done recently when the room was painted, but a successful Psychology roll shows that he is lying. A successful Mechanical Repair or Locksmith roll declares the scratches as clumsy but intentional, probably from a cold chisel.

McBride spins the dials and clicks up the handle. The door opens smoothly. With a flourish he removes a plain silver box, greatly tarnished.



Church of the Holy Heart of St. Cutis

Legend

C = Closets

T = Tower

1 Inch = 30 Feet

THE HEART

Pressing back the silver box's hinged top, he waits a moment so that all attentions are on his hands. Slowly, reverently he opens the box and exposes within a fairly fleshy human heart (0/1D2 Sanity points to view). Its great veins and arteries have been neatly clipped away. A successful Medicine or Biology roll confirms that it is a normal human heart, one that seems to be a day or so old. It is spongy, not as firm as the fresh muscles would be, but without discoloration or putrefaction. There is no fresh blood, but there are noticeable flakes that might be dried blood. By any worldly standard, it is absolutely impossible that an unpreserved heart could survive without degeneration even for a few days, let alone for centuries.



McBride agrees, his eyes shining. He is painfully gleeful, almost ruthless in his emotion. He disconcerts the investigators. At that moment, it occurs to them that Father Philip may not be entirely trustworthy. Has he gone a little mad, and planted a fresh human heart as his evidence? Were some of his missing years spent in a mental institution, and not in traveling?

Ask for Idea rolls. Investigators with successes understand that the first thing they might do is decide for themselves whether the heart is a wonderful miracle or a fake planted by a deluded friend.

THE BOOK

McBride replaces the heart on a shelf of the safe. He then removes a small book from the safe and explains that it was found in the corpse's hand.

It is an octavo; the dry brown leather covering the boards has cracked, but the plain golden circle, rather like a doughnut or a wheel, stamped on the front is still easily read. The threads of the binding are still strong, and all of the several hundred interior pages are intact but slightly spotted. Unnumbered, they have been written upon in an archaic hand.

Within is what seems to be a handwritten journal, in uncials rather than cursive letter-forms, arguing that the journal is old, contemporary with the late Medieval binding, yet the words are not Germanic, Italic, or Celtic.

"Recognize the language?" McBride beams. Only those with a Coptic language skill of 40% or more do so immediately. "It look me a while: Late Coptic, however the letter-form style is British Insular."

McBride remarks that the circular symbol on the book's cover is the same as one that was carved on the stone pillow in the tomb. He believes the book to be a journal or more likely a collection of short devotions and meditations. Tonight he is going to show it to Robert Lowell, a friend and book collector, whose knowledge of Coptic is good. Before he leaves, McBride entrusts the combination of the safe to one of the investigators and says that they can view the book tomorrow.

THE BODY

Ice keeps the walk-in cooler cold. The exhumed body lies atop several dripping blocks of ice, insulated against the damp by

layers of board and cloth, and reverently covered by McBride's best surplice.

With the covering rolled back, the investigators see a scrawny, skeletal cadaver, colored various hues of light and dark red-browns, as though long steeped in orange pekoe tea. The body has been eviscerated. The heart, bowels, and other internal organs are missing. The body is dried like a mummy "perhaps because of the high saltiness of the soil," McBride says, something in his voice implying that he does not believe at all that mere salt could be the preserving agent.

Most of the soft tissue has dehydrated. The skeleton is lightly held together by the petrified epidermal layer. The whole is quite fragile. If handled, various pieces of the cadaver immediately separate into sections, since the linking sinew and cartilage no longer have strength.

Those among the investigators who are inclined to religious faith feel a great awe here that they did not feel when the heart was shown them. Those investigators of worldly bent lose 0/1D2 Sanity points. Their eyes are drawn to the long fingernails, the savage gumless incisors, and the peculiarly long hawk-like nose of the corpse. In the jagged profile they seem to see the sharpness of Death itself. A flap of skin from the nose actually lays across the mouth and chin. On the sides of the head, hair and flesh have inextricably fused into a festering mass.

(With a successful Idea roll followed by a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll, this odd long flap of skin from the nose is explained: the strip of mummified flesh is the proboscis of a Companion of Chaugnar Faugn. See the appendix for Chaugnar Faugn at the end of this book.)

The cadaver originally wore a rotting undershirt, knee-length, of wool dyed light blue. On the chest is that same circular figure found on the octavo. It also wears a plain gold torque around its scrawny neck, and a plain gold ring dangles on each wizened little finger.

The Tomb

At this point McBride examines his pocket watch, and exclaims that he must be off to see Lowell. He excuses himself, tucks the journal under his arm, and hurriedly prepares to leave. "Madame D'Anjou can show you the stairs to the basement," he calls.

She does, but only after repeated requests. Once she has cleared the supper dishes, she is customarily free for the rest of the evening, and resents any change in her routine. Grumbling, she provides a couple of kerosene lanterns to negotiate the pitch-black basement.

Access to the muddy basement is currently by the stairs in the new bell tower. Descending them by lamplight, a dank salty scent rises from below. The basement soil contains unnatural amounts of salt, perfect for preservation. There is also a sweetish foulness like putrefaction, though there is no obvious source for the odor. A Know roll suggests that this close to the river all sorts of smells will be found.

The tomb is underneath the outer foundation of the main seminary building. The nineteenth century masons who laid the deep foundation must have noticed the tomb, but neither they nor the laborers who dug the pits touched or disturbed anything.

The tomb itself is not really a tomb at all. Made of crumbling red brick, it is a simple extended arch about eight feet long and about four feet high. The foundation simply arches over this



The Body in the Cooler

arch. The cadaver was deposited within, and then packed over with earth. There is no floor nor front or back wall to the simple resting place.

THE STONE PILLOW

At the far end of the arch is the stone pillow, a rounded granite carving about two inches thick and a foot in diameter. The center of it features an indentation and a carved tassel-like object. On the top, the words James of Andrews have been crudely scratched. Earlier, McBride guessed that this object represented the real pillow on which the Host would be carried in medieval times. Sharp-eyed investigators may not be so sure: around the sides are carved shallow sinuous forms. Are they waves, or leaves, or are they tentacles? The investigators cannot tell.

Faint blotches discolor the center of the stone pillow. They might be from red wine or also from blood. The discolorations are so dim that no analysis will succeed so many years after the fact.

Arthur Deschamps

Returning to the stairs and the way out, the investigators hear furtive footsteps up above. If they call out or make other sounds, the person upstairs runs away, into the night. He, she, or it cannot be found.

If the investigators decide to extinguish their lanterns, in a few minutes they hear the door above open, and soft movement at the top of the stairs. Slowly, the intruder descends. If they try to grab the person, the struggle is brief and successful for them. Or they can wait for the person to move off the stairs, then light their lanterns and close in around the stairs to block his or her escape.

The person is not known to the investigators. He is a man in his late thirties, dressed like a workman with heavy boots and a sweat-stained jacket. Dark-haired, dark eyed, and par-

tially balding, he is of medium build with strong, capable hands.

His unrelenting screams and shouts reveal his fear. If the investigators free him, he falls to the muddy ground and curls into a fetal ball. He refuses to acknowledge the investigators, answer their questions, or even give sign that he knows they are there. Clearly panicked, a successful Psychoanalysis roll suggests that he has suffered a great emotional shock not long ago. A second successful Psychology roll decides that he is no danger to anyone.

ARTHUR DESCHAMPS, age 37, Insane Construction Worker

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 10 POW 11
DEX 11 APP 09 EDU 10 SAN 03 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Fist/Punch 35%, damage 1D3+1D4

Skills: Bargain 20%, Climb 50%, Conceal 20%, Credit Rating 25%, Dodge 29%, Drive Auto 40%, Electrical Repair 19%, English 20%, Fast Talk 15%, French 50%, Hide 20%, Listen 45%, Mechanical Repair 42%, Operate Heavy Machine 20%, Spot Hidden 45%.

If any of the investigators are women, if Mme. D'Anjou is brought into the basement, or if Deschamps is taken to a hospital and there attended by women, then he relaxes and begins to respond. His English is serviceable but his French is much better. I feared you were them, the men in my dreams, he whispers.

His story comes out rapidly after this. See the nearby box, "Arthur Deschamps' Statement" *Horror's Heart Papers #3*.



Horror's Heart Papers #3

Arthur Deschamps' Statement

"We were digging out the old basement floor so that a new one could be laid without steps into the bell tower. When we came upon the tomb, we thought it was an old sewer, and began to dig out the earth within and to break up the brick. Then we unearthed the feet. We all jumped and swore and crossed ourselves, to see those dried bony things sticking out of the wall like little brown logs.

"We went to the Father at once, for we know that old graves sometimes harbor evil and disease. But he laughed, and said this is not a place of dread. Look you, these are the remains of a saint! I have dreamed of this day for years! But which saint he would not say, or rather said that the Church must decide that.

"And so we dug out the corpse, and cleaned away the mud from his body. How he had not come to rot I cannot say. A saint was buried there, and God had willed that he should survive the mud and the worms. Not like us, God will not smile so on us!

"The people who buried him had opened the body and cleared away the bowels and lungs. Instead in the center of the body lay a silver casket. When I lifted it out, I thought to myself, ah, money!! I was feeling jolly, being sure that the

Father would pay us a bonus for the find.

"Like a fool, I opened the box. No riches there, but a human heart! It was so fresh that we gasped, we thought the Father was amusing himself with us. It was no trick. When I took the thing in my hands, it was as though lightning passed through me! I put the heart back in the little box, and ran outside, into the sun.

"Beginning right then, my hands began to curl. You see how they are, like claws? I can no longer straighten them. I can no longer work. I am a cripple because I violated God's sanctity, the sanctity of the pure of heart! I did it. I, a boastful man, I touched it, the heart, the heart of a saint, and now it's killing me!"

After a time spent weeping, he finishes by saying that his dreams are being entered by a group of men who have eyes like fire. Every night they are there, and he is no longer able to sleep. He thinks that they are from hell, lost souls like himself, coming to claim him as one of them.

If he is ever shown the heart again, he commits suicide by swallowing his tongue or breaking his own spine, whichever method seems quicker at the time.

DESCHAMPS' STORY CONFIRMED?

If the investigators look them up, his co-workers confirm that Deschamps' retelling of the discovery of the tomb is accurate. The party also learns that some workers have quit the basement excavation entirely, saying that the new church is cursed by the dead man who was under its foundations. Others have good words for Father Philip, yet they will not enter the area. After subsequent minor accidents on the job, they fear they have angered the saint who rested here.

Le Bistro d'Or

AT ABOUT nine o'clock an eager Celine Lavoie telephones the investigators. She informs them that they are all going out tonight and that it is too late to decline her invitation. She has already sent a limousine to take them to Le Bistro d'Or (1445 Crescent Street), her favorite nightspot. If any of the investigators do not want to go out, Celine laughingly says almost anything to entice them. She mentions that her brother, Stephane, will also be joining them there.

The chance to experience Montréal night life is appealing. Before hanging up, Celine says that they are expected in tuxedos and evening gowns. If some of the party are without formal dress, they are to tell the driver, and he will swing by one of her father's clothing stores for "something to throw on for the evening." Five minutes after she hangs up, the car arrives.

After a short trip to the clothier and some emergency tailoring, the newly suited investigators motor up ritzy Crescent Street to the club. The driver escorts the party past a small queue of would-be patrons and to the entrance, where he has a few words with a large man in a uniform with gleaming epaulets. The doorman quickly looks the party over, salutes, and opens the oak door. The foyer is simply decorated with a long thin strip of scarlet carpet that leads to a coat check. To the right, a set of doors lead to the main hall, through which emanate a din of voices and music. To the left, stairs lead up to a drawing room, but tonight the way is closed off by a red velvet barricade that has been hooked across the entrance. A waiter quickly arrives to show the party to their table. Mademoiselle Lavoie is waiting.

A rush of music, conversation, and clatter strikes the investigators as the waiter opens the double doors to the main hall. The dimly lit bar is full of affluent business people and young dilettantes, people who put the roar into the Twenties. These people have long forgotten the war; they are reveling in a present so satisfying that no one imagines that the future is important. The time is now, the place is here, and the music is jazz. CRASH! The big band on the right of the stage finishes a syncopated number but the dance floor does not clear; the dancers just look on and applaud. The Golden Five-Star Band quickly rewards them by jumping into a trendy number and the crowd hops on it.

Women, enjoying their postwar independence, dance across the polished hardwood dance floor with free-flowing flourish. The length of evening dress is short, just below the knee, to go with their bobbed hair and slim cigarette cases from Paris. (Truly short skirts will arrive in a couple of years.) Young men with slick-backed hair and open neck collars slide along with them in blind gaiety. It's a typical wild night at Le Bistro.

The waiter leads the party up a short flight of steps to the upper deck, overlooking the entire bar. Here they find Celine, sitting alone at a large circular table at the balcony's front center. The investigators can take in the whole horseshoe-shaped bistro from this spot. Directly in front of them is the stage, which holds the band to the right and an elegant piano to the left. Between them and the stage is the dance floor and main sitting area. Each tiny table surrounding the stage area has a dim light and a lush green velvet tablecloth, around which crowd wealthy men and women, all smoking and drinking.

With a successful Idea roll it can be noticed that the room seems to be split linguistically, with French-speakers (francophones) on the right side and English-speakers (anglophones) on the left. Kitchen doors punctuate the left wall. The main bar lines the right wall.

Celine welcomes them. Fine champagne flows for everyone. She says that they are her guests tonight. Are the investigators hungry? Do they want to dance? Everything here is theirs.

Stephane is near the bar, talking seriously with two older men. Celine points him out and comments that Montréal is undergoing a shift in power from the English to the French; although the majority of the city is French-Canadian, most of the money still rests in the hands of a few elitist Anglo-Canadians. The Lavoies are spearheading the effort to change things. Places like the Bistro are considered neutral ground.

Dance of Defiance

When Stephane returns to the table, he greets each investigator and thanks them for helping Celine. Unlike his sister, Stephane's English has no hint of French in it. He is sharply dressed and has a casual manner that puts the investigators at ease. If any of the investigators happen to have been watching Stephane before he approached, he or she will have seen him hand a note to the band leader. When the band finishes its tune, the leader announces that the next song is to be a waltz. This effectively changes the dance floor participants from young to older, and quiets the previous din. Stephane asks the party as to their professions and why they are visiting Montréal. He is willing to engage in conversation about Baudelaire's poetry or the mysteries in the philosophy of Comte, yet at the same time he reserves some of his attention for the dance floor.

After another bottle of champagne is poured, the band slows down its waltz and glides to a stop. The floor begins to clear and waiters swoop in from the sides to the small tables, creating more congestion on the crowded floor. A saxophone player stands wiping his brow, then suddenly looks intently to the floor. "Un couteau!" he shouts as a nondescript man pulls a knife out from under his cummerbund and rushes toward a fat anglophone. The warning is too late as the assassin drives the blade deep into the lower back of the man. With his free hand, the assassin grabs the back of his victim's head and extracts the knife, only to stab it back again.

The fat man's scream is lost in the pandemonium of the hysterical crowd. The doors to the foyer burst open as the elite of Montréal scramble over each other in an effort to escape. Stephane, still watching the floor, rises slowly, then takes Celine's arm and calmly but loudly says, "I think we should leave."

Strolling down the right stairs to the main floor, not evidencing any alarm, Stephane leads the party behind the bar. The

investigators are aware that a huge melee has erupted on the dance floor. Four large bouncers with clubs appear from behind the stage and wade into the fray. Because of the confusion, it is hard to tell sides, although two distinct groups are defiantly fighting. One can be certain that it is not clearly French versus English.

Stephane has opened a floor door which leads to the beer cellar and Celine has already scrambled down. Stephane ushers the investigators down. Those who do not follow his lead see him disappear down the ladder, then reach up and pull the hatch door closed. A tug on the floor ring confirms that the hatch door is now locked from the other side. Investigators remaining upstairs may be arrested or involved in the melee, as the keeper sees fit.

Beneath the muffled din and confusion from upstairs, the well lit cellar exits into a narrow hall that turns left and opens into another, larger cellar where rack after rack of wine bottles gleam. There is a locked door to the south that leads under the stage, and a staircase to the west going up to the kitchen, but Stephane chooses the third door, to the north.

If investigators do not follow Stephane and decide to take the kitchen stairs, they are stopped halfway up by two men, bearing clubs, who are rushing down. Two more thugs also emerge, from the east passage that led the investigators into the room. All try to herd the group down the dark north hallway and into the alley beyond.

Dance of Death

The hall ends abruptly at old wooden steps and a door that opens on the alley running along the north side of the Bistro d'Or. The investigators surface from the hall into the alley via steps that parallel a loading chute. A single dull light bulb illuminates the doorway and a few feet of the alleyway. Darkness cloaks the rest. Alarming, the investigators see Stephane and Celine being forced back from the west by two more men in tuxedos, both sporting clubs. The alley dead-ends in the other direction. The four thugs from the basement emerge. A knife shines in the hand of one, who wears an incongruous blue blazer for his dirty work.

THUGS, about age 30, gangster henchmen

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Abish	13	10	12	16	15	12
Andrew	16	13	16	9	12	15
Dan	12	15	13	11	13	14
Pierre	12	14	14	15	10	14
Richard	15	13	13	10	12	13
Saul	16	14	15	12	8	15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Club 35%, 1D6+1D4
Dirk 35%, damage 1D4+2+1D4
Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3+1D4
Grapple 35%, damage special

Skills: Dodge 40%, English 25%, Fast Talk 30%, French 55%, Hide 20%, Listen 35%, Sneak 40%.

The six men confidently surround the group. Seeing no guns or other resistance, they slow down to bait and dismay the party before attacking. The guy with the knife places the blade to his

lips, kisses it, then says, "That was a very nasty thing you did, Lavoie, and stupid. You got the wrong man William wasn't our leader." They tighten the circle around the group. "He is safe from you. We know what you are doing and you can not win this war, you never could."

With that, all six rush in. Celine, showing surprising agility, jumps up and grabs onto a low-hanging fire escape and then swings over the two men to land in the dark behind them. When those two turn, Stephane charges into them, and all go tumbling into the surrounding gloom. The other four men say nothing. They heft their clubs at the now-friendless investigators, ready to swing and injure whomever they can.

The One-Eyed Dog

Shape this fight to fit your game. Depending on the number of investigators involved, add or subtract thugs. This is meant as a low-power encounter where the aftermath is more important than the actual fight. Investigators who go out of their way to behave stupidly must accept the consequences.

In three or four rounds, before the investigators can be seriously hurt and before they take out so many thugs that the One-Eyed Dog's help is superfluous, let one of the thugs be knocked to the ground from behind by a huge black Newfoundland dog. The dog, on the stunned man's back, makes a quick snap with its jaws and severs the man's jugular. Viciously the dog then leaps at the smaller man with the knife, who successfully slashes the black dog over the left eye. The cut goes unnoticed as the beast strikes with bared fangs and rips out the second man's throat with one powerful savage bite. Blood spurts everywhere.

The other four men drop their wooden clubs, which bounce and clatter on the cobblestones. As one, they back away, then run screaming. They are not seen again. Dripping with blood, all is quiet for a moment. In the distance, police sirens approach.

NEWFOUNDLAND DOG, unusually intelligent

STR 19 CON 16 SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 13
DEX 14 Move 12 * HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Bite 80%, damage 1D6+2
Claw 40%, damage 1D4+1D6

* **Armor:** 1-point fur, regenerates 1 hit point per round

Skills: Follow Scent 60%, Listen 70%.

Stepping softly, the great Newfoundland backs away from the investigators. The matted hair around its muzzle and feet drip with the blood of its fresh-fallen victims. As the dog studies the investigators, they can see that the small man's knife left a wide gash through the animal's left eye. If an investigator approaches the black dog, it snarls, exposing large blood-stained teeth. Suddenly it looks past the party to the darkened street beyond, then runs off in the direction from which it came.

THE LAVOIES

Turning, the investigators see Celine, helping Stephane to stand, walk into the light. The darkness that still covers Stephane's face does not block out his wide eyes, which glow an emerald green. They narrow to slits and, as he walks out

fully into the faint light, he blinks and his eyes are normal. Investigators need successful Spot Hidden rolls to notice this phenomenon, and then a roll of POW x5 or less to believe that they saw such eyes.

Celine asks for help, indicating his bloodied left arm which is wrapped with his coat. Stephane is very weak and wants to reach the family doctor soon, so Celine does not permit questions, First Aid, or Medicine rolls.

(Stephane is not hurt. He and Celine are covering up their family secret. The only blood on his coat is courtesy of the One-Eyed Dog, who at Stephane's direction rubbed on the jacket to clean its muzzle of blood.)

In leaving, the investigators pass over the body of the man in the midnight blue blazer. He supervised the attack. If the investigators are curious about him and search the body, add an extra 20 percentiles to their Spot Hidden chances, for the adrenalin still pumping through their bodies. The first successful roll spies an odd white powder on the cuffs of the blazer and under the fingernails of the corpse. To know for sure what it is, an investigator must put a sample into a handkerchief or other receptacle, and obtain a chemical analysis.

Concerning a criminal, one might guess the powder to be cocaine, a drug popular in the 1920s, but to discover what this substance is takes an investigator (with knowledge of Chemistry and some lab equipment) a day, providing he or she gets successful Chemistry rolls. Alternatively, the powder may be sent to a commercial lab for analysis. The results from either source become available on the morning of Day Three.

A PLAN FOR TOMORROW

If the investigators have examined the man with the blue blazer, Celine waits with three taxi cabs in the bright lights of Crescent Street. She tells the party that the cabs will take them back to the church. She also implores them not to mention what happened tonight to anyone; there is more involved than they realize and she is sorry for dragging them into it. If they want to know more, then they should wait until after Lucien's funeral at Mount Royal Cemetery (1297 De La Forêt Outremont) at two o'clock tomorrow. Then she will take them to see her father, who will clarify a few things, and who will have a business proposition for them.

A Red Herring

The cabs zip through the hauntingly empty streets of Montréal and deposit the investigators at the Church of St. Cutis. Before the investigators enter, they hear the familiar sound of a carriage clicking its way down the stone-paved street. Looking, they see the same pale, gaunt-faced driver who drove them from Viger Station to the church. He stares at them fixedly before urging his horses forward and on into the night.

Though these visits are not keyed in the text, he and his relatives (it is a family business) can coincidentally show up at odd times throughout the scenario, if the keeper sees fit. After all, carriages roam the city looking for passengers. They especially traffic in tourists, which is what the coachman believes the investigators to be. If questioned, he or any of the other drivers they tend to look alike tell tales of black magic and ghouls rising from the earth to do a sorcerer's bidding. This is common to French-Canadian folklore and is not to be taken seriously.



The Lavoie Family Digest

Except for the secret of the loup-garou, which is exposed in the Lavoie statistics by necessity, the information given here would be known by Montréal insiders. Truly private information occurs in the course of the narrative.

The Lavoie family is small and close-knit. Celine has a brother, Stephane, who works with her father, Jean-Claude, and an uncle, Jacques, who does little except drink. Celine's mother died just after Celine was born, in northern Québec where they used to live. After that, Lucien (her grandfather) and Jean-Claude fell out, and Jean-Claude moved to Montréal to make his fortune. Lucien stayed north until four months ago, when he too moved to Montréal; he has just died from a brain tumor. The Lavoies live in Westmount, the wealthiest neighborhood in Canada. They are known throughout North America for their wealth and charity.

The source of family power is the McTanish Distilling Company. It is well known that Lavoie has made an enormous fortune from bootlegging to the United States. McTanish is privately held. Yearly income from all the Lavoie holdings is estimated at \$200 million U.S., which would net the family well over \$10 million per annum.

Jean-Claude Lavoie

Thanks to Prohibition and alcoholics, Jean-Claude has become rich and powerful. He has extended McTanish's market across Canada, into other parts of England's empire, and surreptitiously into the northern United States as well. He keeps himself fit but he is not physically a big man. It is his stern face and heavy set eyes that give him the countenance of a man twice his size, with gray hair at his temples hinting at his true age.

More than money, Jean-Claude wants power. He is a careful, calculating man, and a shrewd judge of character. It is almost impossible to bluff or lie to him. If Lavoie has weaknesses, no one knows what they are.

Although a ruthless and cunning businessman, Mr. Lavoie is known to the public as a courteous, kind, and generous person, and this is also true, at least in his private relations. He deeply mourned the loss of his wife, Nadia, who died giving birth to Celine. He felt her loss so fiercely that he refused to even look at his new baby for months after the birth.

Rumor suggests that he keeps several mistresses. If so, they are very private relationships. When it comes to romance, he has never appeared in public with any woman except his beloved Nadia.

He is an inactive member of the Lords, once a Christian cult and still in historic opposition to The Blood.



JEAN-CLAUDE LAVOIE, age 61, Director-General of McTanish Distilling Co.

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 18 POW 19
DEX 10 APP 11 EDU 22 SAN 90 * HP 13

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapon: .303 Lee-Enfield 40%, damage 2D6+4

* **Armor:** regenerates 1 hit point per round.

Skills: Accounting 50%, Banking and Finance 40%, Bargain 95%, Bluff 89%, Credit Rating 98%, Drive Auto 60%, Economics 45%, English 75%, Fast Talk 80%, French 90%, Listen 60%, Occult 30%, Psychology 70%, Ride 40%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 70%.

Jean-Claude Lavoie is a loup-garou who cannot be killed by physical attack, regenerating one hit point per round until his normal total returns. See the Loup-garou Summary at the end of this chapter for more information. Jean-Claude transforms at will into a raven, a large and carnivorous black bird. Others of the Lavoies transform into various were-creatures.

JEAN-CLAUDE LAVOIE as raven

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 5 INT 18 POW 19
DEX 20 Move 1/12 flying * HP 10

Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Weapon: Beak Stab 45%, damage 1D4-1D4

* **Armor:** regenerates 1 hit point per round

Skills: Dodge 95%, Spot Hidden 90%.

Jacques Lavoie

He is the older brother of Jean-Claude. He is an embarrassment to the family. Drunken and overweight, he constantly mops sweat from his bald head even in cold weather. Johanna, his wife, left Jacques five years ago, one year after the disappearance of their son Pierre, and now lives in France. When she left, Jacques began to drink heavily.

At 64 he is the oldest Lavoie, and in all respects the weakest. His younger brother overshadows him. Most consider Jacques a stupid and ineffectual man. He has a large fat face, small eyes, and wire-rim glasses. Jacques is never seen in a suit, preferring the comfortable anonymity of brown cotton shirts and brown pants, dressing as might a foreman of a construction gang. His bad deals with the Caprice crime family in Chicago have led to the Lavoies' current trouble with the mob. But Jacques prefers to drink the McTanish stock instead of worrying about selling it. Some of his love of booze comes from the tremendous resentment he harbors for Jean-Claude, not only because of Jean-Claude's success but also because of Stephane, Jean-Claude's son and Jacques' nephew.

Stephane is now being groomed to replace Jean-Claude as Director-General of McTanish. This honored and much sought-after position was reserved for Jacques' son, Pierre, but six years ago Pierre disappeared while hunting in the north of Québec. Bitterly, Jacques believes that Stephane had something



to do with the disappearance and makes no secret of his dislike for the young man. Whether or not Stephane had a hand in the disappearance, Jacques is thought by some to be secretly trying to destroy McTanish from the inside out.

That aside, Jacques truly loves his niece Celine, and will provide for her and protect her as best he can.

Jacques is an inactive member of the Lords. He has never been active in it, but contributes money to it as part of a general family plan.

JACQUES LAVOIE, age 67, Alcoholic Failure

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 14 INT 10 POW 08
DEX 10 APP 09 EDU 11 SAN 40 * HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: .32 Revolver 35%, damage 1D8

* **Armor:** regenerates 1 hit point per round.

Skills: Accounting 30%, Conceal 30%, Credit Rating 70%, Drive Auto 40%, English 40%, Fast Talk 20%, French 65%, Grapple 35%, Hide 40%, Library Use 40%, Natural History 25%, Occult 15%, Photography 45%, Psychology 15%, Swim 30%.

Jacques Lavoie is a loup-garou who cannot be killed by physical attack, regenerating one hit point per round until his normal total returns. See the Loup-garou Summary at the end of this chapter for more information. Jacques transforms at will into a large Newfoundland dog, something of the size and shape of a St. Bernard. Others of the Lavoies transform into various were-creatures.

JACQUES LAVOIE as Newfoundland dog

STR 19 CON 16 SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 13
DEX 14 Move 12 * HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapon: Bite 80%, damage 1D6+2

* **Armor:** 1-point fur, regenerates 1 hit point per round

Skills: Follow Scent 60%, Listen 70%.

Stephane Lavoie

Stephane is being primed to take over McTanish. The recent trouble with McTanish does not bother Stephane, at least not so anyone would notice. Stephane Lavoie's cunning is only outweighed by his ever-present coolness. His thick black hair is cut close to his head so as to show his finely crafted cheekbones. He is always on show, decked out in the finest Italian suits, preferring olive and black.



Stephane's secret and knowing smile is only bested by his sister Celine's. Nothing has ever visibly shaken the young man; no one has ever seen him cry, shout, or stumble over his words. Stephane is the perfect disciple of Jean-Claude, bred and raised to take his father's place as the head of McTanish. With overflowing self-confidence, Stephane fully believes that although his father built McTanish, only he can lead

the company to its destiny of world domination.

Some believe that Stephane plans to do this by expanding McTanish into munitions, because of Stephane's widely quoted faith in the enduring evil of mankind and its destructive nature. Stephane has predicted that another war with Germany is inevitable, because of Germany's present humiliation. For now, he must wait upon the approval or the death of his father, and that of Jacques as well, who is widely known to dislike the young man. Nonetheless, Stephane will likely be able to implement such plans within the decade.

Just as Celine has become known for her dramatic abilities, so Stephane is gaining a public reputation as a modest, witty, and deep-thinking speaker, and a potential provincial or dominion leader.

Stephane is a minor member of The Blood, a cult of Chaugnar Faugn. His money helps keep the cult invisible to police.

The Lavoies in Canada

Pere Lavoie = ?

Lucien = Clara Duquette
b.1832 b.1828
d.1923 d.1878

Pascal = ?
b.1830

Jacques = Johann Pion
b.1856 b.1855

Jean-Claude = Nadia Guilbert
b.1862 b.1867
d.1899

Andre
b.1859
d.1860

Hugh
b.1873

Pierre
b.1881
d.1917

Stephane
b.1896

Celine
b.1899

STEPHANE LAVOIE, age 27, Heir to the McTanish Empire

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 17 POW 17

DEX 13 APP 14 EDU 18 SAN 80 * HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.**Weapon:** Fist/Punch 45%, damage 1D3+1D4*** Armor:** regenerates 1 hit point per round**Skills:** Accounting 25%, Banking and Finance 55%, Bargain 60%, Credit Rating 90%, Drive Auto 65%, Fast Talk 40%, French 90%, Occult 15%, Oratory 45%, Persuade 55%, Pilot Aircraft 35%, Politics 40%, Psychology 60%, Spot Hidden 40%.** Stephane Lavoie is a loup-garou who cannot be killed by physical attack, regenerating one hit point per round until his normal total returns. See the Loup-garou Summary at the end of this chapter for more information. Stephane transforms at will into a white and black-striped tiger. Others of the Lavoies transform into various were-creatures.***STEPHANE LAVOIE as Siberian tiger**

STR 28 CON 13 SIZ 17 INT 17 POW 17

DEX 19 Move 12 * HP 15

Damage Bonus: +2D6.**Weapons:** Bite 55%, damage 1D10

Claw 85%, damage 1D8+2D6

Ripping 90%, damage 2D8+2D6

*** Armor:** 2-point skin, regenerates 1 hit point per round**Skills:** Hide in Cover 80%, Move Quietly 75%, Track 50%.**Celine Lavoie**

She is a petite, short-haired brunette with green eyes. She is strikingly beautiful, and always poised and well-dressed. Celine has recently made a name for herself as a Broadway actress of considerable talent. She is now the toast of New York City.

