

CALL OF CTHULHU®

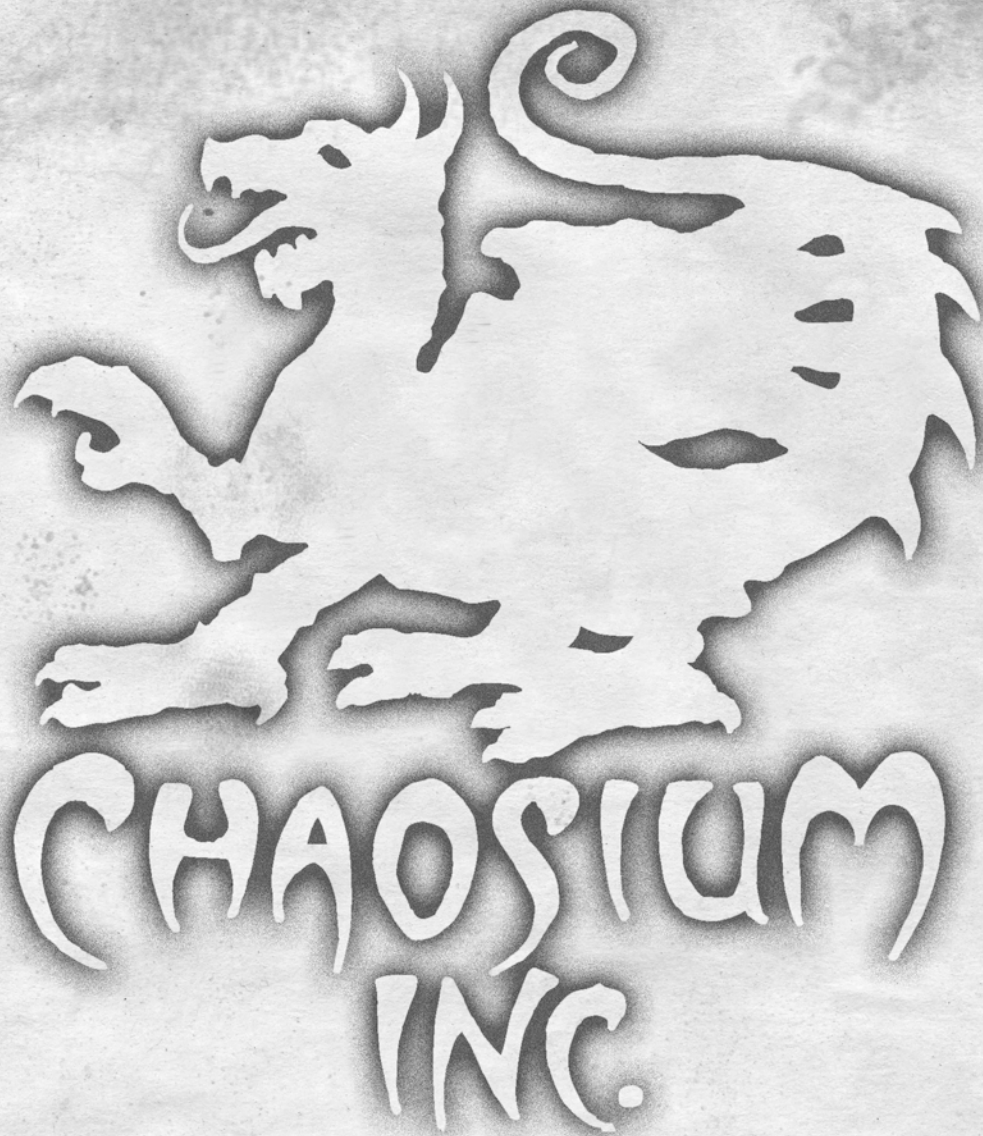
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THE HOUSE OF R'LYEH

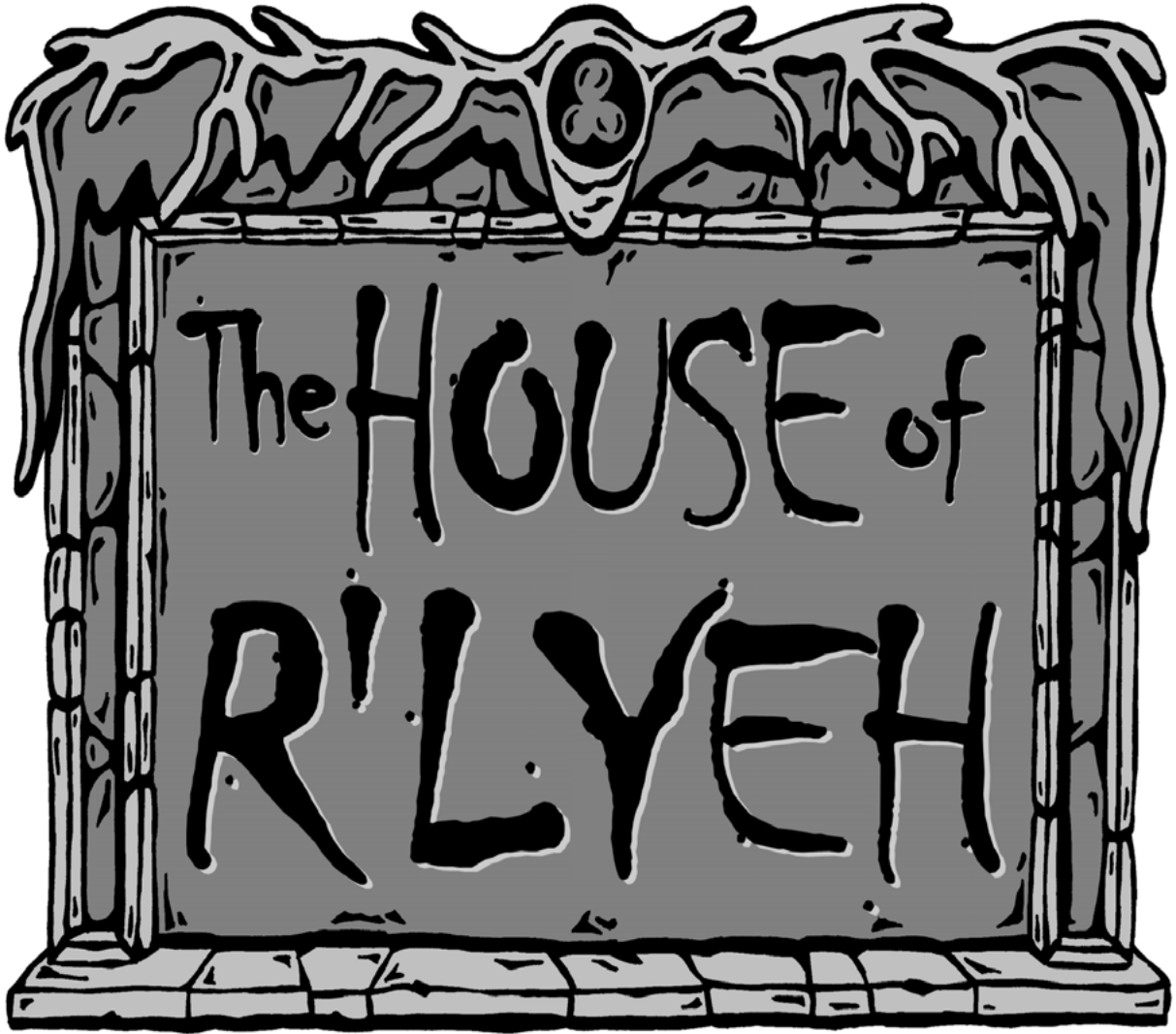
FIVE SCENARIOS BASED ON TALES BY H.P. LOVECRAFT

CONYERS, WHITE,
COURTEMANCHE, GILHAM,
SAMMONS, PURDY AND FRIENDS





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Howard Phillips Lovecraft

1890 - 1937

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This adventure pack is best used with the roleplaying game CALL OF CTHULHU, available separately.

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INTRODUCTION

The House of R'lyeh contains five scenarios that closely follow the events of H.P. Lovecraft stories. They are set in Boston, Providence, the British Isles, continental Europe and the Middle East. None of the scenarios need to be played at set dates or in a set order, but they could be run in the order presented to form a loose campaign using optional links between scenarios to draw investigators from one to the other. Such a campaign could take place across the first half of a single year, with “The Art of Madness” commencing in January and ending with “Nameless City, Nameless Terrors” some time around June.

Alternatively, the scenarios may be used to supplement classic *Call of Cthulhu* campaigns such as *The Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* and *The Fungi from Yuggoth*, the latter currently in print as *The Day of the Beast*, both of which suggest their component scenarios should be interspersed with others. Notes during or at the end of the scenarios offer suggestions on how they may be linked to those two campaigns and/or other published material.

The first scenario in this book, “The Art of Madness,” follows on from the events of the Lovecraft tale “Pickman’s Model.” Artist of the macabre, Richard Upton Pickman, is now a ghoul living in a subterranean netherworld beneath Boston creating a new school of art. There are several ways that player characters might be drawn into investigating his macabre activities and, while dangerous, Pickman’s intent is not particularly lethal. The difficulty for investigators will be to resolve the situation without becoming compromised.

While in New England, the investigators discover “The Crystal of Chaos,” and revisit the events of Lovecraft’s “The Haunter of the Dark.” Hired by professors of Miskatonic University, the investigators seek out a fabled crystal with origins in Ancient Egypt, but they soon find a far greater evil lurks in an abandoned church in Providence. This scenario originally appeared in *Different Worlds* Issue 34, May/June 1984, and has been expanded and revised in this publication.

“The Return of the Hound” draws investigators to an auction in Yorkshire, England, where a rare edition of the *Necronomicon* is going to be sold. The previous owners, the decadent occultists from Lovecraft’s “The Hound”, are dead, as that tale recounts, but what they unearthed in ‘a Holland churchyard’ has grown strong, and has schemes of its own to fulfill. The amount of danger the investigators face is dependent on how determined they are not to let this *Necronomicon* fall into the wrong hands.

“The Jermyn Horror” takes place in Britain, beginning in London and then moving to Huntingdon with the investigators seeking a rare edition of *Regnum Congo*, reputedly to be found in the crumbling estate of the deceased Jermyn family as described in Lovecraft’s “Arthur Jermyn.” The search is imperiled by a creature that a Jermyn brought back from the Congo some three hundred years ago that haunts the mansion seeking a human vessel for its escape.

“Nameless City, Nameless Terrors” concludes this collection with an expedition into the heart of Arabia’s Empty Quarter in search of Irem as described in Lovecraft’s “The Nameless City.” This scenario requires investigators to risk their bodies and their minds as, in the midst of the desolate ruins of Irem, the investigators learn something of the nature of the Great Old Ones, and perhaps forestall the rising of Cthulhu from his watery grave.

Before staging any of the adventures it is recommended that keepers read (or more likely re-read) the particular story on which it is based. All are available in the many collections of H.P. Lovecraft’s works found in most bookstores or online.

David would like to offer special thanks to Angela Challis, Shane Jiraiya Cummings, Adam Crossingham, Jeff W. Edwards, Daniel Harms, Christian Lehmann, Paul McLean, Steve Paulsen and Marty Young. He would also like to thank the Australian Horror Writers Association for their support. We would both like to thank everyone on the Yog-Sothoth.com forums for helping make the *Call of Cthulhu* game what it is today.

— David Conyers and Glyn White

The Art of Madness

A strange grave robbery and the disappearances of three artists draw the investigators to a bizarre school in subterranean Boston.

BRIAN COURTEMANCHE

“[That] next room forced a real scream out of me, and I had to clutch at the doorway to keep from keeling over. The other chamber had shown a pack of ghouls and witches overrunning the world of our forefathers, but this one brought the horror right into our own daily life!

Gad, how that man could paint! There was a study called, ‘Subway Accident’, in which a flock of the vile things were clambering up from some unknown catacomb through a crack in the floor of the Boylston Street subway and attacking a crowd of people on the platform. Another shewed a dance on Copp’s Hill among the tombs with the background of today. Then there were any number of cellar views, with monsters creeping in through holes and rifts in the masonry and grinning as they squatted behind barrels or furnaces and waited for their first victim to descend the stairs.”

- H.P. Lovecraft, “Pickman’s Model”

Set in Boston during the 1920s, this scenario follows directly on from the events of Lovecraft’s tale “Pickman’s Model.” The investigators are drawn into the scenario through several possible means, making this an ideal introductory scenario for new investigators. The timing for the scenario is nominally winter but may be easily shifted to any date convenient for the keeper, necessitating only minor modifications to ensure scenario continuity.

KEEPER’S INTRODUCTION

The central character of Lovecraft’s tale “Pickman’s Model”, Richard Upton Pickman, was once a famed artist of the macabre. He eventually transformed into a ghoul and disappeared to the subterranean caverns beneath Boston to live with his brethren. In time Pickman discovered that the life of an underground artist was rather dull as other ghouls just did not appreciate his work. Already snubbed by the artistic intelligentsia of his former surface life, Pickman yearns for an appreciative audience as well as eager pupils with which to start an artistic underground movement. Given time and apt pupils, the ghoul artist believes his proteges will re-introduce his vision of macabre art to a world presently unready for his genius.

Pickman has recently abducted three local artists – two art students and a young art instructor – in an attempt to start his own underground school. To acquire promising “admissions candidates” to his new school, Pickman turned to his only surface-world contact, a man named Frank Thurber, to whom Pickman has revealed many terrible secrets. Thurber’s task was to identify suitable targets, young people with artistic merit exhibiting a marked tendency to express the macabre or sinister in their own artistic efforts.

Thurber lured these innocents to a secret locale in Boston’s decrepit North End district, where Pickman and his ghoul-



ish brethren spirited the unfortunate artists to the world below.

Every art school requires art supplies as well as master and pupils. Pickman lacks both funds with which to purchase art supplies and access to quality art suppliers. To remedy these difficulties, Pickman plunders fresh graves, taking away both a meal and valuable baubles interred with the deceased. He transfers the grave-loot to his surface-world accomplice, Thurber, who trades in the valuables at a Boston pawn shop. Flush with cash, Thurber purchases art supplies as instructed by Pickman as well as buying a few necessities for himself – including illegal hooch to buoy his steadily eroding nerves and sanity.

INVESTIGATORS' INTRODUCTION

Investigators can be introduced to this scenario through a number of methods:

1. One or more of the investigators are friends of Frederick Briden, a young man who rediscovers an item of jewelry under rather distressing circumstances. Briden implores his investigator friends to help him solve a mystery of personal importance that soon connects with the case of the missing Boston artists.
2. Detective Paul Farrell, assigned to track down the missing artists, is a personal friend or professional associate of one or more of the investigators. Departmental resources are scant, his investigation has stalled, and out of frustration he has called upon one or more of the investigators as “expert consultants” to assist him.
3. One or more of the investigators has a connection to the Boston School of the Museum of Fine Arts, an ideal option if one or more of the investigators are artists themselves. They may

be current or former students, instructors or administrators, or perhaps affluent patrons of the institution. As all three of the missing artists are affili-

ated with the School of the Museum, this has thrown both the School and its parent institution, the Museum, into a quiet panic. Frustrated by the lack of police progress and grilled by their trustees, the Museum of Fine Arts turns to friendly contacts for assistance. Investigators-for-hire can also find lucrative employment on this case as the Museum of Fine Arts is eager for results.

4. One of the missing artists could be a close friend, relative, or former love interest of an investigator, making it a very personal quest to find them.

Any or all of these methods may be employed by the keeper to hook investigators into the scenario.

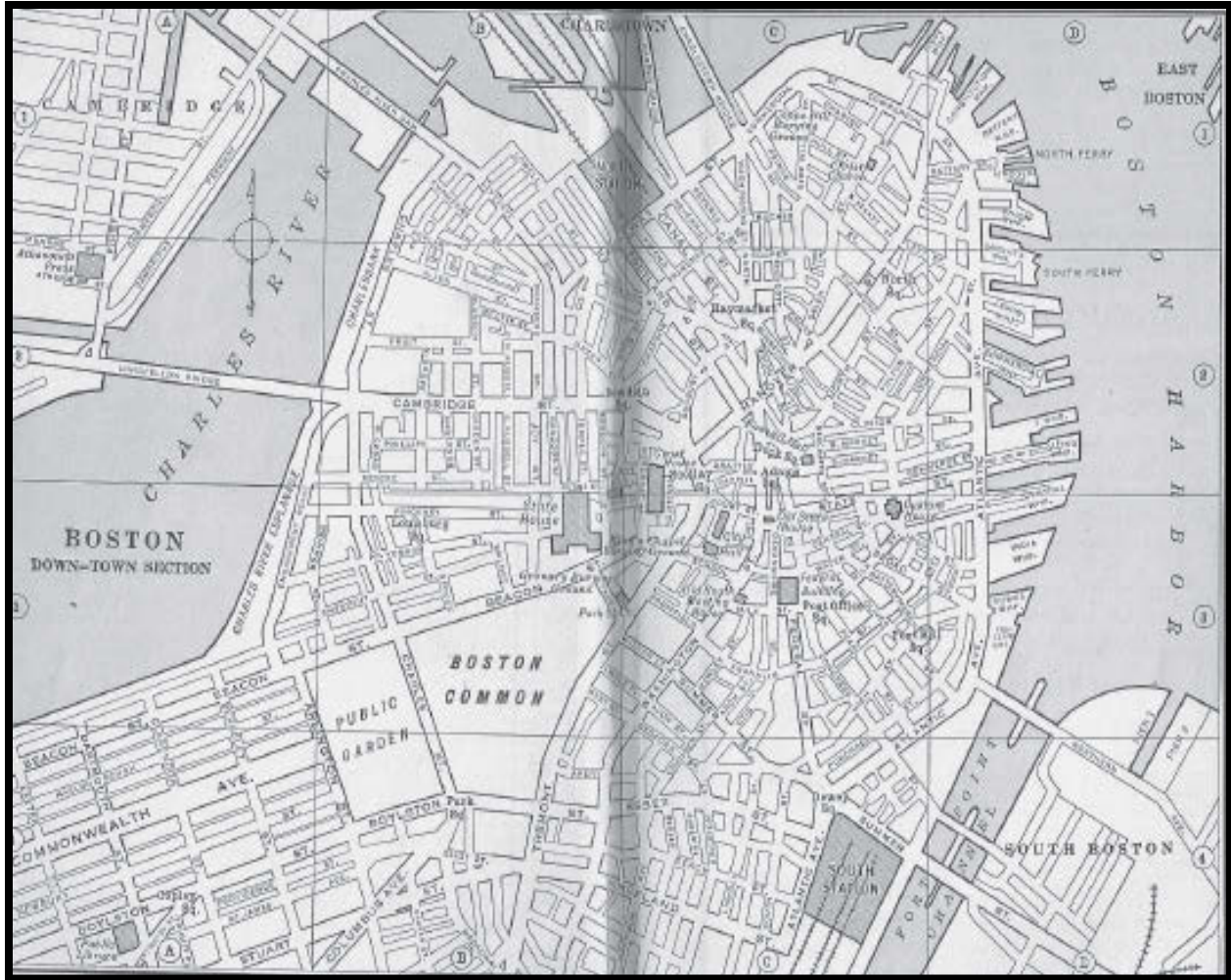
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

As Investigators make their way about town investigating lockets and lost artists, the following few words about Boston are intended as a brief snapshot of the city.

Boston is New England's largest and most important city, a hub of finance, education, medicine, transportation, and culture. Founded in 1630, the city is capitol of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Boston has functioned since its earliest days as a key Atlantic seaport. Railroads extend Boston's reach to the Saint Lawrence River and the Great Lakes to the North, and to the Hudson and Mississippi Rivers to the South, and to all points in between. Locally, Boston's bus and subway services connect all points within the city, including across the Charles River to Cambridge, home to Harvard University.

Originally settled and dominated by the Puritan English on land appropriated from the Native Americans, Boston is now a conglomerate of many nationalities, ethnicities, and cultures. The original New England Protestant stock, while still an affluent presence in the city and indelibly a part of the city's past and present character, have given way to successive waves of working-class Irish, Italians, Poles,





Map of Downtown Boston

Russians, European Jews and others seeking a new home and new opportunities on American shores.

In 1920 the population of Boston is estimated at nearly 750,000 souls; by 1930 this number has grown to almost 780,000. Much of the city and its surroundings are densely populated communities. Boston's average temperature is a chilly 35°F (2°C) in winter and a pleasant 74°F (23°C) in the summer. Frequent, extreme, and sudden temperature changes can be common, with rises or drops of thirty degrees or more within a 24 hour cycle. Winters are typically snowy, with Boston and environs experiencing four or five significant snowstorms during the season. Summers can be very sticky and humid, despite the city's nearness to the ocean. Summer thunderstorms are frequent, typically heralding downpours that sometimes flood streets with poor drainage.

Boston is governed by a mayor and a city council. Throughout much of the 1920s, Boston's mayor is the powerful and controversial James M. Curley, popular with the working classes but often at the center of scandal: his reign over the city is riddled with charges of misconduct, influence-peddling, and fraud.

The city has several major newspapers. The Boston Herald is the most widely-read and independent-minded of the Boston dailies. The Advertiser and the Evening Transcript are both Republican-leaning publications, while the Globe counters with a Democratic orientation.

Beacon Hill is home to Boston's de facto aristocracy; rows of genteel brownstone and red brick town-



houses sheltering generations of the city's best-bred and oldest moneyed families. Back Bay is a beautiful district of well-maintained town-houses along tree-lined streets and is home to scores of well-heeled college students who attend classes at Harvard, Radcliffe, Simmons, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). The Financial District is one of the city's most ancient and congested quarters where modern office buildings tower over centuries-old historic structures. The North End has the distinction of being the site of the original city, expanded over the generations to today's sprawling metropolis. Crowded and labyrinthine, the North End is home to thousands of working-poor immigrant families packed into cheap tenement houses along narrow, twisting lanes and alleys. The North End is supposedly riddled with subterranean smugglers' tunnels, harking back to pre-Revolutionary times as colonists attempted to move contraband beneath the notice of the King's tax-men. Charlestown's many docks are a hub of travel and commerce, as well as home to the massive Charlestown Navy Yard, where scores of military watercraft are docked. The Navy Yard is home to the U.S.S. Constitution, the oldest commissioned ship in the United States Navy.

Downtown Crossing is Boston's premier shopping destination with two large local department stores, Jordan Marsh and Filenes anchoring the district. Scores of smaller retail establishments and street vendors pack the thoroughfares.

POINTS OF INTEREST

Boston Asylum: On the southwestern outskirts of metropolitan Boston, this 250-acre campus dedicated to the care of the insane houses 2,400 patient-residents. Investigators apprehended in the throes of insanity while within city limits are

likely brought here. The most violently insane or those with manifestly criminal intent are soon transferred to the more severe Bridgewater State Hospital for the Insane, some 28 miles south of the city.

Boston Common: This 50 acre central park established in 1634 is Boston's oldest.

Boston Public Garden: Originally a patch of salt marsh, now a twenty-four acre swath of landscaped green and lake directly across Charles Street from Boston Common. The Garden's meandering pathways and flower beds are maintained by the city and various volunteer groups. Within the Garden are numerous statues of prominent Bostonians. The Public Garden is also home to the Swan Boats, a Boston cultural icon since their first appearance in the 1870s.

Boston Public Library: Containing records of all the major newspapers and an extensive collection of books. It holds no Mythos Tomes.

Boston University: Not as prestigious as Harvard, BU is still a respectable institute of higher learning.

Bunker Hill Monument: Completed in 1843, this 221-foot granite block obelisk atop a rise in Charlestown commemorates the first major battle between American and British forces in the Revolutionary War.

Copp's Hill Burying Ground: Founded in 1659, named after shoemaker William Copp who once owned the land, this is Boston's second oldest burying ground. Many thousands of early Boston residents are buried on the Hill, including scores of African American laborers buried in unmarked graves. Colonial ministers Increase Mather and his son Cotton are both buried here.

Custom House Tower: Completed in 1849, the Boston Custom House was built by the federal government to collect maritime duties from the merchant clipper ships that frequented Boston Harbor. In 1913 a 496-foot tower was added to



the building's base to make it Boston's tallest structure. The grand, 22-foot diameter clock on all four faces of the tower's apex are saddled with an underpowered mechanical motor and so the tower fails to tell the correct time.

Cutler Majestic Theatre: Originally commissioned for construction by Eben Dyer Jordan, son of Jordan Marsh, founder of the Jordan Marsh chain of department stores. Grandly neoclassical in style and originally built for serious theatre, by the 1920s the venue hosts popular vaudeville shows.

Faneuil Hall Marketplace: Located near the waterfront, a marketplace and meeting place since 1742. It remains a focus of Bostonian commerce and politics, the quintessential American marketplace of both goods and ideas.

Fenway Park: Home ballpark to the Boston Red Sox since its opening in 1912. Also occasionally used to host Boston's other early baseball team, the Boston Braves.

Harvard University: Founded in 1636 just across the Charles River in Cambridge, Harvard is the oldest, wealthiest and most prestigious university in the United States. Harvard University boasts a School of Arts and Sciences, a School of Theology, a School of Engineering, a School of Law, the Arnold Arboretum, an Agricultural Institute, and a School of Medicine. Harvard also encompasses the University Museum, the Botanical Gardens, the Peabody Museum of American Archeology, and the Gray Herbarium. Situated on the campus of Harvard University, the Widener Library is the oldest library in the country with over three million volumes. The library contains many mythos tomes in its rare books collection including Olaus Wormius' Latin translation of the *Necronomicon*, the Bridewell edition of *Nameless Cults*, *Cultes des Goules*, *The Book of Eibon* and an English translation of *The Masked Messenger* by Sir Richard Francis Burton.

King's Chapel Burying Ground: founded in 1630, the city's oldest burying place. It is the fi-

nal resting place for many colonists, including John Winthrop, first governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony, and Mary Chilton, the first woman to step off the Mayflower. Ghouls prowl the grounds at night.

Massachusetts General Hospital: Founded in 1811 and designed by architect Charles Bulfinch. Originally constructed to care for the poor and homeless, the hospital now serves patients of all socioeconomic strata.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology: Another Cambridge landmark of academic excellence, MIT (founded 1865) boasts the strongest architecture, engineering, and practical scientific programs in the country.

Midtown Hotel: This fine hotel has single, twin and double rooms with en suites ranging from \$3 to \$8 per night. A worthwhile alternative for those possessing means to stay somewhere nice while still mindful of expenses.

New World Incorporated: The Boston office of this large international corporation funds many research and development projects underway at Harvard University and MIT.

Omni Parker House: A grand, historic hotel famous for its luxury and service since 1855. White marble, arched windows, deep carpets, impeccable service and fine dining in this Italianate-style landmark are the order of the day. Rates range from \$20 per night for the smallest rooms up to \$100 a night for a top floor suite. Investigators who stay here for more than a week gain a 1D6 increase on their Credit Rating and are likely to brush shoulders with the rich and famous.

Radcliffe College for Women: another prestigious institution of higher learning; affiliated with Harvard University.

Symphony Hall: built in 1900 for the Boston Symphony Orchestra.



Frederick “Freddy” Briden

The exact nature of Freddy’s relationship to investigators is up to the Keeper to invent. Frederick “Freddy” Briden is a recent Boston University graduate currently clerking at a downtown Boston financial firm. He keeps a small apartment in a respectable neighborhood in nearby Charlestown. His father died several years ago, and his mother within the last year, a victim of polio. Despite the loss of his beloved mother, Freddy is normally upbeat and devil-may-care, with an impish sense of humor and a winning smile. He never lacks for dates but has yet to find “that one special someone.” He is a fast friend, a stand-up fellow, and a solid citizen. Freddy’s temper can flare but it never smolders for long; however he has never been so outraged as in the present circumstances. If investigators allow Freddy to accompany them back to the pawn shop, the young man’s temper will likely instigate an ugly scene.

BEGINNING THE SCENARIO

OPTION ONE – A FRUSTRATED FRIEND

Frederick “Freddy” Briden – a good friend or relative of one or more of the investigators – appears in a state of great upset. Arriving at an investigator’s place of business, or arranging a meeting at a local café, or turning up at the Investigator’s private residence, it is immediately obvious that Freddy is tremendously agitated over some personal matter.

Normally an animated, happy-go-lucky personality, Frederick now relates to Investigators his tale of outrage and woe:

While browsing a Boston pawn shop’s wares in search of a trinket to please his latest girlfriend, Freddy was shocked to discover a unique locket for sale in the shop’s jewelry case. The locket belonged to Frederick’s mother – she was buried

with it around her neck less than a year ago. Its appearance in the pawn shop stunned young Frederick. Pressing the man behind the counter for answers earned Freddy a rude ejection from the shop. The young man is furious and wants answers.

Frederick Briden, Age 25, Agitated Friend

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

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: none

Skills: Accounting 50%, Credit Rating 30%, History 30%, Law 15%, Library Use 85%, Listen 65%, Swim 30%

Languages: English 75%, Latin 25%

Frederick complains that he went to the police with the matter of the locket, only to be rebuffed by the authorities with a fistful of forms to report stolen goods. “Apparently my problem is unworthy of their attention” remarks Frederick bitterly. “Will you help me get to the bottom of this...this...”

Frederick grasps for the right words, “This outrage.” Freddy can provide directions to the pawn shop – “Republic Loan” near Boston’s Downtown Crossing – and indeed is eager to return there with his friends, fists clenched and jaw thrust forward. It may be best if Freddy left the visit to his investigator friends, so that cooler heads may prevail.

Investigators trying their luck with the police find that Boston’s Finest have a long list of serious crimes to investigate; a suspected fenced locket is far down the list of priorities. Investigators with strong Credit Rating scores will get more respect out of the police, but essentially receive the same bureaucratic response. Finally a sympathetic desk sergeant



Frederick “Freddy” Briden



The Locket

The locket at the center of Frederick Briden's distress was a Mother's Day gift to Josephine Briden, given to her by her only son when he was ten years old. Little Frederick's father had the locket custom-made at the E.B. Horn jewelry store on Washington Street. The locket features Josephine's initials in silver chasing on the front casing; within the hinged keepsake is a thumbnail-sized photograph of a ten-year-old Frederick on one side and opposite a tiny daguerreotype image of Freddy's father. Frederick would recognize the locket under any circumstance as a one-of-a-kind keepsake cherished by his mother.

directs Investigators to the cramped office of a very harried Detective Paul Farrell. Farrell distractedly listens to the Investigators' story, then apologizes for his preoccupation, explaining that he has some far bigger cases to tackle at the moment. "I'm sorry, really I am," says the policeman, "but missing college students and their professor take precedence over a suspected stolen locket. I'll call you if I find anything, but don't wait by the telephone."

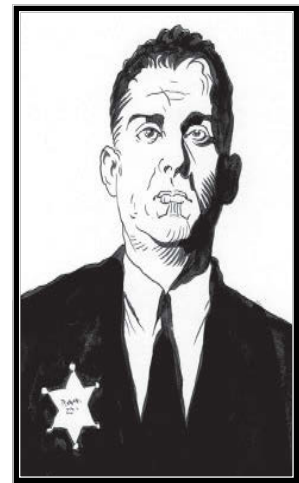
If asked about the missing college students and their professor, Detective Farrell regards the Investigators for a long moment, shrugs to himself, and says "Look, I'm not sure what your particular skills may be in finding missing persons, and I certainly can't offer rewards, but at this point I'm happy to get any help that I can." Keepers can refer to the option two "A Visit from Detective Farrell" to proceed.

OPTION TWO – A VISIT FROM DETECTIVE FARRELL

Detective Paul Farrell of the Boston Police Department approaches one or more investigators as a professional colleague, personal friend, or past associate. Even investigators with shady backgrounds may be discreetly approached by the detective if their underworld contacts are deemed useful. Hat in hand, Farrell apologizes for intruding on the investigator's affairs but

was hoping that the investigator and perhaps some worthy colleagues might be able to assist him with the case of the missing artists to which he has been assigned. Alternatively, investigators may be interviewing Detective Farrell as a consequence of helping their friend Frederick Briden, as previously detailed. Modify the following sequence to suit circumstances.

Detective Farrell is frustrated that every avenue of his investigation has so far turned up nothing. He quickly gets the investigators up to speed on the case so far: two young female students – from good families – attending classes at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts have disappeared, along with one of their instructors. "It's as if they've fallen off the face of the earth," complains the detective. Farrell has nosed around the School



Detective Paul Farrell

and the Museum, interviewed persons there, and approached members of the Boston art scene – notably the Boston Art Club, where Professor Jason Davies is listed as a member. He has interviewed the families of the missing. No one seems to know anything, or at least are not providing information that he has been able to piece together to form a coherent lead. Farrell is hoping that the investigators may find something he has overlooked, an interviewee may remember something new, etc. The detective is eager to please his superiors on this case and is refreshingly open-minded.

For those not using Option One, Farrell also adds the following: "While all this is going on," says Farrell, "other cases are piling up. Earlier today I spoke with some guy who thinks his mother's stuff is



The Boston Police Department and Detective Paul Farrell

Headquartered in Boston's City Hall with satellite neighborhood precincts, the Boston Police Department is a recovering organization. Still weak in the wake of the 1919 Patrolman's Strike, the department has earned itself a poor reputation among the citizenry. It is saddled with too many poorly-trained, hardly qualified officers, the result of lowered admittance standards in the scramble to replace patrolmen let go during the strike. Newly promoted in the wake of the strike is Detective Paul Farrell. A good-hearted, uncomplicated lawman barely into his middle years, Farrell is still very much a beat cop and still teaching himself the different skill set required to be a detective. This means that Farrell may miss clues or fail to act on investigative opportunities that come naturally to player-investigators.

Assigned to the cases of the three missing artists, Farrell easily suspects a connection between the disappearances yet so far has failed to establish a critical link between the three. His lack of progress, coupled with his eagerness to demonstrate competency in his new role, pushes the lawman to seek outside "consulting experts" (the player-investigators). Detective Farrell stresses to Player Investigator contacts that they have not been officially deputized and must operate within the bounds of the law with an eye to discretion. In return for their assistance, investigators earn a valuable ally on the Boston police force.

being illegally pawned. But get this – the guy's mother died months ago, and the guy thinks the stuff is being grave-robbled!" The detective shakes his head, "But missing people takes top priority – especially three missing young people from the MFA. We're not talking about petty crooks and vagrants, folks who vanish every day from the streets. These are quality people; their families want answers. The MFA wants

answers. My superiors want answers." Farrell grimaces in frustration, "It's a tough nut to crack, all around."

Investigators are welcome to help De-

tective Farrell on either the missing persons case, or, if it piques their interest, the suspected grave-robbery incident. Both cases are related, though the investigators and the authorities are presently ignorant of this connection. Care must be taken by the keeper that Detective Farrell stays an interested party in the investigation yet does not overshadow the roles of the Player Characters.

Detective Paul Farrell, Age 39, Stressed Detective

STR 15 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 13 APP 11 EDU 12 SAN 50 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .38 revolver 40%, damage 1D10

Skills: Bargain 35%, Drive Auto 40%, Fast Talk 40%, Law 45%, Listen 55%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 50%

Language: English 60%

OPTION THREE – THE MUSEUM NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT

The investigators have a connection to either the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, or to its parent institution, the MFA itself. They may be students, administrators, faculty, visiting artists, curators, or wealthy and well-meaning patrons. Alternatively the Investigators may be private detectives or other "for hire" types commissioned by the institution to supplement the investigative work of the Boston Police Department.

The MFA is deeply troubled by the disappearances of three of its community members and worried that yet more may go missing. The institution also frets that publicity generated by the worrisome business will damage the MFA's considerable reputation. Frustrated by the lack of police progress, the MFA generously compensates for-hire types, gratefully welcoming assistance from skilled persons if they can find the missing artists. Mr. Edward Waldo Forbes serves the Museum and School as principal director. A slightly awkward, diffident man of early middle years, Forbes bears



a striking resemblance to his maternal grandfather, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Forbes pledges the full assistance and cooperation of the Museum, the School, and their respective faculty in the hopes that the missing artists will be found safe, sound, and soon. In practicality the pledge of assistance and cooperation means that investigators may roam the Museum and School, interviewing students, faculty, curators and employees without undue interference. Forbes also states that the Museum's police contact in the missing persons affair is one detective Paul Farrell. So far the detective has yet to provide MFA officials with any solid information on the case, which is vexing.

Interviewing staff and faculty at the MFA is initially a frustrating task. The building's two stories of multiple wings and inter-connected galleries are grand enclosures of seemingly endless proportions. Beyond, behind, and below the public spaces are innumerable offices, workspaces, and storage. It would be no difficult feat to lose oneself in the Museum for days without anyone taking especial notice. Stringent gate control and strict attendance counts are decades away; curators seem far more focused on the preservation of the priceless paintings and artifacts in their care than the welfare of the guests, students and patrons who frequent the Museum's many exhibits.

At the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, faculty members hold their colleague Jason Davies in good regard, although many have only known the young professor for several weeks, since the start of the semester. The same can be said of Ruth Hall, a first year student, newly arrived to the School and barely into her classes before her disappearance. Helen Wilson, a second year student, is better known to the faculty. She is described as a willful girl, not unpleasant, yet possessed of a somewhat unsettling aura difficult to quantify. Some found her sense of humor off-putting, perverse and mordant. Her academic marks reveal a competent if not outstanding student. Despite her sometimes-odd demeanor, school officials recall nothing that would indicate in

The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Founded in 1870, the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston is a world-class institution for the study, exhibition, and appreciation of the fine arts. Its collections, ranging from mankind's earliest efforts at expression to the works of modern masters, are priceless. The building itself is huge, occupying an entire city block on Huntington Avenue in Boston's Fenway district. Within its walls are housed nearly half a million works of art. Major collections include ancient Egyptian artifacts and sarcophagi (still occupied by their original tenants), French impressionist and post-impressionist masterpieces by Manet, Gauguin, Renoir and Van Gogh, and the Morse Collection of over 5,000 pieces of Japanese pottery. Relegated to basement storage, unpublicized and cataloged as discreetly as possible, are several unsettling paintings done by local madman and master artist Richard Upton Pickman.

The affiliated School of the Museum of Fine Arts is located in an adjacent brick building west of the MFA. The School features studio, library, and classroom space, and enjoys premier access to the world-class collections and exhibits of its parent institution. The disappearances of two of its students and one of its faculty members is a deeply distressing occurrence without precedent in the institution's history. Administration at the MFA and the School are frustrated at the apparent lack of police progress in finding the missing artists.

Helen Wilson a desire to suddenly drop out of classes and out of sight.

Students at the School barely know Ruth Hall, who has just started classes and whose natural reserve has (so far) kept her from much social intercourse with her peers, save with Helen Wilson, a second-year student at the School. Students do a better job describing Helen Wilson. Universally the other students diplomatically describe Wilson as something of an odd character (and this coming from art students, who typically have very liberal views on personal codes of dress and behavior). Helen enjoys macabre themes and has a perverse sense of humor. Her occasional innu-



endos about fellow students and sometimes faculty often border on the offensive. She hints of wild adventures she has had but the details are always vague or contradictory. If pressed on the matter of the “adventures,” one undergraduate blushes furiously and tactfully declares she is at a loss to enunciate particulars. Wilson often tours the School and the

Museum’s galleries with a slim, well-thumbed volume of Poe’s prose underneath her arm. To some it seemed almost a fixation on the author and his macabre fiction. Recently the girl was seen in the company of another student, Ruth Hall, who has also gone missing. Ruth seems like a much more normal girl, but the two students seemed to find a common bond in the



Roberto Silva

works of Poe and struck up a friendship. Several students had recently seen Helen engaged in deep conversation with a heavy-set, well-dressed, middle-aged man who was observed visiting the Museum often in recent weeks; students assumed this man was a family relative or retainer. Being “an older man, at least thirty” the students paid the man little attention, other than to note that he spent a lot of time around Wilson, who sometimes had Hall by her side, the three engaged in quiet, earnest conversation.

As investigators make their rounds about the Museum and School, a successful **Idea** roll indicates notice of a particular janitorial custodian always on the periphery of their rounds.

The man appears to be in his early thirties, with ethnic characteristics marking him as perhaps Italian or Greek.

Roberto Silva is in fact Portuguese, and

has been a janitor at the MFA for less than a year. A recent arrival to the country, Roberto now lives in fear that he may lose his good, stable job at the Museum if he tells what he knows. This fear has kept him from directly approaching authority figures.

A decent man, Roberto is deeply conflicted: should he tell what he knows if it will help find the missing community members at the cost of his own welfare? Or should he remain silent and secure in his position?

What Roberto Knows

In a halting, quiet voice, heavily accented by his native Portuguese, Roberto may reveal to investigators that he saw a Museum regular approach all three of the missing community members at different times. Roberto suspects that the man is a patron of the Museum, and thus is especially wary of implicating a benefactor in any wrongdoing, fearing potential backlash. “I am a humble, hardworking man. I want no trouble,” states Roberto truthfully. Prodded along, however, urged by his own sense of moral decency, Roberto continues. The man he witnessed approach all three of the missing is thickset, in his early forties, well-dressed yet with the stink of alcohol about his person. The man’s appearance is haggard, “as if he does not sleep well,” observes Roberto. Roberto’s natural tendency to keep a respectful distance from Museum patrons and students means that he cannot say what the man discussed with the students and the professor. Roberto did notice that the man seemed particularly attracted to the girls, and suspects a base motive for the man’s interest in them.

Roberto thinks that he may have been the last person to see professor Jason Davies before he disappeared. It was the Sunday evening before the instructor failed to appear for Monday classes. Roberto was not supposed to be in the building that night, but had months ago discovered a forgotten master key that allows him access to the building whenever he desires. There was a big Jack Dempsey fight on that night; lacking his own radio at home,



Roberto snuck into the building that night to listen to the fight on the Crosley radio receiver located in an office on the first floor. He was just at the front doors when he was surprised by the approach of Professor Davies. Davies asked to be admitted to the building as well, since he did not have a key. Roberto let Davies into the building, hoping that the professor would not reveal the fact to anyone, as this would draw questions as to why and how Roberto was himself in the building at that hour. Roberto was listening to the fight on the receiver with a good view of the Fenway neighborhood from the office window. In time Roberto spied Professor Davies leaving the School, making his way down the Fenway, in the direction of the Museum. The professor's progress was arrested by the sudden appearance of another man: the heavy-set, well-dressed fellow Roberto recognized as a frequent visitor to the galleries of the Museum. Professor Davies seemed surprised to see the other man. The heavy-set fellow spoke a few words with Professor Davies, and the two set off together into the night. Roberto could not hear their words, but it did not seem as if the professor was physically coerced into joining the other man. However, Professor Davies failed to appear for classes the next day, and very soon his disappearance became a police matter. Roberto – a good man – wants to tell what he saw the night of Davies' disappearance, but does not want to lose his position at the School and Museum.

Roberto Silva, Age 32, School and Museum Janitor

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 13 INT 17 POW 14
DEX 13 APP 14 EDU 10 SAN 70 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Broom handle 25%, damage 1D2+db

Skills: Bargain 35%, Electrical Repair 45%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Listen 50%, Operate Heavy Machinery 40%, Spot Hidden 40%

Languages: English 35%, Portuguese 65%

OPTION FOUR – FAMILY CONNECTIONS

Ruth Hall could be the love interest of a Player Investigator. Jason Davies could be a personal friend, old school chum, favorite cousin or nephew. Helen Wilson's parents could be good family friends. Finally, Hall and Wilson's families are affluent and can afford to hire private investigators to augment investigations underway by the Boston Police Department.

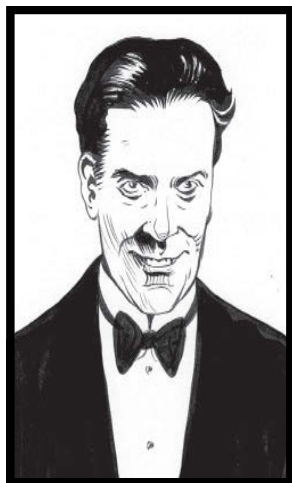
About Jason Davies:

Checking in at the MFA personnel office, administrators report that Professor Jason Davies began teaching at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts with the start of the fall semester several short weeks ago. Prior to his new teaching assignment, Davies spent several years in Providence, Rhode Island art circles. Davies had some fill-in teaching stints at Boston's Massachusetts Normal Art School and Beacon Street's School of Practical Art. He also had a gallery showing in Manhattan's upper east side. The Personnel Office files show that Davies only recently rented a modest apartment in Boston's South End, a predominantly Irish neighborhood. Professor Davies lists his parents – Mr. and Mrs. James Davies of Providence, Rhode Island – as emergency contacts. The school has already been in contact with the professor's parents regarding his missing status.

Professor Davies' parents are solid, middle-class folk, very worried about their missing son. They fret that Jason may have become a victim of Boston street crime. According to them, Jason has been very happy recently: with the full-time teaching appointment at the School of the MFA, Jason has finally been able to move out and get an apartment closer to his work in Boston. According to his parents, Davies attributed his turn of good luck to an all-important gallery showing last spring in Manhattan. Jason returned from that showing eager to tell



his parents that he had made contact with representatives from Boston's School of the Museum of Fine Arts and that they expressed interest in hiring him as a full-time instructor. Further, an affluent Bostonian art collector had purchased one of Jason's more macabre works and promised



Jason Davies

to sponsor Jason in the prestigious Boston Art Club. Jason's parents do not know the name of the Bostonian who promised to sponsor their son in the Art Club. They hope that Jason will soon resurface unharmed and the whole matter will be sorted out. Jason's parents can provide a street address for their son's apartment in Boston's South End. They eagerly await any news concerning their son.

Jason Davies' Apartment

Checking out Professor Davies' apartment in Southie, Investigators find it locked. No one answers to knocks or calls at the door. Mrs. Sullivan, the landlord, soon appears to find out who is knocking on doors in her building. Suitable Fast Talk, Persuade, Law or Credit Rating rolls will convince Mrs. Sullivan to produce a key and admit investigators to Davies' apartment. "Nice young man," she says in faintly accented Irish brogue, "I hope he is all right. I hope they find those young women from the museum, too. I am praying for them." Mrs. Sullivan cannot provide much more information about Davies – she has only known the professor for

a few weeks at most – but insists that he seems a nice, educated young man of good character. "If I had a daughter, well, I'd be sure to introduce her to

the fine fellow. Lord but I hope that he is all right."

Within the apartment, the place is sparsely furnished with second-hand furniture. Half-finished charcoal sketches, oil-on-canvas paintings, and the occasional clay sculpture litter the apartment. The small kitchen table supports a battered Royal typewriter beside which rests a small sheaf of lecture notes. All of the artwork tends toward the somber, fantastic, and macabre: shadowy figures, lonely urban landscapes, wan and spectral faces. A successful **Spot Hidden** roll detects a small calling card, folded twice and wedged under the typewriter's base to keep it level on the table. Unfolded, the card reads: Boston Art Club. 150 Newbury Street, Boston.

About Ruth Hall:

Ruth Hall's family lives in a comfortably-appointed neo-colonial house in nearby Belmont, Massachusetts. Her father, an executive at the Schraft's Candy Company in Charlestown, is especially distraught over his daughter's disappearance and will do nearly anything to see her returned safely home. Nothing in the Hall family's background suggests that Ruth would willfully run away. Her friends are all upstanding young people of generally wholesome character. Desperate to get their daughter back, the family shares information with anyone who offers assistance, including access to the young woman's room. Within are found decent clothes and shoes lined up neatly in the closet; small keepsakes and souvenirs of family travels, outgrown dolls and toys from Ruth's past too dear to discard.

A selection of Ruth's artwork adorns the walls, and here may be the only jarring element to an otherwise wholesome domestic scene: many of the paintings are suggestive of the sinister. Nothing blatant or distasteful, merely suggestive. One painting depicts a pair of children lost in a vast, dark forest; long shadows menace the children from all sides. Another work portrays a tall, lonely castle tower shrouded in mist; strange, sinister,



wraithlike forms cavort in the vapor. A lone face peers out of the tower's topmost window, features frozen in an eternal silent scream. A third painting displays a full autumn harvest moon shining down on costumed Halloween revelers; the "face" in the moon is anything but merry, instead leering sardonically at the innocent masquers, as if in possession of terrible secrets.

Ruth's father remarks that his daughter has always enjoyed "spooky" stories: he would often entertain her with ghost stories when she was a child. Although her "dark art" seemed strange emanating from an otherwise wholesome, attractive young woman, Sherman Hall always encouraged his daughter to follow

her interests and paint her passion.

Since her admission to the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Mr. Hall says that Ruth has been especially happy. "She has one particularly understanding professor," comments Mr. Hall, "and a friend at the School who shares her interest in spooky themes." A loving father yet workaholic business-



Ruth Hall

man, Sherman Hall does not recall the names of Ruth's professor nor the like-minded school chum. "There was one fellow, though, recently..." Sherman Hall taps his chin thoughtfully in an effort to remember, "some older man named Thurston, or Thornton, or was it Thurber? Ruthie says he was a patron of the Museum, had seen a recent student art exhibition, and bought one of her paintings." Mr. Hall smiles at the thought, "Ruthie was ecstatic. The man said that he had a friend who would particularly appreciate Ruthie's painting." Mr. Hall sighs deeply, "Ruthie was so happy as of late, as if she'd finally found her niche. I can't imagine what has happened." Mr. Hall turns away, momentarily overcome with emotion,

then apologizes: "Please, if you can help find my Ruthie, I'll do anything to help, and will be forever in your debt."

About Helen Wilson:

Helen Wilson lives with her mother and younger sister in an elegant brownstone townhouse on Newbury Street, not far from the Boston Art Club, in the city's most high-toned neighborhood. Helen's father works for the State Department and is frequently overseas for months at a time. He is currently en route back to the States, having been informed of the emergency at home. Investigators calling at the Wilson home will be greeted by the butler, a staid, elderly man. The butler shuffles callers to a nearby sitting room then disappears to summon the lady of the house. Moments after the butler steps out, Helen's younger sister Heidi – a mischievous, imaginative, attention-starved girl of sixteen – greets the callers. Heidi finds the disappearance of her sibling terribly exciting: it has got the whole household worked up, and her father is coming home.

Hannah Wilson, the girls' mother, is a teary-eyed mess. Nearly prostrate over the realization that her eldest daughter is missing, Mrs. Wilson can offer nothing useful. The butler and two maids – all of advanced years – make it a point to stay out of family matters, especially the frippery of the girls. They too are of no help to the investigation.

Young Heidi gleefully opines that her older sister has been kidnapped by mobsters or hashish fiends and sold into white slavery (according to their mother, dire circumstances are the fate of all morally heedless girls). Her sister, Heidi happily affirms, is a wicked girl. Case in point, Heidi confides with a huge Cheshire-cat grin, Helen had a crush on one of her art school professors – a handsome fellow named Davies – and tried to seduce him! Yet, Heidi relates gleefully, Hel-



The Art of Madness Papers #1

Authorities Alarmed at Second Missing Student – Three Total Missing from MFA

A second student from Boston's School of the Museum of Fine Arts has been reported missing – bringing the total to three missing persons affiliated with the MFA within the last month. Miss Ruth Hall, a first year student, has not been seen for the last two days, after she failed to appear for a meeting with friends. Miss Hall's friends alerted the Boston Police.

"We're now searching diligently for both Miss Wilson and Miss Hall," asserted Boston Police Detective Paul Farrell, "and we are actively investigating the possibility that the two students' sudden disappearance may be related to that of Jason Davies, who also remains unaccounted for."

Readers will recall that Davies, a professor at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, has been missing for a month. Student Helen Wilson has been missing for two weeks.

Miss Hall is eighteen years of age, with short-cut blonde hair, slim build, and was last seen wearing a black, V-neck style silk dress with off-white lace trim. She has a silver charm bracelet on her left wrist which she seldom removes.

Any member of the public with information on the whereabouts of Miss Ruth Hall, Professor Jason Davies or Miss Helen Wilson, are urged to contact the Boston Police Department.

en was frustrated that her professor seemed oblivious to her affections. "Of course, Helen is not as good looking or as charming as I am," sniffs Heidi, "So it's no wonder she has to chase after her teachers, and that they ignore her." Heidi fastens her eyes on the most eligible-looking man in the room, "Of course, if I were interested in a man, it would be an altogether different story." She giggles wickedly.

Doubly vexing to her sister Helen, relates

Heidi, there was a "creepy older man" that Helen met at

the MFA. This fellow seemed very interested in Helen after the two had struck up a conversation in the



Ancient Egyptian gallery. After that, the man seemed to turn up an awful lot when Helen was studying in the Museum, always pestering her about her interest in so-called "funerary art." "Helen was sick of the man," grins Heidi, "And was ready to tell him off when she got herself sold into white slavery or kidnapped by gangsters. Guess that old man will have to find a new girlfriend," she snickers. Heidi does not know the name of the "old man" who took such an interest in her sister.



Helen Wilson

Heidi Wilson, Age 16, Young Dilettante

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 13 POW 10
DEX 14 APP 15 EDU 12 SAN 50 HP 10

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: none

Skills: Art 25%, Craft (Needlepoint) 25%, Credit Rating 55%, Fast Talk 55%, Listen 55%, Persuade 65%, Ride Horse 40%

Language: English 75%, Latin 35%

Samples of Helen Wilson's art can be found in her bedroom on the third floor of the townhouse. Primarily done in etchings and aquatint, and lacking stylistic refinement, Wilson's pieces are heavily reminiscent of the fin-de-siècle decadent movement: her works appear directly inspired by the prose of Poe, Huysmans, and Wilde.

THE NEWSPAPERS

Investigators may wish to track down newspaper articles concerning the recent disappearances of art students in the Boston area. Back issues of the Boston Globe or Boston Herald can be found in the newspaper's city offices

or in the periodicals section of area libraries. Each article requires one hour's research and a successful **Library Use** skill roll. The latest article (The Art of Madness Papers #1) is dated the same day as the start of the scenario (i.e. it has just been reported that Ruth Hall has gone missing). Handout #2 (The Art of Madness Papers #2) is dated two weeks ago (i.e.; Helen Wilson has been missing for two weeks). Handout #3 (The Art of Madness Papers #3) is dated approximately one month ago (Professor Davies had barely started classes when he vanished).

THE BOSTON ART CLUB

Located on the corner of Dartmouth and Newbury streets in an imposing redbrick mansion, the Boston Art Club has been a nexus for artistic talent and well-heeled patrons of the arts for over seventy years. Reflecting the status of its members, membership fees are an astounding \$800. The funds go to the upkeep of the property, remuneration of staff, and funding a revolving cycle of exhibits, lectures, and similarly themed events. The building itself houses exhibit space, dining space, parlors, meeting rooms, and sleeping accommodations in the fashion of the best gentlemen's clubs of the era. Membership is limited to men only. The front portal is staffed by an immaculately dressed, impeccably polite ostiary who makes it a point of professional pride to recognize members on sight and offer them courteous greetings. This man takes outer coats, makes pleasantries, and escorts member's female guests to a small, very proper ladies' parlor just off the front foyer. There, the women are served tea, coffee, and dainty biscuits and are expected to engage in polite social intercourse while the men conduct business elsewhere within the clubhouse.

Staff also do an excellent job ensuring that only members are allowed access to the sanctum of the clubhouse; outsiders are politely discouraged from treading past the foyer, instead helpfully offered directions to other places of interest in the neighborhood. As the clubhouse is located in the most fashionable neighbor-

The Art of Madness Papers #2

--(dated approximately 2 weeks ago)

Museum of Fine Arts Student Missing

Miss Helen Wilson, a second year student at Boston's School of the Museum of Fine Arts, is missing.

Miss Wilson was last seen on Saturday evening on the platform of the Boylston Street subway station. Several schoolmates parted ways with her there after a day of shopping. She was not present for classes on Monday, which alarmed her school friends. Her instructors were also concerned.

School administration contacted Wilson's parents to notify them of her truancy from class. When there was still no word from her on Tuesday, both the school and Ms. Wilson's family became alarmed and notified authorities.

Miss Wilson is twenty years old, has medium-length auburn hair, and blue eyes. She is of medium height and build, and was last seen wearing a dark blue satin one-piece dress with matching shoes and lady's hat.

Anyone with information on Miss Wilson's whereabouts is urged to contact the Boston Police Department.

hood of the city, there has never been an impolite incursion into the clubhouse. Only during the annual exhibition are the doors (figuratively) thrown wide and general admittance allowed into gallery space on the first floor.

The prohibitively expensive membership fee is occasionally waived for artists of exceptional talent with limited means, or is paid by established members on behalf of those they would like to sponsor. Such is the case of Jason Davies; lacking the requisite funds, his membership has been sponsored by longtime member Frank Thurber.

Thurber has not been seen in the precincts of the Boston Art Club for at

least two weeks. His closest clubhouse cronies – Joseph Minot, Dr. Benjamin Reid, Walter Eliot, and Alfred Rosworth – have qui-



The Art of Madness Papers #3

(From the Boston Globe or Boston Herald, dated approximately one month ago)

Art Professor Reported Missing

Authorities are investigating the disappearance of a recently hired art professor who failed to appear for Monday classes at the School for the Museum of Fine Arts. Jason Davies, 26, a new instructor at the school, was last seen the previous Sunday evening at a gathering of the Boston Art Club, where Davies is a member.

When Professor Davies failed to appear for Monday classes, school officials were concerned yet assumed the instructor had a pressing personal matter that had unexpectedly interrupted his teaching schedule. When he failed to report for Tuesday lectures and office hours, school officials contacted the landlady at Davies' South End apartment but did not reach the professor. When Wednesday was a repeat of Monday and Tuesday's conspicuous absences, school officials became alarmed and contacted the Boston Police Department.

The police are investigating the matter but as of this printing have no solid leads. Davies is in his first year of professorship at the school. He was last seen on Sunday evening in the vicinity of Newbury Street, after leaving a function at the Boston Art Club

where he is a member. On that occasion, Davies was wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie. "He also had the Boston Art Club pin affixed to his jacket lapel," commented club member Joseph Minot, "He's rightly proud of his membership and frequently wears the pin."

According to police, club member Minot may have been the last person to see Professor Davies before his disappearance. "He (Davies) said that he was headed back over to the School, to finish a classroom set-up for Monday" states Minot. Although the Museum proper has evening and weekend guards, the nearby School does not. Museum guards report that Davies did not request after-hours admittance to the galleries. School officials report to police that the classroom indeed looked ready for a Monday lecture. As new professors are not customarily issued building keys, it is unclear how Davies may have entered the building, which School personnel assert was properly locked over the weekend.

Any member of the public who may be aware of Professor Davies' whereabouts is urged to contact the Boston Police Department.

etly noted the overall decline in their onetime friend, finding it best to expunge him from conversation. Of the four, the plain-speaking Joe Minot will be easiest to talk with, assuming investigators can arrange an interview. Unless already members of the Boston Art Club, simply making it through the foyer to the member's lounge will require successful **Credit**

Rating, Law, or Fast Talk rolls. Should diplomacy fail, the foyer attendant is physically no match for a

determined investigator, although there will be later recriminations and repercussions prosecuted by an outraged membership. No matter which Art Club member is consulted, the following can be learned with judicious applications of **Fast Talk, Law, Persuade, Credit Rating, Psychology**, and/or excellent role-playing:

- Professor Jason Davies has only been a Club member for a couple of months. He has enthusiastically attended the clubhouse in that time. He is urbane, affable, and talented.
- The School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston has recently hired Davies as a full-time in-



structor; he has an apartment in Boston's South End.

- Some of the more snobbish members of the Art Club consider Davies "a charity case," as his membership in the Club has been financed by longtime member Frank Thurber. This is surprising, as it has been rumored in Club circles that Thurber's own material fortunes have been in steady decline.
- Thurber's cronies know that Thurber's wealth was inherited, as is his brownstone townhouse on Beacon Hill.
- Thurber – always a drinker – is well into the long slide to full-blown alcoholism. One need only stand near the man to become very aware of the reek of alcohol about his person.
- For the last month, Thurber's visits to the Clubhouse have trailed off. It has been at least two or three weeks since he has put in an appearance. Club members blame upset over Jason Davies' disappearance, wondering if the matter has pushed Thurber deeper into his cups.

The Club will not in good conscience give out any member's home address to non-Club members. Only a Fast Talk roll, Law roll, or some snooping around the offices on the third floor of the Clubhouse will glean this information. Thurber's address is just off of Louisburg Square on Beacon Hill; these brownstones are the coveted residences of old, moneyed Boston families, who pass the properties on to succeeding generations. Davies' apartment is on Deacon Street, South Boston, a predominantly Irish neighborhood.

A couple of Professor Davies' oil-on-canvas pieces are exhibited at the Clubhouse; they are dark pieces, almost abstract, suggestive of menace and despair. Joe Minot openly considers Davies' works "akin in spirit to the weird work of Richard Pickman, although not one tenth as evocative or disturbing as the nightmares put to canvas by that madman." Nearby club members frown disapprovingly when Pickman's

name is uttered. "That degenerate," remarks club member Alfred Rosworth disdainfully, "He always thought he was too good for his fellow artists." "He was dropped for good reason," says Dr. Benjamin Reid. "Though from a good New England family, he did nothing but shame himself with such wretched renderings of monsters and mayhem. Disgusting." If asked whatever became of Pickman, club members state that he was asked to remit his membership and take his disturbing vision of art elsewhere. No one knows – or cares about – Pickman's current whereabouts or activities.

Club member Walter Eliot uneasily recalls that Thurber was Pickman's last friend before the latter left the social circle. Eliot thinks that the friendship had an ultimately deleterious effect on Thurber, whose drinking habit worsened right about the time Pickman dropped out of sight. Eliot says that Thurber once told him wild tales about the dark artist's nocturnal adventures: "Utter fantasy, of course," assures Eliot. Still, Eliot wonders what sort of hold Pickman had on Thurber's imagination, as the latter seemed to wholeheartedly accept the "ridiculous fantasies" propounded by the artist. If pressed on the subject, Eliot murmurs that Pickman seemed to have Thurber convinced that there are "monsters running around the streets of Boston at night." Eliot snorts derisively; "just ask any Boston policeman, and he'll no doubt agree."

Joe Minot, Age 41, Businessman and Art Aficionado

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

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: none

Skills: Accounting 65%, Bargain 65%, Credit Rating 55%, Fast Talk 30%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 50%

Language: English 75%



Alfred Rosworth, Age 45, Architect and Art Aficionado

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 13 POW 14
DEX 15 APP 09 EDU 17 SAN 60 HP 13

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: none

Skills: Accounting 60%, Art 50%, Bargain 60%, Credit Rating 50%, Library Use 55%, Persuade 40%, Psychology 40%

Language: English 75%, French 40%, Latin 45%

Dr. Benjamin Reid, Age 60, Physician and Art Aficionado

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 16 POW 12
DEX 15 APP 11 EDU 17 SAN 60 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Cane 25%, damage 1D4 + db

Skills: Accounting 40%, Bargain 35%, Biology 60%, Credit Rating 50%, First Aid 70%, Library Use 55%, Medicine 65%, Persuade 40%, Pharmacy 55%, Psychoanalysis 35%, Psychology 40%

Language: English 75%, Latin 55%

Walter Eliot, Age 46, Attorney and Art Aficionado

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 15
DEX 13 APP 14 EDU 17 SAN 70 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: none

Skills: Accounting 65%, Bargain 55%, Credit Rating 65%, Fast Talk 60%, Law 65%, Library Use 40%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 55%

Language: English 85%, Latin 60%

FOWLER-WILLIAMS FUNERAL HOME

Investigators who are friends or a relative of Frederick Briden and are following up on the matter of the mysterious locket may have attended his

mother Josephine's funeral last year. These investigators recall that Josephine's funeral was held at the Fowler-Williams Funeral Home in Brighton (a

Boston neighborhood in the northwest corner of the city), and then buried at Forest Hills Cemetery. Alternately, Freddy Briden can supply this information readily enough.

It is a simple matter of a telephone call or visit to Brighton to get an interview with morticians Jerry Fowler and William "Bill" Williams, who are both honest and open men. Both have been in the mortuary business for decades and will be scandalized by any suggestion that they have robbed the deceased between funeral services and internment. A **Psychology** skill roll confirms their sincerity.

The two elderly gentlemen suggest that the deceased could have been exhumed and her person posthumously robbed, but they are not aware of any such reported robberies occurring. They are at a loss for words how this strange event might have come about and offer their condolences to friends and family of the deceased.

Jerry Fowler and Bill Williams are unable to offer further assistance to the investigators, but do encourage a check on Josephine Briden's gravesite at Forest Hills Cemetery for their own peace of mind that it is not disturbed.

Jerry Fowler, Age 59, Undertaker

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

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: none

Skills: Accounting 65%, Bargain 60%, Biology 60%, Credit Rating 55%, Persuade 40%, Psychology 40%

Language: English 75%

William "Bill" Williams, Age 66, Undertaker

STR 09 CON 13 SIZ 10 INT 16 POW 15
DEX 16 APP 15 EDU 16 SAN 75 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: none

Skills: Accounting 50%, Bargain 50%, Biology 70%, Credit Rating 65%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 55%

Language: English 80%



FOREST HILLS CEMETERY

A trip to the scenic, Victorian-style landscaped Forest Hills Cemetery in the Jamaica Plain neighborhood of Boston allows investigators to locate Josephine Briden's final resting place. To both the untrained and the expert eye, the ground appears unmolested.

Should investigators pursue this angle of investigation further, the only option would be to exhume the deceased for examination of the coffin and the state of affairs within. Frederick Briden will be shocked at this suggestion and will vociferously oppose such a violation of his mother's grave. He will be backed up by authorities from the cemetery administration. Any investigators with law enforcement credentials will find their superiors unsupportive, since this is an extreme measure to take in investigating a supposedly stolen locket. If the scenario is played out during the winter months (roughly, November through March), keep in mind that the ground is frozen solid and likely covered with snow, making sustained digging nearly impossible.

In the event that investigators pursue exhumation beyond legal means and pay a nocturnal visit to the cemetery, the keeper is well within rights to call for multiple **Sneak**, **Hide**, and **Luck** rolls to avoid detection by the night watchman. If investigators somehow manage to dig all the way down to the coffin (a strenuous, dirty job taking 1D4+3 hours), they will be rewarded with the grim truth, Mrs. Briden's coffin was violated from below prompting a Sanity loss of 0/1D3 points.

A partially caved-in hole shows where the coffin was accessed some six feet below ground level. The coffin lid appears to have been partially prized open with some rough implement. A successful **Natural History** skill roll suggests claws. Those who make successful **Cthulhu Mythos** rolls know better and will suspect ghouls. Investigators who have had previous encounters with the subterranean raiders will immediately recognize the handiwork of ghouls.



Josephine Briden's Pilfered Grave

Most shocking perhaps is the fact that Mrs. Josephine Briden is no longer in her coffin. Again, those with experience with ghouls will suspect the indelicate truth, that Mrs. Briden's remains were used as a food source for hungry ghouls. Nothing but a few torn fragments of her burial dress are left in the coffin. This information will have an extremely deleterious effect on Frederick Briden, who will go temporarily insane with the news. He will make arrangements to be cremated upon his own death, and develops a phobia of subterranean locations. For the rest of the scenario he refuses to leave his apartment and becomes more and more disheveled as each day passes.

Investigators brave enough to follow the tunnel from Mrs. Briden's casket down to its loathsome source are out of luck. The ghouls collapsed their access when they left and now tons of earth block the way to the deeper tunnels. The creatures



have done this countless times in the past to discourage humans from tracking them after a grave raid.

If authorities are notified, they express bafflement and are unable to pursue any obvious leads.

REPUBLIC LOAN PAWN SHOP

This seedy pawn shop is located in a shadowy courtyard between Tremont and Washington Streets, within walking distance of Downtown Crossing. A grimy storefront window displays typical pawned wares: used musical instruments, a few toys, kitchen wares, porcelain figurines and glassware, pocket watches, bracelets and necklaces. Within the small, cluttered shop is more of the same.

At the rear of the shop is the cash register surmounting a sturdy glass display case containing much silver and gold jewelry. Within the case rests Josephine Briden's silver locket. It is slightly tarnished, resting on a worn blue velvet display stand. It is selling for \$25.

Behind the cash register perches the owner of the shop. Louis Cuss is forty, fat, balding, and coarse. He wears a rumpled white workman's shirt going yellow under the arms and a tie loosely affixed around his collar. His trousers are too tight around his midsection and too short in the leg. Yet for all his crudity, Louis Cuss is not a criminal, merely a lout. He deals honestly with all of his clients and customers.

Rolling a sodden, stubby half-smoked cigar around in his mouth, Cuss will ask customers what he can show them. If questioned about the locket, Cuss says he knows little about its origins. If questioned further about the locket, Cuss grows short with the investigators: "What da hell you think I am, a historian? Look, you

gonna buy dat locket or anything else? If ya are, great. If not, get da hell outta my shop."

Dealing daily with the clientele that he does, Cuss is im-

mune to Fast Talk or Persuade rolls. None of his wares are knowingly fenced – he keeps receipts of all transactions – so he is immune to threats of criminal prosecution. However, getting him to reveal the circumstances of the locket's appearance in his shop can be effected in a number of ways. Flashing a legitimate police badge will get Cuss to talk. Cuss knows a fake tin badge from the real thing. He'll demand to take a close look at any police identification before he reveals anything.

Purchasing the locket plus a bribe of \$50 will get Cuss to talk. Canny investigators might roll the Bargain skill to bring Cuss down on the bribe amount. The lowest he'll go is a bribe of \$20.

The threat of violence or actually striking Cuss will get him to talk. However, this is risky. Cuss will initially attempt to defend himself. He has a baseball bat behind the counter and unless taken by surprise his first action will be to grab the bat and wave it at attackers. However if Cuss loses more than half his hit points from a beating, he'll give up and talk.

At the keeper's option, several neighborhood toughs who shake down Cuss and other neighborhood businesses for "protection money" are in the vicinity and are eager to prove their worth to the shopkeeper. For once, Cuss is glad to see the thugs. "Get dese bums outta my store!" he bellows. The shop will likely be damaged in the fight, as bodies knock over shelving, hands grab merchandise as impromptu weapons, and missed attacks smash porcelain, glass, and wood.

None of the toughs wants murder on his hands. They'll punch, kick, and gouge in an attempt to drive attackers from the shop, and will not give chase to those who flee. Investigators knocked unconscious will be dumped in the street. None of the toughs wield firearms. If any investigator shoots a tough, these men will lose their courage and hastily leave Cuss to his fate, taking their shot-up friend with them. They'll return in ten minutes with two policemen or double their initial numbers, depending on the keeper's whim.



Louis Cuss, Age 40, Unpleasant Pawnbroker

STR 10 CON 13 SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 09
DEX 10 APP 08 EDU 11 SAN 45 HP 14

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Baseball bat 25%, damage 1D8 + db

Skills: Accounting 65%, Bargain 65%, Chew Wet Cigar 70%, Credit Rating 50%; Fast Talk 50%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 55%, Scratch Socially-Inappropriate Body Areas 70%

Language: English 55%

Neighborhood Toughs

Recycle as needed

STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW	DEX	HP	DB
8	8	10	13	10	15	9	none
12	9	13	10	11	12	11	+1D4
8	12	10	13	11	12	11	none
9	10	10	12	11	11	10	none
13	8	15	12	7	10	12	+1D4
10	9	8	12	10	7	9	none

Move: 8

Weapons: Small Knife 30%, damage 1D4 + db

Small Club 35%, damage 1D6 + db

Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3 + db

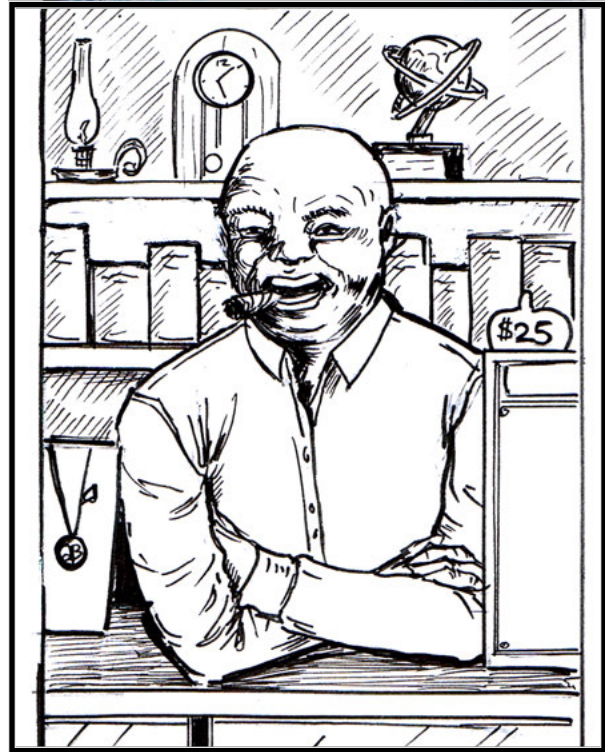
Kick 25%, damage 1D6 + db

Skills: Dodge 35%, Fast Talk 30%, Hide 40%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 25%, Throw 40%, Verbal Insult 50%

What Cuss Knows

Once every week or so, a drunkard bearing fine jewelry shows up at the shop. He turns over the jewelry in exchange for cash.

Cuss describes the man as “average height, rumped but good quality suit reeking of hooch. Middle aged, fairly thick in the middle, but getting old fast - the booze’ll do that to some guys. Looks like he used to have dark hair but it’s turning white all around. Hands shake a bit all the time, like he’s got a bit of the palsy.” Cuss shrugs, “Seems like the type of guy who probably never sold stuff in a shop like this before, see? Just hands over the stuff and



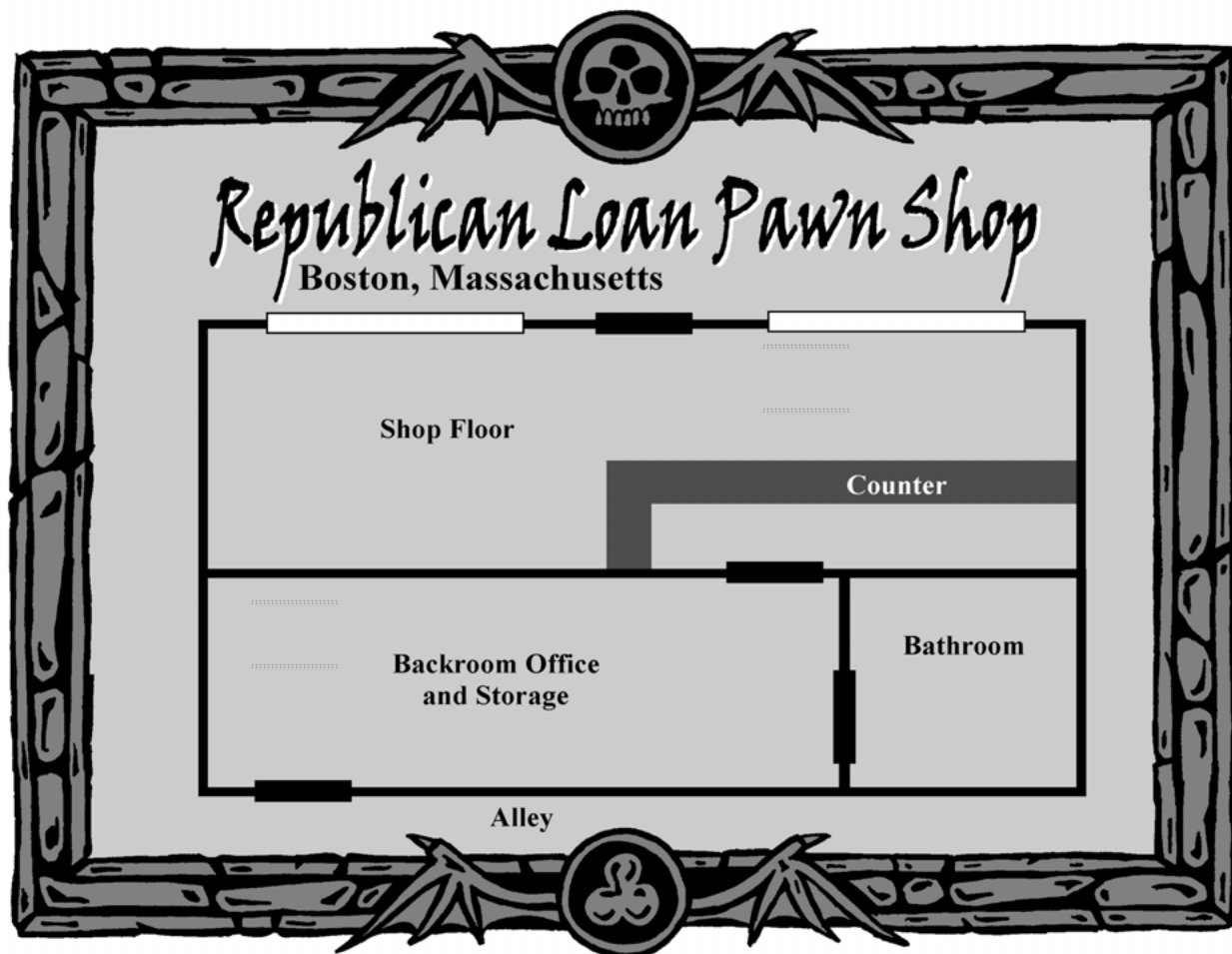
“What do ya want?”

takes whatever I gives him and gets out.” Another shrug. “I give him fair prices,” Cuss adds.

The pawnbroker will not willingly share shop receipts. “Dem’s confidential,” he growls. Further threats of violence, a few more dollars, or more badge waving changes Cuff’s mind. He produces receipts - all dated within the last few weeks - detailing cash for jewelry. Cuss does not know his customer personally. Transaction receipts record the name “F. Thurber” and a Beacon Hill address by Louisburg Square. Any investigator with area knowledge of Boston realizes that this is one of the most exclusive residential neighborhoods of the city, preserve of the moneyed and entitled. Cuss has no idea (nor does he care) where the drunkard goes with his cash after leaving the pawn shop.

If Investigators do not mention it first, Cuss points out that all his wares are, to the best of his knowledge, legitimate goods. “I don’t take in nothing I thinks is stolen,” he growls around his cigar butt, “That’s





trouble I don't need." True to his word, none of his merchandise has been reported as previously stolen property.

Tracking down Thurber

Investigators may wish to stake out the pawn shop until Thurber makes his next visit to the establishment. They may request that Cuss notify them discreetly when the drunkard next makes an appearance at the shop. This is possible through further bribery or if one or more of the investigators are law enforcement officers and impress upon Cuss the importance of cooperation in the case. Alternatively, they may have Thurber's home address, by way of the pawn shop or the Boston Art Club.

OPTION ONE - TAILING THURBER ABOUT TOWN

If investigators were staking out the pawn shop, it is unlikely that they are aware of Thurber's more serious crimes include luring three artists to a point in the North End where they are abducted by ghouls. This may become apparent later, when in the course of tracking down the trail of the fenced grave loot, investigators stumble upon the three missing artists.

Eventually Thurber makes his way to the shop. He does not take any pains to disguise himself or arrive discreetly and should be easy to spot based on any detailed description of him. Investigators have the option to confront Thurber directly or to keep a low profile and follow him. Both options are detailed below. Depending on how the investigators have treated Louis Cuss, the pawnbroker may or may not inform Thurber that "some nosey types been askin' after ya." If so, informed, Thurber is very rattled but will not be dissuaded from



undertaking his day's work, for fear that the ghoul-artist Pickman will seek him out with displeasure.

Thurber is not a professional sneak and is hampered by his alcoholism. His attempts to both detect and lose tails are pathetic. Professional investigative types will have no difficulty shadowing the man and are only noticed on a fumbled Sneak or Hide roll. Even non-professional snoops on Thurber's tail should receive a +20% to their **Sneak** and **Hide** rolls to shadow Thurber as he runs his errands.

After cashing in on the latest handful of loot at Republic Loan provided to him by the ghoul Pickman – assuming he is not yet accosted by investigators – Thurber heads to nearby Washington Street. There he purchases a small, illegal bottle of whiskey. Although Thurber is shaky, the seller is not. A **Spot Hidden** roll is required to observe the news vendor smoothly slipping the small bottle into the folded copy of the Boston Globe that he hands over to Thurber. The bottle quickly disappears into an oversize pocket of Thurber's overcoat. Anyone swooping in to make a scene of this illicit transaction find the bustling crowds on Washington Street oblivious at best and unsympathetic as well. The news vendor denies everything, of course. Calling a local patrolman over proves unhelpful (the officer gets his liquor from the newsstand as well). While the news vendor loudly protests the intervention, Thurber makes an attempt to slip away.

Assuming that Thurber is allowed to continue on his way, his next stop is a small art supply house just south of Fanueil Hall. Thurber purchases a quantity of paint tubes, brushes, charcoal pencils, inks, turpentine, and canvas. So laden with art supplies, Thurber huffs his way northward through the city.

It takes the man a good hour – with frequent rest breaks at public benches – to wind his way on foot from Fanueil Hall to Boston's North End. Investigators making an **Idea** roll realize that the man has passed several subway station entrances on his route, yet never takes the public transportation. Common sense would

Trying to find Thurber by Other Means

Investigators trying to track down Thurber by means other than dealings with the pawn shop or the Boston Art Club will find there are eighteen Thurbers in the Boston directory with a telephone number (and potentially many more without telephones). Calling each number is time consuming. However, twelve of the numbers are clearly not the Thurber the investigators are looking for (for example they are female, too old, have a large family and so forth), but six possibly could be and the only way to be sure is to visit each of these Thurbers in person. Visiting each person is even more time consuming and it takes half an hour of questioning complete with successful Persuade and Psychology skill rolls to rule out each individual the investigators are hoping to find. Eventually after what will probably be several days work, the trail dries up. The Thurber the investigators are looking for does not own a telephone.

