

Call of Cthulhu By Gaslight The Lunatics Have Taken Over The Asylum

This scenario is a Gaslight scenario, set in England in May 1891.

This is in fact a bit of a con.

The whole point behind the scenario is to get the Investigators in to a very claustrophobic environment, where their mental illnesses, phobias and fears can be played upon as they gradually regain their memory and face up to a stark choice: die in the service of humanity or live in a world where they will inevitably (and imminently) become servants of the crawling chaos.

It could quite easily, with a bit of jiggling, be set in any period, in any country.

“So, why the Gaslight tag?” I hear you ask.

Well.

All of the inherent baggage that goes with the Victorian Era can be used to good effect in getting Investigators in to character and giving them something clear to visualise and inter act with.

And the bleak oppression that is always associated with Victorian Asylums allows us to abandon concepts of human rights, political correctness, understanding of mental illness and any hope of a ‘cure’. These things will only hinder us in fostering a sense of desperate despair.

Of course, the limited technology of the age, including that of weaponry, all adds to the sense of isolation and futility in those who’s goal it is to fight the brooding evil from beyond the stars.

Another hook (and the primary one really) for the scenario was the introduction of a fetish for each of the Investigators.

(In this sense, the word ‘fetish’ is used to describe an object that a person is unnaturally attached to and relies on for emotional comfort.)

These are real Victorian bits and bobs that each Player was given as a focus for their Investigator. The Investigator would handle their fetish when they were distressed and gain comfort from it. This would even

translate in to bonuses on real in-game rolls, especially for SAN.

Once the idea was pushed to reality, it was found that actually getting hold of more than one lot of ‘real Victoriana’ was a bit too expensive, so more historically recent bits were substituted, but as the items were common, small and found in every era, this was not so much of a problem as was imagined: visualising them as ‘Victorian’ was easy.

So. That’s the justification for the Gaslight tag.

Running The Scenario - A Convention Game

Please be aware that this scenario was designed specifically as a Convention game. That is, it was designed to fit in to a four hour slot, to get people in to character quickly, to focus on inter-character relationships, to fit in a reasonable amount of action, and to not care a jot about consequences for the characters or the ‘game world’ once the scenario has finished.

Investigators are going to die. Oh yes they are. They may not all die, but most will go insane or die. So it’s not really suitable for long term campaign arcs.

But, that said, with a bit of tweaking, it could be slotted in for a group of Investigators who need to spend some time recovering in an Asylum.

Handling Sanity During The Scenario

This is a scenario revolving around the insanity of the Investigators. Even more so than a normal CoC scenario. The Investigators are already mad at the start of the game. Their fragile minds will be further battered by encounters with some Mythos creatures as well as by revelations of their past lives and apparent crimes against humanity in the service of the dark gods. Because of this we will need to handle the effects of SAN loss slightly differently. We need to raise the threshold for ‘Short Temporary Insanity’ from 5 SAN points lost in one hit to 10. We also need to ignore the ‘Indefinite Insanity’ threshold, instead

stressing the need for the Investigators to act out their heightening insanity as already explained to them on their character sheets. Ultimately, the Investigators will die nobly in the cause of trying to save the human race, or they will become the slaves of the outer chaos, so we can afford to mess with the SAN rules without worrying too much about game balance and longer term effects for the Investigators.

In A Nut Shell

Brutally simplistic overview of the scenario:

The Investigators are all together in an Asylum. They have acute Amnesia and each has a mental disorder and physical side effect. Each has a personal effect: a fetish, that comforts them.

Investigators break lose from a group activity session.

They discover that something or someone has rampaged through the Asylum murdering the other patients.

They realise their old nemesis the Doctor is behind it.

They encounter some of the Doctor's servants and summoned beasts:

They will come across murdered and dying patients, a Hunting Horror, an area where they may encounter Dream Space and one of more of it's beasts, they will have an opportunity to save sacrificial victims, they meet the Doctor's personal guard; a twisted Zombie creation.

As they move through the Asylum to seek out and confront the Doctor, they regain their memories. They come to realise they were all cultists and worshipper slaves of the Doctor who chose to try and redeem themselves for their hideous actions by thwarting the Doctors ultimate plan.

They confront the Doctor during a summoning ceremony dedicated to Glaaki.

The Doctor flees the disrupted ceremony, the Investigators give chase.

The South Staffordshire Regiment have surrounded the Asylum.

The Doctor attempts to use a spell to drain Magic energy from those around him in a final desperate attempt to complete the summoning of Glaaki.

The Investigators force the Staffs to open fire killing them all (including the Doctor) or they escape the carnage, leaving Glaaki to enter our world.

Background to Oakengates

Oakengates, England.

Friday May 8th, 1891.

Oakengates lies on Watling Street, (now Market Street), one of the main Roman trunk roads which ran past the nearby fort of Uxacona (Red Hill) to Wroxeter in the west, and a Roman villa's hypocaust was seen in the town in 1767. Here in 1130 Wormbridge Priory was founded and thrived until the Dissolution in 1536.



Market Street as it stands today.

Due to geological serendipity, this area provided an abundance of the raw materials needed for the industrial revolution. Thick forests provided wood then charcoal to smelt the iron ore that lay only feet beneath the ground surface. Coal burst out of the ground in bizarre areas called 'fungus' coal, and mining was often a matter of scraping off topsoil, and harvesting it out of the ground. As these pits were exhausted, deeper mines were sunk, and the district grew covered in spoil pits. Industry flourished, canals were built to transport the heavy materials about,

joined by the incline planes, a local invention. Shrewsbury was supplied with the majority of its coal from Oakengates, firstly by canal, then railway, and Oakengates coal had been used in the hypocausts of the Roman City of Wroxeter.



St. George's Church, haven for the faithful.

The small village of Oakengates lies just north of Telford and some five miles south west of Newport.

Oakengates, sitting as it does about four miles from Shifnal, and three from Wellington, it is most peculiarly situated, one portion being a township in the parish of Shifnal, the other being in the parish of Wormbridge. Consequently it is in both the Northern or Newport and the Wellington parliamentary divisions of the county: it is also in the Madeley and Wellington county court districts, and in two petty sessional divisions - Shifnal and Wellington. Two railways intersect the town - the Great Western and the London and North Western. It has a good market hall, with assembly room over, and the market is held every Saturday. The leading shops close for the half day holiday on Thursdays.

Oakengates Asylum

In 1847 a group of philanthropists set up a charity to create the 'Asylum for Idiots'. Oakengates Asylum was founded in 1847 and opened it's doors to people with mental disorders and learning disabilities in 1855.

A public appeal was launched and following a competition, the design of a Mr Moffat was chosen and a builder's tender for £29,400 was accepted. The builder was the same Mr Jay who had built the Houses of Parliament.



The Magnificent Oakengates Asylum.

The Oakengates Asylum building was financed by public subscription and Queen Victoria subscribed 250 guineas in the name of Edward, Prince of Wales, who became a life member. Albert, Prince Consort, laid the foundation stone on June 16, 1853, and in June 1855 opened the Oakengates Asylum. Before long the number of patients reached 300.

It soon became clear the asylum needed to be bigger, so a further appeal was launched and on June 28, 1869, the foundation stone for the extension was laid by Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra.

It was completed in 1872. The first medical superintendent at Oakengates was Dr John Heatherington-Smythe. Dr Heatherington-Smythe was killed in a Hansom Cab accident in 1873, shortly before his retirement. His successor, Dr William Peterson has been the medical superintendent at Oakengates from 1874 to the present day.

Admission to Oakengates is by election and patients are usually admitted for a total of five years.

Each subscriber had one vote for each half guinea subscribed and candidates supplied details of their condition and circumstances.

Fee paying patients are accepted without election.

Children are educated as far as possible and then trained in a variety of trades. Music is encouraged and the hospital has its own band. The asylum is largely self-sufficient, producing a large quantity of fruit, vegetables, meat and dairy produce.



The Esteemed Board Of Governors Of Oakengates.

The South Staffordshire Regiment (1st Battalion)

The South Staffs will play an important part in the climax of the scenario.

The South Staffordshire Regiment (1st Battalion) are currently on a training exercise at Eyton Upon The Weald Moors some five miles to the north west of Oakengates. They are leaving for Egypt within the month.



Major Henry Campbell Chads (seated).

They are currently lead by Major Henry Campbell Chads. Other names: Lieutenant Thomas Barratt and Colour Sergeant John Daniel Baskeyfield.

The South Staffs should not have that much of an interactive role with the Investigators, but you may decide to change things around at the end.



South Staffs On Parade.

Investigator Fetishes

Each Investigator should have a real period 'fetish' which will be tied to them and their back story; they must keep the fetish prominent during the game and 'play' with it in times of stress. As we've said, getting hold of real Victoriana, even the trivial mass produced items, can be a bit expensive and a bit of a pain, so feel free to substitute modern day equivalents. The closer they look to their Victorian counter-parts the better.

Fetishes: coin, button, toy soldier, matchbox with spider in it, strip of cloth, small wooden ball.

Each Investigator's fetish is detailed on their character and background sheet.

The Investigators

The Investigators are convinced they are sane.

Each has a prominent scar on their temples and has obviously been surgically tampered with.

All Investigators suffer from amnesia, having little or no recollection of events further back than a year, when they were admitted to Oakengates Asylum.

Each of their mental illnesses manifests itself in extremes when they are under pressure or when they have just taken a SAN loss.

The direct physical manifestations (tics) are lessened by their handling of their fetish.

Mental aspects are easier to control with handling of fetish but do not disappear completely.

The Investigator's mental and physical afflictions are:

Major Robert J. Ogilvie: Mental - Compulsion: must keep nails and teeth clean. Physical - Tic: blinks both eyes at same time.

Harry Postins: Mental - Somnolence: gets very tired and drowsy. Physical - Tic: hugs himself for comfort and apparent warmth.

Granville Harrington: Mental - Neurosis: doesn't trust own judgement or other's opinion of it. Physical - Tic: uncontrollable smiling.

Stanley Boyd: Mental - Paranoia: persecution. Physical - Tic: sways or gently rocks body backwards and forwards.

Rebecca Beasley: Mental - Delusion: germs are alive and can choose their hosts. Physical - Tic: itches ears and throat.

Victoria Pinch: Mental - Logorrhoea: copious, coherent, logical speech. Physical - Tic: involuntary sharp shrugs.

The Investigators were all once cultists, dedicated to the secret worship of Glaaki and his return. They stumbled upon the Doctor's plot to bring about the return of a Great Old One (Glaaki) and were soon counted as his most loyal servants. Finally the Doctor went insane and summoned a Flying Polyp to teach him the 'Summon' spells for Glaaki. The Investigators were at the Polyp ceremony and went mad. The Doctor had them committed and has been torturing them for their magical energy for a year now.

All the Investigators have an over powering hatred of the Doctor, and a driving ambition to stop him at all costs.

They will all know each other from 'outside', but will only gradually come to remember each other as the game progresses and they are prompted in to moments of revelation through trauma and SAN loss.



An Abominable Flying Polyp.

Investigator Revelations

There are four points in the scenario that prompt the issuing of a handout:

First (in scene one): Finding of first lot of butchered bodies (killed by the Doctor's twisted servants: he needs them as fodder for the ritual). This will prompt greater knowledge of each other and will allow a degree of trust to develop, may even hint that the Investigators were bound by a common goal, though they are still not sure what that might have been.

Second (in scene three): Detect being followed by Hunting Horror. Become aware that they have each taken life to stop a greater evil (as they think at this stage). The events are still sketchy, but each will still rationalise them and avoid the conclusion that they may be a murderer or worse.

Third (in scene four): Dream Space. Realise they have thwarted the Doctor in the past by their 'failing' him at a critical moment, and that he has been torturing them for a year in revenge. Terrible flash backs as well as

glimpses of some of the abominable things his servants have done to inmates; may cause SAN loss as well as a return of memories.

Fourth (in scene five): Return of the Hunting Horror and more bodies. Triggers knowledge return of the Mythos. Each Investigator returns to their previous Mythos knowledge score. (This may allow them to understand what the Doctor is trying to do, which may cause a SAN loss.) They regain full memory of the terrible, hideous, evil acts they have undertaken in the name of Glaaki. They realise salvation and redemption can only be achieved by sacrifice and stopping the Doctor.