Her dazzling romances are already well recorded, but her public comportment is impeccable. When her acting career allows, she returns to her home city and spends much time and effort in charity work among Montréal's poor. To many, she is the only important Lavoie, and is highly regarded and deferred to by every social class as the embodiment

of Québécois vitality and femininity.

Unlike the rest of her family, she belongs to no cult.

CELINE LAVOIE, age 23, actress, heiress, beauty

STR 10 CON 15 SIZ 9 INT 14 POW 17

DEX 14 APP 17 EDU 15 SAN 85 * HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.**Weapons:** her steady gaze and cool green eyes, that failing, Kick 37%, damage 1D4*** Armor:** regenerates 1 hit point per round.**Skills:** Accounting 20%, Art (Dance) 65%, Art (Drama) 90%, Art (Song) 45%, Bargain 65%, Credit Rating 99%, Dodge 35%, Drive Auto 40%, English 45%, French 75%, Law 20%, Occult 15%, Persuade 45%, Psychology 35%, Ride 75%, Swim 40%.*Celine Lavoie is a loup-garou who cannot be killed by physical**attack, regenerating one hit point per round until her normal total returns. See the Loup-garou Summary at the end of this chapter for more information. Celine transforms at will into a were-panther. Others of the Lavoies transform into various were-creatures.***CELINE LAVOIE as black panther**

STR 20 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 17

DEX 19 Move 12 * HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.**Weapons:** Bite 45%, damage 1D10

Claw 65%, damage 1D6+1D4

Rake 85%, damage 2D6+1D4

*** Armor:** 1-point fur, regenerates 1 hit point per round.**Skills:** Climb 80%, Hide 80%, Jump 40%, Sneak 90%.**Hugh Lavoie**

Hugh is a shadowy figure unknown to most Lavoie watchers. He is the son of Pascal Lavoie, Lucien's brother, Pascal remained in France, and is now an old man and long retired. Cousin Hugh moved from France to the Montréal area about fifteen years ago, and has become a trusted troubleshooter and enforcer for Jean-Claude.

He is an active member of the Lords, once a Christian cult, and still in historic opposition to Chaugnar Faugn.

HUGH LAVOIE, age 50, unmarried cousin to Jean-Claude and Jacques, burly and aggressive

STR 17 CON 13 SIZ 16 INT 11 POW 12

DEX 8 APP 11 EDU 14 SAN 45 * HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D6.**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+1D6

12-Gauge Shotgun (sawed-off) 60%, damage 4D6/1D6

.32 Revolver 40%, damage 1D6

*** Armor:** regenerates 1 hit point per round**Skills:** Accounting 35%, Bargain 75%, Bluff 80%, Credit Rating 50%, Dodge 40%, English 55%, Fast Talk 75%, French 80%, Hide 30%, Listen 44%, Occult 15%, Psychology 55%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 50%.*Hugh Lavoie is a loup-garou who cannot be killed by physical attack, regenerating one hit point per round until his normal total returns. See the Loup-garou Summary at the end of this chapter for more information. Hugh transforms at will into a were-bear, and those stats also can be found early in this chapter. Others of the Lavoies transform into various were-creatures.***HUGH LAVOIE as black bear**

STR 34 CON 13 SIZ 21 INT 11 POW 12

DEX 12 MOV 08 (lacks left rear leg) * HP 17

Damage Bonus: +2D6.**Weapons:** Bite 30%, damage 1D10

Claw 40%, damage 1D6+2D6

*** Armor:** 3-point fur and gristle, regenerates 1 hit point per round.**Skills:** Climb 10%, Dodge 30%, Listen 65%, Scent Prey 60%.

Loup-garou Summary

Loup-garou: literally, *werewolf*. In Québec the French and Native American traditions allow for all sorts of were-things, not just wolves. The loup-garou form for each of the five Lavoies is that of a mammal or bird, each one a metaphor for that individual's personality. Only one animal form exists for a person, and the individual already must have somewhere seen his or her loup-garou alternate form. In animal form, Celine is always a black panther, Jacques is always a Newfoundland dog, Jean-Claude a giant raven, Stephane a Siberian tiger, and Hugh a black bear.

In this adventure, Lucien Lavoie passed the curse of the loup-garou to his children, and by them to his grandchildren Pierre, Stephane, and Celine. Perhaps the elder Lavoie acquired the curse from some sub-Arctic shaman whom he had wronged, or perhaps Lucien eagerly sought out such power. Curse or gift, it passes down the bloodline. The bite does not infect. Descendants of Lucien uniformly have it, but it does not transmit to those who were born outside the family. Loup-garou transformations begin during puberty.

- Each change costs one magic point. Witnessing such a change costs 1D3 SAN. Each change takes one combat round to complete.
- In changing from human to loup-garou or back again, only STR, SIZ, and DEX change. Unless unaesthetic, the former human's STR doubles if the animal is more powerful, and remains as per human if the animal (such as the raven) is weaker. SIZ increases or decreases to remain proportionate with the species (no 200-pound canaries, please, or 110-pound horses). DEX also conforms to the alternate physical form.
- MOV and the damage bonus may change, reflecting the new physical form. If SIZ changed, then so may hit points.
- The mind retains all spells known, but spells cannot be cast since the gestures possible to a human no longer can be made.
- At first, each shape-change costs the loup-garou 1D3 SAN to perform. To establish discipline of mind, make a Know roll for every change after the first. After such a roll succeeds, the loup-garou begins to believe that he or she controls the effect, and that if done with reasonable care, the ability allows a more interesting and exciting life. Then changing shape no longer costs Sanity points.
- Human knowledge skills remain, though most physical skills are inapplicable because of the lack of hands. Communication skills are very difficult to apply without speech. The skills endowed by the animal form vanish upon returning to human shape. Add Occult 15% after returning to human form for the first time. The loup-garou is not part of the Cthulhu Mythos, and adds no points to that skill. Shape-change is at will, not forced by the full moon like the English werewolf. Because this is a magical change, the

human always returns as he or she was before taking loup-garou form. Therefore a clothed human reappears dressed just as he or she was before assuming alternate form. Unhealed damage continues to exist if the loup-garou translates into human form or vice versa, and is present until the combat rounds needed for healing have passed. If somehow killed, the loup-garou always returns to human form.

Change from one form to the other takes one combat round. The form shimmers, writhes, smokes, and shrinks or expands in a bewildering, upsetting way, costing the witness 1D3 SAN. If this shock induces temporary or indefinite insanity, the effect might be conscious loss of memory or catatonia.

Loups-garous are nearly invulnerable to ordinary damage, in human or in animal form. They can age and die of old age, or die in human form from some specific disease. Silver bullets and silver blades do not do special damage. Loups-garous are vulnerable to most magical attacks. Since loup-garous cannot regenerate hit points while on fire, it is possible to burn them to death.

When ordinary weapons are used against them, the skin closes over fresh wounds almost immediately, and the hit points regenerate one per round until all have restored. Even if reduced far below zero hit points by an ordinary attack other than fire, the loup-garou accumulates hit points and returns to life when +1 is reached. The loup-garou may be knocked down or thrown back by the vigor of an attack, but he or she quickly returns to original strength.

If not otherwise given, to determine damage done by a magical weapon, match the damage done by it against the loup-garou's CON on the Resistance Table. If overcome, the loup-garou dies. If not overcome, the loup-garou takes half the rolled damage and thereafter may not regenerate those hit points so lost.

Summary Guide to Statistics

STR (2x human if larger, 1/2 human if smaller)

CON (human)

SIZ (animal)

DEX (animal)

INT (human)

MOV (animal)

POW (human)

HP (av. CON+SIZ)

Damage Bonus: STR+SIZ

Weapons: animal attacks only

Armor: that natural to the animal

Spells: all known are remembered, but none learned in human form can be cast while in the shape of an animal.

Skills: those pertinent to the animal form, plus all human information skills. Particular communication or physical skills occasionally might be applicable if pertinent or pleasingly just. Add Occult 15% after returning to human form for the first time. The loup-garou is not part of the Cthulhu Mythos, nor does it add points to that skill.

Sanity Cost to See: 1D3 SAN to witness a shape-change. The loup-garou also loses 1D3 SAN per change, unless and until he or she receives a successful Know roll; after that the loup-garou loses no Sanity for shape-changing.



Day Two

A Burial; the black dog again; the Lavoie mansion; the peg-legged man; investigating Lucien; St. Cutis; the séance; a theft.



AFTER AN EXHAUSTING night, the investigators probably rise late. When they gather at the breakfast table, Father Philip has already left to do his daily parish duties. He has thoughtfully instructed Madame D'Anjou to prepare a hardy breakfast of crêpes, rich maple syrup, and strong black coffee for his guests. He has also left a note for the investigators which states that he will not be home until the evening and that they might want to start their search at the Bibliothèque Nationale du Québec.

After breakfast, if the investigators check the morning paper for reports of last night's events at Le Bistro d'Or, they find nothing. The event has been covered up. They do see a funeral notice (*Horror's Heart Papers #4*) for Lucien Lavoie, the late father of Jean-Claude Lavoie of Montréal.

A message from Celine is also waiting, giving them the place and time for the funeral, and indicating that Jean-Claude would like to see the investigators once the funeral is over. It will be simplest for them to arrive in their own taxi at the cemetery, she says, and then to follow the Lavoie cars back to the mansion, where discussions can be held.

If the investigators rose late, they just have time for a late breakfast. If they rose early, they can do some research before the service begins. For the former, continue below. For the latter, go to the section "Researching St. Cutis" at the end of this chapter.

Horror's Heart Papers #5

Lucien's Epitaph

*L'ours avec trois jambes indique la bonne voie
Ne fait jamais un bol grimacer
Car le corbeau ne restera pas.*

[The three-legged bear points the way
Never make a bowl frown
For then the raven will not stay.]

Horror's Heart Papers #4

A Funeral Notice

LAVOIE, LUCIEN

Passed away in Royal Victoria Hospital following an illness of some length, attended by and beloved father of Jean-Claude, dear grandfather of Stephane and Celine, kindly uncle to Hugh, who implore the blessings of Our Lord Jesus Christ upon Lucien. A private graveside service this afternoon for family and invited friends. Observances in Lucien's name may be made to charities.

Mount Royal Cemetery

In the afternoon, the investigators assemble for Lucien Lavoie's burial. It is a twenty-minute drive to the flourishing green graveyard and another ten-minute walk to the grave site. On the far side of the overturned earth stands a sobbing Jean-Claude Lavoie with his son on his right hand and his daughter on his left. Thirty or so mourners gather in a semicircle around the grave, with a priest at the head of the coffin. He recites a passage in Latin and then falls into silence. With a successful Idea roll, the investigators notice that Lucien's other son, Jacques, whom they met briefly at Viger Station, is not present.

A gentle wind lifts some of the yellow leaves of a nearby beech tree and carries them to rest on the slowly lowering coffin. The funeral ends and the mourners walk back to their automobiles. Passing by, Celine stops and says that the investigators should follow the Lavoies back to their home. She returns to help her still weeping father. Stephane, on the other hand, seems removed as he scans the cemetery. A Psychology check reveals that he is wary and agitated.

A Grave Sign

Because the investigators waited for Celine, they find themselves bringing up the rear of the procession. At this time, if any of the investigators gets a successful Luck roll, he or she will see a large black Newfoundland dog watching them from a far hill, its tail wagging.

This is the first of three times that the dog will try to get the investigators' attention without attracting the notice of the Lavoies. If this try fails, then allow the investigators a second round of rolls when they reach their cars, but with chances lowered by ten percentiles. If that fails, then the dog will try once more at some later convenient time to bring them back to the graveyard.

This same dog aided the investigators in their battle with the thugs last night. The gash through its left eye seems to have closed up neatly, as if it has been stitched. If any of the investigators tell the Lavoies about the dog, Stephane immediately looks for it, but does not find it. Celine explains, a little too smoothly, that the old dog belonged to Lucien and that it now is wandering the area. They want to prevent any harm coming to it. This is a lie, as a successful Psychology roll advises.

The dog wants the attention of the investigators. Once he gets it, he leads them around the cemetery until the mourners have gone, then brings them back to Lucien's grave, where he paws and scratches at the headstone. The investigators should realize that the dog wants them to read the stone's epitaph (see *Horror's Heart Papers #5*). Call for French rolls to translate the granite carvings.

A Psychoanalysis roll suggests that the writer (it was



LUCIEN LAVOIE
1832 - 1923
L'ours avec trois jambes
indique la bonne voie
Ne fait jamais grimacer
le corbeau ne restera pas

Notre Père

The Funeral of Lucien Lavoie

Lucien, as Celine or Stephane can confirm) was at the time quite insane, while a successful Occult roll guesses that the epitaph is actually some sort of warning.

Its mission accomplished, the black dog lopes away, easily evading pursuing investigators. It disappears at the edge of the cemetery.

Researching the epitaph produces no immediate insight into its meaning. Everyone knows that black bears are indigenous to southern Québec. A successful History or Occult roll tells the investigators that the raven is prominent in the legends and myths of most Native Americans, as well as in many western European traditions, so omnipresent that no one key can be guessed at. In general, the raven loves to meddle and provoke things, is always manipulative, and enjoys stealing things and playing tricks on people. When a raven is involved, one should always be wary.

The Lavoie Mansion

From the windows of the huge fieldstone mansion one can view the bustle of Montréal and of the river beyond. Jean-Claude had it built in the Second Empire style to honor Napoléon III and his dreams of glory. With its false mansard roof, segmental windows, and projecting pavilions, the mansion is the centerpiece of the estate. There are two other prominent buildings, a smaller mansion belonging to Jacques, and the relatively modest guest house in which Lucien stayed.

The investigators' car follows the Lavoie vehicles up the circular drive to the main entrance of the large mansion. If at any time inside the mansion, one of the investigators sneaks off, then he or she can witness the events of the sub-section "The Peg-Legged Man" later in this chapter, if the keeper chooses.

Inside, the Lavoies go to their rooms to change. The butler guides the investigators through the grand interior. They arrive at Jean-Claude's study. After seating them and offering drinks and cigars as Jean-Claude ordered, the butler disappears, leaving the investigators waiting alone in the enormous paneled room.

Extending straight back from the hall door is a heavy, wine-colored, leather-covered desk at which Jean-Claude sits when he arrives. A series of windows tower along the back wall, filling the room with ample north light which reflects from the polished floor. This being the back (north end) of the mansion, Jean-Claude's view is over the finely trimmed gardens that make up most of the estate.

Celine soon arrives and takes a seat. Then Jean-Claude arrives. She introduces the investigators to him. Small talk follows. Several fine Watteaus grace his walls. In particular, the connoisseur notices an oil version of *Les Jaloux*, to the world known only as an engraving.

All traces of his graveside sorrow have vanished. Jean-Claude is himself, a man of medium height with a round face, a classic Gallic nose, and short black hair. He usually wears an expression of tired intentness. In his plain blue suit, he seems out of place in the opulence and gilt.

Much of the way he deals with the investigators depends on their demeanor and what they have already done. If they helped Celine on the train, then he expresses gratitude, as he will also if they express sorrow for the passing of his father. He is able to convincingly convey whatever emotion he finds convenient. He shows no weakness. He is practiced and suave. Psychology or Psychoanalysis notes the strength of his mental and emotional

armor, without piercing it.

Jean-Claude is prejudiced against British and Germans, but does not openly raise national politics. Investigators with names of French origin notice that he favors them. He is a businessman, who wants to get something out of the investigators. He is determined, strong-willed, and experienced; uniformly reduce investigator communication and psychology skills by thirty percentiles when directed at him.

Lavoie wastes no time. He speaks slowly and deliberately, with labored breathing. He seems to be physically ill, but that illness has not affected his keen mind. "I do not know why you are here in Montréal and furthermore, I do not care. I do care about my family. Celine believes that you are a group of intelligent, compassionate people, and your reputations, which I have taken the liberty of inspecting through my agents, prove that to be the case. I feel that I can trust you, and I do not make a policy of trusting people. You have helped my family once and I want to ask your help again. What I am about to tell you is unbelievable, but the truth nevertheless. My father is trying to kill me."

Lucien moved from France with his wife, Clara, and one-year-old Jacques in 1857. Two years later they had another boy, André, whose death the following year remains unexplained. Jean-Claude was born in 1862. The family lived in various parts of northern Québec until 1878, when Clara died.

Jean-Claude tells them that his father began to go insane shortly after that. Lucien blamed Jean-Claude for Clara's death. When he became violent, it was necessary for Jean-Claude to flee. Jean-Claude hated his northern life and his father; in that same year, he went to Montréal, aided only by dreams of power and success. Twenty years later, Jacques joined Jean-Claude, mainly for the sake of his son Pierre.

Jean-Claude did well in business, and luckily acquired McTanish several years before Prohibition passed in the United States. Lucien stayed north. Jean-Claude sent his father money, but never heard from him until four months ago when he arrived unexpectedly in Montréal. Lucien's appearance on the Lavoie doorstep was kept quiet. Neither Jean-Claude nor Jacques trusted the brooding old man. Jean-Claude put him up in the guest house, but they remained distant. Jean-Claude even consulted specialists at the Royal Victorian Hospital. Nonetheless, Lucien went completely mad three weeks before his death.

One night last month, the butler saw Lucien wandering around the halls of the main mansion, lightly swinging a hatchet at his side. He followed Lucien up the stairs to a gallery where Lucien suddenly stopped and buried the axe into a portrait of Jean-Claude. Afterward, Lucien was taken to the hospital, where intensive examination discovered a brain tumor. His mental state declined over the next few weeks. He refused to leave his bedroom. In the last days before his death, Lucien now incoherently mad told Jean-Claude that he was going to curse him. It was then that Lucien wrote his own epitaph. Lucien cast this curse in his bedroom the night he died. The butler found him the next day.

"By your backgrounds, you are very aware that magic does exist, yes? Well, Lucien's curse is also very real."

Jean-Claude wishes the investigators to remove the life-threatening curse that his father has placed on him. Jean-Claude does not care if the investigators actually believe him; he only wants to know if they will help him. No one else can help Jean-Claude. The curse is structured so that no one with Lavoie blood may even enter Lucien's room. Due to

Jean-Claude's position, he can not have this situation leaked to the press, so he needs people who he can trust.

The investigators, he assures them, cannot be injured. The curse lifted, they will be duly rewarded. The actual lifting of the curse must be done soon tomorrow night would be best. All the implements have been left untouched in Lucien's room.

If the investigators ask, removing the curse should be very simple; Jean-Claude believes that they just have to reverse the ceremony. He deduces this from his knowledge of French-Canadian folklore. He is not sure himself if he believes in it, but he does respect the tradition. (Keepers, for more information about the curse and a description of it, see the nearby boxed entry, "The Cage of Kind.")

For their time, Jean-Claude offers the investigators \$2000 in cash, payable when the job is done. The investigators do not have to decide this instant, but time is of the essence, and Jean-Claude would like their decision this afternoon. If they agree to dispel the curse, then they may look at Lucien's room this afternoon, but only briefly, for tonight Jean-Claude has some guests arriving for dinner and discussion who will not appreciate strangers at the estate.

If the investigators privately ask Celine about the visitors, she admits that Carmine Caprice, of Chicago's Caprice family, and several of his representatives are the guests. Her father does not want bystanders at this meeting, nor will those notorious mobsters be eager for witnesses of any sort. Among other things, Jean-Claude wants to negotiate Celine's protection.

If the investigators decide to take the job, Jean-Claude shakes their hands and thanks them. They can begin work tomorrow. Celine can show them Lucien's room.

If the investigators delay their decision, Jean-Claude bids them good afternoon, and emphasizes that he needs to know their decision quickly. In the hall, Celine pleads with the investigators for their help. If they do nothing, she claims that her father will be dead within the week. She begs their aid. Jean-Claude, too,

may repeat his request, sweetening the pot with promises of more cash or job offers. If any or all of the investigators hold out, a successful Bargain roll increases their total fee to \$3000. Jean-Claude actually doesn't care about the price of their help, but it would be out of character for him to reveal that.

THE SECRET

Jean-Claude is withholding much from the party, not the least of which is the true nature of what he calls Lucien's curse. It is not really a curse but an old spell, Cage of Kind, and it is not killing Jean-Claude but slowly trapping him and the rest of the family in their animal guises. For more information, see the nearby box, "The Cage of Kind."

The Peg-Legged Man

At some point during the visit, before Jean-Claude comes into his study or after the investigators leave his study, call for Listen rolls. The successful ones hear odd footstep-like sounds. There is the heavy squish of a soft leather shoe followed by the tap of wood on wood. It could be a person walking with a cane, yet the knocking is louder, as if the walker places all of his weight on the wood.

It is a man with a peg-leg. The inquisitive investigator sees that he was just talking with Stephane, who is still standing in the hall. If asked, Stephane tells the investigators that affairs in his home are none of their business. The peg-legged man moves quickly and knows the mansion so well that within three rounds he cannot be found. If the investigators pursue him, then they will have to explain their absence to Jean-Claude.

If they continue to explore the mansion, allow the investigators Spot Hidden rolls. A successful investigator spies movement in the garden. A large dark ursine shape ambles through the moonlight. Its walk is strangely clumsy. If the investigators pursued the false conductor off the train and saw that bear, they see that this one is also missing its rear left leg. The huge black

Spell: Cage of Kind (Bind Loup-garou)

Removes a loup-garou's desire to control shape-change, quickly condemning him or her to the life of an animal. Cage of Kind needs 14 magic points per targeted loup-garou. It consumes 2D4 Sanity points per ceremony, no matter how many loup-garous it involves. The loup-garou thus affected sheds its human side in a number of days equal to its POW.

The loup-garou on whom the spell is cast steadily loses his or her ability to choose when to shape-change. More and more he or she automatically becomes the animal alternate when primal emotions such as rage, fear, lust, or hunger become strong and trigger the shape-change. The effect is gradual, but relatively swift. After 1/2 POW days, the target is spending half its time in its animal form. After POW days, the human side is no longer at all attractive or interesting to the target. The loup-garou then lives out the remainder of its life as an animal in the wild.

To perform this spell, the caster needs a bowl made of solid silver or gold. This bowl must be inscribed with the incantations of the spell on its inner surface. The caster must also carve a circular talisman into the surface of the area

where the spell is to be cast. Six candles are placed and lit clockwise around this talisman. Once the candles are lit, the caster may not leave the circle or he or she must repeat the ceremony from the beginning.

At least six drops of uncoagulated human blood must be added to the bowl. To target an individual, place some of his or her body hair, fingernail clippings, personal possessions, etc., in the bowl. More than one person may be targeted at a time. Incantations must be chanted without interruption for an hour. If all goes well, the bowl briefly glows and the spell begins its work.

After the spell is cast, the targeted loup-garou experiences growing fears and desires based on the needs of its animal side. For instance, if the loup-garou is half mountain lion, then while on the human side the loup-garou becomes increasingly aloof, predatory, and territorial with potential rivals. The affected loup-garou loses no sanity unless it understands what has happened to it; then the Sanity loss is 1D3+1 SAN per day, until POW days have passed. Then it loses all remaining SAN and as a human is permanently insane.

bear heads off in the direction of Lucien's house and if sought cannot be found.

The first line in Lucien's epitaph was "the three legged bear points the way." If the investigators mention the three-legged bear to anyone on the estate, he or she explains that the Lavoies protect many abused and rejected animals on the estate. At night they are let out to roam the fenced grounds. They are harmless. The bear is old and maimed, as they saw, although it would be wise to give it a wide berth.

The man about whom they were curious was the butler, aided by a cane. He took a hidden passage to his quarters. These explanations are plausible, but untrue.

Lucien Lavoie

The Guest House

There are two ways that the investigators can gain access to the guest house: agree to help Jean-Claude, or attempt to break in. If they choose the latter, then they will be chased and attacked by the Lavoies' guard dogs. The dogs are permanent security on the mansion's grounds and can be used by the keeper whenever appropriate. At any time 1D3+2 are loose in the grounds between the inner and outer fences.

GUARD DOGS, Lavoie Mansion

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5
STR	14	12	11	15	14
CON	15	16	12	14	14
SIZ	6	7	5	6	6
DEX	14	15	13	13	14

Move 12

Weapon: Bite 40%, damage 1D6+1

Skills: Listen 80%, Scent 95%, Track 70%.

If they do decide to help Jean-Claude, then Celine will escort them to the guest house that same afternoon. Jean-Claude excuses himself. As he stands, wheezing and coughing, the investigators notice that he rubs his left leg in fact many of the people connected with the Lavoies have problems with their left side in general. This is just a coincidence.

It is a short walk through a garden to the guest house where Lucien stayed and performed his spell. If the investigators saw the three-legged bear, this is where it was. A successful Tracking roll reveals its prints going around to the back of the small house and then quite suddenly disappearing.

Celine waits impatiently at the unlocked front door. The house is as lavishly decorated as the main mansion, but most of the furniture and paintings are covered with sheets to protect against dust. When Lucien moved in, he did not want maids around, and swore that electricity would disturb his meditations. The guest house has not been cleaned, and the house's electricity is turned off. He used only his bedroom. Normally his meals were left at the door, at his request. His bedroom is on the ground floor, at the back.

Lucien's Chamber

Unlocking the bed-chamber door, Celine is visibly frightened. She honored her grandfather, she says, and finds it hard to believe that he would try to kill his son, but then again, he was by then a madman. The bedroom door opens slowly, with a long creaking moan. White-faced, Celine refuses to enter, saying that she will wait in the foyer.

A strong stench hangs in the room. Dim light barely illuminates the gloomy gothic interior. The investigators must light candles to be able to distinguish objects, since the draperies pulled over the windows have been nailed to the window frames and cannot be moved aside.

Except for a large circular diagram in the center of the room, a mess of rags, paper, and broken glass covers the floor. Dressers are overturned and their contents spilled. Small piles of food rot on expensive china plates. The few sticks of furni-

Trapped in the Circle of Scry

The circle of power diagrammed on the floor was Lucien's usual arena as a sorcerer. He used it in many ways. It is also a trap designed to protect him against solitary sneak-thieves, interlopers, rivals, and snoopy family members. The trap is baited especially for those who boast strong POW and great self-confidence.

As narrated nearby, the design of the center can magically induce a vision in an interloper. The first time the character dreams inside the circle, he or she sees Lucien transform from wolf to man and offer the dreamer a tasty tidbit. Then the dreamer needs a CON x3 or less roll to move out of the circle after waking, or else to be dragged out by someone else. Failing those options, after one combat round he or she falls back into part two of the vision.

This time the white wolf is much nearer, and has no prey upon which to feed. It sniffs the air and turns hungrily toward the dreamer. The dreamer wakes again, still stunned. If the

dreamer is not dragged from the circle, he or she now needs a roll of CON x2 or less to remove himself or herself. If the roll fails, he or she is pulled back into the vision for a third time.

Now the wolf is so close that the dreamer can feel its breath. Its low, powerful growl seems to fill the universe. When the dreamer wakes, only being dragged from the circle or a roll of CON x1 or less halts the next vision.

In the next vision, the dreamer is now in the form of its animal self. It cannot wake. It must fight the wolf, win or die. And, win or die, it cannot leave the dream. If it loses, it is cruelly and painfully devoured. If it kills the wolf, it may eat, but soon it grows hungry, and eagerly awaits the appearance of new prey....

Each portion of the vision lasts one combat round. Each waking episode between visions lasts one combat round. It also takes one combat round for an outsider to drag a dreamer from the circle.

ture have been pushed back to the walls, to make as much room as possible. Blood has splashed and dried on these bedroom pieces and across most of the floor. These rusty, powdery stains seem to be everywhere.

The bed is fouled with offal. A successful Medicine or Natural History roll identifies bones and skin from birds, squirrels, and rats, as well as a (perhaps ceremonial) human femur. A palpable sense of evil lurks in this room. Sanity loss is 0/1D3 just to be here.

Permanently scraped and cut into the hardware floor, painted bright red, is an ornate circular diagram which contains a succession of five geometrically exact triangles, equally spaced and interlocking. The bases of the triangles overlap in the center to form a pentagram. The general features of this diagram resemble the symbol found on the stone pillow in the basement of St. Cutis. In the center, many unfamiliar arcane symbols are inscribed. The whole diagram is nearly ten feet across; the interior pentagram containing the symbols is about two feet across, and the symbols correspondingly small. To study the symbols, the investigators must be within the outer circle.

THE VISION

Neither an Occult roll nor a Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies these symbols. Moreover, if they choose to study the symbols carefully, the investigators begin to feel light-headed and faint. Call for POW x5 rolls. Those who fail feel repelled and move outside the circle. Once out of the binding circle, they feel normal. Those with successes believe that they can handle the stress, and can choose to stay within the diagram and continue to examine the symbols. Charge those who do 1 SAN.

Once it is clear who is and who is not within the circle, call for CON x3 rolls for those who are inside. Those with successes continue to puzzle over or record the symbols. Those with failures are overwhelmed by a vision: they fall unconscious to the floor for a combat round.

Each investigator's vision is similar, but seen through different eyes the eyes of that sort of animal or bird who represents the investigator's animal side. Ask the players to choose creatures for their investigators. They must choose creatures that are reasonably comfortable on land, but otherwise have free choice. Keep a list of what they say. If an investigator is later tainted and becomes loup-garou, the creature chosen now is his or her animal side, and is that form into which he or she always changes.

The dim visions are simple. A white wolf of great size is sprawling in blackness, holding in its forepaws and hungrily tearing at what seems to have been someone's pet cat. Bones crunch. Guts dangle and gleam. With a twist of vision, the wolf shimmers and then becomes an old man scrawny, long-haired, naked, still gnawing and gulping the fresh kill. Blood coats his face and hands. He has a nose like Jean-Claude's, and savage, implacable eyes. He notices the dreamer, and turns toward him or her. Lucien (for that is who it is) briefly imitates a smile. He holds out the dripping, mangled kill. His grimacing imitation of a smile turns into a characteristic and natural sneer. "Prenez-en!" he says. "Soyez fort! Have some! Be strong!"

The vision ends. A combat round later, the investigators wake, if they are dragged free of the circle of magic. If they remain in the circle, they are in great peril. See the nearby box, "Trapped in the Circle of Scry."



LITTLE WOODEN SOLDIERS

A wall ledge about seven feet off the floor borders the room. On it incongruously parades a set of identical, eight-inch-high wooden soldiers in British-red formal uniforms. The toy soldiers have long faces with painted smiles and red dots for cheeks. Their wide eyes blankly stare down on the investigators from everywhere in the room.

If the investigators systematically examine the figures, they see that all of the torsos have fresh indentations on their left sides. They were made by human teeth. Judging by the width of the jaw, the teeth were adult. Was it Lucien who did this?

THE SILVER BOWL

With a successful Spot Hidden roll, the investigators notice a cool glint from under a desk. It is a silver bowl, ten inches in diameter, mostly covered with crusty brown dried blood. Writing is etched around the outer rim and also inside the bowl. Aside from the blood and the writing, the heavy bowl is quite ordinary, though old-seeming in its design.

The blood is type AB and relatively fresh. The investigators need access to a chemistry lab and a successful Chemistry, Medicine, or Pharmacy roll to learn this, of course. (Later, if they study Lucien's hospital records, they'll see in them a confirmation that his blood type was AB, the same type as found here.)