If investigators have access to police records they find that there are five Thurbers on record, but again only visiting each one confirms that they are not the Thurber the investigators are looking for. Staking out the Republican Loan or making inquiries at the Boston Art Club will be the investigator's only option.

dictate that taking the subway would make this trip much quicker, wherever he is going.

Thurber's route takes him past Fanueil Hall marketplace, into the North End, past Prince Street and on to the squalid heart of the district. Here are decaying brick buildings, leaning, crooked houses dating to colonial times, and streets bustling with an ethnic immigrant population, mostly Italian. It is noisy, crowded, and lively. Thurber continues on past Constitution Wharf and past several side streets, working the bottle in his pocket free and surreptitiously taking swigs from it every few minutes. He then



turns up a cross-street and almost immediately into a long, narrow, trash-strewn alleyway between two ancient brick buildings. From this alley Thurber turns left into a still-narrower alleyway, gloomy with shadow from the nearly touching edifices overhead. Proceeding down this passage for perhaps a minute, Thurber turns into an obtuse-angled bend toward the right; the walls are so close now that they nearly brush one's shoulders; daylight barely filters down into this dim quarter even on the brightest of days. Anyone failing a Navigation skill roll will be thoroughly lost in the maze-like warren of cramped streets and close alleyways.

Finally the trail ends abruptly at an ancient, worm-eaten wooden door set into the brickwork. From far away, one can hear the distant squall of babies crying, the squeal of the elevated train line, and occasionally voices raised in upset or laughter. Thurber pauses, takes one last long pull from his bottle, then carelessly tosses the empty container to the ground near his feet. A **Spot Hidden** roll makes out a number of intact and shattered empty booze bottles; Thurber has done this before. Thurber produces a key, unlocks the door, rattles it open. With a last look skyward, Thurber steps across the threshold into the dark interior of the Tenement House.

OPTION TWO – THURBER AT HOME

If accosted in the street, Thurber is badly rattled, refusing to reveal details in a public venue. The man insists that he be allowed to return home where he will share his story. Investigators with police credentials may collar the man, dragging him to the nearest police station for interrogation (in which case the below narrative occurs at police headquarters – keepers modify accordingly). Alternately, investigators may

be following up leads from the Boston Art Club and skip interactions at the pawn shop entirely; in this

case, interviewing Thurber at home is the only option.

Franklin Thurber makes his home in a stately brownstone townhouse just off of Louisburg Square. The neighborhood has for generations been home to the city's de-facto aristocracy, a bulwark of old money and blue blood. Here the streets are well-lit and traversable at any hour without fear of molestation by the city's rougher elements. The police make it a point to regularly patrol the area, surely questioning anyone lurking about the district at odd hours. Most of the homes are tenanted by people who do not need to worry about day jobs; as a consequence, anyone spending time in the area is likely to be observed by residents.

Thurber's brownstone looks just like the ones to either side of it, distinguished only by the street number affixed in brass numerals to the solid wood-paneled front doors. Knocking at the door or ringing at the bell will elicit a response with a successful **Luck** roll; a failed **Luck** roll means that Thurber is inside sleeping off his latest round with the bottle, insensible to callers. If he is roused to answer, there is a rustling of the draperies covering the sidelight to one side of the doors. A glimpse of a pale, fleshy face with weak blue eyes peers out of the sidelight onto the front landing; "Who is it? What do you want?" quavers a muffled voice.

Practiced social skills exemplified by **Fast Talk**, **Persuade**, **Law** or **Credit Rating** rolls result in a rattling of chains and door locks; the door swings open. Frank Thurber is a largish, portly man in his mid-forties; the ravages of alcoholism have added years to his appearance. His fine suit is rumpled and the sour smell of old liquor comingled with perspiration hangs about him. He steps back, allowing visitors into his



Franklin Thurber



foyer and from thence into the nearby front parlor. Although nicely appointed, the house is ill-kempt; Thurber's own domestic skills are slim to none and he dismissed his housekeeper months ago. None of the abducted artists was ever brought to Thurber's brownstone, so there is no physical evidence here connecting Thurber to them.

Investigators paying a visit to Thurber at home – having gotten his address either from the pawn shop or the Boston Art Club, or by confronting Thurber directly after his visit to the pawn shop – may or may not be aware of the range of his crimes, ranging from fencing grave loot to the luring of innocents into the North End where they are abducted by ghouls. How this scene plays out depends on what the Investigators know or suspect about Thurber, and how they intend to deal with Pickman's surface-world accomplice.

If Thurber is being met for the first time the interview with Thurber begins with the man denying knowledge of any wrongdoing. A passed **Psychology** roll reveals this for the lie it is. No matter what he is accused of, eventually Thurber's façade crumbles under the strain. Visibly emotional, Thurber says he was put up to all his wrongdoings by an old associate named "Peters." Again, said "wrongdoings" may be anything from fencing stolen loot to kidnapping – Thurber will not admit to anything beyond that which accusers voice against him. The man paws at an inner coat pocket, producing a small bottle of Canadian whiskey, compulsively downing the stuff while wiping beads of sweat from his face with a crumpled handkerchief. The things he has done were done under duress, he claims, under threat of a dire fate at the hands of "Peters," should he refuse. "Peters" was once a friend, he affirms, "now I curse the day I ever met him."

Thurber blunders on with "It's not my fault," "He put me up to it," "I'm just the man in the middle," "Don't hurt me, I'm innocent," and so on. Thurber whines that he must keep to his obligations, otherwise he is doomed.

If asked about his transactions at the pawn shop, Thurber says that an old friend named "Peters" contacted him some months ago, asking him to exchange personal jewelry for art supplies. That was why he was at the pawn shop, selling the jewelry so that he could buy the art supplies. Thurber is currently facing difficult financial times. Exchanging the jewelry and other personal effects given to him by "Peters" for art supplies leaves him with enough extra cash to pay debts. Thurber picks up the loot at a place in the North End, cashes it in at the pawn shop, then goes shopping. He returns to the North End with the art supplies, leaves them at the same place, then returns later for another bag of loot, repeating the cycle.

Should Thurber be accused of more serious crimes, such as potential involvement in kidnappings, he visibly shakes with emotion. Raising his hands in helpless supplication, Thurber claims that answers can be found in the basement of a tenement house in the North End. He will not or cannot provide greater details. Thurber will not offer the option, but if pressed will serve as reluctant guide to the tenement house. Following verbal directions to the tenement house is an exercise in futility; the narrow, twisting streets and unnamed alleyways of the North End defy predetermined navigational efforts.

Of "Peters," Thurber will only say that he is a onetime friend who used to frequent his own social circles. He will never reveal to Investigators what "Peters" has become - articulating this would be too much for his sanity.

If Thurber has been interrupted in his art supply run, he now insists that he must take up his postponed task, so as not to anger "Peters." If he is frustrated in this effort, the man becomes very agitated; he may become violent in an attempt to escape interlopers and complete his day's work.



FRANK THURBER, MAN ON THE EDGE

Only scant years ago Frank Thurber was an affluent, relatively carefree, committed bachelor in his mid-forties, with a sizable fortune and a comfortable life in a fashionable Beacon Hill neighborhood. Thurber enjoyed membership in several of the city's better social clubs, including the Boston Art Club where he made the acquaintance of artist Richard Upton Pickman and soon the two were on friendly terms. As Pickman's art became increasingly morbid and grotesque, his circle of friends, patrons, associates, and admirers became repulsed and correspondingly smaller. Eventually Thurber was Pickman's sole associate from his original clique.

Meanwhile Pickman moved on to more dubious associations, including prospective membership in an occult lodge newly arrived to Boston, the Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight. Not one to be impressed by the occult, Thurber steered clear of the Order. Thurber maintained his friendship with Pickman, if only to show the other original Art Club snobs - Reid, Minot, Rosworth, Eliot - that he was not one to be put off by mere imaginative (if macabre) paintings.

Thurber would have been better off if he had followed the example of his peers and dropped Pickman. The latter took Thurber into his confidence, showing Thurber his artist's studio in a rundown North End tenement. He shared with Thurber his truly disturbing, dark philosophy of life and art.

When Pickman ultimately disappeared, Thurber correctly surmised that the artist had left humanity behind to become one of the terrible ghoulish creatures the artist had formerly depicted in his artwork. Awareness

of these loathsome creatures opened up horrifying vistas of supposition for Thurber; the world was not the neat, tidy place he had always assumed it was. Nev-

er a strong man, Thurber turned to drink, becoming a full-blown alcoholic in order to forget Pickman and his dark secrets. It is a struggle that has cost Thurber most of his inheritance, his well-to-do friendships and connections, his easy lifestyle, and his innocence. Although he still has his brownstone apartment in Louisburg Square, most of the money is gone, and soon Thurber will be facing eviction.

With Pickman's need to acquire students and art supplies from the surface world for his "school," the ghoul-artist's return to Thurber's life is both boon and curse. The grave-loot that Pickman supplies to his onetime chum allows Thurber to secure his monthly payments and lead a semblance of a materially-decent life. It also allows Thurber to purchase alcohol, to which his nerves and overall health cannot much longer withstand. Seeing Pickman in his current state and doing his bidding has shattered Thurber's stability and sanity. From time-to-time, thoughts of suicide followed by a swift cremation have flitted through Thurber's alcohol-sodden brain. Though he has not yet succumbed to this ultimate resolution of his fate, he may do so at any time.

Frank Thurber, Age 47, Hapless Accomplice

STR 12 CON 09 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 10
DEX 10 APP 11 EDU 15 SAN 25 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .22 Revolver 30%, damage 1D6

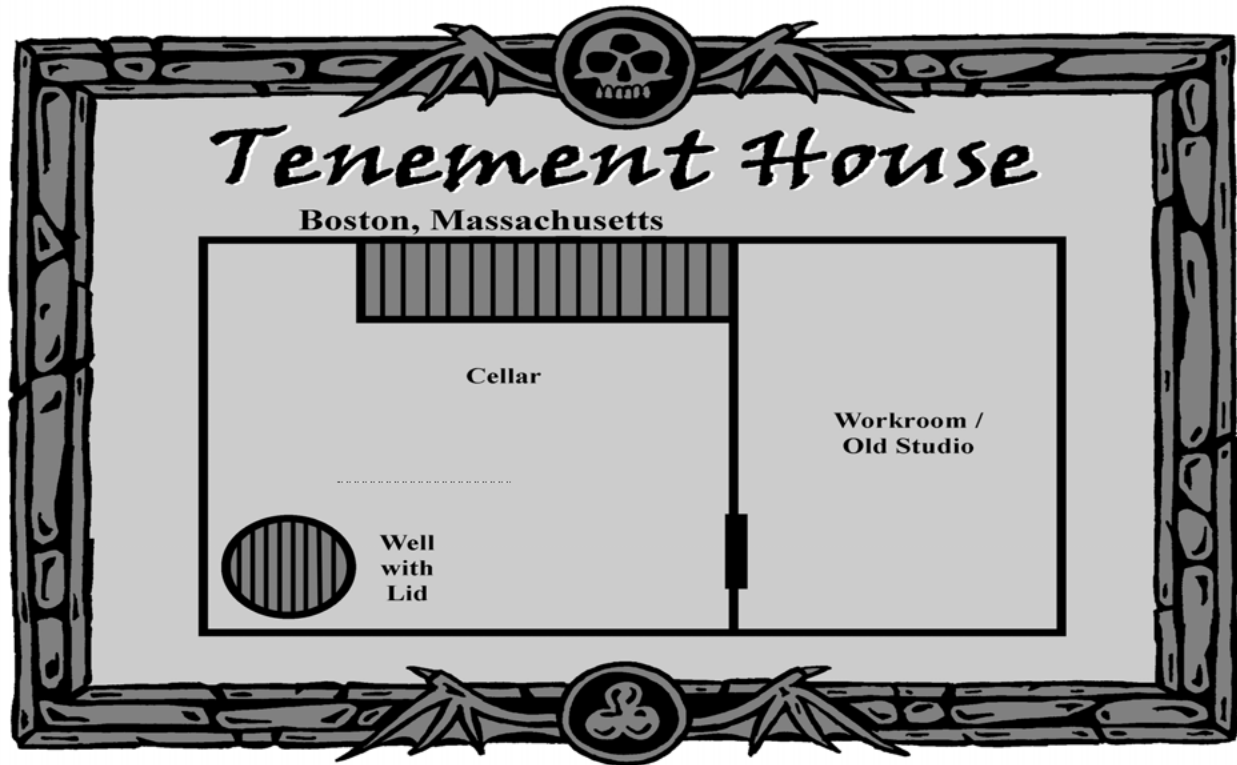
Skills: Art (Painting) 20%, Archaeology 40%, Astronomy 20%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Hide 70%, History 80%, Library Use 85%, Listen 65%, Occult 45%, Persuade 75%, Sneak 70%, Psychology 65%, Spot Hidden 65%

Languages: English 75%

THE TENEMENT HOUSE

Thurber's drop-point for both art supplies and duped artists is a ramshackle, boarded-up, three-story brick tenement building that appears vacant. Thurber proceeds down the main, oak-paneled hallway to a room on the left. Passing through the apartment to an adjoining





room, he then opens a small door to a set of age-worn, warped wooden stairs leading down into the cellar.

The cellar is a large, dank, earthen-floored space. In one corner of the cellar is a brick-curbed, five-foot diameter well shaft, its circular lip protruding some six inches above the hard packed earth of the cellar floor. A heavy wooden disc covers the aperture. Across from the well, set a single step up into the cellar wall, is a narrow door. This portal leads into a wood-floored, fair-sized adjoining cellar workroom or studio filled with scraps of discarded canvas, some papers crumpled up into balls on the floor, and spatters of paint on the floorboards. A cheap wooden table, also spattered with old paint residue, supports an acetylene gas lamp.

Investigators exploring the workroom-studio find the scraps of canvas to be just that and nothing more; used to wipe away excess paint from a brush. Some of the papers balled on the floor are old newsprint, put to similar purpose.

A successful **Track** roll in the main cellar room - with the skill value halved due to the

hard-packed composition of the earthen floor – discerns not only Thurber's shod footprints but those seemingly made by a large canine. Many of these tracks cluster around the lip of the well. A successful **Cthulhu Mythos** skill roll identifies the tracks as ghoulish prints.

If investigators have successfully shadowed Thurber to this point, they will observe the man leave the bundles of art supplies near the rim of the covered well and make a hasty retreat back up out of the cellar and out of the building. If investigators have marched Thurber to the spot, he will declare that he leaves the art supplies for his contact, "Peters," by the brick lip of the well. Thurber will return the next day for another ample bag of jewelry that "Peters" will leave for him. If asked how he knows "Peters," or why he's doing these errands, Thurber shrugs and says they were once friends.

No amount of persuasion or intimidation will get Thurber to reveal any more details about his associate.



Shining a light down the well reveals that the brick shaft drops about 20 feet into some sort of tunnel. Ancient iron rungs set into the interior brickwork provide ample purchase to descend or ascend the shaft. A **Spot Hidden** roll reveals something small and metallic twinkling at the bottom of the shaft in the light of the torch. Climbing down the shaft to retrieve the item reveals it to be a Boston Art Club tie pin.

Hiding out in the cellar to keep an eye on the art supplies ensures a long wait until it becomes dark. Those still present and alert can make a **Listen** roll. Success indicates notice of indistinct, muffled noises coming from the area of the well, underneath the wooden lid. Investigators have a round or two to attempt **Hide** rolls, or perhaps repair to the adjoining cellar workroom. There is a muffled clattering and scraping, as of heavy wood rasping across brick. Those keeping an eye on the well cover see the wooden lid tremble, bump up violently, then slide to one side.

Moments later, a grayish, fungus-coated, gangly arm and shoulder reach out and grasp the paper bags of art supplies, pulling them into the darkness of the well. The horrid, claw-like hand at the end of the sickly-looking arm tosses a small, moldering cloth bag a foot or two from the lip of the well. The clawlike hand then grasps the heavy wooden lid of the well, dragging it back across the brickwork lip to shut the aperture. Witnessing this horrid appendage prosecute its task is worthy of a Sanity loss roll (0/1 point).

The creature to whom the arm and claw-like hand belong is concealed by the shadows of the basement, the dark depths of the well, and the partial cover of the wooden lid. Shining an electric torch beam towards the thing reveals the

briefest glimpse of a dog-like face with gleaming red eyes before the thing drops out of sight, leaving investigators in doubt of their visual senses.

The investigators have just seen a ghoul and the Sanity loss is 0/1D6 points. This ghoul is not Richard Upton Pickman. It is a fellow ghoul that Pickman has running his errands in return for some un-guessable boon understood only between ghouls.

If the ghoul is attacked, it fights viciously and loudly, calling to its friends. Investigators need to make a **Luck** roll. Success means that the creature's struggles go unheard by its companions. Failure on any **Luck** roll means that a traveling pack of 1D6 ghouls hear the struggles of their fellow and ascend the shaft within 1D4+1 rounds to investigate. If combat is turning against them the ghouls will either fight to the death if cornered, or flee back down the well, taking fallen brethren with them.

If Thurber is present, he becomes catatonic with terror. He is in no way able to assist investigators battling the ghouls. If investigators make it out of the cellar, they will have to help Thurber up and out of the building if he is present. Only in the fresh air of the outside does Thurber regain his senses, whereupon his only desire is to get out of the North End with greatest haste.

Instead of attacking the ghoul, investigators may attempt to remain unseen and follow the creature. This will not be easy as the creature has a high **Listen** skill; combined with other high skills such as **Jump**, **Climb**, **Burrow**, and **Sneak** it will likely outpace those attempting to keep up with it. The creature is also intimately familiar with the underground, travelling at a faster rate of movement than pursuers, and will likely be lost in a short period of time. Once away from the investigators, the Ghoul moves with haste to inform Pickman that company is coming.

Ghoul, Just Doing a Job

STR 17 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 13 HP 13

Move: 9

Damage bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Claws 40%, damage 1D6+1D4



Bite 35%, damage 1D6 + automatic worry

Armor: Firearms and projectiles do half of rolled damage; round up any fraction.

Skills: Burrow 75%, Climb 85%, Hide 60%, Jump 75%, Listen 70%, Scent Decay 65%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 50%

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a ghoul.

Languages: Ghoul 80%, English 10%

A SHORT HISTORY OF BOSTON'S SEWERS

Before Boston's Sewers were laid in 1880, Boston's North End was riddled with a series of excavations that came to be known as the Smugglers Tunnels. They extend for miles beneath the North End's ancient streets, built in the earliest days of the colony by smugglers so as to convey illicit goods underneath the very noses of the King's men. Later the tunnels became home to ghouls and witches whose magic derives from a perverse understanding of the Outer Gods, and if followed deep enough they lead to earth's Dreamlands.

During the American Revolutionary War the tunnels were used by revolutionaries to plot in secret, and to transfer the implements of war clandestinely from the basement of one patriot to another. When the original Yankee inhabitants of the North End vacated the district and took their secrets with them, the tunnels were boarded up, bricked up, and forgotten.

The newly arrived immigrant population - mostly poor Italians and other Europeans - were too busy scraping together a new life in a new country to wonder much about moldering tunnels and abandoned brick shafts in the basements of their tenement houses, and so ignored them.

Over the years as the city grew and its waste disposal required expansion, many of the old Smuggler's Tunnels were used in the construction of the new sewer system. In some places, investigators following an old smuggler tunnel find that it leads into the main sewer system, or vice versa. Multitudes of smaller tunnels, access points, and oddly shaped apertures that

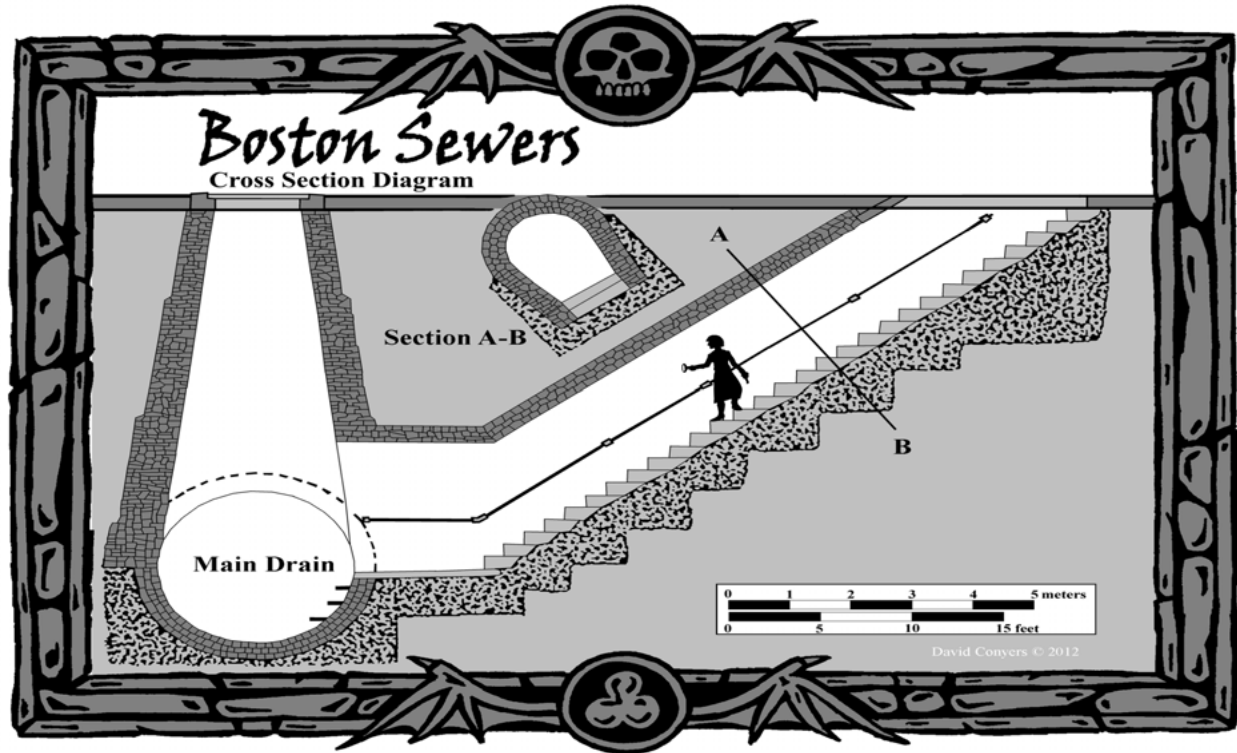


Something rises from the Well

look to be hand-dug riddle the main passages. It is very easy to become disoriented and lost in these twisting, seemingly never-ending subterranean laneways. Water, sludge, and backups of waste are common, as are rats and cockroaches.

Boston's sewer system, constructed in the 1880s, is excavated at varying depths, typically from 26 to 36 feet beneath street level. The sewer network is accessible via long, straight vertical brick shafts with iron rungs set into the masonry, or - in some places - by wide, gradually downward-sloping passages that allow for larger pieces of equipment to be hauled down into the sewers for maintenance. All entrances are secured by heavy iron manholes and grates so as to discourage unauthorized access. The sewer passages themselves are typically brickwork tubes some eight to ten feet in diameter; runnels set into the floor carry wastewater to various pumping stations, cisterns, and exit points. Slightly





smaller - but still navigable - secondary sewer tunnels feed into the main lines. All wastewater is eventually piped into Boston Harbor, where it flows without filtration into the Atlantic Ocean. Low tide in some areas of the Harbor is accordingly dreadful.

THE SMUGGLERS' TUNNELS AND SEWERS

The investigators will need to explore the sewers to reach the ghoul that is Richard Upton Pickman and find the three captured artists - Jason Davies, Ruth Hall, and Helen Wilson.

Rather than replicate an exact map of the tunnels (they extend for miles in every direction, surfacing in innumerable cellars and strange places throughout the North End and beyond) instead Investigators may make a series of **Track** rolls. Each successful roll indicates that the tracker has

found something that gets

investigators closer to Pickman's location: a dropped tube of oil paint, the heel of a young woman's shoe,

a fresh footprint or a woman's earring, and so on.

Interspersed with the **Track** rolls are tunnel encounter events that keepers may inject into the proceedings to lend mystery and danger to the trail. Either select from the list below or roll randomly:

1. Rats
2. Eerie Laughter
3. Sewer Junction
4. Albino Alligator
5. Strange Lights
6. Pitfall
7. Refuse Puddle
8. Foot-prints in the mud

Rats

A pack of rats is fleeing something that is chasing them through the tunnel, although what that thing might be is never actually seen by the investigators. Approximately fifty rats scamper past the investigators. They bite investigators who get in their way with a 25% chance



of inflicting 1D3 points of damage; up to five investigators could be attacked by the pack at any one time. Gunfire does little to deter them, although flames might. However, the rats are far more fearful of whatever it is that is chasing them than anything the investigators might use against them. After 1D4 rounds the rats have passed the investigators and vanished; so has whatever it was that was chasing them.

Eerie Laughter

One investigator at random must perform a Listen roll. If successful, the listener hears a woman's laughter echoing through the tunnels. The laughter has an eerie, disturbed quality to it that earns the listener a 0/1 Sanity loss. It is impossible to determine the direction of the sound.

Sewer Waterway Junction

The tunnel meets up with a sewer waterway junction. This is a large, bricked, octagonal room with pipes spewing dirty water into a large central cistern. One can shuffle along the slimy rim of the central pool to continue exploration of the tunnel, however a **DEXx4** under 1D100 roll is required. Failing the roll means a slip and an unpleasant plunge into the scummy water. Even worse, something briefly brushes against the investigator's leg beneath the surface, something that briefly grips the investigator's leg and then lets go of its own accord. This calls for a Sanity loss of 1 point if the roll is failed. The water is too polluted to shine a light on whatever the thing might have been.

Albino Alligator

Something small, white, and alive wriggles away from the Investigators' light sources. A small, two-foot long albino alligator is found scurrying along in the tunnel. Call for a **Sanity** roll which results in the loss of 1 point if failed. The reptile is harmless.

Strange Lights

An unearthly, blue-green shimmering is spotted just ahead, around a curve in the tunnel. It

winks in and out of existence so quickly that Investigators may doubt their senses. Rounding the bend, there is no trace of the strange light, although there is a lingering foul smell in the air. What this was will forever remain a mystery.

Pitfall

On a failed **Luck** roll, the lead investigator steps upon and through some loose brickwork which becomes a yawning hole. The Investigator falls nine or ten feet into a still lower earthen tunnel - not brickwork - that goes on interminably in either direction. The unfortunate Investigator loses 1D6 hit points in the fall if they fail a Jump roll.

Refuse Puddle

The floor of the tunnel becomes slick with smelly, slimy septic refuse forming a wide but shallow puddle. The near wall's brickwork is similarly slick with smelly sludge. There is no choice but to lift one's pant-legs and dress hems and step gingerly across. Investigators must make a **Listen** roll. Successful listeners hear a gurgling sound from above and have a **DEXx5%** chance to get out of the way of a torrent of raw sewage that spews out of a ruptured sewer pipe just above. Those who fail the **Listen** roll may be allowed a **Dodge** roll. Those who fail their **Dodge** are sprayed with several gallons of raw sewage. Clothes and appearances are ruined. The unlucky investigators must make **CONx5%** rolls or eventually come down with a fever brought on by contact with the filth. Effects include a temporary reduction of CON by 1D6 points and all skills halved for 1D6+4 days.

Foot-Prints in the Mud

Though accomplished burrowers with their front claws, ghouls have hoof-like feet, traces of which may occasionally be noticed in the filthy floor of the sewer. The presence of such tracks will be confusing to unsuspecting investigators



who have not yet encountered such creatures, maybe even worth 0/1 SAN loss. A successful Cthulhu Mythos skill roll identifies the tracks as ghoulish prints, though this is hardly reassuring knowledge.

THE EARTHEN TUNNEL

After groping about the Smugglers' Tunnels for some time, investigators eventually find a large opening leading off the brickwork tunnel into a slightly smaller, hard packed earthenware tunnel. A small pile of tumbled bricks shows where someone or something broke through the brickwork. Any investigator with a background in engineering or construction - or a halved successful **Idea** roll - will know that the bricks were pushed out into the main tunnel from the other side. Simple observation shows that this tunnel has the rough look of being burrowed out by hand or claw.

At the entrance to the tunnel, just inside its murky rim, a passed **Spot Hidden** roll spies a small silver object dropped to the earthen tunnel floor. It is a small silver four-leaf clover, a charm bracelet bauble. Assuming they have read them, if investigators don't recall the newspaper articles, a successful **Idea** roll reminds them that missing art student Ruth Hall was fond of wearing a silver charm bracelet.

Another successful **Track** roll indicates that this earthen tunnel has been fairly recently traveled, both by shod feet (men's and women's tracks) and by oddly-shaped, cloven hoof-prints (ghouls). Moving along this tunnel for a good hour and a half, investigators get the distinct impression that they are moving deeper and deeper into the earth. At one point there is a distant rumbling, and what sounds like a terrible muffled squealing of some monstrous creature deep in the

earth. A successful **Listen** roll properly identifies the sound as a subway car, trawling its way through tunnels somewhere

many tons of earth above the heads of the investigators.

The tunnel is also very cramped. Investigators must travel single-file, stooping slightly to avoid bumping into rough spots in the irregularly-featured tunnel ceiling. After what seems an eternity (but is really just under two hours after entering the hacked-out side tunnel), investigators discern a faint glow ahead, around a bend. It has the almost-steady, slightly flickering radiance of lantern-light.

Optional Encounter – The Ghoul Pack

This subterranean encounter may be used to propel the narrative. If investigators are eager for a physical confrontation, the keeper can insert this run-in with a pack of ghouls as a straight-up combat encounter or the keeper may use the ghoulish pack to badly frighten a group of more cautious investigators, perhaps as a means to drive them forward through the tunnels. The pack can also block off investigators' retreat to the surface world. Investigators who venture only partially into the sewers, smugglers' tunnels, and ghoulish warrens may wish to return to the safety and sanity of the surface world. Keepers wishing to eliminate this option need only exercise the old cliché that “the hunters have become the hunted.”

The ghouls, curious at first but increasingly agitated as investigators push deeper into their realm, now actively block retreat. The monsters – rightly discerning that the humans' presence below-ground must have something to do with Pickman – now harry the investigators, pushing them ever forward and deeper for their date with Pickman. Retreaters find tunnels collapsed, trail markers obliterated, and the sounds of something – or things – splashing through the murk at their heels. An alien shriek or howl echoing through the passages causes listeners to lose 0/1 Sanity. Ghouls may pop out of darkened side tunnels to shock, threaten, or assault investigators in a full-on, face-to-muzzle confrontation. If investigators have somehow persuaded non-player charac-



ters to join them in the tunnels, the ghouls may be used to pick them off.

If a full-on confrontation, the keeper may assign one ghoul per investigator, or perhaps two if the surface-dwellers are well-armed. Captured ghouls may even guide investigators to Pickman's underground lair. Such guides are treacherous, seeking to escape or turn the tables on investigators if possible. Investigators defeating the ghoul pack soon hear monstrous reinforcements headed their way (no Listen roll required to hear the outraged screeches and howls), thus propelling the Investigators deeper into the ghouls' territory.

Boston Ghouls, Reuse as Necessary

STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW	DEX	HP	db
16	13	13	13	13	13	13	+1D4
17	14	13	10	11	14	14	+1D4
14	12	11	13	13	15	12	+1D4
16	13	14	12	16	14	14	+1D4
18	15	13	12	10	10	16	+1D4
14	12	13	12	12	13	13	+1D4

Move 9

Weapons: Claws 30%, damage 1D6 + db

Bite 30%, 1D6 + automatic worry

Armor: firearms and projectiles do half of rolled damage; round up any fraction

Spells: none

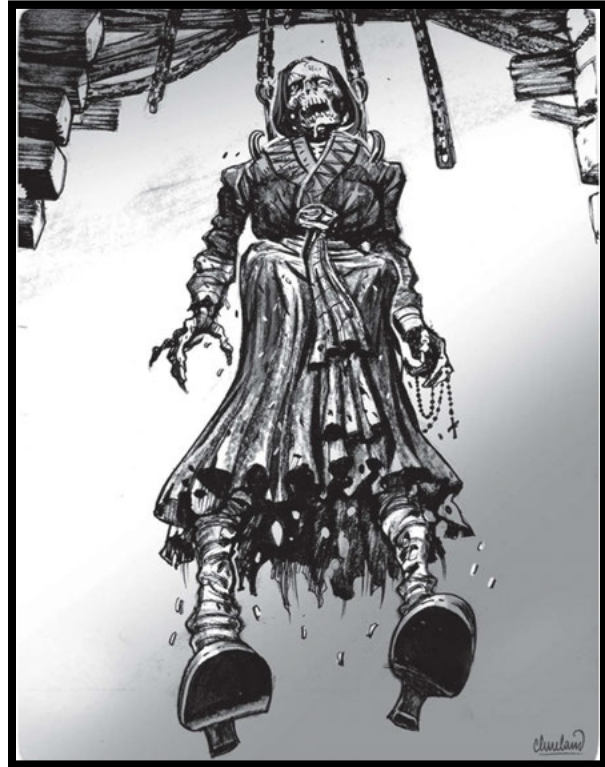
Skills: Burrow 75%, Climb 85%, Hide 60%, Jump 75%, Listen 70%, Scent Decay 65%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 50%

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6

PICKMAN'S SCHOOL FOR WAYWARD ARTISTS

After a slight bend in the tunnel, the space opens up into a natural-seeming cavern, deep in the earth. Lit by kerosene lamps, the investigators are treated to a sight both pathetic and horrific.

Three young people, two young women in their early twenties and a man in his late twenties, are seated on mismatched wooden stools, their clothing torn and dirty, faces covered in grime, hair matted and unkempt. Propped



What remains of Josephine Briden

up before each of them is an artists' canvas, and each has a selection of oil paints, brushes, crayons and pencils.

Their instructor, Richard Upton Pickman, a loathsome ghoul with rubbery canine features watches over them. Ridiculously, Pickman wears an artist's beret perched atop his misshapen skull, and grasps a long-handled artist's brush in the manner of a professor's pointing stick. In a guttural voice punctuated by odd yips and meeping noises, the ghoul discourses on the merits of still life. It gestures towards a disgusting decaying corpse impaled on two meat-hooks that dangle from chains, themselves secured to a crude upright framework composed of discarded subway track ties. The rotting, fleshy thing hanging from the hooks still wears a dark blue dress; a string of rosary beads dangle from a putrefying arm and wrist.

Worms and maggots writhe throughout the length of the revolting mass, giving the illusion of un-



clean life to the whole. Occasionally something dark and foul drips from the corpse's mouth



Richard Upton Pickman

which sags open lifelessly in a parody of a silent scream. Hollowed, raw-rimmed eye sockets stare out at the students as if in disapproval. The nose is nothing more than a knobby stub, quickly giving way to rot and the ravages of the worm. Investigators seeing this "model" must roll **Sanity** for a loss of 1/1D4 point. Those who knew Mrs. Josephine Briden in life will recognize her immediately and must roll **Sanity** or lose an additional 1/1D6 points.

Pickman turns from his lesson to regard the intruders with irritation, a professor interrupted in the middle of a class lecture. "Have a seat and be quiet," he croaks to the newcomers "you may learn something." Pickman gestures with his paint brush to a squalid corner of the cavern. There are no more sitting stools; investigators obeying Pickman will have to crouch or sit upon the dank earthen floor. Pickman resumes his instructions to the students, lecturing them on the importance of capturing the process of decay on canvas, and various techniques to achieve this result.

Richard Upton Pickman, Artist of the Macabre

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 18 POW 18
DEX 16 APP 5 EDU 16 SAN 10 HP 14

Move 9

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .45 Revolver* 20%, Damage 1D10+2

Claws 40%, damage 1D6+1D4

Bite 35%, damage 1D6 + worry**



Investigators seeing this "model" must roll **Sanity** for a loss of 1/1D4 point. Those who knew Mrs. Josephine Briden in

* He no longer has one, but remembers how to use this gun.

** As per ghouls

Armor: firearms and projectiles do half of rolled damage; round up any fraction.

Skills: Art (Brush Technique) 40%, Art (Colonial Architecture) 15%, Art (Morbid Renderings) 50%, Art (Oil Painting) 30%, Burrow 75%, Climb 85%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Dream Lore 70%, Fast Talk 55%, Hide 50%, Jump 50%, Listen 75%, Psychology 45%, Ride 65%, Scent Decay 65%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 60%

Spells: Summon/Bind Ghoul, Summon/Bind Night-gaunt

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a ghoul.

Languages: Ghoul 60%, English 25%, Latin 10%

Ruth Hall, Age 18, Abducted Student

Characteristics in parentheses reflect current condition

STR 12 (9) CON 11 (8) SIZ 9 INT 14 POW 11
DEX 13 APP 15 EDU 15 SAN 41 HP 10 (9)

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: none

Skills: Art 45%, Art History 25%, Craft (Jewelry-Making) 35%; Bargain 40%, History 35%, Library Use 40%

Language: English 75%

Helen Wilson, Age 20, Abducted Student

STR 13 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 12 POW 14
DEX 13 APP 12 EDU 15 SAN 25 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: none

Skills: Art 45%, Art History 20%, Bargain 40%, History 20%, Library Use 25%, Listen 50% Persuade 40%, Spot Hidden 50%

Language: English 70%

Jason Davies, Age 26, Abducted Professor and Artist

Characteristics in parentheses reflect current condition

STR 13 (10) CON 14 (12) SIZ 14 INT 16 POW 12
DEX 15 APP 14 EDU 16 SAN 40 HP 14 (13)

Damage Bonus: +1D4 (+0)

Weapons: none

Skills: Art 65%, Art History 60%, Bargain 55%, Credit Rating 40%, History 20%, Library Use 45%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 40%

Language: English 70%

If investigators sit and listen to this insane lecture, a Spot Hidden roll allows them to notice captive student Jason Davies discreetly paint the words “Help Us” on his canvas, before quickly blotting out the message with another daub of paint.

Investigators casting their gaze around the large cavern spy a number of large canvas oil paintings propped up in the gloom, as if on display for the benefit of the students. The paintings, though extremely macabre and disturbing, are clearly masterworks. They are forebodings of some of the scenarios the investigators may encounter later in this book:

- “Madness Lies”: A painting of a crumbling hulk of decayed mansion shrouded in mist that looms over the sickeningly charred remains of a burned human corpse in the foreground (Sanity loss 0/1).
- “The Corruptor of Sands”: This painting depicts a vast and empty desert rippling with dunes, and partially covering the pillared ruins of some forgotten city. Strange runic-like inscriptions are etched on the pillars, filling the beholder with a strange sense of dread. The writings seem oddly familiar yet wholly alien, like a language of pain and bondage once known but assiduously repressed from the consciousness. In the foreground, a partially excoriated human corpse lies face-down in the dunes; bones gleaming in places through the outer tissue, its outstretched arm and hand reach toward the ruins (Sanity loss 0/1).
- “Perversity Unbound”: This painting depicts a small, shadowy stone-walled chamber with winged demons carved into the stone. Two Egyptian mummies stand alongside corpses that have undergone crude taxidermy and are seated on gravestones. Niches in the walls contain human



Professor Davies silently pleads with Investigators

heads in various states of decay (Sanity loss 0/1D2).

- “The House of R'lyeh”: The final painting is of an angry ocean frothing with gray-green waves that fails to contain the vast bulk of a megalithic city thrusting skyward through the brine. Seaweed and muck from the sea-bottom drapes the oddly angled stone spires and awkwardly leaning towers of the stone city. A small schooner is seen in the foreground of the picture, floundering in the great waves. Its miniscule size gives scale to the monstrously cyclopean-sized structures which rise behind it. In one of the painted buildings, an oddly-shaped door is flung open and something indescribable is just starting to squeeze its bulk through the aperture, though mercifully the artist left most of the thing to the viewer’s imagination. (Sanity loss 1/1D4). Investigators who stare at this painting and fail to make an Idea roll imagine that it is the investigators themselves stranded in the tiny boat.



DEALING WITH PICKMAN

How investigators handle the situation determines if they rescue Pickman's captives, and if they themselves make it out of the underground alive. Any investigator who thinks first with fists and pistol will put the group in extreme danger. Allow violence-prone investigators a **Listen** roll to hear the meepings, scurrying, comings and goings of more ghouls nearby, invisible in the inky blackness of the tunnels. It should be obvious that sounds of a fight or gunshots will echo throughout the ghoulish warrens, and likely that more of the monsters will arrive to aid Pickman. Considering the time and distance the investigators have traveled to reach this point, it is also fairly clear that blazing one's way all the way to the Smugglers' Tunnels, and then up and out through some cellar are long odds indeed.

However, if the investigators enjoy pulpy, two-fisted fare – and the Keeper is indulgent – allow an “action getaway.” This entails a tough fight in Pickman's cavern, followed by a running battle through the ghoulish warrens and tunnels. The investigators battle their way back to the surface world, the captive artists in tow. The ghouls have the advantage as this is their world: leaping out from barely visible side tunnels or even exploding through the earth with their digging ability just in front of or below the fleeing party. The ghouls are no pushovers and this should be a deadly escape, with **Luck** rolls, Spot Hidden rolls, Listen rolls, firearms and fisticuff skills all called into play for a daring escape.

If keeping the scenario grim and gritty, the “action approach” is a surefire recipe for disaster. Gunshots, shouts, and scuffles summon more ghouls than the small party of surface-worlders can handle. The investigators

are likely to end up replacing Mrs. Briden as “new models,” becoming food to sate the appetites of



starving artists, or being “admitted” as new students at the school.

Cool heads and physical restraint may save the day where fists and handguns fail. Investigators may feign real interest in Pickman's lesson and art (and it is nothing if not interesting). Peppered throughout Pickman's lesson lecture are frequent remarks expressing disdain for the art community of the surface world: “They would not know real art if it bit them,” “This art pierces the veil of shadows so that many wonders may be seen,” “One must dwell in darkness to know true art, so unlike that of the daylight world,” and “Those fools above! If only they knew the greatness of what I paint here!”

Crafty investigators – perhaps aided by a fortuitous **Psychology** roll – soon catch on that Pickman, for all his ghoulish ways, is a vain artist desperately seeking acceptance for his obvious talent. A successful **Idea** roll suggests that playing on this vanity may allow for escape. Following is a short list of Pickman's potential motivations; Keepers are free to choose any or all of these options for a rich play experience:

- Pickman needs new surface-world agents. The ghoulish sees that Thurber is rapidly becoming careless and useless – that the investigators are in his warren is proof enough of that. “I'd like to discuss my old friend's shortcomings with him; perhaps you could invite him down...for lunch,” says Pickman with a toothsome grin. The School could also use a few more students. Might his guests care to serve as admissions recruiters? Pickman jingles a cloth bag full of looted grave jewelry, emphasizing that it would be a well-paying job.

- Pickman wants investigators to sell his art to museums and galleries, to finally receive the positive reviews and accolades that have so far eluded him. He will only release hostages when the investigators prove that they have displayed his art. Pickman demands proof: newspaper clippings, promotional handbills, letters of

commendation from prominent universities and art institutes.

- The fact that pompous boobs the likes of Dr. Reid, Alfred Rosworth, Joseph Minot and Walter Eliot still declare what is and isn't praiseworthy art continues to gall Pickman. He would like nothing better than to give these "sun-blinded, arrogant fools" a very poignant education "in the true nature of art and reality." The ghoul will exchange one current hostage for each of these men that are brought to his warren.

- "What I would not give," says Pickman, gesturing airily with a scabrous paw at the hostages, "to converse with fellow artists of the macabre, the decadent." The ghoul leers forward lustily: "Get me the likes of a Jan Preisler or a Franz von Bayros," he pants, "Or a John Sloan, or Alfred Kubin!" The ghoul-artist rhapsodizes, "How I would love to discuss aesthetics, philosophy, and technique under the light of the moon with such luminaries. What wonders I could show them...here!" The monster waves his fungus-clad arms to encompass his underground lair. If the investigators could deliver even one of these major figures to his cloven hooves, how grateful he would be.

The endgame of these negotiations are left to the devious imagination of the keeper. Certainly these options set up a situation where investigators are negotiating and playing a game of wits with Pickman that may result in several trips back and forth to the surface world.

And what of the original hostages – Davies, Hall, and Wilson? Both Jason Davies and Ruth Hall have difficulty suppressing eager glances towards the investigators. Although terribly worn down and haggard, they are both essentially still sane and hope that the investigators can take them away from this waking nightmare. Helen Wilson is another story. Her mind is permanently snapped by her abduction and removal to this horrid place. She has become Pickman's eager student; the light of insanity gleams in her eyes. She has acquired a taste for the unspeakable food that has provided un-



Pickman, fully transformed, teaches to his "Students"

holy nourishment for all three captives. She will not willingly go with investigators. If they fight their way out of the tunnels, she is an impediment to escape, clawing at her "rescuers," looking to run back to the tunnels at any opportunity. She may be tricked into going to the surface ("it's only to get the artwork safely up through the tunnels, my dear..."), but otherwise wishes to stay in this twilight world.

Whether if the encounter in the cavern is a violent affair or a quasi-genteel interview, there is the matter of Pickman's fellow ghouls. They are always hungry and only Pickman's forbearance keeps them from descending in a pack on the surface-worlders. They are also not terribly pleased at surface-worlders being aware of their existence deep below the streets of Boston. Like seedy bandits in an old Western, the ghoul pack will hover about in the shadows, their yellowish eyes alight with violent mischief and rapacious intent. One or two of the bolder



ones may creep forward from the pack to pinch at a fleshly waistline, or brush a claw through a lock of hair. If it is not obvious, an Idea roll relates that only Pickman's presence keeps the investigators from being violently molested.

If the interview with Pickman proceeds successfully and he is duped into letting his captives go free, the ghoul-artist will wave away his ghoul associates, who with reluctant meepings retreat into the shadows. If on the other hand the investigators become increasingly belligerent, Pickman allows his fellow ghouls to press closer. The keeper is encouraged to use the ghouls as appropriate to the situation and the intended outcome of the scenario.

CONCLUSION

If originally on the trail of fenced jewelry at the behest of Frederick Briden, investigators will have to decide what to tell the young man. Certainly the investigators will wish to shield Briden from the knowledge of what they saw hanging from a crude wooden frame in Pickman's underground school.

Jason Davies and Ruth Hall – if they survived a rescue attempt by the investigators – will be forever grateful. They will not speak of their terrible encounters below to anyone else. Pressed by their families, friends, and associates, they will merely murmur something half-formed about being kidnapped by tramps for un-guessable purposes when they were rescued by the investigators. Friends and family, sensing strain, will publicly accept these explanations, whatever their private thoughts. Families, friends and representatives of the MFA are grateful to the investigators for their great good deed.

Helen Wilson – is permanently changed from her abduction experience.

She will choose to stay with Pickman or – if dragged to the surface – will be permanently institutionalized. Her transformation into

a ghoul is retarded until she again finds a path down into the earth. Her family will be deeply saddened by her changed state of mind but will be grateful to the investigators for rescuing her. Newspapers will write a few columns about the return of the three artists and the mystery concerning their disappearances, although nothing about subterranean monsters will make it into the press.

Frank Thurber – if allowed to remain above ground - will be found dead of a self-inflicted gunshot wound in his Beacon Hill brownstone. His last will and testament leave strict instructions for his body to be cremated.

Richard Upton Pickman – may become an occasional contact for the investigators. This may be a bane or a boon, depending upon the circumstances in which investigators took their leave of the ghoulish artist.

Investigators receive 1D6 Sanity Points for each artist they rescue from the ghoul warrens. They also receive 1D6 Sanity Points for each ghoul they may happen to dispatch, to a maximum award of 6 points per investigator for defeating a number of the monsters. Investigators lose 1D4 for leaving Helen Wilson to her fate below-ground. Investigators lose 1D6 Sanity if they fail to rescue Jason Davies or Ruth Hall.

CONNECTIONS TO OTHER SCENARIOS AND CAMPAIGNS

Several of H.P. Lovecraft's tales are set in Boston including "Pickman's Model", "The Invisible Monster" and "Out of the Aeons." *Call of Cthulhu* scenarios set in the city include "The Haunting" in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook, "Mansion of Madness" in *Mansions of Madness*, "The Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight" and "The Warren" in *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth*, "Thoth's Dagger" in the *Cthulhu Casebook*, "The Thing in the Well" in *Day of the Beast*, "One in Darkness" in *The Great Old Ones*, and "Pickman's Student" in *H.P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands* which makes a good follow on adventure from this scenario.



This scenario might be a useful side adventure to the opening of the *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* campaign, “The Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight”, if the keeper chooses, distracting investigator attention away from that organization. Freddy Briden, for example, could be an innocent member of the Order they meet at the Lodge. However, there might be one additional connecting clue for investigators of the Art of Madness. One balled up scrap of paper found in Pickman’s old Tenement House cellar studio might be a letter (The Art of Madness Papers #4). The letter should mean nothing unless investigators connect the Order and the initials J.S. to realise that John Scott from that campaign has had dealings with Pickman. SAN loss as the keeper decides.

The Art of Madness Papers #4

Dear Mr. Pickman,

Please accept my personal thanks for the wonderful murals you have created for our Lodge. Your reputation in the art world precedes you and it was with great pride that we both commissioned your efforts and beheld your finished works in the hallowed halls of our sanctum. It is readily apparent in your visions made real in oils and pigments that you are one of the select few who clearly comprehend the true nature of the universe, and of the realities that shift and dream ceaselessly beyond the veils of time and space.

It is my fervent desire that you will eschew your recent position of self-imposed exile from your fellow humankind and will reconsider joining the ranks of our Order. Should you arrive at that decision, please contact me at the earliest opportunity and we will arrange for appropriate incantations to hide your new form. It is my belief that the Ultimate Realities championed by our Order would provide you with inspiration for paintings that would shock and illumine the world, transporting sincere students of the art to other realities.

Hail Yog-Sothoth,

J.S.



The Crystal of Chaos

A search for a fabulous semi-mythical crystal lead the investigators to a horror heretofore unknown

BY PETER GILHAM WITH DAVID CONYERS

“Of all the distant objects on Federal Hill, a certain huge, dark church most fascinated Blake. It stood out with especial distinctness at certain hours of the day, and at sunset the great tower and tapering steeple loomed blackly against the flaming sky. It seemed to rest on especially high ground; for the grim façade, and the obliquely seen north side with sloping roof and the tops of great pointed windows, rose boldly above the tangle of surrounding ridgepoles and chimneys. Peculiarly grim and austere, it appeared to be built of stone, stained and weathered with the smoke and storms of a century and more.”

— H.P. Lovecraft, “The Haunter of the Dark”

The investigators are drawn to Providence, Rhode Island in search of a semi-mythical crystal with a history so ancient it predates human history. A trail of clues leads them to the once powerful Starry Wisdom cult and their sinister headquarters, the haunted Free-Will Church of Federal Hill. Although long abandoned, the church still holds terrible secrets and hidden horrors, which yearn to be discovered again.

This scenario closely follows H.P. Lovecraft’s tale “The Haunter of the Dark” and it is recommended that keepers read this story before

presenting this scenario. A copy of the tale can be found in Chaosium’s *The Nyarlathotep Cy-*

cle edited by Robert M. Price. Expect a single evening of play.

INVESTIGATORS’ INFORMATION

The investigators have been contracted by one Professor Ronald Galloway of Miskatonic University, Arkham. He is a member of the Archaeology department, and his specialty is Egyptology.

During recent departmental research, Galloway learnt of a semi-mythical object hailing from Ancient Egypt called the Shining Trapezohedron. Now he wants the investigators to trace its whereabouts. Unfortunately, the only clue the Professor can provide is that the crystal fell into the hands of a sect known as “Starry Wisdom”, active in New England in the 1840s.

In further complications, Galloway must travel to London for a conference, thus he is unable to search for the Trapezohedron himself. He does however introduce the investigators to one of his departmental staff, Professor Jonathon Engels, an Egyptologist who first stumbled across references to the Trapezohedron in a book held in the University’s Orne Library. Professor Engels will be the investigators’ first point of contact during their investigations, and if they recover the crystal, they are to bring it to him.

Engels can tell the investigators that the fabulous crystal is reputed to harness powerful occult forces and could be dangerous in the wrong hands. Although vague as to the precise nature of these forces, he stresses the need for caution in handling the Trapezohedron. The



University will pay each investigator his or her expenses plus \$50 per week as long as the search seems likely to be fruitful. A bonus of \$200 each for finding the crystal is promised.

For consistency with other published campaigns and source material, Galloway should survive this adventure. In the spring and summer of 1929, Galloway leads a Miskatonic expedition into the deserts west of Cairo, as described in the *Fungi from Yuggoth* campaign, most recently reprinted in *Day of the Beast*. If this scenario is played as part of that campaign, this is an ideal scenario to introduce Galloway before the investigators meet him in Egypt. Galloway's expedition will not go well, running afoul of the Brotherhood of the Beast. If Galloway returns, he will start looking at Egyptian history from a much darker perspective, and will have seen the forces of the mythos firsthand. He will most certainly see the Shining Trapezohedron in a completely new light. Further details on Galloway are also provided in the *Miskatonic University* supplement.

Galloway knows little of the history of the Shining Trapezohedron, but the object intrigues him. It is Engels who discovered its existence and then convinced Galloway that it needed to be found. A **Psychology** roll from an investigator reveals that Engels is saying less than he suspects, but he will only open up to investigators when he is away from Galloway, fearful of repercussions if he expresses beliefs in what rational men would consider to be superstition.

Engels own experiences in Egypt and his investigations into the Black Pharaoh have hinted that there may be more to this character than just legends. He believes the Trapezohe-dron could be dangerous, but exactly how he is unsure. He has attempted to find the crystal himself, but he lacks investigative skills. Engels, as the investigators may later discover, is dabbling in forces he is ill equipped to understand, let alone defeat. His intentions however remain noble.

The Crystal of Chaos

KEEPER'S INFORMATION

In 1843, Professor Enoch Bowen, archaeologist and student of the occult, found the Shining Trapezohedron in the tomb of the "forgotten pharaoh" Nephren-Ka in Egypt. Returning to Providence in 1844, he founded the Starry Wisdom sect, buying the old Free-Will Church for its headquarters. This cult used the crystal to summon Nyarlathotep, the Crawling Chaos, to whom they made blood sacrifices.

Public outcry at the suspected activities of Starry Wisdom led to the authorities forcibly breaking up the sect in May 1877. Most of the members immediately left the area, but the crystal remained in the steeple of the Church, where light filtering in prevented a full manifestation of Nyarlathotep.

Local superstitions about the Church prevented anyone from entering the building until 1893. Then a reporter from the *Providence Telegram*, Edwin M. Lillibridge, found the crystal while researching reports that the building was haunted. Lillibridge was killed by the horror he inadvertently summoned, but the Church was never searched and his body never found. The building has not been entered since.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

Capital of the State of Rhode Island, this town of 250,000 people is probably best known for its numerous historical buildings, particularly Colony House where the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776. Providence is also famous as the home of Brown University, one of the most prestigious centers of higher learning in the United States.

Providence was founded in 1636 by Reverend Roger Williams (1603-83) when, as a result of expressing his belief that all people should have freedom of conscience and religion, he was ejected by the Puritans from Massachusetts



Bay. The city later became an important and wealthy port founded on maritime commerce. Later, ironically, trade boomed with slaves and goods exported from China. By the 1920s Providence possessed an extensive harbor where large quantities of petroleum are imported. Principle manufacturing industries include jewelry, tools, and locomotives, but these industries did not bring prosperity and Providence now faces economic decline and poverty. Only 45 miles southwest of Boston and 150 miles northeast of New York, many residents moved to these two cities seeking work.

Geographically the centre of Providence known as Weybosset Side is dominated by public buildings, businesses, light industry and shops. Recently locals have referred to this part of town as Downcity. To the west is Federal Hill, a working class industrial neighborhood home to numerous immigrants, particularly those of Irish and Italian ancestry, many of whom sell their wares in street markets. To the east lies College Hill, the first area of settlement in Providence, now home to middle and upper class families whose citizens are almost exclusively white and they like to keep it that way. The Smith Hill neighborhood to the north is home to numerous immigrants from Eastern Europe and Ireland, many of whom have employment in the milling and rail industries common to the area. Most Smith Hill residents live in dense housing. Upper South Providence is a heavy industrial neighborhood and the centre of Providence's jewelry trade, which is a mix of lower middle class families and the poorer black communities.

Providence for a time was H.P. Lovecraft's home. He set several of his tales here including "The Haunter of the Dark", "The Shunned House" and "The Case of Charles Dexter Ward."

The Chaosium Call of Cthulhu campaign *Spawn of Azathoth* commences in this city.

Athenaeum: The Providence Athenae-

um, founded in 1753 as an independent membership library, it is the oldest such collection of its type in Rhode Island. Membership requires a successful **Credit Rating** skill roll and proof that the applicant resides permanently in Rhode Island. The collection holds a copy of *Thaumaturgical Prodigies of the New England Canaan*.

Biltmore Hotel: This modern hotel has all the luxuries any investigator could ask for, including private bathrooms. Established in 1922, the hotel is comfortable but fails to command the class and style afforded by the Narragansett Hotel. Rates range from \$5 per night for the smallest rooms up to \$35 a night for a spacious room.

Brown University: Founded in 1770, it is the third-oldest college in New England and the seventh-oldest in the United States. Brown was the first college in the nation to welcome students of all religious affiliations. In 1891 they founded a Women's College and also boast the only Egyptology Department in the United States. Their motto is *deo speramus* (In God we hope).

City Hall: The current mayor is Democrat James E. Dunne (1882-1942), well liked by the townsfolk. When the Great Depression hits Providence, Dunne will gain further respect for introducing his work-relief projects that kept many citizens employed.

Dexter Asylum: Founded in 1822 this institution was established to care for the poor, aged and mentally ill, and currently holds approximately one hundred patients. The staff are well meaning, but cure rates are low at 20%.

Narragansett Hotel: This old and prestigious hotel in Providence was founded in 1828. It requires a **Credit Rating** skill roll to gain a room for the night. Rates range from \$10 per night for the smallest rooms up to \$75 a night for a top floor suite. Regardless the service is impeccable, and investigators who stay here for more



than a week gain 1D6 increase on their Credit Rating.

North Burial Grounds: One of Providence's oldest graveyards, it is home to ghouls that are sometimes seen late at night prowling between tombstones.

Opera House: Built in 1871 this was the original City Hall and the site of a funeral oration for President Abraham Lincoln.

Public Library: Established in 1900, this sizable collection is open to the public and accessible to investigators. However researchers often discover that many texts referenced in this collection refer to more insightful manuscripts held only at the Providence Historical Society or the Athenaeum.

Providence Historical Society: Founded in 1822, this organization is dedicated to collecting and preserving Rhode Island's history. The society maintains a library and a museum including numerous Seventeenth-Century manuscripts documenting the beginning of European settlement in the state. This is an ideal collection to research Providence and its history.

Roger Williams Park: A spacious park with lakes, woods, lawns, a boathouse and a greenhouse.

State Capitol: Modeled in part on St Peter's Basilica in Vatican City.

RESEARCH

Background information on the Shining Trapezohedron is available from numerous sources, as detailed under the various following locations.

Miskatonic University, Arkham

Investigators may wish to read the reference where Professor Engels first learnt of the Shining Trapezohedron. He will gladly provide them with a copy of this text, (*Crystal of Chaos Papers #1*), but not the original manuscript.

The Crystal of Chaos

The reference is translated from *De Vermis Mysteriis* held in the restricted collection of the Orne Library. Investigators will need to present a good argument as to why they must view the original, such as being able to read Latin backed by scholarly credentials. Their argument must be combined with successful skill rolls in **Persuade**, **Credit Rating** and one of the following: **Anthropology**, **Archaeology**, **Occult**, or **History**, otherwise Engels' translation will have to suffice. The book is too valuable and too old for just anyone to examine it.

Libraries

The following information can be found in any library, requiring an hours search for each item. The Orne Library at Miskatonic University is an ideal starting point. The Providence Athenaeum, Public Library and the Providence Historical Society are other places where this information might be found.

1. Starry Wisdom is included in a list of religious cults. The address of its headquarters is given as the Free-Will Church, Federal Hill, Providence. This information will be automatically found by the investigators.
2. A book on Egyptology refers to the discovery in 1843, by a Professor Bowen of Providence, in the tomb of an unnamed pharaoh, of a crystal "that shines in the dark."
3. A successful Library Use roll will indicate the discovery in a book on the occult of a reference to a being known as the "Haunter of the Dark" which mentions that the "lost Trapezohedron" is a legendary source of its power. The passage states that the creature "could not emerge from the dark."

Providence Bulletin

The following information can be found either at the offices of the *Providence Bulletin* or in the newspaper archives



Crystal of Chaos Papers #1

The Shining Trapezohedron is a strange bauble, a smallish gem-like stone closely resembling crystal. It is almost completely black, but has some crimson striations. It has the curious illusion of shining with an inner light. The stone is a polyhedron with many irregular flat surfaces. It is roughly four inches thick, and is usually found in a peculiar yellow metal box with a hinged lid. The box is decorated with unknown, dot-formed hieroglyphs.

The Shining Trapezohedron is impossibly old, a gift from the Black Pharaoh of Egypt. It is said that the Old Ones possessed the artifact and mounted it in its yellow metal box. It was salvaged from the ruins of one of their cities by the Serpent People, who took it back to Valusia. Then it was sighted over the years in various ancient lands including Lemuria where it was first gazed upon by humans, Valusia, and Atlantis. After Atlantis sank beneath the waves, the stone dropped out of sight for a while until it was dredged up by a Minoan fisherman. It was sold to merchants from Khem and later fell into the hands of the Third Dynasty Black Pharaoh, Nephren-Ka. After years of use, he buried it along with an enchanted mirror in a sealed crypt. Both were found by the evil queen Nitocris shortly after she adopted the Child of the Masked Messenger in the White Desert. After her fall from power, the Shining Trapezohedron disappeared again, and has never surfaced since.

at Providence Central Library. Each requires a successful Library Use roll to find.

1. A July 1844 edition of the *Providence Bulletin* mentions the purchase of the Free-Will Church of Federal Hill by Professor Bowen and the establishment of a religious cult there against the will of the local Catholic community. The priest, Father O'Malley, was particularly vocal against this sect, calling it "tantamount to witchcraft."

2. In August 1853, an issue of the *Bulletin* carried a report of investigations by police into the Starry Wisdom sect. No evidence was found connecting a series of disappearances in the area to the cult.



3. An article on the continued disappearances of people in the Federal Hill area appears in the *Bulletin* in February 1866. It briefly mentions the results of the 1853 police investigation.

4. An article in a March 1872 issue of the *Bulletin* concerning witch cults refers to the rumors of the Italian populace of Federal Hill. The article hints at blood-sacrifice by an unnamed cult in the region, but emphasizes that no positive evidence exists.

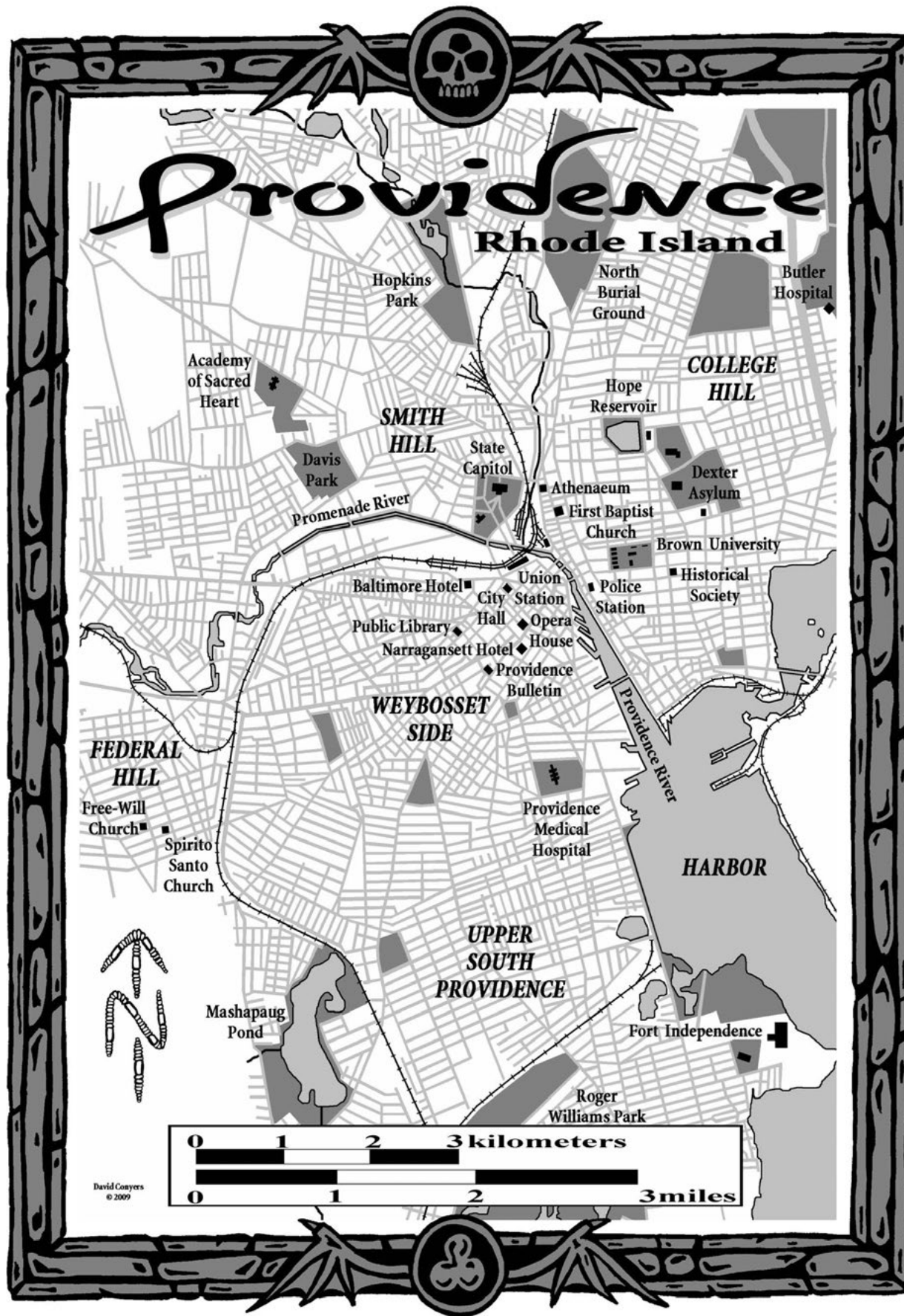
5. An April 1877 issue of the *Bulletin* includes a small item on the forced break-up of Starry Wisdom by the authorities. It refers to public pressure on the authorities to enforce its closure.

Federal Hill Residents

Investigators may wish to interview the inhabitants of Federal Hill, mainly Italian, who prove reluctant in wishing to talk about the Free-Will Church. A successful **Persuade** roll will gain the admission that bumping noises are often heard coming from the building at night and that the place is haunted; otherwise anyone approached will pretend not to understand English. A successful **Italian** language skill roll will build rapport with a local, who will refer the investigators to Spirito Santo Church where some records regarding the Free-Will Church might be found. Investigators persistently asking about the Church will soon be shunned by Federal Hill locals.

Spirito Santo Church

If approached, the priest of the nearby Spirito Santo Church, Father Merluzzo, will speak to the investigators. He only remembers the cult as a boy when he was growing up in the area. Rumors held that the cult was in league with a supernatural entity they had called down to Earth by using certain blasphemous rites Bowen had learnt during his travels in Egypt. The cult's services were said to be an odd combination of occultism and Egyptian religion. He remembers dares amongst his boyhood friends, who had to



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run up to the church in the middle of the night a pin a ribbon on the front door. When one of the boys vanished never to be found again, they stopped their games.

A **Persuade** roll or a donation to the Spirito Santo Church will allow the investigators access to church records. Three hours rummaging through the records and a successful **Library Use** roll will find a small entry concerning “devil-worship” by Starry Wisdom, who “call up a demon which fears the power of light.” This entry was made in 1853 by the then priest, Father O’Malley.

THE FREE-WILL CHURCH

The Church lies at the top of Federal Hill, a maze of narrow alleys and stepped streets. Ancient, close-packed houses are the dwellings of the Italian quarter of Providence.

Overlooking a cobbled square, the Church stands on a weed-grown plateau supported by a crumbling wall and fenced by rusty iron railings. The iron-gate is securely padlocked, but access can easily be gained through gaps in the railings. The knee-high weeds conceal the worn remains of gravestones. The building itself is in a state of decay, with many of the stone buttresses having fallen and most of the once-leering gargoyles missing. Surprisingly, however, the large Gothic windows remain intact though blackened by grime.

Both entrances to the building are padlocked. The main double doors are also barred from the inside and anyone trying to force them open must match their **STR** against that of the doors of 25 on the resistance table. (If the bar is removed once inside, the doors’ **STR** is reduced to 20.) The side door to the vestry is less secure, having a **STR** of 18. Another entrance should be made

apparent in the form of an open window at ground level leading into the cellar. This will be noticed by any investigator actively



The Free-Will Church

searching for such an entrance but is otherwise hidden by weeds.

The exterior of the Church is in a similar stage of decrepitude. The faint light filtering through the dirt-blackened windows shows a thick layer of dust over everything, obscuring details, and masses of cobwebs across doorways and stairs and in the corners of rooms. The air is particularly stifling, smelling predominantly of rotting wood.

Interior Details

The Place of Worship

The area is taken up mainly by the rows of pews. Those directly to the east of the altar were used by the choir. All were once finely carved, but the wood is now so rotten as to render them unsafe. The cushions upon their seats are mold-



encrusted, many having been split and their stuffing removed by rats.

Massive stained-glass windows line the outer walls, almost reaching the 30-foot high vaulted ceiling. If cleaned, they will be seen to show unearthly creatures devouring human victims and killing knights or saints. A failed **Sanity** roll upon seeing these costs 1D3 points.

The pulpit, though ravaged by time, is largely sound. However, a hole in the floor of the pulpit leads to a rat colony under the floor boards. Anyone climbing the pulpit steps will be met by a stream of 1D4 rat packs. Once driven off, the rats will not re-emerge for 1D3 minutes.

The northern end of this room is dominated by the large stone altar. Placed on a dais, its sides are covered with bas relief carvings of pentagrams, stars, the moon, and other mystical symbols. Above the altar hangs an Egyptian ankh. Made of bronze, it is worth \$200.

To the south stands the font. About four-foot high and made of now-cracked marble, it is empty apart from dust and cobwebs.

Whilst in this area, the investigators will hear the scratching and scampering of rats and will occasionally see movement in the shadows. For every hour spent in this area there is a 15% chance of being attacked by 1D6 rat packs. See the Sixth Edition *Call of Cthulhu* book page 207 for rules on rat packs.

Study

This room contains a desk and chair in the northwest corner and a bookshelf along the south wall. Under the dust on the decaying desk lie the remains of a book. Having been left open, its pages have all been eaten away by rats and mold. Its cover identifies it as the Olaus Wormius Latin translation of the *Necronomicon*, but it is now useless. A book in the top drawer of the desk is marked *Starry Wisdom*.

All but the top shelf of books has collapsed, leaving the volumes to rot on the floor. All legible works remain on the remaining shelf. There are six books on Archaeology, including two by Professor Bowen published in the late 1830s. Each takes a week to read and neither

Crystal of Chaos Papers #2

*And at last from inner Egypt came
The strange dark one to whom the fellahs bowed.
(The middle section, some half dozen lines, is
unreadable. The verse concludes as follows.)
Then crushing what he chanced to mould in play
The idiot Chaos blew Earth's dust away.*

mentions the Trapezohedron nor Nephren-Ka, but do provide a single check on the investigator's Archaeology skill. There are two books connected to the Cthulhu Mythos. One is the Golden Goblin edition of *Nameless Cults*, the other is the handwritten *Doctor Bowen's Notebook* written in an alien tongue. See the side box for details on both this book and the *Starry Wisdom*. The final surviving volume is called *The Occult in New England*. Reading it takes three weeks and provides +5 percentiles to Occult if the investigators skill is below 50%, otherwise there is nothing new to learn.

Vestry

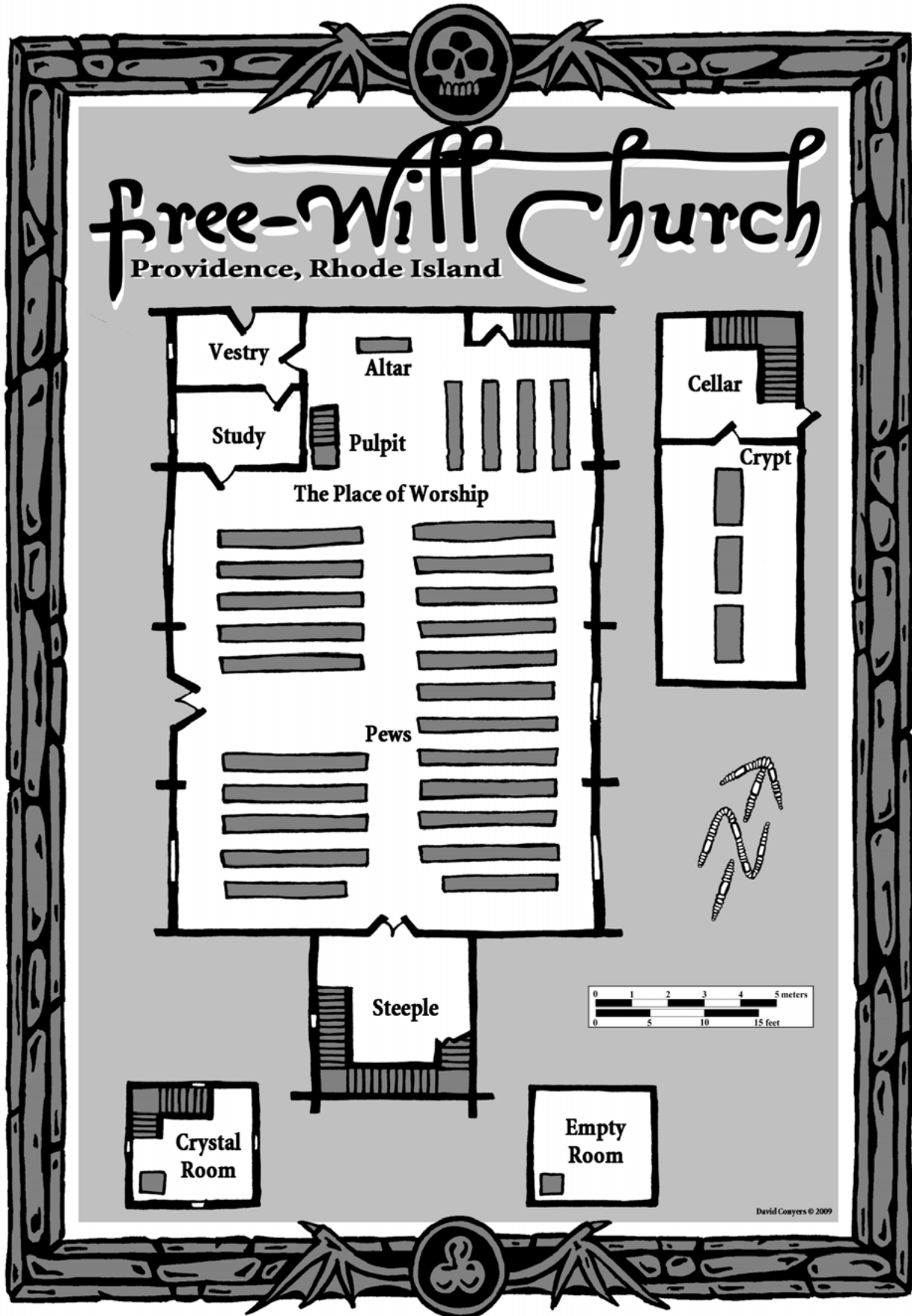
In this room are a row of cupboards along the south wall and a chest in the northwest corner. Hanging in the cupboards are the rotten, cobweb-strewn purple robes worn by the priests of the sect. The chest is unlocked and contains items used in the ceremonies: ankh-like crucifixes, large black candles, sticks of incense, a sacrificial dagger, and a gold chalice worth \$50.

On the west wall above the chest hangs a faded tapestry with a poem (Crystal of Chaos Papers #2).

Cellar

This room contains all sorts of junk: broken furniture, empty crates and trunks, and a rusty stove in the southwest corner. In the stove's fireplace is a key (to the door to the Crypt). A window near the





ceiling in the east wall is open and allows access into and out of the building.

The door in the south wall is locked. The key is hidden in the stove, but the lock is rusty and will only open if the investigator makes a **Luck** roll. Alternatively the door can be forced open if the investigator overcomes its STR of 15 on the resistance table.

Crypt

This room is dominated by three tombs along its center. Words on the top of each have been deliberately chiseled off. The southern most tombstone can be moved by **STR versus STR** 14 resistance roll to reveal a pit beneath. Ten-foot deep, the bottom four feet are covered by hundreds of small bone fragments. A successful **Biology** or **Medicine** roll indicates that they are human, and a **Spot Hidden** roll shows that many have the appearance of being partially melted. These are the remains of the sacrificial victims that Nyarlathotep did not consume.

Around the tombs are some six coffins in varying stages of decay, three of which contain ancient skeletons. The other three are open and empty.

In the southwest corner stands an Egyptian sarcophagus, a further discovery of Professor Bowen. An **Archaeology** or **Egyptology** skill identifies the sarcophagus as Third Dynasty, the same period which saw the rise of Nephren-Ka. A **Spot Hidden** roll reveals a small slit in the lid at about eye level. Inside is an animated mummy, brought to "life" by the cult to use as a guardian. Watching through the eye-slit, this monster will attack any strangers five minutes after they open the door to the crypt or immediately if they open the sarcophagus or find the secret pit. It will not pursue investigators beyond the building.

Animated Mummy, Third Dynasty

STR 18 CON 15 SIZ 13 INT 11 POW 13

DEX 10 Move 8 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

The Crystal of Chaos

New Mythos Tomes

Starry Wisdom

Handwritten, this book tells the history of the sect from its founding in 1844 to its dissolution in 1877, including mentions of public opposition to its existence and the police investigation of 1853, but nowhere confirming the rumors of blood-sacrifices nor naming Nyarlathotep, instead referring to him as "the Haunter in the Dark" and "the Crawling Chaos." Sanity-loss 1D2/1D4; Cthulhu Mythos +2 percentiles; average 6 weeks to study and comprehend. Spells: Summon/Bind Hunting Horror of Nyarlathotep. The book also teaches the basics of the ancient Aklo language, providing investigators who make an INT x5 roll with a skill level in the language at 5+1D10%.

Dr. Bowen's Notebook

This ciphered journal is written in the ancient Aklo tongue of sorcerers and alchemists. It tells the legend of Nephren-Ka, of Bowen's discovery of the Black Pharaoh's tomb, some of the uses of the Shining Trapezohedron, and about the Haunter of the Dark. Nyarlathotep is mentioned frequently. Sanity loss 1D2/1D4; Cthulhu Mythos +3 percentiles; average 6 weeks to study and comprehend once Aklo is known. Spells: Call Deity/Nyarlathotep (the Haunter of the Dark), Contact Deity/Nyarlathotep, Steal Life, Vanish.

Armor: 2-point skin. Impaling weapons are useless unless severing a limb, head, etc.

Weapons: Fist 70%, 1D6+1D4

Skills: Sneak 50%, Stalk 40%

Sanity Loss: 1/1D8 Sanity points to witness the animated mummy.

Steeple

A stone spiral staircase leads upwards. Against the east wall are four barrels covered in fungi. Having split many years ago, they are empty.

Crystal Room

The steeple staircase ends here, one hundred feet up. The





The Mummy rises from its Sarcophagus

four small windows, one in each wall, have been boarded up, but light seeps through tiny cracks. In the center of the room is a four-foot high marble pedestal on which lies the Shining Trapezohedron, its glow obscured by dust. Its lid is open. At night, or if anyone falls victim to the crystal and the lid is then closed, sliding and bumping sounds will be heard from the room above.

Arranged in a circle around the pedestal are seven high-backed wooden chairs. On the wall, one behind each chair, are seven images on crumbling plaster, stretching from floor to ceiling and resembling the monoliths of Easter Island.

In a pile of dust in the southeast corner lies a skeleton. A reporter's badge on the lapel of his ragged suit identifies him as a journalist from the *Providence Telegram*. A notebook in his pocket names him Edwin M. Lillibridge and contains information on his finds (*Crystal of Chaos Papers #3*) which may

match some of the information already uncovered by the investigators. A pocket diary from 1893 contains mundane entries,

but ends on August first. A **Spot Hidden** roll will show that some of his bones seem to have been melted and charred, as if by acid.

A ladder against the wall in the southwest corner of this room leads up through a sliding trapdoor to the room above.

Empty Room

This room is bare. It has a low five-foot ceiling and no windows. The floor is clear of dust, and a **Spot Hidden** roll will reveal strange yellow smears.

At night, when the crystal is in darkness, Nyarlathotep materializes here. However, he cannot leave this room because of the streetlights shining through the cracks in the boarded-up windows below; and he cannot gather enough strength to withstand the light with-

Further Investigations into Lillibridge

If the August 1893 issues of the *Providence Telegram* are subsequently studied by the investigators, a Library Use roll uncovers a small item on the disappearance of reporter Lillibridge "while researching for a projected series of articles on the supernatural. His last known whereabouts was the Providence Central Library, and his subsequent movements remain a mystery." Investigators learn nothing more.



out making contact with a human through the Trapezohedron.