The Scenario - Scenes

The scenario is set out like scenes in a play. The basic information and some description is given, but it is always up to the Keeper to fill the scenes out and make them breath. Don't hesitate to change things to suit the flow of the game and the mood. All timings are approximate and there only to give you an idea of when things should be moving along if you want to fit it all in four hours. If a scene is going particularly well, getting lots of role playing and atmosphere, let it run, simply change a later scene to compensate. As the scenario is very modular, some scenes may be cut altogether if necessary, just be clear where the revelations for the Investigators (handouts) would fit and juggle accordingly. Information not in the scene's description should be added by the Keeper: don't look for a more detailed section elsewhere to tell you all the things you think are missed out: there isn't one and they probably are 😊

Oakengates Asylum, England.
5pm, Friday May 8th, 1891.

Weather: The weather should be slightly over cast with the threat of rain later in the evening. As the scenario progresses it will get darker as the clouds gather, bringing dusk early. As the Investigators reach the roof, the heavens will open and a torrential downpour

will begin. A storm is not far behind, with rolling thunder and sheet lightning.

Scene Zero: 5pm, Friday 8th May 1891.
Introduction and character intro.

Start in a quiet room doing some drawing and painting as part of the therapy (very forward thinking for Oakengates and totally at odds with the normal treatment regime for the Investigators). Monitored by Arthur and Sarah Mossop (brother and sister). Arthur monitors the artwork, Sarah plays quietly on a piano. While the Investigators familiarise themselves with their characters, the Keeper should stress that it is a break from the brutal and extreme treatments at other times.

Purpose Of The Scene: To get the Investigators introduced to their characters and to allow them a quiet exchange to find out a little about each other. It should also be used to emphasise the tortuous nature of their imprisonment in Oakengates, that this session with Arthur and Sarah is an oasis in the hellish desert of their existence. This will be when the Investigators have the first chance to discover their fetish and their mental ailments and tics. Let the Investigators read through and understand their character sheets, they must be comfortable with them before the game starts in earnest.

Descriptive Stuff: The large room they are in is quite opulent, well furnished and decorated with paintings and photographs. The huge rugs cover a well polished floor, the lamps are well filled and polished and the curtains are thick scarlet velvet. Through the floor to ceiling windows (barred), they can look out on to the well tended gardens of Oakengates. The room has a peaceful atmosphere, given to relaxation and contemplation. The large grand piano that dominates the room does not look out of place, and musical recitals could easily be held here in great comfort and style. There are numerous long sideboards in the room and a few wall mounted cupboards. All are locked. They contain crockery and some small amount of silverware. The

furniture is well worn but extremely comfortable and stylish. It looks all the world like any drawing room in any well to do Victorian country house. The Investigators have easels set up and two large tables, at which they are free to write or draw. They are free to converse and walk about as long as they are reasonably quiet and do not alert the suspicion of the Matron (Alice Eyre) who sits on the veranda outside the large barred windows, patiently enjoying the garden's views. Arthur and Sarah will encourage the Investigators to express their creative nature, and will allow them to associate freely. They know that the Investigators are singled out for some of the Doctor's more bizarre 'treatments' and so tend to think of these session as an opportunity to grant the Investigators a respite from their ordeals.

Timing: 30 mins.



The Compassionate Sarah and Arthur Mossop.

Scene One: Friday 8th May 1891. Piercing screams from the hall send Arthur and Sarah out of the room, they lock it behind them. Investigators hear horrible sounds of butchery and slaughter. Door slowly swings open, a deranged cultist enters armed with a wicked looking machete. The cultist will try and kill the Investigators, and if possible, summon help. May sight shadowy form pass by door (Hunting Horror). Will hear chanting coming from upper floor. As they leave the room, they will find mutilated bodies of Arthur and

Sarah, as well as corpses of some other patients and staff. SAN check and revelation (handout).

Possible Threats: cultist.

Purpose Of The Scene: To light the blue touch paper... The Investigators will be driven to act in discovering what is going on. They will confront the fact that there is a catastrophe unfolding around them and that the barbarous murder of the inmates and staff at Oakengates may be driven by the Doctor. They will also have to 'snap out of it' to a degree as they fight to defend their lives against the blood drenched, machete wielding cultist. They will realise (through a glimpse of the Hunting Horror and their handout) that they are aware of a shadowy world that co-exists along side our own: the Mythos. The Investigators will be filled with an unreasoning hatred for the Doctor and a desire to hunt him down and do very unpleasant things to him as well as to 'stop' him, though they will not know precisely what this means yet. The scene is a huge jolt to action and contrast from the peaceful opening segment of gently getting in to character. The screams that alert Arthur and Sarah are horrific. They will draw Arthur and Sarah outside the room in a hurry, they quickly lock the door behind them. If the Investigators try and follow Arthur and Sarah they will be told to stay put and that if they leave they will not only get themselves in to a great deal of trouble, but their guardians as well. The key will be pace and catching the Investigators unawares. If they are insistent and too determined, have them make a SAN check (triggered by the screams) and any that fail will become catatonic and go in to shock, becoming briefly immobile.

Descriptive Stuff: How you pitch the description is up to your style and the Investigators in the game. As always with Cthulhu, hinted at is often more horrific than revealed. The over all effect should be one of an abattoir, a whirlwind of mindless violence has been let loose on patients and staff alike.

Arthur and Sarah bolt for the door, alerted by cries for help from fellow staff members. After a brief backward glance, they disappear through the sturdy oak door and you hear the lock drop behind them. A moment of utter silence is followed by ear splitting chaos. Piercing screams rend the air, shrieks of madness, pain and pleading: human cries of suffering and desperation as a slaughter unfolds. You are sure you hear Sarah cry out for Arthur, then there is silence.

(You may want to add in a view of an insane, leering, paint and blood smeared figure appearing on the veranda and attacking the Matron, knocking her down the steps with a blow from their axe and then butchering the hapless nurse.)

In the silence you think you hear soft footsteps approach the locked door. The lock clicks and the handle slowly turns. The door is thrown open and there stands a blood soaked mad man, stripped to the waist, covered in scratches and strange tribal markings in ink, they hold a dripping machete in their hand and stare blankly in to the room. With a wild, wordless cry they launch themselves at you.

(The cultist will attack a random target and will fight to the death, trying to kill as many of the Investigators as he can.)

As the madman strikes, you see a shadowy figure pass across the door from out in the hall. It resembles a strange column of filthy horizontal smoke, the dark recesses of which seem to be alive with teeth and eyes.

From out in the hall you can see the carnage with a terrible clarity. Bodies lie butchered and strewn along the floor, blood smears floor, walls and even the high ceiling. The air is thick with the cloyingly sweet smell of spilled blood. From up the master stair case, you hear a soft rhythmic chanting, at odds with the charnel house around you in it's soothing tones. Strange words and sounds mingle with a language you feel you should understand. One voice you recognise above the rest: the Doctor.

Timing: 20 mins.



Mad Cultist - George Barker.

George is completely insane and has taken a powerful cocktail of drugs 'prescribed' by the Doctor. These drugs cause George to sense everyone as a twisted parody of a human, with exaggerated features. George sees everyone as an enemy and knows he must kill everyone he meets until the Doctor tells him it is safe to stop.

STR 14
CON 14
SIZ 13
INT 10
POW 10
DEX 12
HP 14

Move: 6. Hit Points: 14. Damage Bonus: +1d4
Weapons: Machete 50% 1d6+1d4 damage.
Fist / Punch 40% 1d3+1d4 damage. Grapple 40%. Bite 25% 1 damage.

Scene Two: Second floor. Find more bodies, some dead cultists and one tortured victim still alive (horribly mutilated). SAN check. Will find out that the 'soldiers' have been alerted and will be here within a few hours. Will find discarded gun case and a few broken 'artefacts' discarded by the cultists.
Possible Threat: SAN loss.

Purpose Of The Scene: The Investigators will need to find out about the South Staffs being alerted, though they will not know too much about the regiment or what it will do when it arrives. The still living victim will be a scant source of information, descriptive stuff that

may trigger some memory in the Investigators of familiarity. The Investigators may also arm themselves from a broken gun case with a pair of hunting shotguns, and with some discarded machetes and knives, maybe an axe. The investigators will be further drawn towards hunting down the Doctor, who they will realise is on the upper floors or the roof of the Asylum.

Descriptive Stuff: The hall on the second floor is awash with blood. The bodies here, of both staff and inmates, are not strewn randomly where they were hacked and fell, but rather lay neatly propped up against walls at regular intervals. Each has been mercilessly mutilated, and many have been torn by claws and teeth, chewed, bitten and gouged so that their forms are barely recognisable. From one of the figures a low sigh emerges, a whispered plea for help: it is one of the porters (Charles Mavin), his face half ripped off and one of his arms missing. "Eyes that bite... the snake that got me... they ate what they could... mad... voices... they ate my arm... my arm... the Staffs... Nurse called the Staffs before... before they... it... ate her face..." The porter falls to babbling incoherently, close to both insanity and death.

All of the offices and cells on this floor have had their doors thrown open or ripped off, all of the contents of each of these rooms has been scattered to lay among the blood and gore of the hall. Next to a half torso, immersed in the unravelled intestines of a slaughtered nurse, you see a leather gun case: it must be from the Doctors study on this floor (pair of 12 gauge double barrellled shotguns and 30 shells.)

Many of the bodies have scars that form a pattern, horrible inscriptions in human flesh. Some have small clay tablets stuck in their eyes or tucked in to rents in the flesh. The symbols are all the same, and though you don't know what the symbol is, you are sure it is meant to be a creature, perhaps a twisted sea urchin. All you can focus on is the chanting, drawing you upwards.

Timing: 20 mins.



The Remains Of A Ransacked Study.

Shotguns: base chance 30%. Base range: 10/20/50. Damage: 4d6/2d6/1d6. Either 1 or 2 shots per round. Mal: 00.

Machete: base chance 20%, damage: 1d6+db.

Small Axe: base chance 20%, damage: 1d8+1+db.

Knife: base chance 25%, damage: 1d4+db.

Scene Three: Second floor. Hunting Horror will swoop by, looking for the survivor (porter, Charles Mavin) to finish off. Will attack the Investigators if provoked or if needed. SAN check and revelation (handout). Hunting Horror may taunt and stalk them, playing cat and mouse with them from here until their final encounter with the Doctor.

Possible Threat: Hunting Horror.

Purpose Of The Scene: To introduce the Investigator to the Hunting Horror and provoke another revelation that will drive them. To get the Investigators moving towards the Doctor. The Hunting Horror is a savage opponent and could quite easily, if it was determined, kill more than one of the Investigators: that is not it's purpose. If the Investigators do well against it, or if it's in a particularly evil mood, it will cast a spell on one of the Investigators before it departs: Wither Limb (target loses 1d8 HP and 3 CON, chosen limb withers and blackens becoming useless. To take effect, Hunting Horror matches Magic Points with victim on

Resistance Table. Hunting Horror currently has 15 Magic Points.) Witnessing the spell casting and taking effect is a 0/1d3 SAN loss.

Descriptive Stuff: The mangled Porter whispers, "don't let it take me, save me... don't eat me..." and with that appears to slip in to a coma from which he will likely not awaken. From out of the dim recesses of the stairs, a harsh voice, barely comprehensible, screeches it's intent with ear splitting ferocity, "none shall live." A viperous flying creature of darkness and inky shadow glides through the air, defying all natural laws with it's existence. It's writhing, shifting, slime covered form has a barbed tail and a gaping maw of fangs, a blackened tongue licks the air, as it's black rubbery single wing writhes in a mockery of a flapping motion, sending the abomination hurtling towards you.

Timing: 20 mins.

Hunting Horror (Small specimen)

The Hunting Horror will be obsessed with finishing of the survivor from it's previous assault and will largely ignore the Investigators. If they attack it, it will turn it's fangs on them but will fight to injure and then taunt. Eventually, if it is not killed, it will fly upwards to the roof to rejoin the Doctor.



A Rare Two Winged Hunting Horror.

STR 24
CON 12

SIZ 34
INT 13
POW 18
DEX 16
HP 23

Move 6 / 10 flying. Hit Points: 23.

Weapons: Bite 65%, damage 1d6+1d4. Tail 90%, damage Grapple (+20% to Bite vs pinned victims).

Armour: 6-point skin; cannot be impaled by bullets.

Sanity Points: 0 / 1d10 Sanity points to see a Hunting Horror.

Scene Four: Second Floor. Abandoned library. Area of Dream Space still open. Glimpse the other realm, see a victim tied and awaiting sacrifice in a 'Glade'. May see approaching beast. SAN loss and revelation (handout) – Doctor has been torturing them for a year and draining them of 'essence' (Magic Points). Will discover the nature of the Doctor's current ceremony and slaughter: to summon Glaaki.