Some of the exterior characters can be read, but make no sense the words are transliterated from Tibetan into Roman characters. The interior characters seem to be related to Sanskrit. They represent a dialect of Tibetan unchanged in its orthography in a thousand years. Without some knowledge of

India or Tibet, the investigators need to visit a university to know what they are seeing. If anyone can read Tibetan, he or she can understand most of what is written here. If not, the investigator can work with Tibetan grammars and dictionaries in a good reference library, and piece together a translation in twenty hours. For a translation accurate in all essentials, that investigator also needs a roll of EDU x3 or less.

Luckily, most of the writing on the outer rim is in French and can be easily read. First, it warns that this is a very powerful curse that may harm the caster. The curse is called "The Cage of Kind." It continues to describe the mechanics of the spell (see the box for more information).

NEVER MAKE A BOWL FROWN

The investigators may notice something else about the bowl: the Tibetan transliteration inside the bowl curves across the basin of the bowl, not around its rim. A successful Idea roll notices that viewed as the words are written, each line is U-shaped a "smile" when read at the intended normal angle. Following the logic of that perception, a "frown" is equivalent to the spell being done in reverse.

"Never make a bowl frown" is the second line of Lucien's prophecy. Was Lucien completely mad or is this a warning? This, coupled with the speed with which the Lavoies have accepted the investigators, should make the player-characters wary of Jean-Claude's proposal.

Questions may now occur to the investigators. If this bowl is a component of Lucien's dreaded curse, how would a man who has spent his life in France and northern Québec come to know ancient Tibetan? Why would a person who is trying to kill



his son leave clues on his headstone? What or who is "the raven" and why did he want it to stay? The party now has a clue to heed Lucien's warning and delay the reversal of the spell.

Goodby For Now

Soon after the investigators find the bowl, Celine shouts from outside and says that everyone must go. The Caprice family will be suspicious if the investigators are here for much longer. It will be much safer if the investigators leave now. Celine cannot satisfactorily answer any of their questions and if the players are smart they will not believe her if she tries to.

She will allow them to take whatever they want from Lucien's room. She flippantly says they should return tomorrow night at eight o'clock to remove the curse.

When the investigators leave the mansion, they can seek some answers. Although the provincial libraries will soon close, the university libraries are open until three in the morning (as are the bars). The investigators might also look into Lucien's medical records tonight; the hospital never closes. If they decide to return to the church or contact Father McBride, they learn that he will not be in until ten. When he does return, he goes right to sleep and does not want to be disturbed.

JUST A WARNING

As the investigators head to the hospital or to the church, they are stopped by two police cars. Four grim officers order the investigators out of their cars and check their identification. They also frisk everyone for weapons. They tell the party that they have been keeping the wrong company, meaning the Lavoies, especially Stephane. The man in the blue blazer who died in the alley at Le Bistro d'Or was the officers' friend. The officers believe that the investigators are some of the Chicago mobsters who are dealing with Jean-Claude Lavoie.

Allow a chance to use Fast Talk to get out of this situation, but it will have to be good: the officers should not be easily talked out of their righteous vengeance. If an investigator succeeds, they get back in their cars and leave reluctantly, shouting threats. If the Fast Talk fails, they take out their clubs and rough up the men of the party. They do not want to injure seriously or kill. They do want to hurt, humiliate, and teach a lesson. The investigators can defend themselves from this unlawful attack, but if they defend too well, the battered police try to bring them in on charges, if only to explain their own injuries to their superiors.

If the beating goes as the policemen have planned, they then tell the investigators to get out of town or that next time it will be much worse. Actually the police are then finished with the investigators unless some new incident provokes them.

POLICE OFFICERS

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Albert	13	14	12	16	14	13
Danton	13	11	16	9	9	14
François	16	12	15	10	11	14
Girard	12	16	13	12	13	15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Club 65%, damage 1D4

Skills: Law 25%, Spot Hidden 55%.

Medical Records of Lucien Lavoie

If the investigators are worked over by the overzealous police, their first stop should be the emergency room at the Royal Victoria (687 Pine West). This is one of the oldest hospitals in North America, and its reputation is of the highest standard of medical care. Once their cuts, abrasions, bent noses, broken fingers, and bruises are taken care of, they can try to look around.

As related, after Lucien arrived in Montréal, Jean-Claude had him brought here for check-ups, and then observation and diagnosis. If the investigators wish to examine Lucien's medical files in order to study his condition for themselves, then they have to come here.

Hospitals in the 1920s were closely regulated and carefully guarded. Visiting hours were strictly enforced. The lax go-where-you-will hospitals of the 1990s United States did not exist. Current and recent patient files are filed alphabetically in open shelves rather like those of a library, in one long room on the second floor. Older files are boxed and stacked chronologically in the basement.

Lacking the permission of doctors and family, only staff has access to these documents. The investigators should devise a clever approach and not simply walk in, demanding to see them. (That sort of action results in ejection from the hospital, and risks a night in jail).

The investigators can ask Jean-Claude's permission to view the records. He is Lucien's heir and as such, the records are his property. If asked, Jean-Claude wonders out loud why they want to see the records. Though granting access, he takes his time in informing the hospital of his decision. During this interval, Jean-Claude has had removed some parts of the file that might allude to the Lavoies as loup-garou.

This evening the hospital is not particularly busy. From the front desk, an orderly guides the investigators to the second floor, wing C, where files are kept for every patient admitted in the last five years. There they meet Mlle. Natalie Dusseau, a young and pretty file clerk, who has no intention of letting the investigators see anything but the door to the file room.

In order to get access to the records, one of the investigators has to prove himself to be a bona fide medical doctor by showing a letter from the hospital trustees, a letter of reference from a doctor who is currently a member of the hospital, or be personally recommended by the hospital's resident or an intern.

Alternatively, if any male investigator receives a successful Fast Talk roll, he then learns that Natalie Dusseau loves the opera but does not get a chance to go often enough because of the high cost of tickets. For every point of that investigator's APP above 12, raise the effectiveness of the Fast Talk roll by ten percentiles.

With a success, Mademoiselle Dusseau accepts a bribe of 20+(1D4 x10) dollars to let them look at Lucien's file. They may not remove anything from the file. This bribe is expensive, but she wants box-seat season tickets.

The investigators can also try to Sneak into the file room. Miss Dusseau is the only clerk on duty. She will see an investi-



gator, if he or she fails in a Sneak or Hide roll (player's choice) and if the keeper as Dusseau succeeds with a Spot Hidden. Each investigator needs a successful roll to get by her, and then the group as a whole needs one success every ten minutes spent looking at Lucien's file.

NATALIE DUSSEAU, age 23, File Clerk

STR 10 CON 14 SIZ 09 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 12 APP 15 EDU 10 SAN 65 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: Slap Loudly 75%, considerable damage to pride

Skills: Alphabetize 88%, Bargain 35%, Dodge 30%, English 30%, Fast Talk 30%, First Aid 45%, French 65%, Library Use 40%, Medicine 10%, Persuade 25%, Print Plainly 75%, Scream Quickly 70%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 40%.

THE FILE OF LUCIEN LAVOIE

Lucien Lavoie's file (summarized in *Horror's Heart Papers #6, #7, and #8*) is filed alphabetically, as all are. If the investigators are spotted, they have 2+1D4 combat rounds before the hospital guards arrive, capture them, and hand them over to police for a night in jail and an appearance before a magistrate in the morning. Lucien's medical records contain some strange findings. Require a successful Medicine roll to interpret his file, then provide the information for the first ten minutes.

The following conclusions can be reached based on the file: neither Lucien's insanity nor his death resulted from a brain tumor. It appears that he took his own life by chewing open the veins and arteries of his left arm and bleeding to death. Since Jean-Claude has lied to the investigators about how his father died, did he also lie to them about the nature of the curse?

(The keeper may guide the players toward these conclusions, but should refrain from insisting that the players understand everything. After the impending fight with Jean-Claude and Hugh, draw upon the medical evidence to clarify matters.)

Université de Montréal

At the recently established Université de Montréal (1242 Saint-Denis) the investigators may be able to decipher the silver bowl's inscription. If they did not take the bowl, assume that they took a rubbing or transcribed what was written on the inside and the outside. The library is open until three in the morning and, since it is the summer, it is also largely vacant. Late at night the library is staffed by one person, so investigators should not expect much assistance.

Identifying the precise region from which this particular form of Tibetan originates exceeds most investigators' capacity. Even an expert in Tibetan and Sanskrit might need to study the matter for a while. But a successful Library Use roll turns up an interesting and suggestive story linking northern Tibet, Tsang, and the Plateau of Leng, a region still largely unexplored and its inhabitants little known. The original is in German; the investigators should read German or find a German translator at one of the universities. *Horror's Heart Papers #9* translates it. See the nearby box, "A Curious Corner of the World."

The librarian yawns and suggests that the investigators go to the Bibliothèque Nationale du Québec for more information on The Blood of the Heart. It too is open till three in the morning, and reopens at seven. An investigator can find some important

material (see *Horror's Heart Papers #10*) there with another successful Library Use roll.

From this information the investigators can deduce how Lucien came to own the silver bowl, and from where some of his magical powers may have originated.

Did Lucien join the cult? With a successful Idea roll, an investigator guesses that perhaps Lucien belonged to the cult, or perhaps contacted The Blood in order to get the spell that he later used on Jean-Claude. The effects of that spell and the reason why Lucien cursed his son are mysteries. The investigators can be sure that Jean-Claude wants them to reverse the curse and that Lucien has warned them (or someone) not to.

Researching St. Cutis

THE EXPLOITS OF SAINTS are closely followed and well-documented by the Church. Although Cutis is "little-known," books in the Bibliothèque Nationale du Québec (125 Sherbrooke St. West) document his life, as do texts in most libraries. Alternately, lives of the saints are a staple for Catholic book shops. Such memorials can be found for sale in general bookstores as well. See the nearby box, *Horror's Heart Papers #11*, "A Holy Life," for a summary of knowledge concerning this saint.

JAMES OF ANDREWS

The stone pillow found in the basement of St. Cutis bore the name "James of Andrews." To check it against parish christenings and the enrollment at the Holy Heart of Mary orphanage, the investigators can venture into the Bibliothèque Nationale's rare book room, which holds a complete set of *Documenta Diversae*, records of the City of London and institutions within it between the accession of Henry II (1154) and the death of James I (1625). In the eighteenth century, these were faithfully transcribed and published in subscription by a committee of British antiquarians. In 1899, the Prince of Wales gave a complete set of these excellent volumes to his soon-to-be dominion in North America. The books are enormous leather-bound folios in a set of one hundred and one volumes, each about three inches thick and thirty pounds in weight, all in fine print and without indices. The British Museum holds two additional complete sets. All other known sets are incomplete, missing one or more volumes.

The text alternates without apology between Late Latin, occasional Greek, Medieval French, and (in the last fifteen volumes) increasingly modern English. Keepers may inflict language rolls as they see fit.

After eight hours, a successful Library Use roll reveals that a James of St. Andrews Cross was sheltered by Holy Heart after his parents died in a fire. A careful investigator, or one who benefits from a 01-05 Library Use roll, deduces from a date entered in another part of that volume that James' (or Cutis') tutor and guardian was one Hatum Cutis, a foreign trader said to be a Muscovite, who also died in a fire when James (or Cutis, by

Horror's Heart Papers #6

The First Ten Minutes: the investigators see that when Lucien Lavoie first came to the hospital a little over four months ago, he was in better than average condition for a man his age. Two months ago his health began to deteriorate and, because of the sudden change, he was sent to a variety of physicians. A small brain tumor was discovered last month, but that still did not explain his worsening general health. The final report indicates a positive change; Lucien was actually recovering. This much of the information can be digested and understood in the first ten minutes of study.

Horror's Heart Papers #7

The Second Ten Minutes: the following part of the record is deep in the file, but is written plainly, so that no Medicine roll is needed to understand it. The report also shows that the doctors were worried about his "poor mental hygiene," which was not accredited to the tumor but to "severe mental stress." During one of his last psychiatric interviews, Lucien raved on about proves that he lied to the investigators, and also alludes to "magical spells that were eating his mind." Another report notes ravings about people turning into animals. The psychiatrist concluded that these delusions were caused by the pressure of the tumor on Lucien's brain. The report concludes that as Lucien's body improved, his mind declined.

Horror's Heart Papers #9**A Curious Corner of the World**

The Ottomans were naturally interested in their legendary homeland in central Asia. Of expeditions further east [to that remote corner of northern Tibet] they tell us of only two, both long antedating the conquests of Tamerlane. The first one was a band of scouts involved in the continuing Muslim conquest of the 8th century. A band sent "far beyond Nishapur and Mawr" wrote that they were entering a region of "vast catacombs and webbed valleys." They were not heard from again.

The second expedition came two hundred years later when a party turned south from the Silk Road and coincidentally followed after the first explorers. Of that group, one came back. His name was Arja. For years he said nothing of what had transpired in Tibet. His silence ended when he settled in Baghdad and began a new religion, which he claimed to have imported from a place called Tsang. This religion is presently referred to as Tsang. Arja called his cult the "Blood of the Heart", and he commonly preached from Tibetan scriptures.

Since then, not even the recent international rivalries in that area have brought forth additional knowledge, at least which Britain or Russia are willing to share. Perhaps now, with the advent of the railroad and airplane, modern civilization will plumb the mysteries of this place where Prester John once was said to dwell.

Johannes Dieter, Forschungen Über Das Ottomanische Reich (Researches in the Ottoman Empire), Preface, Volume IV, 1908.

Horror's Heart Papers #8

The Third Ten Minutes: included in Lucien's medical file is his autopsy report, summarized for the information of the coroner's inquest. In the report, the examiner states his puzzlement over untraceable antibodies in the corpse's blood stream (type AB) that are not naturally present in human blood serum. The agent's origin or purpose is unknown, and the report makes no attempt to explain it.

The report also concludes that the tumor was minor, and would have had no effect on the patient's behavior. This directly contradicts what the Lavoies have said.

Finally, the cause of death is given as loss of blood due to severe self-inflicted wounds. It would seem a suicide, yet the report incongruously concludes that the act may have been brought on by hemorrhaging from the tumor. The medical records show that Lucien was recovering and that his affliction was not endangering his life, yet he had to have been driven insane in order to take his life in such a brutal and bizarre manner.

(In the actual event, Lucien went temporarily insane after casting his spell, gnawing himself to death as he hallucinated. There is no evidence of this, though, and Jean-Claude can construct all sorts of different explanations for his own actions: for instance, if a suicide, Lucien could not be buried in hallowed ground.)

Attached to the autopsy are photos of the eviscerated cadaver. While viewing them, an investigator succeeding in a Spot Hidden roll notices strange prints on Lucien's left wrist. Under a magnifying glass, the prints can be identified as deep bite marks, dentition identical to the bites found on the toy soldiers in Lucien's bedroom.

Horror's Heart Papers #10**Concerning The Blood**

Captain McTavish of the Royal Constabulary mentions that the names The Blood or the Blood of the Heart occur in northern Québec police reports first in 1860. Montréal city records show them to have been in that city years prior to that. The first mention is in a deposition given for a coroner's inquest in 1794.

At that time, The Blood had opened an ostensibly Christian church, only to have it burned down a few months later, torched by rioting citizens. The infernal scriptures locked within the building are said to have burned "with a fiery roar" because they were written in a Satanic tongue. Later it was determined that the books were actually written in the language of far Thibet (sic), from whence the cult derived.

Some say that this cult was widespread among the Tartars of old, and that it was once of great power in the East. They came to believe that they had to block the encroachments of Europe, but another sect defeated them and they fled to the far ends of the Earth to survive, and thus they came to our province long ago. The Blood's membership is open to anyone who can survive the indoctrination ceremony. The cult's members are humorless and merciless, and treat former friends as worse than enemies.

p. 249, Abstract VII, Rolls of the Provincial Police.

then) had turned seventeen.

No doubt much more information resides in the Vatican archives. If the investigators have contacts in Rome, those contacts might supply additional information, but the Church's position is that Cutis is a saint, and that he was worthy of canonization.

Archives Nationales du Québec

If St. Cutis, a.k.a. James Andrews, came to New France, it must have been by ship. A follow-up to the docking records at City Hall is useless due to a fire last year which spared only the walls of the building. The investigators are told to try Les Archives Nationales du Québec (1945 Mullins Street). There it takes two successful Library Use rolls at eight hour intervals to find the specific name James Andrews. There is no Cutis, as either a first or a last name.

The investigators can increase their chances for a success by fifteen percentiles if they Persuade a librarian to help them, and increase their chances by another five percentiles if they narrow their search to direct voyages made to Montréal from Le Havre (a port convenient to Paris). Each attempt takes ten hours. If successful, the search reveals that the ship *Le Coeur d'Éléphant* docked in Montréal and unloaded cargo belonging to one James

Horror's Heart Papers #11

A Holy Life

St. Cutis was born in England in 1458. Christened James, his parents died while he was young, and he grew up in the Holy Heart of Mary orphanage. The name Andrews apparently marks his place of birth in London, near St. Andrew's Cross. At age thirteen, he was adopted by one Hatum Cutis, who became James' guardian and tutor until the young scholar took priestly vows at the age of twenty.

He was now as often Cutis as James, taking his guardian's family name as a first name. His energy, intelligence, and piety won him quick influence in London and then in Rouen (France), and then finally in Rome. In 1509, while on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, he performed three miracles, that of healing a dying man, that of calming a storm, and that of sleeping on razor-sharp stones to confound the mockery of unbelievers. He returned to England, where a small cultus formed in his favor. In 1516, he again entered the Ottoman Empire and is thought there to have been martyred for the Faith. He was beatified in 1547, and canonized in 1591.

That he died a martyr no doubt helped his case for sainthood, but his life also provides the necessary qualifications for sainthood, as affirmed by the Holy See. These requirements include the saint's reputation for sanctity, the heroic quality of his virtues, and proof that he worked two miracles.

Francis X. MacDowell, Petals of the Rose of God (The Handy Reader's Version of the Lives of the Saints).

Andrews, who had chartered the vessel. The cargo manifest (essentially an invoice) is dated 1694. It notes the contents only as Andrews' household goods. Since the vessel was under French flag, no import duties were collected. A salt tax was levied, however, since the ship was ruled to be carrying an amount excessive for household consumption. Andrews' servants are noted as being foreigners from "Tartarie."

The delivery address on the manifest, 89 rue Ste-Thérèse in Montréal, will be important at the end of this scenario, though players should not now be told this.

Séance

WHILE RESEARCHING St. Cutis at either the Bibliothèque Nationale du Québec or the Archives Nationales du Québec, the investigators come across an allusion to a reliquary for the saint in the parish of St. Pious VIII, in Faggia, a town in Tuscany. Phone calls, newspapers stories, an entry in a new book (T.R.X. Sanchez-Sloma, *Los Martires de las Cruzadas*, vol. 3 (in English, *Martyrology of the Crusades*), or even a mention to Madame D'Anjou or other parishioners of St. Cutis quickly establish that the ornate gold reliquary (and the fragment of bone within it) has actually been sent to Montréal.

Mme. D'Anjou advises them, "Yes. It is here in this church, gentlemen, in the chapel." Father Philip arranged to borrow the relic from Faggia in celebration of the opening of St. Cutis, and was very proud to receive the reliquary and display it until the discovery of the body in the basement. Since then he has not proffered or even mentioned the relic at Mass or at any other time. "Very sad," Madame D'Anjou says. "His heart is confused. He dreams that the body discovered in the basement is that of the saint. Though the voice from the reliquary and the voice from the corpse are from different people," she says emphatically, "he would not listen."

Madame D'Anjou's way of speech allows for little dissent, but if the investigators pursue her words or ask what she means by "voices," she tells them that she perceives different harmonies around the corpse and the reliquary. Since she was a child she has noticed patterns and auras that others do not see. She says this matter-of-factly. For her, things have voices in them, and she knows how to let those voices speak directly. Perhaps the investigators could learn something from the voices, she suggests. If worried by Father Philip's unusual absence, then the investigators also can ask about his whereabouts.

If the investigators accept her offer, a reading or channeling can be arranged within the hour. Those participating need to be seated near or touching the object. The surroundings should be quiet and relaxing. The participants should be in a circle.

The Relic

Off the main altar of the church, the chapel is as yet little decorated. There is another altar, a large cross, and couple of kneeling benches. A parishioner has donated a fine watercolor of Mary holding the Infant. In a niche below the altar is the small golden box that is the reliquary. The clasp can be opened. If

opened, within is a shard of St. Cutis' femur.

All members of the group join hands and relax. Each tries to clear his or her mind of all thoughts but those of St. Cutis. Within a few minutes Madame D'Anjou falls into a light trance, head rolling forward. Slowly the room seems to warm. From no discernable source the sweet scent of flowers becomes stronger and stronger. Madame D'Anjou's breathing deepens and becomes more audible. Her head rolls back and tosses loosely.

"God's peace be on you." Her lips move to say the words, but the voice is not her's. Madame D'Anjou's séance in the chapel is quite out of order and grounds for heresy, but she means no disrespect. The saint reads her heart.

(As the keeper wishes, and as investigator linguistic skills allow, Andrik can speak quaintly accented English, some form of Low German, or else Church Latin.)

The personality focused by the relic identifies itself as that not of James Andrews but of someone named Andrik of Kues. Now is the time for the investigators to ask of the saint whatever questions they have. Yes, Andrik is the one who has come to be called St. Cutis (a bit of a mistake, that). He can explain the confusion between him and Andrews, for instance, as given in the Introductory chapter. He foretells that one day all will be made clear to the faithful. The questions must be of the sort that St. Cutis can answer, of course he has been removed from the world for half a millennia. Of McBride, for instance, St. Cutis can only speak of the immortal part: "His soul is secure, God be praised." Of "Mythos plots" or "great old ones" St. Cutis knows nothing.

If the investigators are somehow disrespectful or too forceful in their questions and comments, it is Madame D'Anjou whose personality angrily surfaces at last, drawn up by her wish to protect and defend the saint.

When the questions are ended, the investigators quietly withdraw, then return to greet the waking channeller.

The Corpse

To speak with the corpse, the group must go to the ice room where it is being refrigerated. If the corpse already has been stolen, then they find only fragments of it. Fragments are enough, just as it was with the wedge of femur from St. Cutis.

Before she begins, Madame D'Anjou says softly, "St. Cutis was glorious, one cleansed and accepted by God. But the man that this thing was," and she nods at the corpse or the fragments of the corpse, "why the Devil himself could not be much worse. You must help me to wake up if I become too frightened or if I frighten you too much."

The group observes the same general provisions as before being seated, quiet, and attentive, being in a circle and holding hands. By the expressions on her face, it is distasteful and more difficult for Madame D'Anjou to go into a trance to meet this person. Is she to speak for James Andrews? The investigators cannot be sure.

When her head rolls, jerks, then straightens up, an oily voice passes her lips. (James Andrews has a Chaucerian accent, but Elizabethan or any formal diction will do.) "My Lord bids you end your presence here. You may not intervene and still live. He is all-powerful. He punishes those who resist, and slays those who oppose. Be you gone."

As a former Companion to Chaugnar Faugn, James

Andrews is devoted to the will of that entity. The motives for his comments spring from that one function.

The voice readily identifies himself as the man who was James Andrews. He does not know he has been canonized, though if told that he will briefly enjoy the joke. He never met Andrik of Kues. He will not discuss magic, the supernatural, planes beyond the earth, affairs of The Blood, or the business of his god except in general terms. If the keeper has information or clues to supply, Andrews makes a fine mouthpiece. When investigator questions dwindle, he says something like the following: "My Lord wishes to mark you. Prepare for His regard."

Unless the investigators quickly wake Madame D'Anjou (roll DEX x2 or less, then POW x2 or less), she suddenly slumps unconscious, and an electric prickling ruffles all of the investigators. Now she cannot be woken, and the scene cannot be avoided. All in the séance circle sense a new presence entering the room, but they are frozen in their seats. The smell of ozone is everywhere. The presence is large, powerful, and intensely evil. Sanity loss for sensing this apparition is 0/1D4 Sanity points.

In the center of the circle, a great lidless eye, easily a foot in diameter, slowly takes shape. Though the investigators sit on all sides of the glowing, crimson-hued pupil, they sense that its attention swivels from one to the next, no matter where they sit.

Now let each player attempt a roll of POW x5 or less. If successful,

that investigator is able to look into the eye of this great old one and not waver. If a failure, the investigator has turned away, and earned the contempt of the god. In this situation, the contempt costs only 1 CON each, but the loss is permanent.

Truly foolhardy investigators can question this deity, learn its name, its motivation, its present location, and so on. Chaugnar Faugn does not lie, though it will skirt truths, mock, and dissemble. It replies in whatever language in which the question is posed.

Before withdrawing, ask all the players to roll POW x5 or less. To those investigators with successes, it sends each a telepathic message. "I applaud your bravery, and grant you this one chance to escape. Ignore my mercy to your doom." Thus only the investigators who were able to look unwaveringly into the eye of Chaugnar Faugn hear this.

The great eye suspended in the center of the circle surveys the room again. Then the lid closes and the image fades away. Madame D'Anjou wakes slowly, her forehead damp. She would much appreciate some coffee, and a snifter of Calvados.



An Option

At some time in the late afternoon or evening, thieves break into St. Cutis and steal the preserved cadaver. As the keeper wishes, the investigators can be present when this happens, or they can find evidence of the break-in tomorrow morning.

If they are present, the body is already stolen, and the investigators cannot prevent that. But with a successful Listen roll, one investigator hears an odd scraping noise. A burglar is trying to pry open the safe where the heart is stored. As they approach, he drops his tools and flees out the window, melting into the night. If they go exploring, the investigators then see two hunched figures dash into McBride's room lugging a large bundle. The figures jump out the window and land on their feet, running down the alley and disappearing.

The pair continue on a zig-zag path south, toward the mist-covered river. Then they double back and, after making sure they have not been followed, duck down into the sewers, using them to reach their destination, a warehouse discussed in Day Six, a few blocks from St. Cutis.

If at any time the two who carry the cadaver are pursued or delayed, a third figure appears and attempts to block the pursuit so that the body-snatchers can make good their escape. This figure is a Lesser Brother of Chaugnar Faugn. See the appendix for

more information concerning these servitors.

A LESSER BROTHER OF CHAUGNAR FAUGN

STR 17 CON 13 SIZ 19 INT 10 POW 16
DEX 8 MOV 10 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Bite 59%, damage 1D3

Blood Sucker automatic with conditions, damage 1 HP per round

Grapple 67%, damage special

Crush 49%, damage 1D4+1D6

Spells: none.

Armor: 2-point wrinkly elephantine skin

Skills: Dodge 32%, Hide 40%, Listen 85%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 60%.

In deep darkness, a Listen roll might be substituted for a Spot Hidden roll in appropriate circumstances.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D4 SAN.



The following two Horror's Heart Papers are related to the next section, Day Three

Horror's Heart Papers #13

101 years to come.

STUDENT PRANKS?

By Alain Gaston

Extensive damage was done to a row of antique shops along Notre Dame, it was reported yesterday.

Police received two calls about the break-ins, which apparently occurred late at night. At first, the officers did not take the reports seriously because the unsubstantiated descriptions of the prowlers were of "grotesque, zombie things."

A hasty patrol of the area turned up nothing, but shop owners the next morning discovered losses totaling some \$4000 in damaged fixtures and goods.

Police continue to favor the student prank theory, because the shop owners report damages but nothing stolen. Police also speculated that the pilagers might have been looking for something in particular.

Authorities are taking a dim view of such behavior. They warn that perpetrators of such destruction face serious criminal penalties, and that the cases will remain under investigation until the culprits are brought to justice.

Horror's Heart Papers #12

1 Star

Page 14

BLOODLESS BODY FOUND

By Alain Gaston

The body of an unidentified man was found yesterday on the east side of Mont-Royal.

The authorities have appealed for information concerning missing white men between 25 and 35 years of age, about 5 feet 9 inches tall, and weighing approximately 160 pounds. The deceased has blond hair and is smooth-shaven.

Authorities seem to be without significant clues in the apparent murder.

The ghastly discovery was made last evening by M. Christophe Namena. He and his family had been out for a picnic. The unclothed remains appear to have been at the secluded site for about two days, according to authorities.

Detective Dane Deroz earlier stated that "the heart has been surgically removed and the body has been deliberately drained of its blood." Later he modified that statement, saying he preferred to withhold comments until after the coroner's inquest.

Foul play is the expected verdict from today's proceedings, but some authorities termed the episode a medical student prank.

Police headquarters were quickly abuzz with rumors about the matter. Some officers felt the violence of the act to be without precedent in Montréal. Several officers independently compared it to London's infamous Ripper murders of two generations ago.



Day Three

*A Theft; McBride gone; the white powder;
My Lord's Fire; the Canterbury Club; Jacques;
the Lavoie appointment.*



THE INVESTIGATORS have probably agreed to aid Jean-Claude Lavoie at eight o'clock in the evening, and the events thereafter likely preclude further research that night. If the investigators have time to track down more clues, draw them from the following chapter. The keeper determines when it is time to return to the Lavoie estate, and when Day Three has ended.

The events of this and the next few days increasingly intertwine St. Cutis, McBride, the Lavoies, and various cultists. At the beginning of this chapter, their friend McBride turns up missing, a new mystery to which the investigators should devote some attention as well.

As written, this chapter assumes that the investigators did not meet the thieves at St. Cutis last night (at the end of Day Two). If they did, then the keeper must present the first few pages with that in mind.

The keeper also needs to keep track of the location of the heart in the silver box, since one or more attempts will be made to take it, or to get access to its safety deposit box or other secure location.

Morning Newspapers

No matter how early the investigators rise, Father Philip McBride is again absent. Madame D'Anjou has made provision, however, and today offers an English-style breakfast of eggs, ham, and fried potatoes. The morning newspapers are passed around during breakfast. In one, investigators notice a curious report. Buried on page fourteen of the *Montréal Star* is the story of a macabre discovery, reprinted nearby (see *Horror's Heart Papers #12*). The short news story is by-lined, probably because it contains conjecture and little actual information.

With a successful Spot Hidden roll, the investigators also notice a curious story buried deep in the newspaper. This one (*Horror's Heart Papers #13*) appears to have been rewritten from the day before, and perhaps lightened in tone.

Madame D'Anjou Reports

Shortly after the investigators read the news article concerning the bloodless corpse, Madame D'Anjou enters. She is concerned that Father Philip may be missing. His supper, a pot au feu (like a kettle of stew), went untouched. That is not rare, for he often fasted, but his bed has not been slept in, and his fresh shirt for today still hangs unworn.

Further, she has just learned from the part-time maid, Claire, that last afternoon a strange priest answered Claire's knock at the door to Father Philip's room. He told her that the Father was studying and that he did not wish to be disturbed. Claire went home thinking nothing was amiss. There is only one priest in this parish, Madame D'Anjou says, though of course many

priests are Father Philip's friends.

Claire herself has little to add. The strange priest was in dim light. He had a firm and kindly voice. She would know him if she met him again, but nothing stands out about him. (The keeper can describe him as wished, since Claire will not see him again.)

Here are the points to be found if the investigators search the former seminary.

IN McBRIDE'S ROOM

In McBride's room, a successful Spot Hidden locates a fat personal journal. Since it is a little early to be truly alarmed, ethical investigators may decide not to read this book just yet.

The window of McBride's room is slightly ajar. It opens to a back alley. There are clumps of relatively fresh clay on the window ledge and on the floor beneath.

Shown to a local geologist, he or she identifies the dull gray-blue clay as a relatively rare riverine sediment. No surface exposures of it are known in the city. Perhaps the sample comes from excavations at a recent construction site unknown to the geologist. Near St. Cutis Church, for instance, the St. Lawrence River has left layers of the stuff, but deep underground.

