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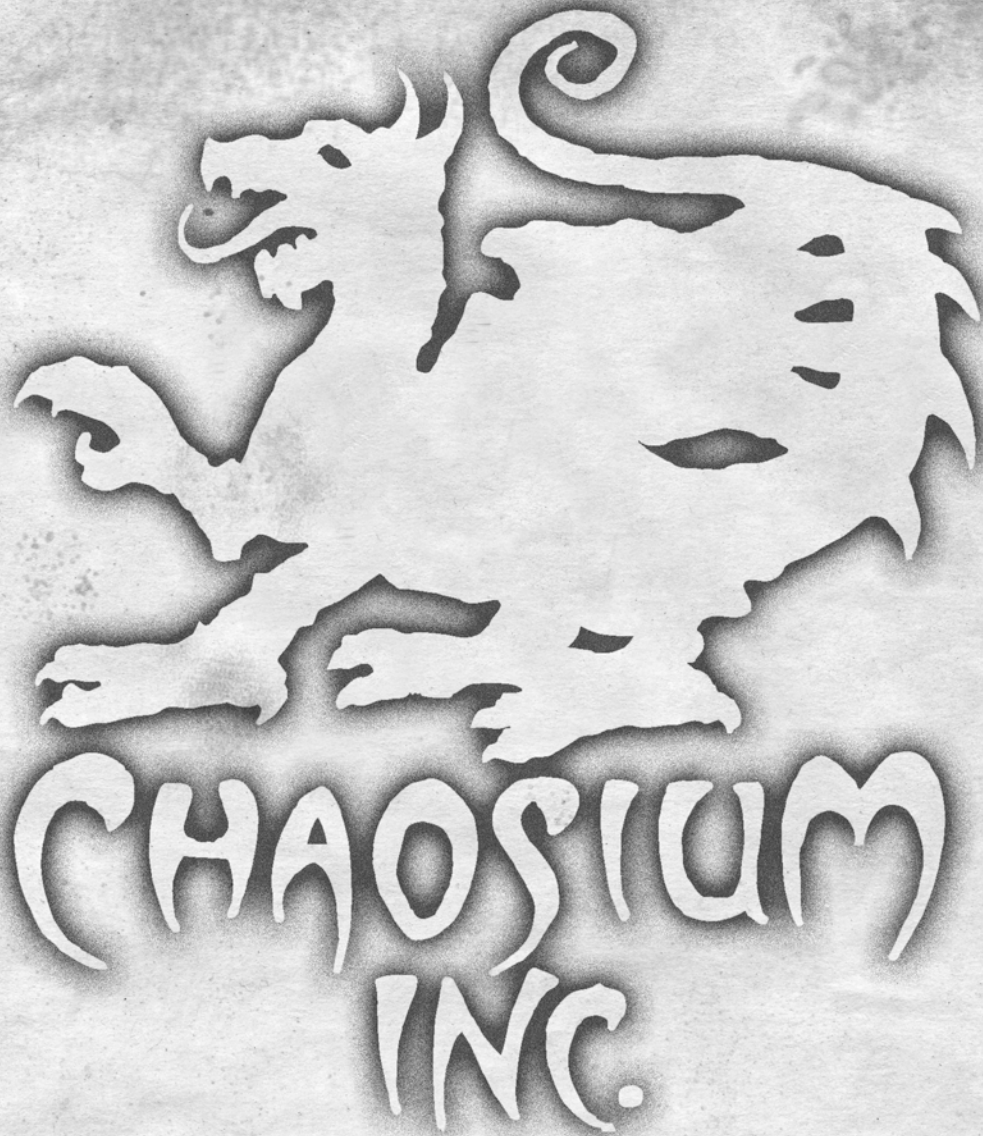
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Ramblings of a Twisted Muse



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Ramblings of a Twisted Muse

by Robert Hobart and Phil Thompson

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Chaosium publication 0314. ISBN 1-56882-270-7
Published in March 2005. Printed in the United States.

Introduction: A Prelude to Madness

Unspeakable terror lies just on the edge of our collective consciousness. Creatures that were old when man first walked the earth dwell in a universe that holds terrible secrets. We are far below the top of the food chain!

To elder beings such as these, our existence is but a mere annoyance. Some are merely content to bide their time until we eventually exterminate ourselves. Others however, plan a more direct approach and labor to hasten the demise of our species. Our time runs short.

Time and again, stalwart souls have stood in the gap and foiled the plots of those who would destroy us. We are forever in the debt of these unsung heroes and may their kind forever walk our planet. The challenge now falls to your players. Can they save the day or will their characters run screaming to the countryside?

Ramblings of a Twisted Muse is a collection of adventures designed to challenge investigative minds and slake your player's thirst for adventure. Each scenario is presented in chronological order but can be run independently if the needs of your gaming group dictates this. This product features pre-generated characters to allow the Keeper the flexibility to provide for new players or late arrivals. These characters are tailored to fit their respective adventure and can allow new blood to contribute to the gaming experience.

Chapter One

"I first became aware of Sylvia Meadows's existence when her niece Barbara Walker contacted me after she discovered an earlier essay of mine which dealt with the lunacy of those who believed in the paranormal. She had cared for her aunt after Sylvia's parents passed away as Meadows had become nearly bedridden shortly after her 'incident' in Japan, and required constant care. Barbara had hoped that my views on what I would eventually come to know as the 'Mythos' could shake her aunt from the pit of madness she had descended into. You see, Sylvia Meadows was never quite the same once she had spent...

A Night in Edo

BACKGROUND

This scenario is set in the outskirts of Tokyo in 1925. The investigators are guests at a wedding being held in the house of Masakazu Shigeru, a wealthy businessman descended from nobility. One of the investigators, Yamaguchi Keichi, is engaged to Shigeru's daughter Nami. Before the ceremony can begin, however, Nami disappears. The PCs must try to rescue her and squash the evil which lurks in the noisome cavern beneath the house.

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

The inspiration for this tournament owes much to Kurt Miller's classic scenario "The Lurker in the Crypt," published by Chaosium in *Fatal Experiments* (1990, Chaosium Inc).

HISTORICAL/CULTURAL NOTES

This scenario is set in pre-WWII Japan, a highly insular and culturally conservative society. The Keeper should try to give the situation as much period and cultural flavor as practicable. If possible, read a few books on Japan (the culture still shares many features with that of the 20's). The recent Chaosium supplement *Secrets of Japan*, although dealing with the present day, can also supply much useful cultural information for Keepers. A few shorthand considerations follow:

- Women held a sharply subservient position in 1920's Japanese society, even compared to the 1920's United States. They were not allowed any meaningful role in business, government, or any other kind of public life. In public wives were expected to walk behind their husbands. Since neither of the female investigators conforms to standard Japanese notions of female propriety, they can expect some very unfriendly reactions from Japanese PCs and NPCs.



- Foreigners (“Gaijin”) were regarded as barbaric and crude. Japan is culturally and ethnically very uniform, and has a long history of xenophobia and ethnocentrism. The two American investigators are treated with scrupulous politeness – they are guests, after all – but the Japanese NPC’s make it clear that they are considered uncouth outsiders.
- Japanese traditionally state their family name first, followed by the given name. (The names of the Japanese investigators are listed in this fashion.) Individuals are usually addressed by their family name, with the additional suffix “-san” (translating, roughly, as *honorable* or *respected*) or, for elders and social superiors, “-sama” (roughly, *lord*). In the context of the scenario, “-sama” would probably only be used by servants speaking to the Japanese guests.
- Given names are only used among close friends and relatives, and even then are used more rarely than family names. Leaving off the “-san” from either name is insulting unless one knows the other very closely (e.g. a close relative or lifelong friend).
- The suffixes “-chan” or “-kun” can be used towards younger persons, children, or close acquaintances of the same or younger age for whom one feels great affection. The “-chan” form is more commonly used toward females and the “-kun” more commonly toward males. In terms of the scenario, Shigeru might refer to Akira and Keichi with “-kun,” and both Shigeru and Keichi would refer to Nami as “Nami-chan.” Using these terms in the wrong contexts (toward someone older or socially superior, for example) can be highly insulting.
- Traditional construction of the time (pre-World War II) used thin internal walls, typically constructed of bamboo and paper. Doors are constructed of the same material and slide sideways rather than opening. Privacy in general is hard to come by, which is a major reason for Japanese culture’s emphasis on politeness, manners, and dignity.
- Great respect is afforded to social superiors and family elders. Disagreeing or arguing with a superior or elder is a gross violation of manners and etiquette.
- Although western-style suits and similar clothing are used in public, especially by men, in private homes traditional garments (formal kimonos, for this sort of event) will be worn by all except the two American investigators.
- Private ownership of firearms is prohibited except for hunting rifles and shotguns. Traditional arms (swords etc.) are generally restricted to military officers and the wealthy aristocratic class. The Americans again are an exception to this, legally, but remember that in Japan social convention is as powerful as law.

- Inside private dwellings, shoes are removed in favor of slippers or bare feet. This could cause problems when the investigators reach the slimy, dangerous chambers beneath the house.
- Written Japanese is extremely complex and difficult to learn, especially for foreigners. To reflect this, the non-Japanese investigators read and write Japanese at half their normal skill (they speak it at their full skill).

KEEPER'S NOTES

Masakazu Shigeru is the lineal descendent of an ancient line of ghoulish half-breed sorcerers who used their powers to influence the course of Japanese history. The vile creatures worshipped a strange sword, the Dark Blade, physical repository of an evil Dreamlands entity. The magical weapon, which resembled a katana, lent its magical powers to its wielders in exchange for frequent sacrifices. The Blade came to fear that continued contact between Japan and the outside world might bring magical knowledge which could destroy it. As a result, its chief sorcerer-follower, who was only one-fourth ghoulish and could easily pass as a (rather ugly) normal Japanese, took the name Masakazu and began to gradually insinuate himself into the chaotic power struggles of the time (the so-called Sengoku, or "Country at War," period, which lasted from 1477 to 1576 AD, with later clashes continuing until 1600). The new-named Masakazu supported those leaders of the time (notably the Tokugawas) who wished to isolate Japan from the rest of the world.

Eventually the Masakazu line became vassals of the Tokugawas (partly through magically arranging the suicide of then-warlord Oda Nobunaga). It was also through their secret intercession that the decisive battle of Sekigahara (October 21st, 1600 AD) turned in favor of Tokugawa, enabling him to found the Shogunate. For the next two and a half centuries the Masakazu ghoulish-sorcerers influenced the Shogunate from the shadows, trying to keep Japan isolated and their own power secure.

In 1868 the Meiji Restoration swept through Japan, dragging the nation forcefully into the modern age. Masakazu Shigeru's father Takahara (then a young man of 22) converted to the new government, abandoned the family cult, murdered his cultist parents and sealed their bodies in the secret ghoulish-caverns beneath his house. Their disappearance was blamed on the general chaos of the time. Unfortunately Takahara did not dispose of the Dark Blade because he believed it to merely be a prop for the cult's ceremonies.

Unbeknownst to all, the two sorcerers had survived and were transformed into Crawling Ones by the evil which festered in their bodies. Hidden from all, they would linger in the caverns with their ghoulish minions. The Dark Blade, sensing their survival and desiring fresh sacrifices, began influencing Takahara's dreams, urging him to re-open the caverns and deliver the weapon to the sorcerers. Driven increasingly mad by the sword's urgings, Takahara finally committed suicide, leaving instructions that his family blade should be melted down. Sadly, neither Shigeru nor his younger brother Masemune understood the



directions, dismissing them as the ravings of a madman. The Dark Blade remained in the house and resumed its campaign against the new leader of the Masakazu family. Shigeru's mental defenses dwindled gradually, weakened by the loss of his wife to illness, and finally break on the night of his daughter's wedding – the same night the investigators come to visit.

Compelled by the power of the blade, Shigeru opens the long-sealed secret door below his study and hands both the sword along with his daughter over to the waiting ghouls. His brother Masemune catches him in the act and tries to stop him, only to be dragged down and devoured. Shigeru's mind finally snaps when he witnesses this, and staggers through the house waving a dagger and raving that "the sword has taken Nami for itself."

Opening Scene: Preparing for a Wedding

Masakazu's house is located on a low seacoast hill on the outskirts of Tokyo. An eight-foot stone wall surrounds the house and property, ensuring privacy (a precious commodity in crowded Japan). Like most Japanese dwellings prior to World War II, the Masakazu house is built from wood, with rice-paper interior walls. Floors are hardwood except in the bath and kitchen, where flagstones are used. It is actually quite an old house, dating back to the late 1500's, but has been repaired and rebuilt several times. Akira knows some of the family history (Know roll) and can report that the house and property have belonged to the Masakazus since they became Tokugawa vassals during the Sengoku period.

The house has undergone some limited modernizing since the Meiji Restoration, chiefly in the form of a telephone and plumbing to the bath, but light still comes from oil lanterns, heat from wood and charcoal, and the privy is still an outhouse behind the building. The six servants and their children dwell in a separate building behind the house, a single-story structure with but three interior rooms.

The investigators arrive at 6 p.m., November 15th, 1925. Servants greet them at the gate and guide them into the living room where the wedding is to be held. Sake, tea, and snacks are served to the guests. The investigators have an opportunity to role-play and get into the atmosphere of the setting.

At the time the investigators arrive, the bride-to-be (Masakazu Nami) is in seclusion in the ground-floor guestroom, putting on her wedding kimono. The other guests and family members are in the living room:

The Yamaguchis (Keichi and Michiko's mother and father). A respectable Japanese couple in their late fifties. The father, Akitsuo, is dressed in a Western formal suit, and wears his graying hair slicked-back. The mother, Kyoko, is in a kimono, and wears her hair pinned back in the traditional Japanese style. Both of them are, by Japanese standards, modern and open-minded (they sent their son to school in America, after all). They are quietly happy with their son's impending marriage, and talk with everyone cheerfully, even the Americans. They are a bit concerned by Shigeru's odd behavior, but in true Japanese style do their best to avoid drawing attention to the problem.

Masakazu Shigeru, the father of the bride. He is a thin, tired-looking man, 58 years old, with completely white hair worn in a traditional braided ponytail. He wears a formal kimono. Shigeru is a widower – his wife died, of natural causes, five years ago. He seems confused and distracted, greeting his guests vaguely and then wandering around the room, sometimes muttering to himself and rubbing the back of his neck. His brother Masemune (see below) speaks to him several times and once offers him some sake, but Shigeru seems lost in a daze.

Masakazu Masemune, younger brother to Shigeru. He is a retired Colonel in the Imperial Army. Although he is 53 years old, Masemune is fit and stands ramrod straight, wearing his graying hair in a short military crop. He is a very traditional man, a strong nationalist, and a believer in *bushido*. All of these qualities he has imbued in his son Akira. Although friendly to other Japanese, kindly with his relatives, and respectful toward the priest Kanekuda, he treats the Americans with icy reserve. The Colonel also disapproves of Michiko's behavior and attitudes, and makes her aware of his displeasure.

Masakazu Endo, Shigeru's son and Nami's younger brother, is a bright, energetic 14-year-old boy. He teases Keichi a lot about his eminent wedding to his older sister. The Americans somewhat alarm him (like most Japanese he has never met a "gaijin" before), and at first is shy and reserved around them. However, if they are friendly he eventually opens up somewhat. Endo admires his uncle Masemune and especially his cousin Akira, who he idolizes as a surrogate older brother. He will ask Akira for stories about his military exploits and glory. Endo also likes Michiko, for more obvious reasons, and if she is at all friendly to him Endo starts following her around with "puppy-dog eyes." If any of the investigators ask Endo about his father's behavior, he says his father has been very stressed and worn by the wedding preparations.

The Wedding Begins

About an hour after the guests arrive, the servants begin arranging the room for the wedding. Keichi is led away by a manservant, who takes him to the upstairs guestroom to change into his wedding kimono. Shigeru wanders around, looking somewhat confused, until Masemune speaks to him in a low voice. At that point Shigeru to fetch Nami from seclusion.

When Keichi returns in his formal kimono, the families and guests arrange themselves. In a Japanese wedding the bride and groom sit at the head of the room, facing the priest (in this case Kanekuda), while the families and their guests sit in two rows facing each other, one on each side of the room, corresponding to the side where their relative sits. Bart, Sylvia, and Michiko all sit on the groom's side, while Akira sits on the bride's side. With everyone seated (which in Japan means kneeling or sitting cross-legged on thin mats laid over the hardwood floor, an uncomfortable experience for the two Americans), it only remains for the father to bring in the bride.



Oddly, at this juncture the servants begin to set off fireworks in the back yard. This is rather unusual behavior at a wedding, but no-one is rude enough to say so. (In fact, Shigeru earlier ordered the servants to do this in order to cover any noise he might make.)

Several minutes pass in tense silence, and a few people begin to surreptitiously look around, wondering what is keeping the bride and her father. Masemune leaves, excusing himself profusely, to look for his brother. The fireworks continue to bang and pop in the back yard. Then...

The door to the room slides open with a bang. Shigeru staggers in, his kimono in disarray, clutching a tanto (a samurai dagger). "The blade has taken Nami for its own," he wails, tears streaming down his face. "She's gone, my treasure is gone." He drops to his knees, rips his kimono open with his free hand, and prepares to plunge the dagger into his belly.

What to do?

If the PCs don't stop him, Shigeru attempts to commit seppuku (ritual suicide), plunging the knife into his stomach and disemboweling himself. This sight costs everyone (except the battle-hardened Akira) 0/1d4 SAN.

Shigeru's son and the Yamaguchis are too stunned to act. In order to stop him, a PC must make a successful grapple and then match his or her STR against Shigeru's STR of 11. Up to three PCs may co-operate to stop Shigeru, combining their STR against his. If they fail, Shigeru stabs himself and dies in 1d6 rounds, muttering incoherently about "the blade," his daughter, and "the worms." If the PCs succeed, he drops the dagger and collapses in tears, curling into a fetal ball on the floor.

NPC Reactions

Masakazu Masemune remains missing. Masakazu Endo, the Yamaguchis, and the servants will assist the PCs in searching the house and grounds, but they should not find any clues unless the party is stumped for a lead. Nor will they descend into the tunnels if and when the PCs locate the secret trapdoor; the Yamaguchis are too old, Endo too frightened, and the servants too fearful and superstitious.

If the investigators saved Shigeru from suicide and attempt to speak with him, they must make a Psychoanalyze roll (in Japanese) to get him rational enough for conversation. Even then, his speech is disjointed and chaotic, full of odd remarks like "it dreams in my soul, pushing at me, nagging me," and "the family is proud of me, yes, proud."

- If asked about Nami, he says, "it has taken her, taken her to be with the others."
- If asked about his brother Masemune, he begins to cry, whimpering for his brave, lost brother.
- If an investigator asks specifically how to reach Nami, and makes either a Persuade or Psychology roll (in Japanese), Shigeru suddenly looks at Akira (if

he is present, at the floor if not) and whispers, “You must bow, yes. Show your respect, to your ancestors, to it. Bow to open the way.”

The PCs may decide to question Nami’s younger brother, Masakazu Endo. He has seen little of his father lately due to the latter’s constant business work and his own heavy academic load. He is aware that his sire has not quite been himself lately, and mentions sometimes hearing Shigeru pacing and muttering late at night or in the wee hours of the morning. With a Luck roll he mentions that his father has been spending a lot of time in his personal study lately, sometimes even taking his meals there or spending the entire night in the room. Finally, if Akira or Michiko can make Persuade rolls, Endo remembers an odd incident from a few weeks ago: he came downstairs late one night to use the privy and found Shigeru standing in the hall, holding his sheathed family katana and staring at it fixedly, as though hypnotized. Endo spoke to his father, who seemed to start awake and retreated quickly to his study.

The five remaining servants can provide similar accounts of Shigeru’s recent behavior, but they are loyal and do not want to dishonor their employer, so it will require a Persuade roll from Akira or Keppai to get them to open up. If the dead maid’s body has been found, the servants speak more readily (+20% to the Persuade roll). They confirm that Shigeru has often seemed distracted and confused in recent weeks, staying up to all hours of the night, missing business appointments, ignoring the preparations for his daughter’s wedding, and so forth. At least two of them recall taking meals to Shigeru in his study. With a Luck roll, one of them also remembers having seen Shigeru read some small leather-bound book (his father’s journal) at the time. They are also able to confirm that it was Shigeru who, just this morning, ordered the rather unconventional fireworks to accompany the wedding.

The two elder Yamaguchis are only distantly acquainted with the Masakazus – they have visited here only on three occasions, each time as a formal part of the betrothal arrangements. They recall that Shigeru did seem a bit confused and distracted at times. He claimed, rather vaguely, to be in the midst of a major business deal and tried to apologize for his confusion. If an investigator can succeed in a Psychology roll (in Japanese), Mrs. Yamaguchi remembers that during one of their visits they spoke to Shigeru in his personal study. He seemed strangely distracted by a book on his desk, and kept glancing back at the pages during their conversation. Mrs. Yamaguchi thought this was rather rude, but the wedding was already arranged so she forbore to do anything that might disrupt her son’s future happiness.

Guide to the Masakazu Residence

Front Hall

This is where shoes and outdoor clothing are discarded, to be placed in the storage room adjacent. The telephone is here, but it does not work. A Spot Hidden or Electrical Repair roll reveals that the line has been cut and forcibly pulled through the wall of the house; outside, the other end of the line has been



cut at the telephone pole. The intervening fifty feet of wire is missing. Shigeru did this earlier in the evening, under the influence of the sword. Since the telephone is a new-fangled gadget which is poorly understood, none of the servants noticed anything amiss. The wire is now in the ghoulish caverns.

Living Room

This is where the investigators, the servants, and the other wedding guests are when the scenario begins. It is a large room which serves as a living and dining area, and has relatively little furniture: a single table (set low for kneeling) and several *tatami* mats where guests can kneel in greater comfort. Aside from Shigeru himself (alive or dead), there are no clues here.

The Kitchen

Since Shigeru's wife died, this has largely been the domain of the servants, although Nami has also spent some time here. The appliances here are fairly modern in design—the Masakazus are wealthy, after all—although the stove and oven still use wood for heat. A full selection of kitchenware and cutlery is available here, along with dried and smoked foods, cooking oil, spices, bottles of sake, etc. There is an icebox containing two large blocks of ice and an assortment of perishables, mostly fish.

Bath

A large and elaborate place equipped with modern pressured water, a shower, and a large twin-bowled tub for soaking. There is a drain set into the flagstone floor. Japanese baths traditionally involve washing oneself outside the tub, with cold water, and then soaking in the tub (hot water) afterward. The actual privy is in a separate building behind the house.

Master Bedroom

This is Shigeru's bedroom, and contains a large stand-up closet and an over-sized futon. The closet contains an assortment of Western-style suits and traditional Japanese garments. There is a shrine to Shigeru's dead wife against one wall, centering on a framed picture of her: a sternly beautiful woman with graying hair. In another corner is an easel with paintbrushes and ink; mounted on the easel is an unfinished painting of the Masakazu house, evidently done by Shigeru himself.

Closely examining the painting (Spot Hidden roll) reveals an oddity: there seem to be several horrible, skull-like faces worked into the loosely painted ground at the base of the house.

The shrine seems to be a normal memorial in the Shinto style, but if investigators make a Luck roll while examining it they find a small booklet tucked into the narrow space between the shrine and the wall. This is Shigeru's personal journal (Forensic Evidence File 1), which recounts his impressions of his father's madness, his researches into the Masakazu family history, and his own degeneration into mania. An investigator who makes a Japanese History roll after reading this book can recall that Oda Nobunaga, the warlord who died in

the same year the Masakazus became Tokugawa vassals, was not actually assassinated; he committed suicide during an attack by the troops of a traitorous subordinate, Akechi Mitsuhide.

Nami's Room, Endo's Room, Upstairs Guest Room

These are normal bedrooms equipped with futons, closets, and other standard accoutrements. Nami's room has a modern woman's make-up desk with a large mirror, and Endo's room has a plain modern desk strewn with textbooks and homework.

Downstairs Guest Room

This unfurnished room (there is a futon rolled up against one wall) is where Nami was waiting for the wedding. The maid who attended her is lying just inside the door, dead, her throat slashed (SAN loss 0/1d4). Her body is still warm, and a First Aid or halved Know roll can determine that she was killed less than half an hour ago (e.g. while the wedding was waiting for Shigeru and Nami). There are signs of a struggle within the room: scratches on the outer wooden walls, fist-sized and toe-sized holes punched in the paper interior walls, and several scraps of silk torn from Nami's wedding kimono.

The Study

Shigeru's downstairs study and library, this room is the key to the investigation, although it may not seem so at first. There is a western-style desk and chair here, an oil lamp on the desk along with various papers and secretarial materials. Bookshelves line the east and west walls, filled mostly with modern books along with a few historical scrolls in wooden tubes. On the wall above the door are clips for displaying a pair of crossed samurai swords, but only the short-sword – the Wakizashi – is present. It is evident that another, full-sized blade – a Katana – once hung here as well, but it is now missing. If the investigators take down the black-sheathed Wakizashi and examine it, they find the blade is enameled in black but otherwise seems normal. In fact, it is an enchanted blade; the Masakazus had it made with the black enameling so as to match the appearance of the Black Blade.

If an investigator examines the desk, it is plain to see that it is in disarray – papers strewn about, an inkbottle turned on its side and a huge spill of ink, fairly fresh, spread from it. Sitting open on one side of the desk, its pages partially coated with ink, is a historical tome – a bound reprint of an old chronicle of the campaign and battle of Sekigahara. Shigeru has written marginal notes on the open pages. This is Forensic Evidence File 3.

The books and scrolls are a mixture of historical works, classical Japanese literature and poetry, modern books on business and economics, and business ledgers. If an investigator spends half an hour or so looking through the ledgers, an Accounting roll will show that Shigeru's records have not been properly kept in recent months, and several recent bills have gone unpaid even though the money is available to pay them. If an investigator makes a Library Use roll while looking through the shelves, he discovers one book which is out of



place: a small leather-bound booklet, which turns out to be a personal diary. This is the journal of Shigeru's father Takahara (Forensic Evidence File 2). An investigator who reads this and makes a Psychology or Psychoanalysis roll deduces that Takahara was probably either schizophrenic or afflicted with a severe split personality. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll will tentatively identify the "imaginary creatures" in the journal as ghouls.

The secret door to the caverns is located in the floor panels beneath the desk. If an investigator specifically states he is examining the floor of the room, a Spot Hidden roll discovers a few scrape marks on the hardwood surfaces, as though the desk were recently dragged forward a few feet and then shoved back into place. If the desk is dragged forward, another Spot Hidden (this time at +30%) can discern the outlines of the secret panel.

Opening the Secret Door

The trapdoor is not as easy to open as one might think. It is built flush with the rest of the floor, and there is no visible handle or latch. Investigators who attempt to crawl under the house and reach the trapdoor area that way discover that numerous large boulders fill the area below the study, and it would require many hours of backbreaking labor to clear them out.

The door is magically sealed; the journal of Takahara contains a clue on how to open it, or the investigators might pry a clue from Shigeru if he lived. A member of the Masakazu family (such as Akira) must kneel and bow to the trapdoor, touching his forehead to it. If this is done the door opens (upward) of its own accord, with no visible power or engine (an eerie sight entailing a possible 0/1d3 SAN loss).

If the investigators do not find a clue to this puzzle, they can try physical means. The door has a STR of 20 for purposes of bashing and bludgeoning, or they can simply chop through with an axe in 10 minutes or so; the wood, though ancient and unnaturally tough, cannot resist such an assault for long. However, whichever investigator finally breaches the door feels the backlash as the warding magic is released from the shattered wood. That investigator feels a sudden cloying sense of suffocation, and crazed voices seem to shriek and gibber in his/her mind for a moment before fading slowly away. This costs 1/1d6+1 SAN to experience.

Below the trapdoor, a square wooden shaft descends several feet into the ground, serving as a mounting for an ancient, mold-slimed wooden ladder. The vertical tunnel below is damp, slimy, and foul smelling, with a hint of charnel corruption; the bottom is beyond the range of the investigators' light. At the top of the ladder, a scrap of Nami's kimono is caught on a large splinter (Luck roll to notice). The ladder leads to the Ghoul Caverns.

Weapons?

Once the party discovers the secret door and prepares to enter the tunnels beneath the house, they will probably give some thought to arming themselves. Unfortunately, their options are limited.

Akira and Sylvia are each carrying a weapon (sword and pistol, respectively). Both Bart and Akira own sidearms, but left these at home as being inappropriate to a wedding; fetching them would require a good two hours, and an Idea roll suggests that would be too late for poor Nami. Some weapons are available in the house, however.

Shigeru's knife (damage 1d6+1, Knife skill) can be supplemented with the Masakazu family's enchanted wakizashi (damage 1d8+2, uses Sword skill) in the study. There are enough kitchen knives (damage 1d4+1) to equip the entire party. If the party asks the servants, or simply searches the servant quarters, they can find a wood-axe (damage 1d8, base skill 25%), a scythe for cutting grass (damage 1d6+2, base skill 20%), and a 20-gauge double-barreled shotgun with eight rounds (used for dispatching rabbits, squirrels, and other pests).

The house is lit with oil lanterns, and there is additional oil and kerosene in the kitchen, along with charcoal. The party could make improvised molotovs (damage 2d4 with a direct hit, splash for 1d3), or a Chemistry roll allows the creation of more potent incendiary bombs (damage 3d6, blast radius 10 feet): one Chemistry roll per bomb, maximum three possible bombs with the materials available.

The Ghoul Caves

The wooden ladder is encrusted with foul-smelling mud, and a faint charnel stench is discernable. The ladder descends about forty feet to the entry cave (see below). If investigators make a Spot Hidden roll, they find a few drops of blood spattered on the ladder, and a few more scraps of Nami's kimono.

The damp, slimy earthen tunnels riddle the hill below the Masakazu residence. Ceilings average six to eight feet, but they are peaked in the center; at the sides of the tunnels the roof is only about four feet high. The whole place stinks of decay and evil. Walking through here is an unpleasant experience, especially for investigators lacking heavy footgear. Most of the caverns are also pitch-dark, of course, so the investigators need to bring light-sources (oil lanterns, candles, or improvised torches) from the house if they wish to be able to see.

Entry

The ladder terminates six feet above the floor of a foul, stinking earthen cave. The bottom ten feet of the ladder is rotten, and investigators must make Luck rolls to avoid breaking a crosspiece and falling for 1d6 damage (Jump roll to halve damage). Bits of rotten wood lie in the sodden earth beneath the ladder; amidst the moldy scraps lies the sword of Masakazu Masemune, with his mangled hand still attached (SAN loss 1/1d3). The rest of the body has been dragged off by the ghouls. The sword can supplement the party's armament, of course (damage 1d10+3).

There are vaguely human, vaguely canine footprints (Cthulhu Mythos roll to identify them as belonging to ghouls) on the floor, but they are so jumbled and



criss-crossed that tracking them is impossible. A Listen roll detects the faint hoots, gibbering, and meepings of ghouls somewhere far off in the tunnels.

If the investigators check around the cave, have them make Spot Hidden rolls. Those who succeed find a slightly higher patch of floor which contains bits and pieces left behind from the bodies of Shigeru's grandparents, who were killed and left here for dead by his father Takahara. These take the form of rotted sandals, some rusted bits of metal which might once have been weapons, etc. Oddly, there are no bones or teeth... which makes little sense, given the age of the other items. Also, the items which are present have a gnawed, almost partially digested look to them. If Sylvia makes a Cthulhu Mythos roll after examining these remains, she remembers a passage from De Vermiis Mysteriis (Forensic Evidence File 4):

“Cursed the ground where dead thoughts live new and oddly bodied, and evil the mind that is held by no head. Wisely did Ibn Schacabao say, that happy the town at night whose wizards are all ashes. For it is of old rumor that the soul of the devil-bought hastes not from his charnel clay, but fats and instructs the very worm that gnaws; till out of corruption horrid life springs, and the dull scavengers of earth wax crafty to vex it and swell monstrous to plague it. Great holes are digged where earth's pores ought to suffice, and things have learnt to walk that ought to crawl.”

Ghoul Larder

This foul cave is packed with rotting corpses, some recovered from the sea, others victims snatched from the alleys of Tokyo. Seeing this pile of disintegrating dead costs 1/1d8 SAN. Also, if the investigators remain here for more than a few minutes, they must roll CONx4 or be rendered helpless with nausea for 1d6 minutes.

Careful examination of the pile of necrosis (Spot Hidden roll) reveals several fresh body parts, dressed in the remains of a mangled kimono – a man's kimono, of the same color worn by Masemune. It is apparent that he was literally torn limb from limb, and there are several teeth-marks. If Akira is present he must make an additional SAN roll at this point, with a potential loss of 1d2/1d8+2.

There is a 25% chance that a ghoul shows up looking for a snack while the investigators are here.