If Nyarlathotep is here (for example, at night, or if the crystal has summoned him), the first investigator opening the trapdoor will hear a rushing sound and see shadowy movement out of the corner of their eyes as the Haunter is dispelled by the light from below.

The air here smells of long-dead carcasses, and anyone not making a **CONx5** roll loses 1D3 CON points for 1D6 hours from the overpowering stench.

THE SHINING TRAPEZOHEDRON

This strange bauble is a smallish gem-like stone closely resembling crystal. It is almost completely black, but has some crimson striations. It has the curious illusion of shining with an inner light. The stone is a polyhedron with many irregular flat surfaces. It is roughly four inches thick, and is usually found in a peculiar yellow metal box with a hinged lid. The box is decorated with unknown, dot-formed hieroglyphs. When inside this box, the Shining Trapezohedron is suspended in its center via an odd series of supports extruding from the box's inner walls.

The Shining Trapezohedron is impossibly old and is of obvious alien design. The *Necronomicon* states that this item was created on the planet Yuggoth and brought to Earth by the Mi-Go. *De Vermis Mysteriis* claims that the Shining Trapezohedron did not originate on Yuggoth, but was instead brought there by the Outer God Nyarlathotep. Whatever its source may be, this item has always been sacred to cults worshiping the Crawling Chaos.

The history of the Shining Trapezohedron once it reached Earth is a long and diverse one. The elder things had it for some time, and mounted it in its yellow metal box to protect it from sunlight. It was salvaged from the ruins of one of their cities by the serpent people, who took it back to Valusia. Then it was sighted over the years in various ancient lands including Lemuria (where it was gazed upon

Crystal of Chaos Papers #3

July 1844

Professor Bowen purchases Free-Will Church, Federal Hill

August 1853

Police investigations into Starry Wisdom sect
No evidence connecting sect to a series of disappearances in the area

February 1866

Further disappearances in the Federal Hill area

May 1869

Several children kidnapped
Mob of Irish youths broke into the church, smashed windows and destroyed furniture in retaliation for a friend gone missing
Again, evidence lacking and no charges filed

March 1872

Witch cults
Blood sacrifices
Strange sounds reported from the boarded-up steeple, but police investigations found nothing

by the first humans), Valusia, and Atlantis. After Atlantis sank beneath the waves, the stone dropped out of sight for a while until it was dredged up by a Minoan fisherman. It was sold to merchants from Khem and later fell into the hands of the Dark Pharaoh, Nephren-Ka. After years of use, he buried it along with an enchanted mirror in a sealed crypt. Both were found by the evil queen Nitocris. After her fall from power, the Shining Trapezohedron disappeared again until it was found in the possession of the Providence based Starry Wisdom cult in 1844. After the cult was disbanded in 1877, this alien gem was left behind in their deserted church. Its history does not end with this scenario, and it will turn up again in



the modern era in the scenario “Coming of Age” published in *Unseen Masters*.

The Shining Trapezohedron has a number of magical powers. First, it beguiles most who look at it. The first time someone sees this artifact, a **POW x3** roll is required to stop looking at it; the player may roll once per round. Success means that the person is unaffected by, or is able to throw off the gem’s bewitchment. Every round someone stares into the crystal, he or she sees bizarre and haunting visions of other dimensions, alien worlds, and gulfs of space and time beyond human imagination. For every five rounds that the person watches these images, he or she gains one percentile point in Cthulhu Mythos skill, up to a maximum of five, and loses one Sanity point; the Sanity point loss continues until the observer stops looking or goes insane. At the keeper’s discretion, a person who looks into the stone may wind up gazing upon a Mythos scene, thereby suffering an additional Sanity loss as per the game rules. Some suggestions linked to other scenarios in this collection include:

1. A vast field of stone pillars half buried in a sea of sand dunes. An even vaster shadow passes over the scene, its shape vaguely representing an octopus, or a bat, or a combination of the two (Sanity loss 0/1D3 points).
2. Subterranean humanoid creatures with rubbery skin and hooved feet chasing a man through ancient sewers (Sanity loss 0/1D3 points).
3. The ruins of a great monolithic city overgrown with jungle. White hairy people who are not quite human and not quite gorillas flee from something chasing them through the jungle. Then the pursuer is seen, a large oily skinned creature with spindly limbs and a single, orb-like eye (Sanity loss 1/1D6 points).

In addition, each round an individual looks into the stone there is a cumulative 10% chance that he

or she will contact the Haunter of the Dark, an avatar of Nyarlathotep. When this happens, the unfortunate viewer feels a fearful sensation of an alien presence looking at him or her through the Shining Trapezohedron, and automatically receives another chance to stop looking. Further gazing causes the viewer to see the Haunter’s blazing red tri-lobed eye, at a cost of 1/1D6 Sanity points.

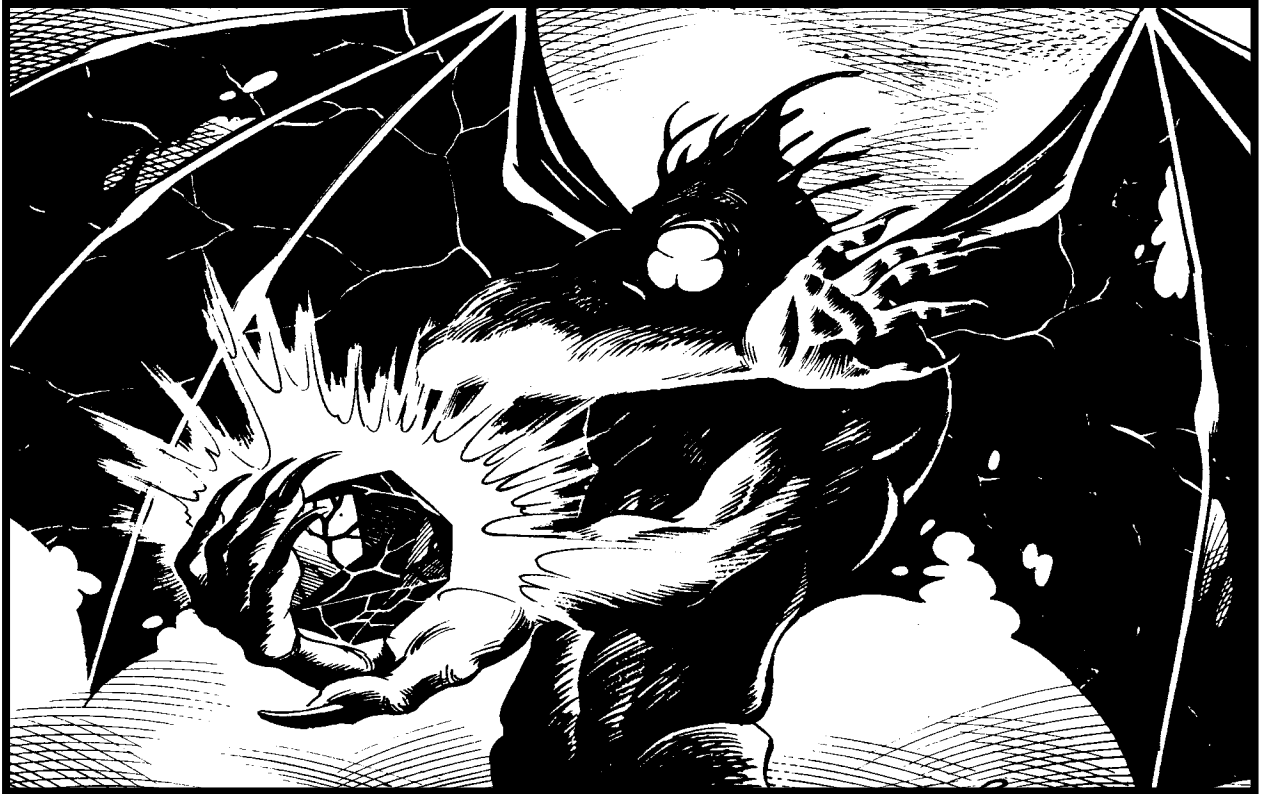
Furthermore, once the viewer has contacted the Haunter, the Haunter will automatically be summoned as soon as the Trapezohedron is immersed in darkness –say, by someone closing the lid of the box in which it’s kept. The Haunter cannot manifest this way unless contact has first been made.

The Trapezohedron forms a link with this world for the Haunter of the Dark. Whenever the crystal is in darkness (as it is when the lid of its box is closed) Nyarlathotep can materialize in a similarly dark place nearby. However, if it has not made contact with a human through the Trapezohedron, it cannot gather enough strength to face light and will be dispelled if it or the crystal is exposed to light.

While the crystal is in Providence, Nyarlathotep will materialize in the steeple of the Free-Will Church. With a human contact, the Trapezohedron can be removed from darkness without affecting Nyarlathotep. The form that the being takes is that of a smoky outline with the impression of a red three-lobed eye. It can fly at great speeds with massive beating wings. However, until it has grown strong (as described below), it must remain in its place of darkness or be dispelled by light, though as time passes this light must be stronger than before, thus breaking its contact with its victim and our world.

Among its powers, the Haunter of the Dark can establish a mental link with a person who gazes upon the Trapezohedron. Every five rounds, or fraction thereof, that a character looks into the crystal, a **POW x5** roll is required; a failed roll means the person’s mind is linked to the Haunter until he or she takes one or more hit points of damage, which au-





The Shining Trapezohedron

tomatically breaks the link. The Haunter can track a linked human wherever he or she goes. Once the Haunter manifests in this dimension, it can attempt to force a linked human to come to its location. The Haunter can exert its POW against the target at a cumulative rate of 1 POW per day that it exists in this dimension, and match its exerted POW against the target's POW on the Resistance Table once per day. (For example, the Haunter could exert 1 POW against the linked victim's POW after manifesting on Earth for a day, 2 POW after two days, etc.) Once it succeeds, the victim will feel a strong pull toward the Haunter's lair while awake, and must roll **POW x5** once per day to resist going there. If he or she does not submit to this waking attraction, the victim will attempt to sleepwalk there, where the Haunter will either attempt to kill or possess the unfortunate individual (see below). If the linked human has seen the Haunter's red eye in the crystal, the Haunter can exert twice as much POW against him or her (2 POW after one day, 4 POW after two days, etc.).

The Haunter of the Dark can also possess a person with whom it is linked. Match the Haunter's exerted POW against the victim's POW on the Resistance Table; then divide the number shown on the table by two (round down fractions) to find the number for the possession roll. If the possession roll succeeds, the Haunter merges with the host, and the host's INT and POW change to those of a human avatar of Nyarlathotep.

If the possession roll fails, the victim's body cannot contain the essence of the Outer God and the victim suffers 2D6 damage from being engulfed and burned. (For example, if the Haunter has an exerted POW of 14 and the victim's POW is 11, the Resistance Table number is 65; $65/2 = 32.5$, which rounds down to 32. On a D100 roll of 32 or less, the Haunter possesses its victim; on a roll of 33 or more, the possession attempt fails and the victim takes 2D6 burn damage.)



Crystal of Chaos Papers #4 Rat Plague Invade Federal Hill Homes

Residents of Federal Hill, Providence, have complained of a plague of rats invading their homes. These creatures, some of an unprecedented size, have always been in evidence in this area but never in such quantities. Officials are at a loss to explain this sudden increase. Local figures blame the old Free-Will Church as the source, but cannot name the cause of this sudden exodus. The health authorities have promised to undertake an investigation.

— Providence Bulletin

On a result of 96-00, the would-be host dies of a fear-induced heart attack. This is what happened to Edwin M. Lillibridge.

The Haunter can be expelled from a possessed host by one or more individuals gazing into the crystal and spending magic points to overcome the Haunter's magic points on the Resistance Table. (The maximum number of magic points the Haunter can use to resist the exorcism are equal to its current exerted POW.) Information on how this can be achieved is found in the Necronomicon and De Vermis Mysteriis, both held at the Orne Library. The book *Starry Wisdom* found in the Free-Will Church also describes this process. If the would-be exorcists succeed, the Haunter is expelled from its vessel and materializes in the darkest available area within 100 feet of the Shining Trapezohedron (and is very angry). If they fail, not only does the Haunter remain in its host body, but it is now linked to all those who have gazed into the Trapezohedron, and it can attempt to possess them in the future.

Furthermore, a person who is linked to the Haunter gains the ability to see in the dark when the Haunter's exerted POW equals or exceeds that of the victim. The usefulness of this ability



is offset by the psychologically unbalancing effect of the alien perceptions that the individual develops, costing 1/1D6 Sanity points.

To gather strength it will retain a mental contact with the viewer into the Trapezohedron. On each night after seeing the crystal, the victim will have horrific dreams of the place in which Nyarlathotep has materialized and something moving in the dark features predominantly. Each week, the dreamer must make a Sanity roll or lose 1D6 sanity points plus a permanent loss of a point of POW. When the victim's POW has reached zero, the Haunter of the Dark will be able to face light. It will then emerge from its hiding place and head directly to its victim to take over the now-defenseless body. (Note: If Nyarlathotep can get to his victim without exposing himself to light, before all his victim's POW is drained, he will do so, but must match POWs on the resistance table to possess the body.)

Nyarlathotep will now use his new body to ensure the destruction of the world, by aiding the development of nuclear weapons. The avatar of Nyarlathotep will possess the creature's INT and POW. STR, CON, DEX, APP and SIZ will be those of the human, the only external difference being a very deep suntan. (Actually, the avatar's skin glows in the dark, but Nyarlathotep will avoid such conditions that would reveal this.)

THE MANIFESTATIONS OF THE HAUNTER

The monstrous form of Nyarlathotep, the Haunter of the Dark, will materialize in the uppermost level of the steeple of the Free-Will Church, when either one of the investigators or Professor Engels, becomes the potential avatar (Professor Galloway will not become an avatar, as he remains out of contact in England). As the creature absorbs its victim's POW over the following weeks, it will be able to face brighter lights. Thus it will soon be able to move down into the next level of the steeple at night, and then down into the main body of the Church. However, the street lights outside are too strong

Crystal of Chaos Papers #5

Free-Will Church Identified as Source of Rat Plague

Following last week's report on the rat invasion of Federal Hill, many inhabitants have moved away from the area, although health inspectors say the problem is now under control. The source of these vermin was positively identified as the disused Free-Will Church, which has long had a bad name in the region. Many locals regard the building as haunted. Indeed, in the past week reports of such hauntings have increased dramatically, and some claim this as the reason for so many people leaving the area.

— *Providence Bulletin*

Crystal of Chaos Papers #6

Federal Hill Vigil Surround Abandoned Free-Will Church

Thursday night's storm brought chaos to Providence when almost half the town was blacked out subsequent to a power line being hit. However, no area seemed more agitated by this event than Federal Hill, where some 200 to 300 citizens stood vigil around the Free-Will Church. Long-rumored to be a haunted building, Thursday night's vigil was apparently to prevent evil spirits from leaving the Church by trapping it within a circle of lights.

— *Providence Bulletin*

for it until it fully possesses a victim, thus it is confined to the Church.

During the weeks following the materialization of Haunter of the Dark, the *Providence Bulletin* will carry the following stories which the investigators are likely to see. *The Crystal of Chaos Papers #4* is published two days after the materialization of the Haunter of the Dark, *Crystal of Chaos Papers #5* about one week after the materialization and *Crystal of Chaos Papers #6* about two weeks after the materialization, following an electrical storm.

During the time in which these reports appear, the potential avatar of Nyarlathotep will be experiencing horrifying dreams about the Church. Thus the investigators may take some action before the later reports appear.

Returning to the Church, the investigators will notice the following changes: all the interior furnishings (pews, desk and chair in the study, junk in the cellar, coffins in the crypt, etc.) have been thrown violently around and smashed – the broken pieces show signs of acidic damage; the smell from the uppermost level of the steeple has pervaded the entire building, though to a lesser degree, as have the strange yellow smears; Lillibridge's body and the mummy have both disappeared; cushions have been stuffed against the windows in the middle of the steeple, darkening it, and against some of those in the place of worship.

During the day, the Haunter remains in the top level of the steeple, but at night it roams throughout the entire building, though it will take refuge in the steeple if the Church is entered.

For the first two weeks or so, The Haunter can be dispelled, severing its link to our world, by the beam of a flashlight. After this, daylight or its equivalent is needed. Because of this vulnerability, the Haunter will summon a Hunting Horror to protect himself if threatened. He cannot summon more because of the limited space inside the Church. See the end of the scenario for statistics of the Hunting Horror.

This monster manifests itself in the central level of the steeple. Any party accompanied by the potential avatar of Nyarlathotep will at first only be menaced by the Hunting Horror in an attempt to frighten them off, as Nyarlathotep does not wish to risk killing his contact with our world. If this fails to work, the Horror will attack the party, but will avoid harming the avatar (though it may grapple him). The Hunting Horror disappears if Nyarlathotep is dispelled.

However, while the Trapezohedron still exists, the Haunter of the Dark is never



banished permanently. Thus the crystal must either be kept within light all the time or be destroyed. This latter is best achieved by crushing it using some kind of heavy machinery or by destroying it with great heat, in say a large blast furnace or a volcano.

THE HAUNTER OF THE DARK

This aspect of the Outer God Nyarlathotep is a huge bat-like thing with a tri-lobed red eye that cannot stand even the slightest light. The Haunter can be kept at bay by weak light sources, and banished from this world by strong ones. Even candle light annoys this monster and deters it to some degree. The Haunter attacks by engulfing its victim within its body of shadows and darkness. There it swiftly burns and dissolves flesh and bone while boring a hole through the top of the victim's skull so it can devour the living brain within. The remains are charred, and marked with yellow stains.

The Haunter's weakness is light: small light sources will keep it at a distance, and powerful light will banish it. The exceptions to this are starlight, which is too dim to affect it, and the light of the moon, to which Nyarlathotep has some unclear connection. Even a mere candle flame will keep the Haunter from approaching closer than fifty feet. A strong flashlight beam trained on the Haunter does 1D3 points of damage per round. Car headlights and street lamps do 1D6+1 per round. Full daylight does 5D6 per round. Quick flashes of bright light, such as lightning bolts or camera flashes, will only keep it at a distance for the duration of the light. Exposing the Shining Trapezohedron itself to a light source has the same effect; if both the Haunter and the Trapezohedron are exposed simultaneously, the Haunter takes damage twice. (Keeper's note:

exposing the Trapezohedron to light while the Haunter possesses a host does no damage to the Haunter.)



THE AVATAR

Should Nyarlathotep reach the stage where its victim's POW is reduced to zero, he may still be returned to his own dimension by the investigators. On the night that the potential avatar is possessed, a fierce electrical storm will erupt. Amid the chaos of a citywide power outage, the Haunter of the Dark will leave the Free-Will Church and head directly for its victim. Any fellow investigators with him or her will witness the arrival of the Haunter and the possession of the victim's body.

The human avatar can be killed by physical means, but will defend itself by summoning the Hunting Horror (above) and then escaping in the confusion.

Investigators who stop the Haunter of the Dark materializing in this world gain a 1D10 Sanity point reward.

If Nyarlathotep escapes in his human form, he will disappear from public sight for a few weeks before beginning a tour of colleges and scientific institutions, lecturing on scientific advances in military technology. If this scenario is played as part of *The Fungi from Yuggoth / Day of the Beast* campaign, the avatar presents himself as an employee of New Worlds Industry's Oakland Research facility. At this stage, the investigators will have failed in their basic aim of preventing the return of the Great Old Ones and the Other Gods. Although they may still track down and kill the avatar, Nyarlathotep will already have sown the seeds of the future destruction of the world, by introducing nuclear technology. If the investigators have still failed to dispose of the avatar, he shows up in Giza with Lang Fu, Baron Hauptmann and Edward Chandler when they hope to summon the Beast avatar of Nyarlathotep.

STATISTICS

Dr. Ronald Galloway, age 56, Respected Egyptologist

STR12 CON 15 SIZ 11 INT 16 POW 15

DEX12 APP 15 EDU 24 SAN 72 HP 13



The Haunter of the Dark

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Fist 50%, damage 1D3

.38 Revolver 45%, damage 1D10

.30-06 Rifle 30%, damage 2D6 + 4

Skills: Academic Standing (Miskatonic) 90%, Anthropology 35%, Archaeology 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 9%, First Aid 75%, Geology 20%, History 55%, Library Use 80%, Navigate 40%, Persuade 80%, Ride Camel 45%, Spot Hidden 55%

Languages: Arabic 50%, Egyptian Hieroglyphics 90%, English 95%, German 60%, Greek 45%, Latin 55%

Dr. Jonathon Engels, age 37, Egyptologist

STR14 CON 11 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 13

DEX13 APP 10 EDU 20 SAN 59 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Fist 50%, damage 1D3

Skills: Academic Standing (Miskatonic) 40%, Anthropology 25%, Archaeology 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, History 25%, Library Use 50%, Persuade 30%, Spot Hidden 35%

Languages: Arabic 10%, Egyptian Hieroglyphics 40%, English 95%, Latin 25%

Father Merluzzo, age 43, Priest of Spirito Santo Church

STR11 CON 13 SIZ 15 INT 12 POW 14

DEX09 APP 09 EDU 12 SAN 65 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 50%, damage 1D3

Skills: History 35%, Library Use 40%, Persuade 50%, Theology 60%

Languages: English 60%, Italian 75%, Latin 15%

Hunting Horror, Servant of Nyarlathotep

STR 29 CON 11 SIZ 34 INT 13 POW 23

DEX 16 Move 7/11 flying HP 23

Damage Bonus: +3D6

Armor: 9-point skin. Bullets cannot impale.

Weapons: Bite 65%, 1D6

Tail 90%, grapple

Sanity Loss: 0/1D10 points to see a Hunting Horror.



The Hunter of the Dark, Avatar of Nyarlathotep

STR 28 CON 22 SIZ 24 INT 20 POW 22

DEX 23 Move 10/20 flying HP 23

Damage Bonus: n/a

Weapons: Engulf and Burn 100%, damage 2D6 per round, no escape

Devour Brain automatic, damage 1D6 per round after Engulf

Armor: none, however no physical weapons can harm the Hunter of the Dark. Cold, fire, chemicals, and electricity also do not harm it. Only light and magic affect this form of Nyarlathotep.

Spells: any, as desired by the keeper.

Sanity Loss: 1D6/1D20 Sanity points to see the Hunter of the Dark.



The Return of the Hound

The sale of a very rare edition of the Necronomicon draws investigators to Yorkshire following the murder of the former owner and the suicide of his supposed killer in Amsterdam.

BY GLYN WHITE

In my tortured ears there sounds unceasingly a nightmare whirring and flapping, and a faint distant baying as of some gigantic hound. It is not a dream – it is not, I fear, even madness – for too much has already happened to give me these merciful doubts. St John is a mangled corpse; I alone know why, and such is my knowledge that I am about to blow out my brains for fear I shall be mangled in the same way. Down unlit and illuminated corridors of eldritch phantasy sweeps the black, shapeless nemesis that drives me to self-annihilation.

— H.P. Lovecraft, “The Hound”

The scenario follows on from the events recounted in H.P. Lovecraft’s tale “The Hound”. The scenario is best suited to investigators who have prior experience with the Cthulhu Mythos. Unlike other scenarios in this book that are not time specific, this one takes place in March and nominally in the year 1922 to tie to the events of Lovecraft’s story. The Handouts however are written so that the year is left undefined for ease of incorporation into a pre-existing campaign. The scenario accommodates 3-6 players and will take at least two sessions to complete.

The scenario draws the investigators to an auction of rare occult tomes in Yorkshire, England which includes amongst its offerings a very rare edition of the *Necronomicon*. The previous owners of the collection, occultists St John De Wynter and Lawrence Belvedere, recently died under mysterious circumstances that, as the investigators will soon discover, are bizarrely connected with a series of murders

in Amsterdam currently credited to *DeSlachter* (“the slaughterer”), otherwise known as the “The Amsterdam Ripper.”

PLAYER’S BACKGROUND

There is to be a book auction at Sleetmoor Manor in Yorkshire, England. The auction includes incredibly rare tomes such as *Cultes Des Goules*, *Nameless Cults* and, the highlight, a *Necronomicon* of a printing of which there is only one other copy known. Investigators are alerted to this by either finding a copy of the Catalogue (see Appendix 2) during another investigation or by receiving a copy in the mail from a dealer they know or a friend or benefactor because they have shown an interest in occult books or occultism in the past. If they are prominent in the field or a well-known historian they may receive a copy direct from the auctioneers. Most characters with any amount of Occult or Cthulhu Mythos skill will only have to hear of these tomes being auctioned to be heading for the venue.

The catalogue states that the content of the auction comes from the private library of the late St John De Wynter, previous resident at the manor. Rumors (in book trade circles) suggest he was murdered, dismembered and buried in the manor grounds by his friend Lawrence Belvedere who fled



the country but then committed suicide in an Amsterdam Hotel.

INVOLVING THE INVESTIGATORS

The auction itself is this scenario's best hook. If the investigators do not have the financial wherewithal to attend it and/or mount any kind of bid, they can be sponsored by a benefactor with similar interests. For example, staff or research students at Miskatonic University with good Credit Rating may be trusted by the Librarian, Dr Armitage, to act on his (and the University's) behalf.

If the investigators are in "for hire" professions they could be approached to act as agents



Lawrence Belvedere

for NPCs preferring not to make the journey, for whatever reasons. They should be given money for expenses and access to a line of credit that would allow them to become bidders for whichever book(s) their client particularly wants from the auction. This is a very plausible way to involve American characters since there is a lot of material in the auction of interest to American libraries, in addition to the occult material. An institutional client bilked by their agent will have the full recourse of the law (make sure and get a contract signed) with concomitant loss of PC Credit Rating. Any non-institutional client with designs on owning the *Necronomicon* may later cause investigators problems whether they have proved any combination of successful, unsuccessful, trustworthy or untrustworthy.

Involving investigators making their first appearance is relatively easy if the keeper is satisfied

with tried and tested methods. Key investigators may be distant cousins or former friends of De Wynter or Belvedere. They may have been included in their wills for a small legacy (but mostly for nuisance value). Distant relatives may or may not have an interest in Vanessa de Wynter's future but, most importantly, have no claim to any items; these are to be sold to pay off creditors and, hopefully, fulfill the legacies mentioned in the will(s). If investigators are contemporaries of the deceased from university they may be welcomed (or not) by the solicitor Prothero, depending on their shared



St. John de Wynter

past. Again there is no way this background should grant any special access to the fragile and valuable tomes. The way the scenario is designed, the investigators should get tantalizing glimpses of key mythos tomes without being able to gain possession of any of the major ones (unless the keeper desires that they gain such possession).

Another way of involving characters is to have them hired to investigate the crimes of the so-called Amsterdam Ripper. Such investigators may be of any nationality (though knowledge of Dutch would be a requirement) and would be contacted by the wealthy politician, aristocrat or relative of one of the victims of the killer the Dutch call De Slachter. Investigators who have publicly been involved in a successful resolution to "The Art of Madness" have suitably advertised their credentials. Using this approach, the scenario would begin with the Amsterdam section.

KEEPER'S INFORMATION

The scenario follows on from the events recounted in H.P. Lovecraft's 1922 tale "The

The Return of the Hound



Hound' which ends with the suicide of the narrator in a Dutch hotel room. Reading Lovecraft's story would be helpful but the following summary gives the essentials for the purposes of the scenario.

The official explanation of these deaths is that Lawrence Belvedere killed himself in remorse having murdered his closest friend, St John De Wynter, dismembered and buried his body, then fled the country. No one seems keen to know more of the activities of this ill-starred pair of decadent aesthetes. Belvedere and De Wynter have left behind nothing but bad debts, disturbing rumors about their attraction to graveyards and a valuable collection of occult texts, including a Latin copy of the infamous *Necronomicon* of Abdul Alhazred, all to be sold at auction.

The real cause of the demise of the occupants of Sleetmoor manor was a mythos entity, the Hound, long worshipped in benighted Leng. De Wynter and Belvedere robbed the grave of its misguided Dutch adherent, Albrecht Marskramer. With a perverse enthusiasm about "meeting" a kindred spirit, they stole a jade amulet dedicated to the Hound and have unwittingly unleashed both it and Marskramer on the twentieth century.

De Wynter and Belvedere were inseparable friends from boarding school, through university, to their early deaths. Kindred spirits, they skirted the boundaries of public propriety, proclaimed their interest in the Romantics, the gothic and the *fin-du-siecle* decadents. Many of their generation were to be destroyed in the trenches of the Great War, but they avoided the army like the plague and smiled knowingly at accusations of cowardice. Both attended Cambridge University but only as long as it suited them, which was until early 1919 when their shamed parents and disapproving guardian (Belvedere's uncle) were all swept away by the influenza epidemic. They joined the death-haunted Bohemian set in London and visited the occultist Aleister Crowley in Sicily but were unimpressed with his money-grubbing antics. Returning to England, they spent

most of their depleted funds buying Sleetmoor Manor, a crumbling Restoration house embedded in the remnants of a medieval castle. Alone and servantless in this gothic pile they read their accumulated occult tomes and became further isolated and decadent, turning to a perversely aesthetic version of grave robbery to stave off a devastating ennui. Though shrewd enough to hide their ghastly collection of tomb-loot in an underground chamber, the pair nonetheless attracted the suspicions of the constabulary and had a visit from the Chief Constable, Major Harburn. After this they conducted their ghoulish activities further afield, including trips to Europe.

Their doom was sealed by their reading of the *Necronomicon*, acquired by De Wynter through considerable luck in a Prague book dealer's in late 1920 when a breathless, illiterate thief tried and failed to sell it to a suspicious and ignorant assistant. De Wynter stepped in smartly and acquired the almost unique tome for a few crowns. Intrigued by what they read of the Plateau of Leng, the pair later found an almost equally rare Dutch text in Latin, *Commentary on the Journals of Albrecht Marskramer*, which told of an adventurer who had visited this distant land and robbed a tomb there, acquiring an amulet of great significance. They used this information to track down his grave in a "Holland churchyard" and steal the amulet for themselves. Yet from the first stroke of the spade they could hear the baying of a gigantic hound in the distance and even back in Yorkshire this uncanny sound continued to haunt them. The sound indicates the Hound's mystic connection to the amulet. Someone who does not make the correct homage to the Hound draws it to this world to exact vengeance. Unable to do so, De Wynter and Belvedere were also besieged by the spirits of Marskramer and earlier victims of the amulet's former owners.

After the Hound tore De Wynter to



KEEPER'S TIMELINE: DE WYNTER AND BELVEDERE

1919: Influenza epidemic follows the Great War. Victims include the parents of St John de Wynter and Lawrence Belvedere's uncle (his guardian). De Wynter and Belvedere leave Cambridge University without having graduated.

1919: De Wynter and Belvedere purchase Sleetmoor manor, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, to escape the London scene. They also begin to travel war-torn Europe using their inheritances to scoop up valuable books and outré items.

1920: De Wynter and Belvedere visit Aleister Crowley in Sicily but are disappointed by his circle. On the way back De Wynter acquires a copy of the *Necronomicon* and subsequently the pair become increasingly isolated as their morbid interests become obsessive.

1921 June: following evidence of a break in to a crypt in Thirsk cemetery, Chief Constable Harburn pays a visit to Sleetmoor to warn De Wynter and Belvedere that they have been noticed frequenting graveyards in the area.

1921 July 19th: De Wynter and Belvedere acquire *Commentary on the Journals of Albrecht Marskramer* by Allard van Scheveningen.

1921 September 20th: De Wynter and Belvedere visit the Netherlands, rob the grave of Albrecht Marskramer and steal the amulet of the Hound.

1921 September 24th: Sleetmoor manor haunted by amulet victims' spirits.

1921 October 29th: Uncanny footprints found outside Sleetmoor.

1921 November 18th: De Wynter killed by the Hound in the grounds of Sleetmoor.

1921 November 19th: Belvedere buries De Wynter and makes obeisance to the Hound.

1921 November 24th: Belvedere flees to London with the amulet.

1921 November 23rd-27th: Hound phenomena increase around him.

1921 November 28th: Belvedere returns to Holland via Rotterdam to return the Amulet, but it is stolen. Deaths of seven members of a criminal family in Rotterdam. [Consult Slachter timeline]

1921 November 29th: Belvedere hears of the Rotterdam killings. He opens Marskramer's grave again and finds the skeleton fleshed, attended by bats and with the amulet. He flees and commits suicide at the Hotel Krasnapolsky.

1921 November 30th: Belvedere's body discovered, Inspector Visser investigates.

1921 December 3rd: Belvedere's death reported in the newspapers, the body of De Wynter discovered in the grounds of Sleetmoor manor by Constable Croaker.

1921 December 5th: Obituary for St John de Wynter appears in *The Times* (see Hound Papers 1).

1921 December 7th: Coroner's report on St John. Prothero notified and begins to act for estates.

1921 December 14th: St John de Wynter buried in Sleetmoor churchyard at Prothero's insistence. Belvedere's ashes are later scattered upon it.

1921 December 21st: Probate granted for estates of Belvedere and De Wynter: Prothero realizes the extent of their debts.

1922 January 3rd: Auction of Sleetmoor manor and all its contents are announced for mid-April and advertised by the Auctioneers, Grisby and Co, internationally.

pieces in the grounds of Sleetmoor manor, Belvedere buried his mangled corpse, disposed of some incriminating materials, and fled to the Netherlands hoping to save himself by returning the amulet to the grave from which it had been stolen. At Rotterdam, however, he was himself robbed. The entire family of the thief became the next victims of the Hound. Digging up Marskramer's grave, Belvedere found the corpse had gained flesh from these victims, had repossessed the amulet, and was surrounded by bat-like familiars. He fled, wrote his disturbed manuscript ("The Hound") and shot himself before anything worse could happen to him.

Dutch police enquiries into Belvedere's death led to the British police discovering De Wynter's body at Sleetmoor. Despite the scandal of the apparent murder, flight and suicide, normal life carries on. It has fallen to a university friend of Belvedere and De Wynter, solicitor (attorney) Raymond Prothero, to be sole executor for the estate since both the deceased named him and each other in their wills. Prothero is acting on behalf of De Wynter's seventeen year-old sister Vanessa, the beneficiary of both wills. Since De Wynter has squandered what came down to him of the family fortune Vanessa has little left to live on but a small stipend from an aunt's will, certainly not enough to be able to return to her Swiss "finishing" school. Prothero has determined that a sale is necessary to pay off creditors and (hopefully) to establish some sort of annuity for Vanessa. He has taken the advice of the book valuer, Mr. Breen, that De Wynter's occult collection is highly valuable and has made sure that the auctioneers have advertised it far and wide, even internationally. After the book sale, the furnishings and then the Manor itself will be auctioned off.

ONE MAN AND THE HOUND

The execution of Belvedere and De Wynter's wills is not the end of the story, however, because the spirit of Marskramer has not settled

The Return of the Hound

back quietly into its grave. The unsolved killings in Rotterdam from Lovecraft's tale are now recognized as the first in an ongoing series of murders attributed to "De Slachter" (see Slachter timeline). Marskramer's activities are dependent on the amulet that Belvedere and De Wynter briefly possessed.

The amulet of the Hound is a powerful occult artifact that is a reservoir of magic points, but it is also very dangerous to the owner. Marskramer stole the amulet without knowing the risks. Only the Tcho-Tcho knew the rituals that would keep the possessor safe from the Hound. Marskramer delayed his doom by killing and eating victims in the prescribed Tcho-Tcho manner (so feeding the amulet's reservoir of magic points) but this was not enough. Passing the amulet to others was a way to evade the Hound, but the rituals he had already performed bound the amulet to him and each time the Hound killed, the amulet returned to him. Unable to give it up, or find any way to avoid the Hound, Marskramer prepared for death on his own terms, denying part of himself to the Hound by drinking hemlock. Ensuring the burial of his corpse with the amulet, he managed to bind his spirit to it without being absorbed within it. It was not part of his plan that he lay undisturbed until the twentieth century, but his executor, the wealthy painter Hieronymus Wolfsdonken, balked at publishing Marskramer's journal as he had been instructed to do. Many years later a biographer going through Wolfsdonken's effects found Marskramer's journal and later published a volume based on it (*Commentary on the Journals of Albrecht Marskramer*). Though this publication was suppressed the information finally leaked out that eventually brought the attention Marskramer had intended. Once De Wynter and Belvedere had stolen the amulet, the ghost of Marskramer could spy upon the twentieth century.



Safely non-corporeal, he relished how the Hound brought doom to the defilers of his grave. But his corpse was now an avatar of the Hound, favoured by its bat-winged familiars who gathered flesh for its bones. Marskramer's corporeal form is a ghastly travesty of humanity with resemblances to zombie, vampire, and werewolf. One of Belvedere's last acts had been to free this corpse from its grave and, as it lurched away into the darkness, Marskramer's consciousness, still separate, recognized the vulnerability of something so obviously no longer human. His spirit seized upon the often-bribed graveyard attendant, Jeroen Havercamp, took him over, and found a place to hide his corpse form. By putting the amulet in the gravedigger's possession, Marskramer had made Havercamp the next target of the Hound.

Victims of De Slachter (the Dutch press's name for the mysterious killer) feed the power of the amulet and the bat-like familiars gather material towards a more complete new body for Marskramer. The victims' spirits, dominated and numbed by Marskramer's, cannot prevent others sharing their fate. The second De Slachter victim was a woman the gravedigger knew, the third her pimp, etc (see Slachter timeline). Marskramer absorbs some of the victim's knowledge and is now competent in dealing with the Netherlands of the twentieth century. He knows that to finish his "re-birth" he will need to perform a ritual once seen in the *Necronomicon* half a millennium ago. That was the copy held in Prague and, in the present, is the one in the collection of St John de Wynter. Knowing of its presence from his spirit-form visit to Yorkshire, Marskramer plans to acquire it. He will cross the channel by dominating Jan Kuypers, a tramp steamer's mate, and using

Kuypers' access to cargo holds to conceal his corpse-self too. Naturally, his visit bodes ill for the current occupiers of Sleetmoor

Manor. The investigators may also find themselves in harm's way.

THE STRUCTURE OF THE SCENARIO

Investigators are free to access the information available to them in any order. For the benefit of the keeper, the scenario is this laid out as follows: Preliminary Investigations, The Netherlands including the Slachter Investigation, Marskramer, Great Britain, The Village of Sleetmoor, Sleetmoor Manor, Days Before the Auction, and the Climax.

PRELIMINARY INVESTIGATIONS

Investigators wishing to attend the auction at Sleetmoor are likely to want to know more of the reasons behind the sale, the assembly of the collection and the nature of the auction lots. Such enquiries are handled in the next few paragraphs.

Library Research

Through successful **Library Use** rolls at any extensive city or university library the investigators can gain a lot of background information. The bullet points in The History of Sleetmoor Manor handout (*Hound Papers* #2) cover the location. The keeper may wish to parcel out the information per success or provide the whole as the result of a day's successful work. The information in the last two points is, however, only available from British newspaper sources. The last bullet point summarises the basics of what may be found out from newspaper reports on the deaths of Belvedere and De Wynter and can be further supplemented by *Hound Papers* #1.

People who knew the Deceased

Anyone who knew Belvedere and De Wynter in Yorkshire is covered under Sleetmoor, but from the information in the obituary (*Hound Papers* #1) some investigators may wish to seek out the pair's Cambridge contemporaries. Respectable sources, such as Anthony De Brett (a clubbable Home Office civil servant), remember Belvedere and De Wynter as inseparable decadent



outsiders bound to come to the sort of bad end that has now arrived. Clearly the focus of much rumour, Belvedere and De Wynter were associated with drunken excess, experimentation with drugs, interests in black magic (“I even heard they visited old Crowley in Sicily”) and sexuality that did not travel down the usual channels (“If you know what I mean”). Since their self-imposed exile “oop north” not much has been heard of them though De Brett’s Home Office post has allowed him to pick up that the pair were suspected of grave-robbery. No further details can be gleaned, even by reaching bottom of a shared decanter of port.

Researching the Auction Catalogue

The best place to research the lots would be the British Museum Reading Room in London (see the appropriate section in *The Jermyn Horror*). As long as the applicant is respectable and accredited there should be no obstacles to reading them, though it will be time consuming (and have impacts on Cthulhu Mythos and SAN). The CoC rulebook contains a history of the *Necronomicon* and, much more briefly, other key tomes. In game, a text like Skillen’s *History of the Occult Book* (see Lot 560 in Catalogue) will provide much of the background information needed. If the investigators want to know about the contents of specific texts beyond what is stated in the catalogue neither Prothero nor the auctioneer will be able to help. They will instead refer the investigators to the expert valuer, Mr. Ellis Breen of York, who catalogued the books, and whose telephone number is in the catalogue.

Contacting The Auctioneers

Whether by letter, telegram, telephone, or in person investigators will likely reach Mrs. Esme Dulcet, the secretary of Clement Grisby and company. She will answer any questions about the timing, location and terms and conditions of the auction (all to be found in the catalogue). If asked about specific book lots she will refer the investigators to the expert valuer, Mr. Ellis

The Return of the Hound Papers #1

OBITUARY

St John de Wynter 1896-1922
St John de Wynter (26) of Sleetmoor Manor, Yorkshire was reported dead yesterday. His body was found by police buried in a shallow grave near his home. He had been murdered perhaps a fortnight previously. De Wynter attended Cambridge University 1916-19 without graduating, his parents having died in the influenza epidemic. Unmarried, he leaves his sister, Vanessa (18), without a guardian.

COMMENT

On Tuesday we printed an obituary for Lawrence Belvedere lamenting the loss by suicide of another young man from a seemingly ill-fated generation. Now we are compelled to print another.

Before any more details are revealed by the police, we can state these two deaths are not unconnected. Belvedere and De Wynter were inseparable in life to the degree that anyone who knew them, or of them and their acknowledged mutual interests, must have wondered that they were separated in death. Not so, it seems. De Wynter’s brutal murder appears to have been avenged by his friend who could not bear to live without him.

These men were still mere boys when their first boarding school heroes’ deaths and injuries were reported to them in the early days of the Great War. They were never patriots thereafter and never sought acceptance for their views, but the course they steered to avoid death on a foreign field has come to its ignominious end.

THE EDITOR

The Return of the Hound Papers #2

- A Castle was built at Sleetmoor after the Domesday Book was written (1086), though the Domesday records show that the village existed then.
- A motte and bailey plan seems to have been rapidly followed by a substantial mid twelfth century stone-built castle and records show the De Ville family using it as a stronghold, possibly against Scottish raiders.
- In the Civil War (1642-5) the castle was besieged by the Roundheads and, once the Royalists surrendered, its defences were slighted (walls knocked down and towers destabilized).
- At the Restoration the damaged Sleetmoor castle again became the property of the De Ville family but Simon, having learned dissolute habits while in exile in France, died bankrupt in 1687 and it had to be sold.
- Sleetmoor castle bought by a wealthy banker from York, named Providence Motley, who spent heavily on remodeling what would become 'the manor'. After his death his family only remained in residence a couple of years before selling up.
- Sleetmoor manor bought in 1708 by the Duncombe family as residence for hardy spinster aunts who would otherwise have to be lodged at their neo-classical stately pile closer to York.
- Sleetmoor manor was barely maintained into the twentieth century and after the death of the family heir at Ypres in 1917 it was sold off, languishing for two years before St John de Wynter acquired it at auction in 1919 for £700.
- On December 3rd 1921 the dismembered body of St John de Wynter is found in a shallow grave in the grounds of the manor. His companion Lawrence Belvedere who committed suicide in the Hotel Krasnapolsky, Amsterdam, on 29th November, had apparently murdered him.

Breen of York, who wrote the catalogue, and whose telephone number is on its cover. A successful **Persuade** or **Fast Talk** with Mrs. Dulcet might get investigators to Mr. Grisby himself but he can be no more informative except with regard to one point; he will if **Persuaded**, or **Fast Talked**, or asked by someone of 50% **Credit Rating** in person reveal he is acting for Raymond Prothero, executor of the De Wynter and Belvedere estates, currently of Sleetmoor manor.

Contacting Prothero

Direct enquiries by letter or telegram (there is no telephone at Sleetmoor manor) provide no details not readily available in the press or the catalogue. If asked about specific book lots Prothero will refer the investigators to the auctioneer, Clement Grisby, or the expert valuer, Mr. Ellis Breen of York, whose telephone numbers are on the catalogue cover. A personal visit is dealt with under Sleetmoor, below.

Contacting Mr. Breen

In the world of British book collecting Ellis Breen is a distinguished figure, known for his diligence and propriety. Unfortunately skimming De Wynter's collection has driven Mr. Breen indefinitely insane. Now paranoid, he has been sitting in his office at the back of his shop for weeks, barricaded inside with books against the windows and doors and avoiding all human contact. A few days ago the stack of books barricading the washroom windows collapsed and wedged the door shut, denying him access to water. Mr. Breen took it philosophically. He is currently eating recipes from a damaged copy of *Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management* and "drinking" *Scotland's Freshwater Lochs*. He remains in telephone contact with the world, but is otherwise intentionally cut off from normal contact.

Ellis Breen, Age 65, Disturbed Bookseller

STR 09 CON 08 SIZ 10 INT 17 POW 10
DEX 12 APP 09 EDU 22 SAN 0 HP 09 (04)

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Thrown book 25%, damage 1D2

Heavy book 20%, damage 1D4+1

Skills: Appraise Books 85%, Bargain 70%, Credit Rating 55%, History 55%, Law 30%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 40%

Languages: English 100%, Latin 50%, French 45%, German 35%

By telephone: Mr. Breen has a dry, even parched voice, but answers as best he can from his great knowledge of books. He will expand a little on the catalogue if pressed but not to the



Ellis Breen

extent that investigators will not want to seek information elsewhere. Investigators succeeding with **Library Use** and **Fast Talk** may get him to reveal the presence of spells in a text that has any (see Keeper's Guide to the Catalogue), but he will not name them and will rapidly limit the extent of the conversation thereafter. He will also strongly resist attempts to arrange meetings by stating he is busy "stocktaking, taking stock, making an inventory." If investigators discuss the mental state of Belvedere or De Wynter with him they may gain some key information: Breen will gasp — "Any one who read all those books would be insane, or course. The things they would know, the tastes they would develop, and the sinister forces they would draw towards them. Not surprising they came to a bad end, is it? You would have thought Belvedere had more sense than to try to return to the scene of the crime in Amsterdam. Best to just stay quiet, don't let them notice you. [Pause] Who are you again?" At this point Breen's paranoia will kick in and they won't get anything more useful from him.

If a telephone conversation passes without incident a possible oddity the investigator may

notice (**Idea** roll) is that Mr. Breen the bookseller offered nothing for sale.

By mail: Mr. Breen no longer answers mail; his mailbox is full. Telegrams are not received.

In person: In order to do so the investigators will have to be in Britain and travel details are covered under Great Britain. Mr. Breen's shop in The Shambles, York, is shut. A sign in the window says "closed." The windows are obscured with books. If asked, his neighbours think he is cataloguing books at a place called Sleetmoor though one might remember thinking they had seen him return.

If investigators try to break in they find the exterior locks are worse than average (STR 15) but the bolts and books behind them give the unlocked doors STR 35. The interior doors have no locks but those breaking in will need to beat a STR of 25 to get past them. The windows are barred (STR 50) but glass and the books wall behind them may be poked out, provoking screams from Mr. Breen and an imperative to gain proper access. Recently Breen has run out of candles but is, as a result, very attuned to the dark of his room. If an attempt is made to enter the room he will throw books (25% in the dark) for 0-2 hit points of damage and then will start swinging a massive bible (20% chance) for 1D4+1 damage if it connects. His hit points are much reduced (4) and if subdued he will be catatonic for days. If grappled and disarmed Breen can be interrogated with results along the lines indicated under "contact by telephone." SAN loss for finding Mr. Breen alive but insane is 1/1D3.

If the investigators do not visit Mr. Breen, on the day before the auction his neighbours will eventually become suspicious. When the police break in he will be found dead of dehydration. This will be reported to the auctioneers and via them to Prothero. The investigators can hear of it for a SAN loss of 1/1D4. If the



investigators have been consulting Breen by telephone then note the last time they did so. If it is close to the auction have the report come in that he has been dead for several days, casting doubt on whether the investigator in question talked to a corpse (1/1D4+1).

THE NETHERLANDS

Transport

From the US

Boat is still the only feasible (natural) means. If the investigators want to sail direct from the US to continental Europe there are (recently restored after the war) weekly sailings for Hamburg (Germany) and Rotterdam (Netherlands). The journey can be rough in winter (**CON x5** checks every day) but will take about 7 days with a first class ticket coming in at \$190, tourist class at \$125, third class at \$80 and steorage at \$60. Liners also sail from New York for Liverpool or Southampton. For details of these see the Sleetmoor section and for UK connections to Amsterdam see the section immediately below.

From the UK

Getting to a channel port: The closest and cheapest would be branch line to Hull (£1), but crossings from there are least frequent, least comfortable and most likely to cancellation. The next closest would be taking a train to Kings Cross (London) followed by a) a transfer to Liverpool Street Station and a train to Harwich, or b) a transfer to Charing Cross Station and a train to Dover (both options £3).

Crossing the Channel: This costs the equivalent of £1 first class and 35p 3rd per 3 hours or portion thereof. Depending on point of departure the crossing will take from

3-12 hours: Dover -Calais (France) 3 hours; Dover - Ostend (Belgium) 5 hours; Harwich - Rotterdam 6 hours; Harwich 5

hours - Antwerp (Belgium); Hull - Hamburg (Germany) 12 hours. The carrier from Harwich is LNER and the carrier from Dover is Southern Railways. Crossings can be rough.

Flying: £3 to get to the London airfield with the London-Paris flight costing £12. The service is extremely cramped and prone to cancellation in bad weather or strong winds.

Within Europe to Amsterdam: travel from Rotterdam to Amsterdam by train takes an hour. Amsterdam is 2 hours from Antwerp and Calais and Ostend routes go via Antwerp adding 1.5 and 1 hour to that journey respectively, depending on connections. Hamburg has rail connections to Amsterdam that will take 4 hours.

The Netherlands and Amsterdam

The following basic information is easily available from English book sources.

The Netherlands, long fought over during the Reformation, has emerged as a colonizer nation, a trading centre and a focal point for campaigns to prevent conflict, such as the League of Nations based in The Hague.

Dutch territory was Burgundian from 1384 to 1477, then ruled by the Hapsburgs until 1556 when it became the Spanish Netherlands. In 1581, through the Act of Abjuration, the seven provinces united and demanded independence from Spain. This began the Eighty years war which was concluded in 1648 by the Peace of Westphalia. 1652 saw the first Anglo-Dutch War, 1672 the third, but it was the French who put an end to the United Netherlands by conquering it in 1795. The Netherlands were French territory until the defeat of Napoleon in 1815 after which they became the United Kingdom of the Netherlands until 1830, since when it has been the Kingdom of the Netherlands. It is a parliamentary monarchy and stayed neutral during the Great War. Local currency is the guilder.

The city of Amsterdam was founded in 1204 by Floris V who was murdered through a conspiracy backed by Edward I of England. There

The Return of the Hound



were major fires in 1421 and 1452 (destroying three quarters of the city) after which brick or stone construction became compulsory. Amsterdam is famous for its canal thoroughfares, its fine art holdings and the red light district (*De Wallen*) in which prostitution is legal.

Accommodation

Upscale examples include the American Hotel (rebuilt in 1902 in Art Nouveau style), Amstel Hotel, Hotel de l'Europe (1896, entrance hall 1910) and Hotel Krasnapolsky (each £2 per night). Perhaps Prothero has gone so far as to recommend the Hotel Vermeer, as recommended to him by Insp. Visser. It is quite modest and half the price of the others (and the group's comings and goings can be noted easily).

A GRIM WELCOME

One thing the group should notice is an air of agitation in the capital centred on the frenzied barking out of newspaper sellers for *De Volk-srant* or *De Telegraaf*; "*Slachter Slaat Weer Toe*" ("The Slaughterer Strikes Again"). An Idea roll will remember a small article in *The Times* (or whatever paper the investigators have read in Britain) ironically treating the ineptitude of Dutch police in catching the murderer who the British are calling "The Amsterdam Ripper." To the Dutch this is *De Slachter* and an alarming problem which is certainly the main focus of police interest rather than a foreigner's suicide that occurred last year.

If the investigators are on a mission from Prothero they will want to visit Inspector Visser (see below), for Belvedere's effects, and possibly the Hotel Krasnapolsky (see below). If, however, the investigators' starting point is De Slachter they have a lot more investigating to do.

The Hotel Krasnapolsky

The suicide of Lawrence Belvedere on the premises is a touchy subject, one that will not be handled by a mere receptionist. Investigators asking about it will be taken aside and spoken

to by a manager. With sufficient **Credit Rating**, a **Fast Talk** or a **Persuade** they can avoid an irritable brush-off spiced by the threat of libel action. The hotel management will be very insistent that there wasn't a Slachter killing on their premises on 29th November 1921, that they have behaved entirely properly and the story is entirely a product of a former employee (a Miss Dekker) who has a grudge against the hotel having been fired for sloppy work. A conciliatory approach (**Persuade**) will learn – or confirm – that the incident involved the suicide of an Englishman named Lawrence Belvedere, who shot himself. Inspector Visser handled all the details.

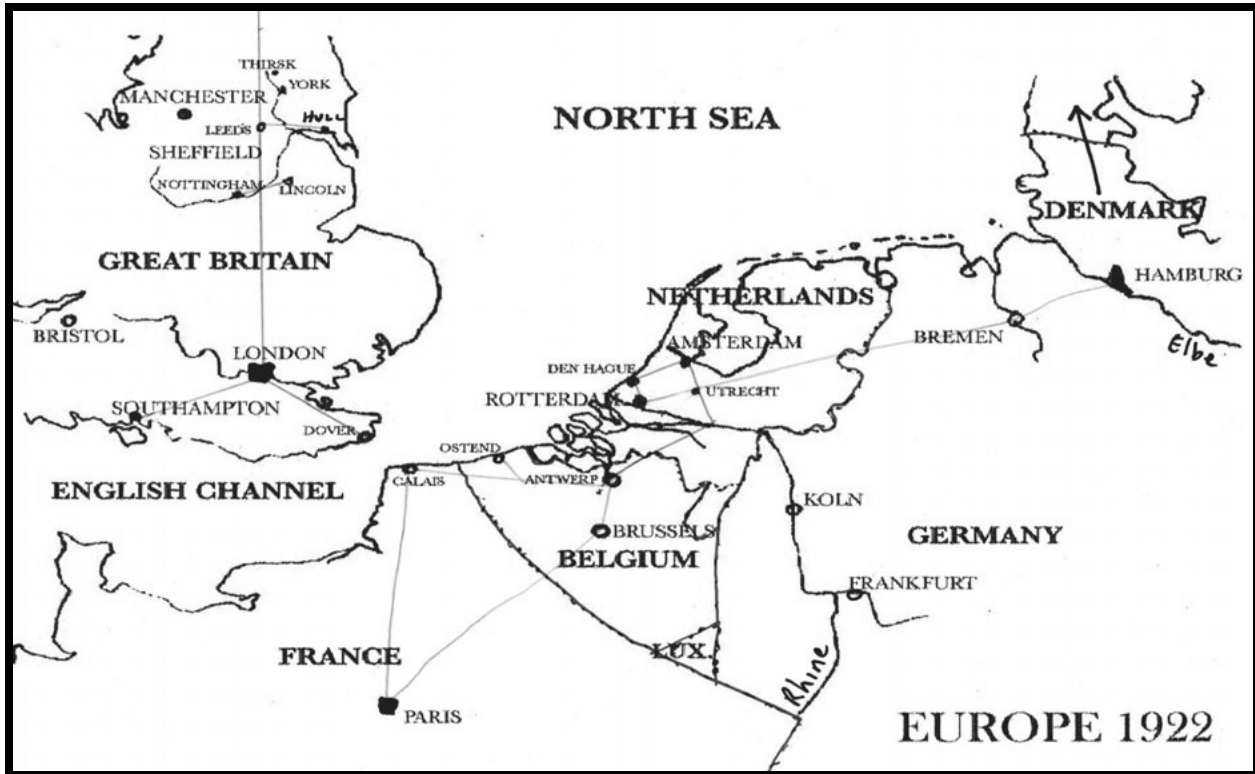
Minette Dekker

Tracking down Minette Dekker, the ex-chambermaid from the Hotel Krasnapolsky, is possible using employment agencies she has been using to try and get work. She is a grasping individual who will happily tell whatever she thinks her audience wants to hear for cash. Seriously disturbed by finding Belvedere's body, she subsequently suggested to a journalist that there had been a Slachter murder there on the 29th November and that the management had covered it up. The story has not seen print because the Hotel threatened to sue, but Minette will gladly reiterate her theory if interviewed and paid. If she is Persuaded to remember everything about Belvedere's stay she will remember that he checked in with a new spade. Neither Visser nor the management will be able to confirm this (accurate) memory.

Inspector Visser

Whether coming on an errand from Prothero or enquiring with the Police about the Belvedere suicide, the investigators will eventually be sent to *het politiebureau* (the police station) which





Map of crucial Scenario locations in Europe

contains the office of Inspector Visser of the Amsterdam Police.

A solid, gloomy man (with a bad heart) Visser is extremely businesslike and will answer all questions relating to Belvedere's suicide to authorized persons. Visser will report, if necessary, that while searching for the next of kin in England the British police found the house empty and the body of Belvedere's friend in a shallow grave in the garden. It is likely he was murdered in a quarrel and, after fleeing successfully, Belvedere killed himself in remorse. Visser was surprised to learn that Belvedere was a murderer and regrets the loss (if any) to the investigators. Belvedere's unstable mind was, however, strongly indicated to him by the comment left in the Krasnapolsky guest book, naming his occupation as writer and

adding "I have nothing to declare but my insanity!" Visser will fish for anything else Belvedere may have had in common with Oscar

Wilde (whose statement to American customs this comment parodies).

Inspector Willem Visser, Age 45, Disinterested Detective

STR 15 CON 06 SIZ 13 INT 13 POW 10
DEX 13 APP 10 EDU 15 SAN 50 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Combat: Punch 60%, Small Club 50%, Handgun (.32 revolver, damage 1D8) 35%

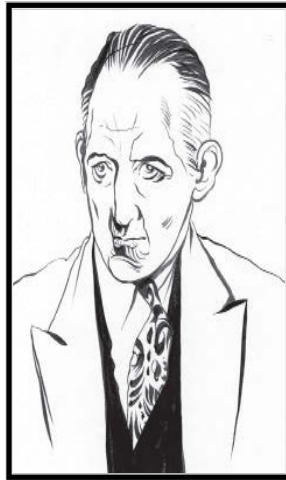
Skills: Dutch 80%, English 40%, Fast Talk 40%, Persuade 45%, Psychology 55%, Spot Hidden 55%.

Belvedere's Effects: These are kept in his battered, monogrammed, leather suitcase. They include hurriedly packed clothing, a very small sum of Dutch currency, a .32 revolver which Visser cannot release to persons without an appropriate license, and a few sheets of paper. Technically, Belvedere's effects should include his last testament constituted by the Lovecraft story "The Hound" itself (it can be taken from various online archives and displayed in an Edwardian handwriting font), but this is optional. In any case, there is a cryptic sheet that gives



directions to the key grave, unnamed as in the story (*Hound Papers #4*). Visser thinks this is the spot of an assignation, nothing more. There is, however, an address on this sheet for Nicholaas van Scheveningen. Visser interviewed the man who said two Englishmen had visited him on September 19th 1921 asking about an ancestor and he had told them all he knew. He checked, but Belvedere had not visited him on his second, final trip to Amsterdam.

Visser doesn't read English well, hasn't read the long suicide note, mistaking it to be a work of fiction and does not know that De Wynter was torn to pieces in the manner of the Slachter's victims (he has lazily assumed Belvedere shot him). Visser has not been involved in the Slachter investigation and will be intrigued that the investigators are making a connection between that and Belvedere. The investigators may find Visser keeping in touch and even tailing them to keep track of their progress. If they make a convincing connection he will use all measures open to him, including detaining the group, until he is sure he knows everything they know about the case (this will involve him reading all their documents). He will then take the new information to *hoofdcommissaris* (Commissioner) Van Meegeren and try to dislodge Inspector Tinbergen from the Slachter case in favor of himself.



Inspector Willem Visser

Nicholaas van Scheveningen

Investigators will probably want to visit this man. He lives in *Oude Kerkstraat* (old church street) by a canal in a row of tall brick merchants' houses dating from the 1780s and in his family for over a century. Van Scheveningen is elderly and not in the best of health, but he still has a lively mind and is intrigued as to why so

many foreigners and detectives are beating a path to his door.

He was surprised by De Wynter and Belvedere's knowledge of his ancestry. They had, it transpired, a copy of an infamous book by his Great-great-great-grandfather Allard van Scheveningen. He will tell the investigators what he told De Wynter and Belvedere. Until the publication of that book, Allard was a respected historian known for his biography of the sixteenth century artist Hieronymous Wolfsdonken. Allard had married well (his wife's family owned this whole row of buildings) and he had worked at various universities. But then he found some papers that had been left to Wolfsdonken by his contemporary, the notorious traveller Albrecht Marskramer. These papers led Allard to investigate and then write about Marskramer. He only ever published the first volume, such was the scandal caused. Allard was ridiculed for believing the ramblings of a madman.

In investigating Allard's life Nicholaas's thorough research located Marskramer's grave in *Sint Janskerkhof* and he directed the curious Englishmen to it using the sheet among Belvedere's effects (*Hound Papers #4*). Nicholaas will be very disturbed by any suggestion that they robbed the grave: "*Grafschennis? Grafroof?*" The sort of thing that terrible man was reputed to have done both here and in the Far East, according to the journal my ancestor saw. When he saw the reaction to his first volume on Marskramer he held back, destroyed or hid the journal. I think Wolfsdonken was supposed to have it published but suppressed it instead. My ancestor wasn't quite so wise. Members of the city council came here looking for it and he told them he had burned it, he was also forced to destroy some of his own writings based on it.

It seems that my family also destroyed his papers after his death. The published volume on Marskramer is also very rare.



There is a copy in our national archive, which I read many years ago. As far as I can tell, it was written in his study, my study, upstairs. Would you like to see it?"

Nicholaas's large modern table faces the rear window but the room's panelling is ancient. If asked about secret doors he explains he has measured the room to the millimeter



Nicholaas Van Scheveningen

and checked under the floorboards. "There is no space for hidden cupboards or safes in this building." If the investigators see something in that "in this building" and tap on the bookcases along the party wall one will sound hollow about halfway across the room. A **Luck** check will find the catch and the bookcase will push backwards and swing inward, to the right with a squeak, releasing a bad but not overpowering odour.

The weight of books in the shelf partly collapses the old mechanism so that it won't swing back indicating that it is certainly not regularly used and Nicholaas expresses total surprise at the discovery; "But it's next door!"

He is a little staggered and the right of first entry clearly goes to the discoverer.

Nicholaas van Scheveningen, Age 68, retired teacher

STR 08 CON 04 SIZ 07 INT 16 POW 16
DEX 12 APP 09 EDU 18 SAN 70 HP 06

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: History 65%, Library Use 75%, Spot Hidden 10%

Languages: Dutch 85%, English 50%, Latin 40%



The Return of the Hound Papers #3

Nicholaas van Scheveningen

Oude Kerkstraat 40

Amsterdam

Sint Janskerkhof

AM 3rd row, 8th from end

Allard van Scheveningen's Legacy

The antechamber is tiny and quite clearly in the house next door. Allard created this corridor within his brother-in-law's property when it was untenanted and, because the little attic room at the back of the next-door property is accessed by a baffled corridor, no one has noticed the three feet wide space he robbed from it. The narrow room is seven feet high, cobwebbed, dusty, damp and with a vile odour of decay. Dried husks of dead rats are embedded in the dust that rises with every step. A built-in table facing the same way as Nicholaas's has a still sturdy narrow medieval chair in front of it with rat clawmarks scratched into the varnish. A valuable pewter inkstand is just about visible on the table in the mulch of chewed paper, mice and rat droppings. On the table is the remainder of a thick tome. The cover has been chewed off (it is under the dust on the floor; chewed brown leather with AM branded into it), and the pages have been chewed to nothing from the edges leaving a confetti of black letter Latin words. But if this is swept aside the later pages of the journal, some unused pages and the back cover remain. The one legible entry is the last, which constitutes *Hound Papers #4*.

'A Holland Churchyard'

Investigators may wish to investigate *Sint Janskerkhof* (St. Jan's churchyard). Partly walled, partly shielded by the squat church and a conifer hedge, the graveyard is not overlooked

by any human dwelling. The row and number brings them to Marskramer's grave. The weathered and mossy tombstone reads simply "Marskramer 1381- 1448." It is clear that the area in front of the gravestone has been disturbed within the past six months. The corpse of a large bird is half buried in the soil (a buzzard). If Visser is tailing the group he will let them dig while he goes to fetch help. The investigators will not be seized until they have got to the bottom of the grave. There they will find an ancient coffin still intact though the lid is marked where it has been pried up more than once. The coffin is empty, however, unlike the two previous occasions it has been disturbed. While the investigators are taking this in Visser and his men will surround them and they will be arrested on charges of *de grafschennis en de grafroof* (grave desecration and grave robbery).

Interrogation begins as soon as they are back in *het politiebureau*. Embassy-approved attorneys and consulate staff are hours away. Gradually, from the thrust of Visser's questions, it may dawn on the investigators (**Idea** roll) that one of the early victims of *De Slachter* was the attendant of *Sint Janskerkhof*. A family of Rotterdam crooks were probably the first victims, but this killing was the first in Amsterdam.

Grave-robbing charges will burn up any goodwill the investigators may otherwise have gained in the Netherlands. They will be held under these charges as long as Visser needs, but the details are sufficiently embarrassing for the authorities not to want the case played out in court. Investigators will eventually be accompanied to the port of Rotterdam to be returned to whence they came. Whether one of their detective guards is an angry, demoted *Adjutant* (Lieutenant) Tinbergen is up to the keeper, depending on the outcome of Visser's machinations.

THE DE SLACHTER CASE

The trail of *De Slachter* is a gruesome one and heavily covered by all the Dutch newspapers. A chronology of the attacks can be culled from

The Return of the Hound Papers #4

Last Pages of a Journal, handwritten in black letter Latin.

A MAN CANNOT LIVE AS THE PLATEAU DWELLERS DO IN THIS COUNTRY IN THIS AGE. A RACE OF SLAVES SEEMS A NECESSITY. I CANNOT CARRY ON, AND I CANNOT GO BACK.

MY DAYS ARE NUMBERED AND MY QUEST FOR ETERNAL LIFE HAS BROUGHT ME TO WITHIN HOURS OF A GRUESOME DEATH. THE BARKING OF THE HOUND IS VERY LOUD NOW. BUT ONLY TO ME. OTHERS HEAR IT IN THE DISTANCE. I MAY BE MAD BUT I SHALL NOT SUCCUMB.

I WISH THAT I HAD THE TEXT OF ALHAZRED THAT I SAW IN THE PRAGUE COURT. ITS WORDS SENT ME IN SEARCH OF LENG WHERE I FOUND THE GEMSTONE THAT DOOMS ME. IF I LET THE HOUND TAKE ME IT SHALL OWN MY SOUL FOREVER AND THE GEM WILL CURSE ANOTHER. BUT IF I CROSS THE BORDER INTO DEATH FOR MYSELF I SHALL ONLY EXPERIENCE A PETTY DAMNATION AND SHALL ESCAPE ITS CLAIM ON ME. I CAN HIDE IN DEATH AND HAVE THE GEM BURIED WITH ME. I SHALL INFILTRATE IT – THE JADE OR THE FASTENINGS, IT MATTERS NOT – IMBUE IT WITH ENOUGH OF ME THAT MY WILL CAN TAP THE POWER OF THE GEM. WOLFSDONKEN SHALL ENACT MY INSTRUCTIONS. HE OWES ME THIS. THOSE THAT COME AFTER WILL SEEK TO POSSESS THE JADE SEEN IN MY PORTRAIT, AND THEY WILL UNLEASH THE HOUND ON THEMSELVES. THEIR SOULS SHALL FUEL IT AND I SHALL GUIDE THEM FROM MY HIDING PLACE. THE CREATURES THAT ACCOMPANY IT, BATS IF THEY BE SO, SHALL BE BENT TO MY WILL ALSO AND THEY WILL MAKE ME ANEW FROM ORTS AND SHARDS AND PATCHES.

I MUST CONSULT ALHAZRED AGAIN IN THAT DAY, BUT I AM CERTAIN THAT WITH THE RIGHT INCANTATION AND THE BLOOD OF A NEWBORN I CAN SEVER THE JADE FROM ITS IMAGE. INSTEAD OF BEING ANOTHER CORPSE TO FEED THE HOUND I SHALL BE FED BY ITS SACRIFICES. THEN I SHALL BE REBORN AS A GOD.

HEMLOCK SHALL SUFFICE.

the accumulated reports fairly easily (if investigators succeed in **Dutch** language rolls and **Library Use** rolls). A Timeline of Slachter killings appears nearby and may be handed out to interested investigators (*see Hound Papers #5*) and a sample newspaper description is offered (*Hound Papers #6*) dated 1st February 1922.

The Police Investigation So Far

The investigation has been headed up by Inspector Piet Tinbergen because of his seniority among the detectives involved in the first cases and because he was the first to make the link and identify the work of a serial killer (as we would say today). Unfortunately, the investigation has been going nowhere through most of February; filing is poor, processing of clues haphazard and work is often duplicated. The team assigned to the case is drowning under a mountain of leads they haven't been able to follow up because of the public bombarding them with helpful and unhelpful information.

In fact Tinbergen has been reduced to waiting for another attack hoping it will yield usable clues. There has been a pattern where new killings reveal some sort of link to previous murders by De Slachter and suggesting the detectives have been remiss. The latest blow has been the suicide of the team's medical examiner. A meeting with Tinbergen is described below.

Meeting Tinbergen

Short, greying, but fast moving and quick-witted Tinbergen is disheartened by his investigation into De Slachter. How could anyone solve these crimes? If asked for details he rages that it doesn't make sense that the killer can murder in a violent frenzy and escape without leaving so much as a footprint! It

doesn't make sense that the few suspects they have had were then murdered by the Slachter! If he didn't know better he'd say

that in 3-5 day cycles killers become victims, along with anyone in the same space as them; that there's some kind of Thugee cult working indiscriminately. Finally he will say pointedly "Your guess is as good as mine: but maybe it is better than mine." This is a prelude to either a fierce interrogation, if Tinbergen is still in control, or silent contempt if he has been sidelined from the investigation.

Inspecteur Piet Tinbergen, Age 53, Exasperated Detective

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 09 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 15 APP 09 EDU 16 SAN 50 HP 11

Damage Bonus: None

Combat: Handgun (9mm automatic, damage 1D10) 40%; Small Club 60%, damage 1D6

Skills: Fly into Rage 60%, Persuade 45%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 60%.

Languages: Dutch 75%, English 42%

The Crime Scenes and the Examiner's Suicide

Investigators will not get access to a fresh crime scene unless they travel immediately to Rotterdam or later encounter one in England. SAN loss for such scenes is 1/1D6+1. Photographs of the crime scenes since 17th Jan are held by the police. These are worth 1/1D3 SAN for the first or 1/1D4+1 for the lot in one go. The photographs show that the victims have literally been torn apart rather than dismembered. The close-ups allow for some disturbing observations.

Medical examiner Hendrik Steen also saw the actual crime scenes and began to suspect something unnatural about the smudges and blood trails of body parts torn loose in the frenzied attacks of "De Slachter." A successful **Spot Hidden** role will link two photographs to show that a blood trail across a blood spatter indicates Antje de Jong's severed left hand crawled stealthily around behind the leg of her bed as if under its own volition (SAN loss 0/1D3) before she died. This observation reinforced a number of instances Steen had noted which were less clear-cut and it tipped him



The Return of the Hound Papers #5

The De Slachter killings, a summary c. 9th March 1922

28th November 1921: 7 victims in Rotterdam

Slum dwelling in poor district of the city. The De Hoog family, notorious thieves, pickpockets and baggage thieves.

19th December 1921: 2 victims in Amsterdam

Jordaan district, in her small apartment near *Noorderkerk*

Lilli van Doesburg, prostitute, and Jeroen Havercamp, grave digger

2nd- 3rd January 1922: 2 victims, Amsterdam

Zeedijk, De Wallen, upper floor flat.

Rutger Janssen, pimp, and Marlene de Vlioger, prostitute

Janssen was also Lilli van Doesburg's pimp and a suspect in the December killings.

- Inspecteur Tinbergen first links the first two sets of Amsterdam killings and is placed in charge of the investigation by *hoofdcommissaris* van Meegeren.

January 17th 1922: 2 victims, Amsterdam *Mauritskade*, near Amsterdam Zoo 'Artis'.

Jakob Wolfsdonken, landlord and his wife, Astrid.

Wolfsdonken turned out to be the landlord of the house in which Janssen & De Vlioger were found. A shoeprint found in blood there matched his.

- The social status of this victim raises the profile of the case considerably.

31st January 1922: 3 victims, Amsterdam

Egelantiersstraat, Jordaan, apartment.

Dennis Douwe (pump attendant) and Elsa Douwe (cleaning woman) and their son Pieter.

Elsa had been the Wolfsdonken's cleaner and had helped tidy the 17th Jan crime scene.

- The relative lack of social status causes consternation here; motivation remains opaque.

10th February 1922: 2 victims, Amsterdam

Oude Zijds Voorburgwal, De Wallen.

Jakob Koopmans and Martin van Ruysdael, police officers patrolling *De Wallen*. Both had separately attended previous *De Slachter* crimes.

- Generally seen as a direct challenge to the police by an increasingly confident killer.

17th February 1922: 1 victim, Amsterdam

Oude Zijds Achterburgwal, De Wallen.

Antje De Jong, prostitute.

- Medical examiner Hendrik Steen assigned exclusively to *Slachter* cases commits suicide by slitting his wrists in a warm bath after taking a fatal dose of sleeping pills and leaving an uncannily accurate prediction of his own autopsy as a suicide note.

24th February 1922: 2 victims, Amsterdam,

Kloveniers Burgwal, De Wallen.

Cornelis Drebbel, advertising salesman, and Natasha Hauer, prostitute.

Drebbel had been interviewed by police after the De Jong killing.

2nd March 1922: 1 victim, Amsterdam,

Off *Warmoesstraat, De Wallen* window.

Beta De Vries, prostitute.

- Newspapers increasingly suggest the only way forward is to replace Inspecteur Tinbergen.

8th March 1922: 6 victims, Rotterdam

Occupants of *zeemansherberg*: Franz Zuider (owner), Olaf Gustafsson, Willi Maas, Jan Smit, Piet Breughel, Willem de Weert.

Police have not yet confirmed these as *Slachter* victims.

The Return of the Hound Papers #6

Extract from the Volksrant

SLACHTER KILLS THREE

Horrible Scene

Volksrant reporter discovers the newest crime of the Slachter

Our reporter, who police have asked us not to name, for fear he may be the Slachter's next target was seeking cleaning woman Elsa Douwe to gain her impressions of the Wolfsdonken crimescene in *Mauritskade* of the 17th January. As the Wolfsdonken's cleaner she had apparently helped remove the gruesome evidence that remained after Hendrik Steen, the medical examiner, had done his work. Receiving no response, despite an appointment and finding the door ajar he went in. There he discovered three bodies thought to be Mrs. Douwe, her husband Denis and her son Pieter. Each had died so violently that their blood and body parts were intermingled. It was more than any man could stomach. Once again there is a link between victims (here the Wolfsdonkens and Mrs. Douwe). Our reporter is in mortal terror that he may be the next in the chain.

Under police guard in a hotel paid for by the *Volksrant* he smokes constantly, going over in his mind what he saw. The insanity required to tear three persons limb from limb in such a way recollected to him Poe's 'Murders in the Rue Morgue'. He says that there was something not quite human about it. Yet he also remembers seeing a bony human footprint in a dark substance on the damp outer step but has since admitted to police he may have destroyed it himself as he left the scene.

over the edge. The official explanation for his suicide is overwork and blaming himself for not having come up with evidence that would allow his colleagues to solve the case. The fact that his requests for transfer were ignored is another embarrassing detail for the police force that isn't public knowledge.

Detective Work

Unofficial investigators advertising for information will easily encounter a multitude of money-grubbing persons with slim to no connection with the case. There may not be much gold amongst the dross, but always make sure to maintain a drip feed of tantalising information. They will not find it easy to track down anyone who was near the killings or found bodies as the police protect their few witnesses by withholding their names from the press. Pushy investigators seeking these witnesses may be taken in for questioning. Investigators waiting for hours to be seen by a detective working the Slachter case will often be in the company of other individuals doing so, some of whom may not be able to keep their accounts to themselves.

Red herring statements: These are the type of material choking the official enquiry. They can usually be spotted by comparison between actual evidence and information released to the press, which lacks detail. Unfortunately, the official investigation won't willingly share this detailed information with unofficial ones, having realised (too late) the utility of such safeguards. For example, the police investigation spent three days convinced by M. Umberto Valdemar that the killer was a man in a top hat and cape (the imagined image of Jack the Ripper) whom he had seen at various key points, all convincingly described, until it became clear that M. Valdemar was convinced that the killer used a cutthroat razor to mutilate his victims (very clearly not the case). Spiritualists, mediums and religious enthusiasts are also eager to waste police time on their supposed insights. There may even be an elderly seaman with a tale of evil-

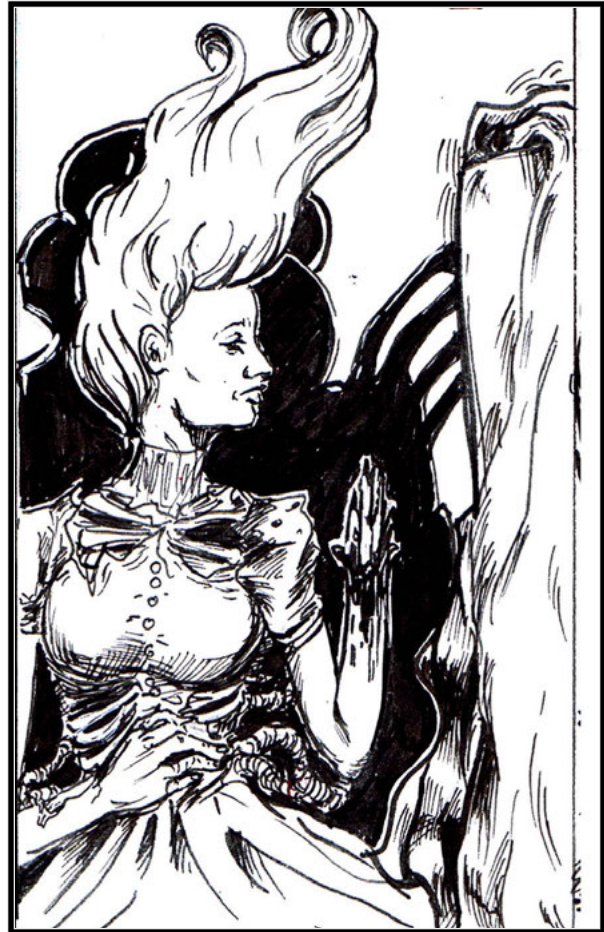
clawed fish men climbing out of the canals to kill.

Statements with hints towards the truth:

These are details and impressions of people close to the murders which are genuine but do not suit the particular view of reality prevalent in the Amsterdam police department. This type of information is relevant to the investigation, though it has previously been given little attention. Information of this type comes from raving derelicts, drug addicts and respectable, honest persons pressed on points without the opportunity to edit their recollections. Given the propensity for witnesses to become victims in this case, it is hard to find persons with extensive relevant information. These pieces of information are fragmentary and impressionistic but repeated across witnesses who have had no possibility of collusion (or newspaper encouragement). They may be grouped into 4 categories. If the investigators see a pattern for any category a SAN loss of 0/1 might be called for.

- 1) Changes in victims prior to their demise: uncharacteristic secretiveness and nervousness, alternating with confusion and paranoia.
- 2) Baying of a gigantic hound heard in company of victims shortly before their demise. Victims seemed agitated by it.
- 3) Sightings of a thin, naked, man near, or even in company with, later victims. In early sightings he will be skeletal, in later ones merely lean. Sometimes he appears black, sometimes covered in blood.
- 4) Bats or "flying shadows" seen feeding on the victims' corpses when they are discovered. A larger shape is sometimes seen flying against the moon before or after killings.

Sample interviewee: Fran Bakker is an opium-addicted prostitute who speaks Dutch and Flemish only, but nearly witnessed the Koopmans/Ruysdael killings: "I've been to Den Hague for a spell, to get out of the way. Now I'm



The Murder Scene of Antje de Jong

back and they still haven't caught him. So I'm doing my bit. I was there when those two policemen were killed. The Slachter ruined business and ruined those police too. They used to be friendly, travel alone, never give trouble. By then these two were edgy and sharp tongued. I ducked into an alley to avoid them. I couldn't hear what they were saying for the dog barking, the dog in the alley I think. I just heard the screams. They went on for a long time and froze me to the spot. I wasn't the only one to see it. An old vagrant was closer. Skinny fellow covered in dirt. He was splashed with blood, and muttering to himself as he staggered away.