IN THE ROOM HOLDING THE SAFE

The safe door has been buckled slightly. Someone has tried and failed to force open the door with crowbars. If the investigators decide to check inside the safe with the key given to them by McBride, they find the heart still there as they left it. It shows no deterioration: surely the thing is holy, or at least magical.

The old book which McBride was to have shown Robert Lowell is not in the safe; presumably Lowell still has it.

The damaged safe is no longer secure. The best course for the party is to place the heart in a bank safety deposit box. Alternatively, one person may agree to keep it on his or her person. A successful Idea roll suggests that the latter choice may be a dangerous one for the carrier.

A half-empty water glass sits on the floor not far from the safe. The would-be safe-cracker had himself a drink. Dusting of the glass for fingerprints discloses imprints of fingers, but no prints. The hand did not have any!

THE COOLER

Claire uses the past tense when referring to St. Cutis' corpse because the body has been removed from the cooler. No sign of it can be found. Madame D'Anjou felt badness come from the remains, and thought that they surely were from no saint at all. She is much happier not to be stumbling over the ghastly thing.

A PLAUSIBLE RECONSTRUCTION

The investigators may assume that the unknown priest reported by Claire simply walked in, since the church doors are rarely

locked. If the false priest already knew that McBride would not be returning, he could let in one or more people through McBride's bedroom window, thus the dirt on the window ledges. The attempt to pry open the safe failed. The intruders did steal the remains of Andrews/Cutis, for no discernible purpose. People and cadaver then went back out McBride's window. Meanwhile the disguised priest stopped anyone who came near the rooms. Then he too probably exited through the window, but failed to close it completely.

McBride's Journal

The journal goes back eight months. It records the daily chores of priesthood, intermingled with references to and speculations about the writings of Augustine and Aquinas, the local politics of the diocese, and entirely personal entries. The work of establishing the new parish apparently began years ago, yet McBride feels himself fortunate that the diocese has moved so swiftly in his favor. After the process of approval was mostly done, the task of raising funds began, followed by conversion of the former seminary several months ago. Reprinted nearby (see *Horror's Heart Papers #14*) are some late entries in the journal, the last two concerning the investigators.

Horror's Heart Papers #14

Entries from the Journal of Father Philip McBride

July 23, 1923 - Started excavating the basement today. What if I'm mistaken? What if it is not there? Nonsense. I know I have all my facts straight, perhaps too straight. Will God punish me for discovering too much?

July 29, 1923 - Praise the Father of All, the workers have unearthed something. I have found it, it must be the tomb. I have it. I have finally found him.

August 4, 1923 - Surprising discovery, a blessing or a curse? To find a heart so well preserved is a miracle, but one of God? The discovery is unnatural. I had the most terrible dream last night, but I'm just tired. The heart has made me tired.

August 9, 1923 - James of Andrews, James of Andrews, some of the workers are suspicious. Who would want to steal James Andrews' corpse? Or his heart? Unless they too know the truth, unless they are Them.

August 14, 1923 - They would kill me for this corpse and his heart. I wonder which part they want most? No matter, I must protect him, no harm must befall our holy Saint Euter. I will send for my friends.

August 19, 1923 - It is good to see them all once again, people I trust. They are highly intelligent. They may discover the dates, and solve the 175 years of mystery, but what if they uncover more? What if they find The Blood?

Leads to Follow

Reading the journal leaves the investigators with more questions. Now the party can explore many different paths. The investigators may wish to split up and follow up on these various leads today, then rendezvous to see the Lavoies tonight.

- The investigators have an appointment with Jean-Claude Lavoie at eight tonight. Do the investigators suspect that Lavoie is involved with the disappearance of Father McBride?
- Where has McBride gone? He does not fit the description of the bloodless and heartless man found in the park, as mentioned in the *Montréal Star*, but that incident reminds everyone of the apparently immortal human heart they now possess. Is there a connection?
- What or who is The Blood mentioned in McBride's journal? Does it signify the cult named in the old police records?
- The night before last, McBride went to see Robert Lowell, a book collector, to show him the book found in the basement tomb at St. Cutis. What happened?
- Does the *Montréal Star* reporter Alain Gaston know more than what appeared in his story?
- What will be the finding of the inquest concerning the corpse found in the park?
- After the fight in the alley next to Le Bistro d'Or, if the investigators discovered an odd white powder on the cuffs of the blazer and under the fingernails of the man in the blue blazer, the analysis is now ready. What was that powder?
- Who was the man who wore the blue blazer?

The following sections represent ways for the investigators to answer such questions. Their order assumes one possible flow of events, but the order may occur in any sequence. Without other reason, the players should be able to fit in these two days all that they want their investigators to accomplish.

The White Powder

IN THE ALLEY outside Le Bistro d'Or, on the evening of Day One, the investigators may have discovered a white powder on the cuffs and under the fingernails of the man in the blue blazer. To learn the nature of that powder required a complex chemical analysis. Regardless of who does the task, the analysis is ready this morning. The powder is a polishing agent, a rare one possibly used by jewelers or opticians, or in special industrial manufacturing processes.

About Such Powders

The investigators have no name for the powder, and no way of knowing who manufactures it. After some telephoning and perhaps a successful Luck roll in order to talk to the right person, they acquire the name of an industrial chemist who specializes in

abrasives and polishing agents. His office is but a short taxi-ride distance, and he can see them this morning. He is being employed in a professional capacity, of course, and his secretary will charge them a fee of ten dollars Canadian or U.S. for the visit.

The chemist's name is Dr. Henri Auberjoines (on-ree oh-bay-jwahn). Located in a swanky downtown building, his suite is tastefully modern. He has plainly done well for himself. The investigators are shown in exactly on the hour. He is a small, fussy man in his fifties, comfortably plump, unbearably precise. He studies the list of components that the investigators provide.



He makes a note or two, observing that such cerium oxide compounds are finding more and more application in industry. At last he shrugs, saying that the precise formulation is probably meant for finishing glass or else as a

jewelry polish. This particular formulation is undoubtedly proprietary but is not an unusual compound.

Since fine polishes are simply subtle abrasives, the minor silicates detected in the analysis actually may have been picked up from the polish's prior application to glass, he explains. In conclusion, he says that he has no knowledge of this precise formulation, but that it is not at all unusual. He cannot think of any way to trace the compound to its creator, there are so many!

The investigators can ask more questions, but he provides no more answers. A successful Psychology roll shows that he is being unusually careful in his replies. Does he know more than he wants to say, or is he habitually so very conservative?

Departing, the investigators notice an ornate suit of medieval armor, chased with silver and gold, in an alcove near the door. Dr. Auberjoines proudly says, "It is fifteenth century. A ceremonial suit, never intended for battle. The craftsmanship is most fine, do you not think?"

If the investigators stop to examine it, a successful Spot Hidden detects a powdery particulate around one hinge. The powder greatly resembles the polish they found on the dead man's jacket. A successful DEX roll surreptitiously rubs off the particulate from the metal and onto an investigator's cuff. Analysis shows this polish to be identical in composition to that polish which they have been studying.

Investigators can stake out Dr. Auberjoines' office. The chemist proves to be a boring man who sticks to his work. Day by day, his one outside activity is to lunch nearby at the private Canterbury Club.

The Man in the Blue Blazer

Investigators who have been watching the newspapers have seen no headlines screaming of riots and deaths at Le Bistro d'Or on the night of Day One. They know without doubt that at least two men died. (These deaths will never be mentioned in public. Enough of Montréal's elite was involved that every faction of the ruling class wants the nasty business covered up. With some quick repair work, the club itself opened for business the next night. Officially, the riot never happened, and no one ever died there.)

The newspapers are no help, and the police have no record

of such events. Conversations with individual reporters and policemen agree that something happened at Le Bistro, but no one has a clear picture. With a successful Idea roll, the investigators guess that the cover-up may not extend to funerals. When they examine the funeral notices, they find two that seem to match their assailants. Conveniently, addresses of the relevant funeral homes are usually included in these brief notices.

RICCARDO TROVIO

The funeral home is in a small Italian neighborhood in the city, to the northeast of downtown. Mentioning Trovio, the investigators are then shown into a spacious room deeper into the building. Beside the door stands an easel bearing a large black-bordered photo of the young man. A successful Know roll recognizes him. He indeed was killed beside the Bistro d'Or, but he was the first man to be killed by the black dog. He is not the one with the knife who wore the blue blazer.

In the next hour or so a few people will enter to view the body and say goodbye to this friend or relative. There are not many because even in death he has a sullen, baleful cast about him. His burial shirt is drawn up suspiciously high over the neck. No sign of a slashed throat can be seen. A discreet tug down on the collar exposes grim purplish and red stitching where the throat was torn open.

Trovio was a longshoreman at the docks, the investigators learn. He had no wife or children. The woman sobbing in the corner is his mother. Life is sad, and everyone who enters agrees.

No more leads are here, and though the investigators can find foremen and other longshoremen at the docks who knew Trovio, no one particularly liked him or bothered to get to know him. A few felt he was dishonest, but lack evidence for what they felt. Now they do not wish to speak ill of the dead.



FRANÇOIS SAUVERUR

François Sauverur's body lies in an altogether grander funeral home nearer downtown. Four stories high, gabled with fine iron-work, the business is housed in a miniature château. Part of the first floor proves to be a spacious and elegant crypt. Upstairs, borne by a fine hardwood easel, Sauverur's name (frah-n-swah so-veh-truhr) is elegantly calligraphed below an oil portrait of a slightly-built, somewhat rat-faced young man. Intriguingly, the portrait shows him in that same dark blue blazer.



People enter frequently to view the body. Outside, they are willing to talk to any investigator who speaks French.

François proves to be the youngest son of a well-known Montréal family. He was a wild youth, and had trouble settling down. He was married briefly, but he and his wife separated, and she returned to her family in Vancouver several years ago. Gossip has it that he took money from his family and led the most dissipated life. Lately, he had returned to work, though of an undistinguished sort. It goes to show that no soul is ever lost.

Confession and repentance is the key.

If the investigators ask what his job was, it was an odd one. He was a salesman in a shop that sold armor. It is nearby, on McGill Street. If the investigators go there, they see that it is called My Lord's Fire, and that it is next to a discreet entrance marked with a brass plaque, the Canterbury Club.

My Lord's Fire

The shop is located around Victoria Square, at the western limit of Old Montréal. The building's Gothic-inspired architecture suits the medieval theme of the shop. A fleur-de-lis, Québec's provincial flag, hangs above the big oaken front door.

The shop is small, crowded with armor, and there are three men behind the counter. A sharp-eyed old woman rocks, crochets, and murmurs to herself. She faces an angled window overlooking the front door to the Canterbury Club.

Stepping in, the investigators are overwhelmed by the dominant smells of strong polish and other chemicals. The men stop a heated argument and look up at the group. The proprietor unerringly addresses the male investigator with the highest Credit Rating. "Can I help you, sir?"

The shop sells authentic suits of armor, recreations of armor made to order by craftsmen (in England, France, and Germany), a few books about armor, the in-shop services of armor repair, armor mounting, and armor cleaning, an outside service which will identify or create a family crest for every gentleman and lady, and of course armor polish of exactly the sort found on the clothes of François Sauverur. Certainly the investigators will want a bottle of that.

The proprietor, a gentle and myopic man in his mid-forties, is very glad to guide prospective purchasers of armor through every nuance of their design. The more questions, the more the man eagerly comes to believe that a sale is possible. The antique suits are rather plain and a little rusty, but of excellent steel. The newly made suits are fabulously chased and ornamented, and gleam proudly, but probably could not stop a kitchen knife.

As the questions continue, the other investigators have time to survey every aspect of the shop. They see nothing unusual at first, but then witness something of interest. At one point the telephone rings, and one of the younger men answers briefly. Then both rise and pull on blue blazers taken from a shallow closet. The jackets are identical to that worn by Sauverur. Standing, both young men are quite large. "Sir, they want us upstairs." "Yes, yes," the proprietor replies, "that's what you're here for, isn't it?"

A Fair Deduction

Investigators who mull over the arrangement of the Canterbury Club and My Lord's Fire come to understand that the old woman is a lookout for the club. Likewise, the two young men in the armorer's shop are probably extra guards, who can augment the upstairs staff quickly, and reach the front of the building almost instantly.

As their knowledge of the Canterbury Club increases, lead the investigators toward the understanding that this private club is actually the cult headquarters of the Lords in Canada.

The two, whose speech is oddly rough and crude for such a shop, leave via a back door. The door is only briefly open. The investigators need a successful Spot Hidden roll to see what is beyond, a flight of stairs leading up into the Canterbury Club.

As the investigators prepare to depart, ask for Listen rolls. The old woman in the rocking chair calls after them. With a success, they understand her high-pitched half-laughter. "Take the pathway past the end of the night. Unhappy my children of destiny, for now is the fate that has been prophesied, and you did a murder. You have a choice between power and poverty. The sky is on sale this week, but it is gray. Once again, the ancient play takes the stage. Act it well."

Over the proprietor's protests and apologies, she holds up her deranged handiwork. The crocheted panel portrays a black raven with fiery red eyes sitting on top of a group of still-beating hearts equal in number to the investigators in the shop. In the foreground are stacked naked, orange, swollen bodies, while far in the distance a Christian knight (sword) and an Arab knight (scimitar) charge each other. The piece is bordered by twisting limbs and interlocking organs. Horrid shapes emerge from the organs only to be swallowed back into the picture.

With a successful Spot Hidden result of 01-05 only, an investigator notices that there is a small electrical button, like an alarm button, on the wall beside her chair. A line leads up through the ceiling.

As the investigators leave, the old woman smiles. When she does, her wild gaze convinces the investigators that she is utterly mad.

The Canterbury Club

THE INVESTIGATORS can get a little information just by ringing the bell at the front door. Another man in a blue blazer answers and asks if they are members, mere politeness on his part since he knows every member by sight. Regardless of the investigators' answer, he informs them that the Canterbury is a private social club, for members only. Non-members are allowed inside only if escorted by a member. There is no facility for guests to wait inside. If the investigators refuse to leave, large men in blue blazers appear and enforce their departure.

If they talk with shop-people or residents in the area, the investigators learn that the Canterbury is not only a social club, but an ultra-exclusive one, catering to the wealthiest and best connected people in eastern Canada. Except for the armorer's shop, the club occupies the entire six-story building.

THE FALSE CONDUCTOR RETURNS

As they gather information about the Canterbury Club, the investigators turn a corner and knock down a large burly man in a fine gray suit. A successful Idea roll immediately identifies him as the man who tried to kidnap Celine Lavoie aboard the Great Northern. Because of his peg-leg, he needs help to be able to raise himself off the ground and stand up.

If the investigators took any significant action on the train,



The People in the Armor Shop

he too recognizes them. Let the scene play out, but Hugh Lavoie is relaxed and amused, feeling completely in control of the situation.

Allow the questions to flow. He shakes his head and smiles. "No, no. You do not want to arrest me. I am a member of the Lavoie family. I am Hugh Lavoie, Jean-Claude's cousin, but your confusion is natural."

Any of the investigators who are dressed well, or who get successful Credit Rating rolls, are invited by him. "Come with me to my club, and we will talk." Hugh's club is, of course, the Canterbury.

Inside the Club

The doorman greets Hugh Lavoie with great respect. "These are my guests," Hugh indicates, nodding at the investigators. Shabby sorts and servants must wait outside. There is a dress code here.

A young personable woman welcomes the investigators and affixes on each a white carnation as a sign of visitor status. They pass into the large lobby, past a long desk bustling with blue-blazered young men, up magnificent marble echoing stairs, and into a vast barroom where a hundred or more men and women sit, comfortably chatting and drinking.

No expense has been spared in the furnishings or upkeep. Though the Lords arrived with the British and the club tends to represent the more British side of Montréal, many of the paintings and antiques that adorn the club's walls and rooms are French. Most of the weapons and the suits of armor are from medieval France.

The room, like the rest of the building, is lavishly decorated with carved oak and dark purple curtains. A fire roars in the stone fireplace, casting long, complex shadows over the black and white marble floor. There are dozens of Louis XIV chairs and tables, along with couches and low tables and a long stand-up bar. The crowd is surprisingly mixed. Wealthy men and women of all races are present.

Hugh smoothly orders vintage wine and a light lunch for the group. He explains what the keeper already knows, that the kidnap of Celine was staged in order to find candidates who would assist in removing Lucien's spell. People known to the Lavoies were not right for the job, because it involved magic. They feared the possible repercussions in mostly devout Québec, and yet knew no one suitable from the outside world. The appearance of the investigators was a great stroke of luck.

HUGH LAVOIE, age 50, Cousin to Jean-Claude and Jacques

STR 17 CON 13 SIZ 16 INT 11 POW 12
DEX 8 APP 11 EDU 14 SAN 45 * HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+1D6
12-Gauge Shotgun (sawed-off) 60%, damage 4D6/1D6
.32 Revolver 40%, damage 1D6

* Armor: regenerates 1 hit point per round as a loup-garou

Skills: Accounting 35%, Bargain 75%, Bluff 80%, Credit Rating 50%, Dodge 40%, English 55%, Fast Talk 75%, French 80%, Hide 30%, Listen 44%, Occult 15%, Psychology 55%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Continue in this vein as long as it is useful. Hugh is an expert

dissembler and rearranger of the truth, and expects the investigators to be dead soon enough that they will not be able to check most of his story. For instance, he can say he was not at the funeral for Lucien because he feared and disliked the evil old man. (This is false: since Celine had informed the others of Jacques' feelings, Hugh was hunting down Jacques before he did something stupid, like talk to the investigators.)

And yes, that was Hugh at the Lavoie mansion yesterday. ("Where did I go?" he chuckles, "Messieurs, I went to my room and closed the door! Works like magic!" He laughs loudly.) Hugh Lavoie will not betray the secret of the loup-garou, or reveal the real reason that the family wants Lucien's spell reversed, or in any way jeopardize Jean-Claude's interests. Hugh is intelligent and loyal.

When all their questions have been answered, Hugh rises, explaining that he must now attend to business elsewhere. He invites the investigators to stay longer if they wish, but warns that guests are allowed only on this floor and the ground floor. Attendants will stop them from visiting other floors. "This is a truly private club, you must understand," he adds slyly. "One is prepared to defend one's privacy." Signing for the bill, he bids them adieu and leaves the building.

STAYING IN THE CLUB

The investigators may relax for a while, but what they see and hear should soon leave them uneasy. They soon notice that a middle-aged man in an ugly brown suit is watching them. As soon as it is apparent that he has been discovered, he hastily leaves. As members drift in and out of the room, the investigators also notice a handsome young man who has beneath his shirt odd bulges that occasionally frolic across his chest, and as a tall older lady leaves, a dark emerald tentacle slips out from under her dress, then quickly flicks back into place.

By simply being quiet and listening, the investigators hear various rumors. The keeper may create what he or she wishes, but among them the following rumors and remarks should be overheard.

- Carmine Caprice is looking for local partners so that he can move into Lavoie territory the way the Lavoies have moved into Chicago.
- The Lords' membership includes some of the highest officials in Montréal.
- There is no such thing as magic.
- Jacques is in the basement.
- The Bloods have long been eradicated, but the Commander thinks there may be a few still around.
- The Lavoies play both sides.

Nothing more can be done here. If investigators stay longer than an hour or two, attendants politely decline to fill their orders, and suggest that they leave. Watchful blue blazers seem to be everywhere. No opportunity exists to explore the club, at least at present.

RETURNING TO THE CLUB

If the investigators saw the stairs inside My Lord's Fire, they represent an alternate way into the Canterbury Club, once

the armor shop closes.

Gaining entrance can be as difficult or easy as the keeper needs. Possible obstacles include physical entry through a door or window, the presence or non-presence of the old madwoman, and whether the stairs are guarded. Keeper's choice also about the length of the stairs. When the investigators reach them, they find that the stairs go down to a basement as well as up to the floors above.

Since most investigators will be unable to disguise themselves to resemble members, the simplest thing for them to do is to don the ubiquitous blazers hanging in the armor shop's closet and pretend to be on the job.

They can wander about upstairs without much likelihood of detection. What on the surface seems to be a stuffy, high-society club is in reality a corrupt association of influential thrill seekers, who are infected with the most sinister kinds of human cravings. If explored, the basement and back rooms of this establishment reveal unrivaled acts of debauchery and depravity. If the keeper needs to fit in additional information relating to scenario evidence, this would be a handy venue.

The only point necessary to this adventure is in the basement, where Jacques Lavoie languishes alone, chained to a chair which is bolted to the floor. As a loup-garou, he is difficult to kill, but magic works just fine on him. Blood is splattered everywhere. His belly has been hacked open, and his skin pinned back. His intestines creep across his lap. Seeing the investigators, Jacques whispers, "They... killed my son... they will kill you...no escape... loup-garou." Sanity cost for this scene is 0/1D4, more if the investigators have come to know the man.

Jacques has nothing more to say. His mind has snapped. Sometime in the next twenty-four hours, Hugh will enter and give him the coup de gras. The Lavoies will hold another funeral soon.

Curse of the Lavoies

THE INVESTIGATORS find no more clues at the Canterbury Club. They should know enough to begin to understand the Lavoies. A quick trip to any library or a successful Occult roll reveals some basic information (*Horror's Heart Papers #15*) which appears nearby, boxed and titled "About the Loup-garou."

Ceremony in Moonlight

What part do Celine and Stephane play? Did Jean-Claude abduct McBride to ensure the party's help? Are the Lavoies mixed up with The Blood? Who are the Lords who were mentioned at the Canterbury Club?

Only Jean-Claude can answer all these questions, and the investigators have to decide to see him or not. The investigators could trust Lucien (and Jacques) and let the spell run its course, but are the thoughts of madmen good to follow? The Lavoies seem to represent a threat no matter what the investigators do.

The investigators are at liberty to go the mansion any time;

Jean-Claude will not be there till seven. Even if the investigators went to the library to study loup-garous, it should be in the afternoon. If they go, they should discuss some kind of attack and defense plan, and decide what they believe they will encounter.

The other Lavoies may or may not be on Jean-Claude's side. Hugh certainly is. Perhaps there are ways to stop Jean-Claude other than through killing him. They might try to speed up the effects of Lucien's spell, but the time is very short to do the magical research. They might try to enlist Carmine Caprice and his representatives. Alternatively, the party may wish to spend this time investigating Father McBride's disappearance and ignore Jean-Claude's commission. Would he come looking for them? The text assumes that the investigators keep their appointment at the Lavoie estate.

If the investigators decide not to risk meeting Jean-Claude, he and Hugh come looking for them. They still have some time, enough time that the extensive Lavoie connections find them wherever they have hidden. The investigators are kidnaped and brought to the guest house. All weapons and devices are stripped from them. After they have accomplished their task, Hugh and Jean-Claude attack, but now the investigators have even less of a chance.

At the Guest House

Night falls quickly on Montréal. Darkness comes and goes as clouds race over a low lying autumn moon. The investigators are told at the gate that M. Lavoie awaits them at the guest house.

Hugh has informed Jean-Claude that he saw the investigators at the Canterbury Club. He is not sure what the investigators know, so he plans to pretend that he knows nothing, and that what they do suspect is wrong. If confronted, he swears that Jacques was seeking revenge, and was as mad as Lucien.

Jean-Claude truly needs the investigators because any Lavoie trying to reverse Lucien's spell will be consumed by it. Even if the investigators do know the truth, Jean-Claude's logical mind sees no reason why they still will not help him; he will even double the money. The keeper should remain passive or silent as much as possible, to allow the investigators to try what they want. Once the investigators have clearly chosen and are ready to act, the keeper should undercut the situation for a moment by presenting the following sub-section.

Horror's Heart Papers #15 About the Loup-Garou

Loups-garous are a major element in French-Canadian folklore. Traditionally the term has applied to a shape-shifter, a person who has the power to assume the form of an animal or even an inanimate object. Such entities are not to be confused with the English werewolf, for neither the moon nor silver affect the loup-garou in a special way. The loup-garou is traditionally vulnerable to fire.

A human becomes a loup-garou through a powerful curse. The curse may be passed on from one generation to the next. A variation, the loup-garou de cimetière, may occur in a generation. In this version, the cursed person digs up and eats dead bodies. While in the shape of an animal, the classic loup-garou devours living animals and humans.

DOUBLE SCREAMS

A scream from two throats tears down the hallway of the guest house. Jean-Claude, his face tightening with realization, dashes down the hall toward Lucien's bed-chamber. Inside the candle-lit room, Celine and Stephane sprawl across the red glowing sigils on the floor. Shocked, Jean-Claude cries, "Qu'est-ce que vous avez fait?" ("What have you done?")

He is too late; the glow fades as sister and brother collect themselves and rise up from the floor. "Why, Father," Celine says, "you taught us to look out for ourselves first. That is exactly what we have done." Groggily, Stephane explains that because of his ties with The Blood, they were kind enough to provide him with a method of escaping the power of the spell.

Lucien was thorough. The spell affected all those with Lavoie blood, so the loup-garou curse would not be passed on through anyone. Now that Celine and Stephane are free from his spell's effect, they are no longer falling under the control of their animal side, so they may once more shape-change at will.

Growling, both Celine's and Stephane's eyes flash brilliant yellow. Her face becomes shorter as her mouth widens to compensate for the extra teeth. Stephane's hands grow, the fingers becoming claws. Twisting and smoking, they transform into a panther and a tiger, respectively (Sanity cost to see this is 1/1D3 for each one). Then, with feline glares, they smash through a window with a single powerful bound and disappear into the night, leaving their father to his fate.

Enraged, Jean-Claude runs to the window, then turns back to face the party. He blames their meddling and demands that they quickly reverse the spell. Before the investigators can give him their answer, they hear the Thump-Thump of the peg-legged man, and Hugh enters. He greets the party and tells them that he is there to ensure they do the job; the spell also affects him.

Reversing the Spell

The ceremony to reverse Cage of Kind is simple, and it is explained in the French that is written around the bowl's rim. In order to reverse the spell, the caster follows the instructions for the ceremony, but in reverse order.

First, six candles have to be lit counterclockwise around the points on the floor diagram. Then, the caster must trace the central markings with his fingers. This links the caster with Lucien's sigil and focuses the spell's power just as a telescopic mirror concentrates light. Once this is done, the chanting begins and has to continue uninterrupted for an hour. During the hour, wild howls echo down the halls of the guest house and fill the room. This is the spirit of Lucien that was lost when he first cast the spell. It is a warning of the powers that lurk in this room. After an hour has passed, six drops of blood from the inflicted person must be poured into the bowl (blood from any Lavoie will do).

If the reverse casting is successful, the talisman will briefly glow red, the blood in the bowl will dry, and the effect of the spell will be reversed. It costs the caster 10 magic points and 1D4 Sanity points, and can add 1D6 percentiles to his Occult score. The performer of the spell has not learned the spell, since much of its effect depends upon the presence of Lucien's great pentagram.

TREACHERY

After the spell has been reversed, Jean-Claude and Hugh attempt to kill the investigators. It will be neater that way, and

they have also promised Carmine Caprice that these outsiders will not witness the impending meeting. If the investigators decide not to reverse the spell, then they Lavoies still attack. Standing by the window, Jean-Claude's eyes suddenly glaze over, red-within-red. He jumps, throwing his arms out to his sides and folding his legs up near his chest. All it takes is one scream, starting as a man's and ending as a bird's. The night-black raven blends into the dark surroundings so that the investigators only see its wide red eyes.

The group turns in time to see Hugh drop to his hands on the floor. He arches his back and his spine seems to stretch through and melt his long coat. Hugh's smile quickly transforms into a wild snarl as he loses his face to thick black hair. The shredded clothes and wooden leg disappear, revealing a massive black bear with only three legs. Witnessing this new episode also costs 1/1D3 Sanity points.

JEAN-CLAUDE LAVOIE as a raven

STR 11	CON 14	SIZ 5	INT 18	POW 19
DEX 20	Move 1/12 flying			* HP 10

Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Weapon: Beak Stab 45%, damage 1D4-1D4

* **Armor:** regenerates 1 point per round

Skills: Dodge 95%, Spot Hidden 90%.

HUGH LAVOIE as a black bear

STR 34	CON 13	SIZ 21	INT 11	POW 12
DEX 12	Move 08 (lacks left rear leg)			HP 17

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Bite 30%, damage 1D10

Claw 40%, damage 1D6+2D6

* **Armor:** 3-point fur and gristle, regenerates 1 hit point per round

Skills: Climb 10%, Dodge 30%, Listen 65%, Scent Prey 60%

The Lavoie cousins fight as a team, with the raven swooping down from above and the bear biting from below. Because Hugh is missing one of his legs, it is hard for him to keep his balance, so he makes only one Bite or one Claw attack per round. He also can Grapple, but only by falling to the floor first.

Jean-Claude always goes for the eyes. With a success of 01-05 on a Beak Stab roll he succeeds in plucking out the "vital jelly" and an investigator has lost an eye. Also, while he is flying, halve attackers' chances to hit him.

Loups-garous cannot transmit the curse through saliva, but they do regenerate one hit point every round. The best way to fight the Lavoies is to set Hugh on fire, and to capture Jean-Claude in some sort of net, such as a blanket. Defeating the two Lavoies gets the investigators an award of 1D6 Sanity points each.

AFTERMATH

Celine and Stephane immediately take over the McTanish distilleries. Their lawyers announce that Jacques and Jean-Claude were attacked and killed by their jealous cousin Hugh. They leave the investigators alone, warning them not to come near or to tell anyone what really happened. The pair will not hesitate to take stronger measures, as the investigators will surely understand.

Stephane and Celine deny knowledge of McBride's disappearance, and offer no obstacle to the investigation of that mystery.



Days Four and Five

*The Blood; Robert Lowell; the police; an attack;
the murder of Mr. Birla; the Blessed Blade of Tsang;
the auction; a second attack.*



DAYS FOUR and Five offer a wide variety of leads for the investigators. There is no necessary order for events in this chapter. The keeper must decide when each day concludes.

The events of these two days increasingly intertwine St. Cutis, McBride, and the rival cultists of Chaugnar Faugn. The keeper needs to continue to keep track of the heart in the silver box as well, since a successful attack may take it as surprise booty.

Nearby are three excerpts (*Horror's Heart* #16, #17, #18) culled from the Montréal Star. The keeper may feed these to the players as seems opportune.

The Blood and The Lords

Researching The Blood

An Occult roll reveals nothing about The Blood, though a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll does. With that success, or after eight hours spent in the Bibliothèque Nationale du Québec, they learn that The Blood of the Heart was a cult founded a little over a thousand years ago by an Arab named Arja. Nothing is known about the man, except that he began his teachings after returning from travels in Tsang, a region somewhere in northern Tibet. He brought with him a scripture of blood, upon which the cult was based.

With a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll, they also know that the cult of The Blood was connected with Chaugnar Faugn, a great old one. The cult was located on or near the fabulous Plateau of Tsang in Tibet.

To learn more, a successful Library Use roll is needed. Mentioned in Wars of the Ottoman Empire, The Blood helped to defeat European invaders in 1148, during the Second Crusade. They were defeated in the Third Crusade (in 1191, the crusade was led by Richard the Lion-Hearted). Nothing more is mentioned until 1519, when the Ottomans expanded into Syria and the Empire had its golden age over the next half-century. The resurrection of the group is credited to its new leader, Arja James.

If the investigators wonder why The Blood came to Montréal, a successful History roll supplies the answer. The investigator remembers that in the 17th century, the Messieurs de Saint Sulpice made open requests to various organizations in France to aid in expanding the colony of Montréal. One of those requests must have been made to The Blood. To follow

up on that, the investigators can return to the Archives Nationales du Québec.