Ghoul Breeding Pit

As the investigators approach this area, they become aware of a flickering light up ahead and of a bizarre stench, a mixture of charnel foulness and thick, pitch-laden woodsmoke. Also, they hear noises: glibberings and meepings of many ghouls, mingled with rending and gobbling sounds. With a Listen roll they also hear – incongruously – the wails of babies.

Viewing the contents of this large, irregular chamber, which is lit with numerous torches thrust into the walls, entails a 1d3/2d8 SAN loss. Amid the haze of smoke can be seen dozens of ghouls, sleeping, scratching, quarrelling, and munching on bits of human flesh in various states of decay. Hundreds of bones are strewn about, many stamped into the floor by generations of ghoulish

feet. Amid the horror are a dozen or so infants; with a Spot Hidden, the investigators are able to see that at least half the infants are human babies, stolen away to be raised as ghouls. They are about to undergo a ceremony which will transform them fully into ghouls, and as the investigators watch several ghouls take the torches from the walls and begin to dance around the babies in a great circle, chanting strange words in their inhuman tongue.

This is a very dangerous place, but the ghouls are distracted enough by their own doings that they do not notice a few investigators peering in from the hallway. If the investigators continue to watch, they can make another Spot Hidden to notice the coil of telephone wire which Shigeru cut from the house; two ghouls are playing with it. The ceremony will continue for several hours, during which the human infants are introduced to the customs and habits of ghouls; at the end of that time the torches are ceremonially extinguished, symbolizing that the new-made ghouls no longer have any need of light.

If Sylvia casts Contact Ghoul here, the ghouls approach the party in a non-hostile manner, gathering about in a great semicircle to peer and chortle at the party, many of them still munching on their ghastly feasts. Many of them speak Japanese, and if the investigators ask about Nami they are given directions to the Ritual Chamber, accompanied by many hootings and meepings about the certain doom the investigators face by going to such a place. They refer to the two Crawling Ones as “the Walking Eaters” and the Black Blade as “the Dark One” who they and the Crawling Ones serve.

The ghouls never willingly surrender the infants they possess and refer to them as “our future.” If the party is foolish enough to attack the ghouls (for this or any other reason), they face a battle against almost sixty of these scabrous horrors. The Keeper might suggest an Idea roll to realize that such an attack would be suicide. If not, a dramatic chase through the tunnels might ensue.

Outside Access

These tunnels lead to various exits into the city of Tokyo: slum alleys, sewer lines, drainage ditches, subway service tunnels (the Tokyo subway system was under construction in the 1920's), etc. There are tracks, leavings, and other evidence of ghouls around all the entrances, but a Tracking or Spot Hidden roll confirms that none of them have been made in the last few hours, and there is no sign of Nami in any of these passages.

If the party decides to leave the tunnels and seek help (such as the Police), the Keeper might use an Idea roll to suggest that it will take too long to get such assistance. Who knows what might befall Nami before the investigators can return with allies?

Drunken Ghoul

As the investigators approach this tunnel intersection, they can make Listen rolls to hear a low, gurgling voice muttering a Japanese. If not, they stumble directly into the ghoul here without warning (maximum SAN loss for a failed roll).



This ghoul, one Echiro by name, is a former human, one of the *eta* (the Japanese “untouchables,” a class considered nearly sub-human). Forty years ago he escaped his grim, unpleasant human life for the eternal bacchanalia of ghoul life; he does not care for the Crawling Ones or their unearthly master. He is currently getting himself royally smashed on a large pot of sake, and muttering haiku poetry to himself.

Echiro is not in the mood for a fight, and if the investigators approach him in a non-hostile manner they are able to speak with him (he speaks Japanese with a guttural, lower class accent). Given the chance, in fact, he will speak at length about the “bitter blade” which is disturbing his simple, pleasant life here in the tunnels. He describes the sword as a “dreaming thing” and grumbles that he didn’t leave his surface life just to be the slave of the blade and its “walking crawling” servants. The ghoul seems especially offended that the “sweet thing” (Nami) is to be given to the blade rather than eaten by the ghouls, as is proper.

If the party attacks Echiro he flees if possible, or defends himself to the best of his drunken ability if trapped. If asked of the “bitter blade” or “sweet thing’s” whereabouts,” he can give directions to the Ceremony Chamber. However, because he is drunk and constantly muttering, it requires a Listen roll to correctly decipher his words.

Submerged Tunnel

The tunnel dips lower here than the rest of the complex, and seawater has seeped in to fill the lowest fifty feet of the passage. The only way to proceed on this route is for the investigators to hold their breath and swim, feeling their way along the tunnel. Unfortunately, their light-sources are all flame-dependent and thus useless in the water.

If the investigators do feel brave enough to venture through the tunnel, about twenty feet along its length the lead investigator encounters a rotten, waterlogged corpse which is lodged in the tunnel. This entails a SAN loss of 1d3/1d10+1 for the first investigator to find it. Investigators who are warned ahead of time face a loss of only 0/1d4. If an investigator suffers a terrible shock or goes insane while in the tunnel, s/he panics and begins to drown (use the drowning rules from the CoC rulebook). Drowning investigators must make Idea rolls at –25 to remember which direction leads back to their comrades, and then must make a Swim roll to traverse that distance.

Investigators who do reach the far side of the submerged tunnel emerge into the Ceremony Chamber. Of course, they are also soaking wet, without a light-source, and isolated from their comrades.

Tunnel to Ocean

This tunnel plunges beneath the water and eventually emerges into Tokyo bay below the hill occupied by the Masakazu property. The ghouls go here to scavenge for drowning victims and occasionally supplement their diet with fish. It will require three consecutive Swim rolls for an investigator to make it through the tunnel to open water. If any roll is failed, the investigator begins to drown (as per

standard CoC drowning rules). A drowning investigator suffers a –30% penalty to his/her Swim rolls, whether trying to return or continue to the sea.

Ceremony Chamber

This is a large earthen cave with an eight-foot ceiling braced by a few rotten wooden beams. The place is pitch-dark until the investigators arrive with a light-source (the Black Blade prefers darkness, and the ghouls and Crawling Ones have no need of light). The waterlogged, muddy floor is scattered with old gray human bones, and water-filled ghoulnprints criss-cross it everywhere. The air stinks of rot, decay, and some indefinable stench which makes the investigators think of fever-dreams and sick delirium. All investigators must make CONx5 rolls or suffer a –10% penalty to all skill rolls while in this room.

At the northern side of the cave is a large flat stone, oval in shape, upon which is stretched the unconscious form of Nami, still dressed in the torn, muddy remains of her wedding kimono. A gleaming black-enameled katana lies across her neck, while the equally black sheath lies nearby. (Akira can identify this, with an Idea roll, as the Masakazu family blade.) Crouched in front of the sacrificial stone are two hunched, cowed, gray-robed forms: the two Crawling Ones. A half-dozen ghouls surround them, gibbering ritual chants. This scene costs the investigators 1d2/2d6 SAN.

Confrontation

Once the investigators interrupt the ceremony, the two Crawling Ones (Shigeru's Grandfather and Grandmother) stand and turn to face them; the larger one (Grandfather) picks up the black katana, which glows with a nauseating green light. Assuming Akira is still alive, the two creatures address him (in Japanese) with hissing, liquid voices. "Greetings, Masakazu Akira. Your family welcomes you to your true heritage, and thanks you for bringing these others." They nod their hooded heads toward the other investigators. "They shall nourish our master well." The sword pulses greedily at these words, and its light penetrates the cowls, revealing the true nature of the Crawling Ones: thousands of writhing worms, somehow co-operating to form bipedal bodies with horribly human-like faces. Human teeth can be seen floating in the pulpy holes that substitute for mouths. This ghastly sight costs 1d3/2d10 SAN, but if Sylvia remembered the line from *De Vermiis Mysteriis* earlier she (and anyone she shared the memory with) gains a +10% bonus to her SAN roll.

The Grandfather Crawling One and the ghouls engage the party in melee, Grandfather wielding the Black Blade. The Grandmother Crawling One holds back and uses spells as long as possible, then fights with a dagger. The Crawling Ones fight to the death, urged on by their foul master, but if they are destroyed the ghouls will lose heart and flee.

If one of the PCs falls in this combat, the ghouls will leap upon the corpse and begin feasting, ripping the corpse apart and loudly quarreling over the best parts. This will produce a SAN loss (0/1d4) but will also improve the odds for the surviving investigators, since they will then only have to face Grandfather and Grandmother.



If Akira goes indefinitely insane in this encounter, he falls under the influence of the Black Blade and attempts to join the Crawling Ones in sacrificing Nami, fighting any investigators who try to stop him. He can be brought out of this murderous rage by a successful Persuade or Psychology roll from Keichi, Michiko, or Keppai. Physical damage also has a chance (equal to the percentage of his total starting hit points lost in the hit) of snapping him out of this evil trance.

The Black Blade

This unnatural weapon of cold, black metal is actually a storehouse for a nameless Dreamlands entity of malice, destruction, and greed. It exists only to devour the POW of its victims, granting its worshippers trivial skills and abilities (by its standards) in return.

Any investigator who is struck by the Black Blade suffers 1d10+3+db damage and feels a sudden rush of cold, devouring madness from the point of contact with the blade. They lose a point of POW (which is eaten by the entity inside the sword) and must also make a SAN roll or fall under the control of the blade for the following round (as though afflicted with a Mental Suggestion spell). The sword, of course, directs controlled victims against their comrades. Being attacked by fellow investigators is a harrowing experience, entailing a possible SAN loss of 0/1d4.

It is possible that at some point an investigator may get hold of the Black Blade and attempt to use it in combat (it is an enchanted weapon, and therefore does full damage against Crawling Ones). However, the blade resists being wielded by a non-worshipper. The investigator must successfully roll POWx3 each round in order to use the sword. If the roll is failed, the investigator spends the round unmoving, locked in a fierce mental battle with the spirit inside the blade. If the roll is failed on a 96-00, the investigator is treated as though he/she was struck by the blade (lose one POW, roll SAN or fall under its control for one round).

Success

If the investigators manage to destroy the Crawling Ones, they are free to rescue Nami and return to the Masakazu house. The ghouls, cowed by the destruction of the Crawling Ones, do not interfere. However, the investigators' task is not truly complete until they destroy the Black Blade; otherwise its unholy influence will continue to haunt the Masakazu line.

The Blade can be melted down, but due to its otherworldly nature this requires an unusually hot flame, such as a steel foundry. Fortunately such places are fairly easy to find in 20th-century industrializing Japan.

Another solution is to scribe an Elder Sign into the blade. Due to the unnatural toughness of the blade, this will require special tools such as diamond drills. If done, the spirit inside the sword is rendered helpless, unable to influence the outside world.

Either solution ends the threat from the Black Blade and frees the Masakazu family from its cursed power, probably forever. If Shigeru lived, he

regains at least some of his sanity, although he will have to retire from business. And if Nami and Keichi survived, their wedding is now, of course, free to proceed in peace.

Bad Guy Stats

Typical Ghoul

STR 16 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 13
POW 12 DEX 12 HP 13 Move 9

Claws 30%, damage 1d6+1d4

Bite 30%, damage 1d6*

*if the bite hits, the ghoul hangs on and inflicts 1d4 Worry damage each round until dislodged with a STR vs STR roll

Armor: firearms and projectiles do half damage

SAN Loss: 0/1d6

Grandfather Crawling One

STR 10 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 13
POW 20 DEX 11 HP 15 Move 8

Katana 35%, damage 1d10+3 plus Black Sword effects

Armor: Minimum damage from physical weapons, bullets do one point of damage. Fire, chemicals, spells, and enchanted weapons do full damage.

Spells: Clutch of Nyogtha, Mindblast, Send Dreams

Grandmother Crawling One

STR 5 CON 13 SIZ 11 INT 13
POW 21 DEX 8 HP 12 Move 8

Dagger 25%, damage 1d4+1

Armor: Minimum damage from physical weapons, bullets do one point of damage. Fire, chemicals, spells, and enchanted weapons do full damage.

Spells: Clutch of Nyogtha, Mindblast, Power Drain, Red Sign of Shudde M'ell, Shriveling



Forensic Evidence File #1: Shigeru's Personal Journal.

This tome is hand-written with beautiful calligraphy. This journal was begun a few years before his father Takahara's 1897 death, and the early entries chronicle Takahara's mental deterioration. Shigeru often expresses sorrow that such a fate should fall on a man he loves and reveres, a man who should have lived out his final years in peace and dignity. He is heartbroken, but not really surprised, when Takahara drowns to death in the bathtub in 1897. The final words of his father's journal reveal that the death was a suicide, and Shigeru expresses puzzlement at his father's last request: melt down the family sword. He sadly dismisses the request as the raving of a broken mind. "Why destroy such a fine piece of craftsmanship?"

In later entries, from the 1910's, Shigeru himself begins to show signs of mental unbalance. He develops an obsession with the family's background, and begins researching it in his spare time. Despite his efforts he can find no record of the Masakazu line's existence before the 1550's. They became Tokugawa vassals in 1583 following the death of Oda Nobunaga, the supreme warlord of the time; Shigeru several times drops hints that his family may have been in some way responsible for Oda's death.

The final entries show signs of increasing dementia and paranoia, with only occasional references to normal events like his daughter's engagement. There are frequent remarks such as "they are waiting" and "it lives in my dreams, it holds my mind like a caged sparrow." There are no entries at all for the last three days before the wedding.

Forensic Evidence File #2: Diary of Takahara

This seems to be the journal of Masakazu Takahara, father of Shigeru and Masemune. It begins in 1868, the year of the Meiji Restoration, with the cryptic statement: “My parents are gone, and the family shame is at an end. Henceforth the Masakazu name shall stand in the annals of the faithful and patriotic of Japan.” The subsequent journal is, for the most part, the ordinary chronicle of a Japanese businessman with interests in manufacturing and finance. However, in the late 1870’s the journal begins making frequent references to “bad dreams,” and there are occasional oblique remarks about “the family” and “the past.”

The last five years of the journal (1892-1897) show a rapid dissolution of Takahara’s mental state, with frequent mention of “dark dreams” and cryptic references to “the family” and “the legacy.” Sometimes Takahara seems to lose all connection with reality and spend pages talking about imaginary creatures and bizarre dream-like landscapes.

On the final page is scrawled, “Today I moved it aside and bowed to the portal as was proper. It knew my blood, the family blood, and opened for me. They are waiting below, and I shall bring the Master to them as they desire.” Then the character of the writing changes sharply, becoming bold and frantic. “Its hold – their hold – has broken for a moment. The portal is sealed. I shall end my life before they return and drive me to evil and dishonor. Shigeru, after I am gone, melt down the family sword!”



Forensic Evidence File #3: Historical tome

The open pages seem to be a portion of a chronicle of the battle of Sekigahara, which occurred on October 21st, 1600 by the Western Calendar. The battle had reached a critical juncture. The Western Army under Mitsunori was holding its own against Tokugawa's Eastern Army, but several of Mitsunori's units were holding back from the fight, their clan chieftains reluctant to commit to battle. Tokugawa noted this and was then seen to confer with one of his vassals, a certain Masakazu, wielder of a "swift and dreadful sword of black," in the words of the chronicler. After this conference both Tokugawa and the "enigmatic Masakazu" knelt together and seemed to pay homage to the sword.

Shortly thereafter Kobayakawa, one of Mitsunori's reluctant vassals, turned and attacked his own side. A short time later another Mitsunori vassal, Wakizaka Yasuharu, switched sides as well, shifting the battle decisively toward Tokugawa. Sekigahara ended in a decisive victory for Tokugawa, laying the groundwork for his eventual total dominance of Japan.

Handwritten next to the description of Tokugawa and Masakazu's conference are the words, "A thing of dreams, power and greed, servant and master." Farther down the page are the words: "Black katana seen several times at the *bakufu* (court of the Shogun) when key decisions were made. Japan's isolation...safety, secure from knowledge that might destroy."

At the very bottom of the page are scrawled, in ragged characters, the words, "The blade is the one. The thing of dreams, in my head."

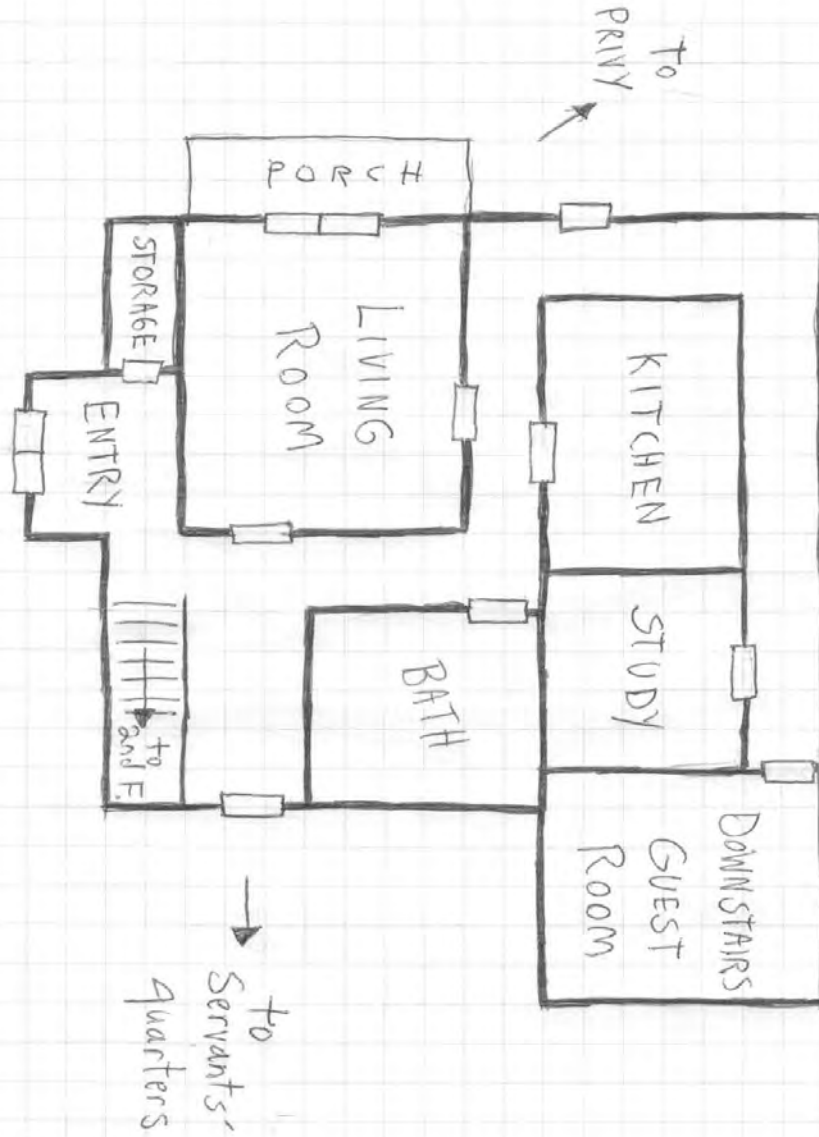


Forensic Evidence File #4

“Cursed the ground where dead thoughts live new and oddly bodied, and evil the mind that is held by no head. Wisely did Ibn Schacabao say, that happy the town at night whose wizards are all ashes. For it is of old rumor that the soul of the devil-bought hastes not from his charnel clay, but fates and instructs the very worm that gnaws; till out of corruption horrid life springs, and the dull scavengers of earth wax crafty to vex it and swell monstrous to plague it. Great holes are digged where earth’s pores ought to suffice, and things have learnt to walk that ought to crawl.”



A Night in Edo Map #1



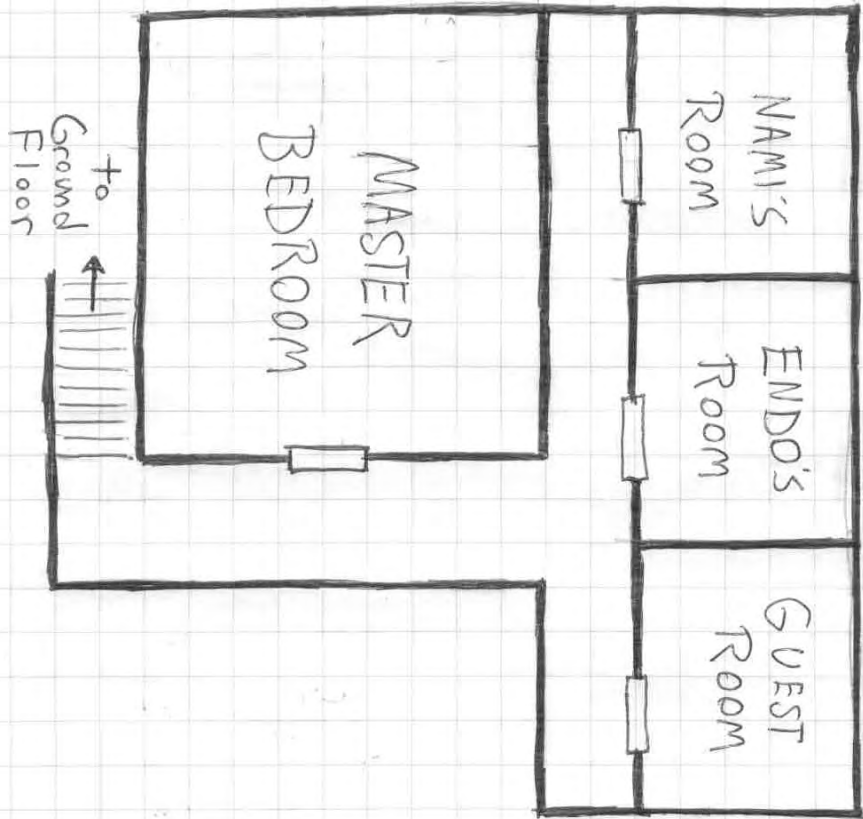
MASAKAZU

HOUSE

1st Floor

1 Square = 2 1/2 feet

A Night in Edo Map #2



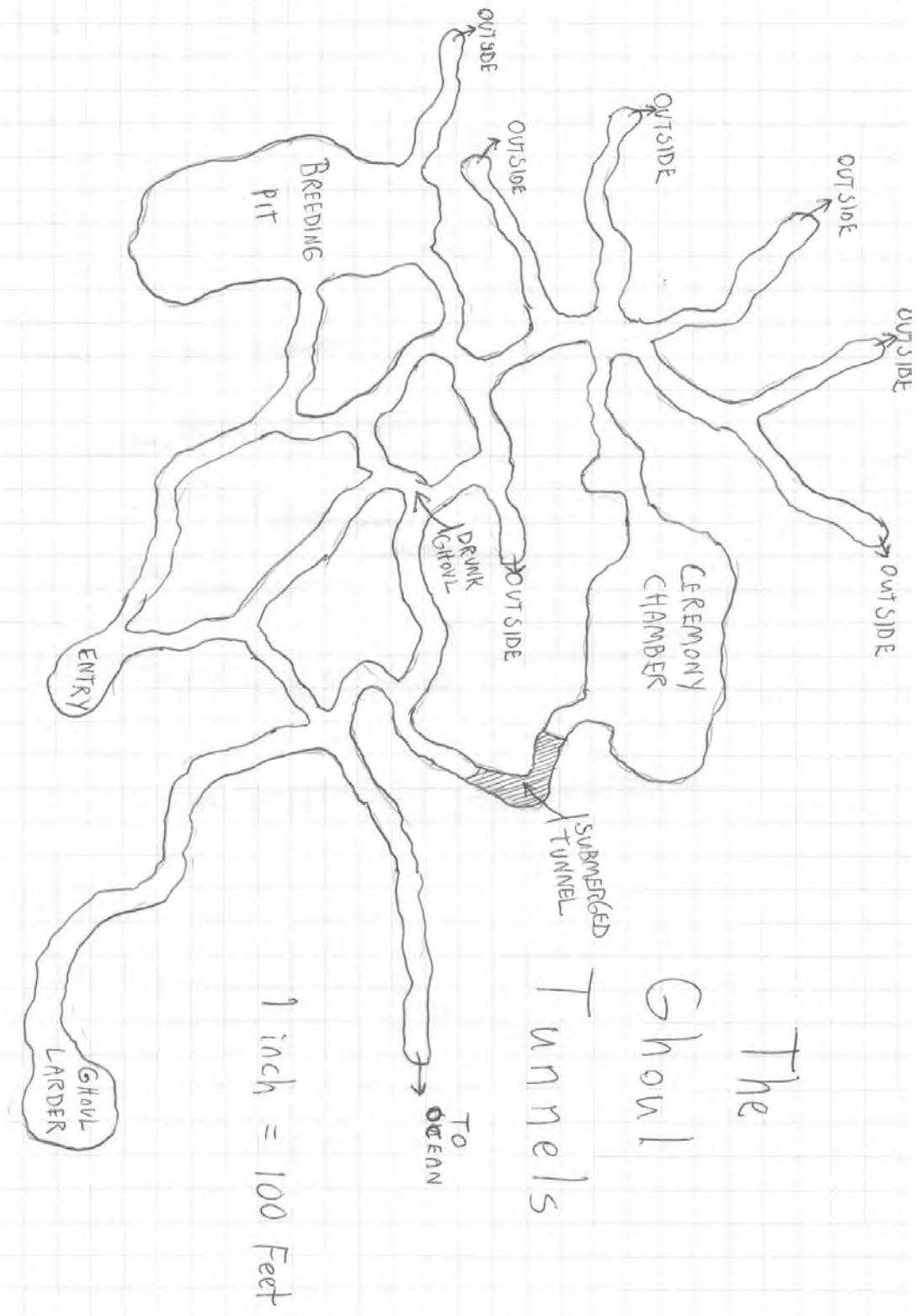
MASAKAZU

HOUSE

2nd Floor

1 Square = 2 1/2 Feet

A Night in Edo Map #3



Chapter Two

...My initial encounter with things not of this world left my soul hungering for more vicarious adventures. The following months found me spending much of my inherited fortune pursuing rumors, stories and anything that seemed to present a mote of a chance to find those who had truly experienced the Mythos. A fortuitous tip from a European colleague led me to the land of the Pharaohs. My spirits lifted as our caravan neared Cairo. Soon, my quest for knowledge would be answered by those who had survived the...

Dreams of Egyptos

BACKGROUND

The investigators in this adventure are a collection of 1920's archeologists and workers who have discovered the hidden tomb of a priest of the Black Pharaoh Nephren-Ka. Imprisoned here in the time of the Ptolmaics, the priest prophesied that he would be freed by the descendents of his enemies – and the investigators are actually those very descendants. However, this fact may also offer them some hope, for as they explore the tomb, they find themselves experiencing strange flashbacks as ancestral memories rise to the surface. With a little luck, they may be able to defeat the foul Mummy-Priest, using their own skills and the magical abilities and eldritch lore of their ancestors.

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

The inspiration for this scenario comes from the Mythos fiction of Richard Tierney, who also conceived the dreaded Mythos tome known as the Scroll of Thoth. Most of his short stories are available in a collection from Chaosium ("The Scroll of Thoth," 1997). Some elements of the classic *Masks of Nyarlathotep* campaign (Chaosium, 1984, reprinted 1996) are also used as inspiration and source material.

KEEPER'S BACKGROUND NOTES

During the reign of King Ptolemy V of Egypt (203-181 BC), a heretical priest by the name of Napeth began to revive the worship of the Black Pharaoh, the dreaded and almost-forgotten sorcerer who ruled Egypt in aeons past. He built a secret temple within the Valley of Kings, hidden within the tomb of Rameses IX, a minor pharaoh from the 20th dynasty. Rome had recently taken control of Egypt, and Napeth's invocation of the lost glory and power of the Black Pharaoh drew many secret followers. They plotted to resurrect their dread god, but at almost the last moment, their plans were discovered by some of Napeth's fellow Egyptian priests; in the company of two brave Roman soldiers, they descended into the secret temple and slaughtered the vicious cult. Napeth himself proved impervious to their weapons, for he had learned many dark



sorceries from his master, but the priests were able to call on some of his own magic to bind him within the temple. They then sealed the tomb so that none should revive what they had destroyed. Napeth, trapped within the temple, dying and yet not dying, prophesied that someday the descendents of his enemies would return and free him.

Napeth remained within the temple, waiting, chewing over his hatred, as his withering body changed and the remaining fragments of his soul went utterly mad. His undead form has stalked the halls of his temple for almost 2200 years, waiting to be freed. The investigators are the prophesied descendants, come to free him without knowing what they do. Coincidentally (or rather, not so coincidentally), their expedition is sponsored by the Penhew Foundation, a British archeological society which is actually a front for the present-day Brotherhood of the Black Pharaoh. (Keepers who have read Chaosium's *Masks of Nyarlathotep* will be familiar with the Brotherhood and the Penhew Foundation. This scenario is set, chronologically, a few months after the end of the Masks campaign, and is another plot by the thwarted Brotherhood to claim control of Egypt.)

The ancestral memories of the investigators' forefathers (or in one case, foremother) may allow them to defeat Napeth; or perhaps this knowledge will be in vain, and Napeth will destroy them before setting forth to reclaim his Egypt. Fate – and the players – will decide.

NOTES ON RUNNING THIS ADVENTURE

Most of this adventure takes place within a fairly limited physical area – the hidden temple of Napeth and his Black Pharaoh cult. After the initial encounters with the other archeologists, the scenario is dependent on PC role-playing to fill out the playing time. The Keeper should emphasize the atmosphere of the place, the aura of antiquity and mystery which presses on every hand, and the strange, mystical nature of the flashbacks which the PCs begin to experience as they descend into the temple. Obviously, there is nothing directly compelling the PCs to continue exploring the Temple – they are free to leave at any time. The scenario depends on the PCs' own personalities, and the urges of their ancestral memories, to keep them exploring the temple to the end.

Many of the investigators have two values listed for some of their skills. The second (parenthesized) value represents the investigators' ancestral memories, and can only be used once the investigators have reached either Napeth's Chamber or the Shrine of the Black Pharaoh. Likewise, the parenthesized spells on their character sheets can only be used after they have reached one or the other of those locations.

The first investigator who goes indefinitely insane during this adventure will develop a split personality, with the second personality being a faithful follower of the Black Pharaoh. Give this player FORENSIC EVIDENCE FILE #3. The new personality seeks to keep the party exploring deeper and deeper into the tomb; the old personality is unaware of what is happening. The Keeper should signal personality switches by pinching the bridge of his/her nose. In general, the investigator's personality should switch anytime s/he suffers another SAN loss, anytime something traumatic happens, and anytime it is needed to

keep the scenario moving in the proper (downward) direction. Prior to the final encounter (when the evil personality automatically manifests and turns on the rest of the party), the other investigators cannot detect the split personality unless they specifically ask and make a Psychoanalysis roll. Once they have discovered the split personality, the other investigators can “force” a switch between personalities by speaking to the stricken investigator for a round and making a Psychoanalysis roll.

Once the investigators have recalled their ancestral memories (in either Napeth’s Quarters or the Shrine of the Black Pharaoh), one of them (Assim) has access to the spell Contact Nodens. If he chooses to cast the spell, the Elder God Nodens appear at some later point while Assim is alone and offers him help against Napeth (who is, after all, a servant of Nodens’ hated enemy Nyarlathotep). Nodens can teach Assim the Ritual of Binding if he has not already learned it successfully. If Assim does know the spell, Nodens offers him a temporary gift of 2d6 additional Magic Points (these dissipate after Napeth has been confronted).

INVESTIGATOR’S INTRODUCTION

It is the afternoon of June 16th, 1928. You are part of a small archeological expedition to the Valley of Kings, sponsored by the Penhew Foundation, a British archeological society. But while other teams excavate at more prestigious sites (such as the still-ongoing cataloging of Tutankhamen’s tomb), your group has been assigned to the relatively modest task of excavating the tomb of Rameses IX, a minor pharaoh of the 20th Dynasty. Most of the 20th Dynasty pharaohs were actually puppets for the priesthood of Amun, an ancient Theban god, and at the end of the Dynasty the kingdom began to crumble, coming under increasing pressure from outside forces such as the Ethiopians and Assyrians. Not surprisingly, Rameses IX’s tomb has been an unimpressive find, and you feel tired and disappointed as finishing the work of cataloguing the contents. Further, you suspect the tomb may have been robbed at some point in the past, since two of the canopic jars (holding the separately-preserved organs of the Pharaoh) are missing.

On this particular day, as you carefully sift through the remaining funerary relics in the small tomb, Phillips and Bergkopf notice something odd: the back wall of the tomb’s farthest chamber is subtly different, both in the type of stone and the style of the work, from the rest of the tomb. Before you have time to do more than mention this, a cheery “Evening!” rings through the tomb, announcing the arrival of your expedition director, Martin Waterby-Jones.

Dinner with friends

Martin Waterby-Jones is an archeologist in his early forties. His sandy-blond hair is thinning at the top and the man’s face is perpetually set in a slightly vacuous smile. The nominal head of the Penhew Foundation’s expedition, Martin has so far impressed the investigators as a rather clueless, distant



administrator who knows much less about Egypt than most of those working under him. The truth, however, is much different than appearances.