When I finally came out of the alley, the bodies were maybe five metres from me, ripped apart. Bats or birds flew up off them,



carrying dripping shreds... Ugh! Antje was one of the first to the corpses but she was soon scooting off in the other direction after picking something up. Corpse-robbing whore deserved what she got more than those two. What did she pick up? It might have been a small pocket watch on a loop, I didn't see properly."

Clues: Certain pieces of information should begin to edge the investigators towards the real culprit of the crimes and tie the slachter case into what happened at Sleetmoor manor. Note that the key event for the scenario is the December 19th 1921 killings. Minette Dekker (see above) will be one of the people who eventually turn up if the investigators have not otherwise sought her out.

One clue can be gained through examination of newspaper records on victim Jeroen Havercamp, relating to *Sint Jan's*, or simply pursuing any mention of grave-robbing. It will show Havercamp reported to the police that a grave in *Sint Janskerkhof* had been opened during the night on 21st September 1921 though the content appeared secure. He claimed he must have disturbed the graverobbers. This cross references another complaint from the vicar of St Jan's about the exhumation of the same grave on 30th November, which would be the day after the first Slachter killings. Conversations with the vicar himself will give or confirm the same information. This will be significant to investigators who have visited Nicholaas van Scheveningen. None of the other killings have grave-robbing connections.

A Parting Shot

If the investigators don't leave in the company of Dutch Police, they can make their own choice of how to return to Britain but, however they do so, they will see a headline that says "Slachter in Rotterdam." If the investigators can roughly translate a report, or

get someone to tell them about it, they learn the following: The six murders committed in a Rotterdam *zeemansherberg* (sailor's hostel) are reminiscent of the first batch of murders ascribed to the killer which also happened in Rotterdam. It has taken two days of speculation for these killings to finally be added to De Slachter's account. Investigators aware of a link between De Slachter and the death of De Wynter should roll for an **Idea**. The keeper can tell them that the prospect that De Slachter is already on its way to England is worth 0/1 SAN loss. If they articulate this idea, all hearing it are liable to the same penalty.

MARSKRAMER

The cause of all the misfortunes in the scenario is ultimately Albrecht Marskramer, a fifteenth century explorer who would have made an excellent conquistador, had his obsession been gold rather than eternal life.

He came back from the orient with the jade amulet of the Hound (see nearby text box) and briefly attempted to live in the Tcho-Tcho way but quickly realised he would soon be dis-



Albrecht Marskramer

covered by the authorities. Not continuing his necrovorous ways meant he was doomed by the Hound itself, but Marskramer struck upon a plan to circumvent the malign beast, by taking his own life in a way that bound his spirit to the amulet without his becoming a victim of the Hound (see *Hound Papers 4*).

Marskramer is thus a spirit attached to the amulet (but not in it). He has been able to tap the amulet's magic points to bend victims to his will and further his plans (even though he still has to master the victim – POW v. POW –



on average every three hours). This influence on the minds of wearers of the amulet comes at a cost of 6 MP per 3 hours and offers effectively the best that could be achieved with a successful **Persuade** roll (i.e. they will act within character using their own capabilities). Marskramer can, however, use Dominate (1 MP per round for POW v. POW) to get subjects to act directly as he wishes and use mental Suggestion (8MP for MP v. MP) to force actions out of character including getting the subject to cast spells (which use their MP and SAN). With a victim of low POW (8 or less) such as his current victim, Davey, he will always succeed, but this may not be true of all his victims. Even with weaker subjects he may run low on MP, or need to focus his attention on his "other" body (see next paragraph), allowing them some dazed autonomy. A tight mathematical grip on MP available to Marskramer need not be kept however, as long as he holds the amulet; because though some of the magic points in it are finite, a substantial amount (currently 27) are replenished daily.

Marskramer's spirit is also tied to his original body. When first uncovered this was a broken skeleton, but since "awakening" the skeleton has been supernaturally repaired and "fleshed out" with pieces of his victims, from St John De Wynter to Davey's in-laws; all those whose POW has fed the amulet. Yet Marskramer's body has also been warped by his association with the Hound to grow with a distinctly canine cast. A peculiarly vile mix of zombie, vampire and werewolf, his old corporeal form is, in some ways, a nuisance to him. It is costly (in MP) to animate, cannot abide daylight any more than it can be seen without attracting attention, yet it is still "him" and the amulet, when taken by the Hound, is restored to (the corpse form of) its last faithful worshipper.

If it is in daylight, the corpse-Marskramer isn't able to move under its own volition and is, to all intents and purposes, a corpse from which much skin and muscle appears to have been stripped away (SAN loss 1/1D4+1). After

The Amulet of the Hound

This small amulet is an artifact made by a Tcho-Tcho corpse-eating cult. It is carved, in an Oriental style, from a single piece of green jade to resemble a crouching winged hound, sphinx-like but with definite canine features. Around the base of the amulet are tiny words in the language of the Tcho-Tcho and on the bottom there is a skull. It is always worn around the neck.

When the Hound kills a victim, or when a member of the Tcho-Tcho kills and consumes a victim in a special ritual feast, the soul of the victim is drawn into the amulet, then into the dimension where the Hound dwells. There the victim's soul is torn open, mauled, and consumed by the huge beast, again and again, for all eternity. Since the amulet is the source of this soul ensnarement, a part of the victim's spirit becomes bound to it in the form of half of the victim's total magic points. The wearer can then use these magic points, but once they are spent they are gone forever, save for the one magic point per victim that always returns. Thus, if a corpse-eater killed and ate 15 people in the ritual manner, then his or her amulet of the Hound would always retain 15 magic points that would regenerate nightly if spent. The amulet currently holds 27 magic points of this type.

The amulet is dangerous to any non-cult member. Not only will the Tcho-Tcho hunt any non-cult member in possession of this item, but two supernatural forces will also make the thief's life unpleasant and short. All the souls bound to the amulet will haunt and torment the possessor. The Tcho-Tcho know spells to prevent this, but the unwitting investigator who takes the amulet likely will not. As if this were not enough, the Hound itself will sooner or later come for any person who dares to defile its likeness. This beast is a master at hunting and terrifying its intended prey. There is no known escape for the victim once the Hound is on the hunt.

dark the body begins to drip blood, but Marskramer can inhabit it, cast spells and physically attack. It is also accompanied by twenty bat-things (see below). When the corpse of Marskramer is particularly active amulet wearers may go into a trance or manage a weak return to consciousness. At these times they may flee on their own account. While fully controlling victims, Marskramer's corpse can walk at a better-than zombie pace without paying much attention to his surroundings.

Albrecht Marskramer, Age 540, malignant body and soul

STR 15 CON 16 SIZ 10 INT 18 POW 18
DEX 09 EDU 16 SAN 0 HP 13

Move: 7

SAN Loss: 1/ 1D8 to see moving.

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Attacks: Grab and Hold 50%, Bite 35% (95% against held victim), damage 1D4+DB.

Armor: none, but impaling weapons do 1 point of damage and all others do half rolled damage.

Item: Amulet of the Hound currently holding 48 MP (27 of these permanent)

Spells: Call/Dismiss Hound 5% + 5% per MP per minute

Cloud Memory, 1D6 MP, sight, MP v MP to forget specific memories

Create Mist of Releh, 2MP for 10' x10' x15' cloud lasting 1D6 +4 rounds

Detect Aura, 2MP per minute to detect strength of POWs of people within sight

Dominate 1 MP per round, POW v POW, range 10yds, cannot change nature of subject

Dread Curse of Azathoth, 4MP for MP v MP; target loses 1D3 POW

Entrhall Victim, 2MP, calm talking, for MP v MP, target becomes entranced until any sudden shock

Flesh Ward, 1 MP per 1D6 one-time damage protection lasts 24 hrs, 5 rounds to cast

Mental Suggestion, 8MP, 3 rounds, sight, MP v MP

Mesmerize, No MP cost; POW v POW, sight of eyes, 1 min per INT of caster, victim's physical skills halved.

Mindblast, 10MP, MP v MP for 1D4 SAN loss and 20-INT temporary insanity.

Summon Bat Things, 2MP, night only (see below)

Voorish Sign 1 MP to a) improve casting chances by 5%; b) render invisible

Worms 8MP for MP v MP or fatal expansion of intestinal worms

Wrack, 3 MP; MP v MP, blindness 1D6 rounds, incapacity 15 minutes, 1D4 SAN loss

Skills: Bargain 30%, Conceal 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 60%, Hide 30%, History 30%, Listen 35%, Navigate 25%, Occult 70%, Psychology 25%, Sneak 20%

Bat things: SIZ 2, CON 8, HP 3. -30% to hit when flying. Attack: Bite 40%, damage 1 point, per round. SAN loss to be attacked 0/1. The bat thing may be torn off by a successful **Grapple** roll. A successful **Punch** or other weapon attack damages the person for at least half the damage done. A dead bat-thing turns to shadow which hits the floor and slides away at speed (as if it were the shadow of the flying bat). Twenty of these things accompany Marskramer and if they are all killed, the Hound is immediately summoned (see The Climax).

The Fugitive

The current carrier of the amulet of the Hound is Peter Davey, an accountant, younger brother of late Elspeth Tanner (see *Hound Papers* 7). Coming upon the murder scene Davey was mentally dominated by Marskramer to take the amulet and so become the next target of the Hound (for details of the amulet see box).

Davey is, or at least was, a pleasant, fit, diffident and handsome young man and some of his appealing qualities may show through when Marskramer's control lapses or is weaker. At first glance he looks like a well-dressed man out for a stroll though on second glance



he looks haggard and careworn. His clothes aren't right for the countryside and look as though they've been slept in.

Confused by Marskramer's mental dominance and memories of the slaughter of the Tanners, Davey is in a horrible fog of guilty thoughts that he must have had something to do with the killings (while part of him knows this is not the case and stays him from self-destruction). He has barely been able to sleep because of the assaults of the amulet victims' spirits, including his own dead relatives, and hears the baying of the Hound almost constantly. He has no idea he is even wearing the amulet.



Peter Davey

A couple of days after the Hull murders, police will be seeking him for questioning, and as time goes by the appearance of his guilt will only deepen.

Peter Davey, Age 30, Fugitive and Victim

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 11 INT 12* POW 07*
DEX 08 APP 13 EDU 16 SAN 10* HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Combat Skills: All at base levels.

Skills: Accounting 50%, Library Use 40%, Credit Rating 20%

* These statistics are replaced by Marskramer's when Davey is fully controlled.

MARSKRAMER'S PLANS

Marskramer's visit to England is motivated by what he saw at Sleetmoor manor as a spirit when he was pursuing De Wynter and Belvedere. The *Necronomicon*, the one copy that he knows (having handled it in central Europe in the 1400s), can tell him how to destroy the am-

ulet and so free him from the Hound (and, he hopes, gain him a form of eternal life).

Initially Marskramer imagined that with Belvedere and De Wynter dead he could simply claim the *Necronomicon* from their library and his first priority was charging up the amulet by bringing the Hound to kill those unfortunates who acquired possession of it. Now he realizes that twentieth century communications mean he has to be more circumspect. Through Peter Davey he has done some scouting and he knows about the auction and how it will work. He plans to use Davey to bid and, shortly before the auction he has him rob a bank in Thirsk, giving him a £600 budget (for details of the raid see *Hound Papers* 8). Davey will attend the viewing on the day before the auction and, if possible, begin to scan the *Necronomicon* for the spell he needs, possibly drawing attention to himself (see *Days before the Auction*). In the meantime both Marskramer and Davey are hiding out on the Moors that may be searched at any time (see under *The Moors around Sleetmoor*).

GREAT BRITAIN

To Britain

There is only space to cover the most likely possibilities of travel:

From America: the only option is by boat. Liners sail from New York every other day and alternate between arriving at Southampton and Liverpool. For the purposes of this journey, Liverpool is the more convenient. The journey can be rough in winter (**CON x5** checks every day) but will take about 6 days with a first class ticket coming in at \$180, tourist class at \$120, third class at \$75 and steerage at \$55.

From Europe: crossing the Channel will cost the equivalent of £1 first class and 6 shillings 3rd class per 3 hours or portion thereof.





The Hound always gets its Prey

Depending on point of departure the journey will take from 3-12 hours: Calais (France)-Dover 3 hours; Ostend (Belgium) – Dover 5 hours; Hook of Holland – Harwich 5 hours; Antwerp (Belgium) - Harwich 5 hours; Hamburg (Germany)- Hull 12 hours. The carrier to Harwich is LNER and the carrier to Dover is Southern Railways.

The coming thing: A London-Paris flight costs £12 per person and takes 3 hours. Available seats are very limited. Get-



ting to the plane from central Paris takes an hour. The same is true of getting from the airfield to main train routes in London. The service is also prone to cancellation in bad weather.

Great Britain: Politics, currency, prices

Britain is a parliamentary monarchy, meaning that the king or queen is head of state but politics are taken care of, on the monarch's behalf, by an elected Parliament and a second chamber, the House of Lords, in which the usual qualification for membership is belonging to the aristocracy. In April 1922 the monarch is King George V and the Prime Minister is Lloyd George, still in charge of a coalition government after winning the Great War, but soon to be rumbled for selling peerages. At this time Britain has the world's largest navy and still owns and administrates numerous colonies across the world.

British currency was decimalized in 1971 (£1.00 = 100 pence). The previous system, now known as "old money", involved pounds,

shillings and pence (£1 = 20s, 1s = 12p (pence)). For further complexity, guineas (21s) were used as a unit for luxury goods (such as fine books). While it might be historically accurate to use old money, it is an unnecessary headache.

A brief indicative list of contemporary prices is worthwhile. In 1922 a shotgun may cost £22, an electric torch 55p, an Atlas 40p, a tabloid newspaper 1/2p, The Times 1p, a pint of beer 5p (hurray!), breakfast 15p, dinner 25p, a night's accommodation 50p-£1.

The dollar-pound exchange rate in the early to mid 1920s is \$5 to £1.

Travel to Sleetmoor, Yorkshire

By Train: 1st class 4p per mile, 3rd class 2p per mile. Thus: to London stations from Dover or Harwich - 50p; transfer from Charing Cross or Liverpool Street to Kings Cross (included in other tickets or 5p); London (Kings Cross) - Leeds £2; Leeds - Thirsk 50p.

By Bus: Bus travel 2p per mile. Thirsk to Sleetmoor 40p.

By Road: A Ford Model T that seats 2-6 passengers and travels at 25mph costs £130. A Hillman Ten, seating 4-5 with a top speed of 68mph, or a Morris Oxford, seating 4 with a top speed of 55mph, can be purchased for £175. A 2 passenger motorcycle capable of doing 48mph costs only £58. An additional passenger sidecar can be purchased for £30. A gallon of petrol costs 10d. Cost conscious Investigators may purchase a bicycle for just £5.

Yorkshire

Yorkshire was the largest county in England; so large it was subdivided into smaller units called Ridings (North, West & South, from York.) A powerbase in medieval times and an industrial centre from the 1700s in rivalry with Lancashire, Yorkshire contains several large population centres including Sheffield, Leeds and Bradford. Yorkshire folk have a well-known regard for their own county and distinct accent (for example: "Them southern folk stayin' down t'pub wun't know owt about real 'ospitality").

Accommodation near Sleetmoor

There are several options in Thirsk, but Sleetmoor has a single old coaching inn, the King George. The inn is run by William Brewer and his wife Mary who can draw on quite a few casual workers from the village to deal with any influx of business relating to the auction. There are 6 rooms available; two doubles, two twins and two singles. None of these are en-suite and the Brewers don't know what this foreign term means. On the nights before and after the auction most of these beds will already be booked.

The Return of the Hound

Some NPCs in the village of Sleetmoor may be possible sources of alternative accommodation.

THE VILLAGE OF SLEETMOOR

A village of less than 150 persons, it nonetheless serves the needs of a fairly large area. There is a school, a police station, a church, a chapel, a doctor's, a bank, a post office, a hardware store, a teashop, a grocer, a butcher and a smithy. For all other requirements Thirsk is the best chance.

The village nestles in a small river valley around a medieval stone bridge. The streets are narrow and everything is stone built. The grey stone is green with moss wherever there is shade from the wind. The thirteenth-century church is low and without ostentation.

Local Knowledge

If investigators ask what happened up at the manor, most villagers can give a version of the following generally accepted version of events: Belvedere killed De Wynter in a quarrel, dismembered and buried his body, then fled the country and eventually killed himself in remorse. Many villagers can add details such as the suicide was in Amsterdam or that it was Constable Croaker who found De Wynter's mangled body buried in a shallow grave in the manor grounds.

The attitude of the locals to the investigators will be coloured by their questions and approach. If they indicate they are keen to investigate the deaths of their friends, De Wynter and Belvedere, they will find the locals both reserved and quite satisfied with the official explanation of the events at the manor. Appearing more neutral about the deceased will allow villagers room to express regret about the terrible business but also to confess to "expecting that pair would come to a bad end." Whether villagers credit all the rumors about "that pair" matters less than their general agreement that the



recent owners of the manor were deficient in fulfilling the perceived social role that went with it. De Wynter and Belvedere employed no one at the manor; no cleaners, no cooks, no chauffeurs, no gardeners or handymen and they had food delivered in a van from Thirsk, so denying Sleetmoor any economic advantage from their presence. They ignored local people they met, skulked around the churchyard though they never attended church, snubbed invitations by their social equals, and were so cheap as to walk to Thirsk rather than to ride the bus.

If the investigators indicate they are only attending the auction and are spending freely in the village they will get all the villagers' complaints about the pair fairly easily, including perhaps the indication that their way of living together wasn't quite "right." No one seems keen to know more of the activities of this ill-starred pair. For locals, Belvedere and De Wynter have left behind nothing but bad debts, disturbing rumours about their attraction to graveyards and their collection of obscene books to be sold.

If the investigators have money to spread around, look prosperous (high **Credit Rating**) and/or indicate they are there for the auction of the Manor, they may be imagined to be potentially desirable replacements for the deceased pair. It is up to the integrity of the characters as to how much they lead on this idea but, until they dispel it, they will be buttered up by residents and shopkeepers will offer deals and discounts with a wink.

A Prime Source

Mr. Hawks, straw-hatted and moustached, fancies himself the heart and soul of the village and is the proprietor of the first store the investigators ask questions in.

Hawks might speak of the manor as follows: "The manor is an old place, sir/madam, that wants some modernizing.

'Lectricity and the telephone would be two things it could do with. And of course it wants to be looked after; the gardens got in order and the like; then it could be the proud place it ought to be, not nearly an overgrown ruin as them two fly-by-nights kept it."

If asked about the current residents, the executor Mr. Prothero and the young Vanessa de Wynter, villagers will be undecided. Prothero is a South Yorkshire man gone "London" and a bit flash (hiring a Leeds auctioneer when there's a perfectly good one in Thirsk etc) but is making some of the right moves. He is employing a couple of village people to make the Manor presentable, and is spending some money in the village. Held against him is the fact that he won't hear a word said against either the deceased or his idea of selling to the highest bidder at auction (how the village got lumbered with the De Wynters in the first place). Villagers like the look of Miss De Wynter but worry she may be cut from the same cloth as her brother.

Mr. Harold Hawk, Age 57, Shopkeeper

STR 12 CON 09 SIZ 13 INT 11 POW 10
DEX 08 APP 08 EDU 14 SAN 50 HP 11

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Bargain 46%, Fast Talk 45%, Gossip 45%, History 25%, Local Knowledge 58%, Natural History 36%, Psychology 15%

Police Presence in Sleetmoor

The level of police activity in Sleetmoor may vary dramatically during the course of the scenario. It begins with Constable Croaker as Sleetmoor's resident policeman, and Chief Constable Harburn staying in the area with his friend, Dr Osgerby, to attend the Auction unofficially. Inspector Webley and Sergeant Crown will arrive as soon as there is a serious crime to investigate; aggravated assault, murder, bank-robbery or even any evidence of the fugitive Peter Davey being in the area. They can call in



as many constables as they see fit (use Croaker's statistics for these).

Constable Croaker

Burly, bushy-eyebrowed and pockmarked under a greying beard, Croaker is a solid constable but, overawed by the Chief Constable, he will do whatever Harburn says. He runs the surprisingly small police station in Sleetmoor which has a single jail cell. There is no real office and little bureaucracy attached to his job. There is, however, a telephone.

On duty Croaker will require the presentation of police credentials, someone with a **Credit Rating** of over 50%, or perhaps a more risky **Fast Talk** roll, to tell of his discovery of De Wynter's corpse. Off duty, a pint and a Persuade will do the trick when he is relaxing at the King George, and the results likely include greater discursive detail.

Keepers can read, summarise, or extend the following:

"It were a cold, windy day when the call came to go and have a look if Mr. De Wynter was up at the manor and inform him that his friend was dead. Such is the policeman's lot. I wasn't prepared for how overgrown and abandoned the place looked, but the weeds helped me see the trampled down area where something had been buried and a fire had been started. I didn't like what I thought I could see in the ashes, longish bones and the like, but the shape of the digging made me immediately think that it was a burial. The spade was still stood there and I made use of it. I was more afraid they were both going to pop out of the bushes and laugh at me falling for a big practical joke until I took the first spadeful off and caught a whiff. Decomposition, two weeks worth. And it wasn't just a body covered over. He had been laid in the hole in roughly the right arrangement but he was all discombobulated, torn to bits really. More like a fox after a pack of hounds has been at it for a while than anything a man could do. Still, you never know what people are really capable of, or what goes on in their heads."

The Return of the Hound

Constable Jack Croaker, 45, Local Bobby

STR 13 CON 10 SIZ 16 INT 11 POW 12
DEX 10 APP 06 EDU 12 SAN 65 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Combat: Punch 60%, damage 1D3; Small Club 40%, damage 1D6

Skills: Local Knowledge 65%, Persuade 35%, Spot Hidden 45%

Chief Constable Harburn

A Colonel Blimpish figure, Chief Constable Harburn has seen a lot of the British Empire without once questioning his nation's right to colonise and conquer. He served in the early days of the Great War but was subtly retired. He barely noticed because he was drinking so heavily, traumatised by the numbers of men being lost. Displacement is his other mode of dealing with trauma: he only ever talks about the loss of horses in relation to the war, for example. Attempts to help the war effort by developing a gas mask for horses have him known as "the Knacker" in his native Leeds but he stopped after an accident that cost him his sense of smell.

The role of Chief Constable of the county was nonetheless offered him and has made him feel useful in his old age. He visited De Wynter and Belvedere in June 1921 and blustered his way into a search of the premises though he discovered nothing untoward. He was very suspicious of the now deceased "namby-pambys" but won't cotton to any "spiritualist mumbo-jumbo." He will want to catch any killer and/or bankrobber thought to be in the vicinity ahead of anything else.

Major Reginald Harburn (Ret.), Age 65, Chief Constable

STR 11 CON 13 SIZ 15 INT 10 POW 13
DEX 09 APP 09 EDU 14 SAN 45
HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4



Combat: Small Club 55%, Handgun (.38 revolver, damage 1D10) 40%; Rifle (not carried) 45%

Skills: Bluster 50%, Chemistry 18%, Harumph 99%, Spot Hidden 35%, Track 30%

The Detectives

Based in Metropolitan Leeds, Inspector Webley isn't used to the countryside but is an experienced detective. Tall and dark, he has large brown eyes that swivel like searchlights in search of clues, tells and concealed emotions. He can be a little unnerving and uses this to his advantage. He's not happy that the Chief Constable is on the scene. While he was a sergeant and before Harburn was even associated with the police they had a blazing row about the necessity, or otherwise, of the Major's gas experiments. Normally their paths wouldn't cross. Webley has seen the Tanner crimescene in Hull and is very keen to catch the culprit.

Accompanying Webley is the taciturn, hawk-faced Sergeant Crown who delivers the bad news and looks as if he expects worse. If Inspector Webley is at the manor Crown is likely somewhere near the bridge over the moat keeping an eye on entrants to and exits from the auction. Without the investigators knowing his police credentials he might look somewhat sinister. He is, however, a chapel man and a lay preacher with some knowledge and experience of Sleetmoor. He may be a calming influence (and the very opposite if driven insane).

Inspector Clive Webley, Age 39, Metropolitan Detective

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 14 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 11 APP 12 EDU 16 SAN 62 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Combat: Punch 55%, damage 1D3; Grapple 40%; Handgun (.44 revolver, damage 1D10+2) 35%

Skills: Drive 40%, Fast Talk 40%, Persuade 45%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 70%



Sergeant Stanley Crown, Age 51, Pillar of the Community

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 12 POW 12
DEX 11 APP 09 EDU 13 SAN 60 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Combat: Punch 65%, damage 1D3; Small Club 65%, damage 1D6; Grapple 60%.

Skills: Climb 55%, Jump 45%, Listen 45%, Persuade 45%, Spot Hidden 65%

Sleetmoor Local Dignitaries

These are persons that the investigators may meet or wish to consult in the village of Sleetmoor. They will all be present at the auction when it occurs.

The Doctor

A huge, jovial, unhealthy-looking bachelor Dr Osgerby has a strong interest in British history. He has a private income in addition to business from the wealthy hypochondriacs in the area. He can repeat the rumours about Belvedere and De Wynter being suspected of grave robbery. He knows Chief Constable Harburn well (the major will actually be staying with him in the few days around the auction) and knows that he spoke to the pair at the manor in June of 1921 and made sure to get a look over the premises that defused some of his suspicions. Nonetheless, after that visit De Wynter and Belvedere seemed to go on longer trips away.

Doctor John Osgerby, Age 53, Antiquarian and Physician

STR 12 CON 09 SIZ 17 INT 15 POW 09
DEX 10 APP 11 EDU 18 SAN 45 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Anthropology 35%, Bargain 35%, Fast Talk 40%, History 58%, Library Use 50%, Natural History 40%, Medicine 48%, Psychology 30%

Languages: English 90%, Latin 35%

The Vicar

Grey-haired and with a florid face, Reverend Donald Whiddon is not an inspiring sermoniser but means well. He has the income from several other parishes in industrial towns near-

by but Sleetmoor is his home. He was much hurt by the snubs of the former residents of the manor after he had initially hoped they would ornament the upper class circles of the area. Early on they had such interesting conversations about gravestones and *memento mori* but soon those two were walking the other way when their paths were about to cross with his in the graveyard. If asked about grave-robbery he will categorically state that nothing of the sort happened in Sleetmoor. Though some graves were apparently disturbed a year ago in Thirsk he believes there is no evidence that De Wynter or Belvedere were involved.

Reverend Donald Whiddon, Age 60, Sleetmoor's Vicar

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 18 SAN 60 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Anthropology 45%, History 35%, Library Use 40%, Persuade 35%, Psychology 35%, Theology 60%

Languages: English 90%, Latin 40%

The Local Gossip

Spinster proprietor of a Thirsk antiques shop, Miss Mellington is often in Sleetmoor these days with her Morris Oxford car. She is very excited about the auction and almost as much about the scandals surrounding the former owners of the property. A good source of rumour and gossip in the surrounding area, she will try to take Vanessa de Wynter under her wing if "the young lady of the manor" appears in the village. They may be first encountered together, with Mellington doing all the talking.

Miss Maud Mellington, Age 47, Thirsk Antiques Shop proprietor

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 16
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 16 SAN 80 HP 11

Damage Bonus: None.

Combat: Handgun (.22 automatic, damage 1D6) 35%

The Return of the Hound

Skills: Appraise Prints and Engravings 55%, Bargain 45%, CR 55%, Drive 35%, History 50%, Library use 50%, Listen 45%, Local Knowledge 55%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 40%

Languages: English 80%, French 30%, Dutch 15%,

The Schoolmaster

Mr. Carleby is young and eager, running the village school and looking for a way to make his mark in Sleetmoor. He steered well clear of Belvedere and De Wynter, after they offered him a skeleton for the school room. He will be keen to have any foreign investigators (excepting Germans, Austrians or Turks) talk to his class about their countries. He is even keener on eligible females without ties to Sleetmoor.

Mr. Austin Carleby, Age 27, Local Schoolmaster

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 11 INT 12 POW 12
DEX 08 APP 11 EDU 16 SAN 60 HP 11

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Astronomy 10%, History 40%, Chemistry 10%, Physics 15%

Languages: English 80%, French 58%, German 22%, Latin 58%,

SLEETMOOR MANOR

The investigators will no doubt want to visit the manor for themselves. For Americans who haven't stopped to see the sights elsewhere in Britain, Sleetmoor will be especially vivid in its decaying antiquity; others may be impressed by its dramatic geological setting.

The manor is built on a natural rock platform and must be climbed up to on steep wooded paths or, more likely, up the steep, gravelled drive. The manor is surrounded by overgrown earthworks impressive in size and a **History** roll will identify it as the site of a Norman Motte and



Bailey arrangement, though there is additional evidence of medieval building too in the towering gatehouse. The deep, dry, moat is crossed by a weathered (but sound) fixed wooden bridge. At the bridge's centre the drop would be thirty feet. The gatehouse entrance is narrow and a **Spot Hidden** roll will see that it has recently been scraped by a modern vehicle (the van removing De Wynter's corpse). The gatehouse is a mere shell and another **History** roll will show it has been "slighted", that is made indefensible by side walls being dismantled. The most recent point in history for this to have happened would be the Civil War (1642-1645).

The inner courtyard is dominated by the manor itself on the right hand side but is otherwise a vast expanse of nettles, briars and high grass, with a few signs that it was once cultivated. Ruined walls jut out of the uneven surface at various points. There are established tire tracks leading to the manor and some recent hacking through the undergrowth on either side of the track is apparent.

The manor has three clear sections, a wide central part with two stories, a brick tower adjoining to the right and a stone tower adjoining to the left. As the investigators approach they see that the stone tower is hollow, long burned out and open to the elements and several of the small windows of the central section are bricked up.

If the investigators visit in daytime they will see signs of habitation: White smoke streams from a damp bonfire of dead weeds, and is dragged by the wind across the track in suggestive, human-sized clouds. A car (Prothero's Hillman Ten) is parked outside the building. The large single door to the brick tower appears to be open.

On the Threshold

If it is daytime and the door is open, voices can be heard. A **Listen** roll identifies an employer/

employee exchange concluding. In the main hall Raymond Prothero is telling Mrs. Gubbins what else needs cleaning upstairs and she will soon pass the doorway, left to right, to carry out those instructions. If the investigators are listening in she will see them there and get a shock worth a yelp and which will bring Prothero to the door. If the investigators make themselves known immediately on arriving, Mrs. Gubbins comes to the door. Either way, Prothero will eventually invite them in taking them left into to an impressive hall with remnants of Tudor ornamentation adorning the ceiling. He will leave the door open "for fresh air" and on entering the manor the investigators smell a rank but as yet unidentifiable odour.

The Executor

A little flashily dressed and oily in manner, Prothero is a junior partner in his uncle's firm of solicitors (Prothero, Mullion and Erskine)



Raymond Prothero

based in Ruislip near London. Prothero was at Cambridge with Belvedere and De Wynter but, terrified his mundane origins as son of a wine merchant would be discovered, he was never at ease in their inner circle and lost touch after graduating. He is surprised to have been joint executor for both Belvedere and De Wynter (sole executor

now they have both died) and is worried for the financial future of Vanessa de Wynter, the sole beneficiary of both estates. There are a lot of debts to pay.

Prothero is a key NPC in the scenario and the keeper will want to tailor his reaction to the investigators depending on their objectives. If they are there for the *Necronomicon* and nothing else he will encourage them but will stick steadfastly to the rules of the auction laid out in the catalogue (see Appendix

The Return of the Hound



2). If they have some link to the deceased, he will be more open and trusting (unless he is given reason to believe they are trying to put one over on him, i.e. they fail attempted **Credit Rating, Persuade** or **Fast Talk** rolls). With regard to De Wynter and Belvedere, he won't hear ill spoken of the dead and believes the occult material gathered by them merely shows how intellectually superior they were to him (and to any investigator suggesting there was anything sinister about such obsessions). Overall, Prothero has all sorts of reasons, personal and professional, for wanting the auction to go ahead successfully and he will vigorously and professionally seek to achieve this.

Raymond Prothero, Aged 28, Solicitor

STR 09 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 14
DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 19 SAN 70 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None

Combat: Handgun (.32 revolver, 1D8 damage) 20%

Skills: Appraise Fine Wine 25%, Bargain 60%, Credit Rating 55%, History 45%, Law 70%, Persuade 65%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 60%

Languages: English 95%, Latin 35%

Staff

Mrs. Gubbins walks up from the village, arriving at 8am and does a 12-hour day before returning home. She is employed to cook and clean and does so efficiently.

Mr. Cole has been taken on to get the grounds in some sort of order and is making some headway. He starts at 7am, eats lunch with Mrs. Gubbins but is in the King George by 5.15pm.

Mrs. Theresa Gubbins, Age 48, Housekeeper

STR 11 CON 13 SIZ 11 INT 11 POW 12
DEX 11 APP 08 EDU 10 SAN 60 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None

Combat: Frying pan 25%, damage 1D4+1

The Return of the Hound

Skills: Accounting 15%, Bargain 20%, Cook hearty meal 55%, Hide 35%, Listen 35%, Natural History 25%, Psychology 20%, Sneak 40%

Mr. Wesley Cole, Age 45, Gardener

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 14 POW 09
DEX 11 APP 09 EDU 09 SAN 45 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None

Combat: Punch 30%, Garden fork 25%, damage 1D8+1.

Skills: Climb 45%, Listen 35%, Mechanical repair 30%, Natural History 45%, Nod sagely 75%, Track 25%

The Current Lady of the Manor

Strikingly tall and attractive, Vanessa De Wynter smokes too much and self-dramatizes. She can barely remember her elder brother, or her parents, since she has been sent away to School from the age of 7 (only coming home for a few holidays) and was "on the Continent" all last year. She is quite excited to be something of a centre of attention but has little idea how a village like Sleetmoor works. Local gossip Maud Melington descends on her whenever she ventures out and tends to interpret for her during encounters with other villagers.

Vanessa loves the manor because it was her brother's (and she has a room of her own in it) but realises she has little chance of being able to afford to keep it. She will tend to blame Belvedere for all that has gone wrong rather than blame her brother, despite his lack of interest in her when he was



Vanessa de Wynter



alive and the fact that she was also made Belvedere's heir. Both a damsel in distress and an example of the decadent excesses of the British upper classes, Vanessa's chief uses for the keeper are to legitimise the auction and to provide a way in to Sleetmoor manor and its secrets, particularly if the investigators don't establish good relations with Prothero.

If the investigators ask her about a secret room Vanessa is intrigued and lets them know that she has already been looking for it. She remembers her brother mentioning a hidden chamber in one of the first letters he sent

her after purchasing the place, though he never discussed it afterwards. She will insist on joining in any unofficial search the investigators make as her price for not telling Prothero. She may even suggest she would expect St John to hide the really good stuff where Prothero would never find it.

If the investigators ignore pointers to the chamber's existence, or

don't make a thorough search, Vanessa will find it on her own, the night before the auction. The result of this discovery may be that she keeps it secret from Prothero and shows it to any interested investigator during the auction, or, alternatively, the chamber may cause her to experience some insane and mistaken revelation about her brother being a kind of vampire, and thus herself too, probably. In this case she may lure an investigator to the hidden chamber to test them, seduce them or attack them in the manner of Le Fanu's "Carmilla."

If none of the investigators are likely to succumb, Miss Mellington may be targeted and may suddenly run shrieking from the hidden room or come to

whatever end the keeper thinks adds most to the scenario.

Vanessa Adeline de Wynter, Age 18, free spirit

STR 14 CON 08 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 14
DEX 11 APP 15 EDU 14 SAN 70 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Combat: Fist 50%, damage 1D3

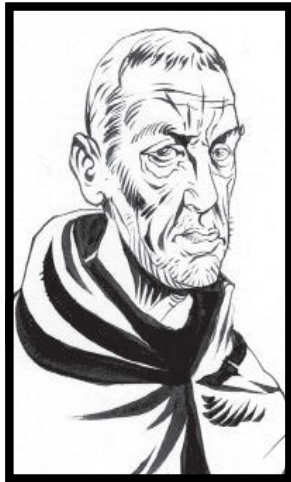
Skills: Art (sketch) 20%, Conceal 30%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 45%, Occult 20%, Sneak 45%, Ski 35%

Languages: English 70%, French 60%, German 30%, Latin 20%

The Mad Monk

During the investigators' first meeting with Prothero, the housekeeper, Mrs. Gubbins, encounters a sinister figure in a monk's habit on the floor above and screams loudly. After the scream, investigators will hear footsteps coming down the stairs fast and, unless they clearly say they are reacting and moving to the front door, the monk figure will bound outside carrying a tome under his arm. Prothero will be (rightly) more concerned about Mrs. Gubbins (who is fine) than the book.

PCs need to make a **DEX v. DEX** roll on the Resistance Table to catch the monk before he has dropped the book onto the garden bonfire. They need a **DEX x5** success to get to the fire and extract the book without damage (it turns out to be one of the older history lots, a randomly selected old tome). They will need a **CON x5** to keep up with the monk and to succeed in another **DEX** contest to bring him down before he scampers over the side of the inner courtyard and down the steep side of the moat. A **Climb** roll at -10 for speed is needed to keep up with the fugitive after that point, and a **CON x4** to be anywhere close to him up the other side of the moat. Then another **DEX** versus **DEX** would get back into a position to intercept him (whereafter combat should ensue). Two (or more) pursuing PCs



Gaston Riton



taking different paths give each other +1 DEX in these contests.

The mad monk is Gaston Riton, a nearly penniless French lunatic who wants to destroy “evil” books. Though he dresses like a monk, he isn’t one. He is an unmedicated schizophrenic but he may well appear to the investigators to be an insane cultist, perhaps the first of many drawn here by the sale. The unacknowledged son of a French priest, he lived with his mother in poverty on the margins of polite society in Toulouse. Sent over the edge by her death and constantly hugging her bible, he has developed a mania about occult books which he perceives as “anti-bibles.” With regular meals and a supportive environment he is able to pass for sane, but alone he has lacked both of these. Living on the streets of Paris he became a nuisance to second hand booksellers one of whom, having listened to his ravings, handed him a copy of the Sleetmoor sale catalogue with the instruction “There, there is the book you want. Go to England.” Gaston may periodically quote these words in dialogue with himself.

Physically, Riton isn’t a great threat. He will draw and use a knife if tackled, but he will only intend to wound an attacker to get free. His presence in the area, however, will have some impact on the build-up to the auction (focusing greater security on the book section of the sale).

If Riton is captured and/or someone is injured, help will be sent for from the village: Constable Croaker and/or Doctor Osgerby. The easiest way for this to be accomplished is to have the gardener, Mr. Cole, go into the village. He’s missed the excitement while trying to clean out the corner tower cellar. The acoustics of the place will support his excuses about not hearing anything if anyone is suspicious, though testing them will leave a bad impression.

Gaston Riton, Age 34, French Lunatic

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 08 INT 11 POW 07
DEX 12 APP 07 SAN 00 EDU 10 HP10

The Return of the Hound

Damage Bonus: None

Combat: Punch 40%, Bite 25%, damage 1D2; Knife 25%, damage 1D4.

Skills: Climb 45%, Dodge 25%, Hide 35%, Sneak 40%, Snigger 45%

Languages: French 50%, English 5%

The Tour

If the mad monk encounter passes off well (the book is saved and nobody is hurt, whether or not Riton is captured), Prothero will get back to the business in hand, which is finding out the significance of this set of callers. If they are competent high rollers with an interest in buying the place, influential (journalists perhaps) or experts (historians who can improve his knowledge) he should be willing to give them the tour, now or at a later stage. If they are aggressive investigators demanding to search the manor he will react very differently and will ask whether they belong to the police force and if they carry a search warrant. If the investigators don’t fulfil his criteria but are linked to the De Wynter family he might pass them on, with warnings not to touch the auction lots, to Vanessa if she is present.

Throughout the Manor: There is an odour of decay here that is not at all figurative language. Anyone who has encountered human putrefaction before (detectives, undertakers, veterans of the trenches of the Great War) will recognize this odour for a 0/1 SAN check and will consequently be uneasy here.

The manor is otherwise as cold and damp as one might expect. It is heated by open fires and lit by candles and oil lamps (these are nearly all new, bought by Prothero in the village). There is no electricity or telephone connection.

The architecture of the manor is a hodge-podge: austere Restoration period over Tudor inte-





The Mad Monk flees the Mansion

riors, within a basically Norman (Romanesque) structure. Those having done research on Sleetmoor beforehand will have most of the historical basics in place (see *Hound Papers 2*), but not the floor plans.

Entrance Hall: bottom floor of West Tower; wooden staircase going up. Victorian lavatory built under stairs. Tea urn and information desk are set up here during viewings and auctions.

Main Hall: The auction will be held here and during the afternoon of the day before the auction the old pews found in the basement of the Corner Tower will be set up here, facing the kitchen end of the room where the auctioneer will have his rostrum.

Kitchen: Mrs. Gubbins uses the archaic equipment to cook for Mr. Prothero and Miss De Wynter. On the day of the auction



the Kitchen will be used as a repository for all the book lots. There is a locked back door that leads through to the shell of the East Tower. Prothero has the key.

Stairs: creaky and old. It would be possible to fall the height of the two floors.

Middle Landing: used as a cloakroom during the auction. Its floorboards are marked with paint and it has clearly served as an artist's studio – despite its poor lighting – recently. A couple of easels rest in the corner.

Upper Hall and Library: essentially one large open space with a seating area surrounded by built-in bookcases. Unknown to the current residents, one of the bookcases is a secret door. It leads into a lightless corridor ending in a door opening on to the first floor of the East tower. There is a 15-foot drop (1D8 damage) beyond. Hidden behind the open bookcase/door, there is a narrow wooden door that accesses a narrow spiral staircase down to Belvedere and De Wynter's secret room (see *The Secrets of Sleetmoor* below).

Top landing: This is very small, with two rooms leading off of it filling the remainder of this level. A social tour will certainly stop here, but a thorough search would not.

Bedroom 1 – Prothero: Contents include a full set of gentleman's outfits, Prothero's revolver (to be carried on his person after the mad monk incident) and numerous copies of the auction catalogue. A small double-bolted door covered by a curtain gives access to the roof of the centre section of the manor.

Bedroom 2 – Vanessa: She has scavenged a few items from the previous occupants, her brother's second best overcoat, for example, and a man's umbrella. There is not much luggage, a small trunk, but this is sufficient to contain all she owns. There is an attic access which Vanessa easily reaches by placing her trunk underneath it. She uses it to hide her journal, a document that gives away nothing relating to the case

but might be an indictment of Swiss finishing schools.

The Attic: This contains nothing else of interest. If investigators insist on searching it they might (on a failed **Luck** roll) find the weak spot over the stairs which will drop them 30 feet to the ground floor (3D6 damage).

East Tower : A hollow shell with access at ground level and 3 sturdy wooden doors without handles or keyholes covering what used to be entrances from the central section of the manor at ground, first and roof level. These are not in use.

Gatehouse Tower: Standing over the bridge across the moat are the remains of the gatehouse tower. Once defensively impressive its outer facing wall was blown out after the castle surrendered during the civil war. The ruins have been somewhat modified since to provide steps up to the highest point, 30 feet above the entrance way.

Corner Tower : The corner tower is another ruined shell. However, a recently cleared out set of steps lead down to a small, vaulted cellar. The cellar contains nothing of interest beyond a full inventory of rusty garden tools, some of them viable as weapons (pitchfork, wood axe), and a huge stack of wooden benches (former church pews) that Mr. Cole will recommend to Prothero for seating the auction guests.

The Gardens: Totally overgrown with nettles and brambles and thick weeds. The hollow where De Wynter was buried and the site of the small bonfire beside it are covered over by Mr. Cole's current fire and, even if uncovered, will yield no new information.

The Secrets of Sleetmoor Manor

If the investigators have read the information in Belvedere's effects (in Amsterdam) they may know of a secret chamber in the manor (without knowing of its specific location). If they want to search for it they will need Prothero's permission. This can be gained in three

ways: through a successful **Persuade**, by letting Prothero read Belvedere's account, or by outlining the contents and making clear that the British police must be informed if access is not granted. Prothero has no idea of the room's existence. He will be shaken if he has read Belvedere's document and will insist on accompanying the investigators and excluding Vanessa from the exploration.

The bad smell that wafts through the building gets worse as anyone travels down the stairwell off the secret corridor off the Library. The staircase goes down more than 30 feet into the rock foundations of the building. Lovecraft's story, "The Hound", mentions that the narrator goes to some effort to burn evidence of his activities, but for scenario effect that has not meant a full clear out of this blasphemous chamber. Black hangings and winged demons (carved by De Wynter) set the tone and mysterious draughts agitate charnel morsels dangling from them. Two Egyptian mummies stand alongside taxidermized corpses seated on pillaged gravestones. Niches contain skulls and rotting heads in various stages of decay, age and status. British characters making an **Idea** roll may feel that one male head looks suspiciously like Prime Minister Gladstone's. Fiendish and obscene paintings by Belvedere and de Wynter are present, though their skill is insufficient to top the grotesquerie of their gallery. The same is not true of a locked portfolio (STR 6) bound in human skin, holding unknown and unnamable drawings which Belvedere certainly believed Goya had perpetrated but dared not own (SAN loss 1/1D6, Cthulhu Mythos 01%). There are also various musical instruments including a small organ whose air bladder contains enough for a disconcerting bray of expiry if touched. Some inlaid ebony cabinets lay empty, though

a drawer still contains a set of tools for taxidermy, two plates and two sets of cutlery. The cumulative effect of this gruesome



chamber (not including the contents of the portfolio) is SAN loss of 1/1D6+1.

The investigators are very safe here from external threats, though they may not feel it and the price of safety in SAN cost may be rather high.

A Proposal from Prothero

If the investigators impress Prothero, perhaps by dealing with Riton, he may have a proposition for them (or some of them). The mad monk incident has made up his mind that he can't leave the manor until the sale, but the Dutch police have telegraphed him and asked him about disposing of Belvedere's effects. He can't understand why they haven't sent them earlier, but suspects he missed ticking a box in the Dutch form they sent that he understood to be about the fate of Belvedere's body (it was shipped back, cremated and "scattered in the quaint village churchyard he loved."). Instead of having the package mailed here or to his Ruislip office he was going to pick it up from Inspecteur Visser in Amsterdam and try to find out a little more information than was given in the official verdict. If the investigators would take the trip for him, and make enquiries on his behalf, he will pay reasonable expenses for two and £10 each. Investigators feeling an ethical conflict because they are already contracted to another employer will impress him with such painful honesty. This or a successful **Bargain** roll will lead him to offer an additional £10 per full 10 percentiles of **Credit Rating** of the most respectable member of the two travelling.

This offer is a second bite of the cherry for investigators who have not already visited Amsterdam. If investigators refuse, it is entirely their right to do so, but the Amsterdam section offers the only way for them to get the full

backstory of the scenario and gain any insight into what they may be up against. Travelling to The Netherlands with Prothero's letter of introduction

(which can be ready as soon as the keeper deems convenient) is certainly likely to be productive. If they take up this option, for Prothero or independently, consult the Netherlands section.

The Moors around Sleetmoor

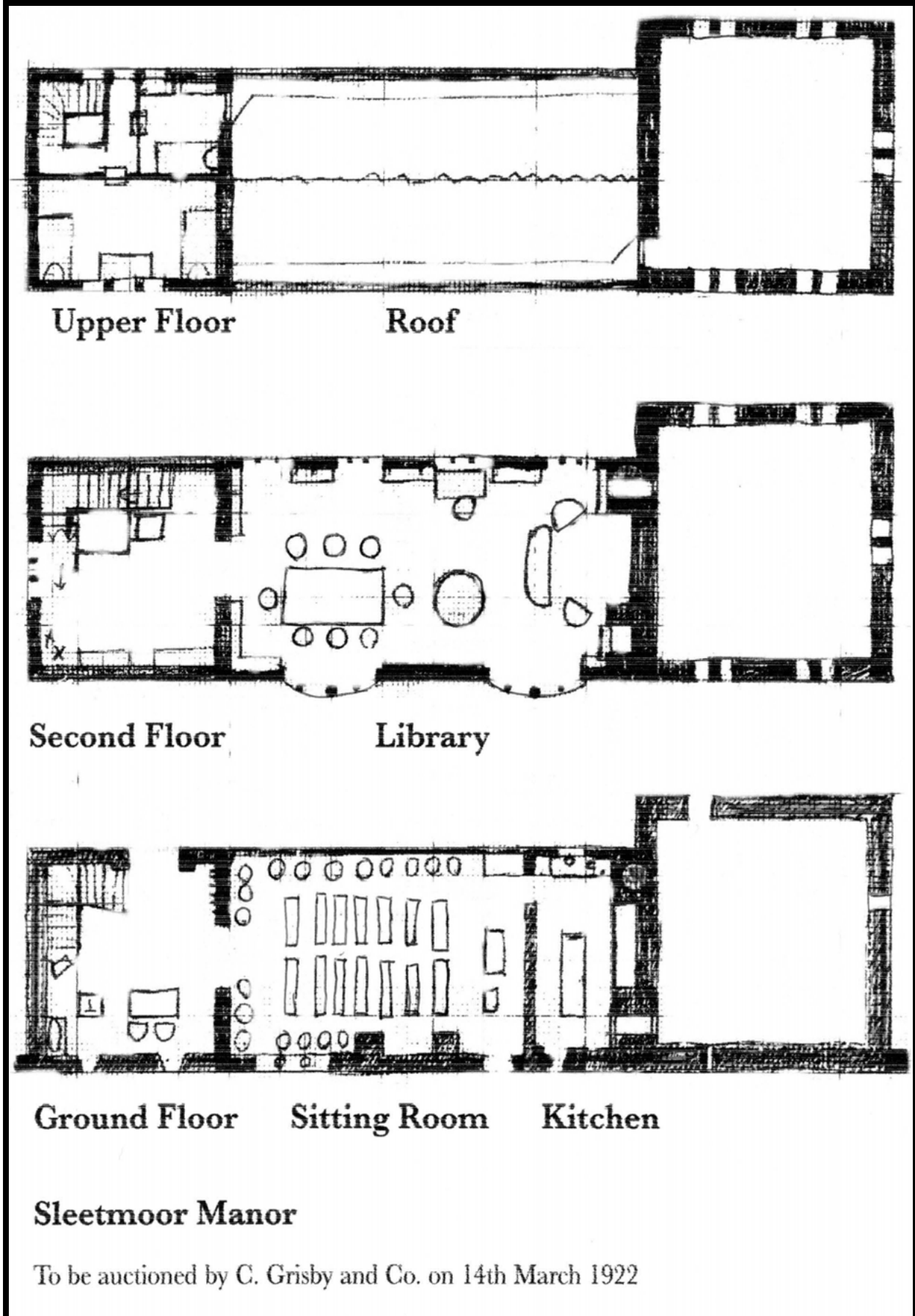
North and west of Sleetmoor is moorland and it is lonely country in anything but high summer, when rambblers make trips from the towns and cities. The wild and picturesque moors offer an ancient landscape of treeless, gorse and grass-covered higher slopes and stone-walled fields covering the lower slopes where sheep and dairy farms nestle in the valleys.

Investigators might first get up onto the moors in pursuit of Gaston Riton, but later, once Marskramer has arrived, Riton ceases to be a factor, encountering Davey and Marskramer and becoming food for the latter. After this point, if investigators go onto the moor they will soon find his peculiarly mangled corpse. If reported to the police, the body will be taken to Thirsk where a county Coroner will, eventually, note that a carnivorous animal (his best guess is a large dog) has taken a number of fatal bites from the throat or neck area. He will then identify some (disturbingly expert) removal of muscular tissue from the thighs and calves. Investigators coming upon the corpse suddenly lose 1/1D4+1 SAN. If they wish to examine it further, and make a **Spot Hidden**, they recognize the implications of the butchery which is worth an additional 0/1 SAN loss.

Other evidence will be much harder to find in the wide-open spaces. If PCs spend much time on the moors without being part of an official search party and without a local guide, they will eventually encounter a shotgun-armed gamekeeper working for distant landowners the Duncombes. He will notify them that a) they're trespassing; b) they're disturbing the grouse; c) that they may be endangering their lives, as the weather and the landscape of the moors are far from hospitable. This will all be put reasonably. If the investigators are hostile or aggressive in response, the gamekeeper will

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retreat and the local police will be waiting for them when they return to Sleetmoor. If offered physical violence and outnumbered, he may be forced to use his shotgun and knows how to do so effectively. If a body has already been discovered on the moor, his alibi writes itself. A **Persuade** roll, an appeal for help or an offer of payment to help prevent b) & c) above may work wonders.

A hired guide is essentially the same man as the gamekeeper; plain-speaking, dry humored and knowledgeable about the locality. With such help the investigators are much safer, though they may still encounter ankle-twisting rabbit holes and gorse roots. They are also much more likely to find areas of interest, especially if they are honest about what they are looking for. A guide or gamekeeper can reel off accidents and disappearances in the area and take the investigators where they want to go.

Bill Robinson, Age 40, Guide / Gamekeeper, Countryman

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 11 POW 12
DEX 13 APP 09 EDU 12 SAN 60 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Combat: Grapple 40%, Shotgun (damage 4D6) 45%.

Skills: Hide 50%, Natural History 60%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 50%, Track 35%

Places of Interest on the Moors

One noteworthy location on the moors is wherever Davey's car is abandoned (out of petrol), either on a track or wrecked at the bottom of a small valley, as the keeper pleases. For information on Davey see *The Fugitive*, nearby.

Another interesting location is a small gorge, twenty feet wide and two hundred feet long in which water flows in a pleasing trickle from pool to rocky

pool. The gorge rapidly becomes less idyllic if there is heavy rain on a distant moor top, in fact it becomes a raging torrent, sufficient to claim a number of lives as when a group of army cadets camped there during the Great War.

High up in the side of the gorge, where the river flowed centuries previously, is a cave. A **Spot Hidden** roll from above the gorge or a **Geology** roll would be required for the PCs to find it without help. Trees grow in the shade of the upper gorge and the cave is carpeted with leaf detritus. Relatively dry, though reeking of sheep, this is the den of Marskramer and Davey. The former is buried under leaves in a geological slot in the floor and won't be uncovered without a very thorough search. However, Riton's thigh is laid out on a stone slab (**First Aid**, **Natural History**, **Medicine** or an **Idea** roll can identify it for a SAN loss of 0/1). After the bankrobbery a telltale moneybag or note band could also be found here. If Marskramer and Davey are here, Marskramer will have Davey flee to attract attention away from the cave.

At the very highest top moor an oddly flat plateau can be found edged with a few higher ridges. It is in fact a lake covered with vegetation. This layer of plant matter will support individuals of up to SIZ 16 walking in file though it bounces under them alarmingly. The investigators must watch out for "puddles" that are holes in the surface that will drop the careless (**DEX x5**) through the surface. Those making a **DEX x3** roll can stop at armpit level. Rushing in to help will cause more trouble by increasing the SIZ on a small area of the weak surface. Calm is necessary. A **STR x4** will get the hapless investigator out and back on track but the realization of how thin their support is, in the middle of this phenomenon, is worth a SAN 0/1 roll. Pursued by extremely dogged investigators Marskramer may stash his corpse at the bottom of this lake (and be safe from all but the attentions of small freshwater crustaceans).



DAYS BEFORE THE AUCTION

British Newspapers

The British press in the North is gripped by a recent atrocity, appearing in papers only days before the Auction. No one, other than the investigators, is in a position to link this with the De Slachter killings. The keeper can adjust exact timings to suit the actions of the investigators but Marskramer ought to arrive near Sleetmoor a couple of days ahead of the auction to get set. The information is carried in a Manchester Guardian extract (*Hound Papers #7*). Subsequent headlines will support the convergence of the trail of De Slachter and the auction (*Hound Papers #8*).

Viewing the Books and Registering as Bidders

Prothero, Grisby the Auctioneer and his two assistants, and his secretary, Mrs. Dulcet are present on the day prior to the auction where most of the lots can be viewed.

In order to bid, the investigators (and all relevant NPCs) will have to provide evidence of their lines of credit to Mrs. Dulcet. This may also be done on the day of the auction. Once funds have been established she will create a crib sheet for Mr. Grisby with names and numbers that not even Prothero can see. Grisby will mentally calculate if anyone exceeds their credit by more than 20% and stop noting bids by them, should that happen (*see Hound Papers #9*). When Peter Davey goes to the desk at which Mrs. Dulcet is noting credit he will give his name as "Peter Butcher" and pull bundles of five-pound notes from his pockets and then nearly forget to take them back once they have been counted. A successful **Spot Hidden** will judge that he has over £500 in cash.

The literature is on general display, as are more recent histories, but older books and lots from the Print and Occult sections of the catalogue are only viewable on request privately in the kitchen. Requests for pornographic material will only be granted if the applicant succeeds in a **Credit Rating** or **Persuade** roll.

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Extract From The Manchester Guardian

GRUESOME MURDERS IN HULL: FAMILY OF FIVE SLAIN

Phillip and Elspeth Tanner and their three children, Charles (12), Ann (10) and Edward (9) were brutally murdered yesterday. Police have as yet no information on the killer or killers, but have warned citizens of Hull to be on their guard while remaining calm. No link is being made to the brutal murder of a sailor now identified as Jan Kuypers of Rotterdam at the docks two days earlier even though customs officer Philip Tanner worked there.

Police are currently seeking the Tanners' next-of-kin, Mrs. Tanner's brother Peter Davey (30), and have released his name in the hope it will ensure that he comes forward.

The same applies for requests to touch the *Necronomicon*.

"Butcher" (Davey) will not initially be allowed to see the *Necronomicon*, but several other NPCs might be, if the PCs don't ask. If someone else does subsequently succeed in being allowed to view the *Necronomicon*, Davey will horn in, looking over their shoulder. Marskramer can skim the black letter Latin with considerable familiarity and will become impatient if the viewer doesn't turn the pages quickly enough, or indeed if they flick through them too quickly. To view at his own pace Marskramer will try Dominating the officially allowed reader. If he succeeds, he will unfortunately only be able to control his two subjects' limbs in unison so that both Davey and the reader will make page-turning motions (noticeable ones with the large format book). Investigators can note this for SAN loss of 0/1.



The Return of the Hound Papers #8*Extracts From The Manchester Guardian***THIRSK BANK ROBBERY MYSTERY**

Around six hundred pounds were stolen from a bank in the centre of Thirsk yesterday in mysterious circumstances. Apparently members of staff were hypnotized by a man described as wearing a mackintosh over a suit and tie. Teller Marie Palmer was staring blankly for several minutes before colleagues could awaken her and the theft was discovered.

TANNER MURDERS: DAVEY SOUGHT

Peter Davey has now been named as a suspect by the police investigating the recent murder of the Tanner family in Hull. Brother in Law of the head of the household, Philip Tanner, Davey has failed to come forward despite living and previously working in the area as an accountant. Police would now like to question him in relation to the killings. He is thirty years old and is described as a tall, dark-haired man unused to manual labour. His car, a Ford Model T, registration number RGX 323, is also missing.

One way or another, Marskramer/Davey probably attracts the investigators' notice, but they may also be too busy scanning the others who have come to register their interest in the occult lots (see Bidders).

THE DAY OF THE AUCTION

There will be another chance to view the lots from 10 until 1 pm, with similar restrictions (and possibilities if the investigators were not there yesterday). The furniture has been labelled

up on the preceding afternoon and the benches found in the cellar of the corner tower are set out for



bidders. Bidding cards can be claimed from Mr. Grisby. There are many people here today as it is a half-day holiday for ordinary working people (such as Bill Robinson in his Sunday best) and many wish to see the manor, and the sorts of things that concern their "betters." There is considerable interest throughout the auction, especially around any large bids.

At 2:05pm Prothero will introduce the book auction and state that it is for the benefit of Miss Vanessa (quietly ignoring the issue of creditors). Despite themselves and their opinions of the De Wynters, the locals are in bidding mood as if for a good cause.

Working through the numerous lots will take Grisby and Company some time but the keeper can whiz through to the later lots as quickly as they desire. If there are any lots from the (edited) catalogue the investigators want to bid on, let them bid. Bidders and winners are shown in the Keeper's Guide to the Catalogue, including the price the investigators need to beat. The number of the winning bidder (and possibly their name) is called out by Mr. Grisby at the end of each lot.



Clement Grisby

During bidding Spot Hidden rolls will be required from investigators who wish to identify other bidders.

During the auction the keeper will want to ratchet up the tension. Before the beginning of section B, when Grisby calls for quiet, the baying of the Hound can be heard with a successful Listen roll for a SAN loss of 0/1. Before section C begins it can be heard by anyone listening out for it. After section C it is dark and the auction staff will light oil lamps and candles. While this is being done the baying of the Hound comes audibly closer. One option for the keeper at this point is to have a number of auction guests excuse themselves and

step upstairs. This may be followed by flashes of light and whiffs of sulphur after which they may be found to have disappeared (gating, gate-boxing or dimensional-shambling out of Sleetmoor). Basically, anyone making a **Cthulhu Mythos** roll – “the smartest guys in the room” – will leave if able. If any investigators notice this sinister exodus they take a SAN loss of 1/1D4+1. Very few of the ordinary crowd notice anything amiss, their attention held by the bidding.

Marskramer’s Tactics

If the investigators have not disrupted Marskramer’s plans, Peter Davey (aka Butcher) is among the crowd, at the auction and able to bid. If he is instead in jail in the village, in the custody of Constable Croaker and the Leeds detectives, Marskramer will unleash the Hound on him, possibly resulting in it killing them all. The amulet will then be returned to Marskramer’s corpse entity - making its way across the moor to the manor. Marskramer will then attempt to pass the amulet to another person entering the auction, picking a low POW victim using Detect Aura. This may be anyone (Sergeant Crown, Mr. Derrick, Mr. Cole, Mrs. Gubbins), but these will only be a front from which Marskramer will make psychic assaults on registered bidders with funds. If Davey is still in play then Marskramer will simply cause other contenders (whom he beats in a POW v. POW struggle) to change their bidding strategy (SAN loss of 0/1 to notice) and use up their cash before reaching Lot 669. Investigators could thus find themselves bidding on books they don’t want. Without Davey and the funds registered to him, Marskramer needs a new dupe. Dr Osgerby or the American, Le Mat, offer him reasonable prospects, but the same applies to any PC investigator he finds easy to dominate. He will have the amulet delivered to the new dupe as soon as possible. For details of the bidding see the Keeper’s Guide to the Catalogue and for what happens regarding the final lot see “The Climax.”



Marskramer stalks the Auction

Mr. Grisby is the auctioneer, Mr. Swale and Mr. Adkinson label and carry the lots, shift furniture and do whatever is needed to make the sale run smoothly. Mrs. Dulcet acts as secretary and arranges catering which is being handled by Mrs. Derrick of Thirsk on this occasion. The auction at Sleetmoor is a special event for all of them but not alarmingly so, at least until the night of the book sale. All are used to dealing with the public and have a fair sense of when someone’s behavior is unusual. They can communicate between one another with a nod of the head. They will continue engaging with someone behaving strangely while another contacts the police or likely looking help closer by.

During the daytime there is also Mr. Cole (see Manor staff) helping people find their way in the grounds and during the viewing and the auction. Mr. Derrick the bus driver also stands by (10:00–2:30 Friday, 10:00–10:30, 11.30 – end of auction Saturday). Derrick is a former boxer



and heavy “drinker” steadied by a smart “wife” who has become a bus tour entrepreneur. He will admit to being slow, but sure, and is the soul of diligent reliability.

Mr. Norman Derrick, Age 48, Bus Driver and Entrepreneur

STR 16 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 07 POW 12
DEX 18 APP 11 EDU 10 SAN 60 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Combat: Punch 75% damage 1D3; Small Club (Spanner, damage 1D8) 45%.

Skills: Drive Bus 75%, Go that extra mile 80%, Persuade 20%.

Police Presence: Constable Croaker should provide an additional element of security as part of his duties to the village of Sleetmoor. Chief Constable Harburn attends the Auction unofficially.

Bidders

These are far from the only visitors but are the key bidders during the auction, especially when it comes to the occult section. Other bidders are residents of Sleetmoor and are detailed under Local Dignitaries. These include Dr Osgerby, Major Harburn, Revd. Whiddon, Schoolmaster Carleby and Miss Mellington. Options for adding in characters from other published scenarios appear in Appendix 1.

The American Gentleman

A Southern gentleman reduced to commerce, Le Mat’s word is his bond. His ancestral Georgian plantation house is marked only by the brick chimneystacks. A family friend at the University of Kentucky has recommended him as an agent for the Library to

spend some recent endowment money but, pledged to secrecy in case it suggests his client’s account can be milked, he will re-

main silent about his backers to the point investigators may become suspicious. Staying in Sleetmoor village, his luggage contains an inherited Le Mat pistol. A foot long revolver, it is not only unlicensed but also illegal in that (Spot Hidden) it contains a 16 gauge shot gun barrel under the revolver barrel and the 9 round cylinder. Reported to the authorities at the right point in time this can sabotage Le Mat’s mission entirely.

Jefferson Le Mat, Age 28, Private Agent for an American Buyer

STR 16 CON 13 SIZ 10 INT 11 POW 09
DEX 14 APP 17 EDU 15 SAN 45 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Combat: Fist 60%, Grapple 35%, Handgun 40% (Le Mat pistol, .42 calibre 1D10+1 damage (9 shots)), Shotgun 40% (Le Mat pistol 16 gauge 3D6 at close/1D6 at short).

Skills: Accounting 30%, Bargain 40%, Credit Rating 50%, History 45%, Library Use 40%, Listen 40%, Persuade 40%, Spot Hidden 45%

Languages: English 75%, Latin 20%, French 12%

The Professional Bookseller

A slight, fair bookish man with an elegant, understated dress sense. Occasionally Stanhope feels he has psychic sensitivity, but this is not reliable enough for him to boast about it. If he feels something evil approaching the manor he will withdraw from the auction quite quickly and return to his room in the village “feeling indisposed.” He might, however, give a gentleman investigator with sufficient Credit Rating access to his credit with Grisby.

Colin Stanhope, Age 35. Antiquarian bookseller of Highgate, London.

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 10 APP 09 EDU 18 SAN 63 HP 11

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Accounting 60%, Art Appreciation (Printmaking) 40%, Bargain 50%, Conceal



Auction Staff

Name	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW	DEX	APP	SAN	HP	DB
Clement Grisby	10	10	10	15	14	07	12	70	10	-
Daniel Swale	12	08	13	08	06	13	11	30	11	+1D4
John Adkinson	11	09	11	12	08	14	10	40	10	-
Esme Dulcet	08	11	15	10	11	11	11	45	13	-
Violet Derrick	11	09	09	10	09	13	09	45	09	-

30%, Craft (Bookbinding) 25%, Credit Rating 40%, History 55%, Hide 25, Law 35%, Library 75%, Occult 25%, Psychology 25%, Spot Hidden 70%.

Languages: English 90%, French 50%, Latin 40%

The Northern Occultist, and Entourage

Imposing and loud gentleman, graying at the temples. Rutland has a fair range of occult books in a safe at his South Yorkshire Victorian Mansion. He is still sane because his use of spells is usually unsuccessful, partly because he has damaged his intelligence with excessive alcohol consumption. He hopes purchases made here will change that. He has wandering hands and thinks himself a lady killer.

Sophia, Rutland's wife, delights in breaking society's taboos and will openly bid for dubious lots while flirting shamelessly with whoever takes her fancy.

The Rutlands own a Bentley and employ John Brassic to drive it. He is also there to interpose between the Rutlands and anyone they may offend. Burly, and smartly turned out, Brassic is a psychopath. Psychology cannot detect this, only his blankness, except on a roll of 01-05. He may mention he was in the trenches in the Great War. He will obediently defer to gentlemen and ladies until it no longer suits him and will happily watch other people die.

Mervin Rutland, Age 43, Brewery heir and occultist

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 10 POW 13
DEX 11 APP 11 EDU 17 SAN 25 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

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Skills: Bargain 45%, Credit Rating 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 04%, Drive Auto 40%, Fast Talk 55%, History 30%, Lower Tone 50%, Occult 48%, Persuade 45%, Psychology 25%, Spot Hidden 45%

Sophia Rutland, Age 39, Trophy Wife and Occultist

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 09 POW 13
DEX 13 APP 13 SAN 20 EDU 14 HP 11

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Credit Rating 20%, Dance 35%, Occult 28%, Persuade 35%, Psychology 25%, Sparkle 35%, Spot Hidden 45%, Wink Suggestively 65%.

John Brassic, Age 30, Chauffeur for the Rutlands

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

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Combat: Fist 60%, damage 1D3; Tire Iron 45%, damage 1D8; Grapple 50%; Rifle 40% (not carried).

Skills: Climb 50%, Drive Auto 80%, Hide 50%, Listen 50%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Sneak 60%.

The Aristocratic Lady

The attractive and eccentric Scottish noblewoman, Lady Heatherington has been tempted here by Lot 535 though it will turn out not to be the expanded edition she hopes to acquire. Favourable contact



with her will set up a way to lead investigators into “The Jermyn Horror.” The keeper might easily manufacture a small misunderstanding the investigators can help her out with, with the Rutlands for example. The important thing is that she survives for that scenario and the easiest way to ensure this is for her to leave the auction before the real danger arrives.

Lady Clare Heatherington, Age 29, Eccentric Scottish Noble

STR 10 CON 14 SIZ 09 INT 17 POW 14
DEX 13 APP 16 EDU 20 SAN 70 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None

Combat: Fist 50%, damage 1D3; Handgun (.38 Revolver, damage 1D10) 55%.

Skills: Anthropology 25%, Archaeology 25%, Credit Rating 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Drive Auto 50%, First Aid 45%, History 75%, Library Use 75%, Occult 40%, Navigate 40%, Persuade 90%, Ride Horse 55%, Spot Hidden 45%

Languages: English 100%, French 75%, German 60%, Greek 45%, Latin 45%.

The Scandinavian Gentleman

Son of a Swedish shipping magnate, Jordanson has developed a serious interest in the occult and is aware of the Cthulhu Mythos. Whether this is ultimately for good or ill is up to the keeper. In London he might be spotted as newsworthy (he is a Director of several important companies) but here he can travel incognito. He is in a financial position to win most of the key lots and will securely ship them back to Sweden as soon as possible. He will not loan these valuable possessions out or allow investigators to “look something up” and will certainly involve the police if he feels the least bit threatened. If he needs a bodyguard one is rapidly available, coming to collect him by pre-arrangement after the auction.

Edmund Jordanson, Age 35, Fabulously Wealthy Collector

STR 11 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 14
DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 19 SAN 68 HP 12

Damage Bonus: 0

Skills: Bargain 75%, Credit Rating 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%, History 65%, Library Use 55%, Occult 65%, Persuade 45%

Combat: Fist 70%, damage 1D3; Grapple 45%; Handgun 45% (not carried); Shotgun 45% (nc); Sword 45% (nc)

Languages: Swedish 95%, Arabic 35%, English 65%, Greek 35%, Latin 65%

Lars Boll, Age 29, Chauffeur and Bodyguard

STR 18 CON 15 SIZ 16 INT 11 POW 12
DEX 13 APP 13 EDU 16 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Skills: Credit Rating 30%, Drive 60%, Spot Hidden 55%

Combat: Punch 70%, damage 1D3; Grapple 65%; Small Club 45%, damage 1D6; Handgun (.38 automatic, damage 1D10) 55%

Languages: Danish 80%, Swedish 60%, English 55%

The Odd Gentleman

Timmons appears in “The Case” by Keith Herber in Chaosium’s *Curse of Cthulhu* (1990, oop). He uses the passport of his murdered descendant, Brian, but answers to his real name correctly assuming no one in England knows him or the fact that he died 300 years ago. He will be seeking to purchase the occult highlights but his ill-gotten £200 won’t gain him any of them. He will leave rapidly when he realizes something is up but may try to follow track successful bidders like Jordanson with evil intent when they leave the area.

Douglas Timmons, Age 420+, Apparent age mid 40s, Resurrected Sorcerer

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 18 POW 22
DEX 15 APP 13 EDU 25 SAN 00 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Anthropology 55%, Astronomy 10%, Chemistry 75%, Credit Rating 20%, Cthulhu Mythos 35%, Fast Talk 45%, History 90%, Library Use 95%, Listen 65%, Occult 65%, Persuade 65%, Psychology 80%, Sneak 75%

Languages: English 100%, German 80%, Latin 75%,

Spells: Call/Dismiss Yog-Sothoth, Mind Cloud, Resurrection, Shrivelling

KEEPER'S GUIDE TO THE CATALOGUE

Full details of the selected lots are given in the catalogue (see Appendix 2) which can be circulated to players. What follows is supplementary and **ONLY** for the keeper. In this version minimum sale prices are given (i.e. what a PC would have to outbid to obtain it) with the names of the bidders (assuming the keeper uses the NPCs provided) for the item and the eventual winner (without PC intervention) indicated in **bold**. The prices are relatively conservative, but can easily be adjusted up or down by the keeper to reflect the funds available to the investigators. The way the scenario is designed, the investigators should get tantalising glimpses of key Mythos tomes without being able to gain possession of any of the major ones (unless the keeper desires that they gain such possession).

Mr. Grisby's private crib sheet of funds he knows are available is listed nearby (*Hound Papers #9*). This will never be seen by the investigators prior to the auction though it may come into their possession afterwards. Grisby is likely to take bids up to 20% above the figures nearby but will never release lots until paid in full. It is especially important that the highest bid on the more valuable Mythos tomes need to reach a figure that the Player Characters don't have, either personally or in the name of any

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Mr. E. Jordanson	£10,000	Mr. M. Rutland	£150
Mr. J. Le Mat	£1000	Lady Heatherington	£100
Mr. G. Duncombe	£800	Mr. C. Stanhope	£100
Mr. P. Butcher	£600	Major Harburn	£50
Miss Millington	£350	Rev. Whiddon	£50
Dr J. Osgerby	£300	Mrs. Rutland	£50
Mr. D. Timmons	£200	Mr. Hawks	£20
Mail bid for Lot 274	£200	Mr. Carleby	£15
Mail bid for Lot 669	£200	etc.	

clients they might have. Since letters of credit need to have been shown to the Auctioneers there is no bluffing (unless backed up with clever forgery and risking charges of fraud), but even then, there can simply be others in the room with genuine access to more funds and the willingness to spend them.

The Keeper's Guide to the Catalogue also lists game bonuses and penalties for reading particular texts in the following format: +% indicates the addition of knowledge to the named skill gained from reading the specific text; SAN indicates the Sanity loss for skimming/reading the book; INTx denotes the modifier to learn spells in the book and there follows a list of any spells the scenario writer believes should be contained in the text (the keeper is - of course - at liberty to expand, limit or otherwise alter these).

SECTION A: LITERATURE

[There are 423 Lots in this section reflecting a good standard collection (mostly inherited) developed with strong taste for Romantic, Gothic and decadent subjects. There are editions of gory Elizabethan Revenge tragedies, William Blake, Lord Byron, Percy Shelley, Thomas De Quincey, Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Radcliffe, Charles Maturin, "Monk" Lewis, Mary Shelley, Charles Baudelaire, Edgar Allen Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Oscar Wilde, Bram



Stoker, Arthur Machen, William Hope Hodgson, Walter De La Mare. Prices will average from £2 to £5 for standard editions. Only the following items will go higher. Only one item gives any in game bonuses or penalties.]

1 AINSWORTH, W. H. *Rookwood*. 1843 New ed.

Carleby, **Anon** £10

102 DERBY, EDWARD PICKMAN. *Azathoth and Other Horrors*, 1919.

Carleby £2,

Cthulhu Mythos+4%, *Sanity Loss* for 1/1D4. No spells.

171 FITZGERALD, EDWARD. *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*. Rare 1894 edition.

Carleby, Stanhope, **Harburn** £30.

274 JONSON, BEN. *Workes*, the three parts bound in two vols. 1616.

Carleby, Whiddon, Le Mat, **Sealed bid [British Museum Library]** £154.

313 POE, EDGAR A. "Al Aaraaf", "Tamerlane", and *Minor Poems*. Baltimore, 1829.

Millington, Stanhope, **Le Mat**, a disappointing £70

314 POE. *The Poems of*. London, 1881.

Carleby, **Anon** £10

SECTION B: HISTORICAL and

BIOGRAPHICAL WORKS

[There are 172 lots in this section, comprising a somewhat typical gentleman's collection of mid to late Victorian histories ornamented with a number of genuinely rare and old works which often have a link to obscure and gruesome byways of history, for example, Newgate Calendars (£4). There is a sur-

prisingly strong gathering of texts relating to the settlement of America that would grace the collections of all but the oldest and most prestigious American collections. Prices average £3-7. Only a few are in some way exceptional or give in game bonuses.]

442 BLANCHET, EUSTACHE. *The Life and Death of My Lord Gilles De Rais*. London, 1894.

Mr. Rutland, £15

Gruesome account that references and tops previous histories of Bluebeard in its descriptions of his excesses by returning to the original court records.

Occult +2%. *Sanity Loss* for 0/1D3.

443 BOSTON MASSACRE. *A Short Narrative of the Horrid Massacre in Boston, perpetrated in the Evening of the Fifth Day of March 1770*. London, 1770.

Stanhope, **Le Mat**, £8

453 CHAMPIN, WILLIAM N. *Memoirs of the Hellfire Club*. Oxford, 1904.

Hawks, £1. Occult +1%. This well-thumbed volume was an early favourite of the young St John de Wynter.

469 EGAN, PIERCE. *Life in London*. London, 1821.

Mr. Rutland, Stanhope, **Mellington**, £30

475 FLAGELLATION. *The History of the Flagellants*. London, 1777.

Osgerby, **Mrs. Rutland**, £25

There is a disturbing level of obsession here and very fine plates: *Sanity Loss* for 0/1.

516 MAYHEW, EXPERIENCE. *Indian Converts*. Boston, 1727.

Whiddon, **Le Mat**, £17

Contains considerable information on Native American lore.

Anthropology +1%.

The Return of the Hound



528 THUMB, THOMAS. MONSTER OF MONSTERS (THE), 1754.

Osgerby, **Le Mat**, £12

530 [MONTANUS, ARNOLDUS.] Jacob von Meurs: Amsterdam, 1673.

Heatherington, Mellington, **Le Mat**, £25

Heavily illustrated volume with sensationalised and false accounts and illustrations of cannibalism among genuine historical information. SAN 0/1.

535 PIGAFETTA, FILIPPO. *A Report on the Kingdome of Congo, a Region of Africa.*

Translation from the Latin by Abraham Hartwell, London 1597.

Osgerby, Millington, **Heatherington**, £45

Extra-illustrated with 12 large and gruesome plates from cut from the De Bry, German edition. Occult +2%, Anthropology +2 %, SAN 0/1D2. No spells.

560 SKILLEN, FAUNTLEROY. *History of The Occult Tomes in Print.* London, 1899.

Inscribed "From LB to SdW 1918— an education and a challenge."

Osgerby, Stanhope, **Jordanson**, £18.

Here, quite handily, is a relatively up-to-date account of occult (and Mythos) tomes and their history from which the reader can gain the gist of the histories given in the rulebook, know their *Book of Eibon* from their *Book of Dyzan* and understand a little of the great value of the edition of *The Necronomicon* in this sale. Occult +1%, Library Use +1%.

562 STUKELEY, WILLIAM. *Stonehenge, A Temple Restor'd to the British Druids.* London, 1740.

Osgerby, **Stanhope**, £25.

Archaeology +2%, Occult +1%

The Return of the Hound

SECTION C: PRINTS and ALBUMS

[Among the 61 lots are some real rarities but the material is often of a scandalous nature. The average price of the lots is £6-10. Only one item gives any game penalties.]

Note: Not all lots are suitable for general viewing. The Auctioneer's discretion shall apply.

602 BEARDSLEY, AUBREY. Portfolio of 22 Etchings Illustrating Wilde's *Salome* and Aristophanes's *Lysistrata*. London, 1894-6.

Mrs. Rutland, **Mellington**, £30

620 DE SADE. Album of 40 engraved illustrations for De Sade's works. Paris, 1819.

Various sealed bids, **Mr. Rutland**, £40

624 DOBSON, ANTHONY. *The Dance of Death:* 48 woodcuts by Hans Holbein. London, 1892.

Osgerby, Stanhope, **Mellington**, £35

628 EMBLEMS OF MORTALITY. Death seizing all ranks and conditions of people: Numerous engravings. Charleston, 1846.

Whiddon, Osgerby, **Mellington**, £55

644 PORTFOLIO OF ETCHINGS: based on medical dissection of corpses. 40 etchings, twenty images in different states.

Unsold.

These studies are the work of St John De Wynter. A successful Medicine roll will determine that these are not medical dissections and an Art Appreciation roll will suggest that the arrangements owe more to still life paintings than scientific enquiry. *Sanity loss for 1/1D2.*

SECTION D: OCCULT and RELATED WORKS

[This smallest part of the collection, a mere 14 lots, is exceptional. While it contains



some standard works on the occult it also includes extremely rare tomes seldom seen outside of the major international collections. St. John De Wyn-ter's name will be long remembered among occult book traders on the strength of the material unobtrusively gathered by him and his confederates and dispersed here. The entire catalogue of this section is given below.]

Note: Bearing in mind the age and fragility of some of the lots they may only be examined very carefully and very briefly. The Auctioneer's discretion will apply.

656 BALFOUR, FRANCOIS-HONORE (Comte D'Erlette). *Cultes Des Goules.* Paris, c.1702. 600pp. Extremely rare. Only fourteen copies known to exist.