There the investigators are shown to "les lettres des Messieurs," which are all written in French. A final Library Use roll is needed to find the correct letter. It is from one James Andrews, who informs les Messieurs that his fellowship, like the Empire of the French King, has fallen on difficult times. However, he and the few remaining members will be sailing on the Le Coeur d'Éléphant for Montréal within the year. He also wishes that all news of their coming be kept quiet. He represents The Blood as a pious sect who follow his leadership in good deeds and Christian meditation.

Robert Lowell

Lowell's bookstore, the Open Book, has been at 400 Saint-Jean Street for 63 years. Its owner, Robert Lowell, inherited the book store from his father in 1900 and has not missed a day of work since. Lowell loves books of all subjects, and he has amassed one of the finest collections in North America. His son hopes to take over the store and the stock when he is old enough. But the elder Lowell is worried that his son will not have the chance because of The Blood.

When the investigators enter the Open Book, they see a

Horror's Heart Papers #16



Town Tattle: Tax Hike

The city has reached a decisive moment. Montréal's citizens must determine whether or not to increase rent taxes on shops and stores along Ste-Cathérine Street.

Do you think this is a minor concern? Well, regard the troubles last week at the annual Brock Convention for businesses. During a heated debate on the proposed tax hikes, a scuffle broke out on the convention floor. Employees of the Canterbury Club, as ordered by the Serjeant des Armes, sought to restore order only to get caught up in the action themselves. When the police arrived, the convention was in an uproar. Several combatants were injured and, bizarrely, two newsmen arrested. (Were they misspelling names?)

Detective Dane Deroz, at the auditorium to attend an unconnected award ceremony, said that this disturbance was unique in his experience. His words somewhat reflect our thoughts. Concretely, do we not need more significant city leadership?

large shop with a mezzanine, crammed with new and used books. Mrs. Lowell, Marie, greets them. Robert is in the back. At the first mention of McBride or The Blood, Lowell invites the investigators into a small rear office for privacy.

Robert Lowell is fairly short with small spectacles and strangely shaped hair, giving him the resemblance of an owl. He wears a navy blue V-neck sweater over an apple green shirt. Lowell is unpleasant and often boring to talk to. He always gives the impression of being nervous and confused, even when he is not. He does know what he is talking about, it is just that no one cares to listen. He is insane from his Cthulhu Mythos and Occult studies, and potentially very dangerous, but like many of the Lords he is lax in defending the group's current status and power. Success has brought him only hesitation and second thoughts.



ROBERT LOWELL, age 48, Commander of the Lords

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 10 INT 13 POW 20
DEX 9 APP 12 EDU 18 SAN 0 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapon: .45 Revolver 45%, damage ID10+2

Spells: Cloud Memory, Contact Chaugnar Faugn, Curse of Chaugnar Faugn, Dominate, Summon/Bind Lesser Brother of Chaugnar Faugn, Summon/Bind Thrall of Chaugnar Faugn.

Horror's Heart Papers #17



Town Tattle: It's A Jungle in There

Poor Harold Innis, Curator of the Montréal Zoo, is in dismal spirits. Remember a few months ago when Julie and Yan, the Zoo's only elephants, died the same night due to heart attacks? Now Mr. Innis has inexplicably lost all of his monkeys. He broke down sobbing during the reading of a statement a few days ago, and has sequestered himself since.

The mysterious case has police and Mr. Innis baffled. You see, the monkeys were not stolen, but eaten. When an attendant went to the monkey cage for their morning feeding, he found all seven dead. Actually he only found five, he believes the other two were carried off. The remains were mauled, and had missing limbs and bite marks. It looks like the work of lions, but they are caged on the other side of the Zoo, and reportedly answered their breakfast call with gusto. Whatever the beast who slew the monkeys, it had a key, because there were no signs of forced entry into the cage.

Asked if the monkeys could have done this to themselves, Mr. Innis reportedly said certainly not, that monkeys were not as insane as are human beings. Our Curator is currently looking for donations to help replace these dear departed.

Skills: Art (Typography) 27%, Astronomy 65%, Bargain 39%, Cthulhu Mythos 26%, English 77%, French 62%, History 85%, Law 25%, Library Use 93%, Natural History 40%, Occult 46%, Psychology 65%, Spot Hidden 67%, Tibetan 45%.

He has known Father McBride since the day McBride arrived in Montréal, and has been pleased to be of aid to him on many occasions. "Father Philip was actually in the store a couple of days ago," Lowell says. "He showed me an old Tibetan hymn book. I told him it was probably from the 16th century, nothing really important. I have one similar to it." If the investigators ask, Lowell will dig out his copy and show them. He pauses for a moment, a smirk flitting across his face. "You can borrow it for a couple days if you wish," he says, clearly confident that these strangers will be unable to read a line.

While talking to Lowell, if any of the investigators mentions The Blood or the Lords, a look of worry twists his usually calm face. He rushes the investigators out the door and asks them not to return, chattering only that he has not seen McBride but is sure that he will turn up. If this is not enough, Lowell attempts to cast Dominate on an investigator. The investigator feels that Lowell has told him all that he can tell and that he should leave the store. The enchanted investigator also tries to persuade his friends to leave.

The Hymn Book

The copy that Lowell offers to lend to the investigators is in terrible shape. With its cover ripped off and its paper yellow and withered, the characters are hard to read. It is written in

Horror's Heart Papers #18



Town Tattle: Crazy Work Day

Mlle. Nathalie Collette had her most difficult night at work on Friday. During a late screening of "Safety First" at the Imperial Théâtre on Bluary, the usherette was forced to escort a raving patron out of the théâtre. In the lobby, the man (name withheld) continued to rant and soon became violent. The théâtre's manager contacted the police and the staff at the Verdun Psychiatric Centre. Upon arrival, the boys in white applauded Mlle. Collette for capturing a missing patient!

He jumped up in the middle of the movie and shouted that his blood was boiling, and then he complained how gray the sea was, she described. It's a very funny movie, and he absolutely silenced the audience. Even after he was restrained, he still fought, she continued. The poor man wanted to go somewhere, but at the same time he tried to stop himself. Apparently he wanted to drown himself.

Official word from Verdun is that he had escaped earlier that day, and was hiding out at the théâtre. He fell asleep and had a nightmare, then woke and began raving. Dr. Ley of the centre said the patient posed no threat to anyone but himself. They are continuing his care. A happy ending for all!

ancient Tibetan. A quarter of its pages are missing. Eight hours of study and a successful Tibetan roll will reveal that it is actually a book of poetry and esoteric teachings which are difficult to understand and often untranslatable to English. The writings often refer to "The Heart that Never Beats," "The Lord's Companion," "Arja," and other concepts which are never explained. The reader concludes that these scriptures are devoted to a strange, malevolent deity who requires sacrifice and cruelty and who promises great personal power when certain prophecies are fulfilled. With a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll, they understand that the deity is Chaugnar Faugn, a great old one.

The Montréal Star

The offices are busy day and night at the Montréal Star. This is a great era for newspapers, and this newspaper runs 24 hours a day, with nine editions on weekdays, the first at 3am and the last at 10pm.



Alain Gaston works in the long, crowded City Room, along with about thirty other reporters, all of whom seem to be yelling on the telephone while firing spitballs at each other. Directed by pointing fingers, the investigators reach the center of combat, and find themselves looking at a mischievous dark-haired young man, who introduces himself as "Le Roi des Élastiques" (the King of Rubber Bands).

Coincidentally, the gray-haired City Editor sticks his head out of his office and shouts for quiet. The volume of the war subsides, but perhaps only for a few minutes.

The young man is Alain Gaston. He is willing to talk about some of what he knows, but wants to know what the investigators have to offer. He is willing to name names, or to conceal names (if not connected with illegal activities), but will want sources and names to give to his editors, in order to protect his newspaper from civil or governmental actions. He also wants to know why the investigators are interested in these murders. If they merely give him some of their general information concerning The Blood, this sensational angle makes him dance with glee, though it may doom his life. Alternatively they might advance only the possibility that a missing priest may be one of the unidentified victims. (There are now three similarly eviscerated, heartless corpses in the city morgue, Gaston reveals, though the police are admitting to only the first one, at least for a while.)

Alain will be glad to help get them permission to see the bodies. Alain insists on coming along, for this little story should be good for six or eight column inches. Privately, depending on their demeanor, Alain now believes that the investigators are either feature journalists from the States, or perhaps big-time killers making sure of a hit. Either way he wants the story.

Precinct 33 and the Morgue

Surely the investigators have thought to report that Father Philip McBride is missing, but if they haven't, now is a fine time.

The police station is not nearly so busy as the Montréal

Spell: Dominate

Bends the will of the target to that of the caster's. Dominate costs 1 magic point and 1 Sanity point per cast. Pit caster and target POW against each other on the Resistance Table: with a success, the target obeys the commands of the caster until the next combat round concludes. The spell affects one individual at a time. Dominate can be cast once per round. Recasting takes only an instant, thus a particular person might be controlled without interruption for several minutes.

Maximum range is ten yards. The command or commands must be intelligible, and the spell may be broken if a command contradicts the target's basic nature.

Star, but a couple of bookings are being completed for minor crimes, and so Alain's contact, Pierre the Desk Man, is busy for a while. During this time the investigators will overhear a handful of reports and conversations about the city, some concerning mummies and living dead. The police consider the flurry a hoax, maybe in preparation for some new movie to hit town.

After a while, Pierre is free, and Alain is able to get permission slips from him for the city morgue, which is not far off. The papers say the group are visiting to help identify the bodies, and indeed there is a chance that one will turn out to be Father Philip.

It gets cooler as the investigators descend the stairs to the medical morgue. They are stopped and briefly questioned by a policeman who recognizes Alain Gaston and sneers at him, but the group are passed through. Inside, the investigators are politely received; the attendant has nothing to do except to clean examination tables and wheel out corpses. When they ask to see the body, he replies, "Which one?" The police have three unidentified bodies, all with their hearts ripped away and their bellies hollowed out.

The attendant rolls out three slabs from the cooler. None are Father Philip, and none resemble anyone whom the investigators know. There is a middle-aged woman, and two men one young and one old. The bodies were found in different areas of the city.

While viewing the bodies, call for CON rolls. The investigator with the highest failing roll becomes slightly dizzy. The room becomes cloudy and the air thickens. Trying to steady himself, the investigator puts a hand on the slab and observes the eyes of the corpse snap open. Then she or he begins to hear slow heartbeats as the other two bodies also open their eyes. The room spins as the beats increase in speed and volume. The corpses' mouths open and add broken, half-formed moans to the pounding percussion of the heartbeats. Another sickening spin, and then the investigator falls unconscious.

The investigator revives in a couple of minutes. Returning to consciousness, the room is still and the bodies lie unmoved. The others in the room never saw or heard a thing, only the swooning investigator. The attendant pushes the slabs back into place and closes the locker doors.

The fainting victim only wants to go to bed. She or he has a pounding headache.



Lesser Brother of Chaugnar Faugn

Attacked in Darkness

The investigator responsible for the heart in the silver box may have it on her or his person, may have the key or combination to the safe in which the heart is being kept, or may have some other means of access to the heart. The Blood single out this investigator for attack. They know whom to look for from information supplied by Claire the maid, who is their spy.

The keeper chooses the time for the attack. This should be dictated by the flow of the game, but the attack should occur at night, in Old Montréal. If need be, the keeper can have a member of The Blood call the investigator and inform him that he knows where Father McBride is. This lures the investigator, accompanied by friends or not, to the ambush.

At the best of times, on the best of nights, the streets of Old Montréal are dimly lit. With a new moon, this is an extra dark night. The investigator finds himself walking down a narrow side road. The night's coolness has created a milky mist on the St. Lawrence which, with long wispy fingers, has invaded the corners and cobble-ways of the city. Two unseen cats hiss in the distance, as the investigator welcomes the familiar clamor of a horse and carriage on the street ahead.

Then an attack occurs. The Sanity cost to be attacked by Lesser Brothers is 1/1D3. The creatures continue attacking till the target investigator falls unconscious or ceases to resist. Then a cultist emerges from the darkness and looks for the heart or for information as to where the heart is kept. Allow a Spot Hidden if the investigator has hidden what The Blood want. If they cannot find what they seek after stripping the investigator, they drag her or him away. If they succeed in lugging away the investigator, she or he is never seen again. If any of the Lesser Brothers die, their bodies rot to putrescence in a few minutes. But some help is at hand as well.

VICTORIN APPEARS

The melee lasts 1D4+2 rounds before Jean-Paul Victorin arrives. The battling investigators behold a tall, black-caped figure entering the fray. Amid the dark flapping folds of his clothes wisps a silver blur, a single bright glint that grasps the light. The silver slips through the night, quickly and quietly decapitating the creatures one by one. The light dances in the air like a confused moth searching for the moon, spelling out odd symbols in the sky. As unexpectedly as it arrived, it disappears.

Standing in the broken circle of rotting monsters is a stout, well dressed man who seems preoccupied with his cane. He wears a long black cape over a tailor-made Prussian blue suit. Although most of his face is dimmed by the wide rim of his black hat, the investigators see a small tear of blood trickle down his cheek. He hangs his cane on his left arm and then says, "My name is Jean-Paul Victorin. Time is short and things are urgent. I have been following your party since you entered the Montréal Star building. You will be glad to hear that I know where you can find Philip McBride. He is safe."

Before answering questions, Victorin wants to know the whereabouts of St. Cutis' heart or whether or not it is still safe.



The narrative now assumes that the investigators have lost possession of the heart. If the attack failed, such attacks will continue. If the heart was in a distant location, such as a safety deposit box, The Blood will invade the place where the heart is being held, perhaps by the aid of magic. Victorin warns the investigators of this great danger and tells them he will call tomorrow about McBride. He then dashes around the corner and back into the misty night.

FOUR LESSER BROTHERS OF CHAUGNAR FAUGN

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	22	20	22	13	11	21
Two	21	20	24	11	10	22
Three	23	18	22	14	09	20
Four	21	21	20	11	12	21

Damage Bonus: +2D6

Weapons: Bite 55%, damage 1D3

Blood Sucker automatic with conditions, damage 1 HP per round

Grapple 55%, damage special

Crush 50%, damage 1D4+2D6

Spells: none.

Armor: 2-point wrinkly elephantine skin

Skills: Dodge 25%, Hide 35%, * Listen 75%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 25%, Swim 40%.

* Given its sensitive hearing, a Listen roll might substitute for a Spot Hidden in darkness.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D4.

JEAN-PAUL VICTORIN, age 52, Agent of the Vatican

STR 10	CON 11	SIZ 15	INT 15	POW 16
DEX 13	APP 16	EDU 21	SAN 80	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Sword Cane 80%, damage 1D6+1D4

Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4

Skills: Bargain 25%, Church Doctrine 70%, Credit Rating 75%, Doctrine 70%, English 60%, French 85%, Italian 50%, Library Use 77%, Listen 35%, Locksmith 20%, Occult 70%, Psychology 65%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 83%, Track 40%.

Calls at Night

When the investigators wearily make it back to the church for a well deserved rest, they find waiting for them three phone messages from the same man, a stranger, one Mahr Birla. He calls again soon after the party arrives, to give an important message to "the friends of Philip McBride." He tells the listening investigator that he cannot talk long, because he risks being overheard. Distressed, Birla mumbles something about escaping and being chased. He tells the investigator to meet him at Le Café Minuit (4242 St. Denis) tomorrow morning. There he can tell them who kidnaped McBride and where they can locate their friend. Without saying more, the caller hangs up.

Madame D'Anjou's Fear

By Day Five, if not before, Madame D'Anjou expresses her fear that Father Philip has been killed. She says no more but serves the investigators progressively colder and sparser meals,

by that accusing the investigators of sloth, carelessness, treachery, and general impiety and lack of human feeling.

Le Café Minuit

The café is located in the Plateau district of Montréal, which lies on the east side of Mont-Royal. At first investigators may think they have the wrong address because the address is only a large steel door. After they knock, the door opens a couple of inches. A short dark man, Mr. Birla himself, looks them over and then hastily ushers them inside. He starts to ask them if they have been followed, then shrugs and murmurs in Arabic, "How would you know? And what difference would it make?"

He leads them down a staircase to the small empty room that is Le Café Minuit. It has not yet opened for the day. His brother owns the cafe. Birla does not believe that any place is safe, though this one will do. His eyes persistently scan the room, searching for an attack that has not yet come.

Seated, Birla confesses that he lied to the investigators so they would come and meet with him. He knows nothing about McBride's location, only that The Blood abducted him because of the corpse in the basement. Two days ago Birla left The Blood and has been on the run since. The cult does not like it when members decide to leave, even new ones. Birla knows of the investigators because The Blood are watching them closely, not only because they are friends of McBride but also because they were at the Canterbury Club and at the Lavoie mansion.

As the keeper wishes, Birla can provide leads concerning meeting places, minor cultists, and so on. He has been an initiate of the cult for a few months, attracted by the casual sex and power of it, then horrified as he began to understand its reality. He knows very little, not even that the cult worships Chaugnar Faugn, and knows only a symbolic deity they term the Greatest One.

Birla is fleeing Canada today, but to salve his conscience he has decided to tell the investigators about the Blessed Blade of Tsang. This knife was crafted by the Blood's founder, Arja, as a ceremonial dagger used in the traditional heart sacrifices. It has the power to steal the life from any heart, even that of magical hearts such as Andrew's. The knife was brought to Montréal by the cult. Birla's job with the cult was to discover the knife's present location, which he did by a stroke of luck. He has not told the cult about his discovery.

With this knife, he believes that the investigators can destroy the immortal heart, an item which The Blood greatly desires. He does not know exactly what the cult intends for the heart, except that ownership of it will greatly facilitate something that they refer to as the Reunion. The knife was acquired by a Maurice Desjardins (day-zhar-dahn) in the 1830s, and became part of his collection. The knife has since changed hands.

As Birla speaks, two men and a woman enter the cafe from the back room. The first man, Eli, is well dressed in an olive green suit and long raincoat. The other man Ram, whom Birla greets as his older brother and the woman, Joanna, are more casually dressed. Ram Birla wears a baggy light brown sweater with darker pants while she has on a short black jacket with a long black skirt.

Mahr Birla stands and walks over to his brother, welcoming him, but his brother's face is grim. Without warning, Joanna jumps behind Mahr and quickly slits his throat. He dies with a

mutter, and blood sprays everywhere.

The two men turn to the investigators and attack them. They are not trying to kill the investigators. Armed with small hooked knives, the cultists need only obtain tiny fragments of flesh from each investigator, for use in the spell Curse of Chaugnar Faugn. They attack until they have a piece from every investigator, or till two of the cultists have lost half or more of their hit points or fall unconscious. Investigators may resist being sampled by successful Dodge rolls, successful Grapple rolls, or successful attack rolls in the same round as the sampling. Those cultists who can still move dash out the back door and disappear into the Plateau's maze of alleys.

CAFE MINUIT ATTACKERS, Members of The Blood

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Eli	11	13	13	15	16	13
Ram	13	17	10	9	14	14
Joanna	10	15	12	17	15	14

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Collection Knife* 50%, damage 1D4

* tooth on weapon retains small hunk of flesh from the person successfully stabbed.

Fist/Punch 45%, damage 1D3

Grapple 40%, damage special

Skills: Climb 45%, Dodge 50%, Drive Auto 45%, English 25%, Hide 35%, Jump 35%, Listen 40%, Psychology 20%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 40%, Throw 35%.

Those investigators who lost flesh to the cultists are subject to the Curse of Chaugnar Faugn. Tonight sorcerers of The Blood will use these samples of flesh to focus the curse on its targets. See the appendix to this book for the full version of that spell. This spell is not immediate: the keeper may want to ask for a roll guessing the purpose behind the strange attacks, in order to ignite investigator dread right away.

If this adventure lasts three or four more days, each target's dreams are filled with visions of gray water, hot skies, and sensations of being tightly wrapped in drying, shrinking leather. On the third night, each target falls into a trance state, wherein she or he fervently desires to rush into the St. Lawrence River. As more nights pass, these trances become longer and more difficult to resist. Roll the investigator's POW on the third night and each night thereafter. The first time that the roll exceeds POW x6, the target wanders to the river and seeks out The Blood's secret cavern and offers herself or himself as a sacrifice, unless by then another fate has intervened.

The Blessed Blade of Tsang

The Blood have long sought this magical dagger. In this case the investigators cannot simply look up "knives" in the library and expect to find its location. Mahr Birla mentioned that the knife resided in Maurice Desjardins' private collection of knives. There the investigators should start their search.

Most libraries have information about this prominent Montréaler, but the Bibliothèque Nationale du Québec is the closest. A successful Library Use roll reveals that Desjardins was a wealthy land developer who helped make Ste-Catherine Street the new commercial district. He also had an unquenchable appetite for antiques. Most prized of all Desjardins' pieces

was his exquisite collection of knives. Unfortunately, near the end of his life, he went mad and refused to leave any of his property to the people he knew, imagining that all were plotting against him. In drawing up his will, he selected random people from the phone book and divided his estate among them. To find out who got what, the investigators must read Desjardins' last will and testament.

The court records concerning the original probated will were burned a year ago during the great City Hall fire. But it is likely that a copy of the Desjardins will can be found at the law firm which helped Monsieur Desjardins write it. Montréal in the 1800s had few prominent law firms and M. Desjardins, being a wealthy man, would have the best. By systematically telephoning the current listings for law firms, the investigators learn that only four firms survive which were in operation during Desjardins' lifetime, and that the largest one then was Godbold and Harrison, now Godbold Harrison Meilleur (1111 Blvd. de Maisonneuve).

LAW OFFICES

Rain slams against the lofty building, but inside the party has to face a storm of a different kind a busy law firm with no interest or time to dig up old records. If an investigator is a lawyer, then things will go easily for access, due to professional courtesy. Once their guide, a lowly clerk, admits them to the firm's old records section (located in a sub-basement of the building), then

the investigators can bring various Fast Talks, Bargains, and Persuades to bear, so that they can be allowed to help search the chaotic ocean of files starting with the letter D and speed up things.

Without legal credentials, the response is much slower. The investigators need letters of reference establishing themselves as bona fide researchers, perhaps gathering material for a new biography of Desjardins. The firm also charges them a fee of 1D50 dollars for the search and reproduction of the document, and it takes them several weeks to accomplish the task.

Alternatively, if the investigators make friends with or hire one of the firm's lawyers on some pretext, such as the redistribution of some third-party legacy related to the Desjardins settlement, then the will is found within a couple of days.

The will clearly states that Desjardins' collection of knives were given to a Madame Duplessis, of 1943 rue Notre-Dame. Again, the investigators' best tool is the phone book. Hundreds of people named Duplessis live in Montréal.

Duplessis' Antique Shop is at 1943 rue Notre-Dame. Alas, Madame Duplessis died a few months ago. The person who answers the phone recognizes the reference to Desjardins' knife collection. It is one of the principle items being auctioned this afternoon.



Duplessis' Antique Auction

There is no time to waste. The investigators may want to stop by a bank and get money if they plan to bid on the knives. Desjardins' collection was boasted of in the will as impressive. It may cost quite a bit.



The Assassination of Mohr Birla

If the keeper wishes, allow a Spot Hidden roll. With a success, the investigators notice that someone is tailing them, just as Birla indicated before he died.

The main floor of the little shop has been cleared and about fifty to sixty chairs are available for bidders to sit on. The darkly stained hardwood floors and wall paneling create a coziness that puts people at ease. An auctioneer stands at a lectern at the far end of the room. From the catalogue provided, the investigators learn that the knife collection amounts to more than a hundred pieces did the investigators bring enough money? "M. Desjardins' original collection of fine knives, daggers, and swords" is lots number twenty through twenty-four.

During the intervening thirty minutes, the investigators may bid on various auction items. Amid the usual assortment of paintings and statues is one object that may catch the investigators' attention. Item number sixteen is a fairly ordinary wooden snuff box containing a rare gray-green powder, which the auctioneer mispronounces as the Dust of Sullivan (for the properties of the magical Dust of Suleiman, see the Call of Cthulhu rulesbook).

The investigators have no way of knowing about the Dust unless they have some Cthulhu Mythos points. If the keeper wishes, she or he may allow the players to try to roll under one-fifth of their investigators' Occult scores to understand what is up for bid.

Regardless, the bidding gets their attention, since it is furious, and since the winner must bid at least a thousand dollars to claim this prize. Many of the other buyers try to obtain the snuff box. This, for the first time, draws the investigators' attention to the other buyers. They seem to be authors, dilettantes, and professors, leavened with an occasional rugged outdoors man, private eye, or person of subtle knowledge in other words, investigators like themselves. There is a chance (best roll of POW x1 or less) that one of the investigators sees someone she or he knows. This is a great opportunity to introduce one or more new characters to the party, hopefully someone who has some money.

The Blessed Blade of Tsang

The Blessed Blade of Tsang has 15 hit points and does normal damage of 1D6+1+db when used as a weapon.

Any heart severed by it retains the POW of the person as it existed just before death. Any heart severed by it remains undecayed and invulnerable to damage thereafter. A Blood of the Heart ritual exists to guide POW residing in such a heart into another person. If the Blessed Blade itself stabs a heart which contains POW, the POW dissipates immediately and that heart collapses and decays.

The foot-long blade is connected to a grand handle of black leather trimmed with dark red stamping. The circular talisman imprinted on the butt of the handle is strikingly like the design that Lucien carved into the guest house floor. Along the jagged blade are words written in ancient Tibetan, clearly marking this knife as the one the investigators seek.

THE BLESSED BLADE

The last item of the day is the knife collection of Monsieur Desjardins. The auctioneer explains that because the collection is extensive, it will be auctioned off in five lots. The first two are swords from all regions and eras of the world. Once the third lot, ceremonial daggers, is brought onto the stage, a tall man near the back gasps, stands, points, then dashes out. His face was a mass of fright and excitement. A member of The Blood sent to tail the investigators, he has just seen what the cult has looked for everywhere, the Blessed Blade of Tsang.

The auctioneer's assistant passes through the audience, holding each blade in turn for closer inspection. The Blessed Blade is quite distinct. Though the investigators have no description of it, their eyes are immediately drawn to this knife, and to the Tibetan writing on its blade. There is no other Tibetan blade in the collection. For more about it, see the nearby boxed information.



A mentioned before, the Blessed Blade is only part of the lot. The investigations must bid on all six knives in order to get the Blessed Blade. As in all auctions, the price climbs as opposing buyers try to outbid each other.

Concerning this lot, the investigators have two competitors, an old army major (POW 14) who is a collector, and a middle-aged woman (POW 16) who is trying to buy back a family relic, another knife in the lot.

If the investigators understood that the man who stood and gasped was a member of The Blood, they also should keep in mind that the Blood will soon be pouring into the shop or surrounding the building in order to seize the blade. The bidding starts at \$100 then quickly jumps to \$400.

The investigators can enter the bidding. To win, an investigator's player matches his character's POW against those of the two competitors on the Resistance Table, and must beat both people in the same round. If the match fails, the investigator has been outbid and the cost of the knives goes up another \$100 plus the investigator's last bid. It moves on to the next round, during which the investigator can try again. Only one investigator can bid in a round.

Alternatively, the investigators can use their Bargain skills on the two competing bidders. For instance, they might offer them the other knives in the section, explaining they are only interested in the Tibetan blade. With successful rolls, the other bidders submit, and the investigators walk away with the Blessed Blade of Tsang for 1D4 x100 dollars.

The keeper must pick an opportune moment for The Blood to enter the scene. The cult does not interrupt the bidding, but will confront the winning bidder after the auction and take the Blessed Blade from her or him by force or by threat of violence. Once the investigators possess the blade, The Blood chase them until they catch them or until the investigators escape. This is a good opportunity for a high-speed car chase through the city.

The investigators do not need the Blessed Blade to win this adventure. If they obtain the knife, it represents a way to destroy the immortal heart of Andrews. The writing on the blade is the chant used to evoke the knife's magical power; the activation provoked by this chant lasts for several hours.

The Seekers

Right after supper, the investigators receive a call from a terrified Alain Gaston, the reporter from the *Montréal Star*. His voice quivering, Alain whispers that he thinks those responsible for the murders in the city are after him. They are threatening to kill him. He tells the investigators that he has something that they need to see. They are to meet him as soon as possible at the observation platform on top of Mont-Royal.

It has stopped raining but the night is cold atop Mont-Royal. Gaston chose a simple railed platform at the end of the main road which leads up the mountain. From here, investigators can see the entire city laid out in the glowing lights of night.

After waiting fifteen or twenty minutes, call for Spot Hidden rolls. Those with successes notice a pale figure below running through the trees. If all the investigators fail, then grant them another Spot Hidden in five or so minutes.

If they investigate the pale figure, the party discovers two more bloodless bodies. One is a male about thirty, and the other is a woman about fifty. Both bodies are naked and unbelievably pale. Like the others that the investigators saw in the morgue, the hearts have been snipped out and all blood drained from the bodies.

If the investigators brought flashlights or are willing to carry the bodies up to the street lamps near the platform, they notice that each body exhibits a few old stab wounds, made by an odd knife or knives small wounds made with hooked blades like those that the cultists used on the investigators earlier today.

Further, there appears to be some circular compression on the shrunken faces of both corpses. Were the bodies not so thoroughly drained of blood, it looks as if there might be deep bruising across the faces.

With a successful Listen roll, an investigator notices the sound of several people moving downhill, away from them through brush or grass. Of those people, nothing more is seen. Nonetheless, allow another Spot Hidden roll. If successful, they notice a new pale figure, this time stumbling towards the party. It is Alain. He is naked. A gaping hole in his chest marks his missing heart. Like the other corpses, he too has been drained of blood, but that doesn't stop him from lurching forward.



Sanity point loss to see this is 1/1D6 SAN. At the same time, the two previously motionless bodies rise and attempt to grapple the investigators.

Their intent is simple enough. Each is lacking a heart, and the spells that have set them going cause each to urgently crave a new, living replacement heart. Once the seeker has ripped out the heart from an investigator, the seeker thrusts the still-throbbing organ into its empty cavity, and for a few minutes it experiences an exquisite bliss and fulfillment. The maddened face softens and becomes peaceful. In a little while more, though, the new heart goes cold, and the energy of the seeker dies with it. The thing slumps and dies, this time for good. It has accomplished what the caster intended.

(More information can be found under the entry for Seekers and for the spell Seek Heart in the appendix.)

THREE SEEKERS, Automatons of Chaugnar Faugn

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Alain	10	3	10	15	0	na
Lynn	11	13	11	13	0	na
Sandy	9	13	13	16	0	na

Move 6

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Bite 35%, damage 1D2

Grapple 25%, damage special

Skills: Hide 10%, Listen 25%, Sneak 10%, Spot Hidden 25%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6 SAN

Characteristics for a seeker are mostly those it had in life. It can move, and it retains its innate physical skills. Magic, intellectual and communication skills, and actions combining problem-solving and dexterity (such as aiming and firing a gun or finding and opening a latched gate in a fence) are entirely beyond its abilities and desire.

Except for fire or dismemberment, the seeker ignores physical damage done to it. Intense flame triggers its corruption and collapse, while dismemberment hampers or make impossible its quest for a new heart.

A Thoughtful Package

Whenever the investigators return to St. Cutis, a package awaits them. Inside the neat wrapping is a gift of two bottles of Dubonnet, a fine aperitif. Attached is a note: "Meet me in Viger Square early tomorrow"—Victorin.



Day Six

*Victorin; Detective Deroz; Verdun Psychiatric;
Dr. Ley; McBride; the bookstore; the vault;
two Companions; epilogue.*



Madame D'Anjou

If they did not tell her last night, the investigators surely tell Madame D'Anjou this morning that they have been told that McBride is alive, and that they expect to find him today. Her gratitude and relief are heartfelt. "I will stay here all day," she declares, "until I know he is safe."