Possible Threat: Dream Space beast.

Purpose Of The Scene: This scene is to give the Investigators a glimpse of the Dream Space that Glaaki can command and control, an area that lies outside of normal time and space and borders the Dreamlands. There is a sacrificial victim tied and awaiting slaughter: a nurse from Oakengates, Alice Shipley, it should be clear that the Investigators can actually enter the weird spatial distortion to rescue her should they so wish. They will realise that if they don't, her death will aid in Glaaki's coming. The Dream Space is quiet, sound does not seem to exist here, so while here the Investigators will only be able to communicate in signs and signals. The landscape can change and seems to flex between solid ground in the shape of a grassy, sunny glade, to that of the airy nothingness of the deep space void. The scene should give an eerie break in the hectic violence in the Asylum, being reinforced by the complete silence of the Dream Space. This

area of Dream Space is effectively a huge shallow grave, where Glaaki disposes of the remains of those sucked dry by the mad god. At least one Skeleton will rise from their grave to attack the Investigators. And all this while the true 'beast', the servant sent by Glaaki to harvest the offering glides serenely closer through the void.

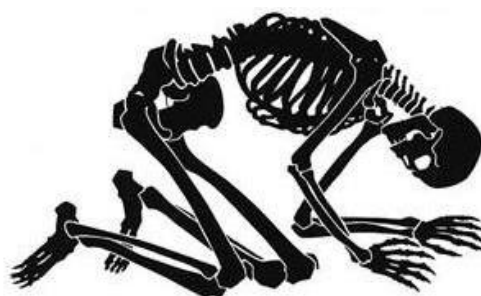
You can, if you want, place an evil twist on this segment: once the Investigators have reached the sacrificial victim, poor old Alice Shipley, they will realise that she has been 'bound' to the alter she lies on, either by physical means like having her nerve endings torn out and entwined with the rock, or magically, and that they can not in fact rescue her. They will also realise that it would be a kindness to spare her the eternal torment Glaaki will put her through, by ending her life. Or you can simply have the Investigators rescue her and take her back to the Asylum, where she will become catatonic with the shock and sanity loss.

Descriptive Stuff: Through the broken door frame to the library, you catch a glimpse of a swirling mass of darkness. You realise you are looking at something strange, impossible even, a window in to another world, another space, viewing a swirl of the bleak night sky. The scene fills the whole doorway, pushing deeper back than the library, building, or indeed the world should allow. Twisted perceptions of depth and angles change, suddenly you can see a translucent forest glade, floating over the blackness of the void, and in the alien landscape you see a familiar face, one of the nurses, tied and laid over what looks like a black slab of rough stone, she is terrified. As she turns her face to catch a glimpse of the world she came from, her eyes plead with you for help. The shimmering vortex glimmers with energy, suddenly the stars are back, the glade gone. A huge mountain of blackness detaches itself from the surrounding darkness, blotting out the pale slivers of light from the starry background. You know the abominable shape is a creature of hideous malevolence, a servant of a greater evil, and that this beast is

coming for their offering, their sacrifice: if you are to help the poor wretch bound to the other realm, you will have to act swiftly. The vision of the sunny glade returns.

As you step through in to a separate reality, you realise you are sundered from everything you know and understand. This place can not really exist, yet here you are, in some demented dream realm where the world doesn't need to make sense to those alien to it. You are immediately aware that there is no sound, nothing: sound simply can not exist here. You feel your feet crushing twigs and sticks laid beneath the surface of the springy green grass. A broken bone snaps through the moist earth, pointing upwards like an accusing finger. Then the ground begins to squirm and writhe, alive with the dead things beneath.

Timing: 30 mins.



Skeleton Awakening.

These are the animated remains of those slaughtered by Glaaki: undead servants that exist only to serve the twisted god's will. They attack relentlessly and once 'killed' explode in to a shower of splintered bone fragments.

STR 10
 CON N/A
 SIZ 14
 INT 10
 POW 1
 DEX 10
 HP Special Damage.

Move: 7. Damage Bonus: none.

Hit Points: No damage taken 'normally'.

Ignores all damage unless the person causing the damage rolls under the damage done x4 on % dice, when the whole Skeleton explodes in a shower of bone. Half chance to hit Skeleton with any impaling / piercing weapon or firearm as they are mostly air.

Weapons: Club 55%, damage 1d6 (uses a long piece of bone as weapon).

Skills: Clatter Ominously 45%, Rise Unexpectedly 60%.

San Loss: 0/1d6 Sanity points to see a risen skeleton.

Scene Five: Third Floor. Main area of sacrifice and carnage. Hunting Horror will attack in earnest and kill or be killed. Revelation (handout). They will realise that they are all worshippers of Glaaki that have turned from the madness. Full disclosure of some of their previous abominations and actions, they will all come to realise they made a pact for redemption through killing the Doctor.

Possible Threat: Hunting Horror, cultists.

Purpose Of The Scene: To fully awaken the Investigator to their torrid past and to get them to make the decision that they can only find redemption through stopping the Doctor. They will also realise they no longer find the scenes of carnage round them as shocking as they should: they no longer take SAN loss for witnessing the butchery and bloodshed. They have become desensitised, or perhaps realise they have done worse themselves in previous years. This is a point of preparation for the assault on the roof. If the Hunting Horror is dead, you can have a couple of cultists guarding the bottom of the stairs leading to the roof, or perhaps a more 'bestial' foe in the form of some demented guard dogs from the Asylum that have been 'turned' by the Doctor. Essentially this scene can have as much or as little action as you think is needed to push the Investigators on to confront the Doctor.

They may need some small amount of time to explore what their final revelation actually means to them, and how they want to handle it with regard dealing with the Doctor.

Descriptive Stuff: The chanting is coming from the roof, low pitched, rhythmic, you realise the ceremony the Doctor is performing is nearing some kind of awful completion. The carnage here is organised, with bodies being placed in patterns around the walls. You quickly conclude that everyone must be dead. Inmates and staff have all been butchered. The only living presence in the Asylum, apart from you, is the Doctor and his diabolical followers. Then you are reminded that this is not true. Things are alive in the Asylum that should not be. The serpent form of the beast you encountered earlier drifts through the air from the roof, lazily swimming towards you on a shadowy current, it's jaws working silently in some hateful curse.

Use the Stats. from the Hunting Horror and Cultist detailed earlier.

Timing: 30 mins.

Corrupted Hounds

These can be either Doberman Pincers or Irish Wolf Hounds. They will have numerous festering wounds and will seem diseased and rabid, unreasoning beasts that will not hesitate to fight to the death. They will be strangely silent, neither barking nor growling.

STR 7
CON 11
SIZ 6
INT 3
POW 6
DEX 12
HP 8

Move: 12. Hit Points: 8. Damage Bonus: none.
Weapons: Bite 40% 1d4 damage.

Skills: Listen 75%. Scent Something Interesting 90%.

Scene Six: Third Floor – Roof. Melded Zombie and Doctor. All cultists are in process of being slain, sacrificed to Glaaki. The Zombie is guardian, the Doctor is deep in performing terrible acts of worship with

vision of Glaaki. Realisation that the Great Old One is about to be unleashed on Earth. Doctor will drain Magic Points from Investigators to boost summoning.

Doctor will ultimately escape, Investigators must follow.

Possible Threat: Melded Zombie, undead cultists.

Purpose Of The Scene: This is all about getting the Investigators to see how close the Doctor is to getting Glaaki to return to Earth. The cultists will all be used to supply the Magic Points needed to fuel the spells that will make Glaaki's return permanent. Cultists will be slain through their involvement, the Doctor wont care less. The Investigators will also be targeted for their Magic Points. The Doctor must escape and will turn the now undead cultists loose if he has to, as well as commanding his Zombie to eat the flesh of the Investigators. If time is against you, you can make this the last scene, perhaps with Glaaki using his 'Dream Pull' spell on the Investigators and the Doctor as a climax. If you're going for the 'big bang Butch & Sundance' ending (highly recommended), we also need to use this scene to establish that the Doctor is all but untouchable with the sparse resources the Investigators have, leading them to see that the hail of fire from the Staffs (see next scene) may be the only way to overcome the Doctors magical protection. The Investigators should come to realise that they can disrupt the ceremony by distracting the Doctor, through physical attack, or by killing the cultists, each of whom is fuelling the ceremony with their Magic Points. Once killed, each cultist is 'reborn' as an undead servant of Glaaki, a fresh Zombie. The Doctor will run once four cultists have been killed or once he has had to deflect ten points of damage with his magical shield. The Doctor will throw himself from the roof, using a spell to soften his fall.

Sanity Loss: 1d3/1d10 Sanity points to view this incarnation of Glaaki.



The Terrible Vision Of Glaaki.

Descriptive Stuff: It starts to rain, the low broiling clouds spilling their guts on to the Asylum, thunder rolls ominously as sheet lightning splits the sky. There are cultists everywhere, standing rooted to the spot, swaying slightly as they stare transfixed at the swirling mass of spatial distortion that dominates the roof.

In front of the swirling gateway to the stars stands the Doctor, and beside him a mutant servant of horrid appearance: an amalgam of dead body parts sewn together and given life by evil spells, a twin torso'd Zombie.

There are glowing strands of sickly green light oozing from the cultists, the light is being sucked in to the vortex in space. In the deeper darkness of space glimpsed through the gateway, you see the abominable form of Glaaki, writhing impatiently as it awaits its birth in to the waking world (possible SAN loss).

The Zombie turns its agonised face towards you, reaching out with its clawed hands, it stumbles through the rain, intent on ripping the flesh from your bones and feasting upon it.

Shooting at the Doctor will provoke a small shower of sparks as the bullets bounce harmlessly from his magically protected form. It would take a greatly concentrated force to penetrate the unnatural shield he has cast around himself. The ceremony must be stopped! The magical energy being drawn from the dying cultists holds the key.

Timing: 20 mins.

Melded Zombie

This foul creature has the dead and decaying body of a powerful human from the waist down, and two smaller humans sewn together from the waist up. One of the Zombie's heads has his eyes, nose and mouth sewn shut, the other head has it's mouth and ears stitched closed.

STR 18
CON 17
SIZ 16
INT 1
POW 1
DEX 7
HP 17

Move: 6. Hit Points: 17. Damage Bonus: +1d4.
Weapons: Bite 40% 1d3. Punch / Claw 45% 1d4+1d4.

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

Skills: Obey Command 90%. (Pursue Human Flesh: 90%).

Sanity Loss: 1/1d8 Sanity points to see a Zombie.



Zombie Torso.

Scene Seven: Chase down the Doctor. Run through Asylum, from Roof to Ground floor. Doctor may unleash some beasts from Dream Space or may simply trigger the

Investigators deeper mental illnesses via some dusts and powders.

The Doctor and the Investigators will run in to the path of the awaiting South Staffs. The Investigators will realise that the Doctor has the power to transport himself through Dream Space to escape, they will have to sacrifice themselves to stop him (cast spell, drain his essence, link up, fuel it with joint Magic Points) and at the same time provoke the garrison to open fire, killing them all.

Possible Threat: Doctor and spells / powers, South Staffs Regiment.

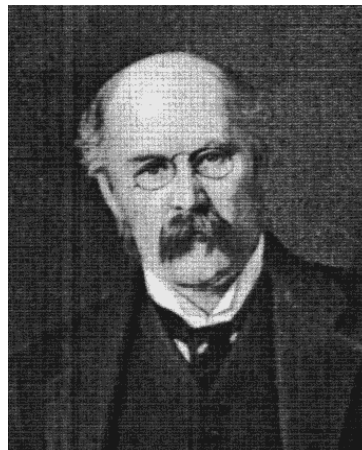
Purpose Of The Scene: To get the scenario to a climactic ending. The Investigators will have to use a spell, sacrifice Magic Points to it's completion, take SAN loss to fuel it and ultimately sacrifice their bodies as the South Staffs open fire en-masse to stop the Doctor and the attack upon them. If the Investigators are pretty beat up by now, have the Doctor escape with a minimum of force and fuss. If the Investigators are full of the joys of spring and relatively unharmed, you can have the Doctor target them with a couple of spells (Shrivelling or Wither Limb), possibly even a summoned creature from the Dream Space surrounding Glaaki (use a Nightgaunt). You will need to gauge the threat quite carefully as you'll need to have the Investigators alive for the final confrontation. The Doctor will, in complete desperation, recast a spell that will try and drain Magic Points from the soldiers and the Investigators, he will then prepare a spell to transport himself to the Dreamlands. Killing the Doctor will close the portal that Glaaki needs to arrive in our world. The Doctor will have a head start on the Investigators from the roof, so he will have had enough time to stop, set up a circle of Protection and begin the chanting cast of the new spell. He will expect the Investigators to follow him and will be counting on their magical energy to be added to the spell. The spell used by the Doctor may have sent out searching tendrils of black energy to sap magic from soldiers close at hand, and a few of them may be rooted to the spot and leeching a sickly green light of energy as their

bodies are drained. The clouds above the Doctor will be swirling, as if a tornado is gathering: this is where the new spatial rend will allow Glaaki to descend upon us. The South Staffs will be slightly confused about what they are seeing, they will be in the midst of forming up. It will not take much for them to open up with several volleys of shot to stop what they perceive is some kind of attack on them. Once the South Staffs open fire, each Investigator will be targeted by $1d6+2$ shots, each doing $1d6+3$ damage. The South Staffs will fire 3 or 4 volleys. The Doctor will be shredded by the rifle fire, his already weakened husk of a body finally giving up under the hail of bullets. The Investigators will of course see the Doctor ripped apart before they die, and may catch a glimpse of the vortex leading to Glaaki collapsing.