Mr. Rutland, Timmons, Le Mat, **Jordanson**, £360

Cthulhu Mythos +14%, *Sanity Loss* for 1D4/1D10. INT x2 to learn the following Spells: Command Ghost, Contact Ghoul, Contact Mordiggian, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Dust of Suleiman, Flesh Ward, Remortification

657 COPELAND, HAROLD HADLEY. *Zan-thu Tablets, A Conjectural Translation.* London, 1916.

Jordanson, **Whiddon**, £35

Cthulhu Mythos +3%, *Sanity Loss* 1D3/1D6, INT x2 to learn the following Spells: Contact Cthulhu, Contact Deep Ones, Contact Star-Spawn, Dread Curse of Azathoth

658 CRASCALL, JOSEPH. *Sites of Rare Historical and Supernatural Interest in East Anglia.* Wisbech, Cambs, 1802.

Osgerby, **Stanhope**, £21

There may be baggage here for any character that has taken part in "Death By Misadventure" in Chaosium's *Terrors from Beyond*



or, more likely, this lot may simply prefigure that adventure.

659 FRASER, SIR GEORGE. *The Golden Bough.* 12 vols, complete. Edinburgh 1911-1915.

Mrs. Rutland, **Mellington**, £50

Occult +5%, *Sanity Loss* for 0/1D2.

660 JUNTZ, FRIEDRICH WILHELM VON. *Nameless Cults.* Bridewell: London, 1845. Only 20 copies of this edition are known to exist.

Timmons, Le Mat, **Jordanson**, £252

Cthulhu Mythos +12%, *Sanity loss* for 1D8/2D8. INT x3 to learn the following Spells: Contact Nyarlathotep (several versions), Create Zombi, Deflect Harm, Gray Binding, Keeness of Two Alike, Nightmare, Voice of Ra.

661 KASIDAH OF HAJI ABDU EL YEZIDI. Translated by F. B. Portland, 1896.

Carleby, **Harburn**, £20,

Occult +1%.

662 MATHER, COTTON. *Memorable Providences. Relating to Witchcrafts and Possessions.* Boston, 1689. Epistle dedicatory, signed "C. Mather."

Whiddon, Stanhope, **Le Mat**, £59

Occult +3%, INT x 3 to learn the Spell: Exorcism

663 [MATHER.] *The Sad Effects of Sin; a true relation of ... murder.* Boston, 1713.

Whiddon, **Le Mat**, £12

664 [MATHER.] A Testimony against Evil Customs. Boston, 1713. Not mentioned in standard catalogues.

Whiddon, **Le Mat**, £40

Occult +2%, INTx2 to learn the Spell: Exorcism

665 MATHER, SAMUEL; A Testimony against Idolatry & Superstition. Boston, 1725. Copy has inscription on title "Joseph Curwen, 1727, the gift of Sermon Bishop of Arkham."

Whiddon, **Le Mat**, £15

Occult +2%.

666 REVELATIONS OF GLAAKI. 9 vols, sold as one lot. Bristol, 1842-65. Volumes 3, 7, 8, 9 imperfect, but bindings all good quality and recent.

Mr. Rutland, Timmons, Jordanson, **Osgerby**, £300

Cthulhu Mythos +15%, *Sanity Loss* for 1D6/2D6, INT x3 to learn the following Spells: (see *Revelations of Glaaki* from Ramsey Campbell's *Goatwood*, Chaosium, 2001 pp.14-16)

667 [SOLOMON] *The Key of Solomon.* 2 vols in Latin. Amsterdam, 1730.

Stanhope, **Mr. Rutland**, £65

Occult +5%, *Cthulhu Mythos* +1%. *Sanity Loss* for 0/1D2, INT x3 to learn the Spell: Chant of Thoth.

668 SCHEVENINGEN, ALLARD VAN. *Commentary on the Journals of Albrecht Marskramer*, Volume the First. Den Hague, 1790. Latin tome.

Butcher, £45

Cthulhu Mythos +2%, *Sanity Loss* for 1/ 1D3. No spells.

669 WORMIUS, OLAUS. *The Necronomicon.* Translated into Latin from the Greek in 1228.

This edition printed in Germany, possibly Mainz, c.1490.

Sealed bid, Timmons, LeMat, Butcher, **Jordanson**, £750

Cthulhu Mythos +16%, *Sanity Loss* for 1D10/1D20, INT x5 to learn the following Spells: Contact Hound of Tindalos, Contact Nodens, Contact Sand Dweller, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Enchant Item, Mind Transfer, Powder of Ibn Ghazi, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon (only) Servitor of Outer Gods, Summon/Bind Star Vampire, Voorish Sign, Worms

THE CLIMAX

The Crying of Lot 669

On this lot Marskramer will bid as high as his current dupe can go and beyond, until the Auctioneer begins to ignore him. He cannot outbid Jordanson and when he realises this his bidder will cry out in exasperation "*Gij addergebroed!*" (Dutch expletive) and collapse into a deep sleep, with Marskramer's consciousness reverting to whoever holds the amulet. Having failed, Marskramer releases his frustration. Either via Davey or from his corpse form at the window he casts Worms at the auctioneer's man, Mr. Swale, carrying the tome away. Marskramer knows a version of this spell that does not require touch but costs him 8 MP. Swale will gag to death on six inch worms expanding from his gut, regardless of medical intervention, at a cost of 1D6 SAN for all watching. The next person to try and pick the *Necronomicon* up will have Wrack cast on them (victim experiences pain, blistering, and blindness for 1D6 rounds, followed by incapacity for 15 minutes, 1D4 SAN loss; PCs allowed **MP vs. MP** on Resistance Table do not succumb) and the victim's writhing and screaming will cost any spectators 1D3 SAN.

In the ensuing panic the majority attempt to leave hurriedly and an oil-lamp gets knocked over. Someone will need to attend to the potential conflagration (if the investigators don't it will be Mr. Derrick). The confusion may allow Davey or his successor to pick up the *Necronomicon* and walk out with it, following the crowd (or Marskramer may sneak in a window and get it). If Davey, or another dupe, gets the book Marskramer's body will meet them in the courtyard, much to the added horror of the panicking guests (it causes 1/1D8 SAN loss).

If all attempts by proxy to get the book fail but the book is still in the Manor, Marskramer may at-



tempt to unleash the Hound in the manor. In terms of Magic points, given twenty and as many minutes he can guarantee success. He may use his bat creatures to besiege the manor (see Outside) while he casts the spell. However, for the spell to work as planned someone inside the manor needs to be holding the amulet, whether it is Davey, a subsequent dupe or an investigator. If the amulet has reverted to him Marskramer may arrange for an NPC to carry it back into the manor. If and when the Hound is successfully summoned the amulet holder will be the first to be ritually mangled, torn apart while still alive, before the Hound turns on anyone else within reach inside the lower rooms (its SIZ prevents it going much further). Until it has consumed the amulet holder it will ignore all but those who attack it. For a description of the Hound and its statistics see the nearby box.

Outside

Any NPC affected by temporary insanity will run out of the manor, if able. Anyone going outside (or already outside) once Marskramer arrives is assaulted by his attendant bat things. There are 20 of them.

Bat Things: SIZ 2, CON 8, HP 5. -30% to hit when flying. Attack: Bite 40%, damage 1 point, per round. SAN loss to be attacked 0/1. The bat thing may be torn off by a successful Grapple roll. A successful Punch or other weapon attack damages the person for at least half the damage done. A dead bat-thing turns to shadow which hits the floor and slides away at speed (as if it were the shadow of the flying bat). If by any chance they are all killed, The Hound is summoned (see nearby).

“Oh shit, there goes the charabanc”

After the events inside the Manor and under bat attacks outside, people will want to leave fast,

whether driven insane or not. Those who have brought vehicles will simply jump in them and flee. Those without vehicles may try to jump on board or steal one. The only vehicle with its keys in the ignition and hand crank at the ready is actually Mr. Derrick’s bus. While he attempts to smother the fire inside, some may attempt to get away in this, not realizing it is only Mr. Derrick’s great Dexterity and Driving skill that allows him to squeeze the large vehicle through the small gatehouse. Unless the bus thieves can make an 05% or less Driving success, they will jam the bus in the gate house, halfway onto the bridge, blocking it for other vehicles AND pedestrians (breaking bus windows and climbing allows a possible exit this way but it requires Climb rolls and several risks of injury).

One way or another the courtyard area will be in chaos with locals and visitors alike beset by the bats running into the dark and injuring themselves in nettles (0/1HP), brambles (1HP), and concealed masonry (1-2 HP). Falling off the bridge does 2-3D6 HP, tumbling down the moat side is 1D6 HP, with **Luck** rolls not to add +1 for brambles and nettles. Furthermore, a **Navigate** roll is required in the dark to actually get away from the manor and back to the village, which means some will be roaming confused and injured in the woods and on the moors until light.

Immediate aftermath

Accurate accounts of what happens at the Sleetmoor Manor auction are simply not believed by the authorities. Instead they are likely to declare the manor in quarantine because of dangerous diseases spread by infected bats (rabies, for example). Investigators may circumvent the cordon at night but they may not be the only ones trying to do so if valuable books are left lying inside the manor.

If Marskramer didn’t get the *Necronomicon* at the auction, he will try to get it the next night unless he has been badly injured. If the Hound wasn’t unleashed, Marskramer may use Call/Dismiss Hound to drive the Investigators away (or kill them). Investigators have little

The Return of the Hound



hope against the Hound, but they do have a chance of destroying the Marskramer corpse-thing and so thwarting his ambition to be at least partly himself again. Depending on the number of victims on the night of the auction Marskramer may look noticeably more human as his flesh accumulates and patches of skin are added (possibly recognizable for SAN loss of 1/1D3).

If Marskramer finds that the investigators have destroyed the *Necronomicon* or that it has been otherwise spirited away he will be frustrated and will soon leave the area, following one of three paths: a) acquiring the location of the *Necronomicon* through identifying its purchaser and pursuing them; b) having learned of the British Museum copy, making his way there to access the desired ritual; c) on a tangent the keeper will have to develop, he could head for Exham Priory, location of Lovecraft's "The Rats in the Walls" (set in 1924), working off ancient knowledge about Roman era practices there.

If Marskramer gains the *Necronomicon* it will take him a few days (but no more – he has read much of it before) to locate and memorize the necessary rituals. The first ritual should allow his corpse to become (roughly) human again. This abhorrent ritual requires the sacrifice of a newborn baby during a full moon, presenting logistical difficulties that should give investigators a chance to track Marskramer down and prevent another death. The second ritual is essentially the spell Mind Transfer with guaranteed success shifting his spirit from the amulet to the new body. This rejoined Marskramer would be stuck in the same bind with the Hound's amulet that caused him to commit suicide in 1448 again (caught between the need to live as the Tcho-Tcho do to appease the Hound and the requirements of civilized society) but Marskramer has a plan for that, too.

THE PROBLEM OF THE AMULET

At some point in the scenario it might happen that the investigators have the amulet and that



The Bat Things attack the Auction Guests

one of their number is afflicted with its effects. They will be haunted by recent victims and constantly have to battle Marskramer's will, if he is still associated with the amulet. They have three days at most before the Hound arrives to claim them (unless they wish to take up cannibalism in the meantime). Marskramer will use all his spells to prevent any attempts to destroy the amulet and for these purposes his POW counts as MP belonging to the amulet.

Cunning investigators may try to exorcise the amulet (of Marskramer's spirit, nothing can be done about the link to the Hound). After the auction, assuming Mr. Grisby survived and the books didn't all burn in a conflagration, the distribution of lots to winners will be limping along and, if the investigators can get access to Mather (662 or 664), they have a chance to acquire relevant spells (**Library**

Use to locate, INT x 3 or 2 respectively to learn). Exorcism, properly performed, will succeed mainly



The Return of the Hound

THE HOUND

This horrible creature appears as a large canine with two large bat-like wings growing out of its muscular back. When on the hunt, the Hound announces its coming with a low, mournful baying that begins far off at first. Every night it seems to get closer and closer. When the Hound finally attacks it does so in a fury and with the grisly magical ability to keep its victim alive and screaming for as long as it wants while it savages the target. Even dismembered pieces will still move, twitch, and not die until the Hound lets them or until it is driven off. The Hound can attack with two claws per round or with a single massive bite, which is its preferred method. Once a victim has been bitten, the Hound can automatically savage him or her in the next round unless the victim overcomes the Hound in a STR versus STR match on the Resistance Table. Because of the creature's supernatural nature, this savaging attack affects both the body and the spirit of the victim, thus causing a loss in POW as the unfortunate is slowly consumed.

THE HOUND

STR 20 CON 24 SIZ 19 INT 15 POW 26
DEX 18 MOV 9/15 flying HP 22

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Claws 45%, damage 1D6+db

Bite 60%, damage 1D10*

Savage (automatic once bitten), damage 1D6**

*Ignores all armor ratings, including those of a magical nature.

**Also costs the victim 1 point of POW per round.

Armor: No physical weapons can harm the Hound. Spells and magical weapons do normal damage but against magical weapons, treat the Hound's thick hide as four points of armor.

Once reduced to zero hit points, the Hound disappears into a pool of shadow, only to return the next night, completely healed.

Skills: Jump 95%, Scent 95%, Sneak 95%, Track 95%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D10 Sanity points to see the Hound. To hear the creature's baying costs 0/1D2 Sanity points per night.



Albrecht Marskramer in the Courtyard

because Marskramer believes at some level in the powers the spell invokes.

Cast out of the amulet, Marskramer becomes the equivalent of a Wraith, a potent, malignant form of ghost, which is only INT (18) and POW (18), worth 1/1D8 SAN loss to see. In Wraith form Marskramer flees to his corpse if it still exists. The Wraith can attack by using its POW versus CON on the Resistance Table and causing the loss of 1D6-1 CON per attack. If the victim successfully resists the Wraith loses that many MP. If an investigator's CON reaches 3 or less they are bedridden. If its magic points are exhausted a Wraith dissolves for a week. Loss of all POW kills it (a good use for Dread Curse... see Lots 656, 657, 669).

Dealing with the amulet once Marskramer is ousted is slightly different: the item may apparently be easily secured in a safe, for example, but the Hound will still track down the last person to handle it. Attempts must be made to destroy it physically. It has a STR of 5 + the embedded MP as STR. These have to be overcome in one go. The Sleetmoor vil-

The Return of the Hound

lage smithy is a good place to try since super-heating the amulet will half the effective STR bonus of the MP. Whacking it between hammer and anvil may then succeed. The effect of breaking the amulet is an explosion for as many D6 as the amulet's STR is divisible by 6, rounding up (so 4D6 for a 20 STR amulet). Damage is diminished by a D6 every yard's distance from the epicenter. The spirits within the amulet are released whenever the amulet is broken and fly around shrieking with ghastly glee for several minutes causing SAN loss of 1/1d4.

Sanity Rewards or Penalties Depending on Outcome

Save any amulet holder from Death	+1D4 SAN
Thwart Marskramer's plans	+1D6
Defeat the Hound	+1D8
Destroy Marskramer	+1D10
Destroy the amulet	+1D10
Destroy occult tomes	No reward
Inadvertently cause a death	-1D4 to -1D6 dependent on culpability.

SOURCES AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to acknowledge David Conyers who encouraged me to contribute to this collection and provided essential editorial advice. I also acknowledge Brian Sammons whose statistics for the Amulet and the Hound appeared in the *Keeper's Companion 2*. I have slightly tweaked these for the purpose of the scenario and may read the story a little differently than he does (all errors herein are therefore mine). The game supplement *Green and Pleasant Land* edited by Pete Tamlyn (1987) has been very useful and Erik (HLD) via yog-sothoth.com has been superbly helpful with the Dutch language and naming elements of the scenario. Once again, any blunders that remain are mine alone. My playtesters – Michaela Schoop (Maud), Rick Payne (Raymond), Kate Henderson (Vanessa) and Andy Farrow (Jefferson) – have, as ever, been invaluable. Thanks too, to those who tried it out at Furnace, Sheffield in 2009.

APPENDIX 1

**Links to other scenarios and campaigns
[Possible Spoilers]**

This is not the only CoC scenario centering on an auction. Keepers could make links to other auctions through using some of the same NPCs, substituting in either direction.

“The Auction” by Randy McCall in Chaosium’s *Cthulhu Casebook* (1990: 7-20) focuses on a sale of artefacts in Vienna, Austria. It features the following NPCs:

Lady Margaret Jameson, 24, agent for Aleister Crowley

Michel de Boursavin, 39, French spiritualist

Sir Martin Murray, 43, British collector with some Mythos knowledge

Count Nicolai Tychevski, 36, Russian Czarist black marketeer

George Walker, 41, American agent for the Smithsonian

Daniel Kolson, 25, Swedish academic with an inherited fortune, interested in alchemy

“Thoth’s Dagger” by William Hamblin, also in Chaosium’s *Cthulhu Casebook* (1990: 105-121), deals with an auction of an occultist’s collection in Boston, Mass. The following NPCs might also appear here:

William Fredricks, 45, balding eccentric obsessed with death-based material.

Clifton Jorgenson, 30, a millionaire occultist with little experience.

Connecting to campaigns

Given the prominence of the tomes sold in the De Wynter auction, characters might turn up from any published scenarios the keeper wished to make connections with, but this has to be handled carefully. If someone like Carl Stanford or Baron Hauptmann were to turn up in person it would totally unbalance the scenario. Such major figures might easily under-

stand and quash the threat of Marskramer if they wanted the auction to proceed. But the fact is that they already have access to the *Necronomicon* (Stanford) or don’t need it urgently – this is why copies remain in the major library collections.

Some suggestions about published campaigns with British links follow:

Masks of Nyarlathotep: an agent of the Penhew Foundation in London could be present and possibly one or two characters who will become members of the Clive expedition...

Shadows of Yog-Sothoth: Perhaps members of “The Coven at Cannich” may attend, though Balphegor is likely to be too wary of encountering the police.

Ramsay Campbell’s Goatswood: Those NPCs who need it already have their own Revelations of Glaaki.

Tatters of the King: It is unlikely that any of the principle cultists is in sufficient funds to purchase one of the Mythos texts on sale here.

APPENDIX 2

Player's Auction Catalogue

AUCTION SALE
SATURDAY MARCH 14th
STARTING AT 2 O'CLOCK.

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Claims for errors or allowance must be made within three days of receipt of goods.

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TO BE DISPERSED.

A Magnificent Collection Gathered by a Booklover — Some Notable Occult Tomes, Including Some Ranked Among the Rarest of Rare Books — Early Printing and the Classics Not Overlooked — Early American Chronicles — Many Scarce Books in English First Editions.

The large number of books which the late St. John De Wynter gathered in the course of a tragically brief life form both a library and a collection. Mr. De Wynter was interested not only in the great rarities, but also in literature in its broad sense, making a library for himself and those who surrounded him. Many of his books were selected with reference to this point, and while he was not an occultist in the common sense of that word, he had some magnificent books of this class. He began collecting early in his life and continued to do so throughout his travels, discovering prizes that would today have been seized upon by dealers and locked up forever in public libraries. He was a shrewd bargainer, too, and attended some of the historic book auctions of the early century when some great private libraries — the Burnley, Caslow, Ferencz, Ides, McNay, Tynes and others — came into the market and afforded Mr. De Wynter an opportunity to enrich his library and collection with works which are the envy of any bibliophile. To his appreciation of the best in literary, historical and occult works he added a love of fine bindings and of fine engravings. A history of the art of engraving from the earliest times to the present, illustrated by the best examples of masters, may be found in his splendid collection, now to be dispersed.

That this magnificent library is to be sold by auction, may come as a surprise to some, but Mr. De Wynter's executors and his surviving family felt that his treasures, at his death, should be dispersed in order that others might have the same opportunity he had and feel the same pleasure he felt in the acquisition of rare books offered in auction sales.

RARE OCCULT TOMES

This library is rich in Rare Occult works, and there are several tomes that are among the greatest rarities in this field. There is not only Cotton Mather's "*Memorable Providences Relating to Witchcrafts and Possessions*," Boston 1689, beautifully bound, but also two other volumes by the famous cleric involved in the Salem Witch Trials and one by a relative. Other volumes which will be eagerly sought are the "*Cultes Des Goules*" by the Comte D'Erlette of which less than fifteen copies are known to exist and Von Juntz's "*Nameless Cults*" of which about twenty copies are known. The most extraordinary tome to be found in the collection is, however, a copy of the German printing of "The Necronomicon" in Latin. The British Museum holds the only other known copy of this edition. Ames and Goodwell wrote in 1869: "The Necronomicon is among the rarest of rare books and the printed copies of the Latin translation are, perhaps, the closest modern man will ever get to the long-lost Arabic original."

CATALOGUE

SECTION A: LITERATURE

[There are 423 Lots in this section reflecting a good collection developed with strong taste for Romantic, Gothic and decadent subjects. There are editions of gory Elizabethan Revenge tragedies, William Blake, Lord Byron, Percy Shelley, Thomas De Quincey, Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Radcliffe, Charles Maturin, "Monk" Lewis, Mary Shelley, Charles Baudelaire, Edgar Allen Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Oscar Wilde, Bram Stoker, Arthur Machen, W. H. Hodgson, Walter De La Mare. The following items are indicative.]

1 AINSWORTH, W. H. *Rookwood*. New ed.

Illustrated by George Cruikshank and Tony Johannot. With designs on wood by W. Alfred Delamotte. Etched plates and numerous woodcuts. 8" full polished calf, gilt backs and edges, panelled sides, with double of tree calf, wide gold borders, by Tout. London, 1843

Original issue of this edition with 13 etchings by Cruikshank and 4 etchings by Johannot. Beautiful clean copy.

102 DERBY, EDWARD PICKMAN. *Azathoth and Other Horrors*.

5" Black cloth, Boston, 1919.

1400 copies printed.

171 FITZGERALD, EDWARD. *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*.

Rendered into English verse by Edward Fitzgerald. Narrow 8" green crushed levant morocco, extra gilt back and sides tooled in a beautiful pattern of leaves, dots and flowers in red, inside borders, uncut, gilt top, by Riviere & Son.

T. B. Mosher: Portland. 1894

Japanese Vellum Copy: only 25 copies printed.

274 JONSON, BEN. *Workes*, the three parts bound in two vols. Engraved title by Holle (a few leaves mended, chiefly in margins, and some catchwords in part 3 cut into), otherwise good sound copy. 2 vols, imperial 8" mottled calf extra, gilt edges, by Riviere. London, 1616.

First edition and in this state extremely rare, the first issue of the three parts being hardly ever found together. The collation is as given by Mr. Hazlitt in his *Bibliographical Collections and Notes*, 1882. A portrait of the author by Vaughan is sometimes found inserted but does not belong to this first edition as at the date of issue of the first part, Vaughan was only 7 years of age.

Edited by the author himself and very carefully printed.

Amongst the names of the principal actors occurs that of "Will Shakespeare."

313 POE, EDGAR A. *Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems*. 8" original boards. Baltimore, 1829. Excessively rare in such fine clean condition, especially in Britain.

The McNay copy sold for £200, in November, 1900, the Ferencz copy sold in 1901 for £130, resold for £290, the Ides copy in 1903 for £185, and a copy brought £140 in April 1909 and another sold in Philadelphia in 1909 for the equivalent of £250. Since then no copies have been sold in public auction and a high price is expected.

314 POE. *The Poems of*, with an essay on his poetry by Andrew Lang. 16" full brown crushed levant morocco, sides tooled with beautiful centre ornament, inside gold borders, gilt top, by Chambolle. London, 1881

SECTION B: HISTORICAL and BIOGRAPHICAL WORKS

[There are 172 lots in this section, comprising a somewhat typical gentleman's collection of mid to late Victorian histories ornamented with a number of genuinely rare and old works which often have a link to obscure and gruesome byways of history, for example, Newgate Calendars. There is a surprisingly strong gathering of texts relating to the settlement of America that would grace the collections of all but the oldest and most prestigious American collections. The following are indicative examples.]

442 BLANCHET, EUSTACHE. *The Life and Death of My Lord Gilles De Rais.* Translated from the Latin by R. Nye. 8" full brown morocco. London, 1909.

Only a hundred copies printed.

443 BOSTON MASSACRE. *A Short Narrative of the Horrid Massacre in Boston, perpetrated in the Evening of the Fifth Day of March 1770, by Soldiers of the XXIXth Regiment, which with the XIVth Regiment were then quartered there: with some observations on the State of things prior to that catastrophe. To which is added an appendix containing the several depositions referred to in the preceding narrative; and also other depositions relative to the subject of it.* 8" red crushed levant morocco, gilt edges, inside gold borders.

Boston, printed, reprinted for W. Bingley: London, 1770. Beautiful clean copy.

453 CHAMPIN, WILLIAM N.. *Memoirs of the Hellfire Club.* 8" vellum wrappers. Oxford, 1904

Only 303 copies printed. Fair condition only.

469 EGAN, PIERCE. *Life in London: or the Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorne, Esq., and his elegant friend Corinthian Tom ... in their rambles and sprees through the Metropolis.* Royal 8" full light calf, extra gilt edges, by Tout. London, 1821. Fine copy of the first edition, with 36 colored plates by J. R. and G. Cruikshank. A French copy sold recently brought £50.

475 FLAGELLATION. *The History of the Flagellants; or the advantages of discipline, being a paraphrase and commentary on the Historia Flagellantum of the Abbe Boileau.* By somebody who is not Doctor of the Sorbonne. Copperplate engravings by LeRoy. 4" calf (rebacked). London, 1777

516 MAYHEW, EXPERIENCE. *Indian Converts; or, some account of the lives and dying speeches of a considerable number of the Christianized Indians of Martha's Vineyard by Experience Mayhew, Preacher of the Gospel to the Indians of that Island, to which is added some account of those English Ministers who have presided over the Indian work in that and the adjacent islands,* by Mr. Prince. 8" three-quarters brown morocco, gilt back and top.

Printed for Samuel Gerrish, Bookseller in Boston, New England: London, 1727

528 MONSTER OF MONSTERS (THE). *A true and faithful narrative of a most remarkable Phaenomenon lately seen in this Metropolis; to the great surprise and terror of His Majesty's Good Subjects. Humbly dedicated to all the Virtuosi of New England.* By Thomas Thumb, Esq., pp. 24. 12" full brown morocco (title mounted). Printed in July, 1754.

A beautiful copy of this very rare tract, which gave such offense to the legislature of Massachusetts that it was ordered to be burned by the common hangman, and Daniel Fowle, suspected of having printed it, was arrested and imprisoned. It gives a satirical account of the debate on the Excise Bill, in the Council, after its passage by the house. The reputed author was Samuel Waterhouse. Mr. Sabin says: "Of this work . . . not more than three or four copies are known, to have escaped the fire to which it was condemned by the General Court."

530 [MONTANUS, ARNOLDUS.] *Die Unbekante Neue Welt, oder Berschreibung des Welt-teils Amerika, und Sud-Landes: Darinnen vom Vhrsprunge der Ameriker und Sudlander.* Durch Dr. O. D(apper), Small folio, three-quarters green crushed levant morocco, gilt back and top (corner of one leaf missing). Jacob von Meurs: Amsterdam, 1673

This copy contains 4 maps, 4 portraits, 4 plates and 70 large plates in the text.

Contains fine portraits of Columbus, Vespucci, Magellan, etc., and the earliest views of New Amsterdam, i.e. New York in 1670. Half-page plates printed in the text represent the games, festivals, battles, religious rites, cannibalism, habitations, manners and customs of the Indians.

535 PIGAFETTA, FILIPPO. *A Report on the Kingdome of Congo, a Region of Africa.*

And the Countries that border rounde about the fame. 8", three quarters full black morocco. Translation from the Latin by Abraham Hartwell, London 1597. Extra-illustrated with 12 large plates from the De Bry, German edition representing the practices of the region.

560 SKILLEN, FAUNTLEROY. *History of The Occult Tomes in Print;* from the days of Gutenberg to the present time. Royal 8" half morocco. London, 1899.

Only a small number printed. Inscribed "From LB to SdW 1918; an education and a challenge."

562 STUKELEY, WILLIAM. *Stonehenge, A Temple Restor'd to the British Druids.* Quarto, blue cloth, London, 1740. First edition in very good condition.

SECTION C: PRINTS and ALBUMS

[Among the 61 lots are some rarities but the material is often of a scandalous nature, such as an album of engraved illustrations inspired by De Sade. The following are indicative.]

Note: Not all lots are suitable for general viewing. The Auctioneer's discretion shall apply.

602 BEARDSLEY, AUBREY. Portfolio of Etchings Illustrating Wilde's *Salome* and Aristophanes's *Lysistrata*. In a green cloth portfolio, with design by Beardsley stamped in gilt on both sides. Portfolio contains 22 etchings, 1894-6.

624 DOBSON. *The Dance of Death.* By Hans Holbein. With an introductory note by Austin Dobson. 48 woodcuts. 8" full dark brown levant morocco, gold tooled with emblematic devices, inside gold border, with watered-silk double and fly-leaves, by Riviere & Son. London, 1892

Japanese Vellum copy: only 100 copies printed.

628 EMBLEMS OF MORTALITY; representing by numerous engravings. Death seizing all ranks and conditions of people. Imitated from a painting in the cemetery of the Dominican Church at Basil, in Switzerland. Woodcuts by Alexander Anderson. 16" full brown crushed levant morocco, gilt back, sides and top, inside gold borders, by Sanford.

Charleston, 1846. Fine clean copy, beautifully bound.

644 PORTFOLIO OF ETCHINGS: Studies based on medical dissection of corpses.

40 unattributed etchings, twenty images in different states. It has been suggested that these studies are the work of St John De Wynter himself.

SECTION D: OCCULT and RELATED WORKS

[*This smallest part of the collection, a mere 14 lots, is exceptional. While it contains some standard works on the occult it also includes extremely rare tomes seldom seen outside of the major international collections. St. John De Wynter's name will be long remembered among occult book traders on the strength of the material dispersed here. The entire catalogue of this section is given.*]

Note: Bearing in mind the age and fragility of some of the lots they may only be examined very carefully and very briefly. The Auctioneer's discretion will apply.

656 BALFOUR, FRANCOIS-HONORE (Comte D'Erlette). *Cultes Des Goules.* 10" vellum, black morocco, Paris, c.1702. 600pp.

Extremely rare. Only fourteen copies known to exist. The last to come up for auction was in 1906 in Paris where it fetched roughly £500.

657 COPELAND, HAROLD HADLEY. *Zanthu Tablets, A Conjectural translation.*

Private publication. 8" Red cloth, London, 1916. Only 400 copies printed.

658 CRASCALL, JOSEPH. *Sites of Rare Historical and Supernatural Interest in East Anglia.* 8" full green morocco, Wisbech, Cambs, 1802. 180pp. Edition is illustrated with a fine engraved frontispiece of the author and various architectural sketches and diagrams in the body of the text.

659 FRASER, SIR GEORGE. *The Golden Bough.* 12 vols, complete, sold as one lot.

12" full crimson crushed levant morocco, gilt edges, inside gold borders. Carson: Edinburgh 1911-1915. Splendid condition.

660 JUNTZ, FRIEDRICH WILHELM VON. *Nameless Cults.*

8" vellum, black morocco. Bridewell: London, 1845. Unattributed translation from very rare 1839 German edition. Only 20 copies of the edition for sale are known to exist.

661 KASIDAH OF HAJI ABDU EL YEZIDI. Translated and annotated by his friend and pupil F. B. 16" vellum. T. B. Mosher: Portland, 1896

Japan vellum copy: 100 copies printed.

662 MATHER, COTTON. *Memorable Providences.*

Relating to Witchcrafts and Possessions; a faithful account of many wonderful and surprising things, that have befallen several bewitched and possessed persons in New England, particularly, a narrative of the marvellous trouble and relief experienced by a pious family in Boston, very lately and sadly molested with evil spirits. Whereunto is added, a discourse delivered unto a congregation in Boston, on the occasion of that illustrious Providence. As also a discourse delivered unto the same congregation; on the occasion of an horrible self-murder committed in the town. With an appendix, in vindication of a chapter in a late book

The Return of the Hound

of Remarkable Providences, from the calumnies of a Quaker at Pensilvania. 16" full claret crushed morocco, gilt edges, inside gold borders, by Riviere & Son. Sold by Joseph Bruning, at his Shop at the corner of the Prison-Lane next the Exchange.

Printed at Boston in N. England by R. P(ierre), 1689 Collation: the epistle dedicatory, "To the Honorable Wait Winthrop [sic] Esq., "signed" C. Mather," 2 pp.; "To the Reader," 4 pp.; "Witchcrafts and Possessions," 75 pp.; "A Discourse on the Power and Malice of the DEVILS," 81 pp.; "A Discourse on Witchcraft," "40 pp.; "Appendix," 14 pp.

663 [MATHER.] *The Sad Effects of Sin*; a true relation of the murder committed by David Wallis, on his companion Benjamin Stolwood. pp. 14; — *The Curbed Sinner*; a discourse upon the gracious and wondrous restraints laid by God on the sinful children of men to withhold them from sinning. Occasioned by a sentence of death passed on a poor young man, for the murder of his companion. With some historical passages referring to that unhappy spectacle, pp. 64; — *The Hainous Nature of the Sin of Murder*; and the great happiness of deliverance from it. As it was represented in a sermon at the lecture in Boston, Sept. 24, 1713. Before the execution of one David Wallis. By Benjamin Colman, pp. 34. Bound in 1 vol. 18" full morocco.

All printed by J. Allen for Nicholas Boone, at the Sign of the Bible, in Cornhill, Boston, 1713.

664 [MATHER.] *A Testimony against Evil Customes*. A brief essay to declare the danger and mischief of all evil customes in general; and offer a more particular catalogue of evil customes growing upon us; with certain methods for the prevention and suppression of them. pp. 40. 16" full black morocco.

Printed by J. Allen for N. Boone, at the Sign of the Bible in Cornhill: Boston, 1713

With epistle dedicatory to the congregation signed by Eben Pemberton, pages 12.

Not mentioned by Sabin. Not in Brinley catalogue.

665 MATHER, SAMUEL; *A Testimony against Idolatry & Superstition*, in Two Sermons; upon the example of that great reformer, Hezekiah, preached Sept. 27-30, 1660. pp. 88. 8" full green crushed levant morocco, gilt top, by Forbes (Boston, 1725).

Printed in 1725, according to a MS. note in the Prince Library copy. This copy has inscription on title "Joseph Curwen, 1727, the gift of Sermon Bishop of Arkham."

666 REVELATIONS OF GLAAKI. 9 vols, sold as one lot. 9", full brown morocco, Bristol, published by subscription, 1842-65.

Volumes vary in quality. Vol 3 has extensive ink annotations in code, some pages (7, 11, 21) missing in vol 7, considerable foxing of vol 8, some water damage to vol 9.

Bindings all good quality and recent. Set probably assembled by the late St. John De Wynter and inscribed "For L, from S. 1920"

667 [SOLOMON] *The Key of Solomon. The King's Instructions for Rituals*. 2 vols in Latin. 10" full blue levant morocco, Amsterdam, 1730

A famous text, not known before the 14th Century. Very good condition.

668 SCHEVENINGEN, ALLARD VAN. *Commentary on the Journals of Albrecht Marskramer (d.1421) and his Account of his Dealings with the Heathens and Cannibals of Asia, Volume the First*. 8" full black

morocco, Den Hague, 1790. A very rare late Latin tome discussing the travels of an explorer whose deeds are otherwise lost to history. No copies of the promised second volume are known.

669 WORMIUS, OLAUS. *The Necronomicon*. Translated into Latin from the Greek in 1228.

This edition printed in black letter in Germany, possibly in Mainz, c.1490. 14" embossed brown binding with bleached stains across cover and spine and broken brass hasps. Some brown stains to interior pages and a two pages largely missing early on. 329pp. Otherwise fair and in remarkable condition for a book of this age. The original text by Abdul Alhazred is thought to be lost. No copies of Wormius's manuscript translation or copies from it are known perhaps because it was placed on the Vatican's *Index Expurgatorius* in 1232. Only one other copy of this edition is known and that is held by the British Museum. Four copies of the 1610 version of this document printed in Spain are held by major western collections.



The Jermyn Horror

A creature of nightmare bound inside a crumbling and abandoned mansion seeks its freedom, and the investigators might prove to be the perfect vessels to accomplish such ends.

BY DAVID CONYERS

“Madness was in all the Jermyns, and people were glad there were not many of them. The line put forth no branches, and Arthur was the last of it. If he had not been, one can not say what he would have done when the object came. The Jermyns never seemed to look quite right – something was amiss, though Arthur was the worst, and the old family portraits in Jermyn House showed fine faces enough before Sir Wade’s time. Certainly, the madness began with Sir Wade, whose wild stories of Africa were at once the delight and terror of his friends. It showed in his collection of trophies and specimens, which were not as such as a normal man would accumulate and preserve, and appeared strikingly in the Oriental seclusion in which he kept his wife. The later, he had said, was the daughter of a Portuguese trader whom he had met in Africa; and did not like English ways.”

— H. P. Lovecraft, “Facts Concerning the Late Arthur Jermyn and His Family”

The Jermyn family’s association with Africa spans six generations and that continent has brought much misery to their lineage. Their downfall began in the 1750s when Sir Wade Jermyn undertook three expeditions into the Congo. In the jungle he discovered the monolithic ruins of the ancient Gray City, home to a race of beast men called White Apes.

Nearly two hundred years later the last of the Jermyns, Arthur, retraced his great ancestor’s footsteps by returning to the Grey

City, only to find it abandoned and decayed. However, revelations of Arthur’s true ancestry would follow him home, and soon afterwards Arthur was driven to suicide rather than live with the truth of who he was.

Arthur Jermyn’s death in 1913 brought a sudden end to his English aristocratic family, already long in decay. By the 1920s the Jermyn Mansion is abandoned and crumbling. In that time a horror brought from the Congo nearly two centuries earlier has been released from its duties, and can at last seek freedom. But to finally break free the creature requires a human vessel in which to form its new body.

The scenario follows the events of H.P. Lovecraft’s “Facts Concerning the Late Arthur Jermyn and His Family” and, to a lesser extent, “The Picture in the House.” Other referenced stories of interest to the keeper are “The Spiraling Worm” by David Conyers and John Sunseri appearing in the Chaosium collection *The Spiraling Worm*, “Screaming Crawler” in *In Lovecrafts Shadow #1* edited by Ron Shiflet and “Sweet as Decay” by David Conyers and David Witteveen, appearing in the Brimstone Press anthology *Macabre: A Journey Through Australia’s Darkest Fears* edited by Angela Challis and Marty Young.

The investigation is divided into two parts. The first half involves research both in London and Huntingdon unravelling the Jermyn family’s strange history. There is little to threaten the investigators here. The second half changes all that, since as soon as the investigators venture inside the decaying Jermyn Manor they are trapped inside the property by a creature

The Return of the Hound



called a Screaming Crawler, magically bound inside a small wooden statue, which uses its powerful magic to prepare them as vessels to escape its confinement.

The scenario is best suited to investigators who have prior experience with the Cthulhu Mythos. It also presumes investigators have cultivated a reputation of understanding and exposing the strange and unusual. Completing one or both of the preceding scenarios in this book would certainly qualify. Expect an average of two to three evenings of play to complete the scenario.

INVESTIGATORS' INTRODUCTION

The investigators are approached by Lady Clare Heatherington of Inverness. On a recent trip to the Belgian Congo, the dark heart of Africa, Lady Heatherington became aware of the forces of a Mythos cult. Now, three months later, she plans to lead a larger expedition to that continent in hope of combating the cult's growing powers.

Before she departs, Lady Heatherington intends to acquire as many aids as she can, including rare tomes that might shed light on African Mythos horrors. One such tome is an especially rare Latin edition of *Regnum Congo*. Published in 1598, this particular edition was commissioned by a Baron Hauptmann of Transylvania. It reputedly contains three chapters that were not included in the majority of copies printed at the same time. She may have first met the investigators while acquiring her Hartwell translation of the book at the auction in "Return of the Hound."

Lady Heatherington recently learnt that one of the Baron's copies came into the possession of Sir Wade Jermyn of Huntingdon, England and that Sir Wade's exploration of the Congo in 1750s was prompted in part by his readings from the tome. Lady Heatherington would like the investigators to recover this edition, and to verify the authenticity of the book. She will pay the investigators' expenses and \$500 (£125) each in fees, plus another \$1000 (£250) split

between them for the successful purchase or acquirement of this book. She does not expect the assignment to extend beyond a month, or a few weeks if the investigators are already in the United Kingdom. After such a period of time has past, if warranted, investigators will need to renegotiate their hire arrangements after presenting to Lady Heatherington their findings to date.

She would seek out the book herself, but time pressures involved in organizing her expedition prevent her from doing so. The only clues she can provide to the investigators is the location of the Jermyn's property just outside Huntingdon, England, and that the Royal Geographic Society in London contains records of Sir Wade Jermyn's three expeditions into the Congo. She speculates that a visit to the British Museum might also prove informative.

Lady Heatherington also states that the press has gained some interest in her planned return to Africa. She asks the investigators to keep their business relationship discrete, because further publicity is the last thing she wants.

Lastly, Lady Heatherington has a copy of Margarite Hutchinson's *Regnum Congo* translation from the original by Durate Lopez and Filippo Pigafetta, *A Report of the Kingdom of Congo*, which she will lend to the investigators. This book does not impart any Cthulhu Mythos knowledge, nor does it discuss the Great Old Ones or Outer Gods. The book is a translation of a Sixteenth Century description of the Kingdom of Congo and the conversion of its people to Christianity. The text describes flora and fauna, some recognizably African and some quite fantastical, and also describes the Anziques, a notorious tribe of savages who practiced cannibalism. The book does not tell the investigators much, but will certainly help them identify and authenticate earlier editions. Sanity loss 0/1D2; Occult +2 percentiles, An-



thropology +1 percentile. 2 weeks to study and comprehend. No spells.

KEEPER'S INTRODUCTION

Deep in the heart of the Congo jungle an ancient and powerful cult exists. They are worshippers of the Spiraling Worm, an aspect of Nyarlathotep also known as Ahtu. The cult practices self-mutilation, cannibalism, and the summoning of other dimensional horrors of unquenchable hunger. One such creature is the Screaming Crawler, which has the power to possess corpses.

In centuries past, the Spiraling Worm cult fought a war with the White Apes of the Gray City. When the cult looked like it was going to lose the war they sent a Screaming Crawler against their foes. A shaman of the White Apes managed to bind this creature, trapping it inside a small wooden statue carved to mimic the Crawler's appearance. Further magic ensured that the Screaming Crawler was compelled to use its magical spells only to aid and assist the Ape-Princess, the leader of the White Apes, and to perform the same duties for all her descendants. The creature was also bound not to desecrate or otherwise affect the corpses of the Ape-Princess and her heirs.

After several years of fighting, the Cult of the Spiraling Worm abandoned their war against the White Apes, and in time the two groups forgot about each other. Although not required for this scenario, Chaosium's *Secrets of Kenya* provides further information on the Cult of the Spiraling Worm and the White Apes.

When Sir Wade Jermyn returned from his second trip into the Congo he was accompanied by his new wife, none other than the Ape-Princess of the White Apes. Although infatuated by his bride, Sir Wade

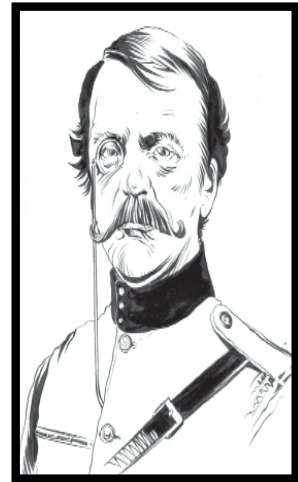
kept her true ancestry secret even from his own family. The Ape-Princess had motivations of her own in

coming to England, for she hoped to establish a new line of heirs in this foreign land. To protect her heirs through the generations, she brought with her the statue of the horrific Screaming Crawler, and commanded it to perform this very task.

When the Ape-Princess left with Sir Wade on his third trip to the Congo she left the Screaming Crawler statue behind in England to protect her son and, when he returned home, Sir Wade as well. The Screaming Crawler did what was commanded of it, even though nobody besides Wade knew of its existence. For over a hundred and fifty years it would occasionally move objects around the house, create little poltergeist effects, and animate dead animals to scare off any perceived threats. It used these powers to protect the descendants of the Ape-Princess, but felt no need or compunction to protect the wives of the Jermyn men, guests or servants.

During its time in the house, only Lady Eleanor Jermyn came close to learning the true nature of the Screaming Crawler statue. Discovering the statue, she hid it in the family crypt with the corpse of Sir Wade, guessing that if the monster could not harm Sir Wade's body then it could not use it to break the bindings of the statue. Since the statue has survived undamaged, the Screaming Crawler is neither released nor freed from its duties. Angry at its fate, in 1824 the Crawler used its powers to horrifically murder Lady Eleanor. The statue has remained hidden in the crypt since and forgotten by all.

Almost a century later, at the death of his mother in 1911, Arthur Jermyn realized that he was the last member of his family line left alive. Always disturbed by his strange appear-



Sir Wade Jermyn



ance, Jermyn traveled to the Congo where he rediscovered the Gray City, found so long ago by his great-great-great-grandfather. A trading post agent from the Congo, Maurice Verhaeren later found a stuffed goddess from the same vicinity, whose legend was long associated with the Gray City. Verhaeren sent the goddess to Arthur in Huntingdon and when it arrived Arthur saw it for what it was; his great-great-great-grandmother. Unable to cope with his White Ape ancestry, he killed himself by setting himself alight near the Jermyn property.

At the scenario's commencement the Screaming Crawler still haunts the abandoned and decaying Jermyn Manor. Through dead creatures which it can temporarily possess, the Crawler often flies into fits of rage to quell its frustration, destroying entire rooms. It longs for freedom. However, there is a means of escape. It has magic enough to possess a human being and, having gained a human vessel, it can transform them into a new body for the Screaming Crawler to inhabit and again enter the world.

When the investigators arrive at Jermyn Manor the Screaming Crawler has partially transformed the body of an inquisitive journalist. The investigators are likely to destroy that vessel by putting the man out of his misery. In response the Screaming Crawler will possess one of the investigators

trapped in the Jermyn mansion, possessing another investigator if thwarted, and another, until one will eventually transform into the Screaming Crawler, and it will at last be free. And while it waits, it won't let any of the other investigators leave. It has enough other magic to ensure that.



Sir Arthur Jermyn

The Jermyn Horror

TIMELINE OF IMPORTANT EVENTS

Most of the events listed occur in H.P. Lovecraft's tale "Facts Concerning the Late Arthur Jermyn and his Family." References to other Congo-based Mythos stories relevant to this scenario are included at the end of pertinent descriptions.

1587: Portuguese trader Duarte Lopez travels to the Congo and Angola while sailing on his uncle's trading vessel. He stays in the Congo for several years before being appointed as the Spanish and Portuguese ambassador of the king of the Kongo Kingdom.

1591: Lopez relates everything he knew about the Congo to Filippo Pigafetta, who was collecting and compiling all known information on the region. The collection is published in Rome as *Relatione del reame di Congo* in Rome. Several chapters concerning the more blasphemous accounts of the Congo are removed at the last minute.

1598: The Latin and German translations of Pigafetta's book are compiled by brothers Johann Israel and Theodore De Bry of Frankfurt, which they title *Regnum Congo*. Baron Hauptmann of Transylvania commissions several rare editions of this book which include the missing chapters withdrawn from the original Italian (H.P. Lovecraft, "The Picture in the House").

1753: Baron Hauptmann sends one of his copies of *Regnum Congo* to Sir Wade Jermyn family in Huntingdon, England. After reading the book Sir Wade Jermyn undertakes his first expedition to Africa exploring the coastal regions near the mouth of the Congo River.

1756: Sir Wade travels again to the Congo and returns in the following year with a wife, whom he says is the daughter of a Portuguese trader. She is never seen. She brings with her a wooden statue from the Congo, which contains



the soul of a Screaming Crawler bound to protect Sir Wade and all her heirs in this country.

1759: On Sir Wade's final expedition into the Congo he travels into the jungle with his wife and returns alone.

1765: Sir Wade Jermyn writes *Observations in Several Parts of Africa* recounting his discovery in the jungle of the Gray City of the White Apes. Shortly afterwards Sir Wade is placed in a madhouse at Huntingdon, England, and dies there three years later.

1815: Sir Philip Jermyn, only son of Sir Wade runs away from home and joins the navy. While off the coast of the Congo, he jumps ship and disappears into the jungle.

1816-1820: Sir Robert Jermyn, only son of Sir Philip, has three children by the daughter of the Seventh Viscount Broughtholme. The first and third are so hideously deformed they are never seen by anyone outside the family.

1824: Eleanor Jermyn, wife of Philip, learns of the Screaming Crawler's purpose and hides its wooden statue in the coffin of Sir Wade. In response, the Screaming Crawler possesses the corpse of a dead man and murders Lady Jermyn.

1840s: Sir Robert Jermyn travels to Africa first in 1842 and then in 1845. No accounts were published of his travels but it is believed he explored what is now Kenya. Around the same time, Samuel Seaton explores the Congo compiling notes on the Ongas people.

1849: Sir Nevil runs away with a vulgar dancer, but returns home a year later with a son, Alfred, when he is pardoned by his father Sir Robert.

1852: African explorer and long time friend of the Jermyn family, Samuel Seaton, is murdered by Sir Robert Jermyn. Shortly after strangling his friend, Robert turned on his

children Nevil, Elizabeth and Alice killing them all with an axe. Only his grandson Alfred survived. Sir Robert is locked away at Huntingdon Asylum. He never speaks again, and dies two years later of apoplexy.

1881: An English translation of *Relatione del reame di Congo* is compiled by Margarite Hutchinson and then published in London as *A Report of the Kingdom of Congo*.

1886: Sir Alfred Jermyn leaves the family manor to join the circus. He is killed two years later by a performing ape. Sir Alfred is survived only by his wife Jessica and their only son Arthur.

1890: The Congo Free State is formed in Africa and King Leopold II begins his reign of terror against the Congolese people, killing millions of them. In their desperation many turn to the worship of the Spiraling Worm and the cult grows powerful (David Conyers and John Sunseri, "*The Spiraling Worm*").

1896: Sir Arthur Jermyn receives his honors degree in ethnology from Oxford University. A lone traveler in Arkham, Massachusetts seeks shelter from the rain in what seems to be an abandoned house, only to discover a resident fascinated by his copy of Baron Hauptmann's *Regnum Congo* and its depictions of Anzique cannibals (H.P. Lovecraft, "*The Picture in the House*"). House, book and occupant were destroyed in an electrical storm.

1900: Dame Alice Kilrea travels from London to the Congo Free State. With knowledge obtained from the Latin *Necronomicon*, she casts a spell to banish Ahtu, the Spiraling Worm god, from the earth (David Drake, "*Than Curse the Darkness*").

1911: Lady Jessica dies in her sleep and is buried in the Jermyn family crypt.

1912: Following the footsteps of his distant ancestor, Arthur Jermyn discovers the ruins of the Gray City in the Belgian Congo.



1913: Maurice Verhaeren, Belgian agent at a trading post on the Congo sends to Arthur Jermyn a stuffed goddess of the Kaliris people. After opening the crate of the mummified goddess, Arthur Jermyn commits suicide by setting himself alight outside his manor in Huntingdon. Members of The Royal Anthropological Institute destroy the crate and its contents.

1920s: Lady Clare Heatherington and her servant Jake Morgan trek into the Belgian Congo's rainforests. While seeking guidance from local pygmies they are hunted down by a servitor of the Spiraling Worm cult, a terrifying encounter which only Lady Heatherington survives (David Conyers, "Screaming Crawler").

1920s: Three months later, now returned to England (or visiting the United States), Lady Clare Heatherington hires the investigators to find a rare copy of Regnum Congo. Scenario commences.

LADY CLARE HEATHERINGTON

The last of the Heatheringtons of Inverness, Scotland, although her distant ancestry derives from England, Lady Clare is rather strange and eccentric but is also a charming and endearing woman. She has a pretty, freckled face, long frizzy red hair and dresses flamboyantly. Most that don't know her well find her to be an aloof bookworm, but those who call themselves her friends say she is knowledgeable, witty and intelligent.

Lady Heatherington had a lonely childhood, her mother dying during her birth leaving her with minimal contact with a father, her teachers and the house servants. Most days were spent locked away in an old crumbling castle in the Scottish Highlands. When she was older she dated several men, but scared them away with her insightful remarks and firm stances against the injustices of the world. Her father died when she was eighteen. It was reported in the local newspaper that he had a shooting accident on his property, but in truth he

was depressed for most of his life, and ended it with suicide. All of the above information can be found by investigators doing some preliminary background research. What will be harder to find follows next.

Never feeling as though she fitted in, Lady Heatherington turned to the vast library held for centuries in her family's care. Amongst the rare tomes of the occult include *Nameless Cults*, *Dhol Chants*, *The Masked Messenger*, and *The Nyhargo Codex*, which she read feverishly. On investigation, she learned that the writings in these tomes told the



Lady Clare Heatherington

truth of the world and soon she became a crusader fighting against the alien menaces they described. With her manservant Jake Morgan, she had some successes in Scotland and Indochina. It was in the Belgian Congo where her mission came undone. While they were consulting the wisdom of a pygmy tribe in the Ituri rainforests Lady Heatherington and Jake Morgan encountered a servitor of the Spiraling Worm cult, a Screaming Crawler, sent to eliminate her because of her interference with their schemes. Lady Heatherington was the only survivor of the massacre that followed.

Back in the United Kingdom (or the United States if investigators are based there), Lady Heatherington is not yet defeated. She is planning another expedition into Africa, one better prepared to meet the horrors of the African interior. This time she plans to set out from Nairobi, Kenya, and head west into Spiraling Worm territory, to hopefully to defeat the cult once and for all.

How successful she will be is left to the keeper. She may ask



surviving investigators to join her, and, if so, keepers are referred to *Secrets of Kenya* for background on African adventures to create such a scenario.

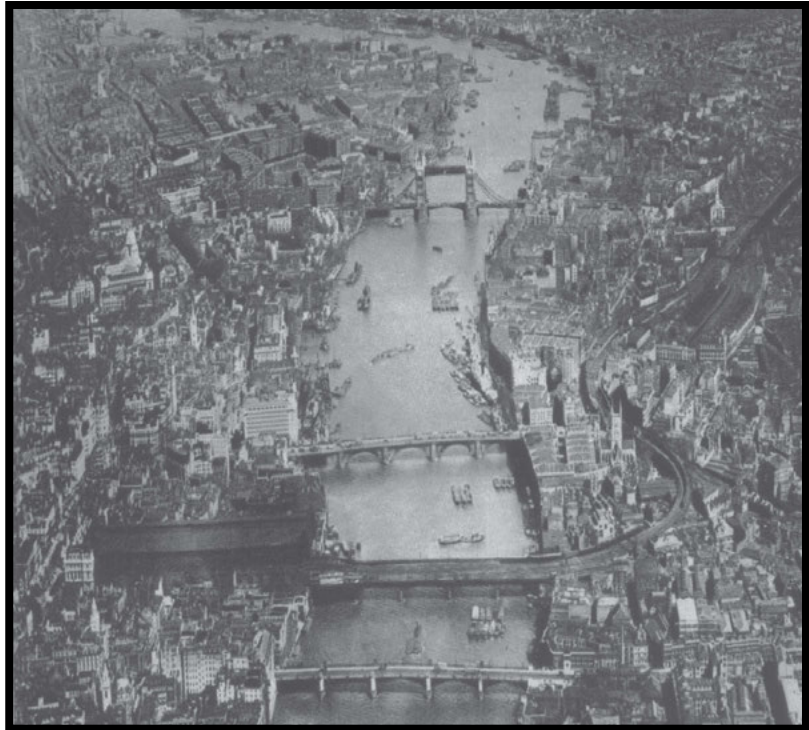
LONDON

Investigators traveling from America to the United Kingdom can do so by booking passage across the Atlantic. Departing from New York, the Cunard Liner *Aquitania* is scheduled to depart in the next couple of days. It takes five to eight days for the luxury liner to reach Southampton, where express trains to London are taken. First class tickets are \$200-300, second class \$135-165, and third class \$85-120. Investigators will discover there is a lot to learn in London, and they may be here for at least a week uncovering clues.

London is the capital city of Great Britain, and in the 1920s the capital of the largest empire the world has ever seen, the British Empire. The city lies in the Thames valley, its history dating back to at least the first century A.D. when it was a Roman colony, later sacked by the Britons under the leadership of Boadicea, whose statue adorns Westminster Bridge.

London is the world's financial center, shipping center and by all accounts the largest and wealthiest city in the world. It is a huge city that in 1930 had a population of 4.4 million in Inner London, but Greater London covering the counties of Middlesex, parts of Essex, Herts, Kent and Surrey brought this total to 8.8 million.

The district of Soho is the traditional locale of prostitutes and advertising men. Wealthier portions of the city include the West End, most of Westminster

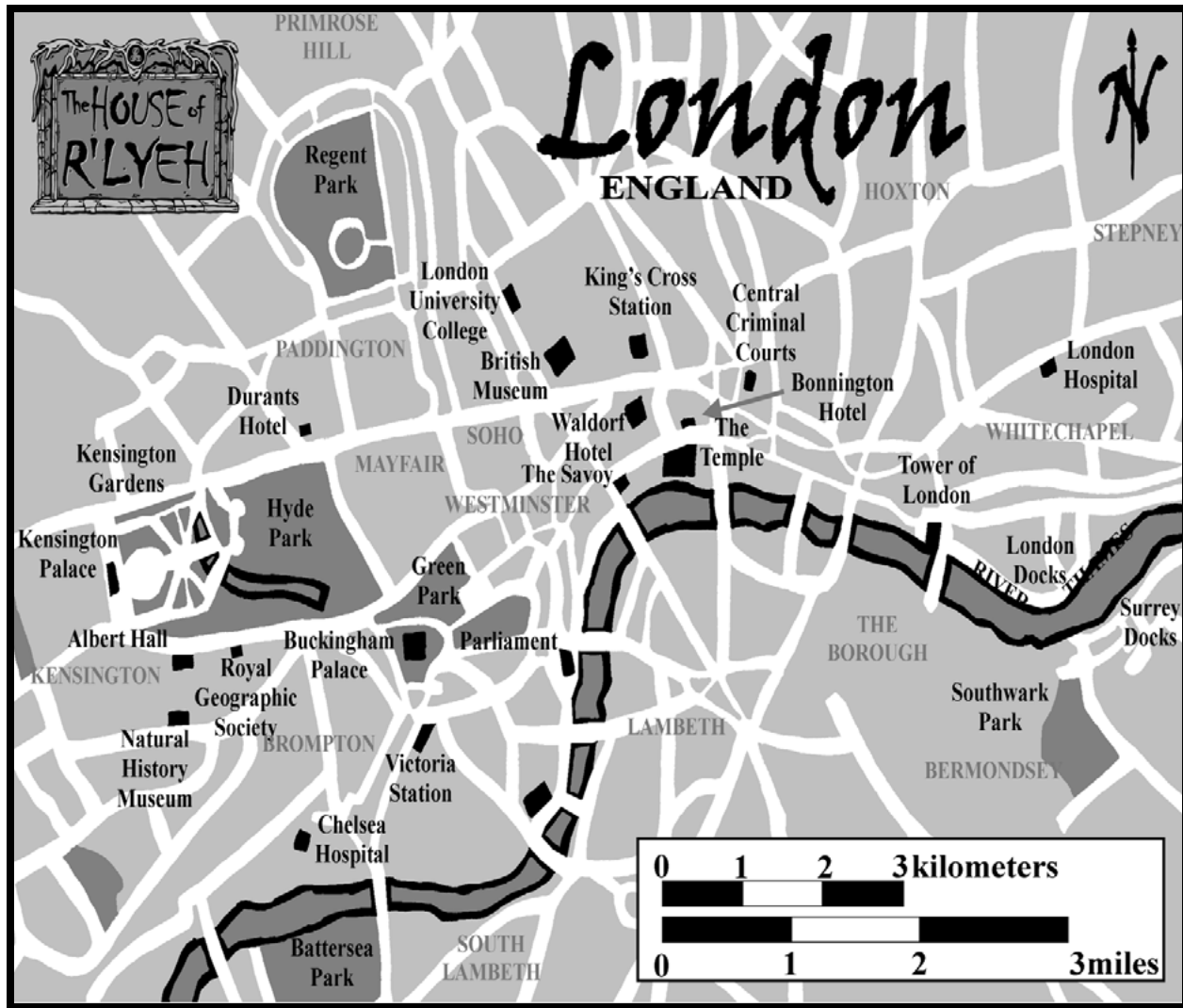


and parts of Kensington, Chelsea and Paddington. Westminster is home to the British Parliament and government offices. North and south of the city center, districts are predominantly artisan or middle class. The poverty of London is most prevalent in the East End districts of Stepney, Bethnal Green, Limehouse and Shoreditch.

English is the language of London and the British Isles, but even within a city the size of London, there can be dozens of different accents and dialects. The standard unit of money in Great Britain is the pound (£), containing 20 shillings (s) or 240 pence (p). For example, two pounds, three shillings and five pence would be written £2 3s 5p. In the 1920s one British pound can be assumed to equal five US dollars.

Taxicabs seat four persons and carry a moderate amount of luggage. Motor cars may be rented by the hour, day, or week, and are available with or without chauffeur. Double-decker omnibuses cover all of London from 7:00 a.m. to midnight and electric trams radiate out from seventeen termini in Central London – up to 400 buses an hour run along the Victoria Embankment in peak hours. Trams





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run from 5:00 a.m. to midnight with half-hourly services all night on main routes. Motor coaches can take Londoners to all parts of England and are particularly popular for getting to the seaside.

The Underground Railway is cheap and convenient: the Circle and District lines form a complete belt around central London while others radiate out into the suburbs. Separate carriages are provided for smokers and only hand luggage is allowed to be carried. There are more than 600 railway stations in London, (including the 227 Underground stations) with access to platforms only allowed with tickets to travel or platform tickets (1p). Stations on the north side of the city tend to each serve a separate suburb and part of the country, but in the south services are more complex. The principal mainline sta-

tions are: Cannon Street, Charing Cross, Euston, Fenchurch Street, Holborn Viaduct, King's Cross, Liverpool Street, London Bridge, Marylebone, Paddington, St. Pancras, Victoria and Waterloo; most stations have attached hotels. Lastly, nineteen road and rail bridges cross the Thames.

POINTS OF INTEREST

Bank of England: The only bank empowered to issue paper money. It is the most important financial institution in the country, and the principle business agent for His Majesty's government.

Bonnington: a mid range hotel that is clean and comfort-



able, but it does not have a liquor license. Prices for an overnight room range from £1 to £6.

The British Museum: Located in Bloomsbury, the British Museum is the greatest collection of antiquities in the world. Its Reading Room holds the greatest collection of Mythos tomes after the Miskatonic Library in Arkham, Massachusetts, including a rare copy of Wormius' Latin translation of the *Necronomicon*. For details, see below.

Buckingham Palace: The official London residence of the British Royal Family headed by King Edward VII.

Covent Garden: The main wholesale fruit, vegetable and flower market in London.

Durrants: Another mid range hotel also clean and comfortable with prices for an overnight room ranging from £1 to £5.

Hyde Park: The large artificial lake the Serpentine runs through the middle of the park.

London Bridge: the oldest and most important bridge across the Thames.

London Hospital: The main city hospital servicing the east end.

Lyceum Theatre: Located on the Strand, this is one of London's chief theatres.

Natural History Museum: One of the first of its kind in the world, this museum houses many permanent and temporary exhibitions covering plants, animals and geology.

New Scotland Yard: The home of the Metropolitan Police Force, Criminal Investigation Department (CID) and Special Branch. Next door is the Cannon Row police station where suspects were actually booked and jailed, rather than in the Yard itself.

Regent's Park: One of London's royal parks.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital: London's oldest hospital it is

affiliated with the University of London's medical school.

St. Paul's Cathedral: Built after the 1666 Great Fire, its great dome is iconic.

St. James's Park: Idyllic and romantic, perfect for picnics and leisurely walks.

Savoy: One of London's premier hotels, this first class establishment boasts elevators, central heating, private baths, room telephones and a house orchestra. The hotel requires a Credit Rating skill roll to book a room, which range from £5 to £20 per night. Investigators who spend a week or more here get an automatic skill check on their **Credit Rating**.

Savoy Theatre: Where most of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas were first performed.

Tower Bridge: Completed in 1894 this iconic bridge features high towers and a drawbridge.

The Tower of London: London's original fortress is over 800 years old. The Tower contains the Crown Jewels guarded by Beefeaters and is considered by many to be the most haunted building in the world.

Trafalgar Square: Home of Nelson's Column, and always crowded with pigeons. It is the nearest London has to a center.

Waldorf: Another luxury hotel with all the facilities of the Savoy and similar price ranges for rooms. Again a **Credit Rating** skill roll is required to obtain a room, and a week or more here adds an automatic check to the same skill.

Westminster Abbey: the setting for royal coronations since 1066. Westminster, Palace of, including Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament, is the seat of the United Kingdom Government.

GRAHAM CRAVEN

Word is out that Lady Clare Heatherington is planning a return expedition to Africa, and the press wants to learn as much as they can. Graham Craven is one such reporter from the disreputable *Scoop*, a weekly tabloid that prints

The Jermyn Horror



stories on gory murders, sex scandals, and Fortean events. Craven has made a connection between the death cults in the Congo jungle and Lady Heatherington's expedition, and got lucky when he spotted the investigators and Lady Heatherington meeting.

Craven will appear shortly after the investigators arrive in London, cornering them near their hotel. He is a tall, thin man in his early twenties keen to make an impression. He sports a pencil-thin moustache and dark hair plastered to his scalp with Brylcreem. His three piece suits are fashionable, but old shoes betray his meager income.

Questions he may ask include: So you are in England investigating the strange death at Jermyn Manor over ten years ago? Is it true that Arthur Jermyn's great-grandfather married an ape? Lady Heatherington is preparing an expedition in Nairobi as we speak, will you be joining her? What do you hope to discover in darkest Africa? Is there any truth to the stories of the lost city and the ape-princess who ruled a jungle kingdom? And so on.

Craven has just been lucky with a few leads, and knows little more than what he asks the investigators. Most reputable journalists would dismiss the strange events associated with the Jermyn family, but not the *Scoop*.

Keepers should present Craven as a pest, a nosey hack reporter who will pry into anything. In the next couple of days, if investigators have not been tight-lipped, they feature on the front page of the *Scoop* making all kinds of outrageous statements about monsters and ghosts from Africa, transplanted into the Jermyn Manor where they continue to haunt this green and pleasant land. If Lady Heatherington reads such material, she will not be impressed.

The Jermyn Horror

Shortly after his encounter with the investigators, Craven heads for Huntingdon and the Jermyn Mansion looking for a follow-up story. He should arrive several days before the investigators do, and fall victim to the Screaming Crawler. If of interest to keepers, further background on the *Scoop* and its publisher Mickey Mahoney are found in *The Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep* and *Day of the Beast*.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

Founded in 1753 to promote universal understanding through the arts, natural history and science, the Museums exhibitions are spread over 600,000 square feet. The Museum holds the results of excavations in Assyria, Halicarnassus, and Ephesus, plus treasures such as the Elgin Marbles, Towneley Marbles, the Harpy Tomb and Nereid Monument from Xanthos, the Assyrian Bulls and Lions with their human heads, the Black Obelisk of Nimrud, the Egyptian sarcophagi, the Greek vases, the bronze sculptures from Benin, the Maori and Mexican collections, and the figure of Bodhisattva.

Investigators may wish to explore the Museum to see what is on display, particularly with respect to African artifacts. Some items may catch the investigators attention, all of them in the African Room.

•Several pottery fragments, arrow heads and stone tools from the Congo are on display. They reputedly belonged to a Congo based kingdom which once lived in a place called the Gray City, although no such city has ever been discovered in modern times. Investigators who make a **Medicine** or **Anthropology** skill roll realize that these artifacts were designed for hands much larger than those of a normal human. A plaque states that the artifacts were donated by James Starkweather in 1919.

The investigators will not be able to contact this man as he is off on another expedition somewhere in



Graham Craven



another remote corner of the world. Years later he will organize a tragic expedition to Antarctica (See Chaosium's campaign *Beyond the Mountains of Madness* for details).

- From Dahomey there is a bronze statue worth examining. From the Kingdom of Benin it is of an ape circa 1660 A.D. Armed with a spear and a shield, this bronze ape was cast by the lost-wax method. Investigators who have read *Observations on Several Parts of Africa* will recognize this statue as a representative of the white apes described in that book. The statue was donated to the British Museum by the Corydon Museum in Nairobi, Kenya. The statue has no special powers or properties.

- A wooden mask from the Congo catches the investigators attention. Noted as being from an unknown tribe in the Ituri Forest region of northeast Congo, it depicts a rather unpleasant single eyed creature with a mouth of sharp teeth. The plaque next to the mask states that it is a guardian or vengeance spirit, and its only fear is vast quantities of water, such as lakes or rivers. The mask has no special powers or properties.

The Reading Room

The British Museum's Reading Room, situated in the center of the museum is open on weekdays from 9:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. The roof of glass and iron is 140 feet in diameter and 106 feet high. There is accommodation for 458 readers around a superintendent who sits on a raised platform in the center.

If what the investigators need is not in the 20,000 volume general catalog in the room, (dictionaries, encyclopedias, histories, standard works, etc.), they can request a book by filling out a printed form and their seat number and then one of the attendants will bring it to their seat. Access to the Reading Room is by written application to the Director and Principal Librarian.

ian. One must indicate what research one is interested in and why it may not be carried out elsewhere, and also include a recommendation from a "person of position." A reader's ticket may then be issued for six months at a time. Access to the Reading Room also includes access to the Newspaper Reading Room in the Museum (nationals) and at Hendon in Northwest London (regionals), which have complete back issues of almost all British newspapers.

Investigators undertaking research in the British Museum's Reading Room can learn several interesting facts regarding the Jermyn Family. Each piece of information requires 1D4 hours study and a successful Library Use roll.

- In Henry Morton Stanley's account of his expedition charting the Congo in 1874-77, *Through the Dark Continent*, he mentions Sir Wade's supposed expedition into the Congo in the 1750s. Stanley is disparaging of the Jermyns, stating that Sir Wade did not explore the Congo as he claimed, and was rather delusional which is evidenced by his placement in a madhouse in Huntingdon, shortly after completing his *Observations in Several Parts of Africa*. Stanley read Sir Wade's book, but disputes most of its findings.

- Ethnologist Mary Kingsley in her book *West African Studies* published in 1899 recounts a tale of the pygmy people from the distant Ituri forests. They were fearful of a creature, a servant of the great god Ahtu, who ate their kind. This creature could not be defeated but it could be tricked, by drinking a potion that made the pygmies appear to be dead, and so they were ignored as food. Details on how to brew the potion are not included.

- In *The Lake Regions of Central Africa* by Sir Richard Francis Burton, published in 1860, the famous British explorer and linguist mentions several death cults active in Africa. One cult concerns the White Ape people who once fought a great war against a being called the Spiraling Worm, also known as Ahtu. The Spiraling Worm is worshipped by a cult in the lands east



of the Mountains of the Moon who practiced self-mutilation and cannibalism. Their most feared shamans were demigods called Screaming Crawlers.

•The investigators find a copy of *Observations on the Several Parts of Africa* by Sir Wade Jermyn. Published in 1765, it recounts three unorthodox expeditions undertaken by Sir Wade exploring the interior of the Congo. A brief summary of the book is included in a handout (The Jermyn Horror Papers #1), to be given to any investigator who spends at least half a day skimming the book. A more detailed summary is provided in separate handout (The Jermyn Horror Papers #2) once the book has been studied and comprehended over a period of a week. Keepers may wish to give investigators a chapter summary for each day that they spend reading the book. The single Cthulhu Mythos point and skill checks can be awarded at the conclusion of the book. *Sanity Loss 1/1D3; Cthulhu Mythos +1 percentile; average 1 week to study and comprehend.* Contains no spells. The tome also allows a skill check on Anthropology and Biology.

•Investigators may research Pliny, who is mentioned in Sir Wade Jermyn's book. If they do, they discover him to be a Roman author (*Gaius Linius Secundus*) who lived between 23 and 79AD. He died in the eruption of Vesuvius which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum, but he is most famous for his work, the *Natural History*, an encyclopedic work dealing with all forms of science and nature.

NEWSPAPERS

British newspapers have a long history, and their archives may prove helpful to investigators. *The Times* first saw print in 1785, *The Daily Telegraph* 1855 and *The Observer* 1791. The following important Jermyn Family events can be found after half a day's study and a successful **Library Use** roll.

• October 19, 1852: An article describes the murder of African explorer Samuel Seaton by

The Jermyn Horror

The Jermyn Horrors Papers #1 *Observations on Several Parts of Africa*

By Sir Wade Jermyn

Written in English, 220 pages

Published 1765AD, Publisher unknown,
Leather bound.

The book details three expeditions by the author into the Congo. Much of the book lists observations such as flora, fauna, river systems, the ethnology of the Congolese people and various artifacts recovered from the journey. The book contains 'bizarre conjectures on a prehistoric white Congolese civilization' and Sir Wade's discovery of a ruined site known only as the Gray City. On Sir Wade Jermyn's second and longest expedition, he returned from the Congo with a wife.

Sir Robert Jermyn of Huntingdon. Shortly after strangling Seaton, Sir Robert turned on his three children Nevil, Elizabeth and Alice killing them all with an axe. Nevil's son Alfred was the only survivor of the family line.

- March 13, 1854: Sir Robert Jermyn dies of apoplexy. He was locked away for the murder of his children and that of Samuel Seaton in 1852, and had never spoken a word since his attack. The article then goes on to say that Sir Robert is survived his wife, the daughter of the Seventh Viscount of Brightholme.
- June 20, 1912: An article tells of Arthur Jermyn's return from the Belgian Congo (The Jermyn Horror Papers #3).
- August 13, 1913: An article recounts Arthur Jermyn's tragic death (The Jermyn Horror Papers #4).

THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Founded in 1830, the Royal Geographic Society is the learned organization representing geography and geographers. The largest of its kind in Europe, its charter is the advancement of geographical sci-



The Jermyn Horror Papers #2

Observations on Several Parts of Africa

Sir Wade Jermyn

Written in English, 220 pages

Published 1765AD, Publisher unknown,
Leather bound.

Chapter One: In 1753 Sir Wade recounts his first journey to the Congo. He sailed along Africa's shores, stopping occasionally but never entering too far into the jungle. He talks about how the dark heart captivated him, and that he feels strangely at home in this god-forsaken country. Sir Wade then discusses his second journey to the Congo undertaken in 1756, a venture undertaken onboard a Portuguese trading vessel, which dropped him at the mouth of the Congo with only a few guides. He quotes *Regnum Congo* numerous times, from a copy gifted to him by an unnamed "learned gentleman from Eastern Europe".

Chapter Two: Sir Wade and his guides enter the jungles. He is fearful of the Anzique cannibals, although none are encountered. Most of his guides succumb to disease and terrible accidents. Their trek up the Congo River proves complicated and dangerous, as they have to bypass numerous impassable rapids and cataracts, and trek 200 miles through the jungle where they finally reach a great lake. Sir Wade believes himself the first white person to have traveled this far inland.

Chapter Three: After building several rafts and canoes, the expedition heads upriver for several hundred miles. Sir Wade meets many natives and avoids serious injury at one point when a native spear grazes his left arm. One tribe he fears is the Spiraling Worm people, although he does not encounter them. Later he befriends a local tribe, the Ongas. In exchange for shells and iron, they agree take him deeper into the jungle where they hunt wild animals. They also teach him how to preserve his trophies so that the essence of the animal's spirit remains trapped within.

Chapter Four: The Ongas bring Sir Wade to the Kaliri people. Together the leaders of the two tribes agree to show him the ruins of the Gray City and the strange half-human people who live there, which he describes as White Apes. Wade begins his speculation on a prehistoric white Congolese civilization. Wade meets his future wife, referred to only as the Princess, which he never

names but describes her to be of great beauty. He mentions little of her in his book, except to say that she carried with her a wooden idol, of a most hideous being whose purpose was to protect her, him, and their heirs when they returned to England.

Chapter Five: Sir Wade writes "of the gigantic walls and pillars of a forgotten city, crumbling and vine-grown, and of damp, silent, stone steps leading interminably down into the darkness of abysmal treasure-vaults and inconceivable catacombs." He also talks "of creatures half of the jungle and half of the impiously aged city – fabulous creatures which even a Pliny might describe with skepticism; things that might have sprung up after the great apes had overrun the dying city with the walls and the pillars, the vaults and the weird carvings." He falls in love with this city, and feels he has truly discovered his origins in this place. Sometimes he expresses disgust at some of the daily activities of the White Apes, although he does not describe exactly what they are. No details are provided on the exact whereabouts of the Gray City.

Chapter Six: Alone now since all his guides have died from disease and accidents, and because a few ran screaming into the jungle, Sir Wade organizes a large contingent of Onga and Kaliri people to carry all his spoils, his wife and their newborn child back to the mouth of the Congo. They again bypass the treacherous and dangerous rapids. On the coast Sir Wade is found by Portuguese slavers, and within a few weeks he boards a Portuguese trading vessel that returns him and his family to England. Sir Wade then fills the Jermyn Manor in Huntingdon with the numerous artifacts recovered from the Congo and preserves many of the animal specimens he brought with him using the techniques taught to him by the Ongas. He also begins to claim that his wife is the daughter of a Portuguese trader, contradicting earlier statements.

Chapter Seven: Sir Wade returns to the Congo in 1759 with his wife, who wishes to be united once again with "her kind." His wife dies of an unknown disease in the Congo and does not return, although Sir Wade is unclear about what exactly happened to her. Sir Wade's last entry is that, although he is saddened by the loss of his wife, he lives with joy in his heart because he will soon be reunited again with their son, Philip. He is growing quickly, and is very large and strong for his age.

ence. In 1831, the Society absorbed an even older society, the African Association which was founded in 1788 by Sir Joseph Banks for the promotion and discovery of Africa. Queen Victoria later granted the Society a Royal Charter for “The Advancement of Geographical Science” and “The Improvement and Diffusion of Geographical Knowledge.”

Since 1911 the Society has been located at Lowther Lodge on its own grounds in Kensington opposite Hyde Park. Its facilities include a library, map room and a picture library. In 1930 as part of the centenary celebrations, a new map room and a 770-seat lecture theatre will be added to the Lodge. Most rooms feature paintings, drawings and maps of the far corners of the world, captured by the first white explorers who discovered them. Sample artwork includes oil paintings of icebergs from the Arctic, watercolors of African tribal dances, maps drawn by David Livingstone of the Great Lakes, and portraits of great explorers such as Sir Richard Francis Burton as well as presidents of the Society.

Famous explorers whose names have been associated with the Royal Geographic Society include David Livingstone (Africa), Henry Morton Stanley (Africa), Robert Falcon Scott (Antarctica), Sir Francis Younghusband (Kashmir, India and China), Alfred Russell Wallace (Amazon and East Indies) and Sir Ernest Henry Shackleton (Arctic and Antarctica).

LIBRARY AND MAP ROOM

For each 1D4 hours spent in the Royal Geographic Society Library or Map Room, an investigator can make a **Library Use** roll, and if successful will uncover one piece of information as follows.

- Sir Wade Jermyn undertakes his first expedition to Africa in 1753 but only explores the region around the mouth of the Congo. The investigators will also find a copy of *Observations on Several Parts of Africa* here if they missed it

The Jermyn Horrors Papers #3

June 20, 1912

Arthur Jermyn Returns from Africa

CAMBRIDGE: Sir Arthur Jermyn of Huntingdon, Cambridgeshire returned to England today after a twelve month expedition into the dark heart of the Belgian Congo, particularly the Onga and Kahn country, where he discovered an ancient stone city.

These monolithic ruins first discovered by Arthur Jermyn's ancestor, Sir Wade Jermyn in 1756, are not as large as initially reported, although great stone monoliths were found in abundance. There was also a passageway that seemed to lead down into a system of vaults, but the tunnel had collapsed and excavation was not possible in the harsh tropical conditions.

Sir Arthur said this was one of the most significant finds made in Africa, suggesting that not all the people of this continent were primitive savages as they are now. His find is comparable only to Karl Gottlieb Mauch's discovery of Great Zimbabwe in Rhodesia in 1867.

He went on to say that local native legends recount that the city was built by a tribe of white apes, a possible missing link between humans and apes. These beings are unfortunately no more, being wiped out by the warlike N'bangus many years ago.

However, the N'bangus did take with them the stuffed goddess of an ape-princess, who long ago was the consort of a great white god who had come out of the west. Sir Arthur still hopes to recover the stuffed goddess, to confirm the validity of these legends.

earlier. (See The Jermyn Horror Papers #1 and #2).

- A historical record states that Sir Wade Jermyn is locked away in Huntingdon Asylum for Lunatics in 1765, shortly after completing his book. He used to drink excessively and boast of what he had found in the jungle and of how he had dwelt among terrible ruins known only to him. He died while incarcerated in the Asylum three years later.
- Sir Robert Jermyn, grandson of Sir Wade travels to Africa first in 1842 and then in 1845. No publications followed his travels but it is believed he explored what is now central Kenya.
- The investigators stumble across an unpublished manuscript by Samuel Seaton, an explor-

The Jermyn Horrors Papers #4

August 13, 1913

Tragic Death at the Jermyn Manor

HUNTINGDON: Arthur Jermyn, the last surviving Jermyn, killed himself today by setting himself alight outside in manor in Huntingdon, Cambridgeshire.