With a successful Idea roll, the investigators understand that by staying near the telephone, she can also accept and relay messages for them, or perhaps they already have made such arrangements with her. They tell her they meet Monsieur Victorin this morning, and may do some research later in the day, perhaps at Les Archives Nationales or the Bibliothèque Nationale.

A Morning Meeting

The sky has opened blue for the day's warm sun, but for the most part it goes unnoticed by the investigators, who solemnly walk to their meeting with Jean-Paul Victorin. Although the disappearance of the investigators' friend McBride worries the group, no clues have developed.

All those investigators who lost flesh to the attackers at Mr. Birla's feel grumpy this morning. These investigators are now marked. They slept badly, haunted by static dreams. If the investigators talk to each other about their dreams, they discover similarities in what they remember still images of gray water, gray skies, and gray trees.

If an investigator passed out in the city morgue, then as well as the gray static images she or he had a stronger sensation while dreaming, and seemed to feel the surface of something soft yet tough, like leather, and somehow ominous.

Jean-Paul Victorin

As the group enters the first of four park "islands" that make up Viger Square, everyone with successful Idea rolls has the sensation of being watched. A careful scan only reveals morning vendors selling coffee and pastries. The feeling passes as they reach the third island park and see Victorin sharing a bench with pigeons.

The man is dressed in the same tailored suit as he wore in their first meeting. His cape has been replaced by a plain black overcoat that is lined with crimson silk. The wide-brimmed hat that he wore yesterday sits on his lap. This exposes his wide head, from which sprouts a thick crop of jet black hair that has been touched white near the ears. His face is quiet and strong, and shows its age respectfully, as if every wrinkle was placed there by his own hand. The silver-tipped cane resting next to him is a reminder of how proper and how deadly he can be. Mr.

Victorin speaks clearly, slowly, cautiously, considering every word. Although he is sincere, he can be harsh, and he makes it known that he will take the side that serves his cause. His countenance is not unfriendly, but reserved and formal.

(While generally a truthful man, today Victorin is mostly telling lies. Astute investigators may find inconsistencies or misconceptions in what he says, but that is the risk that the liar takes.)

Victorin greets each in turn by name. He says that he has known about them since they arrived in Montréal. He explains that he is from Italy, and has been in Montréal for the past two months inspecting various properties of interest to him. "Recently, I heard of the discovery of a body in the new church," he says "and, like most people, I became curious. Not because of the body. I have no interest in saints or devils. I am looking for something more material a... statue. I know this statue is in the hands of the Lords, and they have been active lately, perhaps in connection with the discovery of the body beneath the church, though I do not know why this might be. Your arrival has stirred several powerful groups here. Perhaps they took your Father Philip; well, that and a few other reasons."

If the investigators question Mr. Victorin about the statue, he pretends reticence, since the statue doesn't exist, then makes up the following. "The statue itself was only half shaped out of one small piece of marble. The bottom is uncut stone, or so it seems, but cunningly hidden inside that marble lies a priceless jewel, Steed's Tear. I have been searching for that jewel for thirteen years. I know it is in Montréal. I am offering some aid to you in your search, in exchange for your later help with mine." He then tells them that McBride is an unidentified patient at Verdun Psychiatric Centre in Montréal.

(A successful Psychology roll indicates that parts of Victorin's story are untrue. Victorin has met with the investigators to assist in finding McBride, but his essential interest is in learning the truth about St. Cutis.)

As they listen, those investigators who received successful Idea rolls before now begin to feel anxious. Shivers run up their backs. Allow another Idea roll, to confirm the feeling in the other investigators. All those with successes know they are being watched. Victorin also seems to feel this, and his words slow as he casts his attention around the square.

Call for Spot Hidden rolls. Those with successes notice a figure watching them from the side of a nearby monument. When the stranger understands that he has been spotted, he starts to run. Victorin immediately gives chase.

If the investigators join in the hunt, they quickly see that the man is the same man in the brown suit who watched them in the Canterbury Club. If they do not pursue, the keeper must decide if Victorin catches him, or if he (he is a police detective) catches Victorin, perhaps with the aid of a half-dozen lurking patrol-

men, and brings him back to the square.

The fleeing man in the brown suit does not run fast, but he knows the city. If the investigators pursue him, give them four rounds to catch the man before he disappears into the city. If one of the investigators has not caught him or if an investigator is not close after round three, then call for Luck rolls to spot the spy once more.

To get right behind him, use the Resistance Table. Match each investigator's average of DEX + CON against the fleeing man's average. Success means that the investigator has caught up to the man and is breathing down his neck. To apprehend him, the investigator needs a successful Grapple roll, pulling the man to the ground. Once this is done, the spy gives up.

The keeper can make as much or as little out of this chase as he wishes, and Victorin can always bring the spy down if no one else does. The chase crosses a crowded and busy area. Dodges, Hides, and Spot Hidden rolls, among others, could be in order.

Dane Deroz

The figure identifies himself as Detective Deroz, and produces identification and a badge to that effect. He quickly assumes control of the scene. After all, a brief phone call or shout for help in this busy public place can bring dozens of police in minutes.

The investigators should remember him as the man in the same brown suit (fresh then, rumpled now) who observed them at the Canterbury Club. If the investigators check, they find he is legitimate.

Besides the rumpled suit, Deroz wears a stained white shirt and no tie. His face is worn, with a small scar on his chin and another larger one above his left eye. He is a careful, confident man who values law and order above anything else. (For the moment, he also believes that the party are members of the Lords, and that they met Victorin this morning to receive orders.)

He tells the investigators that he has been checking up on them since he saw them at the club. In his investigation of the recent murders, he found out that the investigators had all come to the city at the same time (and possibly from different places). Shortly after their arrival, the bloodless bodies began to show up. They also have been keeping some odd hours, and a couple of witnesses place them at the Bistro d'Or during the riot and murders there. "This meeting with Mr. Victorin, who also has been asking a lot of questions about the murders of late, puts the icing on the cake," he says. "You lot are high on my list of suspects."

To this, Victorin merely signals Deroz aside for a moment, and utters a few words in private. Deroz is startled, but nods. They return to the investigators. With an 01-05 Listen roll result, an investigator can overhear the words, or with an 01-05 Spot Hidden he or she can manage to read Victorin's lips. (Victorin says, "I am a representative of the Vatican. You may check with the Archbishop.")

HOW DEROZ HAS COME HERE

Deroz is investigating the bloodless body murder cases. Though unannounced to the press, evidence planted by The Blood at



two of the sites a Canterbury Club match box and a locker key traceable to the Canterbury Club's men's gymnasium was found and recognized by the police, which led Deroz to wrangle an invitation to the club from a superior officer. There Deroz was very interested to see the investigators, who were already important in the disappearance of Father Philip McBride, have an involved discussion with Hugh Lavoie, Jean-Claude's trusted enforcer. Hugh is notorious among police as the prime suspect in a dozen unsolved murder cases.

DEALING FOR INFORMATION?

Deroz has a lot of suspicions, but lacks firm evidence with which he can build a case. He has the option of separately interviewing Victorin and the investigators, but unless the investigators do something disturbing, Deroz conveniently decides to interview the party as a whole. He wants to know their connections with the Lavoies and with Philip McBride, and why they were in the Canterbury Club with Hugh Lavoie.

Let the investigators spin whatever tale they want. The closer they are to the truth, the more Deroz will be tempted to reveal some of what he knows, such as the existence of the Lords cult, and the criminal background of the Lavoies.

The meeting concludes when no one has more to say. Then Victorin remarks that he is going to find a member who will invite him in, so that he can see a little of the Canterbury Club for himself. But the investigators may want to see their Father Philip, who is at the Verdun Psychiatric Centre (6875 blvd. LaSalle).

Victorin asks the investigators if they will meet him at St. Cutis at three o'clock today. He and Deroz then walk off together.

DANE DEROZ, age 41, Police Detective

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 14 POW 12
DEX 15 APP 9 EDU 13 SAN 58 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .38 Revolver 70%, damage 1D10

Grapple 40%, damage special

Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+db

Skills: Bargain 60%, Bluff 70%, Credit Rating 35%, Dodge 45%, Drive Auto 40%, English 40%, Fast Talk 60%, French 75%, First Aid 35%, Law 20%, Library Use 15%, Listen 50%, Locksmith 30%, Persuade 25%, Photography 20%, Psychology 75%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Verdun Psychiatric

The Verdun Psychiatric Centre could easily be mistaken for a prison, in the way it looks and in the way it operates. Huge gray walls vault out of the earth in stark contrast to the green slopes of its surroundings. Carefully mounted atop the walls are rows of barbed wire slanted inward on projecting arms to form a wire canopy above the courtyard below. Sometimes pigeons perch on the wire and examine the poor troubled souls confined below. (The patients, staring up, see gruesome gargoyles poised to strike.) It begins to rain as the investigators enter the confines, and behind them heavy iron doors slam shut.

If any of the investigators have already gone mad, chances are that they have been brought here, unless entered in private psychiatric wards. Patients already entered here may have learned to their dismay that Dr. Alisa Ley, the head of this institution, is an important member of The Blood.

(In the following, the keeper might refer to the Chaosium publication *Taint of Madness* for a study of mental illness and treatment, the development of psychiatry, and sanatoria in this period.)

The investigators are greeted, then shown to the front desk and asked to state their business. There is only a 20% chance that the people the investigators speak with will know any English. The staff are wary of outsiders and do not like them disrupting the ways and routine of the asylum. They will be increasingly suspicious if the investigators start to lie to them. The administration is sensitive about activities of the Centre being leaked to the outside, so if the investigators say that they are here to identify a John Doe (unknown person), then the desk clerk will ask them how they knew that the asylum in fact had an unidentified patient. (In fact, there is one John Doe: he proves to be Father McBride.)

If the clerk believes that the investigators are police or reporters, then they will not get in without proper papers. All the party has to do is inform the clerk that they are looking for a missing friend and then ask if any unidentified males have recently been admitted. If an investigator can prove that he or she is a medical doctor, then they have no problems either. In all cases, the clerk calls Doctor Ley for her approval.

While waiting for Dr. Ley to arrive, remind the players of the stark, institutional feel around them, of the undecorated walls, the uniforms, the medicinal smells. In every passing minute, they sense the reality of the outside world slipping away. From far off down a hallway, the investigators can see an orderly slowly wheeling a patient in their direction. As the patient gets closer, it becomes painfully obvious that his mental health is not all that afflicts him. The left side of his face seems to have swollen and emerged from the bones that anchor it, to slide down to his chest. The flesh also sags over his left shoulder, or would if it too was not swollen to such an extreme state.

As the patient gets closer, all can see that the arm and his entire left side is so bloated that it hangs out over the side of the wheelchair. Loose strains of skin dangle from his drooping left side and flutter in the air current (0/1D2 Sanity loss to see this). As the patient passes within arm's reach of the investigators, he suddenly and awkwardly turns his head to look at them and in a deeply garbled voice sputters, "...G...ga...gra, ga-ray, ga-ray, gray!" With tremendous force he begins to shout the word "gray" at the investigators and twist his sagging mass in an effort to reach them. A Psychology check reveals that the man feels enormous hatred toward the investigators that seems to be fueled by the color gray.

Dr. Ley and Father McBride

Without increasing speed, the orderly continues on his way down the hall, still pushing the frenzied man. In a couple of minutes Dr. Ley arrives. She's tall, sports glasses, and her black hair is drawn into a bun. As she introduces herself, a successful Psychology roll notices that another orderly passes by with downcast eyes, indicating that the Doctor has a high position

and demands respect.

Her greeting to the party is serious and businesslike. She has no discernible accent of any kind. On the whole, Dr. Ley is straightforward and at times quite bland. A successful Psychology roll will show this to be a well put-on act, and one that is almost impossible to break. Her statistics can be found in the section "The Companion", near the end of this chapter.



Dr. Ley escorts the party two stories downstairs to the sub-level basements and the catatonic ward. Here things are quiet, unmoving, and settled; not even day, night, or time of year penetrates. The merest stir is noticed. A drop of water hitting the floor is chaos.

On the way, Dr. Ley tells the party that the police had found this patient wandering naked during the night in the west end of the old city. When they first approached him, he became violent, so it was necessary to restrain him. So far he has not spoken. He was admitted in the morning of Day Three.

The party stops in front of an oversized green metal door. Dr. Ley unlocks it, throws the heavy latch back, and pulls it open. Huddled in a corner with his head hung down, buried in his arms, is Father Philip McBride. His face is a mask of cuts and bruises. "His left nostril has been slashed off," she says, "and the two middle fingers of his left hand were also missing. He plainly was tortured. To what end we do not know."

Poor McBride is the picture of quiet agony. His body occasionally shakes with simple muscle spasms. His mind is lost; he is indefinitely insane (Sanity loss to see this is 0/1D4 SAN).

For the most part he is beyond communication, but he can respond to certain questions, providing the questioner first benefits from a successful Psychoanalysis roll. If the questions contain the words Blood or Lords, McBride lunges with both hands outstretched toward the throat of the investigator who spoke, apparently mistaking the investigator for one of his torturers.

McBride is easily controlled. After his outburst, he lapses back into non-response. McBride can nod yes or no to simple questions. He knows little, other than being able to implicate Robert Lowell as a cultist.

Remember the fragile nature of McBride's mind. Dr. Ley will not allow the investigators to question him for long. If pressured, McBride becomes upset, and the party is asked to leave for the day. She will not let the priest be removed from the Centre. She assures them that she is personally handling his case.

After McBride is quieted, or perhaps while working with him later, the investigator with the best Spot Hidden roll notices a small ball of brown paper on the cell floor. It was clasped in McBride's fist and released when he attacked. The paper is a book cover that looks like it has been ripped right off the book. That book is in the party's possession. The cover fits the exact dimensions, rip and all, of *The Scripture of The Blood*, the ancient manual that the party got from Robert Lowell.

Close examination of the crumpled book cover shows the notation C12-336 freshly written on it in pencil. An Idea roll suggests it is some sort of catalog number or method of pricing.

COMMUNICATING WITH THE POLICE

If the investigators have declared McBride missing, they should now tell the police that he has been found. If they have a working agreement with Dane Deroz, he should learn about McBride and about Robert Lowell.

The Bookstore

WHENEVER THE investigators return to Robert Lowell's bookstore, it is closed. Neighbors say that Lowell and his wife left yesterday for a vacation in Québec City. This is only partly true. Lowell sent his wife, but he stayed in Montréal.

As he always does, Lowell left a key with the pâtissier next door. This pastry-maker is somewhat dishonest, and can easily be bribed or Fast Talked to give the investigators entrance, though he will tell Lowell about it when the owner returns. Also, Dane Deroz might be enough interested in Lowell to get a search warrant, and let the investigators tag along.

Forcible entry is the quickest way in. There is an alley behind the Open Book. A successful Locksmith or Mechanical Repair roll discreetly unlocks the old door, or the party may kick it in (STR 8) or break a window. However, in doing this they stand a 50% chance of being heard or seen and then reported by neighbors in this quiet part of town.

Inside, the closed curtains still permit a good deal of the noonday light to pass through. The investigators make their way

from the small box-filled rear entry to the little room where they first met Lowell. The room is a picture of serenity: rows and rows and columns of books, quietly resting among the rich mahogany woodwork, criss-crossed with sun-filled rays that expose the forever settling dust. A hush falls over the investigators as they meld into the scene and enjoy the gentle aromas of ancient paper and old wood.

There is a slight creak. One of the investigators has stepped on a loose board. Looking down, she or he notices that it is actually the corner of a trap door, half-concealed by a large rug. The door opens on steep stone steps that curve down to an unlit basement.

The investigators may also want to look over Lowell's bookshelves, to see if other books bear notations similar to the one found on the cover of *The Scripture of The Blood*. It will take an hour and a successful Library Use or Spot Hidden roll to learn more. See the sub-section, "The Livre d'Ivon" for more information.

The Basement

Like most, this basement is dark and musty, but there is also something sweet-smelling in its air. A match or a flashlight locates a light switch beside the narrow old stone steps. At the bottom, the stairs end in an arch that opens to a small square room. Every corner holds a suit of military armor, each made during the reign of a different British monarch. In the very center of the room is a simple altar with a kneeling bench and two candles, and a book opened across it.

The altar faces the alley wall. On that wall is hung a fine medieval tapestry depicting a curious battle between armored

Horror's Heart Papers #19

A Summary of *An History of Our Order*

The great Order of the Lords was begun in 1156 by two knights, Sir Brevius Malplaquet and Sir Titus Rouncevale de Yvetot, returning to England after a humiliating defeat in the Second Crusade. They had learned about and subsequently fought a cult called The Blood. They believed that this cult's evil magical power had defeated them. The knights formed a secret group, the Lords, for the sole purpose of defeating The Blood.

In the Third Crusade, the Lords were victorious. A passage is written in the book in about 1190, describing a little of what was encountered: "...The entire grotesque mass fights as one, with one power under one mind. That mighty mind must be the seat of all evil and depravity in the world. I pray that I meet my end before having to face that horror."

The history recounts the period of growth that followed the Lords' victory. Membership grew, and soon the secret organization privately boasted an association of some of the highest ranking people under the English crown. Even members of the Royal Family were Lords, and took pride to be included in an organization of self-professed demon slayers. Then the Lords were betrayed by one of their own, a highly respected young member of the Church named James Andrews.

Most of the Lords' secrets were known to Andrews and

when he brought them to The Blood, the cult was resurrected. When groups of The Blood appeared in France, the Lords made a call to arms, and the two cults waged a secret war. The Blood were beaten and dispersed, some thought made extinct.

The Lords celebrated their victory. In 1701, one of the members reported the discovery of a group in Montréal, in New France, whose nature resembled that of The Blood. In 1760, when the British conquered Québec, the Lords also arrived and slew with a will, and believed they had eliminated this last vestige of The Blood.

Since then, the Lords have grown to nothing more than an old boys club reliving the past glories of their ancestors. Most of the members spend their days at the Canterbury Club enjoying wicked pleasures and sharing business interests. The dedication and strict rules that guided the cult for so many years have been bent and broken, resulting in much internal bickering. Men and women from all races can become members, as long as they have a high economic standing or descend from royalty.

Robert Lowell, like his father before him, is a commander of the Lords. Two years ago, he began to add to this book his fears that The Blood may have returned. Lowell then shows that he was right, although most of the Lords do not believe him and still others do not care.

knights and a mass of strangely abstract yellow and orange humanoids who, by section, seem to be committing the same actions, such as singing or screaming. The men in armor are swinging and hacking with two-handed swords, and many of the humanoids lay slain. One knight has fallen and, with his helmet off, has clasped his hands to his head.

Around the altar, the floor gleams. Intricate symbols of solid gold have been inlaid into the stone floor.

Behind the east wall tapestry is Robert Lowell's torture chamber, a simple alcove that reaches back through the wall and under the street beyond. Perhaps this once held a lift to the street for heavy goods. The top of the arched ceiling is little over five feet high. In the center lies a bloodied steel table with arm and leg clamps at the corners. Lining the walls are numerous blades, probes, and needles, some dull and some very sharp. Near the top of the table are two stubby human fingers, the second and third metacarpals clipped away neatly at about the mid-point. The rotting fleshy is the source of the sweetish smell. Any successful Idea roll suggests that the puffy blue and green chunks of flesh belonged to Father McBride (0/1D3 SAN to see).

The large tome on the altar is a complete history of the Lords. It will take a couple of hours to skim through it and extract the following information from *An History of Our Order, by Divers Commanders or at Their Magisterial Direction*. See *Horror's Heart Papers #19* in a nearby box for a summary of the book's information.

Livre d'Ivon

With a successful Library Use roll, the investigator who was searching for the match to the reference to book CI2-336 makes a grand discovery. Resting on one of the back shelves, among other oversized volumes, is the Livre d'Ivon (the Book of Eibon). This Cthulhu Mythos tome is a complete manuscript, hand-written in French, from the 13th century. The leaves are bound together by five leather ties. An unknown stiff material acts as boards. The pages are thin and brittle, with a waxy coating. The book costs a reader 1D4 Sanity to skim and 2D4 to

Horror's Heart Papers #20

Newest Entry in Robert Lowell's Diary

Finally, I know where they are! My Father, I now forgive you and in fact thank you for those many, many hard years that I studied under you. The answer to our immortal enemies came to me in a wonderful dream. I dreamt about water, oceans of gray water. When I awoke, you were there at the foot of my bed, with a book in one hand and that stick in the other. You were shouting at me, telling me to remember but you were in the water like a sea captain. That was it, all the history came to me the naval wars, merchant ships, and the privateers. Where they hid things. Then I knew where the cult had been all along. Our goal is in my grasp. Father, tomorrow night we will have power forever.

read, and adds 12 percentiles to the investigator's Cthulhu Mythos skill.

It contains Summon/Bind Greater/Lesser Brother of Chaugnar Faugn, and other spells as the keeper desires. It also describes the Blessed Blade of Tsang, a unique item whose special power is to steal the life force from hearts, including ones magically preserved. The blade is used in conjunction with a deadly ceremony that is fully recounted in the book.

Lowell's Diary

Lowell had written extensively in the Lords' history. Perhaps he left other papers of interest, or even a diary.

Upstairs, the master bedroom sits just as quietly as the rest of the house. The tidy room has a roll-top desk in one corner. On it are scattered papers and opened books, perhaps demonstrating Lowell's frenzied frame of mind. A search turns up a locked drawer. The investigators may take time to fiddle with the lock, but it can easily be broken open (STR 6). Inside, they will find banking and investment receipts (showing Lowell to have withdrawn all of his savings in the past two days) and Robert Lowell's personal diary for this year.

The diary clearly exhibits Lowell's fears about The Blood. As the months go by, he becomes positive that The Blood are going to be making their move soon. Last week's account consists of four words scrawled across the page: "The stars are right!" The only thing of special importance is the last entry, *Horror's Heart Papers #20*, dated yesterday, and reprinted nearby.

Lowell's writing is agitated and nervous. The entry also gives the party an important clue as to where Lowell is and, subsequently, where The Blood are hiding. The players should recall that James Andrews and the rest of The Blood came to Montréal on ship. That ship also had cargo which was stored in a merchant warehouse. This, as well as the warehouse's address, is stated on the cargo invoice that the investigators read earlier in the scenario. If they made a copy, their destination stares them in the face: "89 rue Ste-Thérèse."

If not, after they have gathered the clues they must go back to the Archives to review the invoice. Allow the investigators a History roll. A success tells them that it was a practice for merchants to build hidden storerooms or vaults to protect their merchandise from raiding parties and privateers. This was especially common in North America during periods of unrest, until after the American Civil War.

The Address

It's a busy day on the streets in Montréal, lots of traffic with some of the worst drivers in the world. Victorin wished to meet the investigators at St. Cutis at 3pm. Since finding the cargo invoice which contains the vault's address is routine, although time-consuming, the party may split up. One group might go to the Archives Nationales and the other to the church to sort things out and meet Victorin. They can also notify the Archdiocese of Father McBride's location, and thereby secure more hospitable care for him.

At the Archives, staff and student helpers are reorganizing the records. The room where the investigators found the cargo invoice is now entirely empty. The investigators have to get the

aid of the harried chief administrator of the Archives (or the person who helped them before) to help them locate the box that contains the invoice. Records as to who cleaned out that area and what was moved where have not yet been consolidated and cross-checked.

While she or he is gone, a phone call arrives for one of the investigators. It is Victorin, who, full of urgency, tells the investigator that, "You must return now! They are going to do it, the final ritual is tonight. You have Wha?... nooo...!" The line goes dead.

From here on it seems no one else is in a hurry but the investigators. The proprietor returns with a list of names and after putting on his glasses, reads, "Johnny, Johnny Wilson, yes he cleaned out C block. He's over there. You know..." The investigators should not hang around to listen to any more but instead be off in the direction of Johnny Wilson, who is easy to find. When asked about the box he has to stop and think and then check his list. He finally says, "Oh yeah, 2-262, it's right here." He points to the box at his feet.

It takes the investigator ten minutes and a successful Library Use or Spot Hidden roll to find the correct cargo invoice. If the player fails the roll then the investigator may look again, but it takes another ten minutes. On the invoice is the address of the warehouse to which Mr. J. C. Andrews directed his private cargo: 89 rue Ste-Thérèse, three blocks from St. Cutis.

L'Église St. Cutis

While some investigators race back from the Archives, some disturbing and enlightening events are happening at the church. It starts when Victorin, tattered and bleeding, bursts in and is told by Madame D'Anjou where the investigators might be. Assuming that the party did split up and that someone is there to meet him, Victorin recounts his adventures in the past five hours.

He entered the Canterbury Club, courtesy of a police official who made a special trip to get him in. The mood in the bar was jubilant. The Lords expect not only a great victory but increased power and position. No one seemed to know exactly how they were going to achieve this and no one cared. Apparently it will happen without their help or direct involvement.

But after he left the club, Victorin was pursued and attacked by blue-blazered thugs. Perhaps the police official is a core member of the Lords, not just someone who had joined for the social advantages of membership.

Victorin is sure that more is at stake than an ancient feud between the Lords and The Blood there is a new prize to be gained. Although Victorin tells the truth, some doubt might linger in the investigators' minds about him. After all, they did only meet him last night.

By telephone, Victorin locates the other investigators at the Archives Nationales, but he is interrupted by the maid, Claire, who attempts to stab him.

CLAIRE TREVIGNE, age 42, Part-time Maid

STR 08 CON 10 SIZ 08 INT 12 POW 13
DEX 11 APP 09 EDU 09 SAN 30 HP 09

Damage Bonus: -1D4.

Weapon: Kitchen Knife 30%, damage 1D6-1D4

Skills: Bargain 20%, Conceal 25%, Credit Rating 16%, Cthulhu Mythos 03%, Fast Talk 12%, First Aid 50%, Hide 35%, Listen 55%, Natural History 25%, Occult 20%, Pharmacy 20%, Psychology 30%, Sneak 20%.

If the investigators at the church do not help Victorin, Claire assaults them after she is finished with her first victim. She is such an unlikely attacker that she gets the advantage of extreme surprise in the first combat round of an attack, but her attacks are spiritless. Lacking fervor, she gives up quickly.

Use the attack to create tension toward the impending climax with The Blood. Let the other investigators arrive at the church just in time. Claire continuously raves about the power of The Blood, its unholy god, and how no one can escape it. When subdued, she reveals that The Blood assigned her to watch Father McBride. His kindness changed her and she began to despise her involvement with the cult, but feared breaking away from it. With her confession, she feels that her soul has been saved.



At this point, Claire has a small seizure and resumes raving. If the investigators calm her with a successful application of Psychoanalysis, she continues. "They grip my mind. The dreams force me to attack you. Beware. Take warning. Great evil comes." Continued questioning draws out a sketch of the situation.

She says that tonight The Blood are creating a new Companion to their god, and they are concerned that the investigators may interfere. They also think that the Lords have become aware of them, but believe that their magic is more than able to fend off the decadent Lords. Her name for the god of the cult, Derzh-Hophazh, is unknown to the investigators. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll translates it as meaning the great old one Chaugnar Faugn.

Claire says that the great one has just appeared among them, as prophesied in ancient times, but that he has always sent dreams among the cult.

When Claire sleeps tonight, dreams begin that lead her to sleepwalk to the cult. They will slay her as a traitor. If an investigator stands guard, she can be saved.

POINTS TO STRESS

The players should have a semi-clear view as to what is before them. The Blood have been underground since their defeat by the Lords in the eighteenth century. Robert Lowell, leader of the Lords, discovered the resurgence of The Blood a short time ago and has set plans in motion leading to tonight. The Blood meanwhile have plans of their own. They plan an important ceremony in the underground vault where James Andrews stored his private cargo upon arrival in Montréal. If the investigators have secured the Blessed Blade of Tsang and know the proper chant, then they have a chance of destroying the heart, which apparently is important to the ceremony, or which offers the Companion-to-be some unusual power.

But is there something more? Why did Lowell kidnap Father McBride? In what way are the Lords expecting victory tonight? The answers lie just down the road. The investigators

must gather their wits and some tools, and dare the heart of the night.

The Vault

Night's Blood

A look up into the stars on this cool, clearing summer night reveals a dark sky alive with the silent trails of meteors. They slash to earth at an unusual time: a successful Astronomy roll points out that no large fall was anticipated for several weeks. With an average of more than one meteorite per minute already, later tonight promises to be a glorious show, perhaps one worthy of a prophecy, when this face of the planet swings more directly into the path of the shower, reliably increasing the meteorite rate of fall by several-fold.

On Earth, the streets exude a silence that seems to resonate off the shadowed, gloomy buildings of rue Ste-Thérèse. The brighter the skies are, the blacker seem the shadows in the city streets. Each step is heard. Quite suddenly, the investigators arrive at number 89, an old stone warehouse. If they conceal themselves and simply watch for a while, they see individuals and small groups identify themselves to the two men lounging and smoking beside the large wooden doors. They are obviously guarding this entrance.

The entering cultists seem to be of all classes and races, without particular characteristics marking them as cultists. Dress and comportment seem normal, but they are stealthy in their movement and subdued in their speech.

The large wooden doors are unlocked and open easily. The two men are the only guards to be seen, but many others are doubtless already below. Any pretext, such as getting a light for a cigarette, lets the investigators close the distance and attack or get the drop on these large but incompetent guards.

TWO THUGS OF THE BLOOD

	STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	HP
Lauren	14	13	15	09	10	14
Dagobert	15	14	16	10	10	15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

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

Kick 45%, damage 1D6+1D4

Small Knife 45%, damage 1D4+1D4

Grapple 35%, damage special

Skills: Climb 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dodge 40%, Hide 25%, Listen 40%, Occult 15%, Sneak 20%.

Another, smaller entrance in the back is locked, but can be forced (STR 11). Unarmed investigators can enter this way, with a Luck roll's chance of going unheard.

It is even darker inside than out. A cohort of rats have taken residence in a far corner. No other inhabitants seem to be present.

The investigators may already suspect that the place they seek is the basement of this echoing warehouse, but they really need no information. Any thorough search or successful Spot Hidden or Listen roll immediately notices a large hatchway in the floor, outlined by the escaping soft light from below.

The hatch is unlocked. Two great handles help pull it back. Once started, it swings easily on counterweights.

Upon opening the door, distant light illumines the investigators and sends a faint shadow to the ceiling of the black warehouse. The rats stir and skitter. The investigators see a wide stone staircase pitching steeply to a dimly lit passage. On the sides of the stairs are symbols reminiscent of those in the center of Lucien Lavoie's pentagram. Here they are combined to act as a ward. For the effect, see the nearby box, "Heart's Courage."

After the investigators descend, a long, dim, torch-lit corridor stretches before them. Allow a Listen roll. With a success, the listener hears a distant chant like bees buzzing, then pausing, then starting again. The passage quickly runs out of light

The Donation: An Option

Depending on the style of their game, a keeper might want to choose or ignore this option.

As the investigators walk along the seemingly endless passage, they come to a group of a half-dozen or so cultists who wave them to a halt. "Derzh-Hophazh, brothers and sisters!" they call out. (This is a friendly greeting among cultists. Any friendly reply will do.) "We are tithing for the Great Prophesied Awakening, blessed be. Give our lord a little blood, and surely he will remember you."

One of them stands up, smiling. In each of his palms twitches a mouth plainly built for blood-sucking. "Just a liter. My self-control is famous. And it doesn't hurt much."

For whatever it is worth, the cultists are true to their word, if an investigator decides to accept the challenge.

The bite does not much hurt, and the draining is soon over.

The investigator may show a little more propensity to faint, if the keeper decides. Each donor receives a little brass medallion, like a saint's medal. On it is embossed the image of a pillow very like that stone one found in the tomb in the basement at St. Cutis.