After briefly looking around the tomb and asking about the investigators' progress, he accompanies them back to base camp for dinner. "We've found some very nice pieces in number eighteen, I'm sure you'll want to see them," he remarks cheerfully, following that up with a politely sympathetic, "We can't all make the big finds, but every little bit helps, eh what? I suppose it was too much to hope the tomb-thieves would miss this one as well." If the investigators tell him about the oddity in the back wall, his smile turns slightly condescending. "Now, now, don't you worry, we won't revoke your passports just because you didn't find another King Tut."

The base camp of the Waterby-Jones Expedition is located just outside the valley proper, and consists of several dozen tents of various sizes and a small army of Arab workers and servants. Many workers are busy cleaning and crating up a variety of art items taken from the expedition's other project, tomb number eighteen, which housed Rameses VI; another Egyptian Antiquities official supervises them carefully.

The archeologists who have been working on the tomb are gathered for dinner at a long wooden table under a canvas awning, talking cheerfully with each other, and raise a collective shout of welcome as the investigator team arrives. Workers hang mosquito netting from the awning as other servants bring dinner; Assim is expected to eat with the rest of the workers, who gather around a large campfire to ward off the plummeting after-dark temperatures.

This is designed as a role-playing encounter, to help the players get into character before the dreadful events of tomorrow. However, there are also hints here of the true nature of the expedition and its Penhew Foundation members. The investigators should come away from this encounter feeling just a little uneasy.

The following NPCs are at the archeologists' table:

Karl Dornberg: A German archeologist in his late Thirties, this plump, balding man is, like Kurt Bergkopf, a believer in the Weimar Republic. He spends much of dinner arguing with Viktor von Hoffman, and sometimes calls on Bergkopf to support him in this debate. Karl believes that Germany must leave behind its legacy of imperialism and militarism if it is to become a fruitful and successful member of the European family of nations. He lost a younger brother and two cousins in the Great War, and considers their sacrifice to have been pointless. Dornberg despises Hitler and the National Socialists, regarding them as prancing buffoons. Karl is also a skilled archeologist and Egyptologist, and is happy to discuss those topics with any investigator who can drag him away from his arguments with Viktor. He speaks English fluently, with an Oxford accent. Dornberg expresses genuine sympathies for the investigators' disappointing work in Rameses IX's tomb, and tries to cheer them up. "The simple, day-to-day work of this sort can be as important as the big, spectacular finds."

Viktor von Hoffmann: The other German on the team, this older, harsh-featured man is an embittered patriotic nationalist (and anti-Semite) who

despises the Weimar Republic and longs for the days of Germany's lost imperial greatness. His English is heavily accented and he makes no effort to sugarcoat his fierce opinions, which include admiration for rising politician Adolph Hitler. He argues violently with anyone who disagrees with his opinions, especially Germans. Von Hoffman is almost equally obnoxious as an archeologist, and casually sneers at the investigators' unimpressive finds at Rameses IX's tomb. Viktor is not a member of the Penhew Foundation and does not know about their true nature, but the Foundation tries to encourage men like him.

Algernon Symington: This thin, gawky, superficially charming Egyptologist in his late thirties somehow manages to project a sinister atmosphere despite his extremely unimpressive physique and general aura of a milque-toast. "Algy," as he prefers to be called, is a life-long member of the Brotherhood of the Black Pharaoh and has recovered many of the cult's sacred relics in his years of archeological work. He speaks with the investigators, boasting of the fine items recovered from Rameses VI's tomb and inquiring, with less-than-subtle condescension, about their own discoveries. If they mention the anomaly on the back wall, Algernon dismisses it. "Really, now, there's no need to reach for straws." The investigators cannot help feeling that Algernon is laughing at them beneath his smooth, clever exterior. He also flirts frequently with his wife, Lavinia, making frequent double-entendres and subtly showing off the fact that someone as outwardly unimpressive as he has married such a lovely woman.

Lavinia Symington: Algernon's wife is not actually a member of the expedition, but is here accompanying her husband. She wears a light, calf-length dress and a broad sun-hat (which she removes after dark). Physically, Lavinia is a slim, extremely pretty woman with short dark hair. She frequently smokes cigarettes in long, ivory holders, and behaves very much like a modern, stylish woman of the 1920's. She speaks pleasantly on both archeology and her own interests, which include art, history, and the occult (she sneers at the activities of the recently-demised Golden Dawn, declaring them "pretentious frauds"). Superficially, Lavinia thus seems like a civilized, educated woman who dotes on her husband. However, there is a disturbing intensity to her dark eyes, and any investigator making a Psychology roll after speaking with her senses that there is a very strong undercurrent of cruelty in her personality. Lavinia is, of course, an active and enthusiastic member of the Brotherhood of the Black Pharaoh.

Wilbur Franklin: An American grad student in his mid-twenties, this athletic young man is a complete innocent, proud to be part of an expedition sponsored by the prestigious Penhew Foundation. Unshakably cheerful and upbeat, he spends much of dinner flirting with Alice. Wilbur has no idea there is anything sinister about his fellow expedition members, and probably (hopefully) never realizes any different.

Martin Waterby-Jones: The head of the expedition is an archeologist, a lecturer at Oxford, and a member of the prestigious Penhew Foundation. Although Martin is a man of considerable intellect and education, his superficial behavior is that of a classic British upper-class twit, full of unflappable good cheer



and witty chatter. He is also a member of the Brotherhood of the Black Pharaoh, and part of his mission here is to make sure the hidden temple is discovered and opened. Waterby-Jones speaks with all the investigators, asking after their health, making sure Assim's mother is doing well, offering drinks from his hip-flask to the American investigators ("pity about that Prohibition thingie you chaps have to put up with"), and generally managing the feat of being simultaneously friendly and annoying. If the investigators mention the oddity about the tomb's rear wall, Martin looks intrigued. "Well, maybe your dig isn't a complete wash after all," he remarks, smiling pleasantly. "Let me know what you find!" Any investigators making Psychology rolls realize that Martin is more interested in this discovery than he is letting on. This should provide a further incentive (if any is needed) for the investigators to examine it.

The Arab workers eat dinner in a less convivial atmosphere than their foreign employers, although many of them attempt to entertain themselves with games of dice or dominoes. Assim has one friend among the workers, a skinny young man named Ali with a consumptive cough. Ali, like Assim, is the sole support for his family, and is concerned that the expedition will soon finish its work and depart, leaving him without employment. "If Allah wills it, perhaps the foreigners will pay us a few days longer. Is there any work remaining in the tomb where you labor?"

If Assim mentions the anomaly discovered in the back wall of the tomb, his discussion is suddenly interrupted by the menacing bulk of Tewfik, the dig foreman. The huge, muscular Egyptian looms out of the darkness behind Assim, his eyes glinting. "Don't concern yourself with the business of your betters," he growls menacingly, then departs with the same silence he approached.

Ali covertly makes a sign against evil at his retreating back. "They say he worships Shaitan in secret," he murmurs. "Small wonder he is so cruel."

The Hidden Entrance

The next morning, as the investigators return to the tomb of Rameses IX for a final examination, they can make a more careful investigation of the mysterious anomaly in the back wall. It is indeed a later and sloppier addition to the tomb; an Archeology roll can pin the stonework down to the Ptolmaic period, much later than the rest of the tomb. Presumably the investigators will open this wall; this is a chance to turn their "routine" excavation into a major find, after all. It takes about four hours to carefully bring down the wall.

Beyond, the tomb extends back into a smaller chamber containing some additional funerary relics (including the two canopic jars which were missing from the main chamber). This was evidently part of the original tomb, but was sealed off by the later wall. At the back of this chamber, a large stone door stands ajar.

Closely examined, the door proves to be a separate piece of stonework, mounted on an iron frame and with interior brass hinges, which was designed to resemble the back wall of the tomb. It opens inward, away from the tomb. An Archeology roll suggests the door was added to the tomb later – there are signs of the wall having been torn out and then rebuilt – but it is uncertain exactly how

much later. The door has been wedged open with the blade of a dagger – an iron weapon that can be identified, with an Archeology roll, as of Ptolmaic make. The sealed tomb has largely protected it from rust. If the blade is pulled free (requiring a STR test against STR 25, or a half-hour's work with a sledgehammer) the door immediately swings shut with a hollow boom. It can then be opened only by making a STR v SIZ test against the door's SIZ of 30. Up to three investigators can try at one time. In ancient times, the door was opened from within by the inhuman servants of Napeth, and the mad priest's enemies had to wedge it open to keep from trapping themselves. Once the priest had been defeated however, they dared not leave the door exposed where tomb-robbers or cultists might find it, and sealed off the back of the tomb. If the investigators allow themselves to be trapped within the temple, they will again need to make STR vs SIZ tests to get out, but since they must pull on the heavy brass handle inside the door, only two investigators at a time may make the effort.

In any case, when the investigators pass through the door into the passage beyond, they all experience a disquieting sense of *deja vu*, as though they have done this before in this very place. This requires a SAN roll for a possible loss of 0/1.

The Nature of the Secret Temple

The entire temple is constructed of close-fitted stone. Unlike the tomb of Rameses IX, where practically every surface is covered in hieroglyphics and paintings, the temple's walls, floors, and ceilings are all bare except where specifically noted otherwise. The place is dry and silent, and every sound echoes unpleasantly through the nighted corridors and chambers. A thin layer of dust covers the floors. It is undisturbed except where noted in specific rooms.

Guard Room

To the right (east) of the entrance is a small chamber that is roughly 12' by 15'. Long-dead torches rest in stone sockets in the walls, and several sleeping pallets, now weak and crumbling with age, lie in disarray around the room. Dehydrated corpses, their yellow skin shriveled back against their bones, are sprawled about the chamber, some with severed limbs. All of them show signs of serious injuries. Any blood has long since dried and rotted away to dust, but the evidence of a violent battle remains plain. Most of the corpses are dressed in the ragged remains of simple woven garments, and wield daggers in their shrunken fists, but one of them wears rust-edged Roman armor and clutches a gladius (Roman shortsword) in one hand.

This place once housed cult guards; they were caught and slain by Roman troops forcing their way into the place. As the investigators look about this room, two of them – Winston Phillips and Alice Hopkins – experience a sudden, unsettling sense of panic and anger, combined with an adrenaline rush. For a moment they have a vision of themselves in this room, battling shrieking, knife-wielding Egyptians by the flickering light of torches; the sensation fades as



quickly as it came, leaving the two PCs gasping and drenched in sweat. The possible SAN loss for these two investigators is 0/1d3.

If the investigators examine the room and its contents carefully, they can make Archeology rolls to identify the stonework, clothing, and weapons as definitely belonging to the Ptolmaic period – more than a thousand years after the reign of Rameses IX. The corpses and equipment have been preserved by the dry enclosed air of the temple, but crumble easily if they are disturbed or moved.

Antechamber

This is a long, broad chamber whose flat roof is supported by numerous thick pillars. Torches, long since burnt down to blackened nubs, are set in sockets in the sides of many of these pillars. More desiccated bodies are scattered through this area, and the shattered, half-decayed remains of woven-reed chairs are tumbled against the walls.

The investigator's footsteps echo strangely in this place, and there is a disturbing sense of watchfulness to the silent stone. As the investigators approach the far (northern) end of the chamber, their lights bring into focus a set of massive bas-relief carvings, still showing much of the paint with which they were originally coated. The sight of these carvings imposes a potential SAN loss of 0/1.

The main carving, which covers the northern wall, depicts a huge human figure, dressed in the ornate headdress and raiment of a pharaoh, standing astride a large archway. The skin of the figure is painted in normal Egyptian colors, but where its face should be is only a blank oval painted deepest black. There is something curiously watchful about that blank face which sets an observer on edge. In its left hand the figure holds a staff surmounted by an inverted ankh; the right hand is open, and seems to gesture suggestively at a confused jumble of carvings which fill the upper right corner of the bass-relief.

On the right (east) wall, a smaller archway is surmounted by a carving of the Sphinx, paws spread to either side of the arch. However, as with the main carving, the face of the Sphinx has been left blank, and painted black. The blackness is interrupted by several white shapes that seem to represent stylized stars. Finally, the left (west) wall has carvings of a variety of smaller beings which seem to blend the features of men with those of sacred Egyptian animals such as crocodiles, hippos, and ibis birds. The man/animal beings form a procession on either side of a third archway, their hands reaching in to meet over the opening.

The main archway leads to the Great Staircase, while the two smaller archways lead to the Lesser Priests' Quarters (east) and the Cultist Quarters (west). An impale on an Archeology roll (or, failing that, a Cthulhu Mythos roll) can tentatively identify the huge pharaoh-figure as representing the Black Pharaoh Nephren-Ka, a semi-legendary ruler of Egypt during the 3rd Dynasty (around 2700 BC). Careful examination (and a Spot Hidden roll) of the jumbled carvings above the pharaoh-figure's right hand suggests they are meant to represent stars or galaxies, interspersed with small, vaguely monstrous

humanoid figures. Another Cthulhu Mythos can suggest that this is a highly stylized representation of Azathoth's court.

Cultist Quarters

A long hallway lined on either side by low archways. At the far ends of the hallway, to the left and right, can be glimpsed larger archways with the burnt-out stubs of torches ensconced on either side.

The smaller archways lead to rectangular chambers which housed the bulk of the cultist faithful. Formerly, cloth hangings screened the entrances, but these have long since rotted away, leaving only dust and scraps. The chambers themselves contain only the decayed remains of cots, brass lanterns whose oil has reduced to waxy residue, and the occasional ancient bronze chamberpot. Archeology rolls can confirm that these remains hail from the Ptolmaic period.

While the investigators are in this area, have them make Idea rolls. Those who fail their rolls experience another brief flashback: a vision of Roman soldiers (identifiable with an Archeology roll) stumbling out of the large southern archway, shouting in fear, followed by a cloud of billowing dust. If Alice is one of those to experience the flashback, her point of view is that of one of the soldiers stumbling out of the arch. This experience costs 0/1 SAN.

The northern and southern archways lead to the Lesser Spiral Stairs.

Lesser Priest Quarters

Beyond the strange bas-relief of the Sphinx, a short corridor is lined with several doors of green, corroded bronze. A burnt-out torch stub sticks out of the wall at the end of the corridor. Each of the doors displays a bas-relief of an inverted ankh. The door on the far right is slightly ajar.

These were the chambers of Napeth's underlings, the priests who ran the lesser ceremonies and day-to-day rituals of the cult. Most of the chambers are empty – the priests were in the Main Ceremonial Hall at the time of the Roman attack – and contain simple furnishings: a cot, a small table with a long-expired lamp, a decrepit wooden stand for hanging clothing (with a few decayed remnants still suspended from it), a chamberpot, and so forth. Two of the rooms have crumpled pieces of blank papyrus on their tables, along with a writing stylus and a bottle of long-dried ink.

Each room also contains a recess in the back wall, in which rests a small silver idol of a faceless Sphinx. An inverted ankh is inscribed in the stone above each alcove.

The room on the far right at the end of the hall (the one with the half-open door) is different, however. One of the minor priests managed to escape the chaos of the Roman assault on the temple and fled, wounded, back to his room here. Terrified to move lest the Romans find him, he slowly died of his injuries. When the investigators open his door, they are confronted by the sight of a withered corpse, curled up into the far corner. Careful examination of his body (or a Spot Hidden, if the investigators are squeamish) can detect a stylus and a crumpled roll of papyrus clenched in the body's near-skeletal hands. An empty ink bottle lies on the floor nearby. A DEX x 5 roll is needed to remove and unroll



the papyrus without damaging it – if the roll fails, the scroll crumbles into unreadable bits.

If the investigators examine the body carefully and make Medicine rolls, they can discover two stab wounds in the desiccated flesh of the lower torso. The scroll, if it is unrolled successfully, proves to be written in Coptic Egyptian, in a shaky and wavering hand. It will require an Other Language (Egyptian Coptic) roll to decipher it. It is a record of the priest's last hours, found on FORENSIC EVIDENCE FILE #1.

The Lesser Spiral Staircases

A spiral staircase descends from each end of the long hallway which houses the Cultist Quarters. These two staircases plummet 200 feet into the ground, terminating at the Main Ceremonial Hall. There are ancient, long burnt-out torches set in sconces along the walls of the stairs. As the investigators descend either of these stairs, they experience another disquieting moment of *deja vu*, a certainty that they have done this before in this very place. This calls for a SAN loss of 0/1.

Three quarters of the way down the southern staircase, the way is blocked by a huge splintered stone block. The shriveled, desiccated leg of a man, still wearing the sandal of a Roman soldier, sticks out from under the massive stone weight.

Holding Cells

Branching off the northern Lesser Staircase as it descends, are a series of small stone chambers, sealed by barred iron gates. Old, long burnt-out torches rest in sconces outside each cell. Although the gates have rusted somewhat, the sealed dryness of the tomb has prevented them from disintegrating altogether, and it requires a Locksmith roll or a STR vs STR test against the gates' STR of 15 to open any of these chambers.

Most of the cells are empty save for rotted remnants of what once was straw bedding. One of the cells, however, contains the scattered and splintered bones of a long-lost prisoner. All of the bones have gnawing teeth-marks, and the larger bones have been broken open to reach the marrow. There is an opening in the back wall of this cell, where one of the heavy building stones lies cracked on the floor; beyond this square opening, an ancient, crumbling earthen tunnel extends about five feet before ending in a collapse.

Investigators who examine the stone block and the tunnel can see signs of scratches or (perhaps) claw marks on the stone and similar gouges on the portions of the tunnel which have not crumbled with age. An Idea roll informs the investigators that this tunnel was clearly dug IN to the cell (lose 0/1d3 SAN) – the trapped, starving unfortunate attracted the attention of a tunneling ghoul. Natural History can confirm that the claw-marks match no known creature, and a Cthulhu Mythos roll can suggest ghouls. There is really nothing to be gained from this discovery, of course, other than to unnerve the investigators.

The Great Staircase

Beyond the carving of the Black Pharaoh, a wide spiral staircase circles slowly down into the earth. The stairs are broad and shallow, worn with the passage of countless feet, and long-dead torches rest in sconces along the outer wall. Between the torches are bas-relief carvings interspersed with sections of Egyptian hieroglyphics and Latin text.

The carvings and text depict the rise and career of Nephran-Ka the Black Pharaoh. If investigators can make rolls for these two languages, they can determine that Nephran-Ka was a high priest who rose to prominence in the earliest days of Egypt, promoting the worship of a dark, previously unknown god called the Black Pharaoh. With the passage of time the distinction between Nephran-Ka and his dark deity became blurred, and they were worshipped as one and the same. The Black Pharaoh was finally defeated by Sneferu, who the investigators can recognize (with an Archeology roll) as the founder of the 4th Dynasty. It is implied that Sneferu feared the defeated Black Pharaoh so much that he built two of the early pyramids to imprison the dark priest's body – the Collapsed Pyramid at Meidum, and later the Bent Pyramid at Dashur.

A later section of the staircase depicts the rise of a new follower of the Black Pharaoh, a cruel and mighty queen named Nitocris. Archeology rolls can confirm that a Nitocris is said to have ruled Egypt in the 6th Dynasty, but her tomb has never been found. With an Idea roll, the archeologist investigators can recall that there was a rumor three years ago (in 1925) that the tomb of Nitocris had been discovered in Giza, but the find was later discredited.

Still farther down, a third set of carvings seem to herald the eventual return of the Black Pharaoh, striding in triumph up the Nile Valley as his followers abase themselves in ecstatic worship. Accompanying these pictures are a sequence of abstract drawings – lines, circles, and ellipses – which can be identified, with an Idea roll, as a series of pictures of the Solar System, with the planets in different alignments each time. All nine planets are clearly marked. Any investigator (except Assim) who makes a Know roll realizes there should be only eight planets (Pluto is not discovered until 1930). The investigator will also realize the other outer planets (beyond Saturn) were not discovered until many, many centuries after these carvings were made. This unsettling discovery carries a possible loss of 0/1d2 SAN. Furthermore, if the investigators can make both an Astronomy and a History roll while examining these drawings, they realize the sequence of pictures is a crude calendar. The investigators do not have the research materials available to match all the planetary alignments to dates, but they do recognize (assuming the aforementioned rolls were successful) that the next to last image, near the bottom of the stairwell, corresponds to the present day.

Main Ceremonial Hall

As the investigators enter this huge, unlit area, their footsteps echoing on cool stone, they all experience the following flashback:

“Suddenly the empty, silent chamber is filled with light and noise. Thousands of candles burn on elaborate candelabra of black iron, lending a



sinister flickering light to the scene. Men in antique armor and wielding swords and spears charge through the vast room, battling hoards of dark-robed worshippers armed with clubs and knives. Amid the worshippers are other things, things that walk like men but have the heads of animals sacred in Egypt: ibis birds, hippos, crocodiles. As you watch, one of the creatures seizes a soldier and rips him apart, shrieking; other soldiers drop their weapons and run screaming, but some of them rally to your shouts and close in around the monster, bringing it down with their blades and spears.

You realize with a shock that you are participating in this strange vision, although your appearances and garments have changed. Four of you are now garbed in the white robes of Egyptian priests, while the other two wear the shining armor of Roman officers. Even your faces and features have changed, yet you somehow know you are the same people. You rally the soldiers with you and lead them across the room, driving the shrieking cultists and their inhuman allies before you; the candelabrae topple with loud crashes, splattering hot wax across the floor, and the light in the room becomes faint and uncertain. At the far end of the room, near the great sacrificial pyramid, you catch a glimpse of the traitorous cult leader, retreating toward a gaping black doorway, and you push desperately after him, determined not to let the foul sorcerer escape..."

The vision fades and the investigators once more find themselves standing in the entrance to the vast dark chamber, their lights illuminating only the area immediately around them. This startling and horrifying experience requires a SAN roll for all the investigators, with a possible loss of 1/1d8. If they try to clearly remember the scene they just witnessed, they must make an Idea roll to recall any details. Otherwise, the vision remains a confused and murky jumble of images.

Besides letting the investigators know the locations of everything in the room (including the secret door to the lower levels), the vision also provides many clues to what happened here, when it happened, and what roles the investigators' previous incarnations played. With another Idea roll, the investigators can figure out that Winston and Alice were the ones wearing soldiers' garb, while the rest wore priestly robes. Oddly, the investigators are certain of identities even though the faces and genders they recall do not in any way match up with their current selves; in the vision, O'Rourke was a woman, and the others were all men.

Any investigator who recalls the vision clearly can make an Archeology roll to place the event firmly in the Ptolmaic period, after the Roman conquest of Egypt.

The Ceremonial Chamber is now cold and empty, but the wreckage of the battle which the investigators saw still remains: broken candelabrae of black iron lie toppled and snapped along the walls, and shriveled corpses in the sodden remains of black cultist robes are scattered about the place. One of the corpses is something else: the shriveled remnant of a Child of the Sphinx, its monstrous crocodile head still gaping in futile rage. Careful examination of the corpse can confirm that the crocodile head is indeed an integral part of it (lose 0/1d4 SAN).

The roof of the chamber rises far overhead, almost seventy feet, supported by two rows of huge, smooth pillars. The pillars are made of black marble, and feel unnaturally cold to the touch; the roof itself is tiled in a strange

black stone from which small crystalline deposits reflect the light, giving the impression of a starry night sky. Investigators who examine this effect for any length of time begin to experience a sense of vertigo, as though the ceiling is dropping away from them, becoming a real night sky. This unsettling effect costs 0/1 SAN.

At the far end of the chamber is the massive sacrificial pyramid which the PCs glimpsed in their vision. Constructed entirely of black stone, the pyramid is ascended on three sides by shallow inset steps, leading to the flat, square top. On the top of the pyramid, almost thirty feet above the floor of the chamber, is a sacrificial altar of black marble. On either side of the altar, two narrow slots in the stone (each about one foot by two feet in size) descend straight down, into the earth. The investigators' lights cannot reach the bottom of these narrow chutes, but if they drop stones or other items down, they eventually hear a faint "clack" from far, far below. Any investigator who makes a Listen roll after trying such an experiment is convinced he (or she) can hear faint noises, high-pitched shrieks and gabblings, for a few seconds after the rock hits. Lose 0/1 SAN.

The only investigator who is small enough to descend these narrow chutes is Assim. He will need to be lowered by rope, or else make a Climb roll every 25 feet to avoid slipping loose and sliding helplessly downward. The chutes descend a total of 300 feet (12 Climb rolls) and emerge from the roof of the Vault of Darkness.

The altar itself is smooth, glossy, and perfectly featureless. There is not even any dust upon its surface. Any investigator who touches the altar with bare skin feels a momentary sense of overweening contempt for human feeling, compassion, even the race of humanity itself, and an overwhelming urge to wipe this fumbling, filthy, idiotic species off the face of the earth. The feeling passes almost instantly, but the investigator is left shaken and disturbed by this influx of alien emotions (lose 1/1d6 SAN).

Secret Door

At the back of the Ceremonial Chamber is the concealed door which leads to the bottommost chambers of the temple. If the investigators remember the flashback they had when entering this place, they can search the appropriate section of wall to discover (with Spot Hidden rolls) the recessed outline of a door. A stone in the wall to the left of the door can be pushed inward (with a dry grinding of stone-on-stone) to release a counterweight somewhere inside the wall; the door slowly sinks into the floor, letting out a billow of dust and a strange, spicy odor. Another stone on the right of the door reverses the system and closes the door with an even greater cacophony of protesting noise, but the door jams halfway closed.

Beyond, a sloping passageway leads downward. There is a heavy iron wheel, coated in rust, set into the wall a few paces past the door; this can be rotated to raise or lower the door, but the investigators must overcome the wheel's STR of 18 with their own (up to two investigators may try at one time). If the door is jammed as described above, this is the only way to shut it.



The Long Ramp

From the secret door in the Ceremonial Hall, the passage descends steeply, executing a series of switchbacks, and dropping a total of 400 feet deeper into the earth. The walls of this passage slope slightly inward to the ten-foot-high ceiling, giving the investigators a slight sense of claustrophobia. This instinctive reaction is made worse by the growing sense of *deja vu* which now permeates the investigators' every action. By the time they reach the bottom, each of the investigators feels almost as though they are two people performing the same actions (lose 1/1d4 SAN).

At the end of this eerie descent, the investigators face a long corridor, about fifteen feet wide and with an eighteen-foot ceiling (the walls slope inward in the same manner as those of the ramp itself). Ancient, expired torches project from the walls in rusted iron sconces. Halfway down the corridor, a smaller archway branches off to the left (this leads to Napeth's quarters); the main passage continues to the Vault of Darkness.

Lurking in the darkness of the archway leading to Napeth's quarters are two Children of the Sphinx, one cheetah-headed and the other ibis-headed. They take no action if the investigators continue toward the Vault, but instead follow silently behind them (the investigators can make Listen rolls to catch hints of faint, rasping footfalls on stone). If the investigators take the archway to Napeth's chamber, the two mummified creatures lunge out of the darkness (lose 0/1d8 SAN), attempting to grapple two investigators and drag them to the pit in Napeth's rooms.

Napeth's Chambers

As the investigators enter this area (having defeated the two Children of the Sphinx), they have another vivid vision:

"You see yourselves – or rather, the strange ancient persons you have come to recognize as yourselves – rush into this complex of rooms, searching desperately for any sign of the dark cult-priest you have pursued this far. Spears thrust into closets, swords pierce bedding, seeking a hidden foe. Then you find the great papyrus scroll laid out on a frame. The four priests among you – especially the noble old man who you recognize as Assim in this time and place – gather around the scroll, trying to decipher the hieroglyphics upon it. One of the priests – no, it is Bergkopf, yet still a priest – stumbles away from the blasphemous writings, screaming and trying to claw his eyes out. The two Romans – you know them as Phillips and Alice Hopkins – restrain him as the remaining three continue to pour through the text, mumbling to themselves. "Yes, yes," mutters Assim – the High Priest of Osiris, "his secret is here. We can defeat him with this, if the Gods will favor us."

This flashback costs the investigators 1/1d6 SAN. At this point, the investigators may begin using the parenthesized skills (and spells) on their character sheets.

This complex of four rooms is clearly the residence of someone of wealth and importance – it is full of toppled tapestries (still of obvious quality despite the effects of age), broken furniture (which still dimly shines with gold inlay), and so

forth. The outermost room, where the investigators experience their flashback, was clearly a reception or meeting area of some sort, judging from the shattered chairs tumbled about.

To the left is a bed-chamber, relatively unharmed, with a slowly-decaying bed of woven reeds, a bronze chamberpot, several baskets which once held clothes and food (now rotted to dust), a smashed wooden closet, and a low table with a long-expired copper lamp. The remains of a curtain, with the inverted ankh woven into its rotten fabric, still try to screen the door.

To the right is a larger chamber containing a small slab in front of a deep pit. Several stone shelves hold the remains of mummification equipment – special bronze tools, spices which have decayed to dust, the remnants of linen wrappings, and so forth. If the investigators shine their lights down the pit, they see that the bottom is heaped in bones – a bizarre jumble of human and animal bones, heaped and piled for an unguessable depth. (Lose 0/1 SAN.) A Natural History roll can identify some of the animal bones as coming from crocodiles, hippos, leopards, jackals, and ibis birds, among others. The conclusion – that this is where Napeth created his Children of the Sphinx – is easily reached. Any investigators who were grappled by the two Children who guard this area are dragged in and tossed into the pit, plummeting thirty feet onto a bed of sharp, crackling bones (lose 3d6 HP and 0/1d4 SAN).

The back chamber is obviously a library, with shelves (of wood, near-petrified by age) holding scores of papyrus scrolls. The scrolls are immensely fragile, and crumble away if the investigators try to remove them (the normal method would be to unroll them onto a tablet covered with soft wax, which the investigators do not have with them). In the middle of the room is a massive papyrus scroll mounted on a wooden frame, the two ends of the scroll wrapped around dowels on either side of the frame.

This is the scroll from the investigators' vision, and it is, in fact, the Scroll of Thoth – one of the oldest and most dreadful of Mythos texts, written in the Hyborean age by sorcerers of legendary Stygia. Investigators can identify the tome if they make Cthulhu Mythos rolls. This copy is written in Egyptian Hieroglyphics, and the investigators need to make the appropriate Other Language rolls to understand it. The scroll is fragile, and any attempt to move or unroll it requires a halved Luck roll; if failed, the scroll begins to tear and crumble. Three failed rolls destroy the scroll.

The scroll is still at the location which the investigators' ancestors read so many years ago. If the investigators read it now, they lose 2d6 SAN each, gain +5% Cthulhu Mythos, and get FORENSIC EVIDENCE FILE #2. They may also make INT x 3 rolls to learn the Ritual of Binding.

The Vault of Darkness

The temperature in this passage drops as the PCs advance, and soon they can see their breath steaming in the light of their lanterns. The air seems to fill with faint rustling and chittering sounds, echoing all around them. Then the investigators emerge into a huge vaulted chamber, the ceiling over a hundred feet above. The passage continues as a bridge, supported on thick stone pillars,



which crosses the vast room to the tunnel on the far side (which leads to the Shrine of the Black Pharaoh).

Human bones fill this room to within thirty or forty feet of the bridge. From the shape of the heaps and sprawls of bones, it is clear they have been dropped in here from above (the two shafts from the Great Ceremonial Chamber emerge into the ceiling of this place). The numbers of bones are impossible to guess, nor is it possible to guess how far below the bones lies the actual floor. There are the bones of thousands, tens of thousands, heaped in here.

The walls of the chamber to either side of the bridge are barely within the range of the investigators' lights. With a Spot Hidden roll, they realize the walls are lined with rows of Children of the Sphinx, hundreds and hundreds of them standing one row above the other. They line the walls all the way to the ceiling and descend beyond the mangled bones out of sight. Lose 1d3/2d8 SAN. The strange whispering and chittering sounds seem to come from the Children, but they take no action, merely waiting – for what, the investigators cannot and should not imagine.

If the investigators bother to look at the construction here, it is clearly much different (Archeology rolls) and older (Geology rolls) than elsewhere in the temple. No known civilization matches the style of building used here, but a Cthulhu Mythos roll can suggest that this is a relic of the forgotten kingdom of Stygia.

Shrine of the Black Pharaoh

As the investigators pass through the triangular archway into this chamber, the place suddenly blazes with light, shining from several large gem-like objects set atop pyramidal stands in the four corners of the room. (Lose 1/1d6 SAN.) The floor and ceiling here are of black marble, run through with silvery streaks, and the ceiling is supported by thick pillars of translucent blue-black marble. This place is free of the dust and old-stone odors which have filled the Temple up until now. Its right wall shows a mural, whose colors are still fresh and painted with a life-like style that is unlike anything seen prior to the modern age, of life on the ancient Nile: peasants carry loads of grain, merchants dicker with each other, and in the background one of the pyramids rises in the midst of construction. The left wall depicts another painting, this one less life-like and more stylized, of a powerful man in Pharaoh's headdress haranguing a huge crowd, which abases itself before him.