Details are sketchy, but according to the Jermyn family butler, Mr. Samuel Soames, his master ran screaming from his trophy room, a ghastly expression etched upon his face, before disappearing into the cellar where he doused himself in oil. Mr. Jermyn then ran outside before setting himself alight.

No one is quite sure why Arthur Jermyn committed suicide, but there is speculation that his mind was unhinged by what he saw in a large crate sent to him from the Belgian Congo. None of the household servants could describe what was in the crate. Unfortunately, before the exact contents could be confirmed by the police, the crate was burnt by persons unknown.

Arthur Jermyn was the last surviving member of his family line, his mother Lady Jessica Jermyn died two years ago, and he had no heirs. Last year Arthur Jermyn undertook an expedition into the Belgian Congo, where he reputedly discovered the ruins of an ancient city hidden in the African jungle.

er of the Congo in the late 1840s. His work is a collection of notes taken from the Ongas, a native tribe of the Congo, and discusses their beliefs of a certain legend of a Gray City of white apes ruled by a white god. He mentions that the white apes stole a powerful magical artifact from the Spiraling Worm cult, which contained a malignant spirit. The white apes then charged the spirit with protecting their royal family and guarded over their burial tombs when they died. Only when the white ape lineage came to an end would the spirit be freed.

- A note in the minutes of the Royal Geographic Society dated June 24, 1912 recounts the recent tragic events at the Jermyn House where Arthur Jermyn killed



himself. The minutes state that moments before Arthur set himself alight he had just received a crate from a Mr. Maurice Verhaeren, Trading Post Agent from Leopoldville, Belgian Congo. The crate was reputed to contain the mummified remains of an African queen, but was burnt by the Royal Anthropological Society before its authenticity could be determined.

Keepers Note: If investigators follow up this lead they find that the Royal Anthropological Society in London, their records show they did indeed destroy the crate and its contents, and that the contents was of a stuffed gorilla, a cruel hoax. M. Verhaeren, still in Leopoldville in the Belgian Congo, proves impossible to contact.

- An article written in 1905 by Dr. Laban Shrewsbury, then Professor of Anthropology and Philosophy and Miskatonic University, Massachusetts in the United States, mentions *Regnum Congo*. Shrewsbury claims that in 1598 while Pigafetta's *Relatione del reame di Congo* was being translated into Latin and German by the De Bry brothers of Frankfurt, several special copies were also commissioned. These were to include three chapters missing from the original text. The man who requested these changes was Baron Hauptmann of Transylvania. What happened to these editions is uncertain, but one is believed to have entered the Jermyn family collection in Huntingdon during the 1750s, and another turned up briefly in Arkham in 1896, only to disappear just as quickly. No known records describe the contents of the three additional chapters.

HUNTINGDON

Huntingdon is a small town situated on the north shore of the River Ouse not far from Cambridge. The town's growth is largely a result of Eighteenth Century catering to the stagecoach trade, as it was on a convergence of major roads. When the railway line reached Huntingdon in 1850, its completion effectively ended the stage coach trade. The primary industry of the shire is farming, with wheat being

The Jermyn Horror



Baron Hauptmann circa. 1585

the most common crop. The town's industry consists of a flourmill, timber yard and motor works. In the 1920s the town had a population of 4,000 supporting the surrounding shire of 56,000 people, mostly farm workers. Although Huntingdon is a real town, most of its locations presented in this scenario are fictional.

Huntingdon is a typical English country town, with old houses, stone fences, green fields, and the occasional scarecrow. Edwardian, Georgian, Victorian, and Tudor style buildings and houses make up the architectural stock.

Large numbers of troops were billeted in Huntingdon during the Great War, while many more recuperated in Walden House, which for a time became the Red Cross Hospital. In 1923 the Thinking Soldier war memorial is unveiled in Market Hill, to remember the men of Huntingdon who gave their lives. The town may already be familiar to British investigators with military backgrounds.

Huntingdon is located approximately 60 miles north of London. It can be reached easily by train in a little under 2 hours, with single fares costing 18s 9p first class and 11s 3p

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The Elusive Baron Hauptmann

Baron Hauptmann is centuries old and is still alive today, spending most of his time in his castle in Transylvania. With Chinese Sorcerer Lang-Fu he is head of a global secretive society called the Brotherhood of the Beast. Investigators who have played Chaosium's campaign *The Fungi from Yuggoth* most recently published as *Day of the Beast*, will know all about the Baron. Those that do not are likely keen to learn more about him.

What follows is what can be learnt about Baron Hauptmann in England from history books. Although most references refer to Baron Hauptmann as ancestors of early Barons, they are in fact the same man. He maintains his immortality by switching minds with younger men when his body begins to grow old.

- A reference to Baron Hauptmann is made to the Knights of the Teutonic Order, which he helped to found during the Crusades of 1190 A.D. He was later expelled by Hermann von Salza in 1212 for unspecified heresies.
- In 1240 Baron Hauptmann, a descendant of the earlier Hauptmann leads a small army of Teutonic Knights against the Mongols at Liegnitz, defeating them.
- Another Baron Hauptmann is somehow connected to the alchemist and necromancer Ludwig Prinn. The two men meet briefly in 1542, just before Prinn was imprisoned and then executed by the Inquisition.
- In 1598 an Eastern European man known as Baron Hauptmann meets with the De Bry brothers in Frankfurt. He reputedly pays them a large sum of money to prepare several copies of a book for him, and then disappears.
- In 1798 a Baron Hauptmann travels to Aden where he conducts research on the fable Irem of the Pillars, a lost city in the heart of the Arabian Empty Quarter desert.

for third class. Driving to Huntingdon takes a little longer, a three-hour journey through winding roads.

While the investigators are in town, a cold spell hits and fog surrounds the countryside. This dramatically reduces visibility by halving Spot Hidden and Drive Auto skills.



POINTS OF INTEREST

All Saints Church: One of two surviving medieval parish churches, with some remaining Norman stonework, with other parts dating to the Fifteenth to Seventeenth Century. It is believed Oliver Cromwell was baptized in this church.

Castle Hill: A Norman castle was built here in 1068 by William the Conqueror, and later inherited by King David of Scotland in 1174. The son of King Henry II of England was supported by King David in his attempt to overthrow his father. A fierce battle was fought at this castle during the revolt, and it was completely destroyed. Now nothing remains but the earthworks.

The Commemoration Hall: Originally established in 1842 as The Literary and Scientific Institution. With a library of 5,000 volumes, this is one of the better collections in Huntingdon for investigators wishing to research the county's history.

The George Hotel: One of Huntingdon's great coaching inns. The north and west wings retains their Seventeenth Century courtyard and gallery, while the remainder of the hotel was rebuilt after a fire in 1865. Rooms are available at 18s a night per person.

Hospital of St. John: Investigators can receive treatment here for any wounds that they might receive during the course of the adventure. The doctors are skilled and the care is professional.

Huntingdon Asylum for Lunatics: see below

Knight's Head Inn: see below

Priory Road Cemetery: established in the 1850s, it is dominated by a Victorian Chapel.

The cemetery contains memorials of all shapes, sizes and conditions, and is home to a small burrow of ghouls.



St Mary's Church: see below.

The Town Hall: see below.

KNIGHT'S HEAD INN

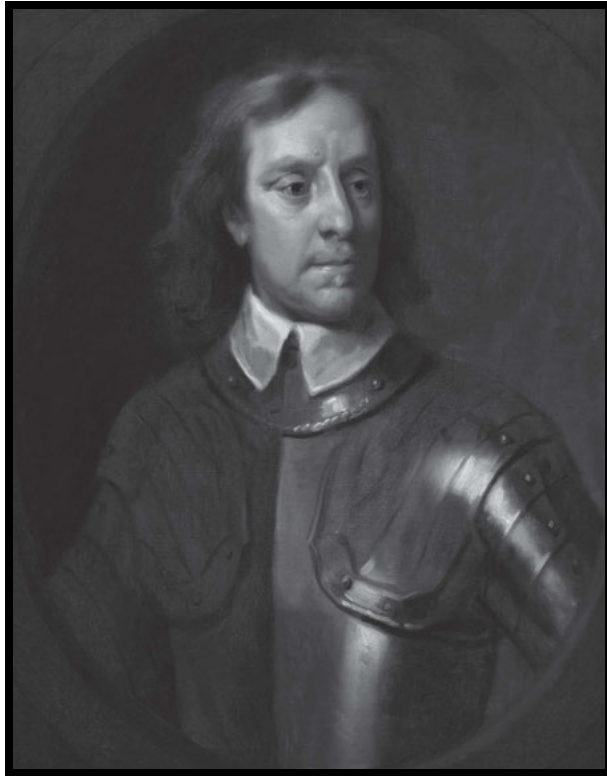
This old English pub dates back to the early Sixteenth Century, although it was refurbished during the late Sixteenth Century as a stagecoach inn. Some genuine Tudor façade remains on this two-story building. The sign hanging outside the pub depicts a medieval knight in full plate armor doing battle with a great and ferocious ape wielding a spear.

Inside it is dark and claustrophobic, with wooden walls, chairs and tables. Most of the patrons are old men, who study the investigators intently as they enter, then somberly return to their ales and stouts. The most prominent feature in the main bar is an enormous mounted head of a kudu, an African antelope. Investigators who fail a **Luck** roll feel that its black soulless eyes watch them as they move about the bar. A portrait of Oliver Cromwell hangs in a prominent position behind the bar. The Knight's Head is owned by the middle aged couple, Cuthbert and Ruth Hyde, who spend most of their time behind the bar pouring beer.

There is accomodation available, each room sharing a bathroom with their neighbor, but the price of rooms (18s a night per person) does include a hearty breakfast each morning of bacon, eggs, sausages and toast, with tea or coffee. Across the road the George Hotel is nicer, but costs twice as much and provides no leads.

The Hydes are friendly enough, but are skilled at avoiding conversation. If they are asked about the pub's sign, they say it replaced the original sign when it was stolen in 1766. If they remember correctly, this new sign was supposed to be a joke about the Jermyn family, although the humor and reason why is lost on them. They do know that the kudu was donated by Sir Robert Jermyn, who explored East Africa in 1842 and then again in 1845. They volunteer that the Jermyn's had an uncanny

The Jermyn Horror



Oliver Cromwell

Oliver Cromwell, 1599-1658

Huntingdon's most famous son is Oliver Cromwell and investigators will find that his image and legacy is to be found everywhere about town. Son of a Huntingdon farmer and a strict Protestant, he was elected as MP for Huntingdon in 1628 and Cambridge in 1640. During Cromwell's time in politics, the King of England Charles I, believed he was appointed by god and not answerable to parliament or the people. This led to a parliamentary revolt, and finally a civil war. In response, Oliver Cromwell forged a professional army and in a key battle during the Civil War smashed the King's forces at Naseby in 1645. Charles I was publicly beheaded four years later.

After Charles' execution, for the only time in Britain's history the country became a republic. Oliver Cromwell appointed by parliament became Lord High Protector of the Commonwealth over England, Scotland and Ireland. During his reign he worked to reform the law, to increase British trade, and encouraged the tolerance of all kinds of Protestant belief.

After Cromwell's death Charles I's son, in exile in France, returned to Britain to become King Charles II, and England returned to monarchical rule.

ability to preserve animal specimens that they brought back from Africa, using techniques learnt in that Dark Continent.

If investigators ask about the Jermyn Manor they are told it is haunted. No one has set foot inside since Arthur Jermyn, the last surviving heir, set himself alight on the manor grounds in 1913. They warn investigators that it is best they stay away. However, they will give directions if pressed: it is five miles northwest of Huntingdon.

A **Psychology** skill roll suggests the Hydes know more, and only a **Fast Talk** or a **Persuade** prompts them to speak up. If so, they say a journalist passed through a few days back asking the same questions that the investigators have. He has not returned, and has left a suitcase of clothes behind. Perhaps he went back to London, perhaps not. With a critical **Fast Talk** or **Persuade** skill roll or if the investigators mention his name, the couple remembers the journalist introduced himself as Graham Craven. Nothing in the suitcase reveals anything other than the former owner

was male, tall and thin in build and that he was too poor to change underwear very often.

If the investigators ask about former Jermyn servants, they learn that Old Soames, the family butler now long retired, is the only one who still lives in Huntingdon. He drinks most nights at the Knight's Head, and if investigators are here in the evening they will be able to talk to him. The Hydes warn that he is not very sociable to strangers, and that they will probably be wasting their time trying to engage him in conversation.

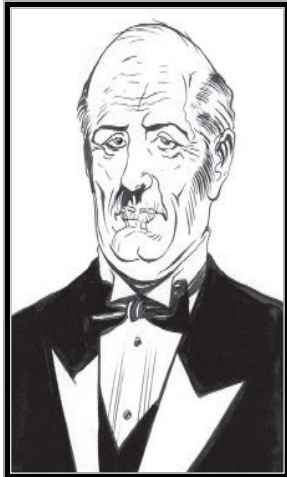
CEDRIC SOAMES

Soames was there when Arthur Jermyn burned himself to death all those years ago. He also witnessed what was in the crate before it was burnt by members of the Royal Anthropological Society, and was glad that they had. He has always known that the Jermyn Manor is haunted, and was se-



cretly glad that his servitude to the Jermyn family was finally at an end.

Most nights Old Soames drinks at the Knight's Head. Give the investigator with the highest POW a **Luck** roll, and if successful he shows his face around 6 p.m. otherwise he does not show that evening. He is an old man, with a bald head surrounded by a ring of white hair.



“Old” Cedric Soames

His eyes are beady and he is a little hunched over. When he walks, he uses a walking stick. He often meets up with his friends Angus, Dick and Oliver, and they spend their evenings drinking stout and telling each other the same stories they have told each and every night for the last ten or so years.

Despite what the Hydes say, the four men are interested in having the investigators join them for a drink, especially if they are paying. Soames will give directions to the Jermyn Manor, but also warns it is haunted and dangerous, and not just because it is falling apart.

For each half hour that the investigators spend with Soames and his friends, buying a round of drinks or a success half **Persuade** skill roll gets them a single piece of information. Play this point subtly, leave the investigators convinced that they've learnt everything they can, only to have Soames and his friends ask for another round so they can tell another tale. Soames' friends laugh at him when he talks of ghosts, but Soames is very serious about what he believes.

- The house is haunted by a poltergeist. It liked to move things around and cause minor accidents. It was mostly interested in scaring



the Jermyn wives and the servants, but not the Jermyn men.

- The Jermyns had a morbid interest in maintaining the past. When a Jermyn passed on their room was left intact, as if no one in the family desired to delve too deeply into their ancestors' pasts. Most rooms remained shrines to the dead. Some of those rooms had been locked up for centuries.

- The last Jermyn was Old Soames' master, Arthur, who died on August 3, 1913. He set himself alight after he received a crate from the Congo. Soames looked inside the crate briefly, shortly before a bunch of London professors burnt it. Inside was a stuffed white ape. It was very old. A cross between a gorilla and a woman. Something about it frightened Arthur Jermyn enough so that he killed himself.

- The white ape had a locket around her neck, which the professors threw into the well. Soames doesn't know what the locket contained, and he wasn't going to climb down the well to have a look. He believes the locket is still there.

- The professors didn't go near Arthur Jermyn's body when he died, no one did. They just left him to rot because they claimed he wasn't one of god's creatures, and so was unfit for a Christian burial. Today Old Soames regrets this decision. Arthur may have been peculiar, obsessed with finding beauty because he considered himself to be ugly, but he was still a kind master.

- Sometimes Soames still believes what the professors claimed, because Sir Arthur was never a pretty sight for the eyes. He never married. No woman would have him. All the portraits since Sir Philip showed similar casts to their features, but Arthur was the worst. His mother, Lady Jessica was an attractive woman in her day, but then she was not a blood relative.



“Old” Soames and his Friends

TOWN HALL

Rebuilt in 1745 and situated on Market Hill. Balls and civic events are often held here and its Assembly Room contains many fine paintings.

Investigators wishing to undertake research into the Jermyn family are directed to St Mary’s Parish Church, which holds the oldest and best-preserved records in town. The civic records are of more general historical relevance, including county and local histories and collections of correspondence from local officials and public figures. Much of this only tangentially touches on the activities of the Jermyns. Nevertheless, this is a good opportunity for the keeper to allow investigators who have so far gathered few of the necessary pieces of the story to fill in blanks.

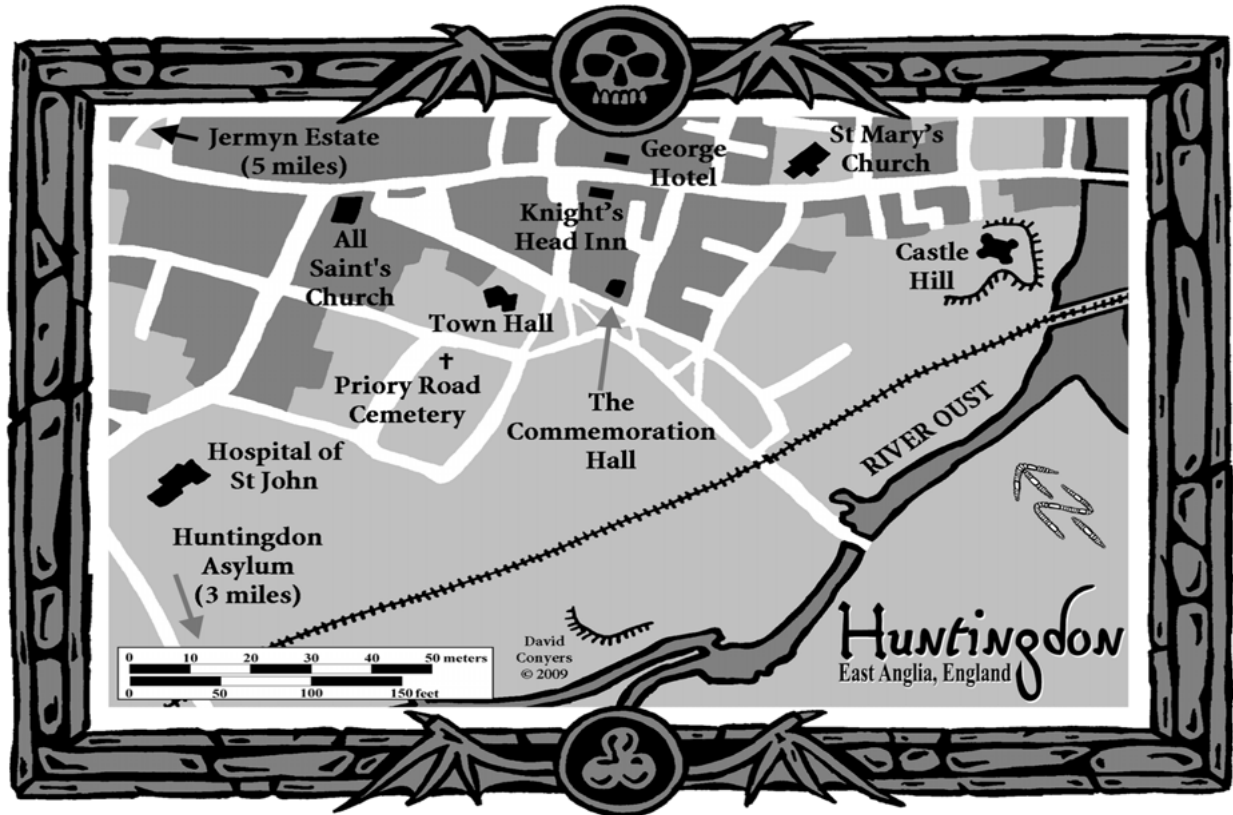
If asked specifically for material on the Jermyns, the file clerk, Albert Furling, volunteers that their lineage was supposedly tainted, possibly inbred, and their history is filled with murder, insanity and suicide. “Someone should write a story about them,” he suggests.

The Jermyn Horror

For each hour spent sifting through the records, the investigators can uncover a single clue provided they succeed in their **Library Use** skill:

- In 1753 Sir Wade Jermyn undertakes an expedition to Africa exploring a region around the mouth of the Congo River.
- In 1756 Sir Wade Jermyn again travels to the Congo. He returns a year later with a wife, the daughter of a Portuguese trader, who is never reportedly seen about town.
- Sir Wade Jermyn’s final expedition to the Congo takes place in 1759. He travels with his wife but she never returns.
- In 1815 Sir Philip Jermyn, the only son of Sir Wade, runs away from home to join the navy and disappears.
- Sir Robert Jermyn, son of Sir Philip, and his wife Judith, the daughter of the Seventh Viscount of Brightholme, have their first child in 1816. After screaming is heard from the servants attending the birth, it is reported that the child died.
- Two year later Lady Judith Jermyn gives birth to a son, Nevil.
- Two years after that Lady Judith gives birth to another stillborn child, who again causes fainting and terror amongst the household staff.
- In May 1824 Lady Eleanor Jermyn is murdered in her room. Her attacker was not seen by any of the household occupants and the murder goes unsolved. Details of her death are sketchy, but hint that hers was a violent and bloody end.
- Nevil Jermyn runs away from home in 1849 with a vulgar dancer. He returns home a year later with his newborn son, Alfred, when pardoned by his father Sir Robert Jermyn.
- In 1852, records explain how Sir Robert Jermyn murdered his three children in the Jermyn house with





Significant Locations in Huntingdon

an axe, shortly after he strangled a visiting guest Samuel Seaton. The article notes that until the murders, it was believed that Sir Robert only had one heir (Nevil). The family is survived by Robert's grandson, Alfred.

- In 1886 Sir Alfred Jermyn leaves the Jermyn manor to join the circus. He is killed two years later by a performing ape. Sir Alfred is survived only by his wife Jessica and their only son Arthur.
- Lady Jessica dies in her sleep in 1911 and his buried in the Jermyn family crypt.
- Sir Arthur Jermyn commits suicide by setting himself alight outside his mansion in 1913.

ST. MARY'S PARISH CHURCH

Dating from Norman times, the church was rebuilt in the Thirteenth Century.



The Reverend Brian Whittle is the vicar. He is a plump middle-aged man, with thin hair but a ready smile. His cheeks are rosy from the consumption of too much whiskey. He has only been in Huntingdon since 1918, arriving here after serving as a Chaplain in France during the Great War, so he cannot personally comment on the Jermyn family. He does know that the last of their line died tragically, by covering himself in oil and then setting himself alight. He recalls that all the family members are buried in the family crypt on the Jermyn property. He has heard stories that for centuries the Jermyns have been in decline, and many of the rooms of former Jermyn family members have been left as they were centuries past.

Rev. Whittle can point investigators to Knight's Head Inn where Arthur Jermyn's butler, Cedric Soames, can still be found downing a pint or two most evenings. He can also give directions to the Jermyn Manor, which has been left abandoned since 1913. There are stories of ghosts, but the Vicar doesn't believe in such things. Still, he would not fancy to be

The Jermyn Horror

out there alone. He will also state that a journalist visited Huntingdon a few days ago, a pleasant young man who introduced himself as Mr. Craven. He seems to have moved on in a hurry, though.

If the keeper chooses, or if the party numbers are small, the Reverend Whittle can join the party as they explore the



Reverend Brian Whittle

Jermyn Manor. If so, he should become the next victim after Craven to succumb to the Screaming Crawler's magic and begin the transformation.

Reverend Whittle is more than happy to allow respectable gentlemen and academics pore over

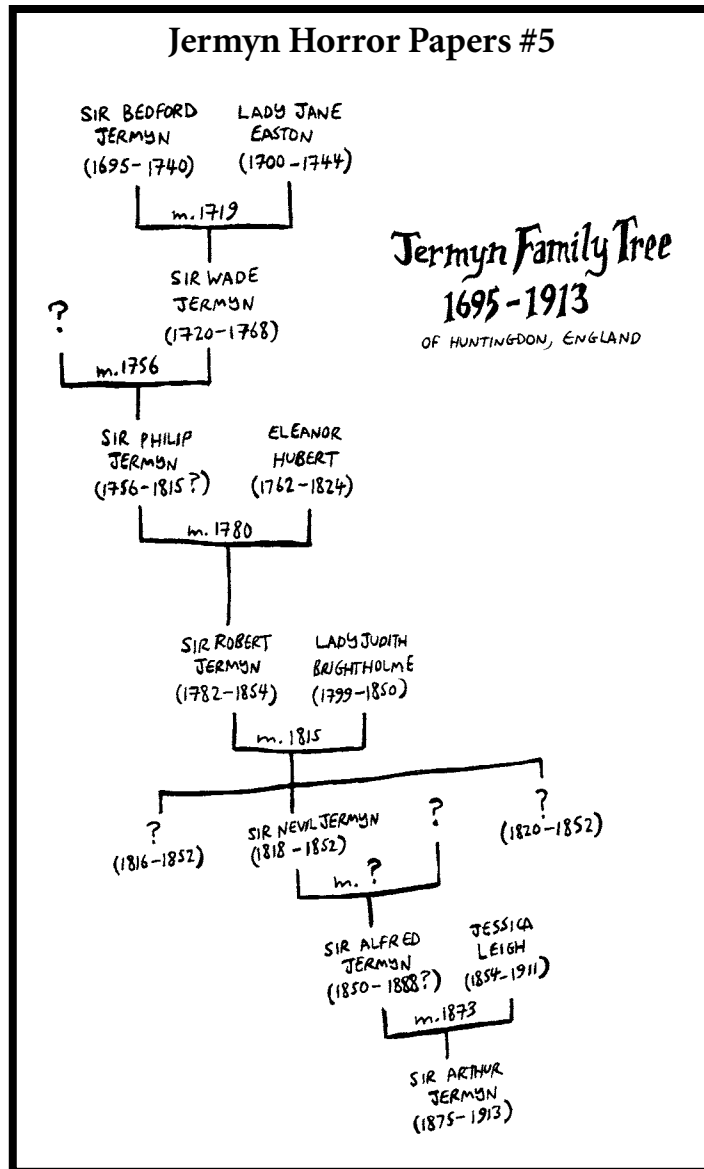
its old records which date back to the early 1600s, and include many references to the Cromwell family. Anyone not fitting these categories will have to make a successful **Credit Rating** skill roll to receive the same access. While conducting their research, Rev. Whittle makes them tea, and if allowed to do so, will discuss the finer points of life and his personal interpretations of theology.

The Church records are written predominantly in English while a few earlier documents are written in Latin. Investigators who spend half a day searching through the births, deaths, and marriage records and succeed in a **Library Use** roll can compile a Jermyn Family Tree from 1695 to 1913 (*Jermyn Horror Papers #5*).

HUNTINGDON ASYLUM FOR LUNATICS

This asylum was built in 1630 as a prison during the Civil War. In 1712 it was converted into

The Jermyn Horror



an asylum for lunatics. Its design as a keep, complete with a small turret, ensures that its rooms are tiny with little or no light. They are always damp and prone to infestations of rats and insects. In 1887 the Asylum was almost closed down due to its inhuman treatment of patients. At the last minute it was refurbished due to a generous donation from Lady Jessica Jermyn. Despite these changes the cure rate remains low at 20%. Day and night, patients scream, weep and howl from their private cells calling for company, food, or to beg the flicker-



ing shadows to stop harassing them. This is a place of the forgotten.

Investigators seeking information on the Jermyns are unlikely to witness any of the inmates, since records are kept at the front of the building near reception. A portrait of Oliver Cromwell hangs in the foyer.

The nurse on duty, Amanda Wilson, is not really interested in assisting investigators leaf through old files. **Persuade** and **Fast Talk** do not work, but threatening her with obstructing access to public information with a successful **Medicine** or **Law** roll will get her to open up the files. It will take each investigator an hour and a successful **Library Use** skill roll to find each record of interest:

- A record from 1765 recounts when Sir Wade Jermyrn was placed in the asylum. A note on the record states that he died three years later of pneumonia. While incarcerated he spoke constantly of Africa, of the white-apes whom he found both repulsive and strangely beautiful. On several occurrences he mentions a horrific statue which his wife (no name is given) brought back from the Congo. It was even supposed to protect Sir Wade and all his heirs, but though he didn't believe this to be true something about the statue clearly troubled him.
- A second record dated 1852 tells of when Sir Robert Jermyrn was administered to the asylum. He had just murdered his three children with an axe, just after strangling visiting African explorer Samuel Seaton. A note on his report shows that Robert never spoke a single word after the bloodletting, and died of apoplexy in 1854.
- In 1887, Lady Jessica Jermyrn makes a sizable donation (the record does not state how much) to the asylum which is used to refurbish the building and grounds.

THE JERMYN MANOR

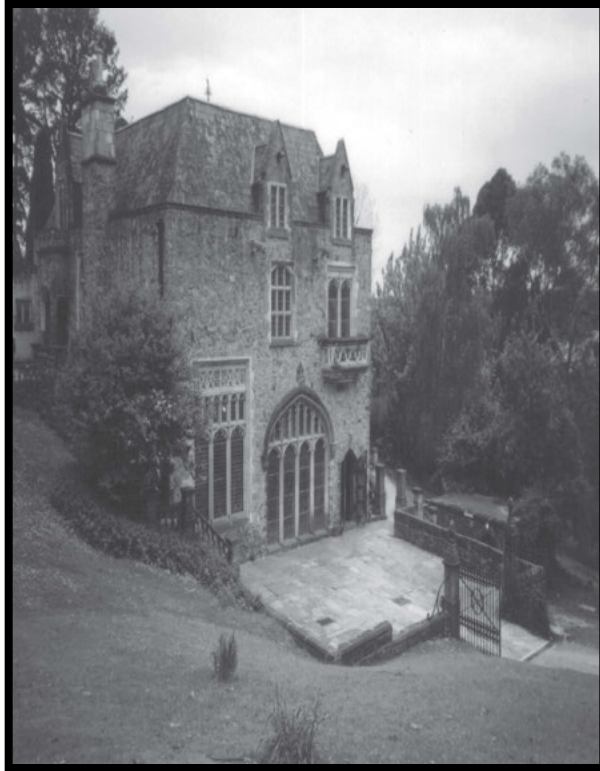
The crumbling, decaying Jermyrn Manor is situated northwest of Huntingdon, five miles from the town center. At night, and in the mornings and evenings, a thick cold mist from the surrounding fens rings the house and reduces visibility to a few yards. Every now and then the investigators will catch glimpses of the old building, decaying with the weight of years. Investigators will need to succeed in a **Navigate** or half **Idea** roll to find their way around in the fog. Neighbors are at least half a mile distant and a thick wood hides the mansion from the passing road. Investigators who make a **Listen** skill roll will notice that it is very quiet here. A **Natural History** skill roll or a halved **Know** roll will identify that there are no sounds or sightings of birds or other animals in this vicinity.

The house itself is a huge Seventeenth Century mansion, three stories high with two turrets that in its day would have been highly prestigious. Now it is derelict and ready to fall into ruin. Of the two turrets, the western one has crumbled and the interior is exposed to the elements, while the east fares better. Vines and other creepers grow over the entire house. Weathered gargoyles perched among them indicate the height of the main roofline. Many of the windows are either shuttered or so grimy that it is impossible to see inside. A few are boarded up and others are smashed.

Inside, mold grows everywhere. The only light comes from outside, dim diffuse rays which give the entire house a grey tone. Many rooms appear to have been ransacked. Others appear untouched for decades or longer. Because of the decrepit state, exploring a single room thoroughly takes a single investigator 1D3 hours, unless stated otherwise for specific locations.

Most doors can be locked and have a uniform STR of 15. Many also have a fireplace, and fuel for these can be found in the Coal Cellar. Some of those fireplaces have been boarded up when the rooms have fallen out of use. Internal plumbing and electricity were never





The Jermyn Manor

installed. For light, investigators will have to make do with candles, lanterns and fireplaces. Water and food will have to be sourced from the Basement levels. Most bedrooms contain drinking water jugs, but most are empty of liquid.

THE SCREAMING CRAWLER

The poltergeist that inhabits the Jermyn Manor is a Screaming Crawler, a noxious and relentless beast summoned long ago from unearthly dimensions. It is an aggressive monster with an unquenchable thirst to feed and destroy. This particular Screaming Crawler is bound into a wooden statue carved as a stylized representation of the real creature, hidden inside the Family Crypt.

Long ago the Screaming Crawler was bound into the statue by a powerful Congo sorcerer, Skunga-Zu, leader of the Cult of the Spiraling Worm still active deep in the jungles of the Belgian Congo. During the war between the Spiraling Worm cult and the white apes, the statue fell into the possession of the Ape-

Princess. She understood its magical properties, and commanded the bound Screaming Crawler to protect her and all her descendants for as long as they live. The Screaming Crawler could not escape its binding, but possessed magical spells which enabled it to perform its task, most notably the spell Possess Corpse. The Ape-Princess brought the Screaming Crawler statue with her to Huntingdon, and then left it in Jermyn Manor to protect her husband, Sir Wade and her children, when she returned to Africa.

Now that the Jermyn lineage is at an end, the Screaming Crawler understands that it is no longer bound to conditions of servitude. However, it still requires a human vessel to gain its freedom, because it is still trapped inside its wooden prison. Graham Craven is the first intruder to enter the Jermyn Manor in a decade, and he has become the first victim. The investigators are likely to put Craven out of his misery before they learn what the Screaming Crawler is. When they do, the Screaming Crawler will use its spell Barrier of Pain (see the section on the Screaming Crawler's spells) to trap the investigators in the Manor as it did with Craven.

Next it will cast a modified version of the spell Summon/Bind Screaming Crawler to set itself free. In this particular instance, since the Screaming Crawler is already in earth's dimension, the victim who is to become the Screaming Crawler's vessel is not required to consume a portion of Nyarlathotep. However, over the next two to four days they will begin a gradual transformation into a hideous monster of black, blistered skin with tar-like substances in their veins instead of blood. At the end of three or four days, the Screaming Crawler will burst from the victim's skin and kills the rest of the investigators.

The Screaming Crawler cannot destroy the wooden statue, since it is in Wade Jermyn's cof-



fin, and it is bound not to desecrate any Jermyn's grave. When it is freed, no longer trapped inside its wooden statue, it is no longer bound to its conditions of servitude. It can do whatever it pleases.

The Screaming Crawler's first victim after Craven is with the investigator with the lowest POW or Rev. Whittle if he joins the investigators. It takes possession of the investigator's body with a **POW versus POW** roll. Considering the monster's high POW this will be an easy accomplishment (as is maintaining the Barrier of Pain spell, trapping the investigators in the Manor). The selected victim loses 1 point of STR, CON, DEX and APP every six hours and 1D4/1D10 Sanity each day. As soon as one statistic reaches zero the Screaming Crawler controls the body and it bursts free. Investigators can kill any of their companions thus inflicted before full transformation occurs, but as soon as they do the investigator with the next lowest POW becomes the next vessel for the Screaming Crawler.

While trapped the creature is patient. Released, it is bloody and savage as it slaughters survivors and the inhabitants of neighboring farms. But while incarcerated, investigators have time to defeat the creature. Even though they cannot leave the house, clues and tools scattered throughout the crumbling Manor can aid them. The Screaming Crawler will spy on the investigators, doing so by possessing the various mounted animal heads, dead rats and birds, lion rugs and stuffed specimens from Africa scattered throughout the house. When it becomes aware of the investigator's intention to fight back, it will use these possessed creatures to first scare them and then to fight in return.

SCREAMING CRAWLER, GREATER SERVITOR RACE

"The jungle exploded. A giant figure, vaguely human in stature outstretched its elongated clawed arms and lifted the fleeing soldier, tearing him in two like a piece of paper. The upper portion of the bakongo fed the creature's snout-like mouth, a receptor of needle-like teeth very similar to the spines found on a cactus. The whole body of the creature rippled like a pool of black mud, exploding in geysers of popping tar. Where the creature touched the dismembered bakongo body, the man's skin bubbled, blistered and blackened. The Screaming Crawler was larger than an elephant, but only because of its lengthy lumbering limbs and legs did it project size. Yet it moved with the grace and speed of a leopard, knocking over trees with the strength of a tornado. Its stench was similar to ammonia. The creature's single long, black oval eye seemed to see everything, as if counting down whom it had yet to butcher. She saw her own face reflected in the eye, the only smooth texture to be found on the creature's body. She saw her own fear."

— David Conyers, "Screaming Crawler"

These creatures are known in the Congo, East Africa and perhaps other parts of the continent where priests of the Spiraling Worm cult summon these beings to undertake important assignments. To do so requires a human vessel which must eat a fleshy portion of Nyarlathotep during a special ritual, and so begin the transformation. Several days later, when the human vessel is entirely covered by blackened and blistered skin oily and sticky to the touch, something begins to move under the skin. By this point the victim can only scream in agony. Then the Screaming Crawler breaks free, destroying what is left of the human. The creature moves very rapidly, even through thick undergrowth.

Unlike other Servitors, the Screaming Crawler remains on the earth until destroyed. It is relentless in pursuing foes chasing them for days and weeks if required.

The Jermyn Horror





The Screaming Crawler

Other Characteristics: Water is the most effective means of destroying a Screaming Crawler, but vast volumes are required to do so. A heavy downpour over an hour will reduce a Crawlers CON permanently by 1 point. If it swims through a lake or across a river it will lose a similar amount. Water is the compound that ultimately dispels this creature back to its own dimension by slowly dissolving it away.

Attacks and Special Effects: A Screaming Crawler attacks with either both claws or a single bite attack each round. Wounds received blacken, blister and bubble forming tar-like infections that never heal.

The cries of a Screaming Crawler are similar to that of a dying animal, slaughtered in the most horrific manner. The sound cannot be avoided by blocking one's ears for it is heard within a victim's head. It is impossible to perceive any other sound while the creature is screaming and it can scream for lengthy periods of time, hours or more if it wishes to.

SCREAMING CRAWLER, Servant of the Spiraling Worm

characteristic	rolls	averages
STR	5D6+18	35-36
CON	4D6+12	26
SIZ	4D6+12	26
INT	3D6+6	16-17
POW	5D6	17-18
DEX	4D6+12	26
Move: 11	HP: 26	

Av. Damage Bonus: +3D6

Weapons: Scream 100%, all victim's Listen and communication based skills are unavailable for the duration of the scream.

Bite 70%, damage 2D8+db plus permanent loss of 1D3 points of CON and APP as skin blackens and blisters

Claws 70%, damage 1D10+db plus permanent loss of 1D3 points of CON and APP as skin blackens and blisters

Armor: 2 points of oily skin, plus it takes minimum damage from impaling weapons. A Screaming Crawler also regenerates 2 hit points per round until dead. In our dimension Screaming Crawlers lose a permanent point of CON from exposure to vast quantities of water, such as a single point from a downpour that lasts hours, or the same from swimming across a wide river.

Spells: Each Screaming Crawler has an INT x2 chance of knowing 1D6 spells.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D20 Sanity points to see a Screaming Crawler and 0/1D3 Sanity points to hear it scream.



The Screaming Crawler's Spells

Call/Dismiss Spiraling Worm (Ahtu)

Ahtu is one of Nyarlathotep's avatars, worshipped mainly by central and eastern Africa cults who refer to him as the Spiraling Worm. Ahtu can be called only at certain special locations in Africa.

Barrier of Pain

This spell creates an invisible barrier 500 feet in diameter from which victims trapped inside cannot escape. The caster must expel 5 magic points and 1D10 Sanity points per day to maintain the spell. The spell must have an epicenter, a fixed point such as a building foundation, a tree, a stone, but not a person or piece of furniture which can be moved. Anyone trapped instead the barrier's circle who tries to leave must make a POW versus the caster's POW resistance roll. If they succeed they have stabbing headaches, sharp stomach pains and jabs across their entire body as if nails are being pounded into their skin. This stops only when they return to within the 500 feet barrier limit. If they fail the pain gets worse and they take 1D3 hit points damage each round until they move back inside the barrier. If the victim can get to 1000 feet from the epicenter the spell no longer affects them.

This spell only works upon victims who are aware of the caster's existence. For example, in this scenario the Screaming Crawler can only create a Barrier of Pain affecting the investigators once they learn what they are up against, such as reading its name during their research.

Possess Corpse

This spell costs 1D8+2 Sanity points and 1 magic point to possess a dead corpse and animate it for a period of 10 minutes.

Dead corpses include skeletons, stuffed animals including those that have undergone taxidermy, creatures preserved by form-

aldehyde, animal skins and even wall mounted trophies. In each case, mobility will be limited by the state of the possessed body. If the corpse possessed is one of the living dead (such as a vampire, animated mummy or a zombie) then a **POW versus POW** must be made each round to remain in and control that body. Generally, only one corpse can be possessed at any one time.

While the caster of the spell possesses a corpse their own body lies motionless, they no longer breathe and their heart stops pumping. When the caster returns to their own body, they must make a **CON** roll under D100. This is made at x10 if returning within one round, x9 if returning within 2 rounds and so on to a minimum of x1. If the **CON** roll is failed, the body does not return to life. Another person can perform a **Medicine** or a **First Aid** skill roll in an attempt to bring that person to life, but again this will only work if the caster has once again returned to their body. Because of these factors, few humans attempt this spell.

When the Screaming Crawler in the Jermyn Manor uses this spell, it does not need to worry about reviving itself upon return. It can quickly switch from one body to the next if the first is incapacitated.

Summon/Bind Screaming Crawler

This spell calls forth the Screaming Crawler, summoned into the body of an entity (commonly a human body) that has consumed a portion of Nyarlathotep in one of his thousand forms. The magic point cost varies; for each magic point sacrificed, increase the chance for a successful cast by 10 percentiles; a result of 96-00 is always a failure. Each cast of this spell costs 1D3 Sanity points. On average it takes three to four days for the victim to transform into the Screaming Crawler, their skin bubbling and blistering with sores of blackened tar. The selected victim loses 1 point of STR, CON, DEX and APP every six hours and 1D4/1D10 Sanity each day. As soon as one statistic reaches zero the Screaming Crawler controls the body and it



bursts free, the outer layer of victim's skin tears away and the Screaming Crawler arrives.

THE GROUNDS

The Jermyn Estate is cold and silent. Visitors are few, and those that explore the property do not stay long, sensing something is amiss here, perhaps even evil. Not long enough for the Screaming Crawler to trap them, but long enough to scare them away. There are no sounds or signs of any animals on the property, including birds or insects. Investigators need to drive through a thick, menacing wood to reach the Jermyn Estate.

Main Drive: Potholed and overgrown, with swollen tree roots hidden among the weeds, the drive is potentially dangerous. The investigator needs to make a **Drive Auto** roll or puncture a tire, break an axle, fall into a pothole or any other kind of accident that is inconvenient. Any damage requires a **Mechanical Repair** skill roll and 1D3 hours to rectify.

Near the Groundskeeper's House is an Austin Seven, which has fallen into a ditch where it has broken the radiator and the front axle. The car needs to be towed to a mechanic if it is to be repaired. A successful **Drive Auto** or a **Spot Hidden** and an **Idea** roll suggest to an investigator that the driver had to swerve suddenly, as if to avoid something on the road ahead. Lying on the front passenger seat are several copies of *Scoop*. Prominent are any editions featuring the investigators. The car is cold; it has been here several days unattended.

Keeper's Note: This is Graham Craven's car, which he abandoned after his accident. He was surprised by a reanimated horse which materialized out of the fog. Although he did not see it clearly, it still scared him.

Groundskeeper's House: This small, stone building has been empty for several decades now and, like the rest of the Jermyn Manor, is falling into ruin. It is the first building the investigators will pass as they drive down into the

Jermyn property. The roof has collapsed and rubble fills most of the interior.

Inside there are several dead rats with desiccated carcasses. A successful **Biology** skill roll suggests that they should have decayed in the damp environment, but they have not. If investigators return later the rats are missing. A **Track** skill roll reveals rat prints in the dust prompting a Sanity loss of 0/1 point.

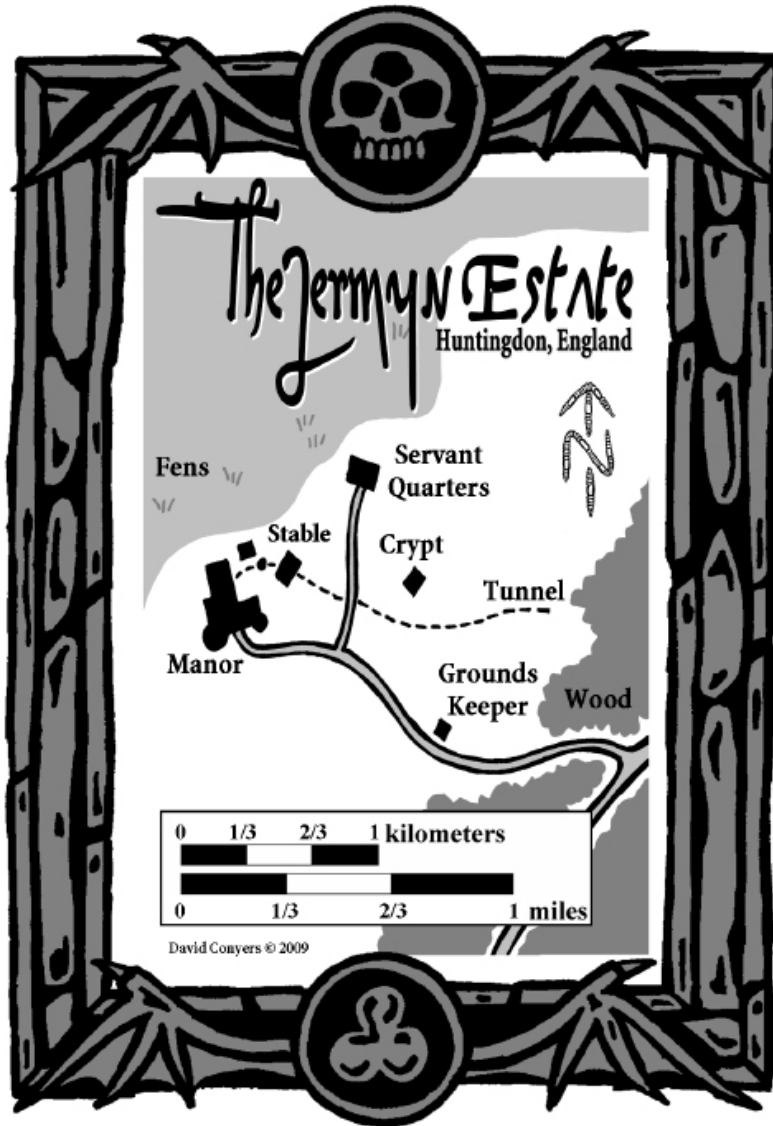
Keeper's Note: These rats are regularly possessed by the Screaming Crawler, who uses them to spy on visitors, most of whom check in at the groundskeeper's hut before reaching the main house. It does not cost the Screaming Crawler any Magic Points to possess them as they are so small. The rats however cannot harm investigators. Visitors who get this far generally do not stay for more than a few minutes. Once investigators fall victim to the Barrier of Pain spell, they will be able to reach this building but go no further down the drive.

Fens: Surrounding the Jermyn Manor are the fens. If the investigators spend time searching the misty countryside beyond the garden, a **Spot Hidden** or **Luck** roll leads to a chance encounter with a partially charred skeleton. A **Medicine** skill roll reveals the body to be male and suggests that he died from horrific burns, but even **Medicine** or **Biology** skill roll successes cannot determine for certain whether the skeleton belonged to some sort of gorilla or a deformed human. A successful **Spot Hidden** finds a blackened fob watch which, if cleaned of its charred flesh and soot, reveals the initials "A.J."

Keeper's Note: This is Arthur Jermyn, his corpse left to rot after he set himself alight. The Screaming Crawler cannot possess Arthur as he was one of the heirs it must protect.

The Jermyn Mausoleum: This dark, stone edifice off the main drive is centuries old. With leering gargoyles and a sur-





rounding iron fence it is a dark and ominous place. The only entrance, an iron door is locked with a padlock (STR 50) and a maximum of two people can attempt to break down the door at any one time. The key to the crypt can be found on any of the sets of keys found inside the Jermyn Manor. Inside the crypt there are numerous slots in the wall for coffins dating back to the Seventeenth Century.

Only the coffins from Lord Bedford Jermyn onwards are marked and legible, as time has eroded the others. The coffins marked are as follows: Sir Bedford



Jermyn (1695-1740), Lady Jane Jermyn (1700-1744), Sir Wade Jermyn (1720-1768); Lady Eleanor Jermyn (1762-1824); Sir Robert Jermyn (1782-1854); Lady Judith Jermyn (1799-1850); Elizabeth Jermyn (1816-1852); Nevil Jermyn (1818-1852); Alice Jermyn (1820-1852); Sir Alfred Jermyn (1850-1888); and Lady Jessica Jermyn (1855-1911). There are no coffins for Philip or Arthur.

If the coffins are pulled free of their wall slots the corpses can be examined. Except for the remains of Bedford, Wade, Jane, Eleanor and Jessica Jermyn, all the skulls have similarities to those of gorillas costing 0/1 Sanity points when this fact is first understood. The most striking examples are the skulls of Elizabeth and Alice Jermyn, Sir Robert's children whom he had locked away because of their deformities. The Screaming Crawler can only possess the five corpses of the women who married into the family, Jane, Eleanor, Judith, Alice and Jessica, since they are not blood heirs.

Investigators who open Sir Wade's coffin and search underneath his bones and decayed clothes find a wooden African statue of a hideous being. It is two feet high and weighs about 60 pounds (SIZ 5). It is made of a wood not known to this world, as a Biology or Natural History skill will identify. The representation has a single eye, a mouth of sharp teeth, and four elongated limbs ending in sharp claws. The carving depicts the Screaming Crawler in a crouched position, with its legs and arms close to its body. Seeing the statue for the first time prompts a Sanity loss of 0/1D3 points.

This statue contains the soul of the Screaming Crawler. Once the investigators remove the statue from Sir Wade's coffin, the Screaming Crawl-

er will possess the corpses of the women and use them to try and smash the statue, freeing it. It cannot do so before then, as it cannot harm Sir Wade's body (but it doesn't feel it needs



The Screaming Crawler Statue

to stop the investigators doing the same). If the statue takes more than 6 points of damage from a single blow, the wood splits and the Screaming Crawler is freed, expanding from unseen dimensions as it unfolds into this reality. It will not hesitate to maim and then slaughter all the investigators, before turning towards Huntingdon

to sate its blood lust. It takes 1D3+2 rounds to materialize.

If the investigators manage to destroy the statue while it is underwater (such as in the Well or in the Cave in the Dungeon described later), the Screaming Crawler loses 1D10 points from its CON for each of those 1D3+2 rounds. Once it is fully freed into this dimension, CON loss is as normal for the creature.

Animated Jermyn Wives

Assume all five have the same characteristics.
STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 12 INT 20* POW 28*
DEX 6

Move: 6 **HP:** 12

*These are the characteristics of the Screaming Crawler

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Claw 30%, damage 1D3+db

Bite 40%, damage 1D3

The Jermyn Horror

Armor: None, but weapons that impale do only 1 point of damage.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6.

Servant Quarters: This building has long collapsed. The roof is gone, and the interior nothing more than rubble and debris. Once the Jermyn family employed a large number of house staff and they lived here. It has not been used in seventy years, and has been neglected for just as long.

Shed: Tools include shovels, picks, crowbars, hoes, and other gardening implements. Most are rusted and their wooden handles rotten. Nothing of any value can be found here. The roof is unstable, as a **Mechanical Repair** roll will reveal. Investigators who rummage around hoping to find clues here must make a **Luck** roll, otherwise the roof collapses. Give investigators a **Dodge** roll to get out in time otherwise they take 2D4 damage from falling rafters. Wounded investigators need to make a **Luck** roll, and if they fail they are trapped under the roof. It might take the other investigators 1D3 hours to dig them out again.

Stable: The Jermyns once bred horses, and the stables that they were kept in were once magnificent. Now the stables are without a roof, and the interior is rotting and crumbling away. Several corpses of desiccated horses lie motionless in a couple of pens. If the Screaming Crawler wishes, it can possess these animals to frighten or attack the investigators.

Animated Horse Corpses

Assume all have the same characteristics.
STR 30 CON 10 SIZ 26 INT 20* POW 28*
DEX 5

Move: 6 **HP:** 18

*These are the characteristics of the Screaming Crawler

Damage Bonus: +2D6





The Screaming Crawler possesses the Brides

Weapons: Bite 15%, damage 1D4

Trample 25%, damage 4D6

Armor: None, but weapons that impale do only 1 point of damage.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6.

Well: This stone well was once the source of fresh water for the Jermyn Manor. The bucket and rope used to fetch water are now rotten. It is 50 feet deep and requires a successful Climb roll to clamber down to the bottom. Failure results in a fall. If a falling investigator succeeds in a Jump skill roll they land in the water for 1D3 points of damage, otherwise they hit the wall going down for 2D6 damage. The bottom of the well can also be reached from the lower level of Jermyn Manor.



GROUND FLOOR

The Ground Floor is the best-preserved floor of the entire Manor. It is also the darkest, and a chilling damp permeates the air. Many of the windows and fireplaces are boarded up. Old candles and lanterns rest on most surfaces, since the house never had electricity, and many are still functional. Cupboards are full of broken china and deteriorating linen. Plaster has fallen off the roof and walls everywhere, and numerous holes in the walls appear to be the handiwork of zealous rats. Furniture has fallen over and much of it is broken. Long white hair is on everything. Every now and then the Manor creaks, as if ready to collapse. Day or night, investigators will require a light source on this floor otherwise all visual related skills (Spot Hidden, Rifle, Handgun, Mechanical Repair, etc.) are at half normal chance.

Porch: Two stone gargoyles leer at investigators as they approach the mansion, one on either side of the main door. The huge wooden door can be locked from the inside (STR 25), but when the investigators first enter it is slightly ajar.

Entrance Hall: This dark entrance hall mostly comprises of a grand staircase that leads upstairs. On a crest over the stairs hang the Jermyn family arms. Against the east and west walls are several Fifteenth Century full-suits of armor complete with swords (base chance 20%, damage 1D8+db) and halberds (base chance 10%, 1D10+1+db). One suit has fallen over and is crumpled as if he had been struck down by his companions.

When the investigators first enter the hall, those that succeed in a **Listen** roll are vaguely aware of a human voice, calling out. It is muffled, and is coming from the rear of the house.

Above the suits of armor, four trophy heads hang precariously. They are of an old male lion, a bongo antelope, a leopard and an okapi. A successful **Biology** skill roll identifies that all these creatures are real and originating from the Congo. What will probably dismay investi-

gators is that the eyes of these creatures seem to follow investigators as they move about the foyer. Investigators who later return to the Entrance Hall who succeed in an **Idea** roll sense that the heads have subtly moved, such as a mouth now being open when it was closed before, ears pointing back instead of out, or that the head is raised higher than last remembered. This prompts a Sanity loss of 0/1 points.

Keepers Note: The Screaming Crawler can possess these heads, all four at once both to spy on the investigators and to terrify them. If they are seen snapping and growling, Sanity loss is 0/1D4 points. Mounted up high, these heads pose no danger to the investigators unless they decide to get close. In which case they attack with a 20% chance to hit for 1D6 damage.

Parlor: Once guests waited here until the master of the Manor greeted them. Prominent in the room is an empty fireplace and stiff-backed leather chairs starting to rot.

Faded framed watercolors on the wall depict the Congo, as painted by Sir Wade Jermyn in 1756 and 1757. Investigators who study the paintings and make a successful Spot Hidden see hidden monoliths amongst the jungle foliage. This is a depiction of the Gray City. There are three portraits each worth £50 to a collector.

An African mask stylized to look like a zebra sits above the fireplace. Made of wood, an **Anthropology** skill roll identifies it as Ogoni Mask from Nigeria. Once worn, it reputedly transforms the wearer into the represented beast. There is nothing supernatural about this mask, although a museum would certainly be interested in adding it to their collection.

Dining Room: A large oaken table and matching dining chairs almost fill the room. The chairs will break if sat upon and, unless the investigator succeeds in a **Luck** roll, they lose 1D2-1 hit points damage.

Silverware adorns the room, from cutlery to candleholders, and would fetch £30. Two portraits adorn the walls in this room, those of Sir

The Cold and the Damp

Investigators will find that they need to spend a lot of time keeping warm while trapped in the Jermyn Manor, such as wearing extra layers of clothes, moving around constantly, rubbing their hands together, sitting by lit fireplaces, and most importantly, staying dry. Every minute that an investigator is soaked with cold water requires a CON x3 roll under D100, otherwise the investigator ends up catching a cold, unpleasant but not life threatening. A fumble however results in pneumonia. Inflicted investigators feel the symptoms within 1D4 hours affecting them for 1D6+2 days. During that time all skills are halved. Investigators who spend a day resting and who remain warm and dry can make another CON x3 roll to see if they recover, attempted once per day.

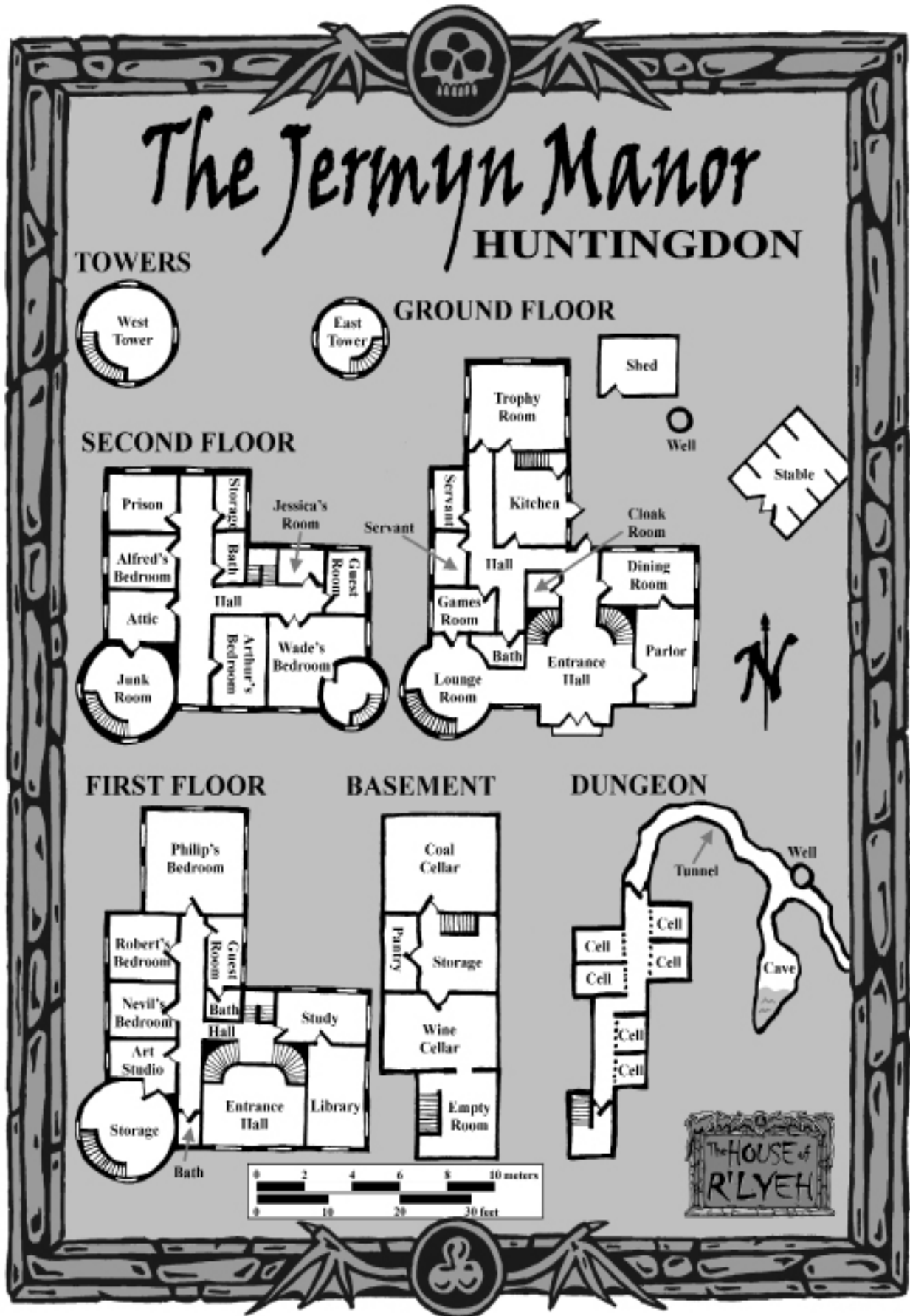
Robert Jermyn (1782-1854) and his wife Lady Judith (1799-1850). Sir Robert has a strange cast about his features, a longer, more pronounced jaw, white hair that grows from his forehead, a stubbed nose and a thick brow. Despite his peculiarities he was a rather handsome man. He wears thick white sideburns and looks too small for his evening suit. Investigators will lose 0/1 Sanity points if this is the first Jermyn portrait that they have seen, otherwise they lose nothing. Lady Judith is an attractive young woman. A **Psychology** roll suggests she was decisively uncomfortable when she sat for this portrait. Both pictures are painted against dark backgrounds, possibly in one of the rooms of the house, but there is not enough detail to be sure.

On top of the cutlery cabinet are several African statues. One of these statues is a clay ape holding a spear and shield, similar in style to the bronze statues in the British Museum.

Cloak Room: Once it held coats, now only rotten rags and their musty smells fill the room.

Lounge: This large circular room with stone walls is the base of the western tower. Stone steps





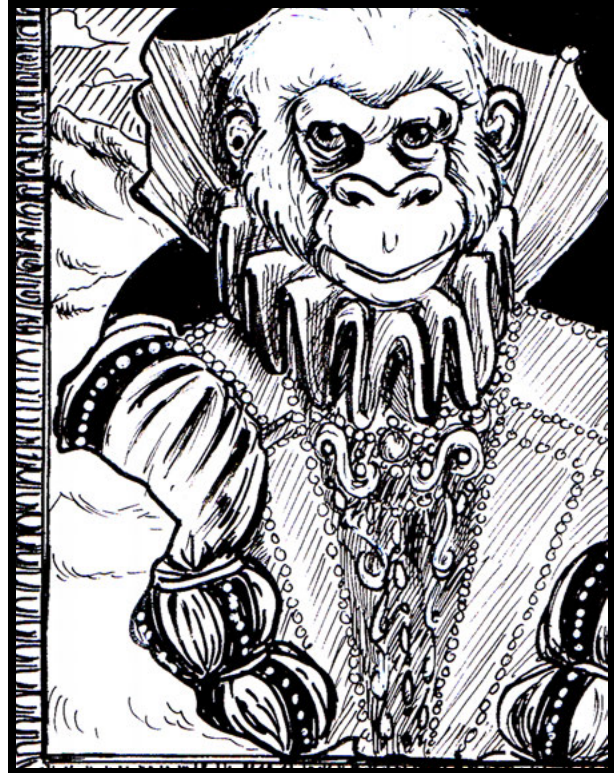
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lead upwards to the next level. Once the Jermyn men and their male guests retired here in the evening for brandy and cigars. The cigars have long since rotted and the liquor has evaporated. A candle chandelier hangs over the room. Anyone going up to the room above will cause the chandelier to fall, causing 2D6 hit points damage to anyone downstairs that fails a **Dodge** roll.

A portrait of Sir Wade Jermyn (1720-1768) and a painting of the Huntingdonshire countryside adorn the walls, both in the same style of frame that mount all paintings in the house. Sir Wade looks very human compared to the rest family, even though there is still a strong family resemblance to his descendents. He appears rather happy during this sitting. In his hand he holds a telescope that he took with him on all three trips to the Congo. The same telescope rests on the mantelpiece above the fireplace, but the lens are cracked and blackened. On the floor there is a rotting lion skin rug.

The picture of the landscape holds a mystery, out of place compared to all the other paintings in the house. If investigators look behind this portrait and make a successful **Spot Hidden** and an **Idea** roll, they will determine that the canvas is too thick. That is because there are two canvases, one behind the other. Tearing or cutting away the Huntingdon countryside portrait reveals a strange untitled portrait. Dressed in the garb of the late Sixteenth Century, It appears to be of a female ape with white fur all over her body, large ears, a protruding snout and the large mouth characteristic of monkeys. A successful **Idea** roll will allow them the insight that this must be of the unknown Lady Jermyn (d.1759). Investigators lose 1/1D3 Sanity points for viewing this portrait with that idea, or 0/1D2 regardless of what other portraits they have seen through the Jermyn House. Any investigator who loses the full 3 points of Sanity can see something quite alluring and attractive in this woman, even though it will sicken them to do so.

The male lion skin rug is complete with its stuffed head and paws. The Screaming Crawler



Sir Wade's Bride, Lady Jermyn

can possess this skin, to spy on investigators, to cry out, or even moving it across the room. Investigators revisiting this room might be dismayed to find that it was not where they left it.

Animated Lion Rug

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 04 INT 20* POW 28*
DEX 10

Move: 1 HP: 8

*These are the characteristics of the Screaming Crawler

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Claw 20%, damage 1D6

Bite 30%, damage 1D6

Armor: None, but weapons that impale do only 1 point of damage.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6.

Bath: For guests, this bathroom contains chamber pots, a dirty cracked mir-



The Masked Messenger Chess Set

All the pieces of this unusual chess set represent strange and unusual creatures. The king is of a faceless Egyptian pharaoh while the queen is of a woman with acid etched skin and a large mask. A Cthulhu Mythos skill roll identifies both as aspects of Nyarlathotep; Nyarlathotepis of Egypt and the Masked Messenger of Morocco respectively. Further Cthulhu Mythos skill rolls identifies the bishops as servitors of the Outer Gods and the knights as hunting horrors. The rooks are pillars with Egyptian Hieroglyphics written upon them. If translated they spell the words *nt har rut hotep*, which literally means 'there is no peace (safety, rest) at the gate.' In other words, this is the meaning of Nyarlathotep's name. A Cthulhu Mythos skill roll identifies the pillars to represent Irem.

With a successful History roll the investigators recognize some of the pawns. One is a Moroccan Sultan, the next is a Benin King, another is an Ottoman General, then a British Governor, and so on representing great leaders from North Africa and the Middle East from the mid-1800s.

The pieces on one side are bright pink and the other side is a bilious green. Examining the board closely reveals vague outlines of planets, stars and galaxies. Those seeing the chess set for the first time lose 1/1D4 Sanity points. If the investigators take the chess set they could sell it to a collector for £100. The workmanship is excellent.

Investigators of "The Warren" in *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* will notice similarities between the chess set found in the Boucher Estate and this one. That is because they were fashioned by the same craftsman, whose identity still remains unknown.

ror and a basin for washing one's hands. Several desiccated rat corpses litter the floor, and these can be utilized by the Screaming Crawler



The Jermyn Horror Papers #6

Arthur Jermyn, died 1913. Set himself alight after witnessing the contents of crate sent from the Congo. Suspect contents may have been of a gorilla, reminding him of his own ugly cast. Ape wore a locket, which is missing.

Sir Robert Jermyn murders Samuel Seaton in 1852. Robert then turned on his three children Nevil, Elizabeth and Alice killing them all. Nevil's son Alfred was the only survivor of the family line.

Sir Robert Jermyn dies of apoplexy in 1854. He was locked away for the murder of his children and Samuel Seaton in 1852. Never spoke a word since attack. Two of the children deformed? Was the Jermyn family attempting to breed with apes?

Manor supposedly haunted by ghost known as a Screaming Crawler. Possibly monster from Congo native mythology. Creature fearful of water? Creature unable to harm Jermyn blood heirs?

as spies throughout the house at no cost to its Magic Points.

Games Room: Complete with a billiard table, a dartboard and several board games including backgammon and a chess set. Except for the chess board all are old and falling apart. If investigators touch the billiard table, the floorboards underneath give way and it falls a foot into the floor. Unless investigators are under the table when this happens, no one will be hurt, but they may be frightened.

The chess set is peculiar, in better shape than the other games. Its pieces are representatives of mythos gods and deities, as described in the nearby sidebar.

Kitchen: The sounds of muffled moans are more prominent in this room, heard echoing up from the stairs leading to the basement. The kitchen itself like the rest of the house is old, falling to pieces and covered with dust and plaster. Cupboards and drawers have been forced open, spilling broken crockery and cutlery across the floor.

A modern notepad lies discarded at the door to the stairs leading down (The Jermyn Horror Papers #6). These are Graham Craven's most recent notes which he is using to prepare an article on the Jermyn ghost. Investigators will probably have already uncovered several of the noted items already, but not all. Once investigators have read this note, if they have not been before, they are now made aware of the Screaming Crawler. Now it can successfully cast the spell Barrier of Pain upon them, trapping them in the house.

Servants' Rooms: Once servants resided in the separate Servants' Quarters building, but since it fell into disrepair, the few remaining household servants were moved into these two small rooms. Four beds in each room fill most of the space are now rotten. Cupboards for clothing are empty, since the servants took all their possessions with them when they all left the Manor on the day Arthur Jermyn killed himself in 1913. Three beds remain functional in the southern room, and can be used by the investigators.

Trophy Room: Sir Wade, Robert, and Arthur Jermyn each undertook expeditions into Africa, and this room remains a shrine to their most prized possessions collected from that continent. The centerpieces of the room are three large glass cabinets containing stuffed animals. The first contains five bats. The second a jackal whose head has fallen free and now hangs only by a thread of tanned skin. The last is a seated gorilla (which is identical to the one found in the photograph in Arthur Jermyn's room, and it is not a white ape). An investigator who has experience with taxidermy who succeeds in a Know roll identifies that the techniques used to preserve these animals are not understood by modern taxidermists.

African Weapons						
Weapon	Skill	Base	Damage	Range	RoF	HP
African Club	Club	25%	1D6+db	STRx1	1	15
Wooden Dagger	Knife	20%	1D4+1+db	STRx1	1	12
Iron-Blade Knife	Knife	20%	1D4+2+db	STRx1	1	15
Hide Shield	Shield	20%	1D4+db	touch	1	10
Wooden Shield	Shield	20%	1D6+db	touch	1	8
Short Spear	Spear	20%	1D8+1+db	STRx2	1	15
Long Spear	Spear	20%	1D10+1+db	touch	1	20

Hanging on the walls are many artifacts taken from Africa, including spears, shields, swords and masks. See the sidebar text for rules on these weapons. An **Anthropology** skill roll identifies most as originating from either the Congo or East Africa. One of the East African masks has a long red tentacle extending from an eyeless faceplate. A **Cthulhu Mythos** skill roll identifies this as an aspect of Nyarlathotep in his guise as the Bloody Tongue. The mask provides a +10% bonus to the use of the spell Contact Nyarlathotep (Bloody Tongue), also known as the Howler in the Darkness. Another mask represents a demonic creature, which a **Cthulhu Mythos** skill roll or prior experience identifies as representing a ghoul.

On a gun rack there are mounted two elephant guns (Base Chance 15%, damage 3D6+6, range 100 yards, 1 or 2 shots per round, Ammo 2, Hit points 12). Anyone inspecting the guns and succeeding in a **Rifle** or **Mechanical Repair** skill roll will determine that the guns will fire, but because they are old and starting to rust, they could be dangerous and backfire. These weapons will not fire on a roll of 91-97. If a roll of 98-00 is made, they explode in the face of the firer for 1D6 damage. These guns have too much rust for anyone to ever be able to properly repair them.

Keepers Note: The Screaming Crawler sometimes possesses these creatures, but has not yet broken



their glass cages setting them free. Investigators who return to this room might find that the animals appear to have moved around prompting a Sanity loss of 1/1D3 points. If the Screaming Crawler uses these animals to come after the investigators, they will be warned first by the breaking of glass (heard elsewhere in the house with a successful Listen skill roll).

Animated Bats (All five have the same statistics)

STR 03 CON 06 SIZ 02 INT 20* POW 28*
DEX 20

Move 1/12 flying

HP 4

*These are the characteristics of the Screaming Crawler

Damage Bonus: -1D6

Weapons: Bite 30%, damage 1D2

Armor: None, but weapons that impale do only 1 point of damage.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4

Animated Jackal

STR 07 CON 12 SIZ 6 INT 20* POW 28*
DEX 14

Move 8 **HP** 9

*These are the characteristics of the Screaming Crawler

Damage Bonus: -1D4

Weapons: Bite 10%, damage 1D8-1D4**

Claws 30%, damage 1D4+db

** The head dangles from the body of the Jackal so it is not a very effective attack. For each attempted bite there is a 20% chance that the head of the jackal will come free of the body.

Armor: None, but weapons that impale do only 1 point of damage.



Sanity Loss: 0/1D6

Animated Gorilla

STR 25 CON 14 SIZ 22 INT 20* POW 28*
DEX 12

Move 8 **HP** 18

*These are the characteristics of the Screaming Crawler

Damage Bonus: +2D6

Weapons: Bite 30%, damage 1D8

Fist 20%, damage 1D4+2D6

Armor: 2-point skin. Weapons that impale do only 1 point of damage.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4 points.

BASEMENT

The basement is dark and damp. Groundwater drips through the walls. The stone walls echo everything that is said. Without a source of light it is pitch black down here, and all visibility skills are reduced to 01%.

Here it is much easier to hear the sounds of moaning and sobbing. A successful Listen roll identifies the calls as a man begging for mercy and aid. His voice carries from the Empty Room at the furthest point of the basement. He sounds as if he is in a great deal of pain.

Storage: Split crates contain bulk spoiled food. An Idea roll suggests that none of this food has been eaten by animals, such as ants, cockroaches, mice or rats. A barrel of water survives relatively intact. Investigators who find that they must spend time here can drink this water without ill effects. There is enough to last half a dozen investigators several weeks.

Coal Cellar: Contains canisters of oil, coal and bins of firewood that were once used in fireplaces and lanterns about the house. A spilt container of oil, knocked over in a hurry, occurred over a decade ago, just before Arthur Jermyn set himself alight.

Wine Cellar: Once this room was filled with hundreds of bottles of wines from France and Italy. Today most have been smashed and the racks destroyed, and what survives is spoilt. Investigators moving in quickly or without shoes must make a **DEX x5** roll to avoid accidental glass cuts for 1D3 damage.

The Pantry: Like the kitchen, the pantry is a shambles of broken tins and spilt containers once with food that has now long since decayed. However a successful **Spot Hidden** roll uncovers a cache of tinned food that will keep investigators fed for several weeks. Investigators who succeed in an **Idea** roll will realize that rats or other animals should have eaten the spoiled food.

Empty Room: In the furthest portion of the basement, stone steps descend further into the earth. Down here water drips constantly, the smells are noxious and any light casts dark flickering shadows. This stone walled room is empty of any furniture. Investigators who succeed in a **History** skill roll realize that the stonework here is much older than the rest of the Manor, dating from an earlier building. Investigators who don't succeed in **Sneak** rolls will be heard by the man downstairs, and he will frantically call for help. Investigators who have met Graham Craven and succeed in a **Listen** roll will identify his voice.

Below, what remains of Craven awaits. His skin is completely covered in black, blistering tar-like substance. His bones have warped and twisted, and what muscles he had have atrophied or bulged in seemingly random spots on his body. Monstrous but harmless tentacles wriggle from growths across his flesh. The face is only barely recognizable as the journalist



Graham Craven (Possessed)

whom the investigators met only briefly, but he is identifiable. When he sees the investigators he begs for it to end, asking them to shoot him. "The ghost," he screams, "it chased me here. It wants me here. It won't let me leave. The Screaming Crawler!"

If the investigators put Craven out of his misery (a single bullet to the head will do the trick), give investigators a 1D3 Sanity point reward. Unfortunately this means that the investigator with the lowest POW is the next to undergo this transformation. If investigators leave Craven be, in the next 1D6+6 hours the Screaming Crawler will burst free of his shell.

Craven is completely insane, and they will get nothing meaningful from him. If they do not kill him, he howls and screams until they do. Because of his deteriorated statistics, it is impossible for him to harm anyone, including himself.

Graham Craven, age 22, Vessel for the Screaming Crawler

STR 04 CON 04 SIZ 13 INT 11 POW 13
DEX 02 APP 05 EDU 15 SAN 03 HP 13

Damage Bonus: -1D6

Weapons: none

Skills (in his current condition): Drive Auto 05%, Fast Talk 30%, First Aid 05%, Persuade 30%, Spot Hidden 15%

Languages: English 75%

Sanity Loss: 1/1D8 points to see Craven transformed.

Tunnel: Through a second unlocked iron door (also STR 40) a narrow tunnel descends still further into the earth. Investigators following it are forced to march single file.

Cold mud and dirty water is as deep as a foot in some places. If the investigators follow the tunnel off the map, after 400 feet it eventually reaches a





Graham Craven???

pool of water 15 feet deep. Investigators could use this pool to destroy the Screaming Crawler statue. There are no other exits.

Cave: One half of this natural cave is filled with a pool of cold stagnant water, five feet deep. Investigators could use this pool to destroy the Screaming Crawler statue. The water is bitterly cold.

Well: The bottom of the well in the grounds can be reached from the tunnel. The water level is only ten feet down. It requires a successful **Climb** roll to clamber down to the bottom. Failure results in a fall. If the investigator succeeds in a Jump skill roll they land in the water for no damage, otherwise they hit the wall going down for 1D3 damage.

The water in the well is ten feet deep. Investigator down in the water who suc-



ceed in a Spot Hidden roll after 1D10 minutes of searching find a golden locket bearing the arms of the Jermyn family. It has caught on a protruding rock hanging a foot above the water level. This was the locket once worn by the Ape-Princess. The water here can also be used to destroy the Screaming Crawler statue.

SECOND FLOOR

The second floor has more light than the ground floor as more windows are open to the elements, although it is still dark and claustrophobic. Dampness is more prevalent, but not enough to irreversibly damage most of the finer items remaining in these upstairs rooms. Many of the floors creak and groan.

Entrance Hall: Overlooks the Entrance Hall on the Ground Floor.

Hall: Prominent in this dark, dusty hall are more portraits of the Jermyn family. They promote a 0/1 Sanity loss if none of the other Jermyn portraits have yet been seen, otherwise nothing is lost. The most interesting portraits are of Sir Philip Jermyn (1756-1815), Lady Eleanor Jermyn (1765-1824), Sir Nevil Jermyn (1818-1852), Sir Alfred Jermyn (1850-1888) and Lady Jessica Jermyn (1855-1911). The men are disturbing in that they have prominent jaws, white hairy complexions, short flat noses, large mouths and thick brows. The women who appear normal in comparison have obviously married into the family.

Study: All of the male Jermyns have used this study through the centuries, although now most of the furnishings are rotten from dampness. Of the three bookcases, one has long ago fallen over. Water that seeps across the floor when it rains has long since destroyed the books that have fallen, including a rare Nineteenth Century Spanish translation of *The Masked Messenger*. None of the books bear the title *Regnum Congo*. The other two bookcases contain material on anthropology, natural history, Africa, genealogy, and British history but, apart from

another copy of *Observations on Several Parts of Africa*, few are notable editions.

Prominent in the room is a large globe of the Earth as the world was known in the early 1800s. To a collector it would be worth £30 (\$120). Mounted in a frame is a map from *Regnum Congo*, an original worth several hundred British Pounds to a collector.

A stuffed cobra on a podium mounted in a formidable striking pose seems to watch the investigators while they explore the study. If the investigators return later, they find the cobra curled on the top of the desk chair prompting 0/1 Sanity loss. This is another of Sir Arthur Jermyn's stuffed animals, returned from the Congo. It still has poison in its fangs, but nowhere near as potent as a live specimen. The Screaming Crawler can possess this snake to attack the investigators.

Animated Cobra

STR 04 CON 16 SIZ 02 INT 20* POW 28*
DEX 16

Move: 8

HP: 8

*These are the characteristics of the Screaming Crawler

Damage Bonus: -1D4

Weapons: Bite 40%, damage 1D3+POT 8 poison**

** An investigator who is bitten by the Cobra and fails to resist the poison will lose 1 Hit Point every minute until 8 points are lost. A successful **First Aid** or **Medicine** skill roll will halve this loss.

Armor: none.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D3 points.

On the table are the poetic works of Arthur Jermyn written between 1910 and 1913. Reading them takes one hour. Their content matters regards lost cities in the jungle and ancestry with monsters from Africa. A **Psychology** roll made after reading the poetry confirms that Arthur Jermyn was unstable, depressed and suicidal.

The Jermyn Horror

Also in the study in one of the bottom drawer of the desk are notes made by Sir Philip Jermyn written during his travels in British East Africa in 1842 and 1845. The notes take 1D3 hours to read and account for Sir Philip's time spent with Nandi, Swahili and Akamba people, but investigators will find nothing in the notes related to the Cthulhu Mythos.

Library: Every wall in this room is filled with shelves of books, some dating back to the Fifteenth Century. Most of the book titles suggest that the collection focuses predominantly on history, anthropology, occult, exploration and reference texts for translating Latin and German into English. Water damage is less prominent here, and the dust is thick. Any book that is older than the late 1700s is likely to crumble into dust if removed from a shelf or opened but an intact family bible contains the Jermyn Family tree from 1695 to 1913. The omissions here have been deliberately scratched out.

Investigators who spend an hour searching the shelves discover the rare expanded Latin copy of *Regnum Congo*, or in half that time if they succeed in a **Library Use** roll. In the front cover, there is a loose personal note in English from Baron Hauptman to Sir Wade Jermyn (*The Jermyn Horror Papers #7*). There are no clues anywhere in the mansion indicating how this Baron Hauptmann might be contacted or as to what the Brotherhood he refers to might be.

If investigators read the three missing chapters, see the sidebar text on *Regnum Congo* on what can be learnt from those chapters. These three chapters also contain all the spells found in the book.