Descriptive Stuff: The Doctor has run off, throwing himself from the roof, doubtless with some foul magics to protect him from the forty foot fall. The storm grows in intensity, darkening the sky and making it hard to see through the driving rain. A sudden flash of lightning highlights the running figure of the Doctor, he is heading towards a large group of darker figures, drawn up in some kind of order. The Doctor stops and you see the faint but distinctive crackle of magical energy leap from his outstretched hand, tearing up towards the still swirling vortex to another dimension: it would seem the summoning continues. The darker figures before the Doctor come in to plainer view: soldiers, rank upon rank, weapons raised, their buttons and trim flashing briefly in the lightning. A sickly green light spreads from the Doctor, deadly tentacles casting a net to ensnare the unsuspecting troops gathered near by. Many are enveloped by the glowing energy, their hands fall limp to their sides, weapons discarded as their minds and spirits are drained to fuel the Doctors insane ceremony. If only there was a way to bring down the Doctor's defences, to interfere with his magics, to interrupt the energy flow long enough for the bullets of the soldiers to have an effect? But to do that you would need to get too

close, to be within striking distance of the Doctor, you'd need to be close enough that the bullets would inevitably strike you too...

Timing: 20 mins.



Doctor William Peterson.

Shrivelling

The target is blackened and shrivelled as if with a terrible burning wound. They take 1 HP damage for each Magic Point expended by the caster. The Doctor will use $1d6+2$ Magic Points. To hit the target, the Resistance Table is used, using Magic Points, the Doctor counts as having 35 Magic Points.

Nightgaunt

Nightgaunts are loathsome, shocking and uncouth creatures, much akin to the classic demons of medieval tales. They have oily, dripping skin that seeps darkness. Their bat like wings make no sounds as they beat the foetid air around their stinking bodies. Their tickle brings dismay and shame to a victim, making them concentrate on the terrors of their unearthly opponent and immobilising them with the fear from it's razor sharp, tickling, barbed tail.

STR 11
CON 12
SIZ 14
INT 3
POW 10

DEX 13
HP 12

Move 6 / 12 flying. Hit Points: 12.

Weapons: Grapple 30%, damage held for tickling. Tickle 40%, damage immobilised for 1d6+1 rounds.

Armour: 2-point skin.

Skills: Hide 90%. Sneak 90%.

Sanity Points: 0 / 1d6 Sanity points to see a Nightgaunt.



A Loathsome Nightgaunt.

Investigator Spells

The Investigators will know two spells between them, each of which will be put to best use in the final scene when they catch up with the Doctor near the South Staffs soldiers. The Investigators will remember the spells in their final revelation (in scene five).

Enthral Victim

The spell costs 1d6 SAN and 2 Magic Points to cast. Match Magic Points from caster with victim on Resistance Table. If successful will hold the Doctor immobile for 1 round. The Doctor will count as having 18 Magic Points for the purposes of this spell's resistance.

Implant Fear

The spell costs 1d6 SAN and 12 Magic Points to cast. The victim feels a desperate and terrible fear grip their heart which

immobilises them for 1 round and causes them to lose 1d6 SAN.

Scene Eight: Wash Up. Explain scenario and what Doctor has been and would be doing.

Purpose Of The Scene: To let the Investigators understand that their sacrifice (if they made it) is not in vain. And if they didn't, that Glaaki will be summoned and a reign of terror will begin for the whole area, perhaps the world, as the mad god begins his creation of undead worshippers and slaves. It is also a good chance to get feedback from both the Investigators and the Players, get them to suggest things they think could make it better, talk about anything they didn't like or understand and any general observations they have on the running of the scenario, it's pace etc.

Timing: As appropriate, 10-15 mins.

Dr William Peterson - The Doctor - Insane Plans of A Dead Soul

Dr William Peterson, known to the Investigators as 'the Doctor', has been driven insane by his contact with Glaaki and is in fact an undead servant of the Great Old One, held together by the will of the evil god.

The Doctor was of course doomed from the moment he contacted the Great Old One.

The Doctor has been using the Asylum to create cultist worshippers for some years, though he has also been careful to cover his tracks and those that have been converted have been listed as either discharged or killed while under treatment. A year ago, the Doctor lost control of what little bit of his own mind he had left and came totally under the sway of the Great Old One. Since then he has been working to open an area from Dream Space to allow the mad god to enter in to our own realm. It has been a matter of timing. Friday May 8th is the appointed night.

The Doctor has been using his position in the Asylum to take revenge upon the

Investigators, who betrayed him and ultimately cost him his sanity and his soul.

The spells the Doctor is using draws energy in the form of Magic Points, but also act as a kind of 'Dream Pull', which is a special trait of Glaaki, that allows the god to create undead slaves and worshippers (see main description of Glaaki in core book for Dream Pull).

The Doctor is protected by a version of 'Deflect Harm' fuelled by the Magic Points of those attacked by the spell and ultimately by Glaaki through the link to Dream Space. Only an overwhelming amount of force can get through the Deflect Harm spell.

With the banishing of the Great Old One, all those created as undead servants will simply die, their flesh and bones rotting at an accelerated rate: but if Glaaki enters our realm, they will become powerful undead, fuelled by visions from their god and energy from Dream Space.

Preparing The Scenario

You will need to print out the character sheets as well as the handouts. The handouts will need to be separated (cut or torn) to allow each section to go to each Investigator. There is also a copy of a summary of each character that needs to be given to each Investigator, it shows each of them so they know what each other looks like, so you'll need as many copies of this sheet as you have Players.

The handouts with the spells on can be given out in Scene Five. All of the Investigators are capable of remembering each of the spells, so let them all read them and decide who will cast them when the opportunity arises.

You will of course also have to have sorted out the fetishes. The fetishes are important, the more work you put in to them, the greater the reward during the game.

Don't hesitate to use anything that comes to hand of the same form, but if you can get hold of really old stuff all the better.

And don't worry about getting a real spider...

Quick bit of the niceties of using someone else's system and such:

Chaosium own all copyrights and IP rights to the Call of Cthulhu game system.

This is an unofficial scenario designed for use with that system and is in no way a challenge to those rights.

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Please don't sue us.

With that in mind: this scenario is a copy of a demonstration game that was run at Shadow Con II 2006 and Conception 2007, and is not for sale by anyone to anyone. It is free to any that want to download and use it, subject to the condition that they do not try and pass it off as their own or sell it on.

Many, many thanks to those that played this scenario at Shadow Con II and Conception 2007 (you know who you are!): as you've so rightly demonstrated – sanity is overrated!

The official Conception web site can be found at:
<http://conception.modus-operandi.co.uk/>

The Shadow Warriors web site can be found at:
<http://www.shadow-warriors.co.uk/>

The Chaosium Call of Cthulhu web site can be found at:
<http://www.chaosium.com/>

Please feel free to contact us to let us know how you got on in playing or running this scenario or with any suggestions you may have for follow up's or other Gaslight scenarios.

max@bantleman.demon.co.uk

Play safe... and watch that san!

The Lunatics Have Taken Over The Asylum Investigator Summary

	MAJOR OGILVIE	HARRY POSTINS	GRANVILLE HARRINGTON	STANLEY BOYD	REBECCA BEASLEY	VICTORIA PINCH
STRENGTH	13	16	12	11	12	12
CONSTITUTION	14	16	14	14	16	14
SIZE	14	12	14	13	14	13
DEXTERITY	12	14	13	12	15	16
APPEARANCE	12	14	13	12	14	14
SANITY	65	50	75	75	70	70
INTELLIGENCE	14	12	12	17	14	12
POWER	13	12	16	15	14	14
EDUCATION	17	14	18	17	18	14
IDEA	70	60	60	85	70	60
LUCK	65	60	80	75	70	70
KNOWLEDGE	85	70	90	85	90	70
SANIY POINTS	45	35	55	50	50	40
MAGIC POINTS	13	12	16	15	14	14
HIT POINTS	14	14	14	14	15	14
DAMAGE BONUS	1d4	1d4	1d4	1d4	1d4	1d4

Investigator Skills

Any skills not listed by an Investigator are at the 'base chance' (see separate list). Skills listed on the Investigator's character sheets do not have numerics next to them. They are listed on the character sheet in order of 'profession' and then 'personal choice' in alphabetical order (basically the lists below with the numbers taken out) but without the Cthulhu and Occult skills.

Major Robert J. Ogilvie - Skills

Cthulhu Mythos 12%, Occult 25%.

Accounting 30%, Anthropology 25%, Bargain 30%, Credit Rating 55%, Dodge 24%, Law 25%, Library Use 55%, Natural History 35%, Navigate 30%, Persuade 40%, Pistol 40%, Psychology 25%, Rifle 45%, Sabre 25%.

Astronomy 15%, Drive Carriage 30%, French 15%, German 20%, History 35%, Listen 35%, Ride 20%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 35%, Throw 40%.

Harry Postins - Skills

Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Occult 20%.

Chemistry 30%, Dodge 35%, Electrical Repair 15%, Geology 35%, Library Use 50%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Operate Heavy Machinery 30%, Physics 30%, Drive Carriage 55%.

Climb 50%, Credit Rating 25%, Jump 35%, Locksmith 10%, Navigate 20%, Photography 20%, Punch 65%, Ride 15%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 35%, Sword 35%, Shotgun 40%, Throw 35%, Track 30%.

Granville Harrington - Skills

Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Occult 30%.

Art (Purchase) 35%, Art (Appreciation) 35%, Craft (Painting) 30%, Credit Rating 50%, French 30%, German 30% History 50%, Library Use 55%, Ride 35%, Shotgun 60%, Spanish 25%.

Accounting 25%, Astronomy 15%, Bargain 20%, Conceal 35%, Fast Talk 20%, Law 20%, Listen 40%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Stanley Boyd - Skills

Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Occult 20%.

Art (Purchase) 40%, Art (Appraise) 40%, Astronomy 35%, Bargain 40%, Craft (Calligraphy) 35%, Egyptian 30%, History 55%, Library Use 40%, Listen 60%, Spot Hidden 60%.

Accounting 25%, Archaeology 20%, Climb 60%, Credit Rating 30%, Medicine 25%, Natural History 25%, Persuade 30%, Ride 20%, Sneak 25%, Throw 40%.

Rebecca Beasley - Skills

Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Occult 15%.

Biology 45%, First Aid 75%, Library Use 65%, Medicine 40%, Persuade 50%, Pharmacy 35%, Psychoanalysis 30%, Psychology 30%, Spot Hidden 70%.

Dodge 50%, Knife 45%, Listen 40%, Natural History 25%, Physics 15%, Ride 20%, Sneak 25%, Swim 40%, Throw 40%.

Victoria Pinch - Skills

Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Occult 15%.

Biology 35%, Chemistry 45%, First Aid 60%, Medicine 30%, Natural History 40%, Pharmacy 25%, Physics 30%, Spot Hidden 60%.

Anthropology 15%, Archaeology 20%, Hand Gun 35%, Persuade 30%, Pilot Balloon 15%, Shotgun 45%, Swim 45%, Track 25%.