While the investigators gaze about this place in wonder, they suffer another flashback vision:

"You charge into the room, hewing at the remaining cultists, who shriek and gibber in dismay at the violation of their innermost sanctum. The evil high priest retreating into some final hiding place beyond this room, but before you can pursue, the air shimmers and a dreadful monstrosity appears before you, a winding black serpent with a single wing which rotates slowly above it. Some of the soldiers who have accompanied you this far now run shrieking in terror, while others attack the serpentine horror only to be torn apart by its ravaging jaws. The muscular Roman officer you recognize – somehow – as Alice Hopkins

rushes forward, rallying the men, and plunges his sica into the monster's throat. It collapses, dying, but with a last convulsive lunge closes its massive jaws around the Roman's torso, crushing it like an eggshell. The screams of the Priestess of Bast – or is that Patrick O'Rourke? – echo in your ears as the vision fades."

As the vision comes to an end, all investigators must roll SAN, with a potential loss of 1/1d8 (1d3/2d8 for Alice, since she has just witnessed "her" death). They can make Cthulhu Mythos rolls to identify the monster in the vision as a Hunting Horror. If they look in the corner where the Horror perished, they find the shrunken, mangled remains of a man dressed in rotted, rusting bits of Roman armor. Clutched in one hand is a sica, a Roman shortsword, which is strangely still clean and unruined. This weapon is enchanted, and can be wielded with the Sword skill. It does base damage of 1d6+2.

At this point, if they have not already visited Napeth's rooms, the investigators may begin using the parenthesized skills (and spells) on their character sheets.

As the investigators look around the room (and perhaps, toward the dark archway which leads to the Inner Sanctum beyond) they hear a faint "pop" as of air being displaced. Along the east wall, the painting of life on the Nile has changed – it is now a window onto the real Ancient Egypt. People bustle to and fro, animals bleat and bellow, and the sounds and scents drift through the wall and into the chamber. All investigators must roll SAN (potential loss 0/1d6). If they approach the newly-materialized "window" they find they can reach or step through it into the ancient Egyptian street, where they are greeted with stares and superstitious gestures. Looking back, they can see their comrades in the present, but the vision is distorted, as though seen in a bad mirror. A Cthulhu Mythos roll can tell them this is probably a Time Gate. An Archeology roll can identify the setting beyond the Gate as the 3rd Dynasty, just before the rise of the Black Pharaoh.

If more than half of the investigators step through the gate, they hear an echoing laughter in their minds as it begins to flicker and waver behind them. They must return immediately (hesitation requires a Jump roll) or be trapped forever in Ancient Egypt.

The Inner Sanctum

Entering this place, the investigators feel almost as though they are re-living the events of 2200 years before – looking at each other, they seem to perceive the images of their ancestors superimposed over their own forms (except for poor Alice). They experience a final vision:

Your five survivors stumble into the inner sanctum, where your foe sits on a massive throne. He screams in fury, gesturing with his staff, as you begin chanting the Ritual of Binding. One of your number – the priestess of Bast, who you somehow also recognize as Peter O'Rourke – shrieks as one of her legs snaps and collapses under her. The surviving Roman – Phillips – rushes forward, striking with his weapon, but the dark one laughs, shrugging off the blow, and flings Phillips back with a blow from his staff. Somehow the three



remaining priests finish the incantation, and your foe shouts in fury and despair as bands of energy bind him into the throne. "He is trapped here," the High Priest of Osiris gasps. "Let us leave, quickly." As you stagger from the room, you hear your imprisoned enemy howling in fury. "I will not be bound forever," he shouts. "Someday your descendents will return here, and on that day your binding shall be broken!"

The vision fades. The investigators blink their eyes, back in the present once more, their lights dim now compared to the unholy brilliance of the Black Pharaoh's shrine. Before them is a shallow dais, and atop that dais, a throne, carved from stone into the form of date-palm leaves and papyrus stalks. A still form rests in the throne, its once-magnificent robes now sagged and rotted, its desiccated hands resting on the arms of the throne. One hand still clutches a golden staff topped with an inverted ankh. It is, to all appearances, a long-dead corpse.

Two Children of the Sphinx (jackal and crocodile heads) lurk in the darkness to either side of the door, unmoving and statuelike. Only a Spot Hidden at half normal chances will notice them (lose 0/1d3 SAN) but they remain immobile and inactive until they are physically damaged or Napeth commands them to act. If the investigators did not enter Napeth's chambers earlier, the two Children of the Sphinx from there have followed them to this place and wait outside, ready to attack at Napeth's command.

Napeth slowly lifts his head, his shrunken eyeballs staring at the investigators, and smiles, his desiccated face crackling and flaking as he does so. (Lose 1d4/1d20 SAN.) He speaks in Coptic Egyptian, which the investigators can now understand fluently. In a voice like dry reeds rasping together, he thanks them for "returning, after all this time" and releasing him from his long imprisonment. "Now I shall go forth to gather the children of the Nile at my side once again, and instruct them in the glories of the Black Pharaoh. The Nile shall taste the blood of sacrifice once again, and the sun will turn pale before His might. His return will be welcomed by the stars, as they have welcomed mine." After speaking, Napeth rises slowly, limbs creaking and releasing puffs of dust, and makes an imperious gesture with the inverted ankh. "You may serve me if you wish, and join His ranks for the great triumph. Or you may be destroyed. Choose now!"

Obviously, if one of the investigators has developed the multiple personality insanity, that worthy will now align him/herself with Napeth, and probably urge the others to do likewise. Obviously, choosing to align oneself with this dark entity is a very bad choice; any investigator who does so is touched on the forehead by Napeth's inverted ankh, burning the symbol of the Black Pharaoh into their brow, and automatically paying 2 POW and losing 1d10/1d100 SAN. All investigators who go insane from this effect develop split personalities of the same sort as the first victim. If everyone joins the Black Pharaoh the adventure is over.

If, as is more likely, some or most of the investigators refuse to join Napeth, he laughs in a choking, hitching voice. "Very well, little children, face the might of the Black Pharaoh!" he croaks, gesturing with the inverted ankh once



again. The two Children of the Sphinx immediately attack, along with any who followed the investigators here, and any split-personality investigators currently in “evil” mode. Napeth also takes this step if the investigators rudely interrupt his words with physical or magical attacks, or if they begin performing the Ritual of Sealing.

RESOLUTION: VICTORY OR DOOM

Once the final combat begins, Napeth prefers to remain by the throne, attacking the investigators with his deadly spells. The throne is a conduit of Nyarlathotep’s power, and currently stores 150 Magic Points which Napeth can access so long as he remains in physical contact with it.

Investigators who wish to destroy him physically find that they need to attack him in hand-to-hand combat (he is more-or-less immune to bullets). He smites such interlopers with his staff, costing them 1d10/1d100 SAN and 2 points of POW in addition to the physical damage. It is unlikely the investigators can kill Napeth physically (their ancestors couldn’t either), especially with a couple of Children of the Sphinx and (possibly) one or more insane traitors among their own ranks. Their best hope is to perform the Ritual of Sealing, binding Napeth into his master’s throne once more.

The ritual requires 1d4+1 rounds of chanting to cast. All investigators who know the spell can participate in the ritual, but only those who successfully chant for the entire length of the spell can contribute their magic points to it. The total magic points put into the spell must be matched against Napeth’s POW on the Resistance table; if successful, bands of sickly greenish-blue energy settle around Napeth, visibly securing him to the throne, as he screams in thwarted fury. Although now imprisoned once more, he can still cast spells, so the investigators would be well advised to flee his presence.

If the Ritual of Binding fails, Napeth laughs delightedly. “Ah, such a valiant effort! The spirits of your ancestors were potent indeed, to reach across time and show you the path to defeat me – but they have failed, and so have you! And now the Nile shall bow once more before the Black Pharaoh!” From behind them, the investigators here a collective crackling roar as the hundreds of Children of the Sphinx in the Vault animate. The Keeper can go ahead and play the combat out if the players are willing – there is still the chance that they might destroy Napeth physically – but the investigators will not be leaving here alive no matter the result.

EPILOGUE: DEATH OR ESCAPE

Martin Waterby-Jones, Algernon Symington and his wife, and Tewfik and eleven other workers (followers of the Black Pharaoh) are waiting outside the tomb. Martin’s expectant expression gives way to confusion and frustration as he sees the investigators emerge alive. “What happened?” he demands, his peremptory tone a sharp contrast to his earlier lackadaisical approach. A Psychology roll can detect the violent madness lurking in the sullen crowd of Egyptians behind him.



If the investigators tell the truth, Martin's face twists in fury. "Two millennia of waiting, and you have wrecked it!" he shouts, and gestures to his Egyptian followers to seize the investigators. The cultists attempt to Grapple and capture the investigators. Martin and the Symingtons only act if it looks like the investigators are going to escape, in which case they will do their best to slaughter the PCs with weapons and spells. If the investigators are overwhelmed and captured, they are swiftly carted off to the secret tunnels under the Sphinx at Giza, there to be sacrificed in the great temple of the Black Pharaoh.

If, on the other hand, the investigators tell some plausible and harmless story – of a collapsed tunnel which sealed the lower levels before they could be explored, for example – Martin sighs, doing his best to mask his keen disappointment. "Well, can't be helped. Not every find is destined to be another King Tut." He looks into the tomb appraisingly, then shrugs. A Psychology roll detects how much effort he is making to mask his anger and frustration. "Well, a good job all the same. I imagine you'll want to head back to Cairo now, eh what? Clean up, have a few drinks?" His cheerful mask is in place once more, and he offers the investigators a wave as they depart. "Do keep in touch. I'm sure we'll have the chance to work together again in future."

BAD GUY STATS

Children of the Sphinx

	Cheetah	Ibis	Jackal	Crocodile
STR	18	13	13	16
CON	13	13	16	14
SIZ	15	11	15	19
INT	12	15	11	9
POW	8	13	10	11
DEX	8	10	6	8
HP	14	12	16	17
Dmg Bonus	+1d6	+1d4	+1d4	+1d6

Move: 7

Armor: 2 point skin

Attacks (one punch or kick per round, plus unique attack):

Fist 50%, damage 1d3+db

Kick 25%, damage 1d6+db

Bite (cheetah) 40%, damage 1d10

Beak-stab (Ibis) 25%, damage 1d3

Bite (jackal) 40%, damage 1d6

Bite (crocodile) 35%, damage 1d10+db

SAN Loss: 0/1d8 SAN to see a Child of the Sphinx.

Napeth, Ancient Immortal Priest of the Black Pharaoh

STR 28 CON 19 SIZ 15 DEX 12
 INT 17 POW 25 HP 17 Magic Points 25 (plus 150 in throne)

Dmg Bonus: +2d6

Armor: 2-point mummified hide; takes only one point of damage from bullets.

Attacks: Staff 70%, damage 1d6+db, drains 2 POW and 1d10/1d100 SAN
 Spells: Bring Haboob, Contact Nyarlathotep (Black Pharaoh aspect), Death Spell, Deflect Harm, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Implant Fear, Power Drain, Shriveling, Stop Heart, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, Wrack.

Martin Waterby-Jones

STR 10 CON 13 SIZ 14 DEX 11 EDU 18
 INT 15 POW 18 APP 13 SAN 0 HP 14

Dmg Bonus: None

Attacks: .38 Revolver 40%, damage 1d10

Sacrificial Knife 35%, damage 1d4+1+db

Spells: Contact Nyarlathotep (Black Pharaoh aspect), Power Drain, Shriveling

Notable Skills: Archeology 75%, Credit Rating 70%, Dodge 45%, Fast Talk 60%, Persuade 50%

Algernon Symington

STR 8 CON 17 SIZ 11 DEX 10 EDU 17
 INT 14 POW 13 APP 9 SAN 08 HP 14

Dmg Bonus: None

Attacks: .32 Revolver 30%, damage 1d8

Spells: Contact Nyarlathotep (Black Pharaoh aspect), Wither Limb

Notable Skills: Archeology 65%, Credit Rating 50%, Persuade 40%

Lavinia Symington

STR 10 CON 18 SIZ 13 DEX 14 EDU 14
 INT 13 POW 16 APP 17 SAN 03 HP 16

Dmg Bonus: None

Attacks: .22 Derringer 40%, damage 1d4

Razor Blade 60%, damage 1d4+db, can impale

Riding Crop 50%, damage 1d3+db

Spells: Contact Nyarlathotep (Black Pharaoh aspect), Clutch of Nyogtha, Shriveling

Notable Skills: Credit Rating 50%, Ride 60%, Torture 70%

Tewfik

STR 17 CON 15 SIZ 16 DEX 13 EDU 6
 INT 10 POW 12 APP 8 SAN 0 HP 16

Dmg Bonus: +1d6

Attacks: Club 50%, damage 1d6+db

Large Knife 40%, damage 1d4+2+db

Grapple 50%, damage special

Spells: Contact Nyarlathotep (Black Pharaoh aspect)

Notable Skills: Climb 70%, Dodge 40%, Jump 60%, Ride (Camel) 40%, Spot Hidden 55%, Throw 62%, Track 50%



Five Typical Black Pharaoh Cultists (re-use as needed)

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5
STR	7	15	14	13	10
CON	9	11	11	14	7
SIZ	14	13	11	14	12
INT	11	10	9	12	13
POW	10	10	17	11	10
EDU	8	5	7	9	6
DEX	14	5	8	17	10
APP	7	12	15	6	11
HP	12	12	11	14	10
Dmg Bonus	None	+1d4	+1d4	+1d4	None

Attacks: Club 30%, damage 1d6+db

Knife 30%, damage 1d4+1+db

Spells: Cultist #4 knows Contact Nyarlathotep (Black Pharaoh aspect) and Wither Limb

FORENSIC EVIDENCE FILE #1: Last Words of the Dying Priest

We have been discovered. The troops of the Roman conquerors invade the temple. I tried to rally our people for the fight, but I was stabbed, and the guards gave way and ran. I bled and ran, and escaped, and hid here. They seek below for my Lord Napeth and the rest.

I can hear battle from below. O great Black Pharaoh, Nephren-Ka, protect your followers from the Roman dogs and their treacherous allies. They dare to call themselves Egyptians, with their false childish gods – Osiris and Bast and the rest of that rabble! Only the Black Pharaoh is the true God of the Nile.

The lamp is low. No sounds of battle for some time. Perhaps it is safe?

Defeated, we are defeated. The temple is sealed, there is no escape. Napeth howls his fury below.

Not much ink remains. So be it. I will write what I can.

Nephren-Ka forsook us – we were not strong enough to serve him.

Lamp failing—

(the last part of the scroll is covered in a chaotic mess of scrawlings)



FORENSIC EVIDENCE FILE #2: Excerpt From the Scroll of Thoth

But beware, for the power of one who calls upon Nephran-Ka can also be turned against that one, and the curse of the aeons laid upon him. For he calls upon the Dark One through the Throne, and the Throne which grants him his master's power is linked thereby to his soul. The one who speaks the incantations inverted will drive the power back through him into the Throne, and so bind him to the Throne, soulless and undying. Guard well the Throne therefore, and be secure in your own power, lest you be defeated as others were, as Banash was in earliest Stygia.

FORENSIC EVIDENCE FILE #3: So You Follow the Black Pharaoh

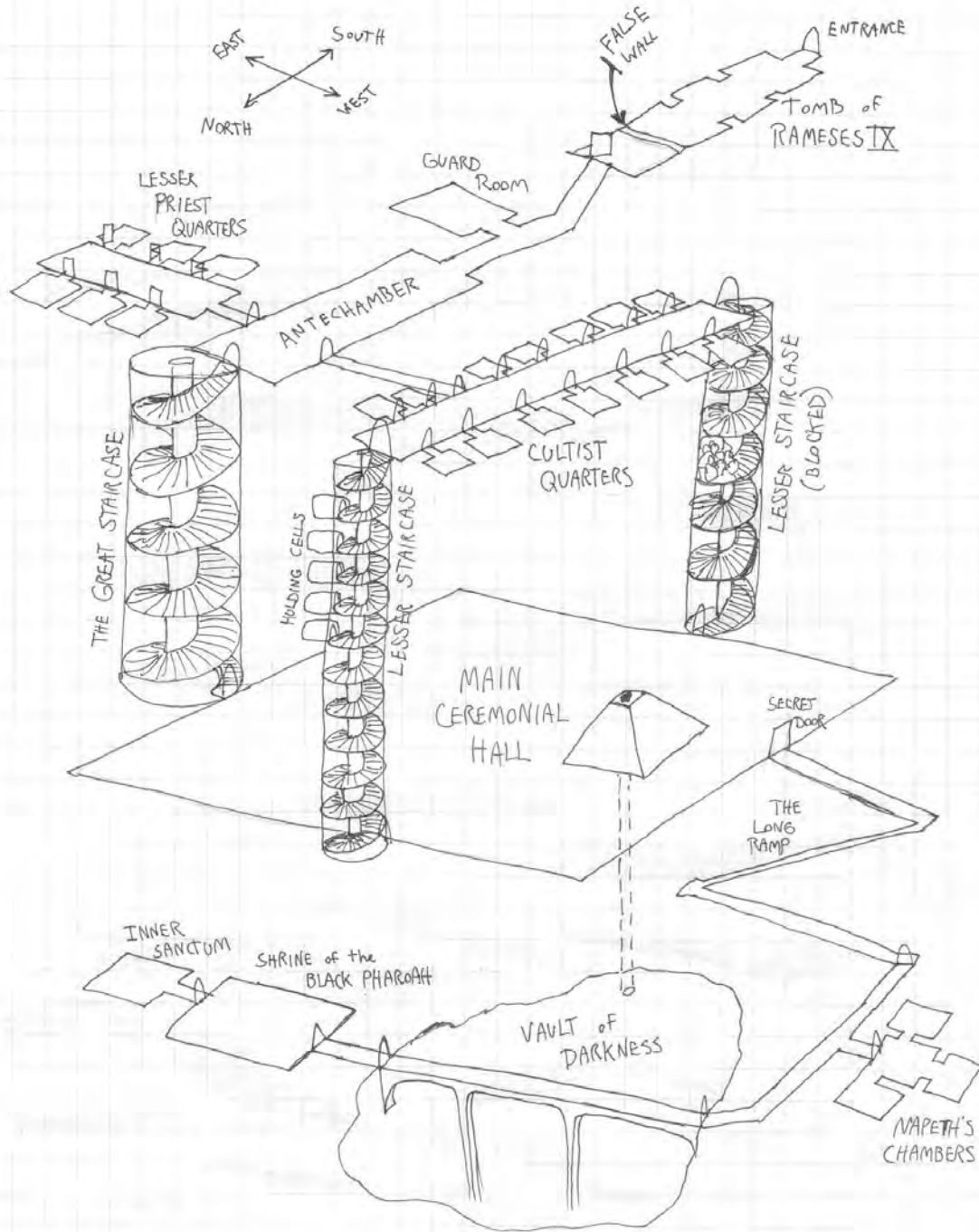
Congratulations. You now have a split personality, and your new “second half” is a devoted follower of the Black Pharaoh. The Keeper will signify a switch between personalities by pinching the bridge of his/her nose.

Your new personality has access to all your memories and knowledge, but is irredeemably evil. It attempts to keep the party exploring deeper and deeper into the temple, seeking after the “lost knowledge” and “missing history” to be found there. However, you also know that knowledge dangerous to the Black Pharaoh is located somewhere in the temple, and you must try to keep the others from finding that knowledge, if possible. You must try your best not to be discovered until you have reached the Inner Sanctum where the Black Pharaoh’s high priest Napeth awaits you. Once you have opened Napeth’s prison, you can reveal yourself and destroy the fools around you. Oh, and by the way, the Black Pharaoh has just gifted you with two spells: Wither Limb and Mindblast.

Your normal personality is not aware of what is happening, and tries to cover up the memory gaps that happen when the evil personality is in charge.



Dreams of Egyptos Map #1



Chapter Three

“My voyeuristic forays into the unknown had left me emotionally drained by the time I returned to America. Although there were other promising leads to pursue, I felt that I needed time to regroup my wits and digest what I had stumbled upon. Fortunately, my uncle had recently retired in Bulman, Pennsylvania and I had yet to visit his new home. I took this opportunity to correct that oversight. The calming countryside almost made me forget about those who had perished while battling horrible things. Three days after my arrival, I struck up a conversation with one of the locals who spoke of odd folk who had passed through some time ago. I returned after driving my uncle home and almost reflexively began digging into the past. My efforts were rewarded when I pieced together what had happened at the...”

Grey House on the Hill

ABOUT THE ADVENTURE

Unlike the rest of the adventures in this book, *Grey House on a Hill* is written in two parts. This allows the entry of new players in the second part to replace those who had an unfortunate accident. The investigators in this story are different from those in most Cthulhu adventures as they are not mere ignorant innocents who stumble into danger. This band of brittle, insanity-plagued veterans has survived many forays against the Cthulhu Mythos. One of their number, Doctor Vincent Cannady, has been notified of the death of his father and is returning to his Pennsylvania home to put the family affairs in order. The other investigators have decided to accompany him in hope of enjoying a relaxing vacation. Once arrived, they discover that Cannady’s family was actually part of a small but powerful cult of the Great Old One Bugg-Shash. They must rescue their fellow investigator from a fate far more horrible than death, and then plumb the ghastly depths beneath the Gray House, headquarters of the cult, in order to exile Bugg-Shash from this world.

The investigators in this tale are veterans of many eldritch experiences, with a formidable assortment of skills and magical lore. The threats they face are correspondingly more dire, and death and (especially) insanity are major threats. The end of the scenario has a list of recommended insanities (KEEPER’S AID #1) tailored to the particular investigators.

BACKGROUND FOR THE KEEPER

Vincent Cannady fled his home as a teenager, driven to distraction by the cloying, insular atmosphere of the place. His mother was insane and lived as a virtual prisoner in the house. Vincent sensed (more subconsciously than anything) the inhuman nature of his family and especially his father, a seemingly normal accountant. Free, he put himself through college and eventually followed



the profession of mental health, driven by memories of his mother's hopeless madness. Half-memories of other, darker aspects of his childhood eventually led him to become an investigator, putting him in contact with the other player-characters. The apparent death of his father has brought him back home to dispose of the family home and financial affairs.

The truth about the Cannady family is more dire than Vincent ever guessed. They are among the leaders of a secret cult of sorcerers, followers of Bugg-Shash, which actually succeeded in summoning the Great Old One several generations ago. Now he (it) dwells in the noisome caves beneath the Gray House, the cult's headquarters. The Cannady family itself has been corrupted by their service to Bugg-Shash, and most of them have transformed into undead monstrosities or Fosterlings of the Old Ones. Vincent's father has not actually died, merely metamorphosed into his full Fosterling aspect, and has arranged to fake his death so as to lure Vincent back home and (hopefully) into the cult.

The investigators' goals are two-pronged: in the first portion of this adventure they must save Vincent from the horrible "reunion" his father has planned for him, and in the latter, they must exile Bugg-Shash back to the distant realm from whence he came, thereby destroying the cult.

Introduction to Part One: Arrival at Bulman

It is May 26th, 1928. The investigators arrive at Vincent's hometown of Bulman, Pennsylvania. This is a tiny mining community amidst the hills and forests in the southeast of the state, about eighty miles from Pittsburgh. A single rail line runs through the town, and trains stop only every other day (they pass through several times a day, of course).

Emerging from the station, the investigators find themselves in a narrow valley between high, rugged hills, most of them heavily forested. The town proper is nestled in the valley, although many houses can be spotted climbing the slopes of the hills or crouching on their peaks. One in particular catches the investigators' eye: a colorless oddly-shaped two-and-a-half story building, barely visible at the escarpment atop one hill. Vincent remembers the house's distinctive appearance from his childhood, although he cannot recall who was supposed to live there.

The Cannady family residence is on the north side of town, opposite the train station, but the investigators have been instructed to stop at a local lawyer, Josiah Hingis, before going there. The lawyer's office is easily found, being the only business of its kind on Bulman's single main street.

Meeting the Lawyer

Hingis proves to be a fussy, rather self-important little man in a gray tweed suit. He is the only lawyer in Bulman and exploits that position to the fullest. Vincent recalls that Hingis' father did the same thing in years past.

Hingis is not a cultist – in fact, most of the town is only vaguely aware that something is amiss, an uncertain shadow they have felt over their lives since before the Civil War. However, Hingis, the local Sheriff, and the Coroner are being manipulated by the cult to lure Vincent home. All three have been

magically deceived into believing that Edgar Cannady is dead, natural causes to be sure, and buried in the town cemetery.

The lawyer can provide certificates of death (by heart attack), autopsy reports, and so forth at Vincent's request. All the documents are legitimate and perfectly in order – which can be confirmed with a Law roll. If Vincent wants to visit the cemetery, he can – there is a freshly-completed gravesite with a solid stone marker. The coffin buried in the grave is empty, of course, as are most of the Cannady family coffins, but the investigators probably won't have the time to go grave-robbing.

Hingis will read Edgar's will to Vincent. It names Vincent as his executor and sole heir, owing to the death of his mother Janet eight years ago and the still-unexplained disappearance of his sister Millie four years later. Among other things, the will specifies that Vincent must catalog Edgar's extensive collection of rare books; more instructions, the will states, can be found in Edgar's personal journals in the house. Hingis has not sought these instructions himself, since the will specifies that only Vincent is to handle such matters. Normally Hingis might question such odd directions, but his mind has been clouded by the cult, so he follows them to the letter.

Hingis assumes that Vincent will be staying in his family house, and recommends the Starlight Hotel to the other investigators. If the other PCs show any intention of visiting the house or staying there with Vincent, he becomes upset and points out that the will specifies only Vincent is to visit the property. In point of fact, however, the will merely states that Vincent is to handle the estate's affairs, and as the executor Vincent is free to call upon whatever help or expertise he desires (Law or halved Know roll to realize this). If this is pointed out, Hingis relents, though not without much grumbling and disavowal of responsibility. This odd behavior is also the cult's doing: they are alarmed by the presence of the other investigators, and are hoping to separate Vincent from his comrades.

At the end of the discussion, Hingis gives Vincent a small packet of belongings which the Sheriff supposedly recovered from Edgar's body. These include a pocket-watch, a wallet with \$43 cash, and a bunch of house keys. There is no driver's license or car keys, but this should not surprise Vincent, who recalls his father refusing to meddle with such new-fangled devices.

The Starlight Hotel

If one or more investigators decide to check into the Starlight Hotel, they find it offers pleasant (if plain) rooms for \$5 a night. Breakfast is included. The owner/manager, fifty-two-year-old Frederick Barnforth, is quite interested in such exotic visitors, but rather hostile to Von Horstmann (he lost a nephew in the Great War). He expresses sympathies to Vincent for the death of his father – “a fine fellow, Edgar was, kept my books for years, never a single error.” If any investigator asks for more information about the late Edgar Cannady, Barnforth confesses that the man was quite sick the last couple of years. “He kept to himself, just said his health was bad, but when he did come in to town he looked okay – gained a bit of weight though.”



Whether or not the investigators get rooms at the Starlight, the Keeper should encourage them to accompany Vincent to his house (there won't be much of an adventure otherwise). Having Vincent dig through the house while the others cool their heels at the hotel makes for a rather boring experience, and Vincent cannot possibly hold off the cult's minions by himself. Therefore, the Keeper should give the investigators every opportunity to re-unite before the cult's late-night attack. If all the investigators retreat to the hotel before dark, the cult attacks them there – however, a showdown at the Cannady house will be much more interesting, so the Keeper should try to fudge the passage of time to ensure the investigators get stranded in the Cannady house at nightfall.

If, against all rational expectation, Vincent stays at the Cannady House while the other investigators stay at the hotel, the cult ignores the hotel and strikes at Vincent, dragging him away to the Gray House. The scenario is essentially over; we shall draw a veil over the terrible fate which awaits him there.

To the Cannady House

From Hingis' office, a brisk ten-minute walk takes the investigators through town. They pass the Starlight Hotel, a couple of restaurants, a general store, a National grocery, the miniscule town hall, the Sheriff's office, a one-room school house, and a few small businesses and offices – a doctor, a veterinary, and so forth. They also pass the office of the Grayslade Mining Company, which runs the two small coal mines on which Bulman depends for prosperity (or at least survival). It is mid-afternoon, and the mine's first shift has just let out; scores of grimy, blackened miners trudge through town, heading home for dinner and a wash. They give the investigators many curious stares (these sort of exotic visitors are quite unusual in Bulman) but do not actually speak with them unless the investigators initiate the contact. Some of these miners may vaguely remember Edgar Cannady – his work as an accountant sometimes took him to the Grayslade offices – but none of them recall anything distinctive about him. Edgar was a quiet man, the sort who minds his own business and doesn't pry into others' affairs – a respectable man, the best sort.

Beyond downtown proper, the street divides into several dirt roads which snake up through the hills in various directions. Taking one, another ten minutes of walking brings the investigators to the Cannady house.

Old Lady Drummond

As the investigators walk toward the Cannady House, they pass several other buildings, mostly farmhouses, separated from each other by one to two hundred yards. Seated on the porch of one such building, knitting in the afternoon sun, is a shriveled old woman in her eighties: Anita Drummond. She watches the passing investigators with dark, sharp eyes, and then suddenly sits up and calls: "Vincent Cannady! Is that you, after all these years?"

Anita is one of the oldest residents of Bulman, and has continued to live on her farm alone after the death of her husband and the departure of her children, stubbornly refusing to move into town or to install any modern amenities. She is also, regrettably, quite insane, although it is a harmless and

peaceable sort of madness. Since the death of her husband she has slept lightly and often wanders about at night, catching glimpses of Cult members – among them undead and Fosterlings – as they visit the Cannady house. As a result, she suffers from a form of Panzaism, interpreting everything she sees in the most natural and harmless possible way.

The old woman remembers Vincent from his childhood and youth here, and he recalls her as a kindly woman who sometimes offered him snacks or a drink of iced tea on his way home from school. In fact, she is one of his few happy memories from his life in Bulman.

She talks with him animatedly, asking why he is here, who his friends are, what they all do for a living, their marital status, their health, and so forth. She responds to everything with equal cheer and many a “fancy that” and “well, bless me.” However, if Vincent mentions that he is here to settle things after his father’s death, Anita looks puzzled. “Death? How can he be dead? His friends have been visiting him every night.” She doesn’t know who these friends are, but she’s quite sure that they’ve visited Edgar every night for years, and sometimes he went out with them. If asked to describe these friends, she waves her hands vaguely and says, “Well, you know, people. Nice people.” She also claims to have seen Edgar’s mother recently, and seems equally puzzled at Edgar’s report that she died some years ago. “Well, she looked mighty healthy for a dead woman,” Drummond remarks.

Anita is forgetful and easily distracted; she always remembers who Vincent is, but must be reminded several times who the other investigators are, whether they are married or single, and so on. She also offers unsolicited advice about their health, dress, manners, and lives, and some of her observations are distressingly close to the mark – for example, she might recommend that John McCabe should “take your head out of the clouds and get into the real world, young fellow,” or suggest that Vladimir should find a girlfriend to settle him down. Anita should be played in such a way that the investigators are never quite sure how to take her and her stories – are these the ramblings of a senile woman, or subtly cloaked warnings? Of course, since these investigators are seasoned veterans, they will probably believe the worst – and as usual, they will be right. In any case, whenever they take their leave of her, she waves one frail hand and calls cheerily, “Say hello to your folks for me, Vincent!”

The Cannady House

This house is a large two-story wooden structure, painted a pleasant dark green color. The house is isolated from other outlying houses, by both distance (well over five hundred yards to the nearest neighbor) and the plentiful shade trees which surround and shelter it. Hills rise steeply a few score yards behind the house, looming darkly overhead in the deepening afternoon. There are signs the place has not been kept up very well the last few years – the lawn is rather weedy, the windows are dusty, and so forth. An Idea roll suggests Edgar let the place go to seed after his wife died eight years ago.

A stable sits near the house. If the investigators check it out, they find a rather dusty wagon which is starting to rust, and a plentiful supply of old, moldy



hay. It is evident that at least one horse was stabled here, but has been gone for some time. A Natural History roll suggests the horse has been gone at least a year.

The house has two obvious entrances, a large front double-door and a smaller back door. Both are locked (STR 25 and 20, respectively), but Vincent's keys open them. The windows are latched and shuttered (STR 16). There is also a secret tunnel which leads back to the hill behind the house, but the investigators will not find the entrance unless they search the dense brush of the slope for at least an hour and then make a halved Spot Hidden roll.

The house itself is of solid brick construction, with a shingled roof and hardwood interior floors (no carpeting, although there are rugs in some rooms). Interior walls and ceilings are painted white. The furnishings are in a plain, solid middle-class style. The house has electricity and running water (both of which were added when Vincent was a child) and a telephone line. Vincent can recall (Idea roll) that his father was reluctant to make these additions, and used the phone only for business.