One page is bookmarked, opening up to a Plate 10. The text in the tome referring to the plate is written in Latin. Investigators who succeed in a **Latin** skill roll are provided with a translation (*The Jermyn Horror Papers #8*), otherwise they'll have to spend a whole day in the library succeeding in an **English, Library Use** and **EDU x3** roll to prepare a rough translation of this passage. The image of the crocodilian

The Jermyn Horror Papers #7

Dear Sir Wade,

I hope this volume is of interest to you. In return, I would be most interested to learn what you make of the three original, and until now, missing chapters. I especially wait to hear from you after you return from the Kingdom of the Congo. The Gray City is indeed real, as real as Irem or Celeano, although I have not had the chance to visit the Gray City myself.

You ask about the Brotherhood? Perhaps if you discover what you hope to find in Africa, then I might ask you to join our organization. Perhaps then you will be ready to appreciate the truths few can bear to acknowledge, let alone to harness to achieve great power as the Brotherhood does.

Hail Yog-Sothoth,

Baron Hauptmann 1753AD

The Jermyn Horror Papers #8

The pygmy Savages of the Ituri Forest spoke of the Screaming Crawler. They knew it avoided water, and vast amounts could cause it to dissolve over time. When it was sent to slaughter them they would rather swim in the mighty Congo, where crocodiles and hippopotamuses ate them, rather than face this fabulous beast. Their witchdoctors possessed sorcery which offered additional protection, not to defeat the creature, but to remain unnoticed and to delay the effects of other magic. It was a green potion, which when digested, created death, if only for a short time.

REGNUM CONGO

A Report on the Kingdome of Congo, a Region of Africa. And the Countries that border rounde about the fame.

- 1. Wherein is also fhewed, that the two Zones, Torrida & Frigida, are not onely habitable, but inhabited, and very temperate, contrary to the opinions of the old Philofophers.*
- 2. Thate the black colour which is the skinnes of the Ethiopians and Negroes & c. proceedeth not from the Sunne.*
- 3. And that the River Niles fpringeth not from the mountains of the Moone, as hath heretofore believed: Together with the true caufe of rifting and increafing thereof.*
- 4. Befides the defcriptions of diuers Plants, Fifhes and Beaftes, that are found in thofe Countries.*

Drawne out of the writings and difcourfes of Orlando Lopez a Portingall, by Philippo Pigafetta. — Abraham Hartwell, Translation, 1597

The Portuguese trader Duarte Lopez wrote some of the earliest descriptions of Central Africa compiled during his travels to the Congo and Angola in 1587 while sailing on his uncle's trading vessel. He stayed in the Congo for several years before being appointed as an ambas-



creature with wings is reputedly the creature called the Screaming Crawler, although it looks nothing like it.



Map of Regnum Congo

sador of the king of the Kongo Kingdom, Alvaro II, and to Philip II who ruled both Spain and Portugal at the time.

While returning to Portugal, Lopez was shipwrecked off the coast of Venezuela for a year, and when he did return home he found himself largely ignored by the Pope and Philip II. Lopez was however able to relate everything he knew about the Congo to Filippo Pigafetta, who had been tasked with collecting and compiling all known information on the region. The result was the Italian *Relatione del reame di Congo* published in Rome in 1591.

Much of collaboration provides detailed descriptions of the Kingdom of Congo and the conversion of its people to Christianity. Pigafetta talks of pagan idols worshipped by the Congo people, which were subsequently burnt by the Portuguese. The text also describes a variety of flora and fauna evident in the Con-

go, some recognizably African such as impala and zebra, but others that are quiet fantastical such as dragons. Also described are the Anziques, a notorious tribe of savages who practiced cannibalism.

Several translations from the original Italian were made shortly after its publication, notable into Dutch by Martin Everart Bruges (Amsterdam, 1596), English by Abraham Hartwell (London 1597), German by Augustine Cassion (Frankfurt, 1598) and Latin by De Bry (Frankfurt, 1598) titled *Regnum Congo*. A later English translation from the original Italian was compiled by Margarite Hutchinson and published



in London in 1881 entitled *A Report of the Kingdom of Congo*.

The most notable translations were the German and Latin Editions, both published by the Johann Israel De Bry and Theodore De Bry, two brothers who printed their own books in Frankfurt. Their editions, each entitled *Regnum Congo*, included illustrations and maps adapted from Lopez's original drawings and accounts. It became one of the earliest meaningful and more realistic details of the geography of Africa since the Ptolemaic Dynasties of Egypt. The plates, which numbered twelve, depicted the Congo and its inhabitants, real and fanciful. Their drawings of the Anziques were presented with Caucasian rather than African features, and ebony flesh.

None of above editions recounts any lore pertaining to the Cthulhu Mythos, however there are two much rarer versions of this tome that do, in the German and Latin translations. The text in these two versions was an expansion upon Pigafetta's original work composed by an unknown author. These chapters further detailed the cannibalistic Anziques and their dark rituals to their deities such as Clulu and Tsadogwa (Cthulhu and Tsathoggua), and describes them as followers of the Cult of the Spiraling Worm and their immortal leader Skunga Zu.

Expanded Latin Translation

Originally published in 1598 along side the publicly available edition, there is some speculation amongst collectors that the expanded edition was commissioned by Baron Hauptmann of Transylvania, and that only a couple of copies were made, all of which are unaccounted for today. The copy in the Jermyn Manor is one of those missing copies. *Sanity Loss 1D4/1D8;*

Cthulhu Mythos +2 percentiles; skill checks on Occult and Anthropology; average 8 weeks to study and comprehend. Spells: Consume Memories,



Filippo Pigafetta

Create Chakota, Enchant Ring of the Anziques, Food of Life, Liquid Death, Nyhargo Dirge and Summon/Bind Screaming Crawler.

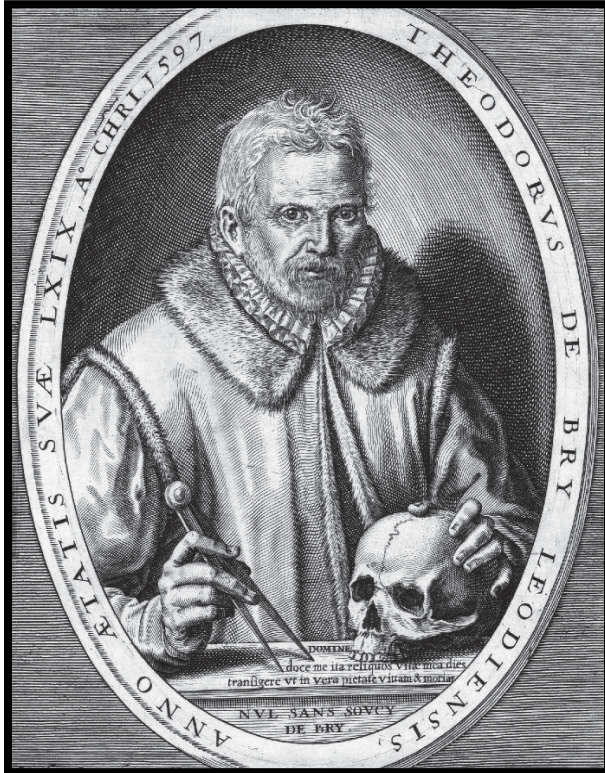
Expanded German Translation

Upon reading the expanded Latin version, it is believed that the De Bry brothers translated the Latin editions into German and incorporated the Baron's requested chapters into a few select copies of their original translation. However not all of the spells were translated properly. This edition is not present in the Jermyn Manor. *Sanity Loss 1D3/1D6; Cthulhu Mythos +1 percentiles; skill checks on Occult and Anthropology; average 4 weeks to study and comprehend. Spells: Food of Life.*

Non-Mythos Editions

Modern publications of *Regnum Congo* are available today found in many libraries across the globe, or from specialist bookstores. The most commonly available copy is Margarite Hutchinson's English translation. None impart any Cthulhu Mythos score, and discuss neither the Great Old Ones nor Outer Gods. *Sanity loss 0/1D2; Occult +2 percentiles, Anthropology +2*





Theodore De Bry c. 1597

percentiles; average 4 weeks to study and comprehend. No spells.

Regnum Congo Spells

Consume Memories

This spell allows the caster to temporarily absorb the memories and skills of whoever's fresh brain the caster consumes. The caster must expend 10 magic points while devouring the still warm brain of a freshly dead corpse. For twenty-four hours after the brain is consumed, the caster may use any and all skills and knowledge the victim possessed. At the end of the twenty-four hours, the caster loses all the skills and knowledge gained. The memories of the victim can be permanently absorbed if the caster uses 10 POW instead of 10 magic points. Regardless of which version is used, the ritual costs the caster 1D10 Sanity points.

Create Chakota

This magical ritual takes a couple of hours to cast, and must involve a willing person who is consumed and transforms into young Cha-

kota. The spell costs 1D8 points of Sanity to all who are involved. Magic Points is variable, but those who know the spell can contribute as many Magic Points as they wish, while others can only contribute 1 Magic Point. The chance of success is a percentage equal to the POW of the willing person and the contributed Magic Points. If the spell fails, the willing person dies. When a Chakota is first created the new-made thing must be feed, but once it consumes a few victims, it soon takes care of itself. Statistics for Chakota are found in *Secrets of Kenya* and *Malleus Monstrorum*.

Enchant Ring of the Anziques

The ring must be cut from the bones of a living victim. The enchanter then carves symbols on the ring while chanting and puts 5 POW points into the ring, losing 1D8 Sanity points. Thereafter anyone wearing the ring resists the amount of damage equal to his or her POW from each non-magical kinetic-energy attack made against them. The wearer can still be damaged by drowning, fire, poison or other methods that do not generate impact trauma. The ring plagues the wearer with cannibalistic urges. Each time the ring is put on, or worn for a full day, the wearer loses 1D3 Sanity points and must roll **POW x1** under D100 or less or succumb to the cannibalistic temptations and lose 1D20 Sanity points.

Liquid Death

This particularly nasty spell costs 5 Magic Points and 6 points of Sanity to cast. It only works upon terrestrial creatures, not monsters from other worlds or dimensions. For example, humans, animals, serpent men, deep ones and sand dwellers are affected, but not hunting horrors, servitors of the Outer Gods, Great Old Ones, or Screaming Crawlers.

The spell takes 3 rounds to cast and is directed at one individual target that must be in visible





Exotic Flora and Fauna of Regnum Congo

range of the caster. The victim then attempts a POW versus the POW of the spell caster to resist. If failed the victim has 1D4 rounds to cease movement, otherwise the integrity of their flesh and bones collapses and they melt into a puddle of congealed liquid flesh dying instantly. If a victim does not move, thus remaining motionless they can remain in a solid state, but too much movement will cause them to liquefy as before. Victims must roll a Sanity roll each 10 minutes while in this state and if they succeed they lose 1D3 points, but if they fail the horror becomes too much and they give into the Liquid Death and they die. Permanently insane characters must attempt a **POW x5** roll under D100 every fifteen minutes or they too dissolve. It is possible to speak while under the effects of the spell, so long as words are spoken slowly, softly and carefully.

The spell can be reversed costing the same amount of Magic and Sanity points as the forward version of the spell. The other way to combat the effects is to cool the victim to below the freezing point of water, after which time they can operate normally, but if ever the temperature

rises they melt away. Only investigators who make a successful **Cthulhu Mythos** skill roll will know this last point.

Nyhargo Dirge

Modified version of the Resurrection spell used to destroy corporeal undead (skeletons, zombies, vampires, servants of Glaaki). The caster spends 12 magic points and 1D6 Sanity and sings an eerie, droning chant. If the undead fails a **POW vs. POW** resistance roll, they immediately turn to dust. This spell is effective against the preserved African animals found throughout the Jermyn Manor and well as the animated human and horse zombies. Assume the POW of the Screaming Crawler is halved for the purpose of this spell's use (POW 14).

Bathroom: An iron claw-footed bath is the prominent feature in this room. Desiccated rats, which the Screaming Crawler sometimes possesses to spy on inhabitants of the Manor, fill the dry crusty bath. There is a wash basin and a cracked mirror, and tiles have fallen from the walls and plaster from the ceiling. There is no running water.

Guest Room: Unlike many of the rooms in the house, this guest bedroom has remained sealed from the outside elements and is relatively tidy. It could be a good place for the investigators



to bunk up if they must spend a night or more in the Jermyn Manor. The bed however is old and rotten, and will collapse when more than 12 points of SIZ is placed upon it. There is no damage to investigators who sit on the bed, but it may give them a fright. No white hairs can be found in this room either.

Bathroom: This secondary room once contained a fine, wrought iron bath and basin, but now they are long rusted. An urn for washing hands contains brown, dirty water.

Philip's Bedroom: Once shared by Sir Philip Jermyn and Lady Eleanor. The double bed is in surprisingly good condition. Very little dampness or water has found its way in through the cracks. Ornaments fashioned from china and whalebone convey a dignified air. Furniture is elegant and pristine. Investigators who succeed in a **Psychology** skill roll sense that the inhabitant was very sane in comparison to most Jermyns.

If investigators remove the bedcovers, they will discover a mattress that has been torn and shredded amongst a large dried splatter of brown stains. A **Biology** or **Medicine** skill roll identifies this as dried blood, enough blood to confirm that who was ever the victim of the attack would have to have died from blood loss, if not from the wounds themselves.

On the sideboard by a cracked mirror rests a handwritten journal written by Lady Eleanor. It takes an English skill roll and 1D3 hours to read through completely. A summary of key dates is included in in a handout (The Jermyn Horror Papers #9). After reading the Journal, investigators who succeed in an **Idea** roll realize that there are no letters from Philip to Eleanor found anywhere in the Manor.

Robert's Bedroom: The window into this room has long been broken and the elements have destroyed most of the furnishings and bric-a-brac. Rusted hunting rifles hang on the walls. An African Mask from the Masai people of Kenya crumbles if it is touched. Maps and journals of Sir Robert's travels to Africa are illegible

as the ink has run. However a diligent search for one hour combined with a successful **Spot Hidden** turns up a small travel chest (STR 6). If opened it contains a telescope, rotten cigars, travel clothes (boots, pith helmets, etc), ammunition bandoliers, an empty .45 revolver, water canteen and a roll-up note, a fragment torn from a journal now long missing (*The Jermyn Horror Papers #10*).

Keepers Note: This note was important to Robert, who thought he knew how to defeat the ghost haunting the Jermyn Manor. Unfortunately insanity gripped him first, and he killed his friend and three children before he could do anything to fight the Screaming Crawler.

Nevil's Room: Another room exposed to the elements with a decayed bed, cupboard, chest of drawers and side table. Investigators who spend time exploring the room and succeed in a **Spot Hidden** and a **Medicine** roll find bone fragments of a human. This is where Robert turned on Nevil murdering him with an axe.

Art Studio: This well lived-in room contains paints, brushes, easels, podiums, canvases and completed works of art, for Arthur considered himself a painter, but he was not a very good one. An **Art** skill roll determines that his landscapes, mostly of dark brooding jungles, are nothing special. His portraits of house servants who agreed to pose for him are worse. Of most interest, all the portraits have their faces roughly painted over, as if the painter himself could not bear to look upon them.

Keeper's Note: Arthur Jermyn hated his ugliness, so he tried to capture beauty in his paintings. However, he always managed to see himself in his paintings, so upon completion he'd paint out the faces immediately in a fit of rage. The servants loathed modeling for him.

Storage: Home to hundreds of crates, boxes, and old furniture that is no longer required by the Jermyn family. Opening any



The Jermyn Horror Papers #9**Lady Eleanor's Journal**

July 12, 1780: Today is the first day of my marriage to Philip. No longer am I the mere daughter of a groundskeeper, but a Lady in the House of Jermyn. My father is so proud. I only wish my mother was still alive for this joyous day. I wait in anticipation for my husband to share my bed.

August 16, 1781: Philip went into a rage today. It was frightful, as if he had transformed into a beast. He howled like an animal as he beat me. Now he is gone and I am fearful of his mood when he returns. I wonder what I might have done to upset him.

August 19, 1781: My husband has left me, gone to join the British Navy as a sailor. He says he does not know when or if ever that he will return. I feel shamed, but I am not sure I wish for him to return.

January 12, 1782: Today was the birth of our first son Robert. He is a handsome baby, and I am not proud when I say he has more of his mother's features than his father. I know he will grow up strong and witty, and do well as head of the Jermyn Manor. I am no longer alone in this frightening manor.

March 9, 1784: My father says the Jermyn manor is haunted. I tell him I have seen nothing, but he is convinced that a ghost has made itself a home within my home.

May 1, 1788: Robert says he saw something out on the moors, a ghost. It terrified him, whatever it was.

June 7, 1788: My father purchased some vials of green potion today, from a Dutch trader recently returned from the Congo. He says these potions will protect from the ghost, hide us from its sight, but warned they are not to be taken lightly. I am afraid for him, because he has turned this ghost into an obsession.

June 19, 1788: We buried my father today. He was not buried in the Jermyn crypt because, as the vicar told me, he was not of the family. I still remember that look on his face when I found his body, and it will haunt me for all my days, because I swear he died of fright. God rest his soul.

June 20, 1788: We sorted through my father's possessions today. Only now do I recall that the potions of which he spoke are missing.

January 12, 1803: My son is a man today. How proud I am to see him grow through his years. I told him about the nightmares he had as a child, but he recalls nothing of monsters and ghosts that made him such a timid little boy in his early years.

February 2, 1805: Philip returned today after all these years. If it were not for his portrait that hangs on the wall, I would not have recognized him. He says he is leaving again tomorrow. He has left the navy to sign on as a common sailor on a merchant ship. He took most of the family money with him. Robert had an argument with his father, a parent he doesn't even know. I think my son paid my husband money so he would never return. The shame.

April 28, 1815: My son marries today, Lady Judith, the daughter of the seventh Viscount Brightholme. I have never seen him as happy as I saw him this day. Now at last I can share the house with another of the fairer sex, and there will be babies once more to take care of.

June 2, 1815: The ghost it seems has returned. Objects move around the house for no reason, and at night I can hear something walking around the ground floor, which in my dreams I interpret as an animal. I dare not rise in the night to investigate, and no one else has heard anything.

July 15, 1815: Received word today that Philip jumped ship off the coast of Africa. The dispatch from his merchant ship says little, except that he became mad and ran off into the jungles into the unknown lands of the darkest Congo. I fear for him, and yet sense he may have discovered a place where he at last belongs.

December 12, 1816: Judith gave birth to her first child today, a daughter. I must admit I was terrified when I saw the child, more ape than human. I am fearful now that Robert has inherited his father's anger and madness. He vowed before the entire household that the child, Elizabeth shall never be seen in public.

January 3, 1817: Robert has prepared a special room where he will lock away Elizabeth. I can see that

his mind is unraveling. Judith won't go near the child. It is as if she has lost her memory, denying that she ever gave birth.

August 5, 1818: Judith's second child Nevil was born in the early hours of the morning. He still holds the Jermyn trait of ugliness, but not as horrific as poor Elizabeth, who spends most of her days alone playing upstairs in her accursed room. I have not laid eyes upon her since those fateful days early last year. Robert and Judith will not let me near her. At night I hear her scream, wondering if she too sees the ghost that haunts this mansion. Or is it the curse of the Jermyn's who cannot love their own children, even if they are deformed.

October 13, 1820: The third child of my son, Alice was born today. She has been accursed with the hideous features of a Jermyn. She too is to be locked away with Elizabeth. Now there will be two children crying at night. Am I the only one who hears their screams? Everyone else, including the servants, pretend that they do not.

October 17, 1820: I tried to talk to my son today, make him see reason, but he hardly seems to know me any more. He tells me to mind my own business, reminding me that I am no longer the Lady of the House. I see my husband in his empty eyes.

May 20, 1821: Robert is developing an interest in accursed Africa. He wishes to journey there, but will not give us a reason why. I know now what is meant when local gossip and rumor says quite clearly that madness is in all the Jermyns. Some object that was brought back from that god-forgotten land started the curse in this family, something Sir Wade's wife brought with her from the jungles of the Congo. And now all Robert wants to do is bring more madness to our home.

September 12, 1823: I came across a curious item today in one of the chests in the attic. It was a wooden statue of a hideous creature, an idol of the African heathens no doubt. I showed it to Robert but he screamed and beat me, like his father had once done. He threw the idol away, almost breaking it.

September 13, 1823: Something was moving through the house last night, breaking and smashing things. I was too afraid to leave my bed. In the morning, it was obvious that thieves had broken in vandalizing our home. Surprisingly nothing was stolen, except the idol.

September 16, 1823: Several gypsies were flogged today. The constabulary claims they were the ones who robbed our house. What am I to do? I know what is expected of me, nothing, because I am only a woman who no longer has any influence in how this dreadful house is run.

May 27, 1824: The screaming was awful tonight. Something about the poor girls' voices told me this was more than just demands to be set free. I ran to their room to find their door was open. I have never been in that room. Since their birth I have never seen Elizabeth and Alice until this night. They are repulsive, like apes entirely covered in white fur. But it was not the sight of these children that scared me. I saw the ghost, possessing the corpse of a desiccated rat, terrifying the children. It fled quickly into the night, and now it knows I am aware of its existence.

May 28, 1824: I found the wooden idol, in the attic where Robert hid it. I took it to my room, secured it under my very bed. I feigned sickness today. What am I saying? There is a sickness in my mind already. No one believes me anymore. No one will believe that I have to guard the idol, or my life will come to an end.

May 29, 1824: Today I could see clearly what I must do. I took that idol, hid it where it would not be found. It was a ghastly task, but it cannot be touched there. Even in death it will not harm a Jermyn. Perhaps now this nightmare will no longer haunt this family.

May 30, 1824: How can I have been so stupid? I am not a Jermyn, not in the way that is important, not by blood. My life is surely near its end as the creature knows now that I have discovered its secret. Although it cannot destroy the idol because of where I hid it, it can kill me because I am not one of them. It will come for me, in the night, when I am all alone.

The Jermyn Horror Papers #10

The Akamba people spoke to me once of a monster called the Screaming Crawler. It was a servant of a secretive African cult who worshipped the Spiraling Worm, also known as Ahtu. The creature had long spindly limbs, a single eye and an elongated snout ending in a row of needle-like teeth. When the creature was sent against the Akamba, they tried to lure it into the water where its powers were diminished. Not entirely, but enough to improve their odds. I wonder then, if this legend holds any relevance to the Manor's ghost, the one that my mother insists she has seen many a time.

box there is a 20% chance of it containing artifacts from Africa, such as musical instruments, weapons, shields, masks, statues and tools. Most of the artifacts are made from wood. Together this collection would be worth £250 to a museum or collector. In another trunk is a sizable collection of ivory worth £1,000. Anyone walking in the room will cause the chandelier in the Lounge Room below to fall causing 2D6 hit points damage to anyone downstairs who fails a **Dodge** roll.

Leaning against one wall behind a whole lot of boxes is a portrait of Arthur Jermyn himself, with a birth date of 1875. His ape-like features are much more pronounced than any other male Jermyn portrait prompting a Sanity loss of 0/1D3 points. Arthur wished to destroy the portrait, but could not bring himself to do so as it was tradition that each Jermyn sat for a portrait. Instead he buried it with the other family heirlooms forgotten in this room.

THIRD FLOOR

The Third Floor has suffered the most from the elements. Water stains are prominent everywhere, floors are

buckled and warped, plaster has fallen and carpets and wallpaper are rotten and peeling. The smell of dampness hides other unidentifiable scents of corruption.

Hall: When it rains water runs straight from the ceiling wetting any investigator. Some of the roof has given way, allowing light to shine into the interior. Rubble from the roof requires a **DEX x5** roll to successfully navigate if investigators are in a hurry, such as fleeing an animated corpse; otherwise they sprain a limb or cut themselves for 1D3 points of damage.

Arthur's Bedroom: This room still in reasonable repair belonged to Arthur Jermyn. It is probably the most-tidy room in the house although dust has settled everywhere. On the wall is a framed honors degree in ethnology from Oxford University in 1896 and three photographs. In the bottom drawer of his side table there is a functional .45 revolver and a box of 20 bullets, plus 22 shells for the elephant guns in the Trophy Room. There is also a set of keys which opens all the rooms in the house except the Feeding Room. It also unlocks the Jermyn Family Crypt. The bed is covered in long strands of white hair, as is the hair brush on his side table. There are no mirrors.

The mounted photographs are grainy black and white pictures taken in the Congo. The first is of Arthur Jermyn, his face hidden behind the shadow cast by his pith helmet, carrying an elephant gun standing over the corpse of a dead gorilla. Standing next to him is a European man who is identified in the plaque as Maurice Verhaeren and a black witchdoctor identified as Mwanu. The second photo is of Arthur again with a face concealed by shadow standing on the deck of a paddle steamer on the Congo. In the background there is a medium-sized colonial town. A **History** roll or personal experience identifies this town as Leopoldville. The third picture depicts two near-naked Congolese, a man and a woman both looking scrawny and starved. The most disturbing aspect of the photograph is that both their hands have been amputated. In-

The Jermyn Horror



investigators have no way to know for sure, but this was the act of the Belgian colonials rather than the forces of supernatural horrors or their cultist servitors.

Wade's Bedroom: This opulent and ornate room is the richest in the house. The four-poster bed is elegantly carved from mahogany and the cupboards, dressers and side tables are lavishly decorated with swirls and motifs. However, when it rains, water runs from the ceiling in streams and water damage means most wooden and cloth items are rotten.

African artifacts decorate the room. A successful **History** or **Anthropology** skill roll denotes that most are from the Congo region. An ebony wooden carving above the fireplace is of a monster shaped like a cancerous flower with spiky petals protruding from its thick central trunk. A **History** or **Anthropology** skill roll identifies it as being from West Africa. A successful **Cthulhu Mythos** skill roll identifies it as Chorazungu, a Great Old One connected to zombies and the living dead.

Anyone holding the carving is shocked by an electrical discharge surging through their body and must make a **POW vs. POW** 12 roll on the resistance table. If successful, the person gains 1D6 Magic Points in addition to their current maximum. A failure results in a drain of 1D6 Magic Points to the statue. Either way, each time the statue is held 1 Sanity point is automatically lost. It can be handled without effect by wearing thick gloves or using implements such as a shovel, backpack or bucket to carry it. Currently the Chorazungu statue is in possession of 44 magic points. If the statue completely drains an individual's magic points the victim falls dead to the ground. That night they rise again as a zombie dribbling white sticky liquid from their eyes, mouths, nose, ears and skin pores (See page 211 in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook for rules on the living dead).

Some investigators may mistake this statue for the one that possesses the Screaming Crawler, but they will be wrong. The statue also

provides a +25% chance of Call/Dismiss spells associated with Chorazungu. The Screaming Crawler is aware of this statue, and once free of its wooden idol prison, it may seek out the statue for its source of additional magical energy.

Feeding Room: The door into the Feeding Room is locked. It has a STR of 40 and a rusty lock that puts **Locksmith** skills at -30 percentiles. However, a search outside of the room combined with a successful **Spot Hidden** or **Conceal** skill roll reveals a loose stone in the west wall. Removing the stone reveals a set of iron keys that opens every door in the house and all the outbuildings including the Crypt. It is the only set of keys in the house that includes a key to the Feeding Room.

This room smells vaguely like the primate house at a zoo. It is covered in crumpled straw, hiding dried dung. Several wooden cages for transporting animals lie smashed and discarded, as do leather collars with rope. Bones of many animals litter the floor and; with a **Biology** or **Natural History** skill roll, are identified as belonging to cats, dogs, goats, sheep, rats and birds. Stone steps lead up to the East Tower.

Keepers Note: The Ape-Princess was a ravenous eater, preferring her flesh alive and warm. Sir Wade used to bring the "food" here in the morning, call to his wife and then lock the door. He loved her dearly, but could not face what he considered to be disgusting feeding habits.

Guest Room: This second guest bedroom has not fared so well. The window to this room has been smashed open (from the inside) and the weather has destroyed all the furniture and linen in the room. The smell is enough to induce retching. Long before the smell became bad, Samuel Seaton used to stay here when he visited. There are no white hairs here.



Jessica's Bedroom: When her husband ran off to the circus, Jessica moved into this smaller, cramped room. There is a bed, clothes cupboard, dresser and a mirror. While everything in here is neat and tidy, the furniture is rotting and unstable, and there is nothing of interest to be found. Nothing associated with Africa can be found here either, nor are there white hairs.

Bathroom: Once the most prestigious bathroom in the house, it has long since fallen into disrepair. Nothing works in this room, most of the tiles have fallen off the wall and the bath and sink have been violently overturned. Hairbrushes contain portions of white hair, as does the bath and the basin.

Storage: Covered in dirty white sheets, most of the furniture is old and rotting. Water pools on the floor and, when it rains outside, water gushes in to this room. It is cluttered in here, so that investigators can only move about very slowly. They must make a **DEX x5** roll under D100 to avoid tripping over for 1D2 points of damage if they start moving around quickly, such as fleeing the Screaming Crawler.

Prison: Unlike other rooms in the house a slot on the door into this room allows meals to be passed inside. Padlocked on the outside (STR 40) it can either be broken down by up to two investigators forcing entry, or opened with the keys found in the Alfred's or Wade's Bedroom. Investigators who gain entry find two iron beds with stained and rotting mattresses and pillows. Each bed is fixed with two sets of manacles (STR 40) connected by a chain to both the top and bottom bedposts. A successful **Idea** roll determines that the manacles would only fit someone with extremely large wrists and ankles. The windows have also been barred (STR 40).

Thick white hair is prevalent in this room. Investigators who disturb items while searching may cause hair fragments to fill the air. If so investigators who fail

a **CON x5** roll start sneezing. On the floor are dried remains of blood stains, identified with a **Medicine** skill roll. In the two cupboards are the fragments of rotten dresses. A **History** skill success identifies them as from the early 1800s.

Keepers Note: This was once the room of Elizabeth and Alice Jermyn, who were considered by the rest of the family to be just too hideous to be seen in public. Sometimes these young women would escape their imprisonment and at other times they threw aggressive and dangerous tantrums. When they misbehaved they were chained to their beds, sometimes for days on end. Future Jermyns rarely visited this room after the death of the two girls, and spent no time cleaning and refurbishing the interior. Sir Robert killed both children in this room with an axe.

Alfred's Bedroom: This was once the bedroom of the Sir Alfred Jermyn, who deserted his family to join the circus in 1886. A four-post bed with mosquito nets fills the center of the room. The sheets are old and rotten and covered in white hair. Arthur never liked this room, and neither did his mother and so - like many rooms in the Manor - it has remained unattended for over forty years.

On the walls hang three African masks representing octopus - and fish - shaped entities. They are rather disgusting costing 0/1 Sanity points if they are studied too closely. A successful **Anthropology** skill roll places them from the Congo region of Africa while a **Cthulhu Mythos** roll identifies them as representations of Cthulhu, Father Dagon and Mother Hydra respectively. If investigators have played *The Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep* and discovered the Mask of Hayama, they will notice a striking similarity in style. These masks however have no magical properties.

In the drawers next to the bed is a set of keys that will open all the doors in the house, including the Prison Bedroom and the family Crypt but not the Feeding Room. No key is marked as to its purpose, so trial and error will be required.



Attic: This dark and musty room contains all kinds of crates, chests, boxes and bric-a-brac, stored haphazardously. Because of the cramped conditions in here, DEX attribute rolls and agility based skills are halved. It takes 1D3+3 hours to search this room thoroughly. Most of the belongings are old sheets, towels, lamps, old furnishings, cutlery, china, and other normal household belongings fallen out of favor and use. However, if a **Spot Hidden** is successfully made during the search eight vials of green liquid, sealed with wax so they have not spoiled, are found wrapped in cloth in the bottom of one crate. There are no notes or instructions on their purpose or how they might be used. See the sidebar for the full effects of this potion.

Junk Room: The windows and part of the wall have collapsed in this circular stone room. The crates and boxes stacked randomly throughout the room contain sheets, old clothes, towels, broken furniture, cutlery and china, all very similar to the items in the Attic. Only here the weather has destroyed most of the items. It takes 1D3+3 hours to search this room thoroughly which produces nothing of value. The stairs leading to the top of the tower are old and unstable, as a successful **Mechanical Repair** will determine. They can support a combined weight of SIZ 24, otherwise it collapses causing those upon it to take 1D6 damage, none if they succeed in a **Dodge** or **Jump** skill roll. Once the stairs are gone, it will be impossible to reach the Western Tower without a successful **Climb** roll.

TOWERS

The West Tower has suffered most under the weather, while the east preserves the legacy of the Jermyn's mutations.

West Tower: The west tower is ruined. The roof has collapsed and portions of the wall have fallen. Cold winds blow harshly through the gaps. Anything of value here has long been destroyed by the elements. Any investigators who trip and fall from the tower take 6D6 damage, which is reduced by 1D6 points if they succeed in a **Jump**

roll. Investigators who gaze into the window of the East Tower who succeed in a **Spot Hidden** identify what appears for a second to be a figure moving in the room. However a critical **Spot Hidden** identifies this is nothing more than a veil fluttering over a four-poster bed.

East Tower: In the center of the circular turret room is a four-poster bed surrounded by a fading semi-transparent veil. Investigators who make a **Spot Hidden** believe they see a shape of a large, brutish female watching them behind the veil. Closer inspection reveals the truth, indents in the bed cast a shadow where a large brutish ape once lay, prompting a Sanity loss of 0/1 points.

The mattress and bedcovers are quite rotten and are covered in long white strands of fur, thicker than the white hair found elsewhere in the Manor including in the Prison. Under the bed there is a sizable collection of bones belonging to various animals. The bones seem to have been chewed upon, snapped open, and their marrow sucked out. Decaying clothes in the cupboard are determined with a History roll to date back to the late 1700s. They are designed for a woman with long arms, a large chest and short legs.

Keepers Note: This room was occupied by Sir Wade Jermyn's Ape-Prince bride. She was kept in seclusion from the rest of the family and no one apart from Sir Wade really ever saw her. Very few of the Jermyns have ever ventured up here since.

CONCLUSION

Recovering Baron Hauptmann's commissioned copy of *Regnum Congo* should be a straight forward assignment for the investigators. Escaping and defeating the Screaming Crawler in comparison will be a challenge, even for experienced players.

The Screaming Crawler is patient. It has waited centuries for freedom. It can



The Pygmy Potion

She was swimming through decaying palms and rotting lianas, all swaying like seaweed trapped in an ocean swell. Around her everything was dead. Gray flesh fell loose from M'boka's pale naked body, floating away for carrion eaters to find. She too was dead, in this cemetery where bodies weren't buried or cremated, just left behind for the worms and maggots... and other things to eat.

—“Screaming Crawler”, David Conyers

The vials containing the green liquid were created by pygmy shaman of the Ituri rainforest of the Congo basin. If the full contents of a vial are drunk, the investigator falls unconscious and remains in a corpse-like state for 12 hours. While unconscious the investigator dreams that they are still in the same place their body lies, only now everything floats as if underwater. Blood drops run with invisible currents, human flesh - including the flesh of the investigators - is grey and corrupted with decay, maggots and rot. Everything is impossibly slow, and investigators feel powerless to do anything. The vividness of the dreams is enough to provoke a Sanity loss of 1/1D8 points, and appears to last minutes at most. Upon waking, the investigator is cold and drained of all color. These symptoms however disappear within a few hours.

The advantage of this potion is that while under its effects, most monsters of the Cthulhu Mythos will ignore the unconscious person, perceiving that their body is dead and thus believe that it offers no nourishment, whatever tastes such creatures normally seek. Investigators can use this potion if the Screaming Crawler breaks free of its prison as protection against its attacks, but it will not stop the creature from escaping the Manor. It also halts the effects of the transformation into a Screaming Crawler for twelve hours, buying inflicted investigators time while their friends search the Manor for clues.

The spell to create the potion is known by some medicine men and sorcerers of Africa. Five rare ingredients found only in Africa are required for its brewing. The potion must be stirred and heated for 6 hours, after which time the caster must expend 1 Magic Point for each dose created. It costs no Sanity Points to cast this spell.

still wait weeks or months more if it needs to. For the most part it will allow investigators to do what they choose as they explore the Manor, trapped there by the Barrier of

Pain spell, as one by one they succumb to its transformation process. If investigators start to fight back, the Screaming Crawler retaliates using the various animals and corpses it can possess to attack them. If investigators start to work out means of defeating the creature, it will attempt to trap them in a single room using several zombies so they can no longer act against it. It is a cunning and intelligent foe.

The most successful means of defeating the monster is to destroy the wooden statue that binds it by submerging it in the pools of water in the dungeons. Failing that, if the Crawler escapes the investigators might be saved from a violent death by using the Pygmy Potion. Other solutions might present themselves to inventive players. Keepers will have to judge the merit of each scheme.

Investigators who defeat the Screaming Crawler and escape with their lives are rewarded with 4D6 Sanity points. If the Screaming Crawler escapes and kills locals, penalize investigators 1D3 Sanity points for each killing that they hear about, and there will be many.

Delivering *Regnum Congo* to Lady Clare Heatherington sees financial reward and her gratitude. She opens doors for them in the British aristocracy resulting in an increase of 1D10 points of Credit Rating for each surviving investigator.

STATISTICS

Lady Clare Heatherington, age 29, Eccentric Scottish Noble

STR10 CON 14 SIZ 09 INT 17 POW 14
DEX13 APP 16 EDU 20 SAN 66 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: Fist 50%, damage 1D3

.38 Revolver 55%, damage 1D10

.30-06 Rifle 55%, damage 2D6 + 4

12-gauge shotgun 40%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

Skills: Anthropology 25%, Archaeology 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Drive Auto 50%, First Aid 45%, History 75%, Library Use 75%, Occult 40%, Navigate 40%, Persuade 90%, Ride Horse 55%, Spot Hidden 45%

Languages: Arabic 20%, Bakongo 10%, English 95%, French 75%, German 60%, Greek 45%, Latin 45%, Swahili 25%

Graham Craven, age 22, Eager Scoop Reporter

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 11 POW 13
DEX 11 APP 14 EDU 15 SAN 65 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 50%, damage 1D3

Skills: Art (Hack Writing) 45%, Drive Auto 55%, Fast Talk 30%, First Aid 35%, Library Use 35%, Persuade 30%, Spot Hidden 55%

Languages: English 75%

Cedric Soames, age 72, Former Jermyn Butler

STR 05 CON 06 SIZ 10 INT 11 POW 15
DEX 05 APP 09 EDU 10 SAN 34 HP 08

Damage Bonus: -1D4

Weapons: none

Skills: Craft (Butler Duties) 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 03%, Drink Ale 70%, History 30%

Languages: English 50%

The Reverend Brian Whittle, age 48, Country Vicar

STR 09 CON 08 SIZ 15 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 09 APP 09 EDU 13 SAN 65 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Fist 50%, damage 1D3

Skills: First Aid 45%, Library Use 45%, Persuade 25%, Theology 40%

Languages: English 65%, Latin 10%

Screaming Crawler, The Jermyn Horror

STR 40 CON 30 SIZ 28 INT 20 POW 28

The Jermyn Horror

DEX 32

Move: 11

HP: 29

Damage Bonus: +3D6

Weapons: Scream 100%, all victim's Listen and communication based skills are unavailable for the duration of the scream.

Bite 70%, damage 2D8+db plus permanent loss of 1D3 points of CON and APP as skin blackens and blisters

Claws 70%, damage 1D10+db plus permanent loss of 1D3 points of CON and APP as skin blackens and blisters

Armor: 2 points of oily skin, plus it takes minimum damage from impaling weapons. A Screaming Crawler also regenerates 2 hit points per round until dead. On earth Screaming Crawlers lose a permanent point of CON from exposure to vast quantities of water, such as a single point from a downpour that lasts hours, or the same from swimming across a wide river.

Spells: Call/Dismiss Spiraling Worm (Ahtu), Barrier of Pain, Liquid Death, Possess Corpse

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D20 Sanity points to see a Screaming Crawler and 0/1D3 Sanity points to hear it scream.

CLEAR CREDIT

"The Jermyn Horror" incorporates elements of "Screaming Crawler" by David Conyers © 2003 which first appeared in Dreaming in R'lyeh Issue 1 and was later reprinted in In Lovecraft's Shadow, Issue 1, 2007 edited by Ron Shiflet. The scenario also incorporates elements of the story "Sweet as Decay" © 2008 by David Conyers and David Witteveen, appearing in the anthology Macabre: A Journey Through Australia's Darkest Fears edited by Angela Challis and Marty Young (Brimstone Press, 2009) and "The Spiraling Worm" © by David Conyers and John Sunseri appearing in The Spiraling Worm (Chaosium Inc., 2007).



Nameless City, Nameless Terrors

When an ancient and forgotten city buried in the sands of Arabia is rediscovered, its unearthed secrets might spell the end of human civilization.

BY BRIAN M. SAMMONS

Remote in the desert of Araby lies the nameless city, crumbling and inarticulate, its low walls nearly hidden by the sands of uncounted ages. It must have been thus before the first stones of Memphis were laid, and while the bricks of Babylon were yet unbaked. There is no legend so old as to give it a name, or to recall that it was ever alive; but it is told of in whispers around campfires and muttered about by grandams in the tents of sheiks so that all the tribes shun it without wholly knowing why. It was of this place that Abdul Alhazred the mad poet dreamed on the night before he sang his unexplained couplet: "That is not dead which can eternal lie, and with strange aeons even death may die."

— H.P. Lovecraft, "The Nameless City"

The final scenario in this collection takes the investigators to Cairo, Yemen and then into the desolate heart of the Empty Quarter in search of the fabled Irem, the City of Pillars, where many secrets of Cthulhu's return await discovery.

While some Mythos authors claim that Irem of the Pillars and The Nameless City are two different places, others say that they are one and the same. The author of this chapter has chosen to make them one location. While this might be confusing to some, such is the nature of the Mythos. After all, even

Lovecraft wasn't above contradicting himself for the sake of the story from time to time.

Based on the events of H.P. Lovecraft's

"The Nameless City" this is a scenario for experienced investigators with a reasonable knowledge of the Cthulhu Mythos. It ideally suits 3-6 players and takes approximately 2-3 sessions to run.

As an option, the villain of this scenario, Malcolm Garwell, could be a member of the Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight from the *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* campaign. As such, this scenario could act as a prelude or an addendum to that classic campaign with very little work if the Keeper so wishes.

KEEPER'S INTRODUCTION

The Cult of Cthulhu is globe-spanning, ancient and ruthless, but not all-knowing. While the focus of their existence is to usher in the return of their lord to our world and bask in his glory, they actually know very little of the specifics of that grand event. Most cultists are fine with this, they see it as a question of faith. The truly faithful are certain that the great day will eventually come and Great Cthulhu will rise from the ocean. But just like all religions, there are always those that want to know more.

Malcolm Garwell comes from a long line of Cthulhu worshipers and he is very long lived himself. For as long as he can remember the unanswered questions of when the Stars will become Right and where R'lyeh will rise have maddened him. Over the years Malcolm has met others who wanted to know more and they have formed their own cabal within the Cthulhu cult to uncover these secrets. They believe that if they know when the great event

The Jermyn Horror



will happen they can amass their power exactly when they will need it the most. Knowing decades, perhaps centuries, in advance when Cthulhu will make his call would not only give the cult a tactical advantage in many ways, but will bolster the faith of the entire cult. As you can guess, the stronger the faith of a crazed cultist, the more dangerous they are.

Furthermore, since many in the cult believe that Cthulhu must be ushered back into our world with human aid (one of the chief reasons for the cult's existence) knowing where they need to be in advance would only make them more effective.

Conversely, should this information fall into the hands of those who would dare oppose the great day, things could prove problematic. While humanity is nothing when compared to Great Cthulhu, a fleet of battleships patrolling the waters where R'lyeh will rise on that faithful day could stop the cult from fulfilling their duty. Then there are the nonhuman foes of Cthulhu and his kind. For example, the mi-go seem to like the Earth the way it is and they just might decide to take action to keep it that way. After all, the many different lifeforms of the Mythos hardly get along.

Malcolm's research into the mysteries of Cthulhu and R'lyeh bore fruit. What he discovered was mention of a great temple of Cthulhu in the ancient and lost city of Irem. That temple was overseen by a powerful sorcerer king named Aga'ram whose aptitude at seeing the future was greater than any who had ever lived, or ever shall live. The seer used his gift to obtain unimaginable power, and some say this was why he chose to follow Cthulhu. He knew of the inevitability of Cthulhu's return, right down to the day it would happen and where it would take place. It is said that Aga'ram painted this knowledge on the walls of his temple.

If that was true (and it is) then that would answer all of Malcolm Garwell's questions. Unfortunately, well versed as he is in the worship of Cthulhu, Irem was largely a mystery to Garwell. So he went to an expert.

Nameless City, Nameless Terrors

INVESTIGATORS' INTRODUCTION

The investigators will be approached by George Landseer, the third Lord Stourton, one of Britain's idle rich with a fancy title, way too much money, and a real passion for archeology. George's aristocratic parents indulged their son's passions and simply thought he would tire of digging in the dirt. He never did. George is now 66 and one of the most learned archeologists on either side of the Atlantic.

The reason Lord Stourton approaches the players' characters can be any of the following:



Lord Stourton

- 1) He has connections to a university or museum that an investigator with a strong background in archeology, history, anthropology, or other scholarly bent also has ties to.
- 2) The investigators have made a name for themselves as experts or troubleshooters of strange and occult matters in rich social circles, or their names have appeared in the newspapers in connection with such things.
- 3) The investigators played through any of the previous scenarios in this book and characters from those adventures could point George in their direction. One example of such a character would be Lady Clare Heatherington who appears in both "Return of the Hound" and "The Jermyn Horror." Further suggestions for tying this scenario into the others in this book and other works appear in the Appendix.

- 4) The Investigators' names have appeared in the local newspapers in connection



Lord Stourton's Tale

"Over the past 25 years I have become one of the foremost authorities on an ancient, legendary, and lost city called Irem. That is despite the fact that I have never seen the city and, quiet honestly, until 1889 never believed in its existence. I thought it was nothing more than a ghost story about a haunted city told by the Bedouins to frighten their children. Yet, as easily as I dismissed the Nameless City as poppycock, a good friend of mine, a man well-versed in both history and archaeology, embraced it. His name is Professor Ahmed ibn Mikhay'el, an Egyptian scholar and dear friend. He traveled with me on many of my expeditions, but when it came time for him to chase his dream, to find Irem of the Pillars, I refused to go. A fool's errand I said. I was far too busy, or so I told him. Well, Ahmed organized his own expedition and went anyway.

"Ten months later he wandered into a small Yemeni village that bordered the vast Rub al-Khali desert called Al-Afan. Luckily he had friends there who contacted me and tended to him until I arrived. Once there, I was shocked at how my friend had changed. He had lost a lot of weight and his left eye as well. The infected wound looked as if his eyeball had been clawed out by an animal. He had a nervous tick, his hands shook as if with the palsy, and most amazingly, his black hair was streaked with white. Poor Ahmed was still muttering to himself and rocking back and forth despite the fact that he had been safe in the village for over three weeks.

"When I was finally able to get through to him he had a moment of clarity. He recognized me but all he said was, 'I found it.' I asked him what he had found repeatedly before he screamed 'Irem.' That was all he would say, no matter how hard I tried. I stayed with him for five days but could get no other response. I was planning on taking him back to Cairo to have him committed to an asylum when the village elder said that Ahmed could stay at Al-Afan and that he would be well taken care of. I know it sounds irresponsible, leaving a man in Ahmed's condition in a squalid desert village, but during my stay there I noticed how the villagers treated him. It was a strange mix of fear and tenderness. That was a far sight better than the care

he would receive in an overcrowded asylum. So I left Ahmed with them and I said goodbye to my friend for what I thought would be the last time. Before I left he said one last thing before lapsing back into his usual gibberish. He said, 'One day I will return to Irem. When it is time, I will know. You will come with me when it is time, won't you?'

"From that moment on I devoured all the knowledge I could find about Irem of the Pillars. I read some of the most obscure, ancient, and awful tomes imaginable. I tried to retrace Ahmed's journey to the Nameless City twice, but that led to nothing. However, based on the large amount of lore I managed to acquire over two decades of research, Irem became a feature of both my books. It was because of this that I was contacted by a wealthy American named Malcolm Gaston.

"Gaston was well-spoken and quite charismatic. He was also highly educated, had a voracious hunger to learn all he could about the subject of Irem, and he did his best to play up to my vanity. And yet, within a few meetings, I grew to both detest and fear the man. In my long career, traveling the world, I have met many people and have become adept at sizing people up. Twice that talent had actually saved my life in the desolate wilds of Arabia. Now I am certain that it saved my life once again.

"After learning all I could teach him of Irem, Malcolm wanted one last meeting. I kept coming up with excuses, but he was insistent. So I told him that I would meet him. Then on that night I sent my driver to deliver a message that one of my grandchildren had suddenly fallen ill and I had returned home to be with them. It was a cowardly lie, but I hoped it would be the end of Gaston's pestering. That was a month ago and my driver has not been seen since. Going to the police has proven fruitless as it appears that 'Malcolm Gaston' was a false name. Who that man was, and what happened to my poor servant is still unknown.

"Then one week ago I received a letter from Yemen. It was unsigned and postmarked in San'a. I knew it was the first word from my friend Ahmed in years. I cannot help but think the two events are more than a coincidence."

with stories pertaining to strange and occult matters.

5) The old standby: one (or more) of the investigators is friends with or a distant relative of Lord Stourton.

Whether or not the investigators are British, the chance to meet with a real, and very wealthy, English Lord of George's reputation should be too good to pass up. The meeting can take place at one of Stourton's many homes, at an exclusive club or restaurant, or any other semi-private and impressive venue. At the meeting, Stourton introduces himself, if need be, tells the investigators his academic background (which spans 40 plus years and is quite impressive), and then begins a long monologue (see Lord Stourton's Tale).

After his tale, Stourton will hand the investigator's the note he received (*Nameless Papers #1*) and explain that he would like to hire them to travel to Yemen, look in on his friend Ahmed and - if the man is intent on going back to Irem - to accompany him. Stourton says that at his advanced age, and in his poor health (he explains, if asked, that his heart is weak), he will be unable to make the journey. He wants full notes, reports, photographs taken and, should the city be discovered, the location accurately recorded. He says if anyone is going to get credit for discovering Irem it should be Ahmed and him and not "that bastard Gaston or whoever the hell he is."

Stourton will cover all travel costs and pay each investigator a handsome sum of \$4,000 (a successful **Bargain** roll can increase that to \$6,000). He has also made arrangement for a trusted friend, Nigel Stedford, to meet them at the Yemeni port city of Al-Hudayda to act as their guide.

RESEARCH

Before heading to Yemen, investigators may want to do some research while they have ready access to libraries and local newspapers. A few

Nameless City Papers #1

IT'S TIME NOW. IT'S TIME TO GO BACK. SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN AND I MUST BE THERE.

of the subjects they could look into are listed here.

Malcolm Gaston

Looking into this mysterious man yields no useful information as this name was only an alias for Cthulhu cultist, Malcolm Garwell. The crafty wizard did not live for nearly two hundred years by being careless. As such, he has left no trace, but fear not, the investigators are sure to make his acquaintance.

The best they can get is a description of the man by Lord Stourton. "He is a man in his late-thirties with black hair and green eyes. He stood just over six feet and probably weighed about thirteen stones. He spoke with an American accent."

The Missing Driver

Looking for Stourton's missing driver, a man named Jacob Davis, also contributes little useful information. Davis was a steady, dependable man in his early forties with a wife and two daughters. He had worked as Lord Stourton's trusted driver for twenty-one years. He vanished on June 8th without a trace.

Unbeknownst to all, Davis walked into a trap meant for Lord Stourton set by Garwell to cover his tracks. His hand tipped, the evil wizard slew the innocent man and summoned a Dimensional Shambler to whisk the body away. Jacob Davis will indeed never be seen again.

Irem

Before they go traipsing all over the globe looking for it, the



Nameless City Papers #2

Irem: a History in Brief.

A legendary lost city somewhere in the Arabian Desert sometimes called Iram, Ubar, City of Pillars, The Many-Columned, or The Nameless City.

There are many legends surrounding the city. Some say it was created by creatures of great size and strength. Others say it was built by "those from the sky" who remain there to this day. More believable myths suggest that it was built by a king named Shaddad who dared to make a paradise on earth greater than Heaven.

All of the legends claim that Irem was destroyed. Some say it was a rain of fire from a wrathful God. Others claim it was destroyed by "the burrowers from below." Another account says it was simply a "great noise from Heaven" that felled the mighty city. Whatever the case, Irem has been lost in time and is now largely a haunted place, one to be shunned if ever encountered in the shifting sands of Arabia.

investigators may want to find out more about the mysterious "Nameless City." A general overview (*Nameless Papers #2*) can be gained by reading either or both of Stourton's books on the city and he can provide them if asked. They are called *Legends of Irem: the City of Pillars* and *In Search of the Nameless City*. Failing this, the information can be found in other old books of mythology, occult, or folklore.

If the investigators have access to Mythos tomes that cover Cthulhu or the ancient history or cults of the Middle East they would have some information on the Nameless City. This information is broken up in three parts (*Nameless Papers #3, #4, #5*) and should be handed out

gradually over time as various dreaded tomes are scoured for clues. If the reader has already made it complete-



Nameless City Papers #3

The ageless one turned to me and held me with his gaze and spake: 'Young one, the greatest trick of those that worship Great Cthulhu is that they can be found where you would last look for them.' I asked where such a place doth lie and he smiled greatly and spake, 'The City of Pillars, called in the tongue of man Irem by those who dare whisper it. Those that know better simply call it The Nameless City, and that is enough, for such is the taint of evil and death upon it. It lies many moons to the south in a vast desert cursed by the gods, called in the Arabic tongue Rub al-Khali; which means 'The Empty Quarter'.

ly through a particular Mythos tome previously, then no further Sanity loss or bonus to Cthulhu Mythos is gained. If not, then reading the book for the first time affects the reader normally. If the investigators routinely avoid Mythos tomes on the basis of unfortunate previous experiences, perhaps Stourton's books quote the extracted passages.

The Voyage

Lord Stourton purchases tickets for all of the investigators on a small steamship that leaves for Al-Hudayda five days after the investigators agree to take the job. The ship is called *The Nemean Lion* and it is old, rusty and the accommodations are far from first class as not many people of wealth and means travel to Yemen. The voyage takes a number of days, depending upon where the investigators are departing (for example, 7 from Southampton), but the trip is uneventful and restful. Investigators gain a small bonus of +1D3 to Sanity for the rest and relaxation.

YEMEN

Arriving at Al-Hudayda in the 1920s is like traveling back to the Middle Ages. The roads are unpaved, not even cobbled. The houses are

Nameless City, Nameless Terrors

Nameless City Papers #4

"After the two-hundred-thirty-sixth cut, Kith-Khanan spoke of the Holy Words he swore he received from Great Cthulhu. He cried aloud that during his eighteen years of wandering he traveled to many places and saw many wondrous sights. He named much, and many scribes filled a legion of scrolls with his recollections, but once he began to speak of the Time of His Coming all were expelled from the cavern save for a handful of priests and myself.

It was then that Kith-Khanan confessed his lie. Verily he had not been blessed with the dreams of Great Cthulhu at all, but instead learnt of them from a ruined temple in the haunted desert city of Irem. There he had been seeking the shrines of Nug and Yeb, two of the greatest Young of the Black Goat. In returning to the surface, he lost his way and soon came across a large temple to Great Cthulhu. There he beheld the grand paintings of long dead Aga'ram which showed the stars and maps of the world as it looked in elder times. From memory of those paintings he was able to show us where sunken R'lyeh doth lie beneath the waves. As for the Time, he had only a slight understanding of how the heavens move, so the exact Time of Greatness was unknown to him.

After recounting his tale, mercy was shown to the heretic. His lying tongue was cut out, his eyes that had witnessed holies not meant for him were removed, and he was given to a servant of Great Cthulhu to be punished as He saw fit."

either mud-brick or cut stone. Most have no glass in their windows and some of the poorer dwellings still have thatched roofs. Naturally, buildings with electricity and indoor plumbing are few and far between. While primitive by most western standards, many buildings are gaily painted in vivid colors and nearly all Yemenis pride themselves on keeping neat and clean homes.

Nameless City, Nameless Terrors

Nameless City Papers #5

Finally, in my fifty-third year was I able to find my way to the most grand temple of Great Cthulhu my eyes had ever beheld. Surprisingly, it was not under the waves nor even on the coast, but like the temple in the Mountains on Han, it was far removed from the oceans; showing the depth of Great Cthulhu's influence over the earth. Irem the City of Pillars, The Nameless City, once home to Aga'ram, the Worm Wizards and other ancient terrors.

Following the directions from the last remaining scrolls of Kith-Khanan's confession, I found the remains of the grand gateway to whence the temple district once stood. There, next to the giant hand that forever awaits the return of the Silver Key, I went fifty paces towards the setting sun. Once at the column etched with worn symbols dedicated to the glory of the serpent lord Yig, I turned towards home and walked thirty-three steps to the dry well. Down the well I went, through the hole in its wall and into the tunnels below the sands. In short time did I find the shrines of Nug and Yeb, and soon after, the Temple of Cthulhu. It was far greater than I could have ever imagined and my meager words would only do it an unforgivable injustice. Now my quest for the children of the sea and the lords they worship may finally end. There is nothing left in the world I wish to see.

The Yemeni people are strict Muslims and those that do not adhere to their customs, such as women who expose their hair and skin or men who openly drink alcohol, are viewed with disdain. While not openly hostile, Yemenis are suspicious and tight-lipped with strangers. However, most Yemenis assume that all whites are rich Europeans or Americans so if a proper gratuity (called a baksheesh) is paid, the investigators will find locals willing to talk and help them. Unfortunately, this also



means that all goods and services will be exorbitantly over-priced as the Yemeni assume the investigators can afford it.

Waiting at the docks for the investigators is Lord Stourton's trusted friend, Nigel Stedford. He is in his mid-fifties but appears incredibly fit and able for his years. He is every bit the pleasant English Gentleman adventurer/hunter, thoroughly reliable and unassuming.

After Stedford leads the investigators to a quaint hotel, he will immediately begin to make preparations for their journey. Investigators interested in such things may accompany him but he says it's not necessary, as he is an old hand at such undertakings. As it turns out, Stedford is as good as his word. Before



Nigel Stedford

nightfall he has found transportation to San'a, the capital city of Yemen and the next destination in their journey.

Stedford informs the investigators that they will be traveling in the back of an old truck hauling several barrels of heavily salted fish. This truck is part of a four vehicle caravan, but the fish merchant is the only one willing

or able to take passengers. The smell of the fish in the hot sun is sure to be stifling, but the price is right, only \$10 per person for the three day trip. The best part, Stedford explains, is that because there are so many people in this caravan they are not likely to be attacked by bandits. Well, not as likely, anyway.

Once again, Stedford is true to his word and the trip goes by without incident. Three days

later the investigators see San'a, a large city surrounded by high and ancient fortress walls. San'a is located high in the mountains and

it receives more rainfall than any other part of the country. The vegetation is lush and a stark contrast to the scattered sage the investigators have been staring at for days.

Stedford will take care of lodging and travel arrangements if the investigators let him. He tells the investigators that the next leg of the journey will not be as easy as the ride from Al-Hudayda. They will be traveling along the outskirts of the Rub al-Khali desert, stopping in little border towns along the way for food and water. They will need camels for this as there are no roads where they're going. Al-Afan, the village where Professor Mikhay'el lives, is 380 miles away. Stedford explains that a well watered and fed camel can travel an average speed of 30 miles a day, therefore it will take anywhere from 12 to 14 days to reach Al-Afan, barring any unforeseen delays. Since there are many villages and watering holes along the way, Nigel recommends one camel per person plus one per extra 400 pounds of food, water, and equipment the expedition wishes to bring.

FROM SAN'A TO AL-AFAN

This journey can be as eventful or as boring as the Keeper desires. It will largely consist of traveling between tiny, unnamed villages on the border of the vast Rub al-Khali desert. The villages are spaced one to three days apart and each village will be nearly identical to the last. They consist of a small group of mud-brick houses with thatched roofs clustered around the central well. Each village has plenty of water for no cost, but food is a rarer commodity and therefore costs between \$5 and \$10 a day. Replacement camels for any that have been lost can be purchased from townsfolk, but the price will be \$200 or more as the local who sells his camel will have to replace it later.

If the Keeper wants to add a little bit of action to this part of the adventure, the following three suggestions are highly recommended.



Thieves in the Night

Americans and Europeans in small desert villages draw a lot of attention. Unfortunately, some of that attention will come from the less savory members of the community. If an investigator leaves his or her bags unattended there is a very good chance (at least 50%) that they won't be there when they return. If a member of the expedition goes off by his or her self for some reason, the Keeper should feel free to have three to five local toughs corner them and show them the error of their ways, only sparing the investigator for a steep price.

Spending a night in a village means shelter from the elements, but it offers up whole new troubles, like burglars. Sneaky thieves, most likely small and nimble children, can quietly enter a sleeping investigator's room through the tiniest of openings. A likely entrance point would be a window opened "just a bit" in an attempt to relieve the oppressive desert heat.

If the Keeper chooses to have the investigators run afoul of thieves and brigands they can cause an interesting series of event to play out, especially if the robbers make off with something vitally important to the investigators.

Desert Raiders

While this may sound like a Hollywood stereotype, raids by Arabian bandits were not uncommon during the early twentieth century. The most infamous group of bandits were the Bedouins, a race of nomadic Arabs that had no fixed homeland. They made their living not only by raising camels and herding sheep, but also by raiding, robbing, and kidnaping anyone who crossed their path.

If a Bedouin raiding party is encountered, it will consist of 10 + 5D10 men. These fierce fighters wear homespun wool clothes, have shaven heads, and they all have beards. They will come charging out of the sand dunes on camels, brandishing a wide range of weapons, from ancient scimitars and muskets to modern firearms. Because of the British influence in the

Nameless City, Nameless Terrors

Camels

The key to desert travel is the trusty camel. Strong adult camels can travel 25-35 miles per day for a number of weeks, or they can travel as much as 50 miles a day for a few days. A camel can carry about 400 pounds on an extended march but requires 10-20 pounds of food and 10-20 gallons of water a day, depending on the temperature and how much it's carrying. However if a camel has been well watered it can last four days without any water at all, although it will still need food. On the fifth day the camel will require over 30 gallons of water and a days rest. Pushing a camel past four days without water will start to kill it and by the sixth day without water the camel will die. Camels cost between \$100 and \$150 each, although the prices are likely to be higher for the "rich" investigators.

Once the investigators reach the Nameless City each will have earned the skill Ride: Camel at 15%. If an investigator has Ride: Horse they can use that skill at -10% as the animals are similar.

Camel, *Camelus dromedarius*

Characteristic	rolls	average
STR	4D6+18	32
CON	2D6+6	15
SIZ	4D6+21	35
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11

Move 10

Hit Points 24

Average Damage Bonus: +3D6

Weapons: Bite 25%, damage 1D6

Kick 10%, damage 1D6+db

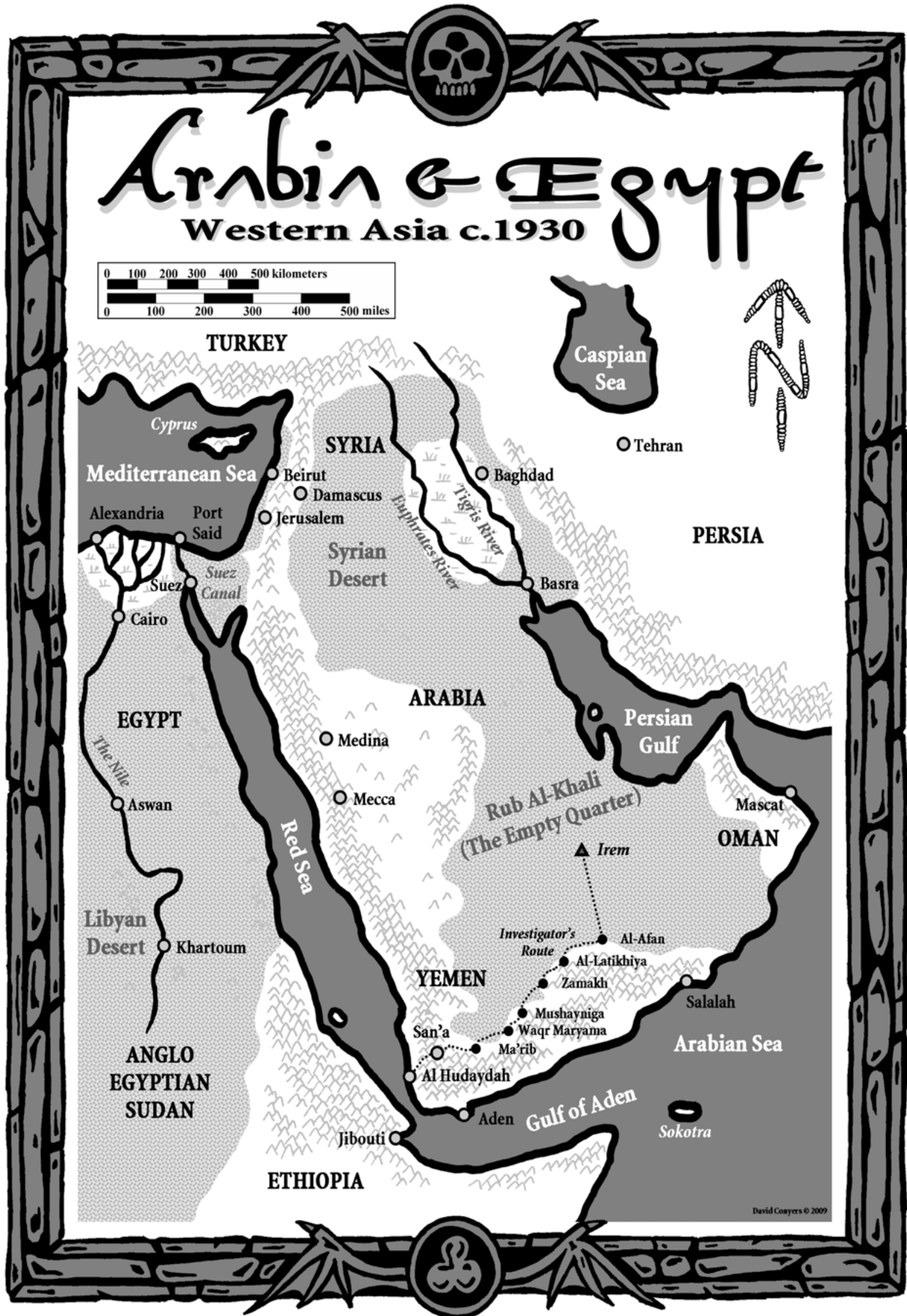
Spit 40%, damage -1D6 APP (temporary loss)

Armor: 3-point hide.

Skills: Go Without Water 85%, Malinger 60%.

Middle East, the raiders will not kill Caucasians if they can avoid it in the hopes of being able to ransom the "rich whites" back to their families. Members of other races, including fellow Arabs, may not fare so well.





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If Bedouins are encountered in small numbers, such as a hunting party of less than a dozen, they may well be willing to converse and trade with the investigators. The Bedouins will



Bedouin Raider

especially be interested in gold and silver coins, jewelry, watches, firearms, and - of - course food and water. They will not have much to trade themselves, perhaps an old family heirloom (not necessarily originating from their family), some dried meat, desert clothes and headdresses. However, the Bedouins know the desert like the back of their hands, so

their most valuable commodity is information. If the investigators can befriend a group of Bedouins they will have very competent guides that will not only lead them through desert, but will keep them safe from fellow Bedouin raiders.

Five Bedouin Raiders, Reuse as Necessary

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	APP	INT	POW	EDU	HP	DB
#1	13	10	12	13	10	12	11	08	11	+1D4
#2	15	15	11	14	09	11	14	09	13	+1D4
#3	12	11	13	10	11	16	08	10	12	+1D4
#4	17	13	16	12	10	08	13	06	15	+1D6
#5	11	12	10	16	12	10	12	08	11	none

Weapons: Scimitar 40%, damage 1D8+1+db

Dagger 35%, damage 1D4+2+db

Flintlock Pistol 25%, damage 1D6+1 (rate of fire 1/4)

.41 Revolver 30%, damage 1D10

Musket Rifle 40%, damage 1D10+4 (rate of fire 1/4)

Mauser 1898 Rifle 45%, damage 2D6+4

Nameless City, Nameless Terrors

New Skill: Desert Survival (01%)

Characters with this skill at 10% or more know how to survive in desolate dry conditions where water is scarce. Knowledge includes dress, shelter, sleeping, safety techniques, hunting, food preparation, special medical problems such as sunstroke, dehydration, the properties of various desert plants, and the behavior and nature of desert animals. Do not roll for this skill unless some factor important to survival is missing.

Desert Survival is normally specific to African, North American, South American, Australian or Asian Deserts. When a user is operating in deserts unfamiliar to them, Desert Survival might be rolled at half or even quarter normal chance, depending on the situation.

A skill holder of 60% or more does not need to roll for Desert Survival except in the most extreme situations, such as being lost without shelter or supplies in a waterless desert or while stranded in a sand storm.

Skills: Conceal 57%, Desert Survival 65%, Dodge 60%, Jump 63%, Listen 60%, Ride Camel 80%, Spot Hidden 58%, Track 60%.

Languages: Arabic 75%, English (only 1 in 10 Bedouins know this) 40%.

Sand Storms

These powerful storms seem to instantly appear and can last from a few minutes to hours or even days in duration. Gale force winds drive the sand into a blinding fury that can, over time, strip paint, pit steel, and scour exposed flesh from bone. When a sand storm rolls in, everything stops and cover is immediately sought.

Caught out in the open desert with no place to hide, the expedition can seek shelter underneath thick blankets or inside tents



if the storm comes at night. As for the groups' camels, as long as they are turned away from the roaring wind, the hardy desert animals with their thick hides should be able to weather all but the fiercest and longest storms.

Any investigator caught in a sand storm unprepared could be in real danger. If more than a quarter of their flesh is exposed to the harsh grit in the air they take 1 HP of damage every 4 rounds. The more exposed their skin is, the quicker they take damage. So if someone was completely exposed (either being naked or wearing fine, light clothes such as silk) to the sand storm, they would take 1 HP of damage every round. Also, trying to see anything in fierce winds without protective eye-wear will most likely cause blindness that may either be temporary or permanent, depending upon the will of the Keeper.

AL-AFAN AT LAST

After many days of traveling through the desert, the weary investigators reach Al-Afan. This tiny settlement resembles the countless other villages the expedition has been passing through. Upon arriving in Al-Afan, Stedford suggest that they seek out the village elder. After finding a small, frail-looking man named Najir claiming to occupy this role, the investigators can ask about Professor Mikhay'el. The elder leads the party to a small mud-brick house that has been painted a bright yellow and is adorned with many strings of beads, curious bits of pottery, and several bundles of freshly cut pale desert wildflowers. Arriving at the building's only entrance, an open archway without a door, Najir looks down at his feet, calls out to Mikhay'el, and then quickly scuttles away. A Psychology roll notices that Najir is deeply afraid of the inhabitant of the yellow house.

From within the structure, the investigators

hear a dry voice speak in slightly accented English bid them to enter.

Once inside investigators see a room devoid of all furnishings except for a single woven mat upon which sits Professor Ahmed ibn Mikhay'el. The professor is nearly skeletal in appearance, weighing perhaps no more than 120 pounds. His hair and beard are both long and unkempt, matted together and sticking up at odd angles. The ruined socket where his left eye had once been goes uncovered and his face is thus a ghastly sight to see. The brown robes he wears flow around his thin frame like a billowing tent.

Before anyone can make introductions or any explanations, Ahmed stands, rolls up his soiled mat, grabs a small cloth bundle that was sitting next to him, ties both together with a piece of rope, then throws the bundle over his shoulder and calmly says; "What took you so long? I've been ready to go back to Irem for days."



Ahmed ibn Mikhay'el

Any conversations with Professor Mikhay'el will be brief and most likely nonsensical. Asked how he knew they were coming he says; "The wind whispered it to me." Asked about Irem, he responds; "The crude grunts of man can not do it justice. It must be experienced." Asked how he'll find it again only gets the reply of; "I will just follow the shadows. It's the only way to find Irem." Asked how far away the Nameless City is gets the answer; "Lifetimes for most. For us, a few days, if the Gods will it."

Naturally the investigators might not be willing to follow such a strange looking and sounding man into the deadly desert. However, Stedford will remind them that Mikhay'el is probably the only person to have seen Irem in the last thousand years, if they don't follow



him how else will they find it? As for the professor, if it appears that the investigators won't follow him he'll say to them; "You have come so far already. Been to many places. Tried so hard to do what is right. It would be a shame to stop at the very door of success without knocking. Now, where's my camel?"

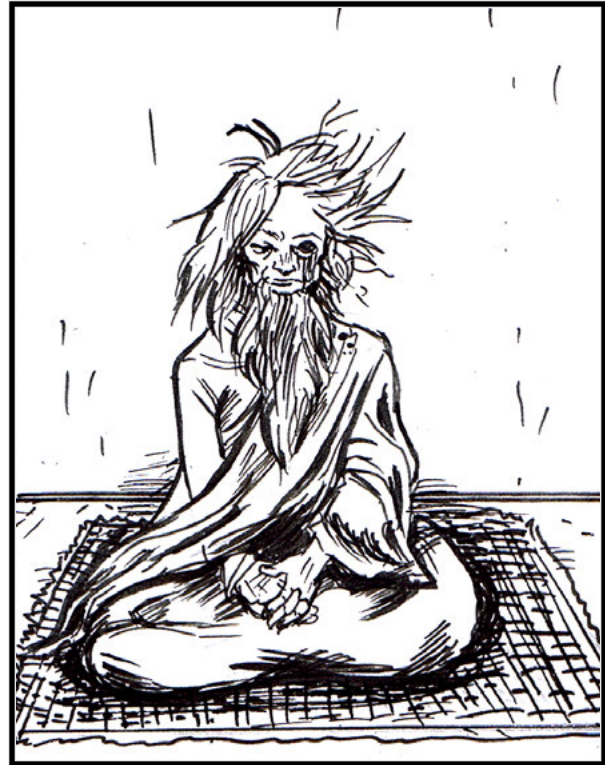
If the investigators question the villagers about the damaged professor that has stayed with them for years, they will get a number of cryptic replies. Some of the possible remarks are: "He is one with the desert."; "He speaks to spirits."; "His soul has been touched by Allah." All villagers will agree that Mikhay'el is to be both respected and feared.

Before the expedition leaves the village, Nigel Stedford tells the investigators that Al-Afan will be their last civilized stop before they embark upon the most dangerous leg of their journey, the trek across an unknown expanse of the Rub al-Khali desert. Therefore, any supplies, food, and water that they need will be purchased here, for once they leave the village, what they have with them is all they'll have to rely on. Also, Nigel recommends buying double the amount of camels already on hand. He suggests these new camels carry nothing but water. This water will be for the camels carrying the equipment and expedition members. He reminds the group that a camel can only go four to five days without water and since they don't really know how long they'll be in the completely arid Rub al-Khali, they can use these extra water camels to extend the lives of the other animals eight to ten days if need be. Of course, this means that the camels carrying the water won't be getting any water at all and will die after five or six days, but sacrifices must be made in order to find Irem. Luckily for the expedition, a number of villagers will be willing to sell camels for this "holy quest" at the reasonable price of \$100 per head.

The Mad Arab

There is a reason why Ahmed ibn Mikhay'el is still insane after all these years. It is also the reason he survived his first trip to Irem and also

Nameless City, Nameless Terrors



Professor Mikhay'el waits in Al-Afan

why he now possesses a limited form of clairvoyance. While wandering through the city of pillars after losing his entire expedition to the horrors of Irem, Mikhay'el came across the ancient remains of a man in a room surrounded by many cruel implements of torture. In his lifetime, the man who was now this corpse had much in common with Mikhay'el. Both were Arabic scholars and both quested for the secrets of Irem. That is why the tortured spirit of the dead man found it so easy to enter and possess the body of Mikhay'el. This spirit, who has wandered the halls of Irem for countless years, entered Mikhay'el because he had an overwhelming desire to impart information from the land of the dead to the land of the living. This was only natural, for in life the man had been responsible for writing one of the most informative, honest, and damnable books ever.

In life, the spirit had gone by the name Abd Al-Azrad, also known as Abdul Al-hazred, author of the



Kitab al-Azif, which in turn became known as the *Necronomicon*.

After Al-Azrad wrote his Kitab al-Azif, legend says that he was devoured by an invisible creature in broad daylight while walking the streets of Damascus. Yet some scholars of the Mythos, Laban Shrewsbury being one, believe that Al-Azrad was not consumed in Damascus but instead returned to the Nameless City. There, the "Mad Arab" was subject to a horrible death at the hands of inhuman masters who he had studied under and who he betrayed by writing about what he had learned from them in his Kitab al-Azif. While both theories have been debated about for years, as far as this scenario is concerned, the latter one is true.

Thus, Abd Al-Azrad has been haunting the tunnels of Irem for untold years. However, the world of the dead is not as limiting as the world of the living and Al-Azrad, already the gifted prophet, saw far into the future and witnessed a time when the stars would be "right" and Cthulhu would once again be free. Wanting to warn the world of the approaching apocalypse, Al-Azrad saw his chance when Professor Ahmed ibn Mikhay'el found his remains. Al-Azrad possessed the professor and tried to teach him all that he knew. Unfortunately, Mikhay'el's mind wasn't up to the task as he had already lost much Sanity after witnessing many of Irem's horrors. So the link between Al-Azrad and Mikhay'el wasn't complete. The best Al-Azrad could do was impart small fragments of information and lead the insane professor out of Irem and into the safety of Al-Afan. There Mikhay'el would stay, for Al-Azrad saw that years later a group of explorers trying to thwart the plans of Cthulhu and its minions would come from a distant land

in search of Irem. Naturally, these foreigners would need a guide.

Professor Mikhay'el should be played out as a mysterious figure and one not

fully trusted. Let the players wonder about Mikhay'el's "real" plans. Let them wonder about his allegiances. Let them worry about everything. After all, they're placing their character's lives in the hands of a madman and - a hard thing to do. To keep things interesting, the mad professor drops strange little bits of information about the Mythos on occasion, yet never fully answers any question. Mikhay'el doesn't do this to be deceitful, but because his mind is so muddled its hard for him to keep any thoughts together. As the expedition gets closer to Irem, Mikhay'el's connection with Al-Azrad becomes stronger. His personality changes slowly but surely. He becomes more confident. His nervous twitching becomes less pronounced.

The Rub al-Khali

This vast expanse of wasteland forms a rough rectangle in the lower part of the Arabian Peninsula. It covers an area of about 500 miles from east to west and 250 miles from north to south. Its name means 'The Empty Quarter' and that is an accurate description of it for nothing is found there, only an endless sea of sand as far as the eye can see. It is one of the most uninhabited and infertile places on earth. So inhospitable is the Rub al-Khali that even the fierce Bedouins do not go there.

During the summer months the average temperature is over 110 degrees Fahrenheit. The amount of precipitation that falls in the Rub al-Khali annually is roughly one inch and this "downpour" will occur during the desert's rainy season that runs from February through April. During the rest of the year it doesn't rain at all. The spring rain, immediately evaporates, for within the desert no water can be found, not even by the most experienced guide. It is for these reasons that the Rub al-Khali is shunned by most Arabs and was not crossed by a European until the 1930s.



On to the Nameless City

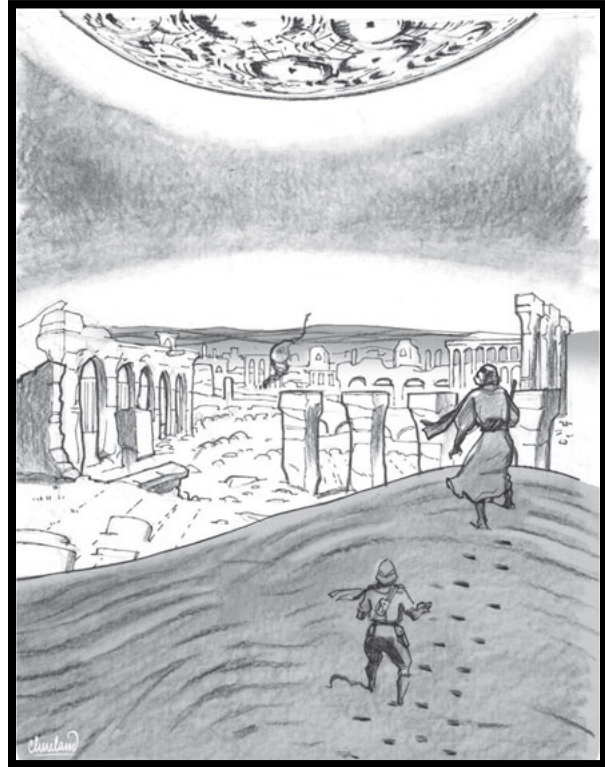
The journey to Irem has Mikhay'el leading the expedition towards the north east. To escape the worst of the desert heat the expedition travels only at night and makes camp during the day. The trip will take six nights from Al-Afan, barring any unseen delays. On the fifth night Stedford turns to the investigators and says; "Well, this is the point of no return. If we want to turn back to Al-Afan it has to be now while half our camels are fully watered. The other half are already dying and won't likely make it another day. If we go on, the chances of slow death increases for us each day. Even if we find Irem there must be a well, spring, oasis or some other source of water there for us to even entertain the idea of ever seeing home again." If the investigators sound like they'll return to Al-Afan, Mikhay'el will try to convince the party that they should press on. Stedford himself will go along with whatever the group decides.