Skills Base Chances

Accounting 10%, Anthropology 01%, Archaeology 01%, Art () 05%, Astronomy 01%, Bargain 05%, Biology 01%, Chemistry 01%, Climb 40%, Conceal 15%, Craft () 05%, Credit Rating 15%, Disguise 01%, Dodge DEX x2, Drive Carriage 20%, Fast Talk 05%, First Aid 30%, Geology 01%, Hide 10%, History 20%, Jump 25%, Law 05%, Library Use 25%, Listen 25%, Locksmith 01%, Mechanical Repair 20%, Medicine 05%, Natural History 10%, Navigate 10%, Occult 05%, Other Language 01%, Own Language (English) EDU x5, Persuade 15%, Pharmacy 01%, Photography 10%, Physics 01%, Pilot Balloon 01%, Pilot Boat 01%, Psychoanalysis 01%, Psychology 05%, Ride 05%, Sneak 10%, Spot Hidden 25%, Swim 25%, Throw 25%, Track 10%.

Punch 50%, Head Butt 10%, Kick 25%, Grapple 25%. Axe 20%, Club 25%, Knife 25%, Sword 20%. Handgun 20%, Rifle 25%, Shotgun 30%.



Major Robert J. Ogilvie

Sex: Male
Age: 53
Nationality: British
Birthplace: Chester
Occupation: Retired Officer / Historian

Physical Appearance

Six feet tall, large hands and feet, slightly greying hair and moustache, both always well groomed through military habit. Steady Brown eyes, somewhat stern of countenance. Stout frame, obviously used to physical exercise and the hardships of an officer on campaign. Physically fit and active, though have become slightly more sedentary with the taking on of historical study. Always dresses smartly and conservatively when possible, attire reflects station in life.

Personality & Attitudes

You have taken your Army training, morals and values with you in to Civilian life. The Cheshire Regiment and the Army were a natural choice for you: discipline is the corner stone of a well balanced individual and social structure, the Army understands this. From a well-to-do family, you never the less believe that every man should stand on his own two feet and make his own way in the world. You have no time for slackers and loafers. An Injury while on active service in Burma caused you to take early retirement. You had a distinguished career and were well liked by your men and the other officers. For some reason you have drifted out of contact, which is not like you.

You believe it is important to keep the mind and spirit fit as well as the body, and have thrown yourself in to your studies with the same energy you immersed in the Cheshires.

You believe that all men are created equal, but some need to be guided, controlled even, until they are wise enough to govern their own affairs. There is a natural order of things in which the strong protect and guide the weak. You believe that women should be treated as social equals but there are some limits: a lady should be a lady after all and there are some things that should simply just never be undertaken by a woman, such as fighting and politics.

Aptitudes & Skills

Accounting, Anthropology, Bargain, Credit Rating, Dodge, Law, Library Use, Natural History, Navigate, Persuade, Pistol, Psychology, Rifle, Sabre.

Astronomy, Drive Carriage, French, German, History, Listen, Ride, Spot Hidden, Swim, Throw.

A Year In The Asylum

You have little recollection of events that lead to you being committed to Oakengates. Indeed you remember little from more than a year ago. It would seem that some madness drove you in to the arms of Doctor William Peterson, and you have been at his mercy in the Asylum ever since. Periods of doubt and self loathing are interspersed with periods of longing for freedom and a chance to prove you are no longer mad. You are aware that the Doctor has been treating you very badly, in a less civilised country it would be described as torture. You have come to loath the Doctor. At the back of your mind is the suspicion that you did indeed lose control of your senses, and that your initial imprisonment in the Asylum was indeed probably for your own good as well as the protection of those around you. But now, now you are not so sure. Memories are lost. If only you could think back to the time before your treatments started. If there was a way to confront the Doctor, you'd do it. If there was a way to give him a taste of his own medicine, you'd jump at the chance.

Major Robert J. Ogilvie

Mental Illness - Memories & Madness

You remember little or nothing of events that lead to your being in Oakengates. Try as you might, nothing comes to mind. Vague feelings and impressions of having a full and active life are drowned in the more recent memories of pain and misery at the hands of the Doctor.

You are scarred by a deep mental illness, brought on by your treatment at the hands of the Doctor:

You have an overwhelming Compulsion; you must keep your hands and nails clean at all times and at all costs. You have also developed a very obvious physical side affect of the mental illness: a tic - when you are stressed or worried, you tend to blink a lot, mainly with both eyes at the same time.

You are confused and frustrated, but you will not give up trying to remember. You are comforted and helped in your fight for sanity by a tiny keep sake, a small thing, trivial to all others, but a cornerstone for your fight back from the edge of the abyss of madness.

You have a dull, old coin, of little value in itself. Handling this soothes and calms you: you do not understand why, or remember where the coin came from, but it is your comfort in dark times.

Kindred Spirits & Fellow Tortured Souls

Harry Postins - Harry is close to your age, and shares many similarities with you in his outlook on life. You like and trust Harry and feel in your bones that you have known him a long time. You are confident that each of you has trusted the other with their very lives at one time or another, and each has shared their darkest secrets with the other. More than any of the others, Harry shares your abiding hatred of the Doctor.

Granville Harrington - Granville is full of youthful energy, you envy him this, though sometimes you wish he could learn some patience, and share in the wisdom of others. You get the feeling that, for whatever reason, Granville is not very fond of you, though you have no idea why. You both retain your manners and goodwill in all exchanges, but there is definitely something lurking there.

Stanley Boyd - You find Stanley charming, and are not fooled by his quiet nature: there is a man of action when need calls. Sometimes you feel a certain distance between you, as if you come from such different worlds there can be little understanding between you, yet this is not borne out by the sense of camaraderie you feel in his presence: you have both passed through shared ordeals of some kind and have both emerged the stronger.

Rebecca Beasley - Rebecca's beauty is apt to disarm many a lesser man than you, those who can not see past those stunning eyes fail to observe the well honed intellect and iron will that lies beneath. You realise Rebecca has a lot of new fangled ideas about the role of women in the world, but you find her a comforting companion none the less. You sense a bond between you borne of learning, a mutual respect for each others dedication to learning.

Victoria Pinch - Victoria is a woman of great compassion. She has a noble spirit and a keen mind. You feel very protective towards her, even though you realise her strength of character allows her to take more than adequate care of herself. You sense she is very much a woman of the people, and that her mood can either lift or depress those around her. You know she has a strong faith, though for some reason you find it inappropriate to mention it.



Harry Postins

Sex: Male
Age: 52
Nationality: British
Birthplace: Ironbridge
Occupation: Engineer

Physical Appearance

Five feet eleven inches tall, slight, lithe frame, fit and active manner. Greying hair, black full moustache. A kind face quick to smile. Can easily be over looked in a gathering due to tendency to dress conservatively and remain still. Thoughtful looking, as if every aspect of appearance is well considered.

Personality & Attitudes

You are very much a self made man, having made it to the top of your chosen profession by sheer hard work and determination. Engineering seems to come easily to you, the principals and laws fit well with your logical mind and outlook. You respect your elders and tradition as long as it makes sense to do so: ultimately your pragmatic nature means you are apt to question as much as you accept. You have long been an advocate of the science of evolution and it's associated disciplines. You see science as offering a steady, logical progression for mankind, ensuring that the civilised societies will ultimately understand and harness all of nature's bounty and power. You are a confirmed bachelor believing that the time and energy spent in pursuit of science and engineering in particular, could never be diluted by the attentions of a woman or a family.

Your view of society is that it is generally wisely governed, and that the laws of the land are there for a good reason, not just paying lip service to tradition. You can however, sympathise with those who would protest against the more unjust laws, and fully accept that civil unrest is a part of the price any democracy must pay for it's continued health.

You have a naturally introvert nature, but have worked long and hard to cultivate many, many social contacts and friendships, recently you have been letting this slip and have to some degree become detached from your social circle and your oldest friends, you can't think how this could have happened.

Aptitudes & Skills

Chemistry, Dodge, Electrical Repair, Geology, Library Use, Mechanical Repair, Operate Heavy Machinery, Physics, Drive Carriage.

Climb, Credit Rating, Jump, Locksmith, Navigate, Photography, Punch, Ride, Spot Hidden, Swim, Sword, Shotgun, Throw, Track.

A Year In The Asylum

You have little recollection of events that lead to you being committed to Oakengates. Indeed you remember little from more than a year ago. It would seem that some madness drove you in to the arms of Doctor William Peterson, and you have been at his mercy in the Asylum ever since. Periods of doubt and self loathing are interspersed with periods of longing for freedom and a chance to prove you are no longer mad. You are aware that the Doctor has been treating you very badly, in a less civilised country it would be described as torture. You have come to loath the Doctor. At the back of your mind is the suspicion that you did indeed lose control of your senses, and that your initial imprisonment in the Asylum was indeed probably for your own good as well as the protection of those around you. But now, now you are not so sure. Memories are lost. If only you could think back to the time before your treatments started. If there was a way to confront the Doctor, you'd do it. If there was a way to give him a taste of his own medicine, you'd jump at the chance.

Harry Postins

Mental Illness - Memories & Madness

You remember little or nothing of events that lead to your being in Oakengates. Try as you might, nothing comes to mind. Vague feelings and impressions of having a full and active life are drowned in the more recent memories of pain and misery at the hands of the Doctor.

You are scarred by a deep mental illness, brought on by your treatment at the hands of the Doctor:

You have developed Somnolence: you get very tired and drowsy when stressed or worried.

You have also developed a very obvious physical side affect of the mental illness: a tic - when you are stressed or worried, you hug yourself for reassurance and for warmth.

You are confused and frustrated, but you will not give up trying to remember. You are comforted and helped in your fight for sanity by a tiny keep sake, a small thing, trivial to all others, but a cornerstone for your fight back from the edge of the abyss of madness.

You have a shiny brass button, of little value in itself. Handling this soothes and calms you: you do not understand why, or remember where the button came from, but it is your comfort in dark times.

Kindred Spirits & Fellow Tortured Souls

Major Robert J. Ogilvie - The Major is a stout and reliable companion, a great friend and a long time associate. You feel a great bond and tie with him borne from some terrible shared ordeal. There is little doubt in your mind that you are both indebted to each other in ways others could not possibly understand. You know the Major shares your unflinching hatred of the Doctor, and that given the chance you would both cast of the veil of civilised behaviour and kill the monster if you could.

Granville Harrington - Granville is somewhat foolish, borne from his age you suspect. he appears to have a curiosity which outstrips his with and maybe even his spirit. Despite this, you like him and try to pass on what wisdom you can, when you can. You sense a tension between Granville and Stanley, though you are not aware of the cause and you know Granville tends to ignore it as his focus wanders.

Stanley Boyd - Stanley's quiet nature disguises a will of iron and a driven spirit. You know Stanley is something of a dark horse, given to bouts of extreme physical activity, though he is loathed to talk about his exploits. You tend to maintain a polite and discrete distance from Stanley, as ultimately you feel you are creatures of different habit and intent. His passions are not your passions, though you respect each others love of learning.

Rebecca Beasley - Rebecca is quite the most beautiful woman you have ever seen. You have very vague memories of a romance of sorts between you, though you do not trust them. You know her beauty is matched by her wit and intellect. She has the mind of a true scholar and the thirst for knowledge that you knew too in your youth. You feel a slight sense of unease around Rebecca, as if you both share a dark secret each is afraid the other will acknowledge.

Victoria Pinch - Victoria is a compassionate and very outgoing woman. You know she cares for others more than she cares for herself. You have little doubt that Victoria missed her calling, she should have joined the Church. A woman of boundless energy, she seems to embrace life to the full. You are protective of Victoria as you sense she is often blind of the dangers around her. Occasionally you share a feeling of great melancholy with her, as if you have both many regrets from a past life lived.



Granville Harrington

Sex: Male
Age: 37
Nationality: British
Birthplace: Bristol
Occupation: Shipping Company Owner

Physical Appearance

Six feet four inches tall, stocky frame and strong facial features. Well groomed and conscious of appearance, sports a fashionable moustache. A very expressive face, hard to hide feelings and thoughts. Seems to have an inner strength and resolve that shines through restless eyes.

Personality & Attitudes

You have an overwhelming curiosity. Your intellect and passion for knowledge have pushed you throughout your life. You found the world of business remarkably easy, and took over your father's business at an early age, running it with little effort, leaving you time to pursue studies of art and painting in particular. You are naturally confident, having a charm that allows you to move in all social circles with ease. You are a passionate believer in the Empire, and the rightness of Britain leading the world in matters of social and political conscience. Forward looking, you never the less believe that individual rights and responsibilities should first serve the country of your birth. You are used to getting what you want, and have made a few enemies in the art and business world, though you treat this with a light hearted joviality, typical of your self belief. Comment has also frequently been made of your apparent good luck. You see it as more a realisation of your energy and persistence.