1st Floor

Main Hall

Both the front and back doors give access to this long, bare-floored passage, and staircases to the basement and second floor originate here. There is a coat-rack next to the door, and a telephone (of the classic "two-handed" design) on a stand opposite. If investigators check, the phone works (for now).

Dining Room

This is a normal dining chamber with a large rectangular oak table, six chairs (one at each end, two along each side), a hanging lamp, a sideboard to hold meals before they are served, and a large glass-door cabinet holding dishes, cutlery, glasses, and so forth. There is only a single place set at the table, and it has obviously not been used in some time. A swinging door leads through to the kitchen.

Kitchen

The kitchen was obviously built in the days before electricity or gas, since the oven and hearth are wood-fired. There is a socket installed for an electrical refrigerator, but it has not been used; an old-style freezer sits in one corner, empty and dusty. Besides the large hearth and oven, there is a heavy wooden counter, a sink, and a decent selection of the usual kitchen materials and implements (including an impressive set of kitchen knives). The kitchen is obviously underused, and in fact the stove and oven look as though they have gone idle for years.

If the investigators have spoken with Sheriff O'Hearne, they may look for evidence of Edgar Cannady's death, which supposedly took place in the kitchen. There are no signs of it, and in fact the entire room looks as though it has barely been visited in the last several months. However, there is one curious oddity in here, found if investigators make a Spot Hidden roll: a series of small carvings



and doodlings in the surface of the thick wooden counter. They include small stick-figures, eye-like images, unidentified animals, and small houses. Vincent can make an INTx2 roll to remember noticing his sister Millie scratching on the counter occasionally while she was fixing meals. An investigator who makes a Psychoanalysis or halved Idea roll while examining the carvings can notice a motif of imprisonment and desperation in many of the images, seemingly at odds with their childish innocence.

Pantry

This room is dark, musty, and strewn with cobwebs. There is no lightswitch, and only a thin stream of light makes its way in from the kitchen. The room does contain a small amount of canned and dry foods, but the amounts are very sparse, and the coats of dust suggest they have not been used in months. As Edgar's metamorphosis into a Fosterling approached, his need for food and drink steadily diminished. As Cannady preferred to take what he did need in less savory ways, so he allowed his stock to decline accordingly. From the appearance of this room, it would not be unreasonable to assume that no-one has lived in this house for months...but the investigators know that Edgar supposedly died less than three weeks ago.

Living Room

This large room contains the usual furnishings: two sofas, several chairs, a coffee table, lamps on corner tables, framed photographs on the mantle of the large fireplace, and so forth. A large rug covers most of the floor, leaving a band of bare wooden floor near the walls. Above the mantle is a large landscape painting, quite normal (although suspicious investigators may waste time looking for sinister secrets in the art). The photographs on the mantle include two portraits of Edgar, one of Janet, one of Vincent and Millie together, and a collective portrait of the whole family. A Spot Hidden roll will notice that the more recent of Edgar's pictures (taken nine years ago, according to the caption) shows a slight but noticeable sag to his features, rather like slumping wax.

There is a secret passage descending through a bricked-in space in the chimney of this room; it descends from the Master Bedroom on the second floor to the Secret Room in the basement. The passage cannot be accessed from this room; however, any investigator examining the fireplace and chimney can make a Spot Hidden roll to notice that the flue is much narrower than one would expect, given the external size of the chimney.

Bathroom

This was originally a storage closet, and was modified when modern plumbing was put into the house. The facilities here are quite basic (toilet and sink) and have the same unused appearance as the pantry. If investigators check, the plumbing still works, although it groans ominously and the water is brackish until it is allowed to run a minute or so.



Study/Office

Edgar ran his accounting business out of this room, which contains a fireplace, a large roll-top desk, two smaller desks, and a wheeled office chair. Bookshelves along one wall holds copies of state and federal tax law, along with the business records of the Grayslade Mining Company and most other local businesses. Searching the papers and materials here reveals that Edgar was a legitimate accountant, one of the few accountants in the county, and was reasonably competent at his job.

Searching through these materials and making a Library Use roll reveals that the Cannady family was appointed as caretakers for the Graumann family mansion in 1909, a position they have held ever since. Periodic expenditures are listed for repair and upkeep. Vincent does not remember anything about the Graumann house, but can guess from the address that it is the ominous-looking house the investigators noticed when they arrived. The Graumann house is of course the Gray House, headquarters of the cult.

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2nd Floor

Guest Room

This room is where Vincent's insane mother lived during the last years of his youth, after her mental condition began to deteriorate seriously. He has some unpleasant memories of coming up here to bring Mother her dinner, only to find her curled up in a corner or rocking madly in her chair. An aura of sour despair and corruption seems to hang in the air of this place even today.

The room contains a plain bed (covered with a disordered heap of moldy, dirty sheets and blankets), a closet, a cold fireplace which has been long unused, and a wooden rocking chair. The walls are covered with strange images, some scratched into the surface, others painted with unknown means (although a Medicine roll identifies some of the "paint" as old dried blood, probably mixed with dirt or dust). If the investigators noticed the scratched pictures in the kitchen, they see some of the same motifs recurring here: eyes, houses, human figures. However, the work here is clearly that of a different artist, and a maddened one at that. Many of the images portray people being devoured by monsters, or attacking each other. Giant eyes glare from the windows of houses, or sprout fanged mouths to devour struggling people. Twisted mockeries of the human form walk in an endless procession along one wall, ending at another large eye. This graphic evidence of a tortured mind costs observers 0/1 SAN.

The closet is empty. If investigators force themselves to dig through the noisome pile of bedclothes, they discover a pack of mice, who scatter squeaking into every corner of the room. The pile of rags and lint which formed their nest

contains several scraps of an old photograph: Vincent recognizes it as himself at age 16, an unhappy and furtive young man.

Vincent's Old Room

This room has been kept in the exact condition Vincent left it in when he departed eleven years ago. The furnishings include a bed (perfectly made up, as though waiting for him), a chair, a nightstand with lamp, a desk (with schoolbooks and a half-finished class essay still atop it), and a closet (still missing the clothes Vincent took with him when he ran away). The place shows a sheen of dust on all surfaces but is otherwise pristine, the hardwood floor swept clean. Sitting on the nightstand is a note from Vincent's father (FORENSIC EVIDENCE FILE #1).

Millie's Room

This room belonged to Vincent's sister before she joined the cult and departed for the Gray House. It contains typical bedroom furnishings (a bed, chair, vanity, nightstand, closet) and seems quite nondescript. Like Vincent's room, this place has a coating of dust on everything – Millie hasn't returned since becoming a cultist.

Tucked in a drawer of the vanity, next to various cosmetics and hairpins, is a small book, with the word "Journal" embossed on the cover. The early pages are a child's diary, written in an awkward, blocky hand, and record day-to-day happenings in the Cannady household. Much of what is written centers around "Mama's illness" and the family's efforts to care for her. Later, the writing gives way to drawings, in the same style as seen on the kitchen counter downstairs. The drawings grow more disturbing and baroque as the pages progress, developing a strong resemblance to the scrawlings in Mother's room. About two-thirds of the way through the booklet, the illustrations stop and several blank pages follow. Then, written in large block letters on a single page, comes the following entry: "I HAVE LOOKED INTO THE EYES AND READ THE BOOK. THERE IS NO MORE FEAR." The book is blank for its remaining pages.

Master Bedroom/Library

This is a single large room split in half by a large archway. The southern half of the room is a combined library/study, the walls lined with books and a single heavy oaken desk sitting in the center. The northern half contains a large bed, closet, and nightstand. A large fireplace opens into each room from a shared chimney. Vincent can remember being summoned to this room as a child for lectures and punishments, and the place makes him uncomfortable. He also recalls that he was never permitted to visit here alone.

Although Vincent's father was supposedly alive up until very recently, the bed appears to have gone unused for many months, and a slick layer of foul-smelling mildew has grown between the sheets. The clothes in the closet have spawned similar growth within their sleeves and leggings, the result of exposure to Edgar's Fosterling nature. Piled in a corner of the closet are the bones of many small animals (mice, rats, birds, and so forth) – as he became a Fosterling,



Edgar preferred to take sustenance in this manner rather than from more normal food.

Investigators who examine the fireplaces can make an Idea roll to notice that the chimney is too wide for the flue. Further examination of the chimney can reveal a hollow space within. There is a cleverly concealed secret door in the Master Bedroom side of the chimney, and a Spot Hidden can discover the false brick which opens the door. Pressing in on this brick causes an audible “click” as a section of the chimney swings out on well-oiled iron hinges. Within, an iron-runged ladder descends a narrow brick tube through the house and into the Secret Basement.

The books which line three walls of the library are almost entirely of an occult and supernatural nature. There are also some more mundane tomes, such as histories and books of political essays, but these are far outnumbered by the eldritch materials. To the investigators, experienced in such things, this is clearly the library of would-be sorcerers, and they can discover (with Library Use rolls) a total of three genuine grimoires among the more mundane tomes. They can also discover (with another Library Use) the family journal of the Cannady clan (FORENSIC EVIDENCE FILE #2). After reading the journal, investigators may make Cthulhu Mythos rolls to identify the “chuckling one of the eyes” as Bugg-Shash, and an additional roll to recall that Bugg-Shash is not known to possess an earthly cult; he is usually summoned by lone sorcerers, using a ritual in a book of evil knowledge, and remains in the physical realm until propitiated with sufficient sacrificial victims or dispelled with the same magics that brought him.

One of the grimoires is written in German, in a strong hand, with the date “08.49” scribed in the lower-right corner of the title page; it was written by Gunther Graumann as a gift to his new American allies. The other two are undated and written in English, each in a different handwriting. Investigators who think to match handwriting with the Cannady family journal can identify the authors as William Cannady and Phillip Cannady. Reading each grimoire requires a number of hours equal to the reader’s INT minus 2d6, earns 1% Cthulhu Mythos each, and costs 1d3 SAN each. The German grimoire contains the spells Red Sign of Shudde M’ell and Dominate, which can be learned at INTx3 rolls. William’s grimoire contains the spells Resurrection and Summon/Bind Byakhee, learnable at INTx2, and Phillip’s grimoire contains the spells Spectral Razor, Grasp of Nyogtha, and Shriveling, learnable at INTx2. Each investigator who takes the time to study the grimoires can make one attempt to learn each spell.

Upstairs Bath

Located above the downstairs bath, this room contains the usual equipment, including a large porcelain tub which exudes a faint, disturbing odor; a residue of some unidentifiable mold or slime coats the interior. As his metamorphosis progressed, Edgar Cannady found the tub a more congenial sleeping-place than his bed. A successful Chemistry or Natural History roll can suggest the substance is organic in nature, but otherwise unidentifiable. A

Cthulhu Mythos roll informs the investigators that the substance is the spoor of a Greater Race.

Guest Room/Storage

This room contains a jumble of extra furniture, including a spare bed folded up against one wall. The place is extremely dusty and cobwebby, and has obviously not been visited in a great many years. There are some useful items here, however: a large wood-axe (damage 1d8), a keg of nails, a toolbox (with a hammer, wood saw, wrenches and screwdrivers, and so forth), and eleven old kerosene lanterns moved up here after the house converted to electricity (nine of them still containing fuel).

Attic

The attic is a close, hot, stuffy place tucked in between the eaves of the house. The narrow staircase which ascends to the attic is clogged with cobwebs from the waist up, and the next-to-top step is loose – investigators must make a Spot Hidden roll to notice, otherwise they tumble downstairs for 1d4 damage (halved with a Jump roll).

The attic itself contains many boxes and crates of old clothes, broken furniture, and related forgotten junk. The dust and cobwebs of the attic have been somewhat disturbed, which the investigators may find odd after climbing the stairs – Edgar Cannady’s monstrous form allowed him to slither up the steps without breaching the cobwebs. A large iron hook (sinister-looking, but quite mundane) projects from the center of the ceiling. Vincent has a vague memory of being left up in the attic overnight for some childhood transgression – he cannot even remember what misbehavior prompted this censure, but his recollection of the terrifying darkness, the creaking trees outside, and the sinister hook are vivid and disturbing.

If the investigators search the attic carefully, a Spot Hidden roll finds an odd circular pattern which seems to have been burned into the floor, perhaps with acid or a wood-burning kit. A Cthulhu Mythos roll can tentatively identify it as a Gate, but cannot divine how to operate it other than that it is keyed in some way. The Find Gate spell identifies it with certainty, and the caster can divine that the Gate is verbally activated. The key to the gate is to stand in the center and recite “Glory to the One who waits Below,” but the investigators are unlikely to guess that. If the investigators decide to destroy the Gate (not a bad idea, given that they will soon be attacked through it), they must either completely deface the markings (by chiseling them up, painting over them, etc.), or scribe an Elder Sign within the circle.

The Basement

The “normal” basement of the Cannady house is a brick-walled place dominated by the huge foundation of one of the chimneys. The investigators can easily perceive (Idea roll) that the basement only underlies the house’s eastern half, but the walls are completely solid to all tests (several feet of solid, undisturbed Pennsylvania earth lie between the “normal” basement and the



secret chamber). Investigators could conceivably tunnel through, but this would be a massive undertaking requiring many days of work.

The basement is a dark, damp, musty place, and is unlit except for a single weak bulb at the base of the staircase. Much of the room is taken up by a large supply of firewood, along with some yard tools, junk, and scrap lumber. The floor is packed earth, and there are several suspicious-looking sunken spots in different parts of the room; digging them up (which takes about an hour) confirms suspicions by discovering old bones and teeth. A Medicine roll can determine that the bodies were buried over five years ago (they were sister Millie's first victims).

If the investigators search the entire basement thoroughly and make a Spot Hidden, they discover a hole descending into the earthen floor in the far southeast corner, concealed by an old piece of plywood. This tunnel, about three feet in diameter, winds its way up the hillside behind the house and emerges into a concealing clump of bushes. Cult zombies attack through here when they decide to assault the house; it can be caved-in with a half-hour of heavy digging, or blocked in a few minutes by piling in firewood.

The Secret Basement

The ladder which descends through the western chimney ends in a small, cramped brick-walled chamber. The place is lightless, and reeks of a strange and unpleasant odor. Careful search discovers a rusty iron lever which, when pulled, rotates open a section of the wall. Beyond is a large square room, lined in brick and with the ceiling supported by several heavy oaken beams. Wooden shelves, covered in curious bottles and receptacles, cover two walls. Two square wooden trapdoors are set in the floor, and there is a larger circular opening, uncovered, in the southwest corner. A large stone table equipped with manacles and blood-gutters stands in the center of the room. The dark stains upon it testify to its use.

This area is, of course, the Cannady family's laboratory of sorcery. The wooden shelves display the tools and materials of necromancers, such as preserved human body parts, dissecting kits, strange powders and unguents, and other unnatural business – some items old and dust-covered, others new and clearly in use. Prominent among all these unpleasant items are a row of small stone bottles, each marked with a Roman numeral (I through XVII), and each containing a fine gray dust; a Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies these as the "Essential Saltes" used in a Resurrection spell. Investigators who have learned that spell from one of the Grimoires can use it to Resurrect these victims, at a cost of 3 magic points and 1d10 SAN; witnesses to the Resurrection lose 0/1d4 SAN. The people Resurrected from the bottles are all sorcerers and witches, some from medieval times and others from the Colonial era, whom the Cannadys used as a pool of information to support their own practices. All of them are insane, and many do not speak modern languages (although all know Latin); what little information they can provide to the investigators must be ferreted out from between screams, gibberings, and maniacal laughter. They are able to confirm that the Cannady family are sorcerers, that they are allied with another

sorcerous family (the Graumanns), and that they somehow control a great and terrible thing they call “the laughing eyes.”

The two square trapdoors each give access to a vertical brick shaft about three feet square and twenty feet deep. These were sometimes used to store Resurrection experiments which went wrong (producing “only the liveliest Awfulness”) or as prisons for kidnapped victims who were waiting to be sacrificed. Presently they are unused and empty.

The circular pit is a disposal area for the room, and the bottom fifteen feet down is coated with old bones and rotting things of indescribable nature. Edgar Cannady lurks here, awaiting the arrival of his son, and whenever the investigators go near the pit they may make Listen rolls to detect the faint sloshing and sucking sounds of the Fosterling crawling around below.

The Thing in the Cellar

The grotesque, formless mass of the Fosterling humps and squelches its way out of the darkness. A vaguely human face forms on one end of the mass and its oversized eyes rotate about, finally fixing vaguely on the investigators – especially Cannady.

“Well, son, looks like you finally made it home,” the Fosterling mutters in a gurgling, inhuman voice. “Sure is a shame your ma couldn’t have lived to see this day. But she always believed in you, Vincent, and she made sure she’d be here for you. She always knew you’d come back, just as your sis and I knew it. There’s nothing more important than family.”

It is quite possible the investigators will react by opening up on the Fosterling with guns and spells. However, if Vincent goes insane or suffers a shock during this encounter, he is unable to bring himself to hurt his father, and tries to prevent others from harming him as well. In any case, the Fosterling retreats into the far corner of his underground chamber (forcing any investigators to come in after him, since he then cannot be seen from above) and sends a telepathic message to his allies outside, urging them to attack if they haven’t already.

If the investigators do not immediately attack, the Fosterling talks with them, especially Vincent. It can easily prove its identity, reeling off a string of childhood anecdotes which Vincent recognizes. It attempts to persuade Vincent that his true destiny lies with the cult, and points to the magical skills he has developed as proof of his destiny as a sorcerer. It also lets slip that his sister, Millie, is still alive and waiting for him in the Gray House. Each point that Edgar advances on behalf of the Cult forces Vincent to make a POWx4 roll; failure means he loses 1d6 SAN as Edgar’s arguments begin to make sense to him. Also, if Vincent wishes to leave the room (perhaps to help fight against the Cult forces which will soon be attacking his comrades) he must also make a POWx4 roll.

A Visit from the Sheriff

At some point while the investigators are exploring the Cannady House (preferably before they discover the Secret Chamber) they get a visit from the



County Sheriff, one Peter O’Hearne. Ideally, he knocks loudly on the front door during some tense moment of the investigator’s explorations, such as when they are entering the attic or basement.

A tall, thick, sag-bellied but still imposing Irishman, 38 years old, O’Hearne has been the law around here for almost ten years. His eyes are a pale, watery blue, and he speaks with a faint brogue. Peter is highly disturbed at the presence of such strangers in town – particularly foreigners, and armed foreigners at that. His unease is augmented by the mental cloud which the Cult has placed over his mind in order to facilitate Vincent’s return to the fold. Although he doesn’t realize it, the Sheriff has actually been dispatched here by the mental urging of the cult, which still hopes to separate Vincent from his companions. His visit also provides cover for a later assault by a Worm That Walks, a dreadful entity summoned by the Cult.

Peter’s questions all the investigators (except Vincent) in detail, demanding their names, occupations, and backgrounds, demanding to see licenses for any visible guns, and so forth. The more uncooperative the investigators are, the more irritated O’Hearne becomes and the more he tries to find a reason to arrest the investigators or at least kick them off the property. On the other hand, he is extremely polite to Vincent, welcoming him back to the community (he vaguely remembers the young Vincent from his days as a Sheriff’s Deputy) and offering him any help he might need. If Vincent asks about his father’s death, the Sheriff pauses for just a moment, then reports that he investigated the house after several of Edgar Cannady’s customers reported that he had missed appointments or failed to answer telephone calls. He entered the house and found Edgar three days dead in the kitchen. The county coroner performed an autopsy and determined that the cause of death was a heart attack. Although this speech sounds plausible enough, a Psychology roll suggests that it seems too pat and rehearsed, and that there is a lack of genuine emotion in O’Hearne’s words. He insists he is telling the truth, of course.

As long as the investigators are careful not to lose their tempers or do anything foolish, the Sheriff ultimately is unable to justify any overt action against them, and eventually departs with many dire warnings to “watch yourselves” and “stay out of my sight.”

The Confrontation

If the investigators are still in the house at nightfall, Bugg-Shash’s forces gather in the twilight and prepare to attack the place and forcibly return Vincent to the fold. The investigators should not become aware of this unless they try to leave the house or begin deliberately looking for enemies, in which case they can make Spot Hidden rolls to notice humanoid figures skulking in the trees and brush around the house. They may also notice if they check the telephone, since the Cult cuts the line at nightfall.

The Cult initially attacks using a Worm That Walks, a summoned being of hideous and predatory nature. Cloaking itself in the illusion of Sheriff O’Hearne, this being knocks thunderously at the front door and claims to have “some more questions” for the investigators. If this happens while the investigators are

discovering the Edgar-thing in the basement, they should be quite suspicious of the Sheriff; in that case the Worm might (50%) take the form of Old Lady Drummond instead, claiming to be here to offer some cookies or a similar treat. In all cases the Worm's goal is to physically touch one of the investigators so that it can make a POW vs. POW roll. If the roll is successful, the Worm siphons off 6 Magic Points and uses these to manifest physically, attacking its prey. If a victim resists, the Worm tries to touch someone else, returning to its original target only after it has tried to manifest against all other members of the household (except Vincent). If the investigators attack it before it manifests, their blows simply pass through its partially-formed essence, and it continues to attempt to touch them. It cannot fly, or pass through physical objects, so if the investigators realize what it is up to they can simply lock it out. Once it has physically manifested, the Worm attacks all the investigators (except Vincent) until it kills them or is destroyed. Seeing the Worm's true form (a decaying human corpse, dripping pieces of putrefying flesh, with prodigious claws hanging from its fingers and bare, lidless eyeballs) costs 0/1d10 SAN.

Meanwhile, the cult's zombie servitors lurk in the darkness around the house. Their leader is none other than Vincent's mother, Janet, now an undead being. The zombies were created from corpses immersed in the foul body of Bugg-Shash, and they appear as shriveled, sag-bodied cadavers covered in a thick layer of bluish-black slime (lose 1/1d6 SAN). Edgar's re-animated mother is a vaguely female-looking zombie, coated in the same purple-black slime but with an unnatural sentience burning in its hollow eye-sockets (lose 1/1d8 SAN, or 1d3/1d12 for Vincent). This vicious revenant does not actually have Janet's personality, although it retains insane fragments of her memories.

If the initial raid by the Worm That Walks is unsuccessful, the zombies attack – two each bashing their way through the front and back doors, while another two come through the secret tunnel into the basement. They attempt to kill the other investigators, alternately clubbing and biting them; if Vincent joins the fight, they try to grapple him and drag him away. If the Worm That Walks has not yet been able to manifest itself, it accompanies the zombies into the house, still seeking its prey.

Assuming the investigators defeat these initial attacks (not too difficult, although there might be moments of terror as they realize the relative uselessness of their guns), Janet attempts to parley with them. The slimy animated corpse steps into the open, about twenty yards from the house, and forces hissing words past the slime clogging its throat. "We only want Vincent," it calls. "This is none of your business. Leave now and we will spare your lives." Janet offers to guarantee the investigators' safety if they will simply leave the house without Vincent. Any other counter-offers are rejected, and the undead monstrosity concludes an unsuccessful negotiation with the threat to "feed your bodies to the laughing one, so that they may serve us forever!" It may also attempt to unnerve Vincent with calls to "obey your mother, boy," although it lacks enough personality to cost him SAN in this manner.

The investigators must survive until dawn, when the prospect of discovery forces the cult to break off the attack. This should evoke the spirit of *Night of the*



Living Dead and similar stories, as the remorseless zombie attacks alternate with eerie periods of silence and calm. There are a total of twenty-four zombies available (including the six who launch the initial attack) along with the undead Janet. They attack in groups of four to six at a time, from several directions at once. Janet herself waits until the last desperate attack, just before dawn, but may throw spells at investigators who show themselves at windows or doors. At some point the attackers use the Gate in the attic to try to outflank the investigators; they also use the tunnel in the basement until the investigators block it off.

If the investigators attempt to flee the house, Janet and all of the remaining zombies immediately converge on them. The investigators are unlikely to survive such a pitched battle, and the Keeper should offer them every opportunity to flee back into the house.

If Edgar the Fosterling survived his initial encounter with the investigators, he tries to sit out most of the combat, hiding in the back of his basement cave; he knows the investigators could potentially destroy him, and has no desire to miss out on the eternity of life that lies before him. However, if the investigators attempt to escape the house, or in any event during the final attack at dawn, he surges up out of his hole, shooting up the secret tunnel like a piston, and emerge into the house to attack. He also attacks if the investigators try to hole up in the Secret Basement itself. An attacking Fosterling is a fearsome thing, gurgling and sloping its way through narrow spaces, smashing doors, using spells to damage and bedevil the investigators, and bludgeoning its victims with great pseudopods.

The investigators may try to use the Elder Sign to block off doors and windows of the house, perhaps sealing themselves into one or another room. This works against Edgar, Janet, or the Worm That Walks, but the zombies are not deterred by the Sign and continue to attack the investigators. Prinn's Crux Ansanta, on the other hand, does not work on the zombies or Edgar, but can be effective against Janet or the Worm That Walks.

PART ONE CONCLUSION

The Keeper must be careful to run the cult's night assault in such a way that the investigators are in constant fear for their lives, but are not immediately overwhelmed. Ideally, the cult's assault should end with a final desperate battle pitting the surviving investigators against Janet, Edgar, and the remaining half-dozen or so zombies (perhaps even the Worm That Walks, if it hasn't managed to manifest itself yet). Janet herself concentrates her efforts on Vincent, attempting to Grapple him (25% skill) so she can cart him off to the Gray House, all the while using her spells on other investigators (and perhaps hideously promising Vincent that "Mama will take good care of you"). Edgar concentrates his efforts on the other investigators, seeking to destroy these meddling outsiders.

As the surviving investigators slay the last of the horrors, the sun rises over the hills to the east, and in its pale orange beams the investigators can see the Gray House perched above the town, glaring down like a vulture. Clearly, there is still work to be done.

BAD GUY STATS

Edgar, Fosterling of the Old Ones

STR 37 CON 35 SIZ 34 INT 20
 POW 19 DEX 22 Move 8 HP 34

Damage Bonus: +3d6

Weapon: Crush 75%, damage 1d6+3d6

Armor: None, but takes minimum damage from all non-enchanted weapons.

Spells: Breath of the Deep, Dominate, Shriveling.

SAN loss: 1/1d10 (1d3/1d12 to Vincent)

Janet, Undead Sorceress

STR 18 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 13
 POW 25 DEX 8 Move 6 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Fist 70%, damage 1d6+1d4

Grapple 25%, damage special

Armor: 2 point slimy hide. Immune to impaling firearms.

Spells: Deflect Harm, Grasp of Nyogtha, Red Sign of Shudde M'ell, Spectral Razor

Skills: Sneak 50%

SAN loss: 1/1d8 (1d3/1d12 to Vincent)

Bugg-Shash Zombies (24)

STR 17 CON 15 SIZ 11 INT 0
 POW 1 DEX 6 Move 6 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Bite 30%, damage 1d3

Club 25%, damage 1d8+1+1d4

Armor: None, but impaling firearms do only 1 point of damage, and all other weapons do half damage. Fire and spells have full effect.

SAN loss: 1/1d6

The Worm That Walks

STR 16 CON 15 SIZ 11 INT 12
 POW 11 DEX 15 Move 8 HP 13

Damage bonus: n/a

Weapon: Claws (2) 50%, damage 1d6

Armor: None, but the Worm That Walks can only be harmed once it has manifested its true form, and is always immune to firearms.

SAN loss: 0/1d10



Gray House on a Hill

Part Two

WHAT THE INVESTIGATORS KNOW

The second part of the adventure presumes (somewhat heroically, to be sure) that the investigators were completely successful in the first part. As a result, they know there is a secret cult of sorcerers hiding in town, that the cult is headquartered in the Gray House, and that they have summoned the Great Old One Bugg-Shash somewhere within or below the house. They should also know that the sacred tome of the cult, the *Cthaat Aquadingen*, is located within the Gray House. A successful Cthulhu Mythos (not too difficult with this bunch of veteran investigators) reveals that Bugg-Shash is not known to possess an earthly cult; he is usually summoned by lone sorcerers, and remains in the physical realm until propitiated with sufficient sacrificial victims or dispelled with the same magics that brought him. The implication is clear: the investigators must capture the *Cthaat Aquadingen* and use it to dispel Bugg-Shash, putting an end to this ghastly little cell of evil in the body of Pennsylvania.

Preparations

The players are free to purchase whatever equipment or weapons they choose in Bulman; all normal 1920's equipment is available at standard rulebook prices (including non-exotic equipment from the *Investigator's Companion*, if the Keeper or players should happen to have a copy available). Since this is a mining town, spelunking equipment and explosives are both readily available, although investigators might need Credit Rating rolls to get explosives. The Keeper should not discourage the players from supplementing their equipment lists in this fashion; in fact, given the difficult challenges they face in the Gray House, he might want to encourage it with an Idea roll.

Equipment which might prove especially valuable would include rope, climbing gear (grapple hooks, pitons, rock-picks, etc.), heavy clothing and boots, mining helmets, carbide lamps, dynamite, picks, hatchets or axes, gasoline or other flammable liquids, and so forth. Investigators who wonder what might be effective against Bugg-Shash can make Cthulhu Mythos rolls to know that the Great Old One is only affected by magic, enchanted weapons, fire, or electricity.

Summoning a Night-Gaunt

Since there is a "free" Elder Sign in the Gray House, the investigators may decide to have Von Horstmann summon a Nightgaunt at some point during the scenario. This is a valid tactic and should not be discouraged, but the Keeper should be careful to remember the limitations of using summoned monsters. A nightgaunt can only be summoned at night when there is no moon, which in this scenario means between the hours of 2am and 5am; it takes five minutes to cast the spell, and the investigators must wait another 20-30 minutes before the nightgaunt appears, at which point it must be successfully bound.

Also, remember that summoned monsters do not simply follow the caster around waiting for orders; they must be assigned a task when they are first bound. The caster must give them a simple verbal order (nightgaunts have an INT of 1d6, and cannot understand complex orders). Investigators who can work within these limitations, however, can find many uses for a nightgaunt, such as stealing the *Cthaat Aquadingen* from Gunther Graumann, distracting one of the villainous sorcerers while they attack, or even carrying one of them safely through a dangerous environment such as the Fosterling Tunnels or the Pit.

Asking Around

The investigators may decide to research the background of the Gray House before risking entrance. Bulman has a small lending library as well as archives and records at City Hall. A Library Use roll reveals that the house was originally built in 1849 by a German immigrant, Gunther Graumann. (Graumann, the founder of the cult, was a sorcerer who fled Germany during the upheavals of 1848.) Graumann married Elizabeth Cannady, a girl from the local Cannady family, and is recorded as living in the house until his death (of extreme old age) in 1909. His son, William Gruman, had disappeared some years earlier, and Elizabeth died in 1897; under the terms of Gunther's will the house and estate were preserved as a historical landmark, and the Cannadys were appointed as custodians.

The investigators can get permission to check out the Sheriff Department's records with Law and Credit Rating rolls (both must succeed). A Know roll after checking these records notes a pattern of occasional disappearances throughout the county, although these are usually dismissed as runaways or flight from unhappy circumstances (the cult chose its victims carefully). A Library Use roll on the records turns up a 1915 report of an indigent young miner, recently arrived in town and unemployed, who disappeared after telling some companions he was planning to check out the "strange house atop the hill." The Sheriff visited the Gray House but found no disturbance or sign of forced entry (he walked around the building but never went inside).

Assistance?

As usual in *Call of Cthulhu*, the investigators can expect little help from the authorities. Sheriff O'Hearne is free from the cult's influence now that Cannady's "father" is dead, but he still tries to avoid accepting any supernatural explanation for events. If the investigators absolutely rub his nose in the evidence, he becomes frightened and refuses to speak with them, threatening to arrest them if they continue to pester him. A Psychoanalysis roll suggests his mind is brittle underneath his tough façade.

No one is willing to accompany the investigators to the Gray House. For some reason everyone finds the house an uncomfortable topic; the fell influence within it has been eating at the town's collective sanity for generations, and most people compensate by deliberately building internal walls of stubborn ignorance.



Approaching the House

To reach the Gray House, the investigators must climb a long switchback gravel road which winds up the south face of the hill, snaking beneath the ancient oaks, hickories, and pines which cover the steep rocky slope. Occasionally they catch glimpses through the foliage of the town below, but otherwise their vision is limited to a hundred yards or so of road to the front and back. This can be a somewhat unnerving experience, particularly since there is an almost constant wind wailing softly through the trees. After a laborious half-hour hike, the investigators see an old brick wall ahead, pierced by a rusty iron spike gate. The gate is unlocked and opens easily, the hinges showing signs of occasional oiling. Beyond, perched in an open patch of hillside nearly at the peak, is the Gray House.

The house is visually odd even from the outside – a tangled, uneven shape with a cylindrical tower rising to nothing along one side. There are two entrances, a double front door and a single back door accessed from a large wooden porch. Both are locked (STR 20 and 15, respectively), as are the windows (STR 10), but otherwise nothing bars the party's access.