Those investigators who give blood to Chagnar Faugn are forever after occasionally bothered by nightmares concerning gray skies, gray water, gray trees, and a presence lurking within them. In a small way, the blood offering has opened a link to Chagnar Faugn. Even successful Psychoanalysis cannot sever this tie.

If the investigators do not donate, nothing happens, but the cultists chide them for being of little faith, and tell them that personal sacrifice is not only for the heathen.



and slopes gently down into blackness, ever closer to the roots of Mont-Royal. The investigators walk a full fifteen minutes in the darkness. Finally, the hall begins to widen ever so slightly and torches in the distance can be seen.

Deeper along the passage, the investigators pass archways opening on both sides of the tunnel. All are dark. If explored, these lead into a network of twisted corridors. If a foolish investigator ventures down one without carefully marking the way, he or she soon is hopelessly lost. Nonetheless, occasionally the party will meet cultists heading out. They may want to duck into side passages to evade this group or that. Use these encounters as appropriate for your game.

The keeper decides what exists here. Perhaps there is an alternate route to the main ceremonial chamber. Storehouses and reservoirs are likely, as are magical retreats. Do the sorcerers of the cult continue to develop their arts? There are few more private places. Do they need victims? There is room here for a thousand prisons. Doubtless some passages eventually connect to the ghoul warrens beneath the city's cemeteries. Others are traps to dismay intruders. Still others are emergency exits or private entrances. The Blood had many decades and the aid of Chaugnar Faugn to make this place as they wish it to be.

The Vault

As the tunnel widens, a strong light source comes from a large room at the end of the main corridor, now over fifteen yards wide. At the corridor's end, the investigators enter a new chamber and are once more bathed in warm, welcoming light. They are standing on a wide ledge forty feet above the main floor, from which a ramp runs down. The ledge extends to the left and right where it again slopes down to the main floor. The investigators are first struck by the sheer immensity of the hall; the ceiling itself reaches up far beyond the light, as does the opposite wall.

The back wall (on the south side, the ledge side) is also in darkness. This is not due to its distance from the party, but because of the mysterious nature of the light in the hall, whose very rays seem invisibly bent and guided. The vast room is empty as yet, but far off they begin to hear a deep buzzing. It soon lessens to a slow whirring sound which is overlaid by a single chime call. Shadows sail across the smooth floor and onto the wall, warping and bending like gusts of smoke.

The investigators hear footsteps behind them, then many footsteps (in fact a horde of thumping feet) come from the passageway behind them. A mass of yellow-tinted bodies step into the outer reaches of light. The whirring becomes longer and louder as these strange people steadily advance. They are short and muscular, naked, with little or no hair. Uncountable in number, their unreadable faces and androgynous bodies move nervously everywhere that space allows. These individuals walk jerkily and blindly in no set direction, spilling out of the passage toward the investigators like ping-pong balls from an overturned barrel.

The absent-minded flood of them forces the investigators back down the ramps to the main floor below. (A few of the thralls were among the group who accompanied Andrews when he voyaged to Montréal, though there is no way for the investigators to know that.) The mass of thralls totally ignores the investigators, even if the investigators attack them. Sanity loss

Spell: Heart's Courage

This spell affects only people who know spells, whether spells of the Cthulhu Mythos, of tribal magic, or of any other magical tradition. People who know no spells are unaffected.

When the target nears the symbols carved into the stairs, he or she must intone the god's name (Derzh-Hophazh in this case; Chaugnar Faugn will not work) to be let past. Failing that, the player must attempt POW x3 or less on D100. With a success, the investigator keeps on walking and the spell has no effect.

With a failure, the investigator finds himself or herself paralyzed and frozen in place. The body continues to function normally. He or she can speak. With a result of 96-00, the investigator falls and goes rigid.

If left at or carried beyond the ward and into the vault, the paralysis continues until the target is removed or until the target dies. If carried back up in the warehouse, the target's paralysis ends after the target's POW in minutes.

An investigator repelled by the ward can attempt to pass it again after his or her POW in minutes has passed.

to see them is 0/1D3 SAN. They are more like clowns or toys than threats. If the keeper wishes to invoke them, however, they have several mass attacks that can devastate small groups of people (like the investigators).

For statistics and notes about the thralls of Chaugnar Faugn, see the appendix following this chapter.

Once the investigators are on the main floor, the machine-like whirring of the thralls quickens and breaks on itself, like echoes from paddle wheels or mechanical reapers. After having filled all three ramps and spilling out onto the main floor, the thralls begin to mill. Although they extend far back from the ledge into the passage, the investigators get the feeling that there are still hundreds more beyond. A complex rhythmic chanting begins, but its source is invisible. With it, the whirring sounds build, adding intricate layers to each other. Now, around the great hall, unrecognizable shadows whirl. The music intoxicates the investigators with a dark, mysterious wonderment. Then the unholy music and the racing shadows ebb away. Beneath their diminution, a second chant and a sluggish scuffling sound approach from the dark south wall beneath the ledge.

There slowly emerge from the darkness two tall figures carrying an object between them. Their forms are impossibly thin with white, almost transparent skin. Their wide-eyed faces have very small noses and the skin upon their faces are pulled so tight that their heads resemble elongated skulls. Between them they carry a huge stone bowl, into which they occasionally cast eager, greedy looks. The bowl is more than three yards wide, and at least a yard deep. It is laid down on a low dais of ebony. The thralls surge forward, perhaps further herding the investigators toward the bowl.

The chime rings and the chanting increases. The scuffling gets louder as a huge, carved pedestal takes shape as it enters the light. The pedestal is over two stories high. Seated on top is

a grotesque statue that is in itself over four stories tall. As the light chases away the murky shadows, the investigators can see the statue's full form a gigantic humanoid with an elephantine head. Its two great tusks are offset by a gray, venous trunk which hangs down over the creature's swollen stomach and ends as a fat fleshy disk near its groin. Chaugnar Faugn is seated cross-legged, sedately mocking the notion of quietism and meditation. Two vast, venous ears, the individual segments spiked like bat claws, waver restlessly. This is the true great old one, not a statue. Sanity loss to see the great old one in its passive state is 0/1D6 SAN.

The mass excitedly stirs. The scuffling stops. The investigators see that pedestal and god are being carried by hundred of thralls. They are bent under the pedestal, facing out in all directions, rows and rows of expressionless faces like stone, neither sweating nor flinching.

In front of the pedestal are ranks of robed figures. Waxed cloaks efficiently cover their entire bodies. The faces are completely shaded by the large sagging hoods that are also apart of the cloaks. The figures stand silent and unmoving; they are the now-willing fodder-to-be for Chaugnar Faugn, the feast for his awaking.

If any of the investigators lost their flesh to The Blood during the attack on Mr. Birla, and since have been lost to the spell Curse of Chaugnar Faugn, then the victim is here, and her or his face can be made out with a successful Spot Hidden roll. The sanity loss to see this is 1D4 SAN.

Companion-Apparent

All is quiet save for the low drone of cultists who softly sing the praises of their massive god. Their words remind certain investigators of dreams from the past few nights the gray water, the darkness, the sensation of something leathery and now those

dreamers also recall this low droning music.

The names of those who have received dreams from Chaugnar Faugn are mockingly called out by a figure entering from the right. It is Dr. Ley from the psychiatric center. She wears haunting black robes that flutter in unfeeling breezes.

With her are four lesser brothers of Chaugnar Faugn, each carrying a human form. They lay the squirming, shuddering forms of Detective Deroz, Robert Lowell, Father Philip McBride, and the brownish dripping cadaver of James Andrews in front of the stone bowl. The rapid buzzing whistles of the lesser brothers' breathing is disorienting and irritating.

Dr. Ley takes up a small silver box. The investigators all recognize it. Within it is the pristine heart of James Andrews, former Companion to Chaugnar Faugn. Deroz breaks the silence and pleads for mercy. Annoyed, Dr. Ley raises one hand, fingers spread wide, and gestures at him. Deroz sways back as if physically struck. He cringes and falls mute.

"The Blood do not take hearts. We only accept what is offered to us," she says smugly. With that, Deroz unwillingly plunges his hand into his chest and extracts his own heart (sanity loss 1D6 SAN to see this). Screaming, he falls forward with hand and heart outstretched in offering to Dr. Ley. The cultists gasp and murmur at the miracle of her power. She takes the still-throbbing heart and tosses it into the basin, commanding, "Fill the bowl!"

From the darkness come four pale, squat figures. Their eyes are wide disks, and likewise their mouths. They waddle to the bowl, not making much speed due to their bloated stomachs that stick out over their bodies like pink balloons stretched to the bursting point. Upon reaching the stone basin they vomit forth blood and undigested hearts, filling the bowl.

Standing between the steaming mass in the bowl and her living god behind her, Dr. Ley begins a short sermon, taking as


The Blood's Lair




Legend

1 Inch = 60 Feet



 = Bowl

 = Tunnel Arches

her subject the futility of the three fools near her who dared oppose Chaugnar Faugn.

- Deroz, the policeman, could not hope to understand the cult's powers, nor the greater reality of worlds beyond worlds that Chaugnar Faugn has made known.
- Robert Lowell, the leader of an ancient enemy of The Blood, lays humbled, proof that The Blood only hardens and purifies itself by remaining true to glorious Chaugnar Faugn.
- Father McBride, a representative of a great temporal and spiritual power, is yet helpless and broken here, proof that Chaugnar Faugn is indomitable and transcendent.
- The preserved body of James Andrew represents the power of a previous Companion of Chaugnar Faugn, and his immortal heart is miraculous proof of the heritage of the god.

At the conclusion of each oratorical statement, the cultists respond with joyful shouts acknowledging the invincibility of Chaugnar Faugn.

"To explore the new worlds of our god, we gladly forfeit our earthly senses and abilities in order to reap the full mad glory of his greatness, Chaugnar Faugn. That's how I discovered our blessed lord he would come to my patients and take their minds, but he also needed their bodies, so he wooed me through my sleep, and I learned to send them to him, as tonight we shall send him our new, cringing guests." The multitude mutters general assent.

One of the lesser brothers slides Andrews' preserved cadaver into the blood-filled bowl. The chanting gets harder and faster as Dr. Ley takes the heart from its box and dips it into the bowl, intending to drink the salty liquid.

Suddenly Lowell shouts, "Do not mock us, Abomination!" She reels back as if hit in the stomach and drops the dripping heart. The cultists gasp. The hosannas and songs die. It is apparent that Lowell and Ley are locked in an invisible combat.

DR. ALISA LEY, age 39, Companion-Apparent to Chaugnar Faugn

STR 9 CON 12 SIZ 9 INT 16 POW 24
DEX 10 APP 15 EDU 23 SAN 0 HP 11

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Dagger 20%, damage 1D4

Psychic Sending 50%, target dreams from Chaugnar Faugn

Spells: Contact Chaugnar Faugn, Curse of Chaugnar Faugn, Dominate, Explode Heart, Seek Heart, Summon/Bind Greater/Lesser Brother, Summon Thrall of Chaugnar Faugn.

Skills: Biology 62%, Chemistry 30%, Cthulhu Mythos 26%, Deceive 75%, English 85%, First Aid 70%, French 70%, Latin 64%, Library Use 55%, Medicine 40%, Occult 43%, Persuade 45%, Pharmacy 58%, Psychoanalysis 72%, Psychology 69%, Spot Hidden 60%.

Another Interruption

The investigators have a chance to use the Blessed Blade to destroy the heart, then block attackers by fleeing through the passive thralls. The bloody human heart lies on the floor not far from them, waiting to be scooped up. But as soon as the investigators move toward it, the four lesser brothers attack.



Dr. Alisa Ley, Companion-Apparent

FOUR LESSER BROTHERS OF CHAUGNAR FAUGN

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	13	11	14	11	11	13
Two	16	14	15	10	10	15
Three	12	15	17	10	13	16
Four	15	12	17	9	12	15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Bite 40%, damage 1D3

Grapple 35%, damage special

Crush 30%, damage 1D4+1D6

Armor: 2-point wrinkly elephantine skin.

Spells: none.

Skills: Dodge 25%, Hide 35%, *Listen 75%, Sneak 20%, Spot

Hidden 25%, Swim 40%.

* given its sensitive hearing, a Listen roll may substitute for a Spot Hidden in darkness.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D4 SAN.

If these rather lightweight lesser brothers don't offer enough opposition, increase their number, or make them into greater brothers.

Resolve the combats. The investigators' battle with the lesser brothers ends in time to witness the explosion of Lowell's heart. Ley has won the contest of the sorcerers, but at some cost she is down on one knee, bleeding from the nose, and panting almost uncontrollably. She turns to the investigators, and then all eyes are on the heart. Before anyone can get to it, Philip McBride seizes the prize and savagely bites into it. Dr. Ley screams.

THE CONSEQUENCE

Swallowing a minor chunk of this gruesome host, McBride looks about madly. The effect of his small bite is immediate. A vast deep sigh echoes across the hall. The lighting pulses and dims. Chaugnar Faugn's ears immobilize, and suddenly the great old one begins to look more like a statue than a sanity-shaking entity. The thralls holding up the pedestal lose their cohesion, and some independently begin to scurry out

Staying in the Great Hall

If the investigators choose not to escape down the long hallway, but to stay in the great hall with Chaugnar Faugn, every exit from the vast room is soon blocked off with massive stones, far too enormous for humans to move. The light dims further. The monsters simply twist in space, ripple, and disappear. Soon only Chaugnar Faugn remains, motionless and imperturbable on its ebon pedestal. Exhaustive inspection proves that no way out exists for humans, unless they have magic.

That night, and on each following night that any of the investigators stay alive, Chaugnar Faugn stirs, craving a midnight snack. Silently it chooses from among the investigators, then devours one. When the rest awake, all they find of the selected one are the shoes.

For a while, the squashed thralls offer food and drink of a sort. On the second day, they begin to rot.

from beneath it, leaving the rest to support a now-impossible weight. They cannot. The massive pedestal, with Chaugnar Faugn atop, slowly sinks, crushing all those underneath. Yellowish ichor from the squashed thralls flies everywhere. Individual human cultists scream and back away.

Dr. Ley is drenched and stunned. The robed figures on the other side of the great stone bowl begin to mill, slipping and sliding in the organic slush. Two are more sure-footed, and make their way toward the investigators (more about them in a few paragraphs).

Many lesser and greater brothers appear, and begin to plant stones to seal up the exits to the great hall. The cultists panic at the sight, and so should the investigators. It will not take these monsters long to block off every passage.

In escaping the great hall, the players have four rounds in which to make successful Dodge rolls for their investigators. To get him out, McBride too must successfully Dodge (at 18%) the thralls, brothers, and their rising stonework. Anyone who fails this test is sealed away with Chaugnar Faugn, and (lacking a Gate or other magic) is lost.

The investigators can try to wrest the heart from McBride (STR 12), and then escape with it. Each round spent wrestling with McBride counts against that.

No time exists now to conduct the short ceremony needed to use the Blessed Blade, unless the investigators want to be entombed with Chaugnar Faugn.

The investigators can assign one or two members to grab McBride and bring him along. Occasionally the keeper might call for STR rolls when McBride resists or wants to go in some particularly unfavorable direction.

STEPHANE AND CELINE (OPTIONAL)

The keeper may reinforce the investigators with two cloaked figures who approach them in the confusion. They are Celine and Stephane, who only shrug and shout something about "the cost of doing business" in explanation. (Even though Stephane was a casual member of the cult, the duo's spying went too deep. They were caught and sentenced as traitors.)

The Lavoies attach themselves to the investigators because there is safety in numbers. If needed, they transform to panther and tiger, but their animal-selves will be nervous and unpredictable among so many people. If they must attack in animal form, before each attack roll D100: if a result of 96-00, the skittish animal attacks an investigator for one round before seeing its mistake. It then attacks some proper target.

At the Stairway

As the investigators press along the long hallway toward escape, they and the ordinary cultists find the way increasingly made difficult by the bobbing, disgusting thralls, who seem once more to be under unified control. These things skitter in and out of side tunnels, lugging great and small stones into the main passageway itself, step by step filling the entire quarter-mile passage.

In the passageway, the sounds are mostly pants from trotting cultists and the clunk! clunk! clunk! of stones being dropped into place by scurrying thralls.

As they near the staircase, a Spot Hidden directed behind them may detect a faint pinkish light far back in the tunnel. It

quickly approaches, brightening and reddening, washing the walls with crimson. The red light hangs in the air then rushes past the investigators and winks out. Then, thirty feet beyond, at the base of the stairs, the red light flames alive once more. This time it can be seen for what it truly is, the scrawny corpse of James Andrews.

(Andrews has been revived and flown down the passage by Chagnar Faugn, but the great old one will not intercede again. He is still not recovered from his long journey up the timestream.)

JAMES ANDREWS, Corpse-Companion, sans Heart

STR 20 CON 20 SIZ 10 INT 17 POW 10
DEX 10 Move 7 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapon: Claw 60%, damage 1D6+1D4

Grapple 25%, damage special

Armor: impaling weapons do only 1 hit point in damage.

Spells: Contact Chagnar Faugn, Curse of Chagnar Faugn, Deflect Harm, Dominate, Enchant Cane, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Heart's Courage, Implant Fear, Mental Suggestion, Mesmerize, Summon/Bind Greater/Lesser Brother of Chagnar Faugn, Summon Thrall of Chagnar Faugn, Seek Heart, Send Dreams, Steal Life, Wrack.

Skills: Arabic 39%, Bargain 41%, Dodge 20%, Fast Talk 40%, Jump 35%, Latin 55%, Listen 40%, Middle English 87%, Middle French 61%, Persuade 35%, Psychology 33%, Spot Hidden 42%, Tcho-Tcho 71%, Turkish 44%.

Sanity Loss: since it's already been seen, 0/1D2.

JAMES ANDREWS, Corpse-Companion, Heart Inserted and Beating by the Will of Chagnar Faugn

STR 30 CON 30 SIZ 11 INT 17 POW 40
DEX 15 Move 10 HP 21

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapon: *Claw 60%, damage 1D6+2D6

Grapple 50%, damage special

* At the stairway, the close confines and his increased DEX allow this version of Andrews to Claw attack twice per round.

Armor: impaling weapons do 1 hit point in damage.

Spells: Contact Chagnar Faugn, Curse of Chagnar Faugn, Deflect Harm, Dominate, Enchant Cane, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Heart's Courage, Implant Fear, Mental Suggestion, Mesmerize, Summon/Bind Greater/Lesser Brother of Chagnar Faugn, Summon Thrall of Chagnar Faugn, Seek Heart, Send Dreams, Steal Life, Wrack.

Skills: Arabic 39%, Bargain 82%, Dodge 40%, Fast Talk 80%, Jump 70%, Latin 55%, Listen 80%, Middle English 87%, Middle French 61%, Persuade 70%, Psychology 66%, Spot Hidden 84%, Tcho-Tcho 71%, Turkish 44%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D4+2.

If the investigators possess Andrews' heart, Chagnar Faugn's Corpse-Companion is greatly weakened. He will try to bluff them into turning back, and try to deceive them into giving him his heart. If Andrews regains his heart, he is able immediately to fit it back into his chest cavity. The living corpse is greatly strengthened physically, and in the amount of magic he can cast. Without his heart, he is weak, merely a ploy of Chagnar Faugn's, and can be quickly overrun and destroyed by a deter-



mined assault, for he has only his boldness and daring as weapons.

Without the heart, Andrews greatly resembles the description given in Day One. The overall impression is of fragility and weakness. A successful Spot Hidden notices little chunks and flecks of him flaking off and eddying down. Only his voice has power.

With the heart in place, Andrews is physically and mentally vibrant, as his statistics show. The heart beats powerfully, and rich red blood visibly courses through his circulatory system. The warmth of the blood causes steam to rise from Andrews, like a malevolent aura.

With or without his heart in place, Andrews will not dare being frozen on the warded staircase. Any investigator who reaches the staircase is probably safe from him, though he could cast magic through the ward.

To draw out the action, have Andrews speak of his irresistible power, warn the investigators not to advance on him, suggest Chaugnar Faugn will make a deal, say that they only must give up the heart and the knife to be free, and so on. Here the keeper might be guided by the intentions and tenor of the players.

If Andrews has the heart, the investigators still will have the Blessed Blade. The brief ceremony uttered, they can close with this wicked man, and some hero among them may press the knife into the exposed heart, and Andrews will return to the dust.

Conclusion

In the doorway of the warehouse stands a tall silhouette of a man. It is Victorin. Knowingly, he asks one word, "McBride?" Upon hearing a negative reply, Victorin closes his eyes, clutches his chest, and silently mouths some Latin words. The object he grasps is a crucifix. There is a priest's collar around his neck. After his prayer, he says sorrowfully, "I have to return to Rome, thank you," and he walks off into the night.

If the investigators have brought McBride with them, Victorin smiles broadly and calls them as heroes. He takes charge of McBride and brings him to the Archdiocese for care. Perhaps one day their friend's better nature will be restored.

Celine suggests they have a drink. If the investigators have not brought back McBride, some may wish to return to the

church to mourn the loss of their friend.

SANITY AWARDS

For foiling The Blood's attempt to restore Chaugnar Faugn, each investigator receives 1D6+4 Sanity points.

Defeating James Andrews in the passage brings 1D4 or 1D8+2 Sanity points for those involved, depending if they faced the strong or the weak version of Andrews. If the Blessed Blade of Tsang destroys the heart, grant the wielder another 1D3 Sanity points for that.

Bringing out Father Philip McBride alive gains each participant 1D4 Sanity points.

EPILOGUE

If the investigators ever return to the cult's warehouse, the trap door that led down to the long passageway has disappeared. The entire floor is of level stone. The passageway is filled with stone, somehow melted together. The thralls have hidden their god invincibly. The threat of Chaugnar Faugn remains.

Discreet news stories appear. Dr. Ley resigns from Verdun Psychiatric, and the contents of Lowell's bookstore are auctioned. Robert Lowell is said to have died of heart failure. If the investigators attend the auction, they may pick up 1D2 tomes for a mere 1D20+10 dollars each.

No summary of the events of the past week, of Blood and Lords' activity, or of anything to do with the supernatural is ever printed in any daily newspaper. There is an intense inquiry about and finally a funeral for the missing Dane Deroz. Alain Gaston is declared missing. An unusual number of missing persons are reported that month, since many cultists did not reach safety in time. Among the missing are prominent city officials.

Stephane hires people to watch for fresh cult activity. Cults are bad for business, he has decided. Celine plans to tour New England. She'll stop in Boston, of course, and perhaps in Arkham, which (for a Yankee town, her expression seems to imply) she understands is highly cultured.

The next morning, a telegram from Rome arrives for Father McBride. A Vatican official is asking McBride for news concerning the discovery of the heart. If the investigators decide to answer, what they say may involve them in a new adventure.

end of the campaign. appendix chapter follows.



Appendix

*Chaugnar Faugn; Greater Brothers;
Lesser Brothers; Thralls;
Seekers; Spells.*



Chaugnar Faugn

It was endowed with a trunk and great, uneven ears, and two enormous tusks protruded from the corners of its mouth. ...Its resemblance to an actual elephant was, at best, sporadic and superficial, despite certain unmistakable points of similarity. The ears were webbed and tentacled, the trunk terminated in a huge flaring disk at least a foot in diameter, and the tusks which intertwined and interlocked at the base of the statue, were as translucent as rock crystal.

The pedestal upon which it squatted was of black onyx. ...With the exception of the tusks, [the seeming statue] had apparently been chiseled from a single block of stone, and was ... hideously mottled and eroded and discolored...it looked, in spots, as if it had been dipped in sanies.

... Its forelimbs were bent stiffly at the elbow, and its hands it had human hands rested palms upward on its lap. Its shoulders were broad and square and its breasts and enormous stomach sloped outward, cushioning the trunk. It was as quiescent as a Buddha, as enigmatic as a sphinx, and as malignantly poised as a gorgon or cockatrice.

—Frank Belknap Long, "The Horror From the Hills".

CHAUGNAR FAUGN is worshiped by a people who live on the desert plateau of Tsang, near Tibet. They are a branch of the loathsome Tcho-Tchos. The god is guarded day and night in a cave by hideous yellow abnormalities without faces, subhuman worshipers only vaguely manlike, in thrall to the malign wizardry of the god. These are thralls of Chaugnar Faugn. We include statistics for them, though little is known about them.

On their hands and knees they crawl in fawning circles about Chaugnar Faugn, and gleefully participate in rites so foul none dare describe them. When time began, Chaugnar Faugn made a race of beings to serve it, the Miri Nigri, dark dwarfs fashioned from the flesh of primitive amphibians. The Tcho-Tchos are said to have intermingled with the descendants of that hybrid race.

Worshipers believe that Chaugnar Faugn waited until the coming of the White Acolyte, a white man from the West, who, according to the prophecy of Mu Sang, a former priest, would carry the god safely into the world and nurse it until it had no further need of him: "And then all things that are now in the world, all creatures and plants will be devoured by Great Chaugnar. ...Even its Brothers it will devour, ravening for ecstasy when it calls to them." The White Acolyte will be identified by speaking the prophecy, identifying Chaugnar Faugn as a

great god and the priest of Tsang as its prophet, then Chaugnar Faugn's time to possess the world will have come.

This prophecy apparently was satisfied when Professor Henry Staunton brought the immobile form of Chaugnar Faugn to New York City. In the action that followed, Chaugnar Faugn was cast back into the dim past, but aid from certain cultists is bringing the great old one back to the present. This time the god will appear in Montréal.

On the plateau of Tsang, Chaugnar Faugn was attended by faceless thralls. Sleeping eternally within the Pyrenees Mountains are numbers of greater and lesser Brothers of Chaugnar Faugn, who resemble their god in many respects. To wake one, it must be summoned and bound magically. For their stats and notes, see further below.

Chaugnar Faugn and his Brothers are psychically linked: if the god is somehow harmed or affected, that loss or incapacity also affects all the Brothers in a similar but lesser fashion to be determined by the keeper.

The god seems to fear or dislike large bodies of water, and tries to avoid them. A swamp or marsh does not seem to bother it, though, and may even serve it as a refuge.

PHYSICAL ATTACKS

On the plateau of Tsang, Chaugnar Faugn remained motionless on its pedestal during the day. After nightfall, the god, if hungry, might step down from its pedestal to feed on a sacrifice or anyone blundering upon it. If its worshipers or Companion are assaulted, it may attack the offenders at any time, day or night.

Unless the target gets a roll of half normal Dodge or less, she or he is grabbed by Chaugnar Faugn, who is amazingly fast for its bulk. It can outrun a car going 70 miles per hour, but is not agile at such great speeds. Usually it slows down for actual combat or important tasks.

In combat, Chaugnar Faugn grabs victims mostly at random. Once grappled, a character cannot get free. The god bites and mauls the character's face and drains all the blood from the body, sucking out 1D6 CON per round. CON lost in such an assault does not return. When sated, the god sprays the remaining blood around at random. Whenever the disk of its trunk is laid on a wound, that wound will never heal.

If neither hungry nor angry, the god may merely toy with its captive, sinking its black nails into the victim's flesh until it tires of the sport, causing 1D6 points of damage per round.

If Chaugnar Faugn takes more than ninety points of damage during combat, the god becomes inert and lifeless. It needs lengthy rituals and sacrifices to revivify its corpulent majesty.

PSYCHIC ATTACKS

Chaugnar Faugn has three psychic attacks. Each such attack costs it one magic point. The heart attack and the mesmerizing

attack, given second and third here, may be used only on a target within sight of the god, unless the individual already has been psychically linked to the god by earlier psychic contact or a Contact Chaugnar Faugn spell.

Chaugnar Faugn probably has other mental powers as well, but these are the most used.

■ **Psychic Sending:** the victim can be made to dream of Chaugnar Faugn and its greatness. If a target is particularly sensitive, the god can also entice a target to seek it out and sit beneath it in meditation. Those particularly sensitive include people of Asiatic heritage, people with Cthulhu Mythos 25% or more, and people with Occult 60% or more.

■ **Heart Attack:** the victim feels the god's crushing weight on his or her chest, and succumbs unless rolling CON x5 or less on D100. If the target is able to resist, another roll of CON x5 or less is needed; if this second roll fails, the target falls unconscious and loses 1D6 hit points.

■ **Mesmerize Sacrifice:** the god may mesmerize an opponent, so that he or she walks toward Chaugnar Faugn as a willing sacrifice. Just out of the god's reach, allow a D100 roll. If POW% or less, the mesmerized character breaks the spell.

COURAGE IN ITS OPPONENTS

Chaugnar Faugn respects great courage, even in opponents and victims. In one instance, the god descended from its pedestal to loose the bonds of an explorer captured by its worshiper, who had withstood three days of hideous torture without a single outcry. If the keeper wishes, an investigator has a small chance (5% or so) of being saved by showing similar courage. Merely talking back to Chaugnar Faugn is not nearly enough.

COMPANION TO CHAUGNAR FAUGN

If Chaugnar Faugn accepts a character as its Companion, that individual gradually loses sanity at the rate of 1D10 SAN per day, if not already insane. Chaugnar Faugn also lays his snout disk on the character as he or she sleeps, causing the nose and ears to grow like the god's countenance. Over time the Companion's face becomes a grotesque caricature of the god. For unknown reasons, the Companion also becomes highly sensitive to touch in the end, a light brush causes him or her great discomfort.

The Companion links psychically with the god, and communicates with it at any time. He or she is also open to the god's mental inspection at any moment, but the Companion has no inkling of the god's intentions.

If no other sacrifice is offered, the god nurses from the Companion, draining one CON each episode. Should it no longer need its current Companion, either because it has plenty of victims or because its time to fill the world has come, it drains the current Companion and discards the lifeless husk, perhaps to install a new Companion at some later time.



CHAUGNAR FAUGN, The Horror from the Hills

STR 65 CON 140 SIZ 40 INT 25 POW 35
DEX 30 Move 70 HP 90

Damage Bonus: +6D6.

Weapons: Grapple 80%, to hold immobile for Bite and Drain
Bite and Drain 100%, lose 1D6 hit points per round.

Psychic Sending 100%, alluring dreams and nightmares

Heart Attack* 100%, death

Mesmerize Sacrifice** 100%, prods victim toward it

* to ward off this attack, target must receive CON x5 or less on D100; succeeding, the roll must succeed a second time or lose 1D6 hit points and fall unconscious.

** the trance may be broken with a roll of POW or less on D100.

Armor: no non-magical weapon, mechanical device, or mechanical activity does damage. Defends against enchanted impaling weapons with 10 points of super-dense hide. Resists even the most powerful forces for 15 minutes before discarnation, planar dislocation, temporal transition, etc. Immortal.

Spells: Contact Chaugnar Faugn, Curse of Chaugnar Faugn, Summon/Bind

Greater/Lesser Brother of Chaugnar Faugn, Summon/Bind Thrill of Chaugnar Faugn, others as the keeper desires.

Sanity Loss: inert, it costs 0/1D6 Sanity points to see; animated and active, it costs 1D4/2D6+1 Sanity points; seeing Chaugnar Faugn's mutated Companion costs 1/1D6 Sanity points.



Greater Brothers

Its brothers who will come down from the mountains ravaging for ecstasy when it calls to them. Chaugnar and its Brothers converse by means of thought-transference....

—Frank Belknap Long, "The Horror From the Hills".

THE BROTHERS of Chaugnar Faugn appear in the form of the great old one: bloated elephantine horrors with skeletal heads endowed with webbed ears and a trunk that ends in a great, flaring disk. Long intertwined crystalline tusks sprout from the mouths of these creatures. The bodies of the Brothers of Chaugnar Faugn are human-like, although mottled and stained in the manner of Chaugnar Faugn's integument.