Some have described you as single minded, especially in pursuit of the things to are passionate about. You prefer to think of yourself as dedicated and energetic, knowing that you will not give up once you have set your sights on achieving (or acquiring) something.

The world is a wide and wonderful place, full of things to be discovered. You see yourself as retiring from the business world early, to pursue your passion for collecting. Recently you have been so absorbed in other things, that you have let the business slip slightly, as well as losing track of a number of fellow collectors and philanthropists, which is most unlike you.

Aptitudes & Skills

Art (Purchase), Art (Appreciation), Craft (Painting), Credit Rating, French, German, History, Library Use, Ride, Shotgun, Spanish.

Accounting, Astronomy, Bargain, Conceal, Fast Talk, Law, Listen, Spot Hidden.

A Year In The Asylum

You have little recollection of events that lead to you being committed to Oakengates. Indeed you remember little from more than a year ago. It would seem that some madness drove you in to the arms of Doctor William Peterson, and you have been at his mercy in the Asylum ever since. Periods of doubt and self loathing are interspersed with periods of longing for freedom and a chance to prove you are no longer mad. You are aware that the Doctor has been treating you very badly, in a less civilised country it would be described as torture. You have come to loath the Doctor. At the back of your mind is the suspicion that you did indeed lose control of your senses, and that your initial imprisonment in the Asylum was indeed probably for your own good as well as the protection of those around you. But now, now you are not so sure. Memories are lost. If only you could think back to the time before your treatments started. If there was a way to confront the Doctor, you'd do it. If there was a way to give him a taste of his own medicine, you'd jump at the chance.

Granville Harrington

Mental Illness - Memories & Madness

You remember little or nothing of events that lead to your being in Oakengates. Try as you might, nothing comes to mind. Vague feelings and impressions of having a full and active life are drowned in the more recent memories of pain and misery at the hands of the Doctor.

You are scarred by a deep mental illness, brought on by your treatment at the hands of the Doctor:

You have developed a deep Neurosis: in times of high stress you tend not to trust your own judgement or others opinion of it.

You have also developed a very obvious physical side affect of the mental illness: a tic - when you are stressed or worried, you find yourself smiling uncontrollably.

You are confused and frustrated, but you will not give up trying to remember. You are comforted and helped in your fight for sanity by a tiny keep sake, a small thing, trivial to all others, but a cornerstone for your fight back from the edge of the abyss of madness.

You have a small toy soldier, of little value in itself. Handling this soothes and calms you: you do not understand why, or remember where the toy soldier came from, but it is your comfort in dark times.

Kindred Spirits & Fellow Tortured Souls

Major Robert J. Ogilvie - The Major irritates you, though in truth there seems to be no grounds for it. For all his military bearing and correctness, you know he is a man of honour and high spirit. Yet this counts for little within ten minutes of his company, when you can not help but feel trapped and smothered. You are polite to the Major and do not think he senses your discomfort in his presence.

Harry Postins - Harry is a kind old gentleman, who has taught you much, and who, if he would only listen and be more open to new ideas, you could teach much to in return. You are slightly jealous of Harry's relationship with Rebecca though you feel unsure as to what their exact relationship is. Harry has shown his strength of will on numerous occasions, and you feel a gratitude towards him that extends beyond the mundane: you have shared some danger and each survived through the help of the other.

Stanley Boyd - Stanley is a man of many contradictions, a puzzle that scrapes away at your curiosity. You know that Stanley's scholarly demeanour hides a much more active man. You can not be sure, but there is a vague sense of violence that accompanies Stanley. This more than anything intrigues you: that someone could have that different sides to their character.

Rebecca Beasley - Rebecca is beautiful. She distracts you. You know there is much more to this picture of elegance, grace and nobility, but you always end up making a fool of yourself when you try to talk to her. You know in your heart that something deeper than friendship has passed between you, but you also know that she either chooses to forget, or is incapable of remembering it. You are very protective of Rebecca though you hide it well from the others.

Victoria Pinch - You are drawn to Victoria, as so many are, through her seemingly boundless compassion and kindness. She eases your confusion and fears in this terrible place. Her spirit is matched by her learning, and you know you have both spent many a happy day in the pursuit of knowledge, through books and lectures. This sense of an early acquaintance and friendship is greatly frustrated by your inability to remember how, where and why you met, and what events you share in common.



Stanley Boyd

Sex: Male
Age: 48
Nationality: British
Birthplace: London
Occupation: Antique Dealer

Physical Appearance

Six feet three tall, light and lithe frame. Rather austere of appearance, placing little value on fashion or accessories. A worldly wise look of face and a ready smile. Well kept hair and trimmed beard, as is proper for a gentleman. Very restive in action and movement.

Personality & Attitudes

Quiet, studious, introvert, you like you own company and the company of books and the past. Your natural curiosity drew you to the world of history, archaeology and antiques. This also allowed you the solitude you like to work and study. You see society as a thing that needs feeding and tendering, and tradition and custom help do this. You respect those that make and minister the laws, and trust the judgement of those in power. You largely see your place as being outside of the normal social structure as you deal with the past. The deeper mysteries of the East drew you from an early age, the Egyptian culture in particular. It seemed so ordered, so dedicated, so well structured and ministered.

You are well travelled and have been on many, many digs in Egypt. These excursions have been a necessary part of what you do, and you have put as much energy and thought in to making them a success as you would any translation or study of any art. You have learned that a lot can be picked up with quiet observation: there are those more extrovert than you that want to be the focus of attention, and you are happy to let them. You fee slightly detached from many social and political issues that seem to stir people, as you feel any disruption in the status quo can only harm your work and studies.

Recently you have noticed a drop in both business and social contact with those in the same field as you, and you wonder when this started, how long it has been going on and to what degree you have actively helped it along. It is not like you to ignore fellow professionals and clients.

Aptitudes & Skills

Art (Purchase), Art (Appraise), Astronomy, Bargain, Craft (Calligraphy, Egyptian, History, Library Use, Listen, Spot Hidden).

Accounting, Archaeology, Climb, Credit Rating, Medicine, Natural History, Persuade, Ride 20%, Sneak, Throw.

A Year In The Asylum

You have little recollection of events that lead to you being committed to Oakengates. Indeed you remember little from more than a year ago. It would seem that some madness drove you in to the arms of Doctor William Peterson, and you have been at his mercy in the Asylum ever since. Periods of doubt and self loathing are interspersed with periods of longing for freedom and a chance to prove you are no longer mad. You are aware that the Doctor has been treating you very badly, in a less civilised country it would be described as torture. You have come to loath the Doctor. At the back of your mind is the suspicion that you did indeed lose control of your senses, and that your initial imprisonment in the Asylum was indeed probably for your own good as well as the protection of those around you. But now, now you are not so sure. Memories are lost. If only you could think back to the time before your treatments started. If there was a way to confront the Doctor, you'd do it. If there was a way to give him a taste of his own medicine, you'd jump at the chance.

Stanley Boyd

Mental Illness - Memories & Madness

You remember little or nothing of events that lead to your being in Oakengates. Try as you might, nothing comes to mind. Vague feelings and impressions of having a full and active life are drowned in the more recent memories of pain and misery at the hands of the Doctor.

You are scarred by a deep mental illness, brought on by your treatment at the hands of the Doctor:

You become Paranoid when stressed: you become convinced that all events conspire against you personally, and that they are orchestrated by a malevolent will that hates only you.

You have also developed a very obvious physical side affect of the mental illness: a tic - when you are stressed or worried, you stay still and sway gently backwards and forwards.

You are confused and frustrated, but you will not give up trying to remember. You are comforted and helped in your fight for sanity by a tiny keep sake, a small thing, trivial to all others, but a cornerstone for your fight back from the edge of the abyss of madness.

You have a small matchbox with a spider inside it, the spider needs protecting. Handling this soothes and calms you: you do not understand why, or remember where the matchbox came from, but it is your comfort in dark times.

Kindred Spirits & Fellow Tortured Souls

Major Robert J. Ogilvie - The Major is a solid, dependable companion. You do not doubt that you have each seen each other through hard times. His military bearing and attitudes are sometimes slightly annoying as they seem to govern all he says and does, though you know that he tries hard to behave as a 'civilian': once a soldier, always a soldier.

Harry Postins - Harry is a well learned gentlemen of great understanding and worldly wisdom. His academic demeanour belie a great understanding of the world and the way it works. You have a sense that he is somehow ashamed of his past, but as none of you remembers any of that, it remains a puzzle. Although Harry has the wisdom of someone who has lived in the world with all it's foibles, you doubt he could have ever done anything really dishonourable.

Granville Harrington - Granville makes you feel restless. His energy and enthusiasm, seemingly for everything he does, makes your feet itch: you long to be on your travels again. You do however wish that his energy was tempered with at least some common sense. You feel that Granville's drives have, on more than one occasion, placed you in danger as you have tried to help him. But for all that, you can not help but like him, in many ways he reminds you of a younger you.

Rebecca Beasley - If you were but a few years younger you would tell Rebecca how you feel about her. You sense she remains the one regret of your full life. She has the mind of a true scholar and the beauty of Helen of Troy. There can be little doubt there is a shared secret between you, but you would be loathed to speak of it or try to uncover it. You could never stand to see her hurt.

Victoria Pinch - Victoria is a woman of many guises, by turns academic and compassionate, worldly wise and scholarly, selfless and driven. She has a noble spirit. Yet you sense a very dark past haunts her. Things shared in her company seem to draw her back to her hidden memories, and you sense you have both been involved in events that each would much rather forget, yet has to remember to have any hope of reconciling their past with their future.



Rebecca Beasley

Sex: Female
Age: 32
Nationality: British
Birthplace: London
Occupation: Pharmacist / Nurse

Physical Appearance

Five feet eight tall, of slim figure and face, universally thought of as beautiful. Dark brown hair, usually worn up. Delicate hands and nimble fingers. Compassionate eyes. Dresses in practical clothes and keeps up with fashion, though does not spend frivolously on it.

Personality & Attitudes

Fiercely independent, you have learned that persistence will usually get you what you want. Your quick mind soaked up all the learning your private tutors could supply, you soon became bored and restless, using your father's other resources to fuel your thirst for knowledge. You value the power of the mind, and are suspicious of overly emotive people. Science has shown you the beauty of the Universe, both in it's function and form, you need no other distractions. This is not to say you are not a social creature, you have had many suitors and enjoy the contact with those of like minds your fathers patronage can bring. Your compassionate nature is reflected in the duties you perform as a nurse, mainly voluntary work for the Army. You feel a strong sense of duty and can understand the need to serve your country. Society can not stand on the logic of scientists alone: armies are needed to stand strong against the bullies and despots in the world, and to help lead the less civilised towards a more utopian future. You care little for societies perceptions and restrictions it would place upon your chosen fields of research, you have always felt you were a scientist first, a humanitarian second and a woman third. You dislike being distracted when you have a problem to solve, and can be engrossed to the point where you neglect the more trivial, basic drives such as eating and drinking.

You can not remember the last time you were out in the community doing the voluntary work you so love, or the last time you were at a social engagement of your father's, missing these things from your diary is not like you.

Aptitudes & Skills

Biology, First Aid, Library Use, Medicine, Persuade, Pharmacy, Psychoanalysis, Psychology, Spot Hidden. Dodge, Knife, Listen, Natural History, Physics, Ride, Sneak, Swim, Throw.

A Year In The Asylum

You have little recollection of events that lead to you being committed to Oakengates. Indeed you remember little from more than a year ago. It would seem that some madness drove you in to the arms of Doctor William Peterson, and you have been at his mercy in the Asylum ever since. Periods of doubt and self loathing are interspersed with periods of longing for freedom and a chance to prove you are no longer mad. You are aware that the Doctor has been treating you very badly, in a less civilised country it would be described as torture. You have come to loath the Doctor. At the back of your mind is the suspicion that you did indeed lose control of your senses, and that your initial imprisonment in the Asylum was indeed probably for your own good as well as the protection of those around you. But now, now you are not so sure. Memories are lost. If only you could think back to the time before your treatments started. If there was a way to confront the Doctor, you'd do it. If there was a way to give him a taste of his own medicine, you'd jump at the chance.

Rebecca Beasley

Mental Illness - Memories & Madness

You remember little or nothing of events that lead to your being in Oakengates. Try as you might, nothing comes to mind. Vague feelings and impressions of having a full and active life are drowned in the more recent memories of pain and misery at the hands of the Doctor.

You are scarred by a deep mental illness, brought on by your treatment at the hands of the Doctor:

You become Delusional when stressed: you believe that germs are alive and sentient and that they actively choose their hosts, they seem to seek you out with particular vigour.