The Nature of the Gray House

The Gray House is a peculiar structure, constructed on geometric principles not of this Earth. While in the place, investigators always have the sense that the angles and dimensions are subtly wrong, that walls don't quite match up, that the whole structure is twisted out of normal geometric relations. This strange perception never quite becomes conscious, instead always lurking on the edge of perception, so that the investigators almost feel as though it is their own senses which are distorted.

Defying this subconscious impression, the construction in the Gray House seems to be fairly mundane: ancient darkened wood, very sturdy and rugged – thick beams support the ceilings, and the walls thud solidly when pounded. The shingled external walls are painted a dull gray color, and if the investigators bother to chisel it away they can find that the same color has been used since the house was built. Internal walls and ceilings are generally painted dull, bland greens and blues, giving the whole place a drab, colorless feel. The furniture is old, dating from the mid-19th century, but in good condition, and uses the same color scheme as the walls. There is no electricity or modern plumbing.

Once the investigators begin to explore, they quickly discover the unnatural truth beneath this bland façade. The Gray House was built by Gunther Graumann personally, and portions of it extend into other realities, even other planets. Exploring the house is an exercise in danger and SAN loss. Gunther himself still dwells in the Aerie, an extra dimensional space located atop the house's spiral staircase. There the investigators can find the *Cthaat Aquadingen*, along with much else of value, before descending into the darkness below.

Ground Floor

Front Hall: The main doors of the Gray House lead into a large semi-circular room with a peaked skylight roof over 30 feet above. Two staircases sweep up

the walls to a balcony on the second floor. A rather Old-World crystal chandelier (candles, not lanterns) hangs from the center of the ceiling. Archways give access to the parlor and dining room, and a short hallway leads back to the kitchen.

A coat-rack stands to one side of the door, and an umbrella stand (with a normal and fairly modern umbrella) on the other side. Although the Gray House has supposedly been left idle and empty since 1909, it looks quite clean and almost lived-in.

If the investigators are here at night, they can notice (Astronomy roll) that the placements of the stars seen through the skylight seem slightly wrong, as though viewed from some other place than Earth (lose 0/1 SAN).

Parlor: This is the “public room” of the Gray House, where non-Cult guests were met and entertained. It contains an assortment of pleasant furniture, including a divan, three chairs, a coffee table, and so forth. There is a small fireplace with wood arranged to start a fire at any time; more wood is stacked alongside, along with a poker. A sideboard contains a small but pleasant collection of liqueurs and wines, none of vintage more recent than twenty years ago, displayed openly despite Prohibition. Another chandelier, this one somewhat smaller than the one in the front hall, hangs from the ceiling, its candles fresh and unlit.

Atop the mantelpiece of the fireplace are several minor Graumann family heirlooms: a small stone idol of some toad-like thing, a faded daguerreotype of a forested river valley, a rusty dagger of unknown, peculiarly-curved design, and a metal statue of a baroque, barrel-shaped object protruding many strange limbs and organs. Cthulhu Mythos rolls can identify the stone idol as an image of Gol-Goroth (an obscure Great Old One whose worship is centered in the Balkans) and the metal statue as an image of one of the ancient Elder Things.

Aside from these peculiar keepsakes, this room seems normal enough. The fireplace has clearly not been used in some time, probably years, despite the readily-available wood. The ground floor has been kept dust-free, however.

Dining: A medium-sized dining room, rather impressively equipped with a polished mahogany table, several antique silver place settings, and a third chandelier. A small fireplace is laid with wood, but again with no signs of recent fires. Although clean, this room has a thin sheen of dust on everything.

Kitchen: This is apparently an ordinary nineteenth-century kitchen, equipped with a fireplace, stove, and oven (all wood-fired) as well as a hand-pumped iron sink and a heavy oaken countertop. A dumbwaiter in one wall connects with the bathroom on the second floor, and is used to bring hot water upstairs for the bath; the investigators are too large to ride it, but those of SIZ 11 or less could climb up or down with a Climb roll (failure means a loud and painful fall for 1d3 points of damage).

There is evidence that the kitchen is still in use, unlike other rooms in the house – fresh ashes in the stove and oven, stains on the counter, and so forth. However, this room’s most peculiar property is a little less obvious: the external



exits, via the window and door, serve as access to a distant planet inhabited by the descendants of the Elder Things. Graumann frequently visited these beings to barter with them and learn their esoteric secrets, and designed this part of his house to ease such voyages. Investigators who look out the window here (or who make a Spot Hidden while passing the window on other business) catch a momentary glimpse of an alien sky containing three suns of bizarrely different colors that shines upon a cityscape of outlandish shapes with fantastic peaks and minarets. A moment later the normal view is restored, but this brief glimpse of another world remains imprinted on investigator's memories, costing 1/1d4 SAN.

Investigators who exit the house through the back door find themselves visiting this alien world, as outlined under "Back Porch" below. On the other hand, investigators who enter the house from the back porch notice a peculiar sense of disjunction as they come through the door, costing them 0/1 SAN. The Detect Gate spell informs the investigators that there is a large Gate worked into the very construction of the kitchen's external wall; the door is the primary focus for the gate.

The door in the far northwest corner of the room leads to the basement. It is solidly built and locked (STR 25); Graumann has the keys. Beyond, a staircase of fitted stone circles downward, and a faint but unpleasant odor assaults the investigators' nostrils.

Pantry: Another seemingly normal room, containing a rather impressive assortment of canned and dried foods. Despite the fact that the house has been "abandoned" since 1909, the pantry is still well-stocked and clearly been used regularly. If investigators search here at all, they discover a brick-lined shaft descending into the floor in the southeast corner of the room. A dried residue with a faint, unpleasant odor coats the sides of this mysterious tunnel. Investigators who make Idea rolls recall a similar odor from the bloated, shapeless form of Edgar the Fosterling in Round One.

If investigators choose to descend this tunnel, it requires two successful Climb rolls (one roll if they take careful precautions, such as ropes and pitons) to descend the twenty-five feet of slightly-slimy earthen chute (the bricks end after the first four feet) to the Fosterling Foyer below. A blown Climb roll means the investigator slides helplessly down the chute, taking 1d4 points of damage from random bumps and bruises, and is dumped out into the Foyer. There, the hapless investigator must make a Luck roll to avoid tumbling into the main Fosterling Tunnel that leads much further down (in which case, only a despairing wail makes it back to the other investigators above).

Back Porch: Approached from outside, this appears to be a normal wooden back porch, surrounded by a railing and furnished with three wicker lawn chairs. Investigators who reach the back porch from inside the kitchen, however, have a different experience altogether. From outside, they seem to disappear as they pass through the door, while from inside, they are perceived to walk out into an alien landscape. Stepping through the door has no SAN or Magic Point cost –

this is a Gate of singular power, built by a sorcerer who could not be bothered with routine drains of that sort.

The Gate in the porch door leads to a balcony located high in the side of an alien building. Similar gravity-defying buildings – a mixture of peaks, domes, impossibly balanced discs, and even more outlandish shapes – extend in every direction as far as the eye can see; the balcony is so far up that the ground can only vaguely be discerned far below. Three suns in bizarre colors fill the sky overhead; the air smells indefinably wrong. This whole impossible scene costs witnesses 1d2/2d6 SAN.

If the investigators remain here for more than a few minutes, an Elder Thing flies down from the sky on its strange symmetrical wings and perches on the balcony (lose 0/1d6 SAN). Speaking to the investigators in a fair approximation of German, it asks after “the usual human, the one called Graumann.” The Elder Thing has no particular feelings for or against Graumann, or the investigators, and if approached politely it may be willing to answer a few questions. It knows Graumann is a sorcerer who comes here from time to time, offering Power and information in exchange for the Elder Things’ own singular information, and it also knows that he is extremely long-lived by human standards. However, its understanding of such things is very different from a human’s, and communication with it should be difficult and unsettling. It believes the investigators to be sorcerers as well, but does not seem disturbed if told they are enemies of Graumann – the Elder Things fight frequent wars among themselves. It also is aware that its own kind once inhabited the Earth, and may ask the investigators for information about these long-lost relations; the investigators can hazard a reply if they can make Cthulhu Mythos rolls.

If the investigators attack or threaten the Elder Thing, it simply flies away, and a short time later the balcony begins to shimmer and twist as the Elder Things wipe it out of existence. The investigators must leave immediately (hesitation requires a Jump roll) or plummet to certain doom thousands of feet below.

The Spiral Stairs

These stairs ascend to Graumann’s Aerie, which exists in a different space from the normal world. From the outside the stairs seem to be a rather pointless tower, about thirty feet high; from the inside they ascend almost 100 feet. This unsettling discovery costs 0/1 SAN. Doors access the first and second floor, and on those levels small windows look out on the Pennsylvania landscape; above, the stairs climb up a featureless tube. Above thirty feet the walls are no longer wood, but rather a smooth substance vaguely resembling marble or perhaps polished bone.

At the top of the stairs is a door made of the same strange substance. It has no visible lock or mechanism, but when pushed it opens smoothly into the Aerie.

2nd Floor



Master Bedroom: This is Gunther Graumann's room, and he still sleeps here on the rare occasions when he needs sleep. The place is furnished (somewhat spartanly) with a bed, chair, and dresser. The bed is slightly rumpled, and the dresser contains an assortment of clothing of late 19th century style.

A fireplace is set in one wall, with spare firewood and a poker; fresh ashes smolder within. A double-door to the northeast leads to the Walk-in Closet (see below). Another, single, door leads to the Spiral Staircase, apparently bypassing the Endless Hallway (see below) which should lie between this room and the stairs.

Bath: This room contains a large porcelain tub, along with a bowl for more small-scale bathings. A mirror-fronted cabinet contains towels and cakes of soap. A damp towel is drying on the side of the tub, and it is obvious that the bath is still in occasional use (Graumann, unlike his inhuman allies, still has a normal human form and prefers to maintain his cleanliness). The dumbwaiter from the kitchen terminates in the wall of this room.

Walk-in Closet: Behind the Master Bedroom is this impressive walk-in closet, containing numerous high-quality suits, coats, and jackets. Walking through here is somewhat unsettling, as the thickly-hung jackets impede the investigator's movements and fill their nostrils with the smells of cloth and mothballs. There is no light save that coming from the door (or which the investigators bring with them) and claustrophobes, like Vincent finds this to be a very unpleasant.

However, if the investigators search the closet carefully, their efforts are rewarded: they find a narrow opening in the back, beyond which a staircase (only two feet wide) descends steeply. An Idea roll informs the investigators that logically this staircase cannot exist – it is literally extending *out* of the house. Roxanne's compass spins crazily within the staircase; if the investigators descend, they find the stairs terminate in a narrow wooden door set in a stone wall. Beyond the door is the Holding Area (in the Tunnels). Impossibly, the investigators are now facing southwest, whereas they were facing northeast when they entered the stairs. They lose 1/1d4 SAN for this experience of dimensional travel.

2nd Bedroom: Gunther's son by Elizabeth Cannady, one William Gruman, lived in this room for many years before leaving to pursue his sorcerous studies in other dimensions of reality. Gunther and the Cannadys have kept the room pristine for the day William might return, and it is all but clear of dust. The room contains a fireplace (with a fire laid and ready to be lit at any time), bed, nightstand, desk and chair, chamberpot, and closet. Hanging over the desk is a large portrait of the young William Gruman, dated 1885: he is a very German-looking young man, blond-haired and eagle-eyed, dressed in a tailored suit. Despite the painter's efforts to be flattering, those observing the painting get a sense of a cold hostility almost radiating from William's image.

The desk is bare save for a stack of blank papers and an old-style feather quill resting in an inkwell (with fresh ink). However, searching the desk drawers



uncovers William's notebook on his researches into dimensional travel. (FORENSIC EVIDENCE FILE #3) Reading the notebook takes an hour, costs 0/1d3 SAN, and earns 2% Cthulhu Mythos.

3rd and 4th Bedrooms: These two rooms are more-or-less identical, each containing a plain bed, bedside table with lamp, dresser, closet, chamberpot, and wooden chair. The rooms are dusty but otherwise clean. Graumann housed his occasional visitors here, but they have gone unused for many years. These are probably the most "normal" places in the Gray House. Perceptive investigators will notice that neither room contains a fireplace, so they probably get rather cold in the winter.

Storage: This room contains several spare chairs, a pair of unused mattresses, and similar surplus furniture. However, its most important use is as a holding place for the numerous idols, effigies, and general occult artifacts which the Graumann family has accumulated over the years. Statues, carvings, busts, and bas-reliefs are piled and tumbled throughout the room, some on pieces of furniture and others on the floor. Eyes of stone, wood, marble, and even silver and gold stare at the investigators balefully. There are over a hundred occult items altogether; Archeology rolls identify some of them as belonging to ancient Near Eastern cults such as Set, Sebek, Astarte, Thoth, and Dagon. Most of the images, however, can only be recognized with a Cthulhu Mythos roll: these include Cthulhu, Hastur, Cthugha, Tsathoggua, Yog-Sothoth, Shub-Niggurath, and several aspects of Nyarlathotep. Seeing this whole ghastly and disturbing collection costs 1/1d4 SAN.

Endless Hallway: This hall is a subtle extra-dimensional trap for any unwary intruders (such as the indigent who disappeared exploring the Gray House a few years ago). Looking down the hall, investigators perceive that it seems to extend about fifteen feet and ends in a closed door. This in itself should pique their curiosity, since the "door" would be opening to the exterior of the house. If anyone walks down the hallway, they find it seems to stretch out before them, growing longer with each round they advance down the passage. After four rounds the door has receded out of sight, and if they look back they find the entrance to the hallway has also vanished into the distance (lose 0/1d3 SAN).

If the investigators continue down the hall, they make no progress, and each successive round requires another SAN roll (possible loss 0/1d3). If they attempt to return the way they came, they must make a POW vs. POW test against the hallway's POW of 15. If successful, they take one step back and emerge from the hall back into the rest of the house. Failure means they find themselves tramping endlessly back up the hallway, apparently trapped forever (lose 1/1d4 SAN). They may make additional attempts, but each time the effective POW of the hall increases by one (16, then 17, then 18, etc.) and each failure requires an additional SAN roll.

Investigators who manage to break free of the hall, or who never entered it, can see their trapped comrades, apparently walking in place. Attempts to



rescue such victims (by reaching in, tossing a rope, etc.) require another POW vs. POW roll against the hall's POW of 15, and if failed, the rescuing investigators find themselves drawn into the Endless Hall (lose 1/1d4 SAN)! If successful, they can pull the trapped investigators back into the real world.

There is a simpler way out of the trap: investigators who remain calm and do not move find themselves spontaneously returned to normal space (at the entrance to the Endless Hallway) after a time. The amount of time it takes to return is equal to five minutes for each round spent walking (or running, or crawling) within the trapped space. Thus, a victim who panics and runs down the hall will never get out, but one who stops at the first sign of strangeness escapes after five minutes. A Cthulhu Mythos roll can suggest that "non-resistance" is the best way to escape this peculiar dimensional pocket.

The Aerie

The door at the top of the Spiral Stairs leads to a large hexagonal room, its roof open to the stars. No matter what time it may be in the rest of the house, here the night stars are always visible, shedding a cold and pale light on the chamber. In fact, these are not the stars as seen from Earth, as an Astronomy roll can determine.

The room is dominated by a large structure of discs, lenses, metallic arches and hoops, constructed of some unknown brass-like metal. This is a telescope, although it requires an Idea roll to divine its nature and locate the eyepiece. Graumann uses this device to scan the galaxy for secrets; currently it is pointed at the Lake of Hali in Aldebaaren, and investigators who peer into the eyepiece get a startlingly clear and vivid image of the lake and its octopoid inhabitants (lose 1/1d8 SAN). After this awful glimpse, a Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the place.

Besides the magical telescope, this place also contains a small wooden bookshelf with a couple of dozen tomes, a small table with a large book open atop it, and another larger table covered in notepapers, charts, and memo-books. A human head, apparently still alive, floats inside a glass globe which hovers, apparently unsupported, over the larger table.

The books on the shelf are all grimoires, Gunther's personal stash of magical knowledge. They are in German, and are also written in cipher within that language; it requires several months of work (and both a Cthulhu Mythos roll and an INTx3 roll) to decipher them. They contain all the spells which Gunther knows.

The large book on the table is, of course, the *Cthaat Aquadingen* (in Latin). The investigators do not really have time to read this awful tome (standard reading time is 46 weeks), but if they skim through it searching for information on Bugg-Shash, they can make INTx2 rolls for every 1d4 hours spent on this task; if successful, they have located the ritual for Dismissing Bugg-Shash. Learning the ritual takes an hour and an INTx3 roll; each investigator can make one attempt. If all investigators fail, then the one who failed by the least amount does manage to learn the spell; however, the investigator suffers a -10% penalty when attempting to cast it.

The head in the globe, when examined carefully, proves to be suspended in a peculiar clear fluid, and is apparently alive (lose 1/1d6 SAN); the eyes turn and point at the investigators, and the mouth moves, trying to say (in German), "kill me." The globe cannot be moved by any conceivable physical or magical force, but can be shattered easily enough with a sharp blow; the vile-smelling clear fluid splashes about as the head falls to the floor and gasps helplessly, unable to speak without lungs. Helping this unfortunate victim to find death (inflicting 6 or more HP damage) earns the investigators 1d4 recovered SAN each; only Gunther knows for what unnatural purpose he kept this awful trophy, and he isn't telling.

The notes, charts, and books on the large table chronicle Gunther Graumann's current researches. They are written in German, and take about three hours to read through effectively. This earns the reading investigators +3% Cthulhu Mythos, 1d10 points of Astronomy, and costs 1d3 SAN. The investigators learn that Graumann was trying to learn when the "stars would be right" for the return of the Great Old Ones, since he was planning to flee to an alternate dimension before that time. He has not found an answer, but has narrowed the possibilities down to within the next century.

The Battle with Graumann: Gunther Graumann is in the Aerie 80% of the time; if he is not there when the investigators arrive, he comes up the stairs behind them in 2d4 rounds. He is aware of the investigators (he is attuned to the Gray House's extra dimensional nature, and can vaguely sense everything happening within it) and has made preparations to receive them, by casting Flesh Ward on himself and summoning a Byakhee; the latter monster waits outside the Aerie, ready to swoop down out of the stars and attack at Graumann's shouted command: "Macht tod dieser Volk!"

However, this should not be a final or fatal battle for the investigators; they are more powerful than Graumann realizes, and can probably defeat him and his monster without fatalities if they are aggressive and a little lucky.

Gunther appears, outwardly, to be a short, thin man in early middle-age, his thick head of hair graying at the temples, a pair of thick spectacles perched on his nose. He dresses in the formal clothes of the mid-19th century, and carries a black wooden walking stick with a silver head. Graumann always seems slightly distracted, impatient, and out-of-sorts, querulously demanding (in German) that the investigators stop interrupting his work. He is quite surprised if the investigators manage to kill him, and falls to the floor with an expression of confused bewilderment imprinted on his face.

Gunther's walking stick is both a weapon (with a telescoping blade hidden inside, ready to project from the tip at the touch of a small metal button) and a magical storage battery; it has the ability to drain a point of POW from anyone it touches (besides its owner) and converts stolen POW into Magic Points which its owner can use it cast spells (but not to resist enemy spells). Currently (after casting Gunther's preparatory spells) the stick holds 25 Magic Points. It is tied to his life-force and crumbles to dust if he dies.



Besides the walking stick, Gunther also carries a large ring of keys (opening all the locks in the Gray House), an enchanted dagger, and a .38 revolver with five bullets. His pockets are stuffed with pencil stubs, which he uses when writing his research notes, along with the occasional human finger-bone.

Gunther Graumann, Ancient German Sorcerer

STR 15 CON 18 SIZ 12 DEX 13 INT 22
 EDU 25 APP 11 POW 20 SAN 0 HP 15 (+30 point
 Flesh Ward)

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Sword-Cane 60%, damage 1d6+db, touch drains one point of POW
 .38 Revolver 35%, damage 1d10

Enchanted Dagger 40%, damage 1d4+2+db

Armor: None, but Flesh Ward will absorb 30 points of damage before Gunther begins taking damage himself.

Spells: Breath of the Deep, Brew Space Mead, Call/Dismiss Bugg-Shash, Create Dust of Suleiman, Create Gate, Deflect Harm, Dominate, Flesh Ward, Grasp of Nyogtha, Power Drain, Red Sign of Shudde M'ell, Resurrection, Shriveling, Spectral Razor, Summon/Bind Byakhee.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 75%, all intellectual/educational skills at 99%, physical skills at base except for Dodge 50%, Spot Hidden 80%, and Throw 70%. Knows the following languages: German, English, Latin, Greek, Arabic, Yaddithian, Hyperborean, Serpent Folk, and Deep One.

Summoned Byakhee

STR 17 CON 11 SIZ 16 INT 9
 POW 9 DEX 16 HP 14 Move 5/20 flying

Damage Bonus: +1d6

Weapons: Claws (2) 35%, damage 1d6+1d6, or

Bite 35%, damage 1d6, plus hangs on and drains blood for 1d6 points of STR that and every subsequent round.

Armor: 2 points of fur and hide.

Skills: Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 50%

SAN loss: 1/1d6

The Basement

Main Room: At the bottom of the curving basement steps, an archway leads into this large rectangular room. The foundations of the house's two chimneys can be seen in the northwest and southeast corners. The basement is built of cut and fitted stone, supported with heavy oaken beams; two lamps (currently unlit) hang from hooks in the ceiling. A door of iron (STR 30), set in an iron frame, leads to the adjacent Storage room. It is locked, but Gunther's keys will open it, or the investigators can try to pick the lock with a Locksmith roll or force the door with a battering ram.

The basement is empty of furnishings or junk, and the air here is musty. Cobwebs cluster in the corners. The floor is hard-packed earth, much too tough to show footprints, but if investigators make Track or halved Spot Hidden rolls they can notice a portion of the southwest wall is clear of cobwebs. Careful examination of this area, and a Mechanical Repair or Locksmith roll, discovers a panel of stonework that can be swung open on well-oiled iron hinges. A normal (locked) iron door, as tough and resilient as the other one in the basement (STR 30) lurks behind it. This hidden door leads directly to the Sacrificial Chamber.

Storage: Adjacent to the main basement room, this is the other “normal” part of the basement, and employs similar construction. Another lamp hangs near the entrance. The room is piled with junk – mostly lumber, bricks, and similar supplies for construction and repair. There is a goodly assortment of excavation tools (picks, shovels, mattocks, and so forth), as well as a large keg of nails, two saws, a set of woodworking tools, and an old anvil. The tools and digging equipment look to have been used somewhat regularly, but much of the lumber is coated in cobwebs. A Track or halved Spot Hidden can find a path clear of cobwebs which leads back behind an especially large pile of lumber; here may be found another iron door (locked, STR 30), which leads to the Holding Area.

Holding Area: This is a more irregularly shaped room than those in the “normal” basement, although the construction is still the same oak-reinforced fitted stone. A total of four doors exit this room: three locked iron doors, leading to the Storage Room, the Fosterling Foyer, and the Sacrificial Chamber; and a simple wooden door (locked, but only STR 15) leading to the extra dimensional staircase to the second floor Walk-in Closet. This room is kept lit (unlike the two “normal” rooms) by two lamps hanging at opposite ends of the place.

There are three iron cages in this chamber. Each is about ten feet square and locked with a large padlock (Graumann and Millie have the keys). Currently the cages are empty, but it is clear from the dirty hay, scraps of clothing, and other evidence that they are regularly used for holding human prisoners.

The Fosterling Foyer: The tunnel from the Pantry ends in the ceiling of this damp, unlit room, which is walled and roofed in stone but floored with hard-packed earth. The only other access is the locked door from the Holding Area.

Much of the southern half of this room is taken up by a large hole in the floor. This accesses the main Fosterling Tunnels (see below), and represents a possible (but risky) route for the investigators to descend to Bugg-Shash’s lair. See that section of The Tunnels for details.

Any time the investigators visit this room, there is a 15% chance that a Fosterling slithers up out of the tunnels and attacks these intruders. It pursues them to the Holding Area or the Pantry, but not does not pass beyond it.

Sacrificial Chamber/The Pit: *This* large semi-circular room can be reached from the secret door in the “normal” basement, or from the Holding Area. The chamber floor is laid out in large slabs of polished granite, inscribed with eldritch



symbols, and arranged in a circle around the huge (forty-foot diameter) pit in the southern part of the room. A large square stone, rather like an altar, stands before it. Light comes from two candelabra set on tall stands on either side of the pit. A door in the southern wall (locked, STR 30, and Gunther and Millie can open it) leads to the Tunnels.

The stone altar is made of some strange, unknown stone, of a translucent blue-black color, and feels unnaturally slick, almost slimy, to the touch. The granite floor around it is stained with old dried blood, but none can be seen on the altar itself; if any investigator experiments by dripping a little fresh blood on the altar, it is instantly absorbed into the alien stone (lose 0/1 SAN). No physical force can harm this stone; it serves the Cult as a battery of magic points, and currently holds 112. They may be accessed for spell-casting by laying a hand on the stone and invoking the name of Bugg-Shash (a Cthulhu Mythos roll can tell the investigators this is probably a magic-point battery, and suggests it can be invoked by speaking a name sacred to the owners).

The symbols inscribed on the floor are invocations of power and praises of Bugg-Shash, written in several human tongues (Greek, Latin, German, Arabic) as well as pre-human tongues such as Hyperborean. If investigators can make at least two Language rolls for these tongues, and a Cthulhu Mythos, they can confirm that the huge pit is the ultimate residing-place of Bugg-Shash. Of course, it's over 1,000 feet deep, so a direct descent is probably out of the question.

The Tunnels

Fosterling Tunnels: These twisting, turning earthen passages are coated with the noxious leavings of the Fosterlings. Investigators who choose to descend these passages must make Climb rolls at each point marked "C" on the map. The rolls are made at half normal chances, due to the slick surfaces and choking stench, unless they make careful use of climbing equipment (ropes, pitons, picks, etc.), in which case the roll is made at full skill. If the investigators fail a roll, they fall unless they have taken precautions with ropes (tied together, one investigator feeding rope to the others, or similar) – in that case, the investigators holding the rope must match their STR against the SIZ of the falling investigator or let go/be pulled loose. Ropes are considered to have a STR of 25 for purposes of determining whether they break under the stress of falling investigators.

Investigators who slip and fall slide and tumble down to the Fosterling Pit (or to Bugg-Shash, if they are in the bottommost tunnel). They may make DEXx3 rolls to stop themselves halfway down, or a Luck roll to stop at the last second. We shall draw a discrete cloak of silence over the grim fate of investigators who fall alone into either location.

It takes the investigators a quarter-hour of strenuous effort to traverse the distance between each "C" marked on the map. Every half-hour the investigators spend exploring the tunnels is a cumulative 20% chance that they encounter a Fosterling slithering through the passages; the foul monstrosity immediately attacks, while sending a telepathic message to its comrades.



Lab of Sorcery: The staircase which circles down from the basement finally ends, more than 100 feet below, in this large oval chamber. Its fitted-stone roof is braced with ancient, blackened oaken beams. The black, foul maw of a Fosterling Tunnel opens in one side of the room, and across from it a staircase descends steeply downward, ending at the Library. A pale, greasy light comes from lanterns hung in iron hooks between the pillars; if investigators check, they find that the lanterns burn without fuel, and their pallid white “flames” are cold to the touch (lose 0/1d2 SAN).

The Lab contains a variety of magical and alchemical research gear, including many esoteric chemicals and drugs, a long wooden table covered with strange objects, and a huge multi-layered wooden shelf containing hundreds and hundreds of small stone bottles – the essential salts of the countless victims Resurrected by Graumann before he tired of such researches. Along the wall between the entrance and the Fosterling tunnel are an assortment of torture devices, including whips, needles, pinchers, thumbscrews, and branding irons, along with a small coal-fired furnace (connected by a long, winding tunnel to one of the Gray House’s chimneys) for heating these infernal tools. A large iron cage, about ten feet square, sits next to the torture array; within is a strange, anthropoid insect creature, about human-size: a Yaddithian (lose 0/1d6 SAN).

Investigators making Chemistry rolls can find some useful items among all the strange chemicals and drugs in this room: 1d6 small beakers of highly caustic acid (damage 2d6 per beaker), two bottles of ether, and a pouch of the Dust of Suleiman (1d20 damage to any non-terrene creature, including Byakhee, Fosterlings, and anything associated with Bugg-Shash). The table of strange objects are mostly minor items of occult or religious significance – small statues of various mythical beings and Great Old Ones, cult symbols such as inverted ankhs, ritual weapons, and so forth – but mixed in are two items of genuine use: a Star Stone (Elder Sign) and a small silver-blue metallic torque on a thin chain of the same substance. This item cannot be identified, and is of non-Terrene origin (Physics determines this). It is a Yaddithian protective device, and affords its wearer three points of armor against any physical attack. The wearer is also considered to have three additional magic points for purposes of resisting magical attack.

The imprisoned Yaddithian was captured by Millie during a recent trip to Celaeno. Both she and Graumann have been torturing the being for its eldritch knowledge, and it is now barely alive (2 HP). Bipedal and vaguely humanoid, this black-carapaced insect knows no human tongue (Graumann speaks Yaddithian, along with many other alien tongues) but tries to use sign language to persuade the investigators to free it, all the while emitting strange buzzing and clicking sounds. Millie and Graumann both have keys to the cage; failing that, it can be opened with a Locksmith or halved Mechanical Repair roll, or forced open by overcoming its STR of 35 (two investigators can try at once, provided they have a crowbar or similar device with which to pry the door open). Investigators who try to shoot the door open must roll an Impale to succeed, and each shot requires a Luck roll to avoid hitting a random investigator with a ricochet.



Freed, the Yaddithian skulks away to find a place to hide and rest, but before it leaves it shuffles over to the table and offers the protective torque to one of the investigators. Whether this poor creature escapes, or falls victim to a patrolling Fosterling, is up to the tender mercies of the Keeper.

Library of Evil: At the bottom of the stairs from the Lab, the investigators emerge into a large, low-roofed room, about fifteen feet by thirty, the eight-foot ceiling supported by thick stone pillars. The place is lit by the same, unnatural “cold” lanterns used in the Lab of Sorcery. Lining the walls of this chamber are stone bookshelves, packed to bursting with hundreds upon hundreds of volumes – some recent, others impossibly ancient and half-rotted. At the far end of the room, two other archways lead out – one to the Gateway, the other to another steep, narrow staircase descending to Millie’s Quarters.

The books here are the accumulated knowledge of the entire Cult, and represent a vast repository of sorcerous and Mythos wisdom. Even a surface perusal of this place would take weeks, and is beyond the scope of this adventure; a cursory glance spots numerous grimoires, occult tomes, the personal journals of numerous sorcerers (including Graumann’s own ancestors), and quite a few Mythos tomes, including the *Libor Ivonis*, *Cultes des Goules*, *De Vermis Mysteriis*, and the *Pnakotic Manuscripts*. Obviously the investigators do not have the time to make use of these written resources right now, but the sheer mass and depth of this thaumaturgical library should be horrifying to anyone still possessing a shred of sanity.

If the investigators spend a considerable length of time here (perhaps hoping to glean a few spells), Millie notices them and sends some undead (or one of her Fosterling relatives) to drive out these blasphemers.

The Gateway: From the Library, an arched stone passage (seven feet high at the peak) leads to a circular domed room, about fifteen feet in diameter. On the far wall is a triangular opening, its edges lined with eldritch symbols; within the gap floats a swirling dark-gray fog. Although the passage appears to continue beyond the fog, the swirling vapors form an impenetrable barrier to the investigators. This is a Gate, as can be determined with the Find Gate spell or a Cthulhu Mythos roll.

If the investigators attempt to decipher the symbols on the archway, they can make a Mythos roll to deduce the destination of the Gate: the Great Library at the star Celaeno, 400 light-years distant, repository of all the eldritch knowledge in the universe. The Gate is activated by saying (in German) the words “Glory to Bugg-Shash, the laughter below,” but there is no way for the investigators to know this. In any case, the mere thought of visiting such a deadly alien place should be more than enough to discourage the investigators.

Millie’s Quarters: The stairs which descend from the Library end at a level passageway which circles around the edge of the Pit of Bugg-Shash. An opening in the wall, about six feet square and a foot off the floor, gives access to the shaft of the Pit, and from far below comes a disturbing odor and a faint

chuckling or giggling sound. Obviously, this ledge is rather dangerous (with only a one-foot-high barrier protecting the investigators from a fatal plummet to the bottom) and Millie may well choose to attack the investigators here (40% chance), hoping to knock them over the edge.

Beyond this opening, the passage continues straight for a short distance before entering Millie's personal quarters: a large irregular cave hollowed out of natural earth and stone. The passage continues beyond. This chamber contains a small stone altar, a wooden bookshelf, and a large stone table covered in various sorcerous paraphernalia; a "cold" lantern hangs from the center of the ceiling. A large Gate is inscribed on the floor at one end of the room. A stench of death, mingled with another, undefinable odor, hangs over the entire place, and traces of a foul blue-black slime are everywhere. Millie is here 75% of the time, unless she already attacked the investigators at the ledge.