Like their sire, the Greater Brothers of Chaugnar Faugn appear at first to be statues, totally motionless until driven to gorge upon blood or to attack. These elephantine horrors are not nearly as powerful as their Master, although they do possess some of Chaugnar Faugn's psychic attacking capabilities. They can cause a victim to experience horrible nightmares about themselves and their sire. They can also entice their victims to come to them, where-upon the monstrosities brutally murder and feed upon the hapless humans. This attack costs a Brother of Chaugnar Faugn three magic points, and it must first overcome its victim with its own magic points.

In combat this creature attempts to grasp the victim and then tightly hold him or her as the Brother's weird trunk mauls the target's face. This blood drain costs the victim 1D6 CON each round. This CON is forever gone and cannot be regained, except perhaps by magic.

Chaugnar Faugn and his Brothers are psychically linked: if the god is somehow harmed or affected, that loss or incapacity also affects all the Brothers in a similar but lesser fashion. The reverse is not true.

These creatures dwell within caves in the Pyrenees Mountains in Spain.

Statistics for Brothers of Chaugnar Faugn are half those of their sire plus or minus 1D6. To determine the plus or minus, the keeper should roll 1D10: even is +1D6 and odd is -1D6 to the characteristic value.

GREATER BROTHER OF CHAUGNAR FAUGN, Vampiric Elephantine Horrors

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	33 +/-1D6	33
CON	70 +/-1D6	70
SIZ	20 +/-1D6	20
INT	13 +/-1D6	13
POW	18 +/-1D6	18
DEX	15 +/-1D6	15
Move 8/12 flying		HP 45

Av. Damage Bonus: +2D6

Weapons: Grapple 40%, grapples first to hold for bite
Bite 100%, damage 1D6 hit points each round
Crush 45%, damage 2D4+db

Armor: none, however only magic or enchanted weapons can harm a Greater Brother of Chaugnar Faugn.

Spells: all Greater Brothers of Chaugnar Faugn know 1D10 spells of the keeper's choice, always including Summon/Bind Lesser Brother of Chaugnar Faugn.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Dodge 25%, * Listen 75%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 25%, Swim 40%.

* Given its sensitive hearing, a Listen roll may substitute for a Spot Hidden in

darkness.

Sanity Loss: inert, Greater Brothers of Chaugnar Faugn cost 0/1D4 Sanity points to see; animated and active, the cost is 1D3/1D8 Sanity points.

Lesser Brothers

THESE AND the greater Brothers of Chaugnar Faugn resemble their namesake. Of the two forms of Brothers, the lesser form is smaller and weaker, though still more powerful than any human.

Like the god who wrought them, the lesser form is squat,

elephantine, and plump when well fed, proportioned like Ganesha the Hindu elephant-trunked god of wisdom. The skin is lighter in color, a wrinkled gray. When summoned, each is gaunt and hungry after long slumbers in deep, unknowable vaults within the Pyrenees.

Larger and stronger than most men, their claws only abrade and their small tusks are too short to stab. They may hug and crush their victims, or use their long segmented snouts to suck blood from them, and thereby feed. Their large ears are keenly sensitive to sound. They can detect the breathing of prey at considerable distances.

Humans who know how to Summon/Bind Lesser Brother of Chaugnar Faugn can manifest one or more of these horrors for purposes of their own.

Chaugnar Faugn and his Brothers are psychically linked: if the god is somehow harmed or affected, that loss or incapacity also affects all the Brothers in a similar but lesser fashion. The reverse is not true.

A Lesser Brother has two important attacks. One is a simple crush attack, which can stun or kill. The other, the draining of blood, involves a sequence of attacks, and is how a Brother feeds itself.

To drain blood, the thing first must first successfully Grapple the target to hold it still. In the second round, it must properly Bite the target to create a useful flow of blood. In the third round, it inserts its pliant segmented snout over the wound left by the bite, and in that and succeeding rounds drains one hit point per round until the target is emptied of blood and dies.

To escape the clutches of a Lesser Brother of Chaugnar Faugn, the victim must Grapple free or die.

LESSER BROTHER OF CHAUGNAR FAUGN, Lesser Servitor Race

characteristics	rolls	averages
STR	3D6+6	16-17
CON	3D6+6	16-17
SIZ	3D6+6	16-17
INT	2D6	7
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
Move 10 (cannot fly)		HP 17

Av. Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Bite 40%, damage 1D3

Blood Sucker automatic with conditions, damage 1 HP per round

Grapple 35%, damage special

Crush 30%, damage 1D4+db

Armor: 2-point wrinkly elephantine skin

Spells: none.

Skills: Dodge 25%, Hide 35%, * Listen 75%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 25%, Swim 40%.

* Given its sensitive hearing, a Listen roll may substitute for a Spot Hidden in darkness.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D4 SAN.



Thralls of Chaugnar Faugn

A MASS OF yellow- or yellow-orange tinted bodies. A single thrall is never seen. They are very short and muscular, with little or no hair. Their unreadable faces and androgynous bodies take them everywhere, but without purpose unless their master Chaugnar Faugn supplies the will.

Though some may be the size of human adults, most are no bigger than large children. Their faces are featureless, with the general shapes of eyes, noses, and mouths, but without actual features. Thralls are essentially identical in appearance. Uncannily, when one does some particular action, all do it.



These individuals are mindless temple servants, who wait eternally until set to some task by Chaugnar Faugn. The mass of thralls totally ignore investigators and other interlopers unless and until their god arms their minds.

Among the things their god may require is to genuflect and worship in unison, to shout piercingly in unison (hold hands over ears or lose one hit point), to charge in unison at a victim and attempt to knock him or her over for a trampling, and to glow strongly in unison to illuminate their god's holy sanctuary. Keepers may invent additional motives as they see fit, but unison effects should somehow relate to temple service.

Anyone can summon these things, in any quantity. They obey no orders other than those given directly by Chaugnar Faugn.

THRALLS, Lesser Servitors, Worshipers of Chaugnar Faugn

characteristics	averages
STR	2D6+1
CON	2D6+2
SIZ	2D6
INT	0 (guided by Chaugnar Faugn)
POW	1
DEX	2D6
APP, EDU, SAN	na*
av. HP	2D4+1
Move 7	

* na = not applicable

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Trample 25%, damage 1D2-1

Skills: Glow 100%. Each approximates a 15-watt bulb at maximum intensity.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D2 SAN.

Seekers

THEIR INTENT is simple enough. Each lacks a heart. The spell that has set them going causes each to urgently want a new, living heart. Once the seeker has ripped away one from a victim, it thrusts the still-throbbing heart into its empty chest cavity. For a few minutes it experiences exquisite bliss and utter fulfillment. The maddened face softens and becomes peaceful. In a little while more, though, the new heart goes cold, and the energy of the seeker seeps away. The seeker slumps and dies, this time for good, having accomplished the caster's deadly intent.

To attack, the seeker first must successfully grapple the target. In the next round it tries to bite into the belly of the victim, in order to burrow and dig to the target's heart. A very strong seeker may attempt to smash through the rib cage of a victim (the STR of which equals the victim's CON +2). When enough damage has been done that the victim falls unconscious, the seeker's way is clear, and it soon consummates its quest. For a victim, it is difficult to imagine a more horrible death: keepers may wish to add a Sanity roll or two, besides keeping track of the physical damage being done.

Except for fire or dismemberment, ignore physical damage done to the seeker. Intense flame triggers its corruption and collapse, while dismemberment hampers or makes impossible its quest for a new heart.

Applicable characteristics for a seeker are those which it had in life. It can move, and it retains its innate physical skills. Magic, intellectual and communication skills, and actions combining dexterity and ordinary problem-solving (such as aiming and firing a gun or finding and then opening a latched gate in a fence) are beyond a seeker's abilities.

See also the spell Seek Heart, concluding this appendix.



HEART SEEKERS, Automotons of Chaugnar Faugn

characteristics	averages
STR	as in life
CON	as in life
SIZ	as in life
INT	0 (allow an Idea roll success of 01-05)
POW	na*
DEX	as in life
APP, EDU, SAN	na*
HP	na*
Move 6	* na = not applicable

Damage Bonus: as in life.

Weapons: Bite 35%, damage 1D2

Grapple 25%, damage special

Skills: Hide 10%, Listen 25%, Sneak 10%, Spot Hidden 25%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6 SAN.

Spells

CONTACT CHAUGNAR FAUGN

For each attempt to Contact Chaugnar Faugn, the caster must sacrifice 1 POW and 1D6 Sanity points. The chance of success equals half of POW x5 (round up). On second and later tries sacrifice the same amount and continue to decrease the Luck roll threshold to reflect the changes in POW.

Once success is achieved, the deity sends the caster nightmares or dreams which inform the recipient of the god's desires, or lets him or her know if a petition to the god is to be favorably answered.

CURSE OF CHAUGNAR FAUGN

Eventually causes the target to be devoured by Chaugnar Faugn. Casting the spell requires a tiny fragment of flesh from the target as a focus and twelve hours of chanting per week. The caster must be a sworn worshiper of Chaugnar Faugn. The spell costs the caster 1 magic point per hour of chanting. Each twelve hours of chanting cost 1D3 Sanity points. The target is affected by the spell regardless of the caster's distance, and no Resistance Table roll is needed; the target is automatically hit.

The victim's dreams fill with horrible visions out of Chaugnar Faugn's memory. Soon the target suffers from trance states during which he or she attempts physically to reach the god and be accepted as a living sacrifice. These trances become longer and more frequent until the victim succeeds in reaching the god. That interval might be the victim's POW in days, but strong-willed individuals may fight off the effects for POW x2 or even POW x3 days, as the keeper sees fit. Eventually, however, the victim will be devoured. Then the flesh fragment possessed by the caster instantly rots, demonstrating that the spell need no longer continue.

SUMMON/BIND GREATER BROTHER OF CHAUGNAR FAUGN

A bowl of fresh human blood and a steady open fire are required for success. The spell seeking this servitor may be cast only at night, and only when the moon is down and not visible even from a roof top. Bit by bit the blood is dripped into the fire as the prescribed chant is uttered and the desired number of magic points are sacrificed. The size and horrific aspect of the Greater Brother demands a 1D3/1D8 Sanity loss if the thing arrives. As with all Summon/Bind spells, each magic point allotted to the spell adds ten percent to its chance for success.



SUMMON/BIND LESSER BROTHER OF CHAUGNAR FAUGN

The general conditions for the spell closely resemble the spell to Summon/Bind a Great Brother. A bowl of fresh human blood and a steady open fire are required for success. The spell seeking this servitor may be cast only at night, and only when the moon is down and not visible even from a roof top. Bit by bit the blood is dripped into the fire as a different prescribed chant is uttered and the desired number of magic points are sacrificed. The horrific aspect of the Lesser Brother demands a 1/1D4 Sanity loss if the thing arrives. As with all Summon/Bind spells, each magic point allotted to the spell adds ten percent to the chance that the spell succeeds.

SUMMON THRALL OF CHAUGNAR FAUGN

This spell summons thralls. The utter creatures of their creator, only Chaugnar Faugn can bind and command them. Thralls can be summoned only in an underground room or chamber without windows or other close connection to the surface. The summoner squats naked upon the dirt or floor, concentrates on an image of Chaugnar Faugn, and chants and drums until self-entranced. In the caster's mind, Chaugnar Faugn may deign to appear. If it does, the vision of it speaks and roars, "To my greater glory!" Thereupon 1D6+1 thralls appear, each costing the caster 1D2 magic points and 0/1D2 Sanity points.

SEEK HEART

Magically quickens and implants the will within a corpse to pursue and acquire a fresh heart to replace the one that has been taken from it. Each casting of the spell costs six Sanity points and eight magic points. The caster must be within a hundred yards of the corpse, and must be able to see the corpse to be able to activate it.

When the spell is cast, the corpse then searches out whatever human target it can find and attacks, striving to rip open the victim's belly and reach up to sever and scoop out the victim's living heart. Replacement of the heart fulfills the seeking corpse, which enjoys moments of ecstasy. Shortly thereafter the seeker collapses and begins to decay. It has been drawing upon latent energies in existing cells and muscles; once those have been used up, dissolution of the corpse is speedy.

The effect of the spell lasts for the corpse's former STR plus CON plus POW, in minutes. If by that amount of time the corpse has not taken a new heart, it emits profound lamentations, falls to the earth, and decays. Seek Heart can be cast only upon a corpse, and then only once.

Each casting of the spell requires a relatively fresh corpse, without significant putrefaction. The blood of the corpse must be drained, and the corpse's own heart somehow removed. Preparation of the corpse and the casting of the spell take 1D3 hours.

Also See: Cage of Kind (pg. 29), Dominate (pg. 49) and Heart's Desire (pg. 63)

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Horror's Heart Papers #2

What You Know About Celine Lavoie

The New York society columns have chronicled her stay in New York City. First working casually as a model, more recently she has made a name for herself as a Broadway actress. The producer had hired her for her obvious beauty, but on stage she demonstrated charisma and deep talent. Audiences raved.

Celine Lavoie has become the toast of New York, but her father still claims a share of the limelight. She is the daughter of Jean-Claude Lavoie, Canada's liquor baron, the controversial owner-director of the McTanish Distilling Company distilling fine whiskeys in Montréal and other locations. It is well known, but has never been proven, that the Lavoie family has made an enormous fortune from bootlegging to the United States.

The McTanish distilleries are privately held, so no one outside the company knows the value of McTanish, but the yearly sales of all the Lavoie holdings are estimated at \$200 million U.S., which would net the family well over \$10 million yearly — more than \$100 million in 1990s purchasing power.

Horror's Heart Papers #1

A Letter from Philip McBride

My Dear Friend

Much time has passed since last we met. I have been able to follow a little of your career from afar, discreetly I assure you. My own career has no doubt been invisible to you. I have become a priest in the Catholic Church! Yes, I am now Father Philip! I know this may come as a surprise to you, and I heartily acknowledge my multitude of sins, but we are all such sinners that my teachers and confessors alike find my faith and honesty more interesting than my sins! I am washed in forgiveness. Each day is precious to me.

I write to you now because I need your particular research skills, and am inviting you to Montreal. I dare to hope that you are free, and will not mind a week's sojourn in this beautiful city. I have arranged that you stay in our new parish house, in the new parish of St. Cuthbert, and enclose your tickets by train.

The matter about which I write is confidential, so I may not indicate it here. The prize in view is of great value to the Church and to Christianity as a whole. Need I add that the success of the venture might bring the participants world-wide fame?

*Your friend,
Philip*

Horror's Heart Papers #3

Arthur Deschamps' Statement

"We were digging out the old basement floor so that a new one could be laid without steps into the bell tower. When we came upon the tomb, we thought it was an old sewer, and began to dig out the earth within and to break up the brick. Then we unearthed the feet. We all jumped and swore and crossed ourselves, to see those dried bony things sticking out of the wall like little brown logs.

"We went to the Father at once, for we know that old graves sometimes harbor evil and disease. But he laughed, and said this is not a place of dread. Look you, these are the remains of a saint! I have dreamed of this day for years! But which saint he would not say, or rather said that the Church must decide that.

"And so we dug out the corpse, and cleaned away the mud from his body. How he had not come to rot I cannot say. A saint was buried there, and God had willed that he should survive the mud and the worms. Not like us, God will not smile so on us!

"The people who buried him had opened the body and cleared away the bowels and lungs. Instead in the center of the body lay a silver casket. When I lifted it out, I thought to myself, ah, money!! I was feeling jolly, being sure that the

Father would pay us a bonus for the find.

"Like a fool, I opened the box. No riches there, but a human heart! It was so fresh that we gasped, we thought the Father was amusing himself with us. It was no trick. When I took the thing in my hands, it was as though lightning passed through me! I put the heart back in the little box, and ran outside, into the sun.

"Beginning right then, my hands began to curl. You see how they are, like claws? I can no longer straighten them. I can no longer work. I am a cripple because I violated God's sanctity, the sanctity of the pure of heart! I did it. I, a boastful man, I touched it, the heart, the heart of a saint, and now it's killing me!"

After a time spent weeping, he finishes by saying that his dreams are being entered by a group of men who have eyes like fire. Every night they are there, and he is no longer able to sleep. He thinks that they are from hell, lost souls like himself, coming to claim him as one of them.

If he is ever shown the heart again, he commits suicide by swallowing his tongue or breaking his own spine, whichever method seems quicker at the time.

Horror's Heart Papers #6

The First Ten Minutes: the investigators see that when Lucien Lavoie first came to the hospital a little over four months ago, he was in better than average condition for a man his age. Two months ago his health began to deteriorate and, because of the sudden change, he was sent to a variety of physicians. A small brain tumor was discovered last month, but that still did not explain his worsening general health. The final report indicates a positive change; Lucien was actually recovering. This much of the information can be digested and understood in the first ten minutes of study.

Horror's Heart Papers #7

The Second Ten Minutes: the following part of the record is deep in the file, but is written plainly, so that no Medicine roll is needed to understand it. The report also shows that the doctors were worried about his "poor mental hygiene", which was not accredited to the tumor but to severe mental stress. During one of his last psychiatric interviews, Lucien raved on about proves that he lied to the investigators, and also alludes to "magical spells that were eating his mind." Another report notes ravings about people turning into animals. The psychiatrist concluded that these delusions were caused by the pressure of the tumor on Lucien's brain. The report concludes that as Lucien's body improved, his mind declined.

Horror's Heart Papers #9**A Curious Corner of the World**

The Ottomans were naturally interested in their legendary homeland in central Asia. Of expeditions further east [to that remote corner of northern Tibet] they tell us of only two, both long antedating the conquests of Tamerlane. The first one was a band of scouts involved in the continuing Muslim conquest of the 8th century. A band sent "far beyond Nishapur and Mawr" wrote that they were entering a region of "vast catacombs and webbed valleys." They were not heard from again.

The second expedition came two hundred years later when a party turned south from the Silk Road and coincidentally followed after the first explorers. Of that group, one came back. His name was Arja. For years he said nothing of what had transpired in Tibet. His silence ended when he settled in Baghdad and began a new religion, which he claimed to have imported from a place called Tsang. This religion is presently referred to as Tsang. Arja called his cult the "Blood of the Heart", and he commonly preached from Tibetan scriptures.

Since then, not even the recent international rivalries in that area have brought forth additional knowledge, at least which Britain or Russia are willing to share. Perhaps now, with the advent of the railroad and airplane, modern civilization will plumb the mysteries of this place where Prester John once was said to dwell.

Johannes Dieter, Forschungen Über Das Ottomanische Reich (Researches in the Ottoman Empire), Preface, Volume IV, 1908.

Horror's Heart Papers #8

The Third Ten Minutes: included in Lucien's medical file is his autopsy report, summarized for the information of the coroner's inquest. In the report, the examiner states his puzzlement over untraceable antibodies in the corpse's blood stream (type AB) that are not naturally present in human blood serum. The agent's origin or purpose is unknown, and the report makes no attempt to explain it.

The report also concludes that the tumor was minor, and would have had no effect on the patient's behavior. This directly contradicts what the Lavoies have said.

Finally, the cause of death is given as loss of blood due to severe self-inflicted wounds. It would seem a suicide, yet the report incongruously concludes that the act may have been brought on by hemorrhaging from the tumor. The medical records show that Lucien was recovering and that his affliction was not endangering his life, yet he had to have been driven insane in order to take his life in such a brutal and bizarre manner.

(In the actual event, Lucien went temporarily insane after casting his spell, gnawing himself to death as he hallucinated. There is no evidence of this, though, and Jean-Claude can construct all sorts of different explanations for his own actions: for instance, if a suicide, Lucien could not be buried in hallowed ground.)

Attached to the autopsy are photos of the eviscerated cadaver. While viewing them, an investigator succeeding in a Spot Hidden roll notices strange prints on Lucien's left wrist. Under a magnifying glass, the prints can be identified as deep bite marks, dentition identical to the bites found on the toy soldiers in Lucien's bedroom.

Horror's Heart Papers #10**Concerning The Blood**

Captain McTavish of the Royal Constabulary mentions that the names The Blood or the Blood of the Heart occur in northern Québec police reports first in 1860. Montréal city records show them to have been in that city years prior to that. The first mention is in a deposition given for a coroner's inquest in 1794.

At that time, The Blood had opened an ostensibly Christian church, only to have it burned down a few months later, torched by rioting citizens. The infernal scriptures locked within the building are said to have burned "with a fiery roar" because they were written in a Satanic tongue. Later it was determined that the books were actually written in the language of far Thibet (sic), from whence the cult derived.

Some say that this cult was widespread among the Tartars of old, and that it was once of great power in the East. They came to believe that they had to block the encroachments of Europe, but another sect defeated them and they fled to the far ends of the Earth to survive, and thus they came to our province long ago. The Blood's membership is open to anyone who can survive the indoctrination ceremony. The cult's members are humorless and merciless, and treat former friends as worse than enemies.

p. 249, Abstract VII, Rolls of the Provincial Police.

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Horror's Heart Papers #20

Newest Entry in Robert Lowell's Diary

Finally, I know where they are! My Father, I now forgive you and in fact thank you for those many, many hard years that I studied under you. The answer to our immortal enemies came to me in a wonderful dream: I dreamt about water, oceans of gray water. When I awoke, you were there at the foot of my bed, with a book in one hand and that stick in the other. You were shouting at me, telling me to remember but you were in the water like a sea captain. That was it, all the history came to me the naval wars, merchant ships, and the privateers. Where they hid things. Then I knew where the cult had been all along. Our goal is in my grasp, Father, tomorrow night we will have power forever.

Horror's Heart Papers #12

Star

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BLOODLESS BODY FOUND

By Alain Gaston

The body of an unidentified man was found yesterday on the east side of Mont-Royal.

The authorities have appealed for information concerning missing white men between 25 and 35 years of age, about 5 feet 9 inches tall, and weighing approximately 160 pounds. The deceased has blond hair and is smooth-shaven.

Authorities seem to be without significant clues in the apparent murder.

The ghastly discovery was made last evening by M. Christophe Namena. He and his family had been out for a picnic. The unclothed remains appear to have been at the secluded site for about two days, according to authorities.

Detective Dane Deroz earlier stated that "the heart has been surgically removed and the body has been deliberately drained of its blood." Later he modified that statement, saying he preferred to withhold comments until after the coroner's inquest.

Foul play is the expected verdict from today's proceedings, but some authorities termed the episode a medical student prank.

Police headquarters were quickly abuzz with rumors about the matter. Some officers felt the violence of the act to be without precedent in Montréal. Several officers independently compared it to London's infamous Ripper murders of two generations ago.

Horror's Heart Papers #4

A Funeral Notice

LAVOIE, LUCIEN

Passed away in Royal Victoria Hospital following an illness of some length, attended by and beloved father of Jean-Claude, dear grandfather of Stephane and Celine, kindly uncle to Hugh, who implore the blessings of Our Lord Jesus Christ upon Lucien. A private graveside service this afternoon for family and invited friends. Observances in Lucien's name may be made to charities.

Horror's Heart Papers #5, Lucien's Epitaph

*L'ours avec trois jambes indique la bonne voie
Ne fait jamais un bol grimacer
Car le corbeau ne restera pas.*

[The three-legged bear points the way
Never make a bowl frown
For then the raven will not stay.]

Horror's Heart Papers #11

A Holy Life

St. Cutis was born in England in 1458. Christened James, his parents died while he was young, and he grew up in the Holy Heart of Mary orphanage. The name Andrews apparently marks his place of birth in London, near St. Andrew's Cross. At age thirteen, he was adopted by one Hatum Cutis, who became James' guardian and tutor until the young scholar took priestly vows at the age of twenty.

He was now as often Cutis as James, taking his guardian's family name as a first name. His energy, intelligence, and piety won him quick influence in London and then in Rouen (France), and then finally in Rome. In 1509, while on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, he performed three miracles, that of healing a dying man, that of calming a storm, and that of sleeping on razor-sharp stones to confound the mockery of unbelievers. He returned to England, where a small cultus formed in his favor. In 1516, he again entered the Ottoman Empire and is thought there to have been martyred for the Faith. He was beatified in 1547, and canonized in 1591.

That he died a martyr no doubt helped his case for sainthood, but his life also provides the necessary qualifications for sainthood, as affirmed by the Holy See. These requirements include the saint's reputation for sanctity, the heroic quality of his virtues, and proof that he worked two miracles.

Francis X. MacDowell, Petals of the Rose of God (The Handy Reader's Version of the Lives of the Saints).

Horror's Heart Papers #16



Town Tattle: Tax Hike

The city has reached a decisive moment. Montréal's citizens must determine whether or not to increase rent taxes on shops and stores along Ste-Cathérine Street.

Do you think this is a minor concern? Well, regard the troubles last week at the annual Brock Convention for businesses. During a heated debate on the proposed tax hikes, a scuffle broke out on the convention floor. Employees of the Canterbury Club, as ordered by the Serjeant des Armes, sought to restore order only to get caught up in the action themselves. When the police arrived, the convention was in an uproar. Several combatants were injured and, bizarrely, two newsmen arrested. (Were they misspelling names?)

Detective Dane Deroz, at the auditorium to attend an unconnected award ceremony, said that this disturbance was unique in his experience. His words somewhat reflect our thoughts. Concretely, do we not need more significant city leadership?

Horror's Heart Papers #13

101 years to come.

STUDENT PRANKS?

By Alain Gaston

Extensive damage was done to a row of antique shops along Notre Dame, it was reported yesterday.

Police received two calls about the break-ins, which apparently occurred late at night. At first, the officers did not take the reports seriously because the unsubstantiated descriptions of the prowlers were of "grotesque, zombie things."

A hasty patrol of the area turned up nothing, but shop owners the next morning discovered losses totaling some \$4000 in damaged fixtures and goods.

Police continue to favor the student prank theory, because the shop owners report damages but nothing stolen. Police also speculated that the pillagers might have been looking for something in particular.

Authorities are taking a dim view of such behavior. They warn that perpetrators of such destruction face serious criminal penalties, and that the cases will remain under investigation until the culprits are brought to justice.

Horror's Heart Papers #15

About the Loup-Garou

Loups-garous are a major element in French-Canadian folklore. Traditionally the term has applied to a shape-shifter, a person who has the power to assume the form of an animal or even an inanimate object. Such entities are not to be confused with the English werewolf, for neither the moon nor silver affect the loup-garou in a special way. The loup-garou is traditionally vulnerable to fire.

A human becomes a loup-garou through a powerful curse. The curse may be passed on from one generation to the next. A variation, the loup-garou de cimitière, may occur in a generation. In this version, the cursed person digs up and eats dead bodies. While in the shape of an animal, the classic loup-garou devours living animals and humans.

Horror's Heart Papers #14

Entries from the Journal of Father Philip McBride

July 23, 1923 - Started excavating the basement today. What if I'm mistaken? What if it is not there? Nonsense, I know I have all my facts straight...perhaps too straight. Will God punish me for discovering too much?

July 29, 1923 - Praise the Father of All, the workers have unearthed something. I have found it, it must be the tomb, I have it I have finally found him.

August 4, 1923 - Surprising discovery; a blessing or a curse? To find a heart so well preserved is a miracle, but one of God? The discovery is unnatural. I had the most terrible dream last night, but I'm just tired. The heat has made me tired.

August 9, 1923 - James of Andrews, James of Andrews, some of the workers are suspicious. Who would want to steal James Andrews' corpse? Or his heart? Unless they too know the truth, unless they are Them.

August 14, 1923 - They would kill me for this corpse and his heart. I wonder which part they want more? No matter, I must protect him, no harm must befall our holy Saint Cuthbert. I will send for my friends.

August 19, 1923 - It is good to see them all once again, people I trust. They are highly intelligent. They may discover the dates, and solve the 178 years of mystery, but what if they uncover more? What if they find The Blood?

Horror's Heart Papers #17



Town Tattle: It's A Jungle in There

Poor Harold Innis, Curator of the Montréal Zoo, is in dismal spirits. Remember a few months ago when Julie and Yan, the Zoo's only elephants, died the same night due to heart attacks? Now Mr. Innis has inexplicably lost all of his monkeys. He broke down sobbing during the reading of a statement a few days ago, and has sequestered himself since.

The mysterious case has police and Mr. Innis baffled. You see, the monkeys were not stolen, but eaten. When an attendant went to the monkey cage for their morning feeding, he found all seven dead. Actually he only found five, he believes the other two were carried off. The remains were mauled, and had missing limbs and bite marks. It looks like the work of lions, but they are caged on the other side of the Zoo, and reportedly answered their breakfast call with gusto. Whatever the beast who slew the monkeys, it had a key, because there were no signs of forced entry into the cage.

Asked if the monkeys could have done this to themselves, Mr. Innis reportedly said certainly not, that monkeys were not as insane as are human beings. Our Curator is currently looking for donations to help replace these dear departed.

Horror's Heart Papers #18



Town Tattle: Crazy Work Day

Mlle. Nathalie Collette had her most difficult night at work on Friday. During a late screening of "Safety First" at the Imperial Théâtre on Blurey, the usherette was forced to escort a raving patron out of the théâtre. In the lobby, the man (name withheld) continued to rant and soon became violent. The théâtre's manager contacted the police and the staff at the Verdun Psychiatric Centre. Upon arrival, the boys in white applauded Mlle. Collette for capturing a missing patient!

He jumped up in the middle of the movie and shouted that his blood was boiling, and then he complained how gray the sea was, she described. It's a very funny movie, and he absolutely silenced the audience. Even after he was restrained, he still fought, she continued. The poor man wanted to go somewhere, but at the same time he tried to stop himself. Apparently he wanted to drown himself.

Official word from Verdun is that he had escaped earlier that day, and was hiding out at the théâtre. He fell asleep and had a nightmare, then woke and began raving. Dr. Ley of the centre said the patient posed no threat to anyone but himself. They are continuing his care. A happy ending for all!

Horror's Heart Papers #19

A Summary of An History of Our Order

The great Order of the Lords was begun in 1156 by two knights, Sir Brevius Malplaquet and Sir Titus Rouncevale de Yvetot, returning to England after a humiliating defeat in the Second Crusade. They had learned about and subsequently fought a cult called The Blood. They believed that this cult's evil magical power had defeated them. The knights formed a secret group, the Lords, for the sole purpose of defeating The Blood.

In the Third Crusade, the Lords were victorious. A passage is written in the book in about 1190, describing a little of what was encountered: "...The entire grotesque mass fights as one, with one power under one mind. That mighty mind must be the seat of all evil and depravity in the world. I pray that I meet my end before having to face that horror."

The history recounts the period of growth that followed the Lords' victory. Membership grew, and soon the secret organization privately boasted an association of some of the highest ranking people under the English crown. Even members of the Royal Family were Lords, and took pride to be included in an organization of self-professed demon slayers. Then the Lords were betrayed by one of their own, a highly respected young member of the Church named James Andrews.

Most of the Lords' secrets were known to Andrews and

when he brought them to The Blood, the cult was resurrected. When groups of The Blood appeared in France, the Lords made a call to arms, and the two cults waged a secret war. The Blood were beaten and dispersed, some thought made extinct.

The Lords celebrated their victory. In 1701, one of the members reported the discovery of a group in Montréal, in New France, whose nature resembled that of The Blood. In 1760, when the British conquered Québec, the Lords also arrived and slew with a will, and believed they had eliminated this last vestige of The Blood.

Since then, the Lords have grown to nothing more than an old boys club reliving the past glories of their ancestors. Most of the members spend their days at the Canterbury Club enjoying wicked pleasures and sharing business interests. The dedication and strict rules that guided the cult for so many years have been bent and broken, resulting in much internal bickering. Men and women from all races can become members, as long as they have a high economic standing or descend from royalty.

Robert Lowell, like his father before him, is a commander of the Lords. Two years ago, he began to add to this book his fears that The Blood may have returned. Lowell then shows that he was right, although most of the Lords do not believe him and still others do not care.

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