IREM, THE CITY OF PILLARS

After a week or more of traveling through the harsh desert, the investigators are surprised by the sudden appearance of Irem. Upon reaching the top of yet another large sand dune they see the ancient city sprawled before them. On the night of the city's discovery there is a full moon and the remains of Irem seems to faintly glow under the moonlight. All that remains of the Nameless City on the surface is a number of broken pillars and crumbling sections of walls to mark where buildings once stood.

Because the investigators came across the city at night, have them attempt **Spot Hidden** rolls. Success means that they spot the light of lamps and fires in a small area in the eastern side of the city. This is Malcolm Garwell's camp and the investigators now have an edge on him as they know that someone else is also in Irem. Malcolm most likely won't know about the investigators yet but the investigators most likely will have lanterns or flashlights of their own to aid them in night traveling. If they don't quickly think to turn

Nameless City, Nameless Terrors

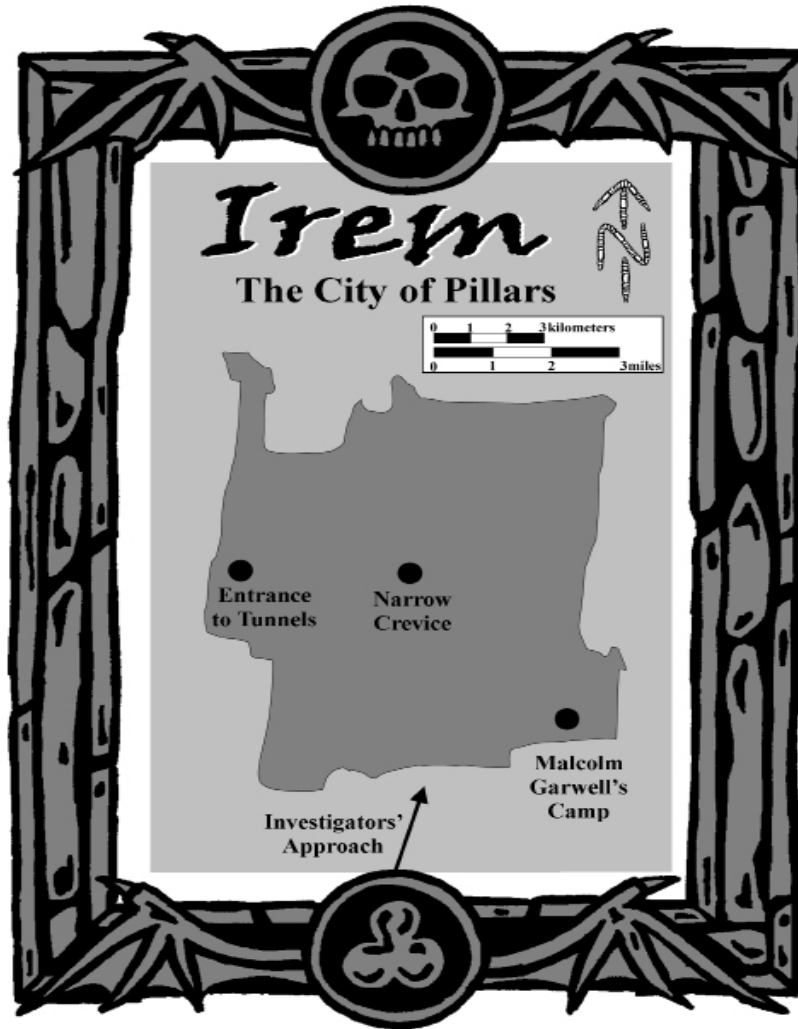


Irem, the City of the Pillars

them off after spotting the camp, Malcolm and his sand-dwellers can make **Spot Hidden** rolls of their own to notice the investigators' lights that clearly stand out on the top of a barren sand dune.

Upon first arriving at Irem in the night, judging its size is difficult. An educated guess says it is about two miles wide, at least the section they're in front of is, and many miles deep. In truth, before its ruin, Irem grew to cover an area of roughly six square miles, making it quite a large city for its time and a daunting place to explore. In order to search the city more easily, the investigators may want to wait until dawn, which is only two hours away. Or they may wish to take advantage of the cover of night and try to sneak closer to the unexpected camp and get a better look.





Spying on the Camp

Making both a **Spot Hidden** and **Idea** roll, investigators may spot Malcolm “Gaston” and recognize him from Stourton’s description. Malcolm’s camp is comprised of several large tents. One tent is used to store digging equipment, lamp oil, several crates of dynamite and food for Malcolm and his cadre of Cthulhu cultists. Another tent is used by the cult to sleep in. A third is used to store twenty large wine barrels filled with water. Another tent is where

the sand-dwellers stay. Finally, while not a tent in its own right, there is a square section of canvas tied to four high poles to form a roof of sorts. This is used to keep



the deadly sun off of the four humans that lie bound and staked to the ground beneath it. These captives are all that remain of a group of Bedouins that Malcolm has captured and is using to feed his non-human minions. If the investigators figure out the gruesome fate that waits for these poor souls and do nothing to save them, they lose 1D3 Sanity per life lost.

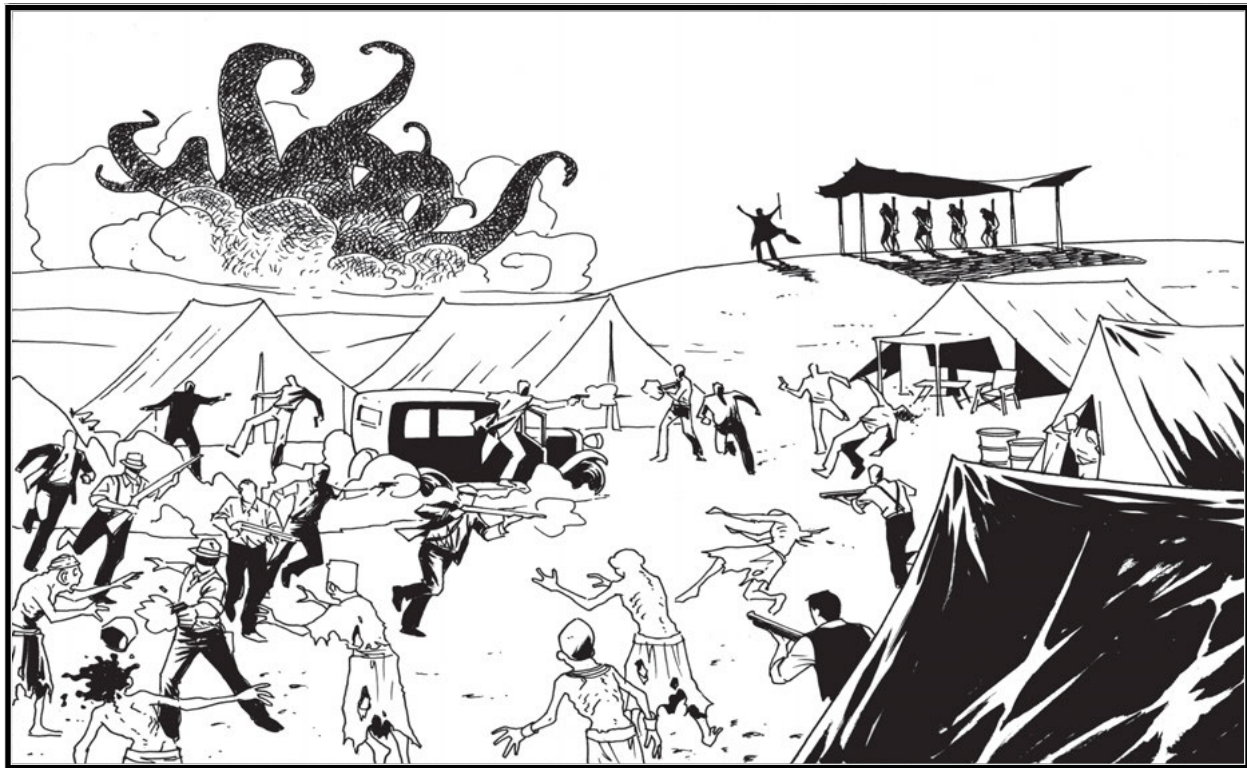
At the Keeper’s option, the sand-dwellers could be dressed in long, tattered robes and full desert headdresses with scarfs covering their faces. Dressing the sand-dwellers like this is for dramatic effect only, so the investigators won’t know what they are facing until confronted by them directly. Having a headdress fall away from one of the robed “men” an investigator just hit with a shovel only to reveal the gruesome visage of a sand-dweller beneath it might be worth exercising a little poetic licenses with the fact that

sand-dwellers don’t usually wear clothes.

First Blood?

Unlike most *Call of Cthulhu* scenarios, this one gives the investigators a unique advantage: they know exactly where their enemy is. An opportunity like this might just be too good to pass up. If the investigators are well armed they might want to attack Garwell and his allies first while they have the upper hand. If they do, it is up to the Keeper to decide how it plays out. If the investigators use a well thought out plan as the basis of their attack, then by all means feel free to reward them with an easy victory. If they go in with guns blazing with very little thought to their own safety, then give them all the hell they deserve.

Nameless City, Nameless Terrors



The Investigators ambush the Garwell Camp

If you don't want Garwell killed off so easily, have him call up a chthonian or two that he had summoned earlier and was using to help excavate Irem by burrowing through the hard-packed sand. These tentacled terrors sleep a few hundred yards away from Garwell's camp when not digging for the evil wizard and can respond to Garwell's call in four rounds. If the chthonians prove to be too much for the investigators to handle, a successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll, or a bit of insane insight if appropriate, might think to seek shelter in the water tent, knowing that the chthonians won't go near the water.

There can be as few or as many sand-dwellers as the keeper wishes. There could be a small group of eight or so, or a large excavation force of twenty or more. During combat the sand-dwellers attack fiercely at first but, once a good portion of them have been killed or grievously wounded, they flee as they don't like Garwell enough to die for him. However, sand-dwellers are hateful and vengeful, not to mention hungry. Those that do run away don't go far. They hide in the city's ruins and will

later track the investigators by scent, looking for an opportune moment to attack.

As for the other Cthulhu cultists, their number is also up to the Keeper. There could be anywhere from five to twenty low ranking members of the cult accompanying Garwell. While their magical prowess is limited, they are handy with weapons and will fight to the death as they know that Malcolm will do far worse to them should they fail in their duties to Cthulhu.

If, however, the investigators choose not to attack Garwell and hope to just avoid him, this is also possible. Irem is a large place and as luck would have it, Garwell's camp is nearly two miles away from where Mikhay'el will lead the investigators. Choosing this less violent option means that the Keeper can have groups of excavating sand dwellers stumble into the investigators any time he or she wishes. Garwell might also become aware of the



New Mythos Tome:***Dwellers of the Deep Desert***

While Malcolm Garwell is well-versed in the worship of Cthulhu, after learning that he must go to Irem he was wise enough to know that he might be out of his depth there. So he used his occult, underworld connections to obtain this little known book about the horrors one could face in the shifting sands. This tome is always kept in Malcolm's tent at his camp, so if the investigators somehow make it in there they can obtain this book.

Written 1875 in English by David Fischner who says he encountered such horrors firsthand while part of the French Foreign Legion, the book recounts legends, folklore, and myths from many desert-dwelling cultures. Mostly focusing on Africa and the Middle East, there are brief chapters on North America and Australia.

Reading this book awards skill checks in Anthropology, Natural History and Occult. *Sanity loss 1D3/1D6; Cthulhu Mythos +5%; average 2 weeks to study and comprehend/8 hours to skim.* Spells: Contact Chthonian; Contact Ghouls; Contact Sand-Dwellers; Summon/Bind Chthonian.

investigators' presence and set a trap of his own for them.

We're Here, Now What?

This adventure is unlike many others in *Call of Cthulhu* as the threat may not be immediately recognizable. The investigators aren't here to save the world, or they shouldn't think so at first, and the actions they take now could be varied. After all, they were charged with finding Irem and they have, but now what?

Do they immediately attack Malcolm and his forces or avoid them? If they spot him sacrificing the Bedouins to his sand-dwellers

**The Rewards of Being Nice**

Besides +1D3 Sanity Points gained for saving each Bedouin prisoner, the Keeper could reward the kind-hearted investigators in other ways. While the Bedouins won't accompany the investigators in their search of Irem and will disappear into the desert once freed, they can still be of use. If during later battles with Malcolm, sand-dwellers, chthonians, or any of the other horrors of Irem the investigators are having a hard time of it, the Keeper should feel free to have a party of Bedouin raiders, lead by the former prisoners, come charging into the fray to aid their new friends. Or, once the investigators need to leave Irem, the Bedouins could be waiting for them to provide food, water and safe passage to the nearest city.

or his chthonian diggers, that might make up their minds for them. Also, if Malcolm and company spot the investigators they will attack immediately, so a confrontation might be started that way.

Leaving Irem and running away to safety isn't an option as the investigators don't have the water for the trip. Of course, Garwell and his Cthulhu cultists have barrels of water, but the investigators won't know that until they examine the enemy camp. If the lack of water is brought up, Mikhay'el will say that he found a well when last here and he could lead them to it. This will put the investigators on the path the ghost of Al-Azrad wants them to travel. For the Mad Arab, the knowledge painted on the walls of the temple of Cthulhu is vital to pass on or destroy. So he will try to steer the investigators towards the



Malcolm Garwell

temple through subtle means if possible, or direct means if necessary.

Al-Azrad will even go so far as to kill the party's camels or summon monsters out of the Rub al-Khali to keep the investigators within Irem until they find the temple. Naturally, if he must do such things, he will try to do them secretly.

Sand Storms and Unseen Forces

Twice a day, every day, there is a sand storm in the center of the city. It lasts only a few minutes after the sun sets and again just before dawn. Investigating these strange phenomena discovers that the gale-force winds always pass through the same place, a narrow crevice in the stony earth. The winds come howling out of the crevice right after sunset but blow into the crevice before sunrise. Examining the crevice finds that it is sixteen feet long and three feet wide at its widest point. It plunges into the hard, stony earth for over twenty feet before it opens into an unknown black expanse below it. Further exploration is difficult and dangerous as the crevice is located in the ceiling of a huge underground chasm. There is no way down, except for ropes, but it would take over six hundred feet of rope before reaching the bottom. Peering into the darkness below and succeeding in a **Spot Hidden** roll reveals a faint glowing light coming from far away. This vast cavern is called the Glowing Abyss and is described in more detail in the **Under Irem** section.

The reason for the sand storms is that the "winds" are actually the spirits of the original inhabitants of Irem escaping from their subterranean tomb into the night. Called the Ghosts of Irem, they can not bear the light of day, so they return to their underworld before dawn. These non-human spectres usually go unnoticed by man, although animals react to their presence with great fear. For their part, the ghosts seem content to largely ignore trespassers into their once-great city. If the ghosts do take an interest in the investigators, they

will be curious and might cause small inconveniences for the group just to see how they respond. These little "tests" consist of the classic disturbances associated with most hauntings such as misplacing objects, creating phantom sounds, smells, and images, lightly touching someone on the arm, cold spots, and any other spooky events the Keeper can think of. The ghosts only become enraged if their bodies are disturbed. This should be remembered once the investigators find their way into tunnels beneath the city. The Ghosts of Irem are detailed at the end of this chapter.

The Entrance to the Tunnels

The first thing Mikhay'el tells the investigators to find is a giant stone hand. If asked why, he says it is an important artifact and one of the few things to be seen in Irem other than pillars. Exploring the western side of the city has this ominous landmark found in a couple of hours. The hand stands over twelve feet in length, is six feet at its widest point, and rests upon a seven-foot-high stone arch connected to a low wall. This wall stands four feet high and encompasses a number of ruined stone buildings. Each building has a wind-worn pillar in front of it that shows the faintest hints of carved symbols that are too shallow to make out. Most columns are broken at various heights, but those that still stand intact are over twenty feet tall. Inside each building, the investigators find that the ceilings are very low, in fact so low that those over five feet tall will have to stoop down to enter. Most of these buildings are greatly ruined and many are missing sections of ceilings or walls. In a few of the less ruined buildings, investigators may find some odd furnishings, a single table, a chair or two, and at least one altar. All these items are carved out of stone and are curiously small, as if they were made for children.

From the stone hand, Mikhay'el tells the investigators to walk fifty paces west



An Eternal Guardian

If the Keeper wants to have a little more danger awaiting the investigators in Irem, this can easily be associated with the pillar devoted to Yig. As an investigator approaches it they notice nothing strange at first. Looking away for some reason (like talking to someone or turning because they heard a noise) then looking back finds that a large snake is now resting near the pillar. This serpent appears to be huge cobra, measuring over twelve feet long, with a white, crescent-shaped mark on its head. In reality, this is a magical beast, a sacred snake of Yig. It will strike at anyone that comes within ten feet of the pillar. Those bitten by the snake usually die after a few agonizing minutes of excruciating pain as its "kiss" delivers a dose of lethal venom (POT 16) against which no anti-venom exists. What this snake does depends on the actions of the investigators and the will of the keeper. If killed, the sacred snake instantly reverts back to the dust from whence it came, thus proving its unnaturalness and causing the listed SAN loss.

The Sacred Snake of Yig

STR 8 CON 14 SIZ 8 INT 10 POW 16
DEX 20 Move 8 HP 11

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Bite 100%, damage 1 point plus poison POT 16.

Armor: 2 points of magical scales.

Skills: Appear Out of Nowhere 100%; Hide 70%; Sneak 90%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4 Sanity points to see a sacred snake of Yig, once it is identified as a supernatural creature.

until they reach a broken column just over eleven feet tall. If asked why, Mikhay'el says they're looking for a well. At the pillar they can see symbols carved into it that have fared better against the elements



than the others, but the language they represent is unknown to all of the investigators no matter how high their Cthulhu Mythos score. A successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll does, however, recognize one symbol on the pillar related to the Great Old One, Yig.

From there, the investigators' Mad Arab tour guide says to spread out and look for an old, stone well. Unfortunately the ancient well they are seeking has a thin wooden cover over it and this is completely covered with sand. That means an investigator could walk right over the well and find it the hard way, by falling through the wooden cover and falling forty feet to the dry bottom of the well if their SIZ beats the lid's STR of 5 on the resistance table. Of course, this is only a suggestion for the most mean-spirited of keepers.

Once the well is found and the investigators don't see or hear any water, Mikhay'el will tell them that the water is below, but they will have to go down to get it. If that sounds like a plan then ropes are needed to reach the well's bottom where a 4' by 3' hole is found in one of the walls. Beyond lie the darkened tunnels of Irem.

UNDER IREM

Once under the fabled city the investigators will have a maze of tunnels to wander through before they reach the temple of Cthulhu. A map is provided to make the keeper's job easier but it can be altered in many ways to suit their needs. This could be done in an attempt to lessen the dangers the investigators face by removing certain locations or threats and having them find the temple all the quicker. Or, if the investigators are proceeding with far less trouble and mayhem than the keeper was hoping for, they should feel free to move dangers specifically into the path of the investigators. If these changes defy logic, so much the better. Many times Lovecraftian stories have the protagonist wander in vain only to return time and time again to the same place he or she was fleeing

from. Such things seem more than appropriate in a place like Irem of the Pillars.

As for the tunnels, they are small and cramped, on average only six feet in both height and width. The keeper can have the tunnels grow larger from time to time, but they soon return to their six by six cube shape.

Four strange curiosities are constant throughout the labyrinth. The first is a slight mildew smell that suggests water, yet none is ever found. This can be torturous to investigators on the verge of dehydration.

Second, no compasses will work in the tunnels and electrical devices such as flashlights or radios quickly stop functioning, lasting only minutes after entering the labyrinth. Any compass or electronics returned to the surface work fine, only to stop once more when brought below the sands of Irem.

Third, though there is apparently undisturbed sand on the ground, everything else looks surprisingly clean. These are not cobwebbed-filled catacombs and no rats or other vermin are to be found scuttling about down here. This is due to the frequent passage of the Ghosts of Irem who blow through these tunnels like strong wind. The ghosts not only wipe away any filth in their wake, but their utter unnaturalness drives most living things from their home.

The fourth oddity is the presence of glass coffins with corpses visible inside (with a light source) that line the tunnel walls at regular intervals. The bodies within have been mummified, are most definitely not human, and examining them through the glass costs 0/1D6 SAN. These are the builders of Irem. They range in size from four to five feet in height and are bipedal. They appear to be reptilian and largely resemble a cross between crocodiles, seals, and some as-yet unidentified species that no naturalists or paleontologists have ever seen before. Their feet end in human-like hands and fingers. Their heads are oversized when compared to their frail bodies and have small horns, alligator-like jaws and similar-

ties in countenance with cats, bulldogs, and human beings.

The glass that separates the mummies and the investigators is completely clear and very thin, yet remarkably strong. It has an armor rating of 19, the equivalent of two inch steel plate. If the armor rating is overcome by just a single point of damage then the glass completely disintegrates into a fine white powder. This is the only way to get at the mummies short of chipping them completely out of the walls that entomb them. Doing so is a really bad idea, for defiling one of the mummified corpses draws the wrath of the Ghosts of Irem. 1D8+2 ghosts will appear within moments of a mummy's tomb being desecrated. The ghosts come even if it's daytime, for the light of the sun that they fear doesn't reach into these dark depths. The angry ghosts attack in a fury, attempting to kill all defilers. Only if the investigators make it to the surface while the sun is out will they be safe. If it's dark, an Elder Sign or other protective magic might be their only hope.

MAP OF THE TUNNELS EXPLAINED

1. Entrance

This is where the investigators enter the tunnels through the hole in the well. In one direction a faint light can be seen if a successful **Spot Hidden** roll is made. In the other direction, the sound of slight whispers can be heard by those making Listen rolls. Glass-encased mummies run the length of both walls here.

2. Hall of Murals

Here there are no mummies in the walls. In their place are numerous murals painted in rich, vivid colors upon both sides of the tunnels.

These murals tell the story of those who built Irem and their disturbing yet recognizable form is re-





A Mural of Ancient Irem

peated many times in these paintings. The first murals encountered by the investigators show the earliest times and as the group progresses further down the hall, they can watch history play out before them in cold paint shaped by alien hands. All the murals are painted to show night and no paintings showing daytime are found. The first murals depict a great city of many gleaming white pillars which can only be Irem. Oddly, this city is shown next to a vast sea and surrounded by a dense jungle. As the murals progress the investigators come across the language used by the city's builders (called Iremic from here on) and the city grows in size as both the jungle and sea shrink around it. Often a mural will depict a huge creature amongst the small builders of Irem. Those who successfully roll **Cthulhu Mythos** recognize the tentacled-visage of Cthulhu and yes, the Lord

of R'lyeh appears in quite a few of these pictures.

Other Mythos deities can be depicted as the keeper wishes.

Half way through the hall of murals it

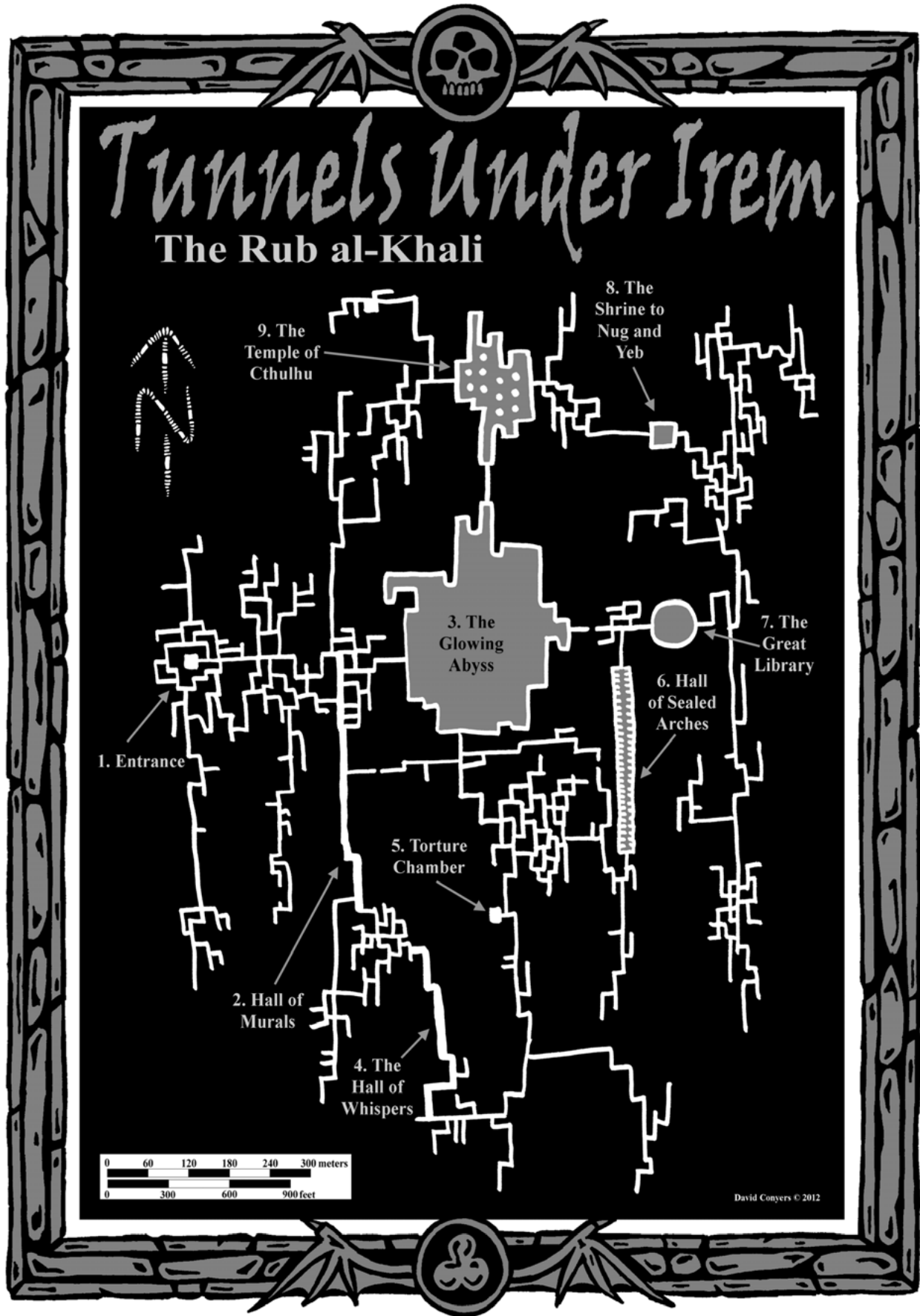
no longer requires a **Spot Hidden** to notice the faint glowing light coming from the far end of the tunnel. Also, it doesn't take keen eyes to notice that the style of the murals is changing. They are becoming cruder and the colors dull. Towards the end of the hall the murals show Irem in a desert wasteland. The small, reptilian inhabitants have noticeably shrunk in size and appear withered. In the second to last mural, a number of the builders of Irem are shown as white spirits stepping outside of their decaying bodies. The last mural shows what appears to be a primitive-looking human (perhaps a Neanderthal) being torn apart by the ghosts of Irem. Studying these murals in total costs 1/1D3 SAN and bestows +1% to the Cthulhu Mythos skill.

3. The Glowing Abyss

Here the tunnels abruptly end at a huge, yawning abyss filled with glowing mist. The scope and size of this cavern is beyond the imaginations of the investigators as all that they see before them is luminescent mist. The investigators might recognize this area if they traced

Nameless City, Nameless Terrors





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Dangers Under Irem

Keepers wanting to add even more adventure and terror to this adventure can do so easily enough. After all, this is Irem. Some options are listed below:

- Sand-dweller ambush: even if the investigators have done away with Malcolm Garwell and his cohorts soon after arriving in Irem, there could still be other sand-dwellers who were busy digging under the city when the investigators attacked Garwell's camp. These foul-tempered creatures number up to a dozen and can attack when the investigators least expect it.
- Chthonian surprise: if Malcolm is still alive he could become aware of the investigators' presence and therefore risk the possibility of collapsing tunnels by sending a chthonian after them. This burrowing brute could come crashing out of a tunnel's wall at any time and start consuming tasty humans.
- Worm wizards: there could always be an additional worm wizard or two in Irem doing research. They could need the investigators as sacrifices, test subjects, or might simply object to their holy city being defiled by infidels.
- Ghouls: Irem is often called ghoulish and there's a reason for it. Since worm wizards worship death, they naturally made strong alliances with the feasters of the dead. A pack of ghouls could be stumbled upon at any time and such visitors would seize upon the chance of a rare "hot lunch."
- Deadly traps: Irem could be bristling with the kind of traps that would make even Indiana Jones think twice before entering. Falling ceiling stones, spiked pit traps, scything blades from the walls, poison arrows, jets of flame or acid, these are just some of the dangers that could await the expedition.
- Puzzles and riddles: devious mind benders might need to be overcome for the investigators to progress further. For example, a mean-spirited keeper could force the investigators into solving a puzzle by trapping them in a room slowly filling with sand — the only way out is a door that opens once a puzzle has been completed.

the sand storms that occur at sunrise and sunset in Irem. If the investigators reach this area just before sunset they will hear a loud metallic bang of a great door opening from far below. Then the Ghosts of Irem will come pouring out into the night, easily blowing back (and passing through) the investigators from the edge of the abyss. The glowing mist is not disturbed in the least by this supernatural tempest.

If the investigators are standing near the edge of the abyss right before sunrise, they are in great danger. As the Ghosts of Irem come pouring back into the abyss from all directions fleeing the rising sun they have a good chance of sweeping investigators off their feet and sending them tumbling to their death into the abyss. To avoid this fate investigators will have to grab hold of a solid support and match their **STR vs. STR** of 13 on the resistance table. Of course, the keeper could give the soon-to-be dead investigator a



Abdul Al-Azrad

few more tries to save his or her life. A **DEX x3** check could mean that they grab a hold of something right before they plunge into the depths, or a companion could make a heroic grab for their friend as they rush past. Failing that a successful **Luck** roll could have the victim hit a narrow ledge just 20 feet below the rim of the abyss and therefore only suffer 2D6 damage, or the keeper can just make sure that the investigators are never here when the sun comes up. In any event, after the ghosts come blowing back into the abyss the metallic clang of the unknown door slamming shut reverberates through the cavern.

Finding a safe way down to the floor of the abyss is nigh impossible as it plunges to a depth of well over five hundred feet.

4. The Hall of Whispers

Here the rows of mummies continue to flank the investigators and a slight whispering or rustling sound can be heard. Those that make **Listen** rolls hear that the whispering is coming from the glass-encased mummies. This costs 0/1D2 SAN. Examining the mummies here requires **Spot Hidden** rolls. Those that fail think they see the mummies twitch ever so slightly (costing an additional 1/1D4 SAN) while those that make the roll see that the mummies are still dead.

5. The Torture Chamber

In this room there are no mummies. Instead, there are many wicked-looking devices of pain. No simple iron maiden or rack is found here, but strange constructs of wood and metal that only a successful **Idea** roll determines how they might have been used. So devious is their design that anyone dwelling upon their use could cost a slight Sanity loss of 0/1.

It is towards one complicated device of blades, hammers, and clamps that Professor Mikhay'el walks slowly. He places his hand on the yellowed skull of the skeleton still strapped to the table then says something in Arabic. Those that know Arabic, including Nigel Stedford, can translate it as; "To gaze upon your own mortality is to know true wisdom, the knowledge from beyond the grave." Asked as to why he said such a thing, Mikhay'el says he said nothing, and in truth, he remembers making no such statement. What the investigators do not know is that they have just seen the corpse of the infamous Mad Arab, Abdul Al-Azrad.

6. The Hall of Sealed Arches

Here the rows of mummies that line the walls end. In their place are a series of archways that have obviously been sealed up with stone and mortar many years ago. There are sixty arches in all, thirty on each side. Upon each wall across an archway are phrases in Arabic, not the strange language of the builders of Irem. The

Nameless City, Nameless Terrors



The Torture Chamber of Al-Azrad

messages vary from arch to arch, but each contains an Arabic name and a cryptic line or two below it that sounds like a curse. Examples of these curses are: "May the gnawing never stop"; "To the Conquering Worm shall you go, again and again, until the stars no longer shine"; "May the gates of death be barred to you forever."

Behind each wall is a small alcove into which was sealed alive a member of the worm wizards that had broken one or more of their sacred tenets. However, those that transgress against the charnel cabal do not die easy, so these poor souls were subject to various curses ranging from undeath to being slowly consumed by worms and maggots while they were still conscious. Anyone listening at the walled up arches can hear various sounds: silence, rustling and squirming, weeping, fingernails scraping against stone, labored breathing, etc. Hear-

ing such sounds cost 0/1D6 SAN. Trying to communicate with those trapped behind the walls is pointless



for even if they can hear the investigators, they have long been irretrievably insane.

Investigators that are brave, curious, or foolish enough to try to break through the walls sealing these arches can release a number of varying nightmares depending upon the will of the keeper. Animated skeletons, mummies, vampires, and zombies are some of the more common threats that could be contained behind the arches. Statistics for these creatures can be found in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook. Other horrors could also be released, and such nightmares are only limited by the keeper's imagination. One appropriate horror could be a madman dressed in tattered rags that appears to be alive, but with his eyes, nose, mouth and ears sewn shut. If attacked, this abhorrent thing doesn't bleed from wounds, but instead releases a carpet of worms and maggots. Another creature could be a six-foot-long worm with the razor-toothed maw of a leech. If the keeper wants to use monstrosities like these, they will have to make up the stats and SAN loss for them.

Finally, when the investigators are in the middle of this hallway of horrors they discover that one sealed arch has been breached. The stones of the wall lay in the hallway, suggesting that whatever was held within broke itself out. The message on this wall can still be read: "al-Abbas ibn-Rasid: Shall you be as those that have learnt to walk that ought to crawl."

7. The Great Library

This large room has a domed ceiling that rises to forty feet at its apex. There are no mummies in these walls but countless bookcases carved out of stone. These cases house countless tomes, scrolls, stone tablets, rolls of papyrus, and even

more exotic vessels of written knowledge such as mi-go disk books and the golden metal plates used by the great race of yith. This is a mother lode

of Mythos knowledge such as one might expect to find in such a legendary city as Irem.

Of course, treasures of this magnitude are always guarded. In this case, the guardian is a crawling one. Crawling ones are comprised of countless worms, grubs, and maggots that share the mind of a man, usually a powerful sorcerer of some sort. They can assume the rough shape of a man when they wish or remain a loathsome pile of wiggling and squirming horror. These creatures are essentially undying as each worm and maggot they are comprised of is alive and can therefore be replaced as they die off. This also means that killing a crawling one is very hard to do. Reduced to 0 HP or otherwise "killed," the worms that make up its body will separate and crawl away in all directions, only to come together later at some predetermined location. If just 20% of the original mass lives, the crawling one will reform, taking in fresh worms and maggots.

This crawling one is all that remains of a powerful worm wizard who went against the will of his cabal and was punished. In life, the wizard was called al-Abbas ibn-Rasid and the investigators have already passed the prison that had held him for many years. While he was confined in the dark, his body slowly rotted away, yet al-Abbas remained conscious through it all. By the time he was reborn



al-Abbas ibn-Rasid

into a crawling one by possessing the very worms that consumed him, he was quite insane, even by the standards of his fellow worm wizards. Using his new body to slowly chew his way to freedom, al-Abbas ibn-Rasid first thought of revenge, but after finding his way into the great library, his thirst for knowledge overcame his other desires. So here he has remained, for countless years, reading the thousands of texts available to him. Never sleeping,

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al-Abbas the Worm Wizard

not having to eat, the crawling one consumed only forbidden lore for untold years.

To aid him, and in a sad attempt to provide him with some companionship, al-Abbas ibn-Rasid has created two mummified servants. But — not having access to human bodies and not wanting to disturb the bodies of the builders of Irem—the crawling one used the next best thing: ghouls. This means that when these mummies are encountered, the investigators won't know exactly what they're looking at. It will require a **Cthulhu Mythos** roll to identify these inhuman mummies for what species they used to be.

As strange as it may seem, when the investigators stumble onto ibn-Rasid, the former worm wizard will not necessarily act "evil." He doesn't want their bodies for any hideous reason and bears them no ill will, unless they steal or damage any of "his" books. The truth of the matter is that al-Abbas ibn-Rasid has been alone for far too long, with only a pair of mummies to keep him company. The insane crawling one would love to converse with living beings for a change. Now, while crawl-

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The Worm Wizards of Irem

After the inhuman builders of Irem became ghosts, Arab necromancers seeking arcane power came to the City of Pillars. They used their magic combined with sacrifices to avoid the ghosts' wrath and soon came to dwell in haunted tunnels beneath the city. There they continued their study and worship of all aspects of death. Infernal bargains with ghouls were made and the necromancers pledged loyalty to all manner of deities associated with death. Mordiggian, Sebek, and Tulscha were just some of the death gods they worshiped. In time, the necromancers became known collectively as the worm wizards, in reverence to the Worm That Gnaws, the very spirit of death itself. It was these worm wizards that taught Abdul Al-Azrad much of what he wrote about in his *Kitab al-Azif*, and it is said that it was the worm wizards that punished the Mad Arab for revealing their darkest secrets.

Today the cabal of the worm wizards has shrunk drastically in size and their members have spread to the four corners of the globe in their quest to conquer death. Only on nights of ritual importance do the worm wizards return *en masse* to Irem. This is fortunate for the investigators, as they will already have enough to contend with in the Nameless City without facing the full might of the death cult. Yet that doesn't mean that the keeper could not have one or two worm wizards in Irem conducting magical studies that they do wish not to be disturbed. At the very least, one worm wizard never leaves Irem and he can be found "crawling" around the Great Library.

ing ones can't talk, ibn-Rasid has, through his years of study, mastered the art of telepathy. Therefore as long as the investigators treat the crawling one with respect, he will treat them in the same way.

He might even be willing to provide them with useful knowledge such as where to find the temple to Cthulhu or allow



them to read an ancient text that translates Iremic to Arabic, should they wish it.

Keepers may not wish to have the crawling one act so helpful, but rather than have him be just the typical “monster” for the investigators to overcome, they can enact a variation on the theme. The creature could also offer a rare gift; the chance for one of the investigators to stay with him as an apprentice. Since *ibn-Rasid* has been alone for so long he may desire companionship and demand that a particular investigator, perhaps one with high APP, be “given” to him (this might involve the “opportunity” to become a fellow crawling one). So lonely is the worm wizard that he might not take no for an answer.

If the investigators do fight with the crawling one and manage to kill him, then they will have access to a library of forbidden lore to rival even great *Celaeno*. Keepers not wishing to give their investigators access to this much Cthulhu Mythos knowledge and spells should make sure to remember that. Perhaps the ghosts of Irem will object to their library being plundered by outsiders.

8. The Shrine to Nug and Yeb

Here the investigators find a large chamber that is unnaturally warm for being this far below the earth. An anomalous stench hangs heavy in the air. The odor is sickly sweet with an underlining rotting smell. Upon entering, Professor *Mikhay'el* says the following in Arabic: “Ah, Nug and Yeb. The Twin Blasphemies born of *Shub-Niggurath*. Bastards they are, the identity of their father being in dispute. Some say *Yog-Sothoth*, others *Nyarlathep*, and still others claim both. But like many things, there are only the slightest hints of truth in what man knows.

So it is with Nug and Yeb.”

The floor of this shrine is covered by old, rotting pillows made of different colored silks. The pillows are crusted with a myriad of



New Mythos Tome: Black Litanies of Nug and Yeb

The Black Litanies claim that Nug and Yeb are charged with clearing the earth of all life before the return of the Great Old Ones. To accomplish this they will use the “Furnace of Yeb” and the “Torch of Nug.” The Litanies say that Nug and Yeb are to have ritual orgies of death held in their names and that, if the Twin Blasphemies are pleased, they might appear at these festivals to take part in them. Nug is sometimes referred to as the “Grandfather of Ghouls” and Yeb is called either the “Whispering Mists” or a servant of the Outer God *Abhoth*. Finally, while the Litanies don’t say who Nug and Yeb’s father is, it does make the astonishing claim that the Twin Blasphemies gave birth to both *Cthulhu* and *Tsathoggua*. Naturally, the truth behind this astonishing statement cannot be confirmed or denied, only guessed at.

Sanity loss: 1D4/1D8.

Cthulhu Mythos: +6 percentiles.

Study Time: 3 weeks on average or 2 hours to skim.

Spells: Contact Deities/Nug and Yeb.

body fluids, from blood and sweat to sperm and urine. The domed ceiling is carved in a spiral pattern that, if stared at for too long, seems to slowly spin, costing 0/1D3 SAN. The walls to the left and right of the chamber are covered in Iremic script. Professor *Mikhay'el* identifies these as the “Black Litanies of Nug and Yeb.” He says they are not important for their purposes, so he won’t translate them. If the investigators spend days copying the litany down anyway and manage to translate it later on their own they will have a Mythos tome about the Twin Blasphemies. Alternatively, the Keeper might allow this tome to be discovered in the library, or indeed in this room, in Arabic translation.

The only furnishing in this shrine is a stone altar set upon a raised dais at the rear of the chamber. The altar has been carved to appear as roaring flames and is stained black with ancient bloodstains. This altar also seems to

be the source of the unnatural heat of the shrine as it is burning hot. On the back wall of the shrine are two large paintings of Nug and Yeb. Similar in appearance, they look like writhing masses composed both out of vaporous gases and solid matter. Eyes and mouths of many different shapes and sizes erratically dot the creatures and various limbs terminating in claws and hooves protrude at random from their swirling masses. Seeing these highly detailed painting costs 0/1D3 SAN. Oddly, between the portraits of Nug and Yeb is the black and white yin-yang symbol common in the Orient, suggesting that the twins might be cosmic opposites of some sort.

9. The Temple of Cthulhu

This temple is huge. The vaulted ceiling towers over fifty feet above and is supported by many thick columns carved to look like giant tentacles. Because of the ceiling's height and the temple's darkness, it can only be seen if the investigators have powerful, directional lighting like flashlights and similar. Once illuminated the ceiling reveals that it has been painted to represent the night sky. Those that succeed at an **Astronomy** roll will notice that the positions of certain constellations stars are not correct. This is because this ceiling reflects the positions the stars will take when they become "right" again. There is further information about this in the following section.

Entering the chamber, the investigators first notice a huge statue of Great Cthulhu towards the rear of the temple. It stands a dizzying sixty feet in height. Its giant wings and great claws are both outstretched and its head is bowed, looking down upon an altar set between its two massive feet. The whole sculpture is made out of dull green stone that appears to be wet and slimy even though it is dry to the touch. Seeing this macabre masterpiece costs 1/1D8 SAN.

On the left hand wall are eight large murals of the earth as it has looked over countless centuries. How ancient beings obtained this heaven's eye view of the world is unknown.

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Professor Mikhay'el, with the aid of Abd Al-Azrad, can give the specifics of what the investigators see in the paintings. Studying all eight murals grants +3% to investigator's Cthulhu Mythos skill, but costs 1D6 SAN in the process.

The first mural shows the world as it was over 350 million years ago. The supercontinent of Pangaea is shown, as is a smaller landmass in what would one day become the Pacific Ocean. This landmass has three names associated to it: K'naa Ponape, Yhe, and R'lyeh. As a whole these lands are called Mu. There are also two unnamed cities shown. One is below water in what is now the Antarctic Ocean and the other is on the southwest corner of Pangaea. A successful **Geology** roll recognizes that this area of Pangaea will most likely become the continent of Australia. Successful **Cthulhu Mythos** rolls recognizes these cities as belonging to the elder things and the great race of yith, respectively.

The next mural, of 275 million years ago, shows that Pangaea is slightly altered, but the majority of Mu is now gone from the map. K'naa Ponape still remains above water, but Yhe and R'lyeh are below the waves, although their locations are still given. In the center of Pangaea is an area marked with the same symbol of Yig seen on the pillar on the surface. A successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll (or Al-Azrad) identifies this as Valusia and the civilization as that of the serpent folk.

The third mural is from 190 million years ago. A great east-west crack appears across Pangaea. Valusia is plunged beneath the waves and a successful **Geology** roll identifies the area as what will become the Mediterranean Sea. A separate landmass which will become the Antarctic and Australia has broken away from the supercontinent and is heading south. The lands of Mu are still shown resting below the waves.

The fourth mural dates back 70 million years. Pangaea is now fragmented into eight continents





Inside the Temple of Cthulhu

loosely clustered together. Seven of the eight are recognizable as the continents that we know today. The eighth is Hyperborea.

The fifth mural is from 20 million years ago. It shows the continents almost in their present positions. Hyperborea is still shown on the map between Europe and North America. In the far south of the Antarctic a new, huge mountain chain is now shown. These are the Mountains of Madness.

The sixth mural is from a million years ago when a global ice age gripped the world.

The seventh mural is from 25,000 years ago. It shows a small continent south of Hyperborea in the Atlantic (Thurian). Off the coast of this landmass is a smaller island (Atlantis).

The eighth and final mural is of the world roughly as it appears in the early twentieth century. Hyperborea is now largely below the Atlantic Ocean, with the only part above the water forming Greenland. Thurian and Atlantis have also disap-

peared, but not being important to the servants of Cthulhu, their position below the ocean in not shown. The last remnants of Mu are also below the waves now, joining Yhe and R'lyeh, but their location is still marked. With this information and a successful **Navigation** skill roll, the investigators can map the location of R'lyeh to be roughly 2,400 nautical miles east of New Zealand. The exact location is 47.9' South Latitude, 126.43' West Longitude.

The right wall of the temple is covered in strange alien symbols. Some are recognizable as the Iremic language that the investigators have now seen all over the Nameless City. In addition there are strange swirling glyphs mixed in with the Iremic. A successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll identifies these symbols as R'lyehian, the language of Cthulhu and his spawn. This could be a very helpful hint as to the most dominant feature of this wall; a huge, stone, open archway towering forty feet tall. Beyond the archway is only darkness that none of the investigators' lights can dispel. Seeing this and making an **Idea** roll realizes the wrongness of it and costs 1D3 SAN.

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SCHOOL IS IN SESSION

Once here, Al-Azrad will want to talk to the investigators directly. If Ahmed ibn Mikhay'el is still alive and part of the group, the Mad Arab will talk through him. If Ahmed is dead or gone, then the keeper has two choices. Al-Azrad can either manifest as a misty image in front of the investigators, causing 0/1D6 SAN to those who see his shade, or he could attempt to possess someone by overcoming the target's POW with his POW of 26 on the resistance table. If the ghost succeeds, the possessed loses 1D3/1D8 SAN from the horrible experience.

Al-Azrad starts by introducing himself and states that while he did write the *Al-Azif* (the *Necronomicon*) he intended it to be a warning of future events, not a tool to help bring them about. Whether or not this is true, who knows? He was insane at the time he wrote the book, after all. He will say that he has paid the price for his foolishness with both a slow, torturous death and his ages-long existence as a restless spirit. Now Al-Azrad wants to help the investigators against those that eagerly await the rising of R'lyeh.

Al-Azrad will fill in the investigators on the identity of Malcolm Garwell and why he is at Irem, if they have yet to discover that for themselves. The spirit says that the dead see much and he knows that if Cthulhu's cult gains the information Malcolm seeks, the likelihood of Cthulhu awaking earlier than ordained will increase dramatically. He explains that many times in the past, and more importantly in the future as well, the stars will "nearly" become right. At such times R'lyeh rises briefly before sinking back under the waves. If the keeper is running this adventure after the year 1925 then Al-Azrad will say that one such "nearly right" time occurred in the early spring of 1925. Any investigator familiar with the events in H.P. Lovecraft's *The Call of Cthulhu* story (if that story figures into the current game-world's events), will know of what the ghost speaks.

The Mad Arab goes on to warn that if Cthulhu's cult are forewarned about such a time and

are ready then they could possibly throw open the doors to Cthulhu's temple crypt and enact the Rites of Awakening. While such things are never guaranteed, there is a chance that the Rites could arouse the Great Old One early and thus doom the earth many years, perhaps even centuries, before its time is due. Al-Azrad says that this possibility has yet to even occur to Malcolm Garwell and others in the cult, but if they study the star map carefully enough it just might. This is something that the investigators can prevent if they have reached this far.

Al-Azrad will direct the investigators to the ceiling with the star chart and the mural with R'lyeh's current location if they wish, but he warns, "Ignorance is sometimes a blessing. There are things you are better off not knowing; for some knowledge burns. This is something I myself learned, through years of torment."

If the investigators insist and discover R'lyeh's location they gain +2% to Cthulhu Mythos but lose 1D6 Sanity. Learning the date of R'lyeh final triumphant rise, or of the "nearly right" times is a lot harder to do and far more damaging to their mental wellbeing. It will require a master's understanding of Astronomy (75% or higher) with a firm grasp of Physics (50% or more) and years of study. The exact time of this world shattering event is left up to the keeper to decide as are the number and dates of the near misses. A keeper may wish that this information is never learned by the investigators and that is perfectly fine, just make the strange formula needed to understand the movement of the stars beyond the investigators. However, should this information be learned, those that come to understand it gain +5% to **Cthulhu Mythos** but suffer a devastating 1D4/1D20 Sanity loss. Both Mythos knowledge and Sanity loss might be parceled out over the number of years it takes to understand the star chart and might even



serve as a warning for the investigators to stop their inquiry.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

This is meant only as an option if the keeper wants to continue the investigator's education in fear and possibly either get them all killed or driven completely insane. The huge, strange archway on the temple's wall is actually a functioning dimensional gate to Cthulhu's tomb in sunken R'lyeh. In countless ages past it is how Cthulhu sent his spawn and servants to Irem and other places important to the Great Old One. While allowing the party to visit R'lyeh could be great fun, it is VERY dangerous and something that shouldn't be done lightly.

Stepping through the arch immediately drains a person of 4 magic points, 1 point of SAN, and whisks them to the completely dark tomb of Cthulhu. While light will not pass through the gate, once in R'lyeh their light sources will illuminate things normally. Also, anyone on the R'lyeh side of the gate can see their friends back in Irem and vice versa. Stepping back through the gate costs another 4 magic and 1 Sanity points. If anyone's magic points hit zero they fall unconscious.

Once in R'lyeh the investigators feel an incredible weight upon them. Although watertight, the tomb is far below the waves so the air pressure is immense. It is only through the ancient magic that keeps Cthulhu's crypt intact, and the subtle alterations the dimensional gate made to the investigators' physiology so that they can survive in the hostile environment, that they are still alive. However, they will all feel heavy and sluggish and all skills and rolls based on movement or Dexterity suffer -10%.

Looking around their damp, musty, oppressive surroundings investigators see floor, walls, and massive columns made out of a strange greenish-black stone



and everything just looks wrong! Not only is the scale of this place utterly inhuman but the lines and angles of all the stonework twist and turn on themselves in non-Euclidean ways. The shadows slither and crawl over everything, almost mocking the light the investigators bring with them. Features which appear to be on the other side of the space might be bumped into on the next step for a point of damage if a **Luck** check is failed. Investigators must match their POW against a POW of 10 on the resistance table not to be paralyzed or hypnotized by the alien angles. Those who succumb must be slapped or shaken out of it by someone not affected. Seeing the non-Euclidean surroundings cost 1/1D6 Sanity.

A few minutes after arriving in R'lyeh, if the investigators haven't wisely decided to return to Irem, they hear something immensely huge shift its bulk somewhere in the dark deeper in the crypt. Sanity loss is 1/1D4. Should the investigators want to go to see what it was, tell them something like, "All your senses and even a little voice screaming inside you tells you that only horror and madness await you down this path." If they still proceed after that, then they get what they deserve.

Within a few moments the investigators will come face to face with Mighty Cthulhu in the throes of its death-dream. Words can barely do this horrible sight justice, but some flavor text can be found in the nearby boxed section, The Lord of R'lyeh, if you wish to use it. Of course, feel free to describe the living nightmare in your own words if you wish. Whatever the case, investigators lose 1D10/1D100 Sanity for seeing Great Cthulhu.

Now the investigators know exactly what they are up against and chances are some of their party has been driven insane by the awesome sight of Cthulhu in its death-dream. Cruel keepers could have insane investigators run off screaming into the darkness, never to be seen again. Particularly cruel keepers might have a Star-Spawn of Cthulhu arrive on the scene to chase the investigators away if they still haven't grasped the point that they really

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The Lord of R'lyeh

The huge horror lays sprawled out before you upon an enormous altar-like stone as high as a two-storey building and longer than two football fields placed end to end. Your eyes recoil at the sight of it even though you can't seem to form a complete picture of the colossal aberration. It is as if your mind cannot process the impossible being. All you see are glimpses, like a camera flashing in a dark room, but even those brief flashes are more than you can take.

You can almost feel the huge creature's ponderous, flabby green flesh press in against you, and you smell the rot of countless ages wafting out of its cancerous hide. Huge membranous wings twitch in a restless, dreaming slumber behind the thing's back. An errant claw longer than any two men gouges the ancient stone it rests upon as the creature's hand curls into a gigantic fist. And then there are the tentacles, so many curling, slithering appendages impossible to count. But the worst thing of all is when a huge malevolent eye sluggishly opens and appears to focus on you. The ancient thing not only sees you, but sees through you. It gazes balefully into your mind and your very soul. That is when you start screaming.

shouldn't be here. Remember, the Star-Spawn imposes its own drain of 1D6/1D20 Sanity points, so if the investigators aren't insane after seeing Cthulhu, this will very likely push them over the edge.

KEEPING THE WORLD SAFE, IF ONLY FOR A LITTLE WHILE

Whether or not the investigators travel to R'lyeh or learn the secret of when it will rise, it should be apparent that Cthulhu's cult should never, ever gain the knowledge contained in the Temple of Cthulhu. The first step in ensuring that the cult never gains it is to deal with Malcolm Garwell and his assembled cultists. Once –and however– that is accomplished, the investigators should realize that as long as the Temple exists the threat remains. Just relying on Irem to stay hidden is not enough. If the investigators

don't think of this for themselves, Al-Azrad will point this out.

The temple can be brought down by a number of means. The explosives found in Malcolm's camp planted on the tentacle-carved pillars would do the trick. Likewise Malcolm's tome, *Dwellers of the Deep Desert* could allow them to summon their own chthonian and have the huge worm-like beast collapse the underground temple.

One interesting way to accomplish this would be if the investigators took the gate to R'lyeh, and were chased out by a Star-Spawn of Cthulhu, and then pursued by that lumbering behemoth. The giant creature could rage about, slamming into support columns, bringing the whole temple tumbling down. This would provide a very action-packed ending as the investigators race to escape the cave-in. This could also be a way for the keeper to bring all of Irem tumbling down if they would like to keep the Nameless City's ancient secrets out of the hands of the investigators.

If and when this temple is destroyed, the spirit of Al-Azrad will depart, whomever he is possessing. Is it possible the old shade achieves some sort of redemption for penning the *Necronomicon* by aiding the investigators? Or has he merely used them to serve his own obscure objectives?

GETTING HOME

Once the problems of the cultists and the Temple of Cthulhu is dealt with, the question of how the investigators can get home over miles and miles of unforgiving desert may come up. If they still have their camels then they can use the barrels of water found in Malcolm's camp to make it home, killing the camels in the process. If either Nigel Stedford and/or Ahmed ibn Mikhay'el are still alive and sane then they can guide the group through the desert. If they are not, then the inves-



tigators will have to make several **Navigation** rolls to make the journey.

Should the investigators not have camels or water there are more “creative” ways for them to make it out of the Rub al-Khali. If the investigators freed the Bedouin prisoners from Malcolm’s camp, they could return with other nomads and take the investigators back to Al-Afan to repay the debt. Failing that Al-Azrad could use magical means to get the investigators home before he departs for the great hereafter. A dimensional gate or any number of summoned monsters could transport the investigators with only some Sanity loss to pay for the journey.

Rewards

- Keeping Malcolm Garwell from learning the secrets of Cthulhu’s return: +1D6 Sanity
- Destroying the Temple of Cthulhu : +1D6 Sanity
- Killing the crawling one (only if it was “evil”): +1D10 Sanity
- Each Bedouin prisoner saved from Malcolm: +1D3 Sanity
- Each Bedouin they allow the Malcolm to kill: -1D3 Sanity
- Killing the star spawn (hey, it could happen): +1D20 Sanity

CHARACTERS

NIGEL STEDFORD, age 55, Trustworthy Friend and Guide

Longtime guide and companion to Lord Stourton, Nigel is as trustworthy and steadfast as they come. Equal parts explorer, archaeologist, and big game hunter, he cuts a dashing figure. His reddish-brown hair is just now starting to grey and his blue eyes are still bright and alert. His upper-class

accent and his ever-present pipe complete the picture of the competent English adventurer. Despite being in his mid-fifties, he is as spry as any man twenty years his junior.

Nigel has spent years in Africa and the Middle East, he is comfortable around the people there, can speak their languages, and knows their customs. He is also well versed in desert survival. In short, he is the perfect ally to help the investigators across the deadly Rub al-Khali.

NIGEL STEDFORD

STR 13 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 09
DEX 10 APP 15 EDU 16 SAN 45 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 70%, damage 1D3+db

Webley Mk IV revolver 50%, damage 1D10

Savage 1920 Bolt Action Rifle 65%, damage 2D6+2

Skills: Arabic 65%, Archaeology 67%, Climb 58%, Credit Rating 60%, Desert Survival 73%, Dodge 49%, First Aid 38%, Jump 35%, Listen 51%, Natural History 62%, Navigate 73%, Ride: Camel 54%, Track 70%.

PROFESSOR AHMED IBN MIKHAY’EL, age 49, Possessed Scholar

Educated in Archaeology and History in Cairo and fluent in many languages, Ahmed was the perfect traveling companion for Lord Stourton. That is, until he went in search of Irem by himself and came back a changed man. Now the good professor is a shell of his former self. He stands five and a half feet tall but weighs only 120 pounds. His hair and beard are both long and unkempt, matted together and sticking up at odd angles. His left eye was removed by a ghoul and now only a gaping, and uncovered, socket remains.

While ibn Mikhay’el always acts a bit odd, there will be times during the course of the trip that he acts as a completely different person.

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During these lapses his English becomes poorer, yet his voice becomes more steady and commanding. Even his constant nervous twitching seems to stop. It is during these times that the spirit of Abdul Al-Azrad that has bounded with the man takes control of him. In such a state, "Ahmed" can be a wealth of mythos and historical information.

* Note: stats and skills in parenthesis reflect Abdul Al-Azrad when he takes control of ibn Mikhay'el. These stats may be lower than the ones Al-Azrad had in life, but the act of possession is draining, to say the least.

PROFESSOR AHMED IBN MIKHAY'EL

STR 12 CON 09 SIZ 10 INT 16 (18) POW 12 (26)
DEX 15 APP 10 EDU 19 (25) SAN 0 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Fist 50%, damage 1D3.

Skills: Anthropology 57% (43%), Arabic 80% (90%), Archaeology 80% (33%), Astronomy 15% (77%), Cthulhu Mythos 11% (90%), Dodge 60%, English 70% (11%), Greek 27% (50%), History 71% (83%), Iremic 01% (70%), Latin 50% (65%), Library Use 69% (57%), Listen 47%, Mythos Language (any) 01% (65%), Occult 43% (81%), Ride: Camel 56% (67%), Spot Hidden 54%.

Spells: none (as Al-Azrad, any that the keeper wishes).

MALCOLM GARWELL, age 178, Inquisitive Cthulhu Cultist

Nearing two-hundred-years old, Malcolm is one of the deathless members of Cthulhu's cult. He appears as a man in late thirties with black hair and green eyes. He is tall and athletic looking but he has a hard to define "creepiness" about him that unnerves people and gives him a sinister aura. When he speaks it is with a thick New England accent.

Malcolm was initiated in worship of Cthulhu by his mother and father. He has already sur-

passed them in forbidden and magical knowledge, but the same relentless desire to always know more that has helped him excel in his arcane studies has caused some friction with other members of the cult. While they follow Cthulhu and have faith in their lord's return, Malcolm always wanted and needed to know more. This hunger has caused the evil wizard to seek out Irem. What he doesn't yet know is that even more power and glory awaits him there then he ever thought possible. Should he gain that knowledge, woe be to the rest of humanity.

MALCOLM GARWELL

STR 10 CON 13 SIZ 16 INT 17 POW 20
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 23 SAN 0 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 60%, damage 1D3+db

Colt .45 Peacemaker 50%, damage 1D10+2 .

Skills: Chinese 52%; Credit Rating 66%, Cthulhu Mythos 69%, Dodge 50%, Hide 30%, Iremic 25%, Latin 60%, Library Use 71%, Listen 57%, Occult 87%, Persuasion 55%, R'lyehian Glyphs 66%, Spot Hidden 64%, Swim 38%.

Spells: Black Binding, Breath of the Deep, Cloud Memory, Contact Chthonian, Contact Deity/ Cthulhu, Contact Ghouls, Contact Deep Ones, Contact Sand-Dwellers, Create Gate, Deflect Harm, Evil Eye, Grasp of Cthulhu, Summon/Bind Chthonian, Wrack.

SAND-DWELLERS

Sand-dwellers have large eyes and ears, giving them heightened senses and the ability to see well in the dark. Large but emaciated looking, they are nonetheless as strong or stronger than men.

Their skin is rough and encrusted with sand and their faces somewhat resemble those of koala bears.



Sand-dwellers are a cantankerous lot. Their most predominant emotion is hate for other species, it is what drives them. They are not cowards nor are they fool-hardy, so they won't run from a fight but they won't fight against impossible odds. If driven off, sand-dwellers are likely to stay in the area, waiting for the first opportunity to get revenge.

In combat, sand-dwellers attack with two claws per round. As a Keeper's option, some sand-dwellers may even arm themselves with axes, shovels, picks, and other melee weapons and have the same base 30% chance to score a successful hit.

Five Sand-Dwellers, repeat as needed

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	INT	POW	HP
1	10	16	17	13	10	12	17
2*	15	15	19	11	09	10	17
3	12	13	18	14	11	15	15
4*	13	15	20	12	10	08	18
5	11	14	16	10	12	16	15

Move: 8

Damage Bonus: +1D4, * +1D6

Weapons: Claw 30%, damage 1D6 + db.

Armor: 3-point rough hide.

Spells: those of POW 14 or more may know 1D4 spells the Keeper thinks appropriate.

Skills: Hide 60%, Sent 70%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 50%, Track 55%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a sand-dweller.

CHTHONIAN, repeat as needed

Chthonians are covered at length in the *Call of Cthulhu* rule book.



CHTHONIAN

STR 50 CON 40 SIZ 60 INT 14 POW 16
DEX 09 Move 6/1 burrowing HP 50

Damage Bonus: +6D6

Weapons: Tentacle 80%, damage ½ db. Each round, this larval horror can attack with 1D8 tentacles. If a tentacle hits, it hangs on and begin to drain blood at the rate of 1D6 points of CON per round.

Crush 80%, damage 5D6 + db.

Armor: 5 points, plus it regenerates 5 hit points per round.

Spells: None.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D20 Sanity points to see a chthonian.

GHOSTS OF IREM

These are not ghosts in the traditional sense. They are the still living consciences of the builders of Irem, now freed from their frail, physical bodies. As such, there are some significant differences between these extra-dimensional creatures are real ghosts.

The ghosts of Irem are always invisible, but when passing through a vaporous material, such as the mists in the Glowing Abyss, smoke, or wind blown sand, their inhuman outlines can be glimpsed and cost 0/1D6 Sanity points to see. These beings can be harmed by magic and magic weapons but by nothing else. They can also pass through solid matter with ease. While they fear and avoid sunlight (a remaining memory from their physical lives) they do not suffer damage or any other ill effects from exposure to it. Spells that affect Great Old Ones and the like (such as the Elder Sign) also affect the ghosts of Irem.

Unless the investigators disturb their mummified bodies, the ghosts of Irem are content to only plague them with tricks and ghostly occurrences. Therefore, these beings should be an ever-present force in Irem, especially in the lightless tunnels underneath it. Cold

Nameless City, Nameless Terrors

Cthulhu Cultists, Garwell's followers, repeat as needed

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
STR	10	13	11	17	10	09	14	13	11	15
CON	13	14	08	13	09	10	10	11	08	14
SIZ	10	12	13	16	11	14	15	09	10	11
EDU	11	12	10	09	15	11	13	10	12	14
APP	13	09	11	11	14	09	12	13	09	11
INT	11	10	09	13	12	16	13	10	08	11
DEX	12	14	10	10	12	13	14	13	11	08
POW	15	14	09	11	12	17	13	12	10	15
HP	12	13	11	15	10	12	12	10	09	12
DB	0	+1D4	0	+1D6	0	0	+1D4	0	0	+1D4

Weapons: Knife 35%; damage 1D6 + db

.38 Revolver 35%; damage 1D10

.303 Lee-Enfield Rifle 35%; damage 2D6+4.

Spells: Cultists 1, 6, and 10 know a few (1D3) spells from the following list: Breath of the Deep, Contact Deity/Cthulhu, Contact Deep Ones, Deflect Harm, Grasp of Cthulhu, Wrack

spots; phantom sounds, smells, and images; the movement of small objects; appearances of impenetrable darkness; and other ghost-like phenomena are common tricks of these beings. The Ghosts of Irem can perform such feats at will and doing so cost them no magic points or POW loss.

If the ghosts want to take more direct actions against the investigators they may try to possess one of them. This requires a POW vs. POW test on the resistance table and if the ghost wins, they can control the poor target for a number of rounds equal to its POW. When possessing a person, the ghost has access to all of its victim's thoughts, memories, and languages. If the target of the possession successfully resists the takeover, the ghost loses 1D6 in both magic points and hit points and that person is immune to being possessed by that particular ghost.

If enraged by the desecration of their bodies, the ghosts of Irem will manifest into a cloudy, semi-physical form (thus causing their listed Sanity loss) and attack. In these forms, the ghosts are still immune to all physical attacks, but can attack with two ghostly claws. These claw attacks ignore any and all armor

a target happens to be wearing unless it is magical in nature.

Five Ghosts of Irem, Repeat as needed

	DEX	INT	POW	HP
1	16	13	18	18
2	15	16	19	19
3	15	14	18	18
4	17	15	17	17
5	16	14	20	20

Move: 9 fly

Damage Bonus: n/a

Weapons: Claw 50%, damage 1D6.

Armor: None, but only magic and magic weapons can harm the ghosts of Irem.



Spells: Each knows 1D8 spells the keeper thinks appropriate.

Skills: Play Ghostly Trick 80%, Remain Unseen 95%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 Sanity points to see a ghost of Irem.

**AL-ABBAS IBN-RASID, age 1,223, Lonely
Crawling One**

Once a powerful necromancer, this worm wizard betrayed his cabal and was punished by being transformed into a crawling one and forced to live forever trapped within a sealed tomb. Al-Abbas had other ideas in mind and use his new body to slowly burrow through the stone walls that imprisoned him. Once free, the wormy worm wizard found his way into one of the great libraries of Irem and there he has remained, studying vast amounts of arcane secrets. Al-Abbas ibn-Rasid is now an incredibly powerful sorcerer and the other, living worm wizards know this so they give him a wide berth.

For Al-Abbas, the only drawback to his new life is a profound loneliness. He hasn't had the company of another living being in hundreds of years. To help alleviate some of his loneliness, he has created two mummies, but they're not great conversationalists. This being the case, if the investigators come across the crawling one and don't immediately start attacking him, he will likely introduce himself (in Arabic and with telepathy, as he can't speak) and invite the amazed mortals to join him for a bit of conversation. Al-Abbas ibn-Rasid can be a wealth of information, and he uses the lure of ancient secrets to keep his new "friends" talking with him for as long as possible. However, the crawling one is insanely protective of the books in "his" library, so he won't let investigators touch them, let alone read them.

AL-ABBAS IBN-RASID

STR 05 CON 14 SIZ 16
INT 17 POW 30



Telepathy, A New Spell

This spell allows the caster to communicate directly to a person's mind, without speaking aloud. It costs 1 SAN and 1 MP to speak with up to three people at once as long as they are in sight. More than three people can be affected with this spell at the additional cost of 1 SAN and 1 MP per three extra people. This spell lasts for a variable duration left to the will of the keeper, anywhere from a few minutes to an hour. In addition, if the caster knows the desired target very well then need not be in sight for the telepathy to work. In such a case the spell effects only one person at a time and costs an additional 1 SAN and 1 MP per five miles of distance between the caster and the target.

DEX 06 APP 0 EDU 28 SAN 0 HP 15

Move: 8

Damage Bonus: None.

Weapons: None.

Armor: None, but due to his soft, resilient body, normal weapons do only minimum damage. Bullets do only a single point of damage upon striking a crawling one, except for shotgun pellets, which do minimum damage for that gauge of gun. Fire, magic, and enchanted weapons inflict normal damage. Finally, al-Abbas ibn-Rasid fully regenerates all wounds in one to ten days time unless over 80% of his entire mass of worms is destroyed. Therefore, since his HP = 15 and 80% of 15 = 12, al-Abbas ibn-Rasid must be reduced to -13 hit points (i.e., at least 13 hit points below zero) before he truly dies. Crawling ones start to break apart at 0 HP, but investigators can still do damage to the remaining mass, as the Keeper allows.

Skills: Alchemy 60%, Arabic 89%, Astrology 78%, Chinese 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 86%, Greek 53%, Hide 62%, History 90%, Iremic 71%, Latin 81%, Library Use 95%, Mythos Language (any) 66%, Necromancy 90%, Numerology 57%, Occult 85%, Sneak 75%.

Nameless City, Nameless Terrors

Spells: any and all that the Keeper wishes to employ, but some of the crawling one's favorites are: Contact Ghoul; Fist of Yog-Sothoth; Flesh Ward; Grasp of Cthulhu; Shrivelling; Summon/Bind Hunting Horror; Telepathy.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/2D10 Sanity points to see a crawling one.

Ibn-Rasid's Ghoul-Mummies

These creatures are doubly frightening because not only are they undead, but because in life they weren't even human, but ghouls. This gives them a slightly higher Sanity loss than standard mummies and ghouls. These mummies lack the traditional bandage wrappings, but are withered and their skin has the appearance of taught, brown leather. A successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll identifies these horrors as once being ghouls, but failing that they should be described as "shambling, mummified things that have both human and canine features."

In combat the ghoul-mummies attack with two devastating claw swipes per round, but they don't bite.

Ibn-Rasid's Ghoul-Mummies

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	INT	POW	HP
1	32	22	17	10	11	16	20
2	34	28	16	11	09	15	22

Move: 6

Damage Bonus: +2D6

Weapons: Claw 40%, damage 1D6 + db.

Armor: 2-point skin; impaling weapons are useless unless severing a limb, head, etc.

Spells: None.

Skills: Follow Orders 90%; Move Quietly 50%.

Sanity Loss: 1D2/2D4 Sanity points to see a ghoul mummy.

A STAR-SPAWN OF CTHULHU

This huge creature is a miniature version of Great Cthulhu itself.

STR 75 CON 51 SIZ 110 INT 21 POW 20
DEX 11 HP 81

Move 20 walk/20 swim/10 fly

Damage Bonus: +11D6.

Weapons: Face Tentacles 80%, damage 5D6

Claw 80%, damage 1D6 + DB

Armor: 10 points of hide and blubber; regenerates 3 hit points per round

Spells: Contact Deity/ Cthulhu

Sanity Loss: 1D6/1D20 Sanity points to see the Star Spawn.



APPENDIX

Links to other scenarios and campaigns [Possible Spoilers]

“The Art of Madness”: The Garwells are exactly the sort of patrons Pickman would love to have, and perhaps they have acquired one of his earlier works.

“The Jermyn Horror”: Another opportunity to meet Lady Heatherington, who may later provide an introduction to Stourton. If investigators do research at the Royal Geographical Society it may serve as a familiar place where they may meet Stourton, perhaps even while he is being pestered for a final meeting by “Gaston.”

“Return of the Hound”: The auction in this scenario furnishes an opportunity to meet Lady Heatherington, who may provide an introduction to Lord Stourton, but it may be revised to introduce Lord Stourton himself, and/or Garwell. Alternatively, NPCs with small parts in Return of the Hound, such as Douglas Timmons or even Edmund Jordanson, might be developed to fulfil Garwell’s role. The presence of the *Necronomicon* may also help foreground the significance of Alhazred and, even if the investigators are unable to acquire it, suggest they consult the British Museum copy.

Keepers may also wish to make links to published campaigns by using some of the same NPCs, substituting in either direction. These are really just suggestions to inspire the keeper to see ways of including this scenario in their campaigns. Before planning too far in advance remember this is an adventure that is potentially highly dangerous to any investigator’s life and sanity.

Masks of Nyarlathotep: Opportunities abound for planting seeds in advance of this epic, such as mentions of the unfortunate Carlyle expedition or having Malcolm Garwell reading one of Jackson Elias’s books on cults.

who features in the Egyptian-set chapter, or to have Arkham Country-based investigators introduced to Stourton by Galloway.

Shadows of Yog-Sothoth: As suggested above, Garwell might first be encountered as just another member of the Silver Twilight. In any case, this scenario provides useful information for investigators engaged in SOYS, and another opportunity to visit R’lyeh for those who spurned the opportunity or were unable to get that far.

Day of the Beast: It would be possible to replace Lord Stourton with Miskatonic Professor Ronald Galloway,



Selected Chaosium Titles



FICTION

Eldritch Evolutions

#6048 ISBN 1-56882-349-5 \$15.95

ELDRITCH EVOLUTIONS is the first collection of short stories by Lois H. Gresh, one of the most talented writers working these days in the realms of imagination.

These tales of weird fiction blend elements wrung from science fiction, dark fantasy, and horror. Some stories are bent toward bizarre science, others are Lovecraftian Mythos tales, and yet others are just twisted. They all share an underlying darkness, pushing Lovecraftian science and themes in new directions. While H.P. Lovecraft incorporated the astronomy and physics ideas of his day (e.g., cosmos-within-cosmos and other dimensions), these stories speculate about modern science: quantum optics, particle physics, chaos theory, string theory, and so forth. Full of unique ideas, bizarre plot twists, and fascinating characters, these tales show a feel for pacing and structure, and a wild sense of humor. They always surprise and delight.

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Includes short stories by H.P. Lovecraft, August W. Derleth, Richard L. Tierney and many others.

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#6037 ISBN 1-56882-176-X \$15.95

"H.P. Lovecraft — like his creation, Cthulhu — never truly died. He and his influence live on, in the work of so many of us who were his friends and acolytes. Today we have reason for rejoicing in the widespread revival of his canon. . . . If a volume such as this has any justification for its existence, it's because Lovecraft's readers

continue to search out stories which reflect his contribution to the field of fantasy. . . . [The tales in this book] represent a lifelong homage to HPL. . . . I hope you'll accept them for what they were and are — a labor of love." —Robert Bloch

Robert Bloch has become one with his fictional counterpart Ludvig Prinn: future generations of readers will know him as an eldritch name hovering over a body of nightmare texts. To know them will be to know him. And thus we have decided to release a new and expanded third edition of Robert Bloch's *Mysteries of the Worm*. This collection contains four more Mythos tales — "The Opener of the Way", "The Eyes of the Mummy", "Black Bargain", and "Philtre Tip" — not included in the first two editions.

The Yellow Sign & Other Stories

#6023 ISBN 1-56882-126-3 \$19.95

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This book contains all the immortal tales of Robert W. Chambers, including "The Repairer of Reputations", "The Yellow Sign", and "The Mask". These titles are often found in survey anthologies. In addition to the six stories reprinted from *The Yellow Sign* (1895), this book also offers more than two dozen other stories and episodes, about 650 pages in all. These narratives rarely have appeared in print. Some have not been published in nearly a century.

A Chambers novel, *The Slayer of Souls* (1920), is not included in this short story collection.

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which graced the Welsh village of Llantrissant for a time. Four more tales and the poetical "Ornaments in Jade" are all finely told. This is the second of three Machen volumes edited by S. T. Joshi and published by Chaosium; the first volume is *The Three Impostors*. 312 pages.

CALL OF CTHULHU RPG

CALL OF CTHULHU is a horror roleplaying game set in the world of the Cthulhu Mythos, as described by H. P. Lovecraft, the father of modern horror.

Call of Cthulhu, sixth ed.

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H. P. Lovecraft's Arkham

#8803 ISBN 1-56882-165-4 \$28.95

"Behind everything crouched the brooding, festering horror of the ancient town . . . the changeless, legend-haunted city of Arkham, with its clustering gambrel roofs that sway and sag over attics where witches hid from the King's men in the dark, olden days of the Province.

It was always a very bad time in Arkham . . ."

—H. P. Lovecraft

Arkham is a small town along the Massachusetts coast—the setting favored by author Howard Phillips Lovecraft in his tales of monstrous horror. All in all a quiet place, Arkham is best-known as the home of Miskatonic University, an excellent school becoming known for its esoteric and disturbing volumes residing in its library's Restricted Collection. These tomes form the foundation of all current efforts to thwart the dire desires of the Mythos legion.

H. P. Lovecraft's Arkham contains extensive background information about this haunted New England town — written to be used by serious investigators as a base from which to further explore the mysteries of the Cthulhu Mythos. Pertinent buildings, useful people, and important locations are described in depth. A 17x22" players' map of Arkham is bound into the back, and four thrilling adventures complete the package.

Includes the H.P. Lovecraft short story "The Dreams in the Witch-house" (1933).

H. P. Lovecraft's Dunwich

#8802 ISBN 1-56882-164-6 \$25.95

Dunwich is a small village located along the Miskatonic, upriver from Arkham. Until 1806, Dunwich was a thriving community, boasting many mills and the powerful Whateley family.

Those among the Whateleys came to know dark secrets about the world, and they fell into the worship of unwholesome creatures from other times and places. Retreating to the hills and forests surrounding the town, they betrayed their uncorrupted kin.

Prosperity fled, and a dark despair seized the people. What remains is a skeleton town, mills closed, its citizens without hope or future. However, secrets of the Mythos survive, to be discovered by brave and enterprising investigators.

H.P. Lovecraft's Dunwich begins with "The Dunwich Horror," Lovecraft's masterful tale of life in the town and its surrounds. It expands upon the story with extensive information about the town: pertinent buildings, useful people, and important locations are described in detail. A 17x22" map depicts the area for miles around, and two scenarios are included. All statistics and gameplay notes for d20 Cthulhu are also provided.

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"Iron: a Survey of Civilian Small Arms Used in the 1890's, 1920's, and the Present". Practicalities of firearms; common malfunctions; new skills Handloading and Gunsmithing. Firearms considered are likely to be encountered or thought specially useful by investigators. Insightful discussions of nine specific rifles, five shotguns, ten handguns, a sniper rifle, and the Thompson submachine gun. Hot load damage values for most weapons, along with comparative ratings for noise, maintenance, powder, reloading per round, more, plus standard stats.

"Medical Examiner's Report" discusses the unusual corpse recovered by the Essex County Sheriff's Department, as does "Dr. Lippincot's Diary" from another point of view. Also a short article on deep one / human reproduction.

Brian Sammon's "Mythos Collector" submits write-ups for the *Book of Loä*, *Chronike von Nath*, *Confessions of the Mad Monk Clinthanus*, *Letters of Nestar*, *The Nyhargo Codex*, *Soul of Chaos*, *Testament of Carnamago*, *The Tunneler Below*, *Visions From Yaddith*, *Von denen Verdammten*, as well as for more than a dozen new spells.

And More: "Mythos ex Machina" gathers about forty examples of alien technology from Cthulhu supplements. Gordon Olmstead-Dean outlines the odd connections between H. P. Lovecraft and the Satanists HPL never knew, in "LaVey, Satanism, and the Big Squid". Indexed.

Basic Roleplaying

Welcome to Chaosium's *Basic Roleplaying* system, a book that collects in one place rules and options for one of the original and most influential role playing game systems in the world.

Basic Roleplaying

#2026 ISBN 1-56882-347-9 \$44.95

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From its origin, *Basic Roleplaying* was designed to be intuitive and easy to play. Character attributes follow a 3D6 curve, and the other *Basic Roleplaying* mechanics are even simpler. Virtually all rolls determining success or failure of a task are determined via the roll of percentile dice. This means that there's less fiddling with dice of different types, and the concept of a percentile chance of success is extremely easy for beginners and experienced players to grasp. There aren't many easier ways to say a character has a 70% chance of succeeding at an activity.

The system is remarkably friendly to newcomers. It is easy to describe the basics of the game system, and the percentile mechanics, to non-gamers.

Players of other game systems often find *Basic Roleplaying* to be much less mechanistic and less of a barrier to the actual act of roleplaying. Less time spent on game systems usually equals more time available for roleplaying and thinking "in character."

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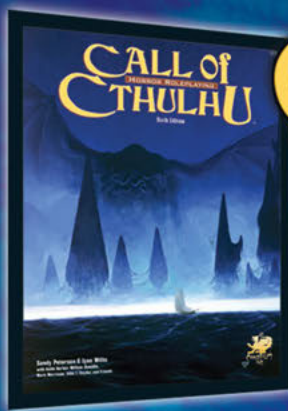
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Alternatively, the scenarios may be used to supplement classic *Call of Cthulhu* campaigns such as *The Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* which suggests that its component scenarios should be interspersed with others.

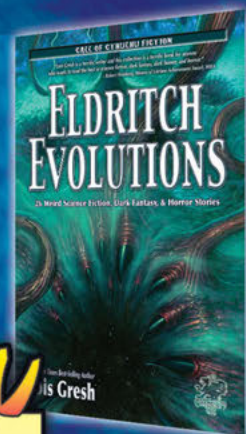


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