The altar is similar to the one in the Basement Sacrificial Chamber, including the blood-drinking properties, and currently holds 54 Magic Points. Millie uses these to supplement her own limited supply when fighting the investigators.

The bookshelf holds a number of tomes which Millie has borrowed from the Library for her current research project (the captured Yaddithian). Besides a number of minor tomes of eldritch lore, all dealing with travel through alien time and space, the shelf also holds a copy of the *Revelations of Glaaki* (English). Mixed in with all these books, incongruously, is a child's picture-book with "Millie Cannady" written in blocky, childish letters on the title page.

The table has a large open notebook, pencils and quills, an ink-bottle, several small torture devices, a silver whistle, three stone bottles of essential salts, and several large glass beads of strange and diverse colors. The notebook, in English, chronicles the results of interrogations of the Yaddithian, interspersed with information from three ancient Resurrected sorcerers (the three bottles, of course). The principle subjects discussed are Gates, space travel, time and dimensional travel, and otherworldly hazards such as Dimensional Shamblers, Hounds of Tindalos, and Dhols. There are also references to the Library at Celaeno, and near-escapes from its fearsome Guardian. Reading these notes costs 1d4 SAN and earns 3% Cthulhu Mythos and a chance, at INTx1, to learn the Gate spell. Also, anyone reading the notebook can make a Spot Hidden roll to find the phrase "Glory to the One who waits Below" scribbled in the margin of an early page.

The silver whistle is enchanted, and is used for the Summon/Bind Byakhee spell. The glass beads have no apparent function (a sorcerer's secrets can't always be understood by mere investigators). The contents of the three stone bottles can be Resurrected if the investigators wish; they are insane sorcerers, two speaking Latin and the third Arabic, and have little useful knowledge for the investigators beyond confirming what was in the notebook: Millie was researching dimensional travel.

The Gate scribed on the floor leads to the attic of the Cannady house. It is activated by standing within its circle and chanting "Glory to the One who waits Below"; using the Gate costs 1 SAN and 1 Magic Point.



Millicent “Millie” Cannady, Undead Sorceress: Millie appears at first to be the same sort of creature as the undead form of Vincent’s mother in round one – a human corpse, female, coated in a thin layer of blue-black slime. However, Millie chose to take this form voluntarily, so as to avoid her metamorphosis into a Fosterling and continue the sorcerous studies she had begun under Gunther’s tutelage; consequently, she retains her full personality and memories. She tries to explain herself to Vincent, given the chance, and persuade him to return to the family fold. Despite her inhuman appearance, a sinister intellect burns in her dead-white eyes, and her voice, while choked with slime, is still recognizable to Vincent as the voice of his older sister.

Millie tries to avoid fighting Vincent, but attacks all other investigators with complete ruthlessness. As long as she has access to the alter and its magic points, she uses spells by preference, especially Deflect Harm to protect herself from investigator attacks. She is immune to the Elder Sign, but can be dismissed with Prinn’s Crux Ansanta. If she is losing the fight badly, Millie retreats into the Fosterling Pit and uses her relatives there to travel down to Bugg-Shash itself, using the Great Old One’s slime to heal herself. There she waits to destroy these foolish intruders.

Millie’s Stats

STR 17 CON 15 SIZ 13 INT 17
POW 20 DEX 12 Move 8 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Fist 50%, damage 1d6+1d4

Armor: 2 point slimy hide. Immune to impaling firearms.

Spells: Breath of the Deep, Create Gate, Deflect Harm, Dominate, Grasp of Nyogtha, Resurrection, Shriveling, Summon/Bind Byakhee

Skills: Speaks Latin, Greek, Arabic, and German at 60%, Sneak 50%

SAN loss: 1/1d8 (1d3/1d12 to Vincent)

The Pit of the Fosterlings: At the bottom of the Fosterling tunnels is this huge, roughly globular cavern, home to all the Fosterlings created from the Cannady and Graumann family lines. A total of nine of these awful entities dwell here (less any encountered and killed elsewhere in the tunnels), oozing and flopping around in the cavern, their malleable flesh-colored bodies at times seeming to flow together into one pulsating mass. Disturbingly human-like faces form on these shapeless bodies, observing the investigators with oversized, bloodshot eyes. A cacophony of voices rises up, urging Vincent to join them in eternal glory, and promising death and worse than death to the other investigators. Lose 1d3/2d6 SAN.

The Fosterlings cannot reach the ledge which passes through the upper side of the cavern, so if the investigators come by that route they are safe from attack; however, all the Fosterlings know at least one spell, and they use these spells on the investigators. A favorite tactic is to use the Domination spell to command investigators on the ledge to “Jump!” The investigators’ best option

here is probably to run along the ledge quickly, getting out of the room in a single round.

If any investigators should happen to end up down in the Pit (either voluntarily, or due to jumping/falling from the ledge, or due to falling down the Fosterling Tunnels), the Fosterlings immediately converge on the hapless victim and attack. Unless friends snatch him back quickly, the investigator is almost certainly doomed – the Elder Sign cannot possibly hold off all the Fosterlings at once, nor can it prevent them from casting spells. Prinn's Crux Ansanta is not effective against the Fosterlings.

The Fosterlings

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6	#7	#8	#9
STR	19	23	35	33	21	23	23	18	33
CON	25	29	38	22	22	31	33	27	26
SIZ	40	37	32	17	27	33	26	42	24
INT	24	21	19	23	18	15	23	22	15
POW	23	15	10	19	11	5	18	10	16
DEX	10	11	17	11	14	21	9	26	10
HP	33	33	35	19	25	32	30	35	25
Dmg Bonus	+3d6	+3d6	+3d6	+2d6	+2d6	+2d6	+2d6	+3d6	+3d6

Move: 8

Weapon: Crush 75%, damage 1d6+db

Armor: None, but take minimum damage from non-enchanted weapons.

Spells: #1 knows Red Sign of Shudde M'ell and Shriveling; #2 knows Spectral Razor; #3 knows Dominate; #4 knows Grasp of Nyogtha; #5 knows Dominate and Fist of Yog-Sothoth; #6 knows no spells; #7 knows Spectral Razor and Shriveling; #8 knows Deflect Harm; and #9 knows Power Drain and Breath of the Deep.

SAN loss: 1/1d10 to see an individual Fosterling.

The Great Cave: Here, the descending stairs emerge into an enormous cave, the roof a maze of stalactites, the floor invisible below. The cavern extends into the distance, far beyond the range of the investigators' lights; if they drop stones or other objects in an attempt to ascertain the depth of the cave, they never hear them hit bottom (lose 0/1d3 SAN). The stairs descend the side of the cave in a spiral (half built, half carved out of the wall) for about two hundred feet before leaving the cave and descending once more via tunnel.

Investigators who make Listen rolls while in this cave can hear faint flapping and squeaking noises, and Spot Hidden rolls made while shining lights toward the roof of the cave enables the investigators to glimpse winged forms circling around the stalactites in the distance (lose 0/1 SAN). This place is a Byakhee rookery, and there are an unguessable number of the foul, alien winged creatures fluttering, perching, and diving in the vase dark space. However, they do not approach or attack unless Millie has already fought the investigators and retreated before them; in that case, 1d3+1 of the monstrosities swoop out of the darkness and attempt to either kill the investigators, or Grapple them and pull



them off the stairs. There are no railings on the stairs, and Grappled investigators must overcome the Byakhee's STR with their own SIZ + half STR or plummet to their doom. Falling investigators scream for a VERY long time before finally fading to inaudibility, and listening to this awful fates costs 1/1d4 SAN.

If the investigators blow the enchanted whistle in this room, a Byakhee flies over to investigate, hovers for a few moments, and then flies away again – unless the investigators attack it, in which case it does its best to slay them.

Typical Byakhee

STR 17 CON 11 SIZ 17 INT 10
POW 11 DEX 13 HP 14 Move 5/20 flying

Damage Bonus: +1d6

Weapons: Claws (2) 35%, damage 1d6+1d6, or

Bite 35%, damage 1d6, plus hangs on and drains blood for 1d6 points of STR that and every subsequent round.

Armor: 2 points of fur and hide.

Skills: Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 50%

SAN loss: 1/1d6

The Pit of Bugg-Shash

The Ledge of Supplication

At the bottom of the stairs which the investigators have descended for so long, they emerge once again into the cylindrical Pit of Bugg-Shash. A narrow ledge, about two feet wide, circles completely around the pit. If Millie was not encountered in her quarters, or if she retreated from combat with the investigators there, she is waiting here on the ledge.

About twenty feet below the ledge, filling the entire Pit, is the disgusting form of Bugg-Shash itself: a glistening mass of blue-black slime, pock-marked with hundreds of staring eyes and giggling, chittering, slobbering mouths. Roll SAN. The Great Old One has no desire to be dispelled back to its home plane, since it has such a regular supply of victims here, and takes action against the investigators the moment they either attack it or attempt to Dismiss it. It initially uses its Envelop attack to seize one or more investigators (not Vincent, since it recognizes the bloodline of the Great Old Ones within him) and smother them to death, disgorging their corpses as zombies 1d4 rounds later. After Enveloping at least two investigators, it switches to spells, although it may use its Envelop attack again later if it feels sufficiently endangered.

If Millie is here, she of course attacks the investigators to the best of her ability. If Vincent is still helping the rest of the party, she finally gives up on him and, with many a remark about "Mama and Papa are so disappointed in you," attacks him.

Investigators who cast the Dismiss spell (learned from the Cthaat Aquadingen) must spend 2d4 rounds chanting before the spell takes effect. One investigator must act as focus for the spell, and it fails automatically if that investigator is disabled. Other investigators who know the spell can join in the chant and contribute as many Magic Points as they wish; investigators who do

not know the spell can contribute one Magic Point each if they join in the chant. The investigators must expend 5 Magic Points to have a base 5% chance of Dismissing Bugg-Shash; each additional Magic Point raises the chance by 5%, but a roll of 00 always fails.

The Crux Ansanta can also be used to Dismiss Bugg-Shash, but because this is not the “correct” way to Dismiss the deity, the Crux Ansanta does not grant its normal “bonus” +5 Magic Points to Roxanne when the chance of success is calculated.

It is quite possible that the investigators shall lose this struggle – they are going up against a Great Old One, after all. There should be heavy casualties in any event. But if they do succeed, a horrible shriek echoes throughout the tunnels as Bugg-Shash is sucked back through the dimensions to its alien home. Millie and any zombies which are still active fall to the ground with wet, disgusting thuds, their animating force gone. The Fosterlings, squealing and gibbering, retreat into their tunnels in dismay. The investigators can return to the surface world (and, perhaps, burn down the Gray House) in the knowledge that they have excised a cancerous tumor from the body of Pennsylvania.

Bugg-Shash, the Laughing One, He Who Comes in the Dark

STR 50 CON 45 SIZ 65 INT 15
POW 25 DEX 10 Move 6 HP 55

Damage Bonus: +6d6

Weapons: Envelop 90%, damage 6d6 or Grappled. Envelop attack chance decreases by 10 percentiles for each victim already Enveloped. Enveloped victims can escape by making a STR vs. STR test; Bugg-Shash must divide its STR among all Enveloped victims.

Kiss, 100% vs. Grappled opponents, damage as per Drowning rules

Armor: None, but only magic, enchanted weapons, fire, or electricity harm Bugg-Shash. Acid, explosives, and mundane weapons have no effect.

Spells: Breath of the Deep, Dominate, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Grasp of Nyogtha, Shriveling, others at the discretion of the Keeper.

SAN loss: 1d6/1d20

Bugg-Shash Zombies (Fallen Investigators)

STR 17 CON 15 SIZ 11 INT 0
POW 1 DEX 6 Move 6 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Bite 30%, damage 1d3

Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1d3+1d4

Armor: None, but impaling firearms do only 1 point of damage, and all other weapons do half damage. Fire and spells have full effect.

SAN loss: 1/1d6



KEEPERS AID #1 – Recommended Indefinite Insanities

Erich Von Horstmann: If Von Horstmann goes insane, his megalomania deepens, and begins to be tinged with paranoia. He becomes convinced that he is destined to become the “sorcerer-king of Germany” and maps out his glorious future in every detail. However, everyone and everything is plotting against him and, through him, against Germany. If his SAN drops below 20, he begins to regard his fellow party-members as enemies, although he will not take active measures against them until his SAN drops below 10.

Vincent Cannady: If Vincent goes insane, he becomes delusional and believes that he is physically transforming into a monster – a grotesque blend between a Worm That Walks and a Fosterling of the Old Ones. He perceives his own flesh bubbling and sloughing off his bones, his fingernails lengthening into claws, his teeth turning into fangs, and similar ghastly effects. If Cannady’s SAN drops below 10, he decides that his transformation is complete and attempts to slither off and join the rest of his monstrous family.

Roxanne Hillcrest: Roxanne’s fascination with foreign languages spins out of control if she goes insane – she makes up her own private language, using a bizarre blend of every tongue she knows along with original nonsense words, and attempts to communicate in this new, “superior” tongue whenever possible. If her SAN drops below 20, she accepts her new language completely and refuses to communicate in any other tongue.

Vladimir Roltov: If Vladimir goes insane, he develops an unhealthy fetish for his rifle, and gives it a female Russian name like “Natasha” or “Ilya.” He spends every spare moment talking to his rifle, caressing it, oiling and cleaning it, and so forth. If his SAN drops below 20, he refuses to let go of his rifle for any reason whatsoever. If he loses his rifle, he forgets everything else while he frantically scrambles around looking for it.

John McCabe: If McCabe goes indefinitely insane, he decides that he really IS Odysseus, the hero of Greek legend, and reinterprets everything around him to fit this vision – he and his companions are actually Acheaen heroes on a great quest to face mythological terrors, their firearms are spears and swords, and so forth. If his SAN drops below 20, he becomes so obsessed with this delusion that he no longer fights with any weapon save his saber (if it is still in his possession).

Ravi Sahia: Ravi becomes a latent manic-depressive if he goes indefinitely insane. Thereafter, any crisis situation (sudden danger, combat, etc.) triggers either suicidal confidence (50%) or nihilistic despair (50%). So long as his SAN remains above 10, however, he can be snapped-out of these states by a successful Persuade (from McCabe) or Psychoanalysis (from any other party member).

FORENSIC EVIDENCE FILE #1: Letter from Vincent's Father

My Dear Vincent,

If you are reading this, it means you've returned at last to your true and only home. You'll have been told that I am dead, and as far as the outside world is concerned, I am. But we Cannadys never really die. That's one of our great secrets, one of the secrets I could never tell you in the old days.

There's so much I have to tell you, so many wonderful secrets. I want to take you before the Laughing One and show you the font of our power. I'm waiting for you, waiting to tell you everything. All you have to do is find me.

Your father,

Edgar



FORENSIC EVIDENCE FILE #2: Cannady Family Journal

This is evidently a long-term journal of the Cannady family, and there are several different sets of handwriting over the course of the book. The early entries are by a William Cannady (1756-1844), who migrated to Bulman, Pennsylvania, after an “unfortunate incident” with “the great Master Curwen.” Although most of the entries describe William’s mundane life as a lawyer, his marriage to a local girl, and so forth, there are several cryptic references to “continuing the work” and “successful experiments.”

The second person to write in the journal is George Cannady (1821-1869), who takes up the pen in 1844 with the entry “Father was careless, and raised up That which he could not Put Down, just as Curwen had warned.” Subsequent entries focus on the arrival of “a new friend, Gunther Graumann, come recently from Germany,” and focus on their growing friendship, culminating in Gunther’s marriage to George’s daughter Elizabeth in 1857. But the most interesting entry in George’s section comes earlier, in 1850: “G. took me down to the secret places beneath the *Grauhaus*, and showed me the chuckling one of the eyes, there at the bottom of the Pit, and great was the glory of it. This was the source of G.’s power, that he could Raise such a one and hold it to his will, and from that comes power beyond our dreams.”

George’s entries are followed by those of his sons, Edgar (1851-1886) and Phillip (1865-1917), who each led the Cannady family in turn. It is clearly evident from these entries that both the brothers are practicing sorcerers: “raising up fresh subjects” and the knowledge gained therefrom is a recurring theme, as are trips to the *Grauhaus* (now more commonly called “the Gray House”) to consult with “the one below” and Gunther Graumann. Reading between the lines, it can be inferred that both brothers practiced human experiments and human sacrifice, kidnapping victims for this purpose. One entry makes this explicit, speaking of a “wandering indigent” who is drugged and then taken to the Gray House. Both brothers also speak proudly of being permitted by Graumann to peruse “that great book, the Cthaat Aquadingen, source of so much of his knowledge,” during trips to the Gray House. It is also a curious feature that Phillip makes several references to “visiting with Edgar” after his older brother’s supposed death in 1886. There is also a discussion of Gunther’s decision to “depart from view” in 1909 and leave the Gray House in the care of the Cannady family.

The last author is Edgar II (1884-present), Vincent’s father, who takes up the pen in 1917 with the remark “Father was transfigured last night.” Most of the entries focus on the same subjects and in the same tone as his father and uncle, although there are also passing references to his business as an accountant and to “family troubles” such as the madness of his wife. There are disappointed references to Vincent’s departure from home, accompanied by the confident prediction that “the ties of family are unbreakable, and he returns as I did.”

The last entry, dated just over a month ago, remarks: “The change will come soon. I must make arrangements for Vincent.”

FORENSIC EVIDENCE FILE #3: WILLIAM GRUMAN'S NOTEBOOK

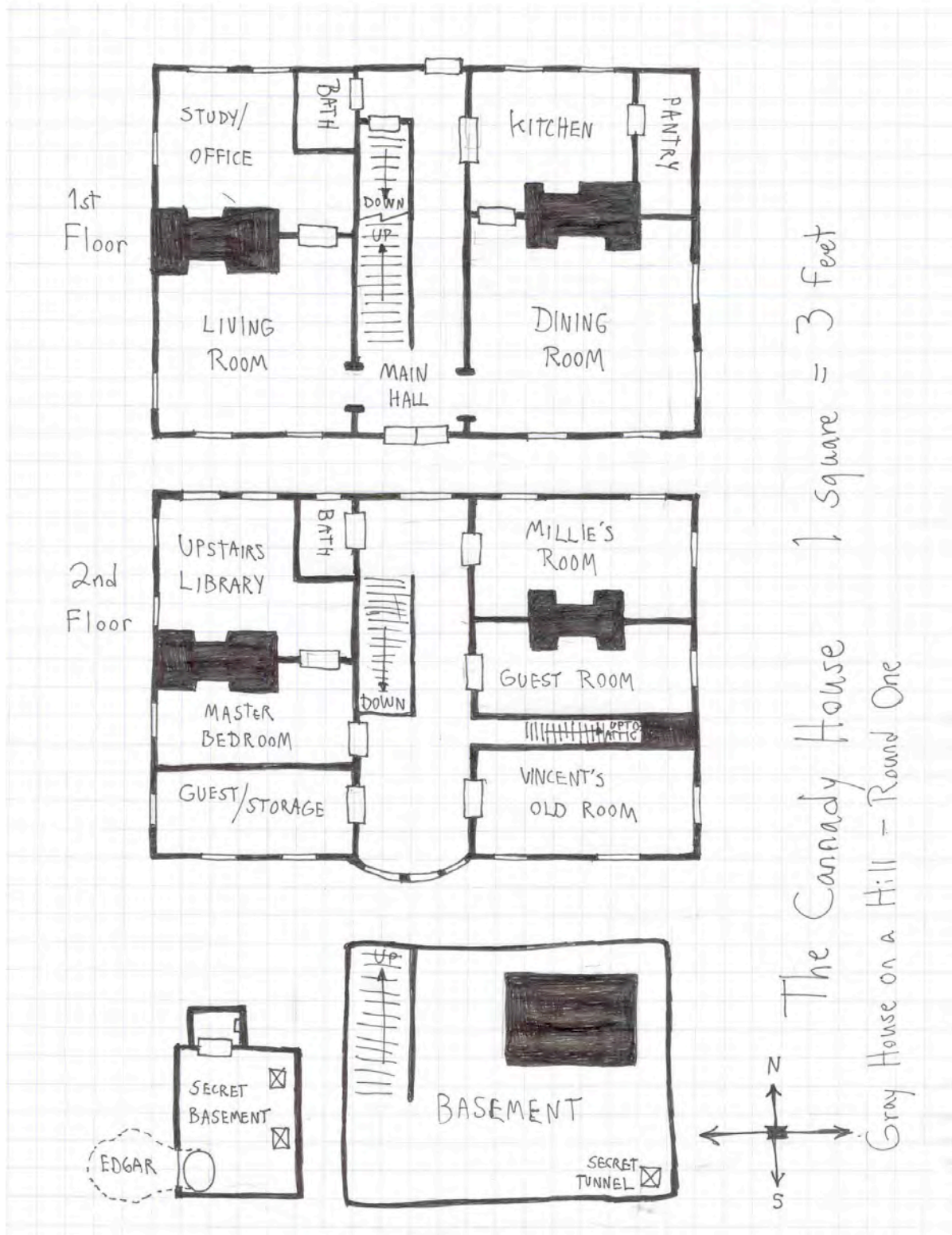
This is the personal notebook of a William Gruman, evidently the son of Gunther Graumann. William begins the journal at the age of 16, with the entry "Father took me down to the Pit and showed me the Laugher in the Dark." There are no further dates after that, and a reader can only guesstimate at how much time passes between each entry.

Thereafter the tome is the chronicle of a sorcerer's training, beginning with the study of dark tomes such as the *Libor Ivonis* and *De Vermiss Mysteriis*. William is particularly gratified with those occasions when he is allowed "into the Aerie" to pore over "Father's copy of *The Book*." There are also several descriptions of sacrificial rituals, magical experiments involving "raising from the Saltes," and repeated visits to the "Laugher in the Dark," which is also referred to as "the Black One," "He Who Comes in the Dark," and "Bugg-Shash." There are also occasional references to siblings and children, usually unnamed, "taking their place Below."

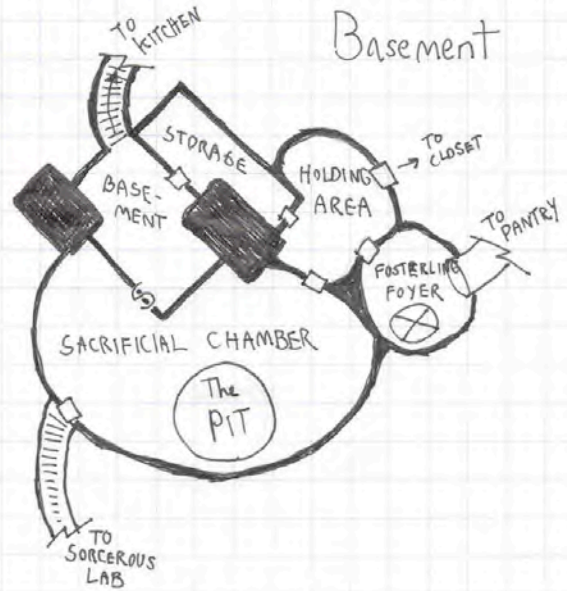
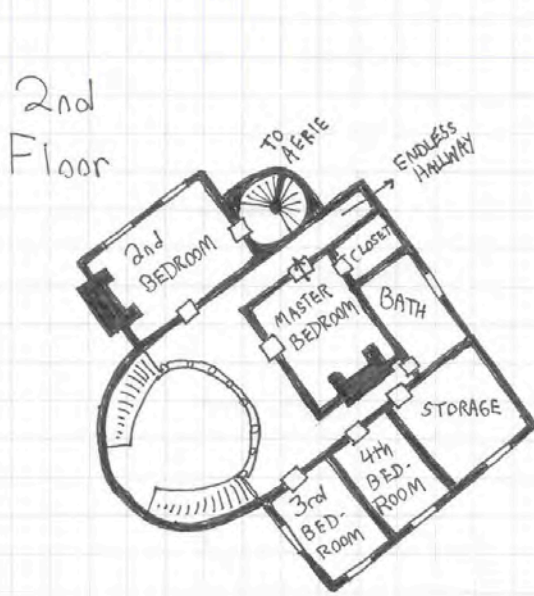
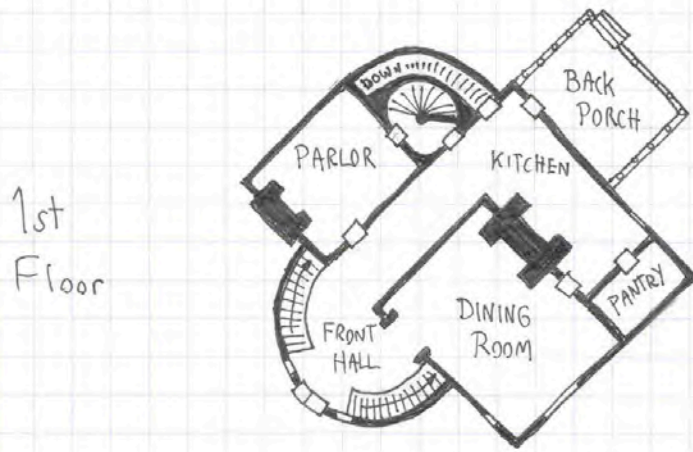
After the age of twenty, William becomes increasingly concerned with questions of dimensional travel and otherworldly exploration. He speaks several times of accompanying his father on "trips to Celaeno," and the dark knowledge he gains there.

Later still, William begins to focus his studies almost entirely on extra dimensional matters. He comments on "Father's concern for the future," and the bedeviling question of when the "Stars will be Right." Finally, in the last entry, he announces his intention of leaving home and, indeed, the Earth itself, to study at length in a "more suitable locale."

Gray House on a Hill Map #1



Gray House on a Hill Map #2

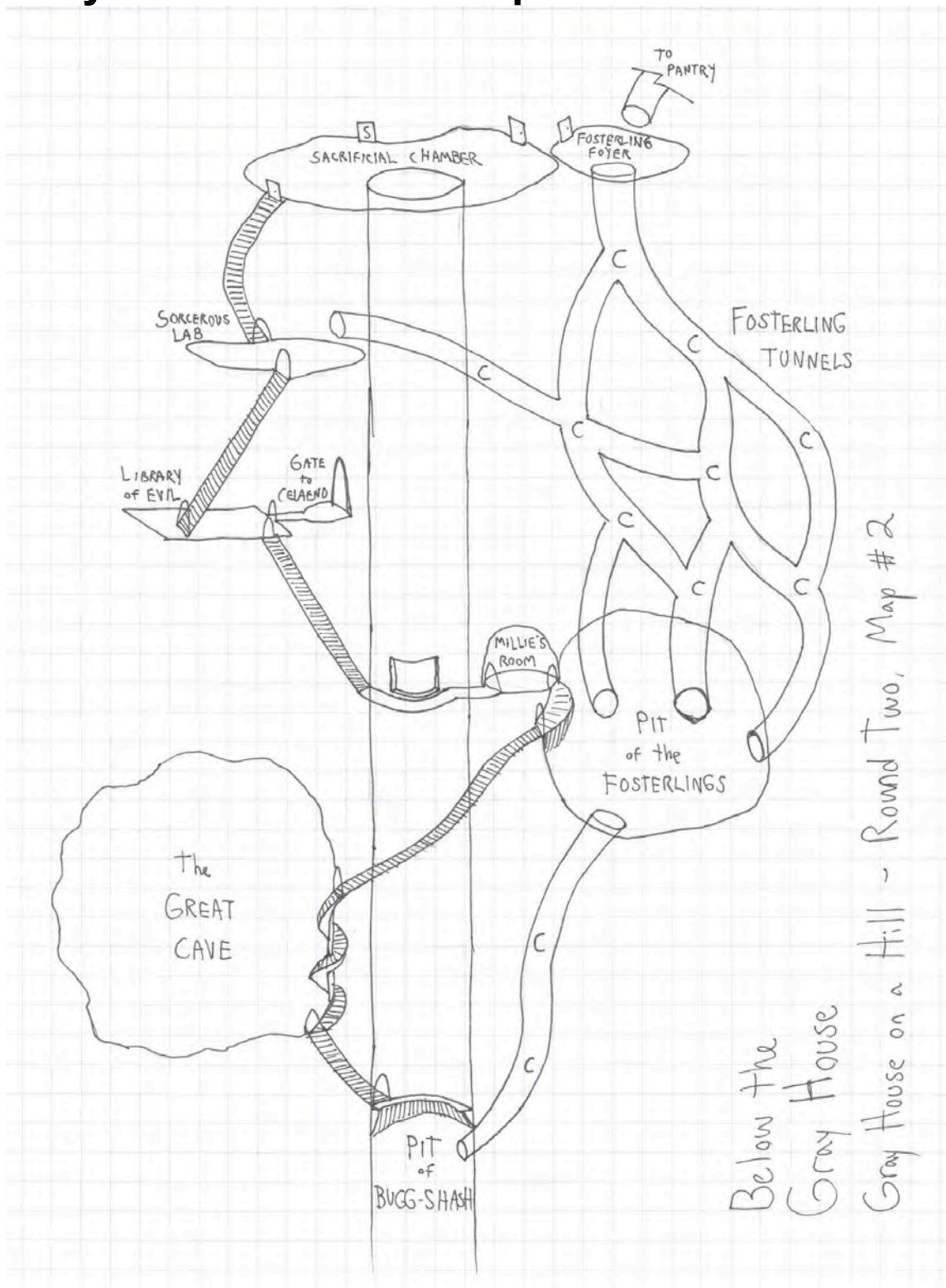


The Gray House



Gray House on a Hill - Round Two, Map #1

Gray House on a Hill Map #3



Below the
Gray House
Gray House on a Hill - Round Two, Map #2

Chapter Four

...”My excursions across the globe proved to be far more devastating to my monetary reserves than I had anticipated. This, coupled with the demise of my practice (due in part to my neglect), painted a rather grim picture for the future. Rather than succumb to financial ruin, I turned to an old acquaintance in academia for assistance.

Long weeks passed before he wired that a position had opened up at a university in Massachusetts. As I packed my belongings I sadly resigned myself to the fact that my new, true calling was lost to me for the time being. However, I could not have guessed what awaited me at Miskatonic University.

Had I not been wasting time following a red herring in London, England, I might have been able to aid those who sought to thwart the terrible machinations that were nearly set in motion by a special...

Senior Project

BACKGROUND

This adventure is set at the legendary Miskatonic University of Arkham, Massachusetts, in 1933. The investigators – a professor and his students, who have taken up the mantle of Mythos hunters – find themselves digging into a series of mysterious events from October 1929, when a previous group of investigators thwarted a dangerous plot to unleash the Outer God Tulukscha. Unfortunately, two of those brave men were driven mad by their experience, and fell under the influence of a rare and dangerous aspect of Nyarlathotep, the dark soul of the Outer Gods. Unless the new investigators can stop their predecessors, the world itself may be doomed.

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

Senior Project draws heavily on the Chaosium publications Miskatonic University (1995) and Arkham Unveiled (1990), but those books are not needed to run the adventure. The Yithian encounter was inspired by a scene from the long-out-of-print Chaosium supplement Fragments of Fear (Chaosium 1985).

Keeper’s Introduction

The investigators – Professor John Baskins and five students – first met in one of his classes, HISTORY 229: Unpublished Witch Trials. Baskins, a man dedicated to a continuing struggle against the Cthulhu Mythos, actually uses this class as a screening device to seek out allies in the student population. All of the students have joined him on at least one investigation already, and learned something of the malign forces lurking outside the ordinary universe. They are about to learn a great deal more.

Four years ago, Bedford Haverstack was a professor of Physics at Miskatonic. He was a man with strange and radical ideas, who drew connections between ancient magic and modern mathematics. Most scoffed at his notions, but he did manage to attract one devotee – a French exchange student, Jacques LeFebvre. Their single-minded pursuit of these concepts eventually drew them into a small circle of Mythos investigators operating out of the Miskatonic campus. In October of 1929, shortly before the great stock market crash, this band of investigators helped foil a pair of madmen who sought to summon the Outer God Tuzscha in the tunnels deep beneath Arkham. In that subterranean netherworld they discovered more than madmen, however; they also found remnants of the ancient technology of the Great Race of Yith. This seemed to confirm everything Bedford and Jacques had suspected about magic, mathematics and physics; they brought samples of the technology back with them, and began to study it. As time passed their fascination grew into an obsession which caused them to abandon their investigator friends and all pretenses of normal lives. Jacques completed his degree (barely) and stayed on as a graduate student, helping Haverstack to maintain his shaky faculty position, while they pushed ever farther into the realms of abstruse science and alien engineering. The investigators believed they were on the brink of attaining a radical breakthrough, one which would leave Einstein's theory of Relativity in the dust, and revolutionize life on Earth.