You have also developed a very obvious physical side affect of the mental illness: a tic - when you are stressed or worried, you get an intolerable itch on your ears and throat that you simply have to scratch.

You are confused and frustrated, but you will not give up trying to remember. You are comforted and helped in your fight for sanity by a tiny keep sake, a small thing, trivial to all others, but a cornerstone for your fight back from the edge of the abyss of madness.

You have a small strip of cloth. Handling this soothes and calms you: you do not understand why, or remember where the cloth came from, but it is your comfort in dark times.

Kindred Spirits & Fellow Tortured Souls

Major Robert J. Ogilvie - The Major reminds you of your father. He is a strong willed, diligent man, with a strong sense of tradition. You can't imagine him being anything other than a soldier. You know you can trust him and are comfortable in his presence. His slightly more archaic notions about the social 'place' of women can easily be forgiven and they seldom annoy you, even though they are indicative of all you have had to fight against your whole life.

Harry Postins - Harry is a sweet man who you have deep feelings for. His intellect and thirst for knowledge greatly impress you. You also sense that there may have been something more between you, though you do not fully trust yourself in this as you do not truly believe that Harry would ever have let anything happen. You also know full well that Harry's gentle manner should not be taken for a sign of weakness.

Granville Harrington - Granville is a vibrant man, full of energy, with a boundless curiosity. His apparent lack of common sense can be a source of much irritation to you. If only he could bring his energies to bear on something other than apparent trivial pursuits, you could easily see yourself in a deep friendship with him. There is a lurking sense of shared pain between you, that you are both loathed to explore. perhaps a shared tragedy, or perhaps a shared shame.

Stanley Boyd - Stanley is quite the most gentle man you have ever met, and yet you know he is also possibly the most dangerous. His quiet nature and academic poise are only part of his make up. You know that Stanley can be a man of great and decisive action, and that he has very little fear of any physical danger. Within Stanley beats the heart of a hunter, an explorer and a man of great knowledge and wisdom, You are deeply attracted to him.

Victoria Pinch - Victoria has the soul of a saint, or more likely a martyr. She has an iron will to accompany her compassionate nature. You know that many are fooled in to under estimating her. Much has passed between you that eludes exact recall. You have both shared much pain and heart ache, as well as having saved each other from death, perhaps on many occasions. Yet you remain slightly afraid of each other, perhaps more afraid of what each could reveal of the other.



Victoria Pinch

Sex: Female
Age: 34
Nationality: British
Birthplace: York
Occupation: Chemist

Physical Appearance

Five feet six inches tall, very light frame, delicate hands and feet. Thick dark brown hair, worn tied back or in bun. Wears very conservative clothes and pays no heed to fashion. Always very clean and very tidy. Open, friendly countenance, very welcoming smile.

Personality & Attitudes

You have a very compassionate nature, caring far more for others than you do for yourself. Though not overly religious, you have a very spiritual nature, believing in the sacred nature of the human soul. You were brought up with your father's agricultural business and soon found you had an affinity for the sciences which he gladly encouraged and facilitated through the tutors and scientists from his York premises. You are fascinated by the science of the living, and enjoy putting your first aid knowledge to practical use on the streets through the Church hostels. Your open, friendly nature attracts many suitors and admirers, and you have spent more than your fair share of time at balls and country weekends, where you always entertain with your charm and singing voice. You have become a good shot with a shotgun, which amuses many gentlemen and pleases your father greatly. You enjoy hunting and some of the more bizarre pursuits of the landed class, such as ballooning. You see no contradiction in your earthy, compassionate nature and the association with the so called privileged classes. You respect tradition and can see the value of the class system, even if you do not agree with some of it's core values. You believe those that have, are duty bound to share with those that have not, but that there is a social hierarchy that must be observed. Your outgoing, gregarious nature can be at odds with the solitary nature of some of your research and study, and you constantly bemoan the fact that time is in such short supply.

You miss your father and the circles he moved in, you have been out of the social calendar for some time now and you can't remember why or when this started, though you realise it is most unlike you to have let this slip.

Aptitudes & Skills

Biology, Chemistry, First Aid, Medicine, Natural History, Pharmacy, Physics, Spot Hidden.
Anthropology, Archaeology, Hand Gun, Persuade, Pilot Balloon, Shotgun, Swim, Track.

A Year In The Asylum

You have little recollection of events that lead to you being committed to Oakengates. Indeed you remember little from more than a year ago. It would seem that some madness drove you in to the arms of Doctor William Peterson, and you have been at his mercy in the Asylum ever since. Periods of doubt and self loathing are interspersed with periods of longing for freedom and a chance to prove you are no longer mad. You are aware that the Doctor has been treating you very badly, in a less civilised country it would be described as torture. You have come to loath the Doctor. At the back of your mind is the suspicion that you did indeed lose control of your senses, and that your initial imprisonment in the Asylum was indeed probably for your own good as well as the protection of those around you. But now, now you are not so sure. Memories are lost. If only you could think back to the time before your treatments started. If there was a way to confront the Doctor, you'd do it. If there was a way to give him a taste of his own medicine, you'd jump at the chance.

Victoria Pinch

Mental Illness - Memories & Madness

You remember little or nothing of events that lead to your being in Oakengates. Try as you might, nothing comes to mind. Vague feelings and impressions of having a full and active life are drowned in the more recent memories of pain and misery at the hands of the Doctor.

You are scarred by a deep mental illness, brought on by your treatment at the hands of the Doctor:

You suffer from Logorrhoea when stressed: you are compelled to communicate in copious, coherent, logical speech.

You have also developed a very obvious physical side effect of the mental illness: a tic - when you are stressed or worried, you shrug your shoulders in sharp, involuntary movements.

You are confused and frustrated, but you will not give up trying to remember. You are comforted and helped in your fight for sanity by a tiny keep sake, a small thing, trivial to all others, but a cornerstone for your fight back from the edge of the abyss of madness.

You have a small wooden ball. Handling this soothes and calms you: you do not understand why, or remember where the small wooden ball came from, but it is your comfort in dark times.

Kindred Spirits & Fellow Tortured Souls

Major Robert J. Ogilvie - The Major is a kind man, he carries the stern countenance of an army officer, but you know he has a kind soul. You sense he is a natural leader, and can see why men would follow him, both in thought and deed. He seems to feel kindly towards you, protecting you even when there is no need. You can readily forgive him this as it is a part of his guardian nature. He seems mildly puzzled by you, perhaps through his views on women in society.

Harry Postins - Harry is a studious man, a great intellect and wit, you enjoy his company enormously. You sense a sadness in him that goes beyond the sadness you all share at your common plight, as if he has deep regrets, perhaps from things not done as much as things done and best forgotten. Harry looks out for you and you find this very comforting.

Granville Harrington - Granville's boundless energy is matched only by his curiosity, you know he questions everything and has a need to find things out for himself. In truth, you feel a great bond with Granville, as if you have shared much, both through pursuit of knowledge and worldly wisdom and through shared hardship. Slight feelings of regret surface whenever you speak with Granville. You wish you could remember more about your past encounters.

Stanley Boyd - Stanley is a man of great energy and great mystery. You are sure you are kindred spirits in your pursuit of knowledge. Yet there can be little doubt Stanley is a man driven by more than the academic. He has the bearing of a sportsman at times, and you detect a darker side within him, well buried and kept behind his charm. There is no fear in your heart that he could ever hurt you, but you feel pity for those that would stand against him.

Rebecca Beasley - Rebecca is a beautiful, intelligent, charming, driven woman with a passion for life and living. You feel closer to Rebecca than mere friendship. A bond ties you that is inexplicable. Your memory betrays you as you try desperately to bring more to the vague feelings that you have been sisters-in-arms for many years. There is much to learn of each other and yet you are worried that in learning it, you may uncover things that would best be left buried.

Investigator Handout 1 - Prompted by events in Scene One.

Finding of first lot of butchered bodies (killed by the Doctor's twisted servants: he needs them as fodder for the ritual). This will prompt greater knowledge of each other and will allow a degree of trust to develop, may even hint that the Investigators were bound by a common goal, though they are still not sure what that might have been.

Major Robert J. Ogilvie - The sight of the bodies torn and butchered triggers a memory of war, of people falling in battle, of those standing shoulder to shoulder with you, your comrades and fellows in the thick of the fighting. These are not soldiers, they do not wear the Queens uniform, these are those that stand with you now: you have stood together on the battlefield before, and you know you have all shared in the brutal reality of combat and helped each other survive it.

Harry Postins - You can barely stand to look upon those slaughtered around you, but as you do you are taken back, back to a time when you have seen such butchery before, and a time when you could so easily have been counted among the slain. All that stood between you and the grave then, are the same people that stand side by side with you now.

Granville Harrington - The terrible sight of those lying dead and dismembered around you jolts your faltering memory, a vivid sense that you have stood in the midst of such a scene before. The smell of the blood, the sights of the shattered bodies, a feeling of having suffered this before overwhelms you. Looking about you, you realise that as much as they are a part of this now, those standing around you now were with you before.

Stanley Boyd - The death and destruction are more than you care to look upon. The savagery disturbs you. But as horrific as it is, it also triggers a feeling of strange comfort. Not at the mutilated bodies, but with those around you. If you must stand amidst such carnage, you would want it to be with those you share it with now, and have undoubtedly shared it with in the past.

Rebecca Beasley - You feel strangely detached from the scene of butchery around you. As if it's not real, perhaps part of some half remembered dream. But the reality can not be denied, those slaughtered around you are mute testament to the horrible reality of it. It is a reality you have experienced before, you are sure of it, and as sure that you are with the same comrades that helped you through it before.

Victoria Pinch - You could easily be overwhelmed by the scenes of bloody despair surrounding you. A great sense of waste and hopelessness wash over you, the sheer human misery of it could cripple you. Yet you draw strength from those with you, and a feeling of remembrance comes with this new strength: you have survived this before, and with their help, will again.

Investigator Handout 2 - Prompted by events in Scene Three.

Detect being followed by Hunting Horror. Become aware that they have each taken life to stop a greater evil (as they think at this stage). The events are still sketchy, but each will still rationalise them and avoid the conclusion that they may be a murderer or worse.

Major Robert J. Ogilvie - The sight of this horrific, unnatural creature forces you to confront the twisted possibility that you have yourself been a killer. You have been a serving officer, so of course you have killed, and been responsible for other's deaths. But this feeling is different. For whatever reason, you have taken the life of another. You can only hope it was in a good cause.

Harry Postins - This unnatural aberration triggers in you feelings of confusion and familiarity. You sense it's evil intent, it's blood lust, it's blind need to rend human flesh. Somehow you know you have felt the need to take human life, indeed have taken human life. Yet surely it must have been justified, necessary, perhaps to stop some evil act or greater misfortune?

Granville Harrington - This beast unsettles you, the very fact it lives and breaths flies in the face of everything you know. The horrible creature has no right to exist yet there it is. From out of nowhere, a sense of dread washes over you as a memory of taking human life flashes in to your bewildered mind. You know you have killed, but you must surely have only done so in desperation?

Stanley Boyd - This foul thing that flies before seems intent on one thing: the destruction of human life. A shocking feeling of understanding comes to you. You know what it is like to take human life. Your mind reels with this thought, you can but hope whatever you did was done for the greater good, for a noble cause, to a good end, if only you could remember.

Rebecca Beasley - This wretched thing can not be. No creature could exist in our world. It flies in the face of all science and reason, yet here it is. It unsettles you, brings back feelings of guilt and regret, of unreasoning action. You realise you know what it is like to take human life. You have killed another person. You can't remember how or when, though you know with a startling clarity that you did not hesitate to do it. What could have forced you to such dreadful action?

Victoria Pinch - The sight and smell of this disgusting creature of nightmare unsettles you, forces you to thoughts best left alone. It's hideous nature is obvious: it is a beast of death and despair. And yet death and despair are not unknown to you, indeed you realise that you too have taken human life, have been a killer. You could never kill another human being, yet without any doubt, you know you have. There must be some hope that it was done for the good, if only you could remember.

Investigator Handout 3 - Prompted by events in Scene Four.

Please note these handouts are intentionally all the same ☺

Major Robert J. Ogilvie - A confusion of loathsome memories return, the burning hatred the Doctor has for you seems to make some twisted sense. In some monumental way, in some past event, you have failed the Doctor, and he has never forgiven or forgotten. He has been bending all his evil energies and efforts upon torturing you within the Asylum for the past year. Scenes of absolute carnage fill your mind, the terrible things he has done to other inmates, the depraved and wicked things his servants have done: it is all too much, you can't shut it out, the screams, the terrible, unending screams.