Unknown to the two fanatics, they had drawn the attention of the Tick-Tock Man, a rare, technologically oriented aspect of Nyarlathotep. Through the machinery which the two researchers built, the Tick-Tock Man was able to enter their world and impart dangerous and maddening knowledge. The two men, now quite mad, have begun construction of a new device, a "Capture Plant" which is supposed to provide the world with infinite power by snagging energy from space. What it will actually do is attract one of the Seeds of Azathoth to destroy the planet. The investigators must find out what is happening and deactivate the "power plant" before it is too late.

The end of the scenario has a list of recommended insanities (KEEPER'S AID #1) tailored to the particular investigators.

Running the Scenario

There is no obvious time pressure in this scenario – it could be weeks or months before the Capture Plant brings doom to the Earth. The investigators are free to take the time to travel to the different former investigators, do research, and so forth. Although there is not time for the investigators to actually read new Mythos tomes or learn new spells (a process which takes months), they can certainly take a few days to research a specific topic (such as the Tick-Tock Man).

Also, since the investigators are free to go where they wish, they are not limited to the equipment with which they begin the scenario. Players who wish to supplement their equipment can purchase any normal equipment they wish at the standard prices listed in the CoC rulebook and the *Investigator's Companion*, subject only to the amount of money they have. Indeed, given the lethality of the



final encounter, the Keeper may want to encourage less-experienced players to do so (perhaps with a comment like, “You can buy more equipment if you want,” near the beginning of play). Purchasing dynamite requires a plausible story and a Credit Rating roll. Note that exotic and military gear such as submachine guns and grenades are not available.

A note on the player characters: One of the PCs, David Prinz, is a Jew. In the 1920s anti-Semitism had not yet become the unacceptable behavior which it is today, and consequently, some of the other investigators have prejudiced attitudes toward David. These are intended as role-playing hooks, and the Keeper should try to ensure that players do not allow such “in-game” attitudes to get out of hand and become genuinely offensive. This is a game, and should be played for fun.

Investigator’s Introduction: A Letter from Pederson

The scenario begins in John Baskins’ office on September 27th, 1933. Despite the Great Depression which hovers over the country like a cloud, Miskatonic University remains as tranquil as ever. A bright sun shines on the campus and the students who hurry between their lectures. The investigators have gathered with Baskins for one of their weekly meetings to discuss their continuing campaign against the Mythos. Today, Baskins has just received a strange letter from a retired professor, Doctor William Pederson – unknown to the PCs, the leader of the previous group of investigators. Pederson still has his “ear to the ground” on Miskatonic and is aware of the new investigator group. He asks them to visit him at home, to discuss “something of mutual importance.” Give the investigators FORENSIC EVIDENCE FILE #1.

Baskins can make a Know roll to identify Pederson as a former professor at Miskatonic’s Medical Department, and recalls he had retired for health reasons two years ago. If the investigators check with the department, they can learn that Pederson was once highly respected, but the general opinion of him went down in his last years in the department (1927-31); he was often absent, and students complained that his lectures were confusing and uninformative. Baskins has had similar complaints about himself in recent years, and recognizes the pattern.

If the investigators decide to check on Pederson’s reference to Dr Armitage at the Orne Library, go to “Orne Library” below.

Pederson’s Home

Pederson lives in an old Colonial home at 703 North Jenkin Street, in the Northside District of Arkham. This is on the northern edge of town, a brisk half-hour’s walk from campus. A middle-aged Irishwoman in a maid’s dress answers the door; this is Agnes Milroy, Pederson’s live-in housekeeper. She inquires suspiciously about the investigators’ business – Agnes regards herself as Pederson’s protector, and zealously wards him against those who might “badger” him – but, if presented with the letter, reluctantly lets them inside.

Agnes leads you up an impressive staircase of dark-stained wood and into a dark sitting-room. The blinds are drawn and the room is shrouded in gloom, with only a low fire on the hearth to illuminate the hunched form huddled in a

large rocking-chair. Agnes speaks to Pederson (for Pederson you assume this must be) in a low voice, then rearranges the quilt which covers him and gestures you forward. "Don't you go fretting him, now," she warns you softly but fiercely. "Sure he doesn't need any excitement, the Lord's truth he doesn't."

As you draw closer, you can see that Pederson is dressed in a heavy bathrobe which, together with the quilt, covers almost his entire body. One hand, thin and wrinkled, rests on his lap above the quilt. His face is lean, with a mane of white hair, and thick glasses shield his eyes. You know Pederson is supposed to be in his forties, but the figure before you looks more like an invalid in his eighties.

Pederson speaks with the investigators in a low, rasping voice, occasionally lifting his one exposed hand to run his fingers through his thin hair. Experienced players (especially those who have read Lovecraft's "A Whisperer in Darkness") may suspect him of being something other than what he is, but they will be chasing a red herring. "Doctor Baskins," he murmurs. "I believe we have certain...mutual interests." He digs his hand under the quilt and brings it out with a Star-Stone (a piece of soapstone inscribed with the Elder Sign). "I'm sure you recognize this."

The investigators may be cautious in their approach to Pederson, wondering if he is a friend or enemy. This is fine with him, since it shows that the investigators have a healthy sense of paranoia. He explains that he once headed a group of "crusaders" similar to them, and mentions again that Professor Armitage of the Orne Library is a mutual contact who can vouch for him. If the investigators have not yet spoken to Armitage (see "Orne Library" below) they may decide to do so now; Pederson is content to wait for their later return. He is determined to enlist their support and does whatever it takes to convince them of his sincerity.

Once the investigators have agreed to trust Pederson (or at least to listen to him) he explains why he has contacted them. "Several years ago, I was the leader of a group not unlike your own. We achieved several small but significant victories against the forces of darkness." He smiles grimly. "Of course, those victories were not without a price." Pederson lifts the quilt and reveals his other arm and hand, shriveled and misshapen, resting on his lap. Lose 0/1d3 SAN. A Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies this as the result of the Wither Limb spell. "After I suffered this, in 1931, our group disbanded. Several of my comrades had...paid a higher price than I, and were unwilling to carry on the struggle. I do not know how they fare now...and that concerns me." He leans forward, staring intently at the investigators. "The things we learned...that knowledge could do great harm, applied in the wrong ways. I lack the health or energy to track down my old companions myself, so..." He sighs. "Perhaps you might be able to do this for me..? As a favor for one who has suffered in your same cause?"

Surely the investigators do not refuse such a noble request (if they do, the adventure is over!). If they agree, Pederson gives them the information he has (FORENSIC EVIDENCE FILE #2) on his former associates. He is particularly concerned about the fate of Jacques LeFebvre, Linda Evans, and Stephen Wise, who seemed to suffer the heaviest mental damage from their old exploits (and all



of whom had gained considerable Mythos knowledge). “If they are still alive and functional, well and good. Give them my best wishes. But if they have...made mistakes...someone must correct them before they do something irreversible.”

If the investigators ask about “the incident in 1929” he explains as follows: “It started with a misguided class, actually,” he shoots a careful look at Baskins, “that accidentally summoned some minor entities from outside normal space-time. The professor and several of his students were possessed and took shelter in the deep tunnels beneath Arkham. The things we saw down there...” He shakes his head with weary horror. “In the bottommost tunnels we found remnants of some strange alien technology, unguessably old. The madmen were there, trying to summon a being called Tulzscha the Green Flame. We managed to stop them, although the mental cost was high, especially for Stephen. Then we sealed the tunnels with dynamite.”

If the investigators ask about the “final investigation” of 1931, Pederson explains it thusly: “An old wizard named Simon Bishop managed to escape from his imprisonment in a bridge outside Arkham. He committed a number of murders against the descendents of those who imprisoned him...perhaps you remember the incidents?” (With a Know roll, the investigators do remember the sudden rash of crimes.) “We tracked him to his laboratory under his old house downtown...well, he had a number of skills.” He gestures again at his shriveled hand. “Linda was quite unhinged by the things we saw there. The rest of us weren’t much better. That was our last adventure...though I’d hardly dignify such a dreadful event with that term.” (Well-read Keepers and players will recognize this as the adventure “The Condemned” from the original printing of “Arkham Unveiled,” 1990.)

In any case, the investigators now have a list of people to seek out. And in that seeking, they have an opportunity to prevent a world-shattering disaster.

The First Step: Where Are They Now?

Since all of Pederson’s former colleagues were professors, students, or staff at the University, Miskatonic University is the logical place for the investigators to begin their search. The Admissions Office in the hulking Hoyt Administration Building has information on many of them (and is also the last known employer of Robert Stannard). The Alumni Office is another good place to check. Investigators can use Idea rolls to think of these things if their players can’t.

The Admissions Office is full of young men (and the occasional young woman) banging at typewriters and shuffling through paperwork. If the PCs ask for Robert Stannard, they are directed to a desk in one corner of the office. If they ask for information on the students in Pederson’s list, they will need to come up with a believable reason for their questions and make a Persuade roll; alternatively, they can try a bribe (a couple of dollars should do it – this is the Great Depression, and these people are scraping to make ends meet). Another route would be for one of the male investigators to flirt with one of the ladies here (they are all unmarried) and make a Fast Talk. Stannard does not co-operate



with the PCs at all, no matter what they do – they will have to get their information from someone else. See “Robert Stannard” below for details on what he tells to the PCs.

The following information is available at the admissions office, if the PCs can find a way to pry it out of them:

Kurt Crase: Kurt enrolled in 1926 on a football scholarship, and was a student (and a linebacker for the Miskatonic Badgers) from then until 1931, when he dropped out. His grades were marginal in everything except Physical Education, where he excelled.

Linda Evans: Linda enrolled in 1927 as a major in the newly growing field of Psychology, and graduated Summa Cum Laude in 1931. In 1932 she re-enrolled as a graduate student (Master’s) but her grades were poor and she almost immediately was forced to go on hiatus for “reasons of health.” Her current address (this requires another Persuade roll or bribe) is room 15 at Arkham Sanatorium.

Stephen Wise III: Stephen, a child of the Wise Shipping family of Boston, enrolled in 1924, majoring in Classics, and graduated (finally) in 1930. He was a member of Miskatonic’s Hunting and Skeet Shooting clubs, and averaged a C- in his class work.

Tyler Fannon: A native of Connecticut, Tyler enrolled in 1923, finished his pre-med studies in 1928, and earned a full medical degree in 1932. His grades were generally good to excellent, although he struggled somewhat in his last two years.

Jacques LeFebvre: A student from France, Jacques enrolled in 1926, majoring in Physics. His family is apparently rich, with interests in both industry and agriculture, but no other information on them is available. He graduated in 1930 and has remained as a graduate student since then. His undergraduate grades were passable at best. He is also listed as a member of the Miskatonic Fencing Club. With an additional Persuade roll (or bribe) his current address is available: 587 West Pickman Street, room 3. See “The Franklin Place” for more details.

The Alumni Office, located on the upper floor of the administration building, is a pair of rooms containing extensive records on Miskatonic grads and their economic circumstances. The place is paneled in dark wood and strives to present an aura of dignity and maturity (so as to appeal to rich alums who come visiting). The secretary, a pinch-faced, bespectacled young man named Fitchins, is snidely hostile to mere students, but shows a more polite attitude to Baskins. He must be convinced to help with a suitably plausible story and a Persuade roll (-20 to the roll if it is made by student PCs). Bribes do not work here, and Fitchins huffily demands that the rude investigators leave at once; a female PC might be able to Fast Talk him, however, with a little flirtatious behavior (Fitchins



is single, and unhappy about it). Assuming the PCs convince him to let them have any information, they can learn the following:

Kurt Crase: Although he did not graduate, the office does keep track of poor Kurt anyway – after all, he scored quite a few touchdowns for the Badgers before he left. He is described as “working in Arkham,” and an address is listed: 648 Walnut Street, Apartment D. Any PC making a Know roll can realize that the apartment is in “Southside,” the poorest part of Arkham.

Stephen Wise III: Stephen is described as “helping with the family business.” The address listed, for downtown Boston, is the Wise family townhouse.

Tyler Fannon: Tyler is described as “married, running a successful medical practice.” He is mentioned as having made donations to the alumni association. Home and business addresses are listed for Providence, Rhode Island.

Investigating by Telephone

Some PCs may decide to use the telephone to simplify the task of tracking down their quarry. Although this is not as easy as in the present day (there is no “Information” service available, for example), it can make the PCs’ jobs a little easier.

Telephone numbers for Tyler Fannon (business) and Stephen Wise III (home) are available from the Alumni Office, and a number for Jacques LeFebvre (the Franklin house number) is available from both Admissions and the Physics Department. Haverstack’s home phone number is also available from Physics. Robert Stannard’s home phone number can only be gained if the PCs Fast Talk, Persuade, or bribe someone at Admissions. Kurt Crase does not have a phone, and Linda Evans is not allowed to receive calls.

Robert Stannard is exactly the same over the telephone as he is in person.

If the PCs call Tyler Fannon, his receptionist, Susan Phelps, answers the phone. She does not pass on the call to Tyler unless the PCs give her a plausible story (Keeper’s judgement, perhaps helped with a Persuade or Fast Talk roll). Tyler is far more cautious speaking to strangers over the telephone, and the PCs need to speak carefully to keep him from simply hanging up.

Calling Stephen Wise III connects the PCs with his butler, Harrows. Harrows informs callers that Stephen is “indisposed” (dead drunk) but is willing to make an appointment for a personal interview if the PCs can offer him a good reason.

Calls to Dr Haverstack’s residence are not answered. Likewise, a call to the Franklin Place (seeking Jacques LeFebvre) is answered by Mrs. Franklin, who knocks on Jacques’ door and then reports back that he doesn’t answer and is probably out somewhere.

Orne Library

The Miskatonic University library is one of the finest small college libraries in the country, and boasts extensive collections on New England and American Indian history, as well as on the infamous New England Witch Trials. The library also has an unusually large collection of Mythos tomes, including the Latin and English versions of the *Necronomicon*, the *Cultes des Ghoules*, the *Book of Eibon* (English version), the *R'Lyeh Text*, and *Unausprechlichen Kulten* (in the original German). These books are now restricted, and only those meeting the approval of Dr Armitage, the director of the library, can see them. Baskins has done this frequently, and several of the student PCs have also been permitted to peruse these tomes on one or more occasions. Within the context of this scenario, the PCs do not have the time to study Mythos tomes and learn new spells, but if they want to research a specific topic (such as the Tick-Tock Man, once they hear the name), they can convince Armitage to give them access to the sealed stacks with a careful explanation and a Persuade roll.

Dr Henry Armitage: The director of Orne Library is an old man, entering his eightieth decade, and in failing health. Bald, his chin wreathed by a white beard, he spends most of his time either in his office, or puttering around the library, searching for any Mythos tomes which may still be available to the general public. He participated in a dangerous Mythos investigation in Dunwich in 1928 (Lovecraft's story "The Dunwich Horror"), and has never been the same since. Armitage is acquainted with the investigators, and has allowed them access to the closed stacks in the past in order to facilitate their struggle against the Mythos, but he is so fearful of the power locked away in those tomes that he must be convinced anew each time. Henry knows little personally about the Mythos, although he is well acquainted with the worship of Yog-Sothoth after the events of 1928.

If the investigators ask him about Dr Pederson and his group of investigators, Armitage confirms that he knew them and that they sometimes consulted the closed stacks. "I warned them it was unwise to pry into such matters, just as I warned you. Poor Dr Pederson paid the price for his curiosity." He sighs heavily. "Poor devil. How is he? Did his arm recover?"

If the PCs ask him about Pederson's allies, Armitage remembers the following:

Dr Haverstack: "Quite an intense fellow, fascinated by the connection between advanced mathematics and the forces described in the *Necronomicon*. I disagreed with his views, of course – he seemed to think these powers could be harnessed for the betterment of mankind. I tried to explain to him what that had meant in Dunwich – monsters and atrocities from beyond our universe – but he never would let me convince him of the dangers involved. I haven't heard from him much since Dr Pederson retired, although I believe he's still part of the faculty in Physics."

Kurt Crase: "I never dealt much with that young man – bookwork was not his strength, you might say."



Linda Evans: “A very intelligent and charming young lady. I understand she had a breakdown last year.” He sighs. “Well, I can certainly understand that. After my own experiences in 1928 I had to take a semester off to rest.”

Stephen Wise III: “A rich boy, never seemed to take things very seriously.”

Tyler Fannon: “Medical student. He discovered some notes in the Medical School from a fellow named Herbert West – I had them moved to the sealed collection after he told me about them. Not a bad fellow.”

Jacques LeFebvre: “French student, over here on exchange. I didn’t have much to do with him, he was Haverstack’s protégé. Don’t know how much of Haverstack’s ideas he shared, though.”

Robert Stannard

Robert works at the admissions office in the Hoyt Administration Building, where he has been employed since 1925. Stannard is a plain, slightly overweight man in his late twenties. His brown hair is thinning on top, he dresses conservatively and seems every inch the bland, methodical clerk. The PCs easily find Robert simply by asking for him at admissions, but he is unwilling to see them, claiming to have a great deal of work to do (which in fact he does – the Depression has forced the Hoyt Building to cut back its staff considerably, and everyone there does the work of two people). The PCs can wait until his lunch break or the end of his shift at 5pm, or they can Persuade him to speak with them immediately.

Once Robert does speak with them, his attitude is guarded and cold. He claims the “investigations” with Dr Pederson never happened – they were obviously hallucinations brought on by Pederson’s intense indoctrination of the group. “Of course it was a delusion. Things like that don’t really exist. I figured that out after that insane spelunking expedition in 1929 and got myself out of the group. I understand they kept up with their delusional folly for several more years before Pederson retired.”

If the PCs ask about the other former investigators, the only ones Stannard knows anything about are Linda Evans and Dr Haverstack. He knows Linda is in Arkham Sanatorium, and expresses sympathy for her – “she obviously had a harder time breaking away from the madness.” He hasn’t visited her, however, and knows nothing about her condition. Regarding Haverstack, he comments, “I think Dr Haverstack was forced to resign from the Physics Department last year. Probably trying to play the same game with his own students.” Robert deliberately avoided keeping track of the others. “It was all nonsense, just a psychological game played by that fool Pederson,” he declares firmly. “I’m well rid of it. He’s probably trying to do the same to you. A scandal, that’s what it is, a professor abusing his students’ trust like that.” Robert offers no other personal information on any of his old allies, and grows irritable if the PCs press him.

Any PC who makes a Psychology roll can tell that Stannard genuinely believes everything he is saying. However, any PC making a Psychoanalysis roll can tell that Robert is actually suffering from mental illness, apparently an inability to face reality. His actual condition is Panzaism, although this is not a medically recognized illness. Panzaism is a pathological refusal to recognize even the possibility that the supernatural might exist – any evidence of things outside the normal world are rationalized and explained away. In Stannard's case, he has decided that everything the group saw was a consensual illusion brought on by Dr Pederson's intense indoctrination.

Kurt Crase

If the PCs seek out the address listed at the Alumni Office (648 Walnut Street, Apartment D), they soon find themselves in Arkham's "Southside" neighborhood, a poor working-class area inhabited by Poles, Irish, and especially Italians. Now, in the depths of the Depression, this is the worst part of town, and jobless men shuffle the streets all day long. Although conditions here are not as bad as in the major cities, the investigators still pass crowds of scruffy-looking men clustered sullenly at street corners, warming their hands at fires in barrels. The obviously well-off investigators draw hostile glances from many.

648 Walnut Street is the location of Simpson Apartments, a drafty, low-quality three-story apartment building. Apartment D is on the second floor, and the PCs must climb a narrow, dirty stairwell, passing a homeless indigent who huddles in a corner under a tattered blanket. During the day, Kurt is not home (he works any odd job he can find), and his door is locked (Locksmith to pick, or overcome its STR of 15 to break in). A violent break-in attracts the hostile attention of the super, a squat, surly gentleman in his forties by the name of Stephen Walcosci. If the PCs instead speak with the super, he tells them Kurt usually returns after six o'clock in the evening. If they spin some plausible tale (claiming to be friends, private detectives, or what have you) and make a Fast Talk roll, perhaps supplemented by a bribe, Walcosci lets them in to look around for a few minutes.

Kurt's apartment is a two-room tenement with minimal furniture (bed, dresser, card table, chair, sink). It is obviously a bachelor's abode, and Kurt doesn't clean the place too often; dust is clotted into the corners, and here and there the PCs can glimpse mouse droppings, dead cockroaches, and other evidence of poor sanitation. A pile of dirty laundry sits in a basket against one wall. The clothing is that of a working man: tough, durable, and well used. The one spare set of shoes has holes in the soles, patched with pieces of cardboard. Whenever Kurt returns, he proves to be dressed in garments of the same quality and condition, with a well-worn hat slouched over his head.

Crise is a tall, ox-strong man, clean-shaven, with short trimmed hair and a nose left crooked by a past break. There is an obvious resemblance between Kurt and Rufus Oldersson, although Kurt has picked up a beer belly and a couple of tattoos since leaving Miskatonic. He glowers at the investigators suspiciously as he takes off his coat and begins washing his hands at the sink. "What do you want?"



Kurt is not the smartest of men. In his younger days he often saw his investigations with Dr Pederson as fun adventures. After a few years, though, the toll on his sanity drained away his enjoyment of life. Today he is a sour, bitter man, unable to get pleasure from anything, supporting himself with manual labor because he has no other options. He claims to have left Arkham because he got tired of football, but any investigator making a Psychology roll can surmise that Kurt is tired of more than football – life itself has lost all flavor for him. A Psychoanalysis roll suggests that Kurt is pathologically unable to enjoy anything. If he is asked about his career as an investigator, Kurt flinches and mutters, “Don’t want to talk about that. It was all messed up. Crazy stuff.”

The former investigator has avoided keeping up with most of his old comrades, except for Linda (who he still visits periodically at the Sanatorium), and knows nothing of what they have done since the group broke up in 1931. He has the following opinions and information on his former colleagues:

Dr Pederson: “Old Doc Pederson? He was okay, I guess. Kinda wish he hadn’t talked me into helping him, though. Too bad about his arm.”

Dr Haverstack: “I didn’t like him much. Always talking weird stuff about math and science, and looked down on most of us like we was dumb. Him and that French guy, Jacques, they were always thick as thieves. Couldn’t understand anything they talked about – it was all math and stuff.”

Robert Stannard: “Him? You could knock him over with a breeze. A real wimp, you know? Never thought too much about him, even back then.”

Linda Evans: “She was always real sensitive, took that kinda stuff hard. Harder than any of us. She was real smart, you know? Look where it got her – she’s in the loony bin now.” He chuckles sourly. “Guess being dumb has its points, huh?” If asked about his visits to her, he shrugs uncomfortably. “Hey, she saved my ass a few times in the old days, you know? Reckon I owe her a little. It always seems to cheer her up, anyhow.”

Stephen Wise III: “That rich boy? All he ever did was stand around looking good and telling us what to do. Don’t know how he survived all that stuff we did. I could care less where he is now.” If the PCs mention that Wise is paying for Linda’s care at Arkham Sanatorium, Kurt nods and scowls. “That’s just like him. Pays a few dollars and washes his hands of the whole thing.”

Tyler Fannon: “That guy was okay. Had a real way with the ladies – he used to give me pointers. When I still cared.”

Jacques LeFebvre: “Stupid frog. All he did was hang around with Doc Haverstack and talk about math and stuff. He used to carry that stupid fencing sword around with him all the time, but he never did anything useful with it.”

Linda Evans

Linda is, of course, confined at Arkham Sanatorium. Arkham's mental hospital, directed by the conscientious Dr Hardstrom, is a two-story building located at 225 East Derby Street, on the northern edge of Arkham proper. Visiting hours are 9am to 4pm daily, except Sundays.

Hardstrom, a dedicated but not especially inspired man, is protective of his patients and does not readily agree to let a group of strangers in to see Evans. He explains that she suffers from infantile regression, and now behaves like a child of four or five years of age. He suspects mental instability runs in the family – her mother, an Arkham native, herself went mad and died several years ago. “A classic case of regression,” Dr Hardstrom explains. “She hates books too – seems to have something to do with a childhood trauma.” He suspects stress and overwork as the primary causes for Linda's own condition – her grades as a graduate student were very poor. If the PCs ask, he confesses that Linda's care is actually being paid for by a private benefactor – her father is a farmer, and lacks the money to keep his daughter at the sanatorium at all, let alone in the private room she occupies. A Persuade roll gets him to cough up the name of the one covering Linda's costs – Stephen Wise III. Stephen has not visited her since she was incarcerated, however – aside from her father, her only visitor is Kurt Crase.

If the investigators want to speak with Linda, they must come up with a plausible reason and make a Credit Rating roll. Mary Bakersly, for example, is a pre-med student and could claim to be studying insanity for a class at school. If the PCs visit Hardstrom together, only one of them can roll – if they want to make multiple attempts, they'll have to visit separately. Hardstrom does not give any of them a second chance – he is determined to protect his patients as best he can.

Assuming the PCs do get Hardstrom's permission, they are allowed one hour with Linda, under the supervision of one of the nurses. If they fail to win his approval, they might be able to bribe one of the staff to let them in after hours – this is the Depression, after all. This requires a Luck roll to pick a staffer who does not have excessive scruples – otherwise they are reported to Dr Hardstrom, who calls the police.

Linda's room is clean and sterile-looking, the walls painted a pale off-white and the only furniture a bed. She has been provided with dolls and other childhood toys, as well as with a tablet of paper and a box of crayons. Linda herself is a young woman who might be attractive under normal circumstances. She is dressed in a white gown, and her hair is tangled and unkempt. She stares intently at her toys and giggles to herself as she plays. She initially makes no reaction to the investigators, but if they speak to her she smiles and holds out her toys, inviting them to play with her. She does not speak except to make soft child-like noises.

Linda perks up and shows some interest if the investigators begin mentioning the names of her former associates. If they succeed in a Psychoanalysis roll while asking her about her old friends, Linda frowns, picks up her writing tablet and crayons, and begins to draw with careful attention, her



tongue sticking out of the corner of her mouth as she focuses totally on the images she is creating.

She draws a series of crude human figures with large heads, each equipped with a few salient features that identify them as one of the former investigating group: Kurt Crase is represented by a large figure with a helmeted head; Dr Pederson is a short figure with long white hair and glasses; Dr Haverstack is a taller figure with a bald head; Stephen Wise III is shown in black clothes and holding a bottle; Tyler Fannon is a man with blond hair and a crude doctor's stethoscope; Robert Stannard is a small figure with glasses, sitting at a desk or table; and Jacque LeFebvre has a moustache and holds a caricatured rapier in one hand. Finally she draws another figure which is clearly meant to be herself. All of the figures are shown smiling except for her own, Haverstack's, and LeFebvre's, who are frowning.

Having completed this effort, Linda regards it silently for a little while, ignoring any of the PCs' efforts to speak with her. Then she carefully draws a square clock-face above LeFebvre's figure, and jabs at it forcefully with the tip of her crayon. Finally she picks up a black crayon and scrawls expanding circles over the entire picture, creating a blob of black which spreads until it covers all the figures. Linda stops at that point, making a distressed mewling noise, and throws the tablet away from herself. She grabs one of her dolls and retreats to her cot, where she curls up and begins sucking her thumb. She does not communicate further with the PCs, and if this occurs during an officially approved visit, the nurse now asks the PCs to leave. Regardless, Linda has nothing further to offer the PCs.

Stephen Wise III

To speak with Stephen, the PCs will have to take a trip to Boston. By car, the trip takes three hours; by train, ninety minutes, followed by a ten-minute cab ride. In either case, the PCs arrive at a splendid townhouse in downtown Boston, where they are met at the door by a frosty butler named Harrows. The PCs need to make Credit Rating rolls to convince Harrows to let them in – Fast Talk or Bribery are ineffective. Once inside, they are led to a well-appointed sitting room decorated with pictures of sailing ships and Wise family ancestors. A Know roll informs the PCs that the Wise fortune is mostly in shipping, not finance, and has thus been largely spared the worst ravages of the Crash and Depression. After a little while, Stephen joins them.

Stephen is a thin, pale, clean-shaven young man dressed in a fine plush house robe. His dark hair is tousled and unkempt, and dark rings hang under his eyes. No matter what time of day it is, he is always holding a glass in one hand, which he periodically refills with expensive liqueur (brandy or single-malt scotch are his preferred choices). He is clearly mildly drunk, but holds his liquor well and does not embarrass himself. Wise's general behavior is that of a rich, carefree man who can't be bothered to think seriously about anything; he makes tepid jokes, flirts with the female investigators, and is generally rather shallow. If the PCs ask him about his past life as an investigator, he grows tense and begins to drink more heavily, and gradually a more serious and darker side of his

personality begins to emerge. Stephen has been shattered by his experiences, and believes that all human existence is futile and doomed – his veneer of drunken cheer is a desperate front, an exercise in self-deception and escape.

“It was all such madness. What did we think we could accomplish, mere humans like us? There are forces out there we cannot even comprehend.” He speaks softly, gesturing with his glass to punctuate his words. “We tracked those madmen into the tunnels beneath Arkham. The things we saw...who’d have thought they could exist? Ruins of alien civilizations, things that prey on human flesh... SCIENCE has no explanation for that.” He shudders. “Can’t believe I stuck with it as long as I did. I’m well rid of it, I can tell you. Back home being a good little boy, right, Harrows?” He smirks and gestures at the butler, who answers with a silent, polite nod. “You should get out of it too. It’ll only bring you grief. Better to live out your...your short little lives,” he pauses to take a quick gulp from his drink, “without knowing what’s really out there.”

If questioned specifically about his old colleagues, Stephen can give the investigators the following information:

Dr Pederson: “He meant well, I suppose. Personally, I’d rather he’d have left us alone to live out our lives in ignorant peace.” If the PCs describe their recent visit to Pederson, Stephen nods in recognition. “Yes, it was a miracle he made it out of that mess alive. He might have been luckier to have died.”

Dr Haverstack: “He was a strange old bird. Thought all that stuff we found under Arkham was just wonderful. Couldn’t wait to experiment with it – he was furious when we dynamited the tunnels. What a madman. No idea what he’s doing now.”

Robert Stannard: “Cracked under the strain, poor fellow. Well, didn’t we all, by the time it was over? At least he found a way to cope, pretending it was all in our heads. Wish I could do that.” He takes another drink.

Kurt Crase: “Simple fool should never have gotten involved in the whole thing. I think he dropped out of school after ’31. Wonder what he’s doing now?” If the PCs tell him of Crase’s current life, Stephen sighs. “Well, could be worse, I suppose. At least he’s alive. Maybe I could get Papa to offer him a job.”

Linda Evans: Stephen’s eyes fill with tears at the mention of Linda’s name. “She was...really lovely, you know. Her mind, it was like a Swiss watch, so precise and perfect. And then to see her like that, rolling around on the floor, babbling like a child... I couldn’t bear it.” He drinks deeply. “The Sanatorium? Yes, I paid for it. It was the least I could do... I just couldn’t bear to look at her like that.” Any investigator making a Psychology roll can deduce that Stephen was probably in love with Linda at one time, and may be still.

Tyler Fannon: “Tyler was a good fellow. Had a real way with the ladies, although he never got far with Linda.” A bitter snort of laughter. “Think he



cleaned up his act after '31, though. Got out of school and got a practice in Providence. We corresponded for a few months, and he invited me to his wedding..." He sighs and shrugs. "No, I didn't go. It would have just been a reminder of what we'd all been through. Don't know what he's doing now, but I think I still have his address around somewhere. Harrows?" The butler supplies Fannon's current address if the PCs did not already acquire it at the Alumni Office.

Jacques LeFebvre: "Never cared much for him. Followed Haverstack around all the time, babbling about how wonderful his ideas were. Treated the rest of us like dirt – you know, that French superiority thing. Don't know what he had to feel special about – those tunnels scared him more than any of us. No idea what he's doing now; I suppose he's still a student."

Tyler Fannon

Tyler is now a practicing doctor in Providence, Rhode Island. The PCs can get his address from the Alumni office or from Stephen Wise. A two-hour train ride takes the investigators to Providence; once there, it is a matter of only a half-hour or so to find Fannon's office. His receptionist, an efficient middle-aged woman named Susan Phelps, makes the investigators wait while Dr Fannon finishes seeing his current patients; it is late afternoon before Tyler finally meets with them.

Fannon is a tall, blonde man in his early thirties, handsome and soft-spoken. He is married now, with a small child, and has quite given up his earlier career of womanizing. Tyler also has done his best to wash his hands of his earlier life as an investigator. Once he realizes why the PCs are here, he tries to cut short the interview. They must convince him to speak with them by invoking Dr Pederson's name and concerns, and making a Persuade roll. If the PCs are successful, Tyler is quiet, thoughtful, and does his best to answer their questions honestly. The investigation of 1931 was the last straw for him, as it was for most of the group; thereafter he stopped chasing women, focused on his studies, graduated, and moved to Providence to start his medical practice. "I married a nice girl, settled down