Harry Postins - A confusion of loathsome memories return, the burning hatred the Doctor has for you seems to make some twisted sense. In some monumental way, in some past event, you have failed the Doctor, and he has never forgiven or forgotten. He has been bending all his evil energies and efforts upon torturing you within the Asylum for the past year. Scenes of absolute carnage fill your mind, the terrible things he has done to other inmates, the depraved and wicked things his servants have done: it is all too much, you can't shut it out, the screams, the terrible, unending screams.

Granville Harrington - A confusion of loathsome memories return, the burning hatred the Doctor has for you seems to make some twisted sense. In some monumental way, in some past event, you have failed the Doctor, and he has never forgiven or forgotten. He has been bending all his evil energies and efforts upon torturing you within the Asylum for the past year. Scenes of absolute carnage fill your mind, the terrible things he has done to other inmates, the depraved and wicked things his servants have done: it is all too much, you can't shut it out, the screams, the terrible, unending screams.

Stanley Boyd - A confusion of loathsome memories return, the burning hatred the Doctor has for you seems to make some twisted sense. In some monumental way, in some past event, you have failed the Doctor, and he has never forgiven or forgotten. He has been bending all his evil energies and efforts upon torturing you within the Asylum for the past year. Scenes of absolute carnage fill your mind, the terrible things he has done to other inmates, the depraved and wicked things his servants have done: it is all too much, you can't shut it out, the screams, the terrible, unending screams.

Rebecca Beasley - A confusion of loathsome memories return, the burning hatred the Doctor has for you seems to make some twisted sense. In some monumental way, in some past event, you have failed the Doctor, and he has never forgiven or forgotten. He has been bending all his evil energies and efforts upon torturing you within the Asylum for the past year. Scenes of absolute carnage fill your mind, the terrible things he has done to other inmates, the depraved and wicked things his servants have done: it is all too much, you can't shut it out, the screams, the terrible, unending screams.

Victoria Pinch - A confusion of loathsome memories return, the burning hatred the Doctor has for you seems to make some twisted sense. In some monumental way, in some past event, you have failed the Doctor, and he has never forgiven or forgotten. He has been bending all his evil energies and efforts upon torturing you within the Asylum for the past year. Scenes of absolute carnage fill your mind, the terrible things he has done to other inmates, the depraved and wicked things his servants have done: it is all too much, you can't shut it out, the screams, the terrible, unending screams.

Investigator Handout 4 - Prompted by events in Scene Five.

Triggers knowledge return of the Mythos. Each Investigator returns to their previous Mythos knowledge score. They regain full memory of the terrible, hideous, evil acts they have undertaken in the name of Glaaki. They realise salvation and redemption can only be achieved by sacrifice and stopping the Doctor.

Major Robert J. Ogilvie - This glimpse of a reality outside our own shocks you in to realising that you have known of the existence of this place, of these beasts, of this whole other creation and it's mythos. You become fully aware that not only have you been aware of it, but that you have succumbed to it's worship. You have been on the same side as the Doctor, counted as one of his most loyal servants. You have done things in his name, terrible things, things you could not believe one human could do to another, and all in the name of worship of a twisted god: Glaaki. This dark creature of chaos owned your soul, broke your spirit and stole your sanity. And it is this foul deity from beyond the stars that the Doctor is trying to summon to our world now. Your previous evil deeds can never really be atoned for, but you can seek redemption through the thwarting of the Doctor's plans once and for all, no matter the cost. The full recall of your previous, hideous life, brings with it the strange realisation that you actually know some 'magics', that you may even be able to cast a 'spell' to help stop the Doctor. You realise your whole life and the salvation of your spirit could lie in the sacrifices you are prepared to make to thwart the Doctor.

Harry Postins - You have seen a realm that should not exist, yet you remain strangely calm. It's as if you've always known of it. As if awakening from a sleep, you suddenly begin to remember. You have been a servant of the beasts from this other world, indeed you have been a servant of the Doctor, one of his most loyal. And like his other servants, you have committed unspeakably evil acts, depraved ceremonies and sacrifices, you have joined with the other worshippers of these mad gods in their revelries of debauchery and slaughter. There can be little doubt you have lost your will and maybe even your soul to these dark creatures of chaos. Now you have a moment of respite, a moment of clarity, a clear realisation that you simply must stop the Doctor. Whatever the cost he must be stopped. Perhaps the only peace your tortured soul can find will come through the knowledge that you stopped at nothing to bring about the Doctor's death. With a deepening sense of impending madness, you find yourself remembering that you have learned a spell, some magic, that may be used to fight the Doctor. If only you can get close enough. If only you can muster the strength, the power, to fight the mad god's servant.

Granville Harrington - All of your focus and energy are spent on trying to comprehend the impossibility you have witnessed, the other world you have glimpsed. You feel a curtain has been drawn aside as you look on memories long since buried. An overwhelming sense of shame and remorse flood through your mind as you come to realise that you have long been aware of these beasts and rulers of another realm. Worse than that, you once worshipped and served them, along side the Doctor, who was your able master and teacher. Then it dawns on you: the atrocities, the heinous acts you have committed in these mad gods name, like all of their servants, you thought nothing of the insane acts of violence asked of you. Little is left for you to do except try and regain some of your soul, to take back some of your broken and enslaved spirit, and you can only do this by stopping the Doctor bringing the elder god Glaaki to our realm. That you know so much of this must be used for good now, and so must the magics you learned, the spells you have half remembered that are gradually fully returning. No matter the cost, you must bend all your will and energy to killing the Doctor.

Stanley Boyd - The impossibility of what you have seen unlocks previously shut off memories. With startling clarity, you see this twisted world from beyond the stars for what it is: the home and hunting ground of mad gods and their chaotic servants. These hideous beasts are real. And you know more about them than you could ever have imagined. A feeling of horror builds inside you as you realise that your knowledge is born from their worship, from serving them and their every insane whim. At the heart of it all is the Doctor: you were once counted as one of his closest and most loyal companions, doing his evil, twisted bidding, committing acts of utter depravity in the name of the great old one you both sold your souls to: Glaaki. In desperation, as you try to steer your crumbling mind away from remembering the full horror of what you have done, you find yourself thinking about the books you read of ancient magics, even spells, and it dawns upon you that you may have the ability to cast some such spell to aid you in stopping the Doctor once and for all. Some small comfort can be taken from the fact that you may be able to end this madness. You may even be able to salvage something of your tortured soul and spirit, bringing some small measure of peace, redemption even, through your dedication to the destruction of the Doctor, regardless of the cost to you.

Rebecca Beasley - The supernatural horror of the impossible vision throws your normally logical, scientific mind in to turmoil. Memories are trawled, some dim understanding that previously lurked repressed comes creeping back. You are sure these visions of places and creatures that simply should not be are in fact as real as anything you have studied from the world around you. And more than that, they are as familiar to you as many of the earthly things you cling to as normal. A flash of insight shocks you: you were once a follower of these beasts, and you were not alone, you were in league with the Doctor. Together you worshipped them, did their bidding, became their servants. And with that dawns the realisation that you have acted as abominably as they, that you have brought pain, death and suffering on an unimaginable scale to hundreds of innocents. You feel sick with the thought, you are no better than those that have rampaged through the Asylum. Your knowledge of these foul demons must be used to stop them. The Doctor has strange powers, magic powers, spells, and you feel certain you could conjure these forces too. There may be a way to redeem your soul, to take back your spirit from those hideous masters who once owned it. Perhaps through the stopping of the Doctor you can reaffirm your humanity, before it is stripped from you forever.

Victoria Pinch - The insane vision of the other realm, the twisted creatures that reside there, and at the heart of this other realm the god like being that awaits to bring doom to all mankind: it is too much. Your soul cries out, your heart breaks in recognition, these things are known to you. And more than that, they are what drove you to the Asylum, they are the reason you have lost many memories, your mind simply shut down in an attempt to stop you coming to terms with the terrible, insane truth. You once worshipped these abominations, and the elder god Glaaki, you served him willingly along side the Doctor, his most loyal of servants. The shameful atrocities you committed in his foul name flood your mind, overwhelming you, filling you with the filthy realisation that you have done much worse than those that have torn through the Asylum killing all that stood before them. This can not be how it ends. There must be a way for you to find redemption, to cleanse your soul of at least some of the evil that stains it. You stopped the Doctor once and now you must do so again. It is the only way. And nothing can stop you, there will be great sacrifice but it will be worth it. Reaching back in to your surfacing memories you find scenes of worship where you acted as a priestess, where you were casting spells and using magic powers that helped drive you insane. Perhaps these seemingly impossible magics could help you now, perhaps it is the only way to stop the Doctor. But stop him you must. Your spirit must be free of this evil.



Major Robert J. Ogilvie

Sex: Male
Age: 53
Nationality: British
Birthplace: Chester
Occupation: Retired Officer / Historian

Physical Appearance

Six feet tall, large hands and feet, slightly greying hair and moustache, both always well groomed through military habit. Steady Brown eyes, somewhat stern of countenance. Stout frame, obviously used to physical exercise and the hardships of an officer on campaign. Physically fit and active, though have become slightly more sedentary with the taking on of historical study. Always dresses smartly and conservatively when possible, attire reflects station in life.



Harry Postins

Sex: Male
Age: 52
Nationality: British
Birthplace: Ironbridge
Occupation: Engineer

Physical Appearance

Five feet eleven inches tall, slight, lithe frame, fit and active manner. Greying hair, black full moustache. A kind face quick to smile. Can easily be over looked in a gathering due to tendency to dress conservatively and remain still. Thoughtful looking, as if every aspect of appearance is well considered.



Granville Harrington

Sex: Male
Age: 37
Nationality: British
Birthplace: Bristol
Occupation: Shipping Company Owner

Physical Appearance

Six feet four inches tall, stocky frame and strong facial features. Well groomed and conscious of appearance, sports a fashionable moustache. A very expressive face, hard to hide feelings and thoughts. Seems to have an inner strength and resolve that shines through restless eyes.



Stanley Boyd

Sex: Male
Age: 48
Nationality: British
Birthplace: London
Occupation: Antique Dealer

Physical Appearance

Six feet three tall, light and lithe frame. Rather austere of appearance, placing little value on fashion or accessories. A worldly wise look of face and a ready smile. Well kept hair and trimmed beard, as is proper for a gentleman. Very restive in action and movement.



Rebecca Beasley

Sex: Female
Age: 32
Nationality: British
Birthplace: London
Occupation: Pharmacist / Nurse

Physical Appearance

Five feet eight tall, of slim figure and face, universally thought of as beautiful. Dark brown hair, usually worn up. Delicate hands and nimble fingers. Compassionate eyes. Dresses in practical clothes and keeps up with fashion, though does not spend frivolously on it.



Victoria Pinch

Sex: Female
Age: 34
Nationality: British
Birthplace: York
Occupation: Chemist

Physical Appearance

Five feet six inches tall, very light frame, delicate hands and feet. Thick dark brown hair, worn tied back or in bun. Wears very conservative clothes and pays no heed to fashion. Always very clean and very tidy. Open, friendly countenance, very welcoming smile.

Strange Spells & Magics

Investigator Spell

Enthral Victim

A type of binding spell, this chanted incantation throws a silvery web of intrigue over the victims mind. They become unable to act with any determination or purpose, and are enthralled while their mind tries to comprehend the strange, fluted musics that plague it for the short time they are under the spell. Casting this spell is a matter of matching your innate power with that of the intended victim: strength of will and knowledge of the dark arts are the powers that drive this magic. There is of course a price to pay, both in loss of sanity and magical energy: you will doubtless be weakened after this spell's use, and that's if you can match wits and spirits with the target and overcome their will and own magical power.

A spell of limited use and power, it may be just enough to disrupt the Doctor while other forces intervene.

Investigator Spell

Implant Fear

This is a brutal spell of intense assault on the victims mind and spirit. It overwhelms the intended victim with a feeling of complete despair, causing them to doubt all they know and to see danger in all around them. The all encompassing fear engulfs them and paralyses them for a brief moment, during which it is as if they are a comatose, frozen statue. The assault on their mind and soul causes the victim to suffer a loss of sanity as the forced nature of their helplessness dawns upon them.

Casting this spell causes a fearful loss of magical energy, and seldom can it be cast more than once per day, even by the most accomplished of magical practitioners. And a worse cost is the loss of will and sanity, for the fear seeps in to the spell's user, causing them to experience a brief moment of deepening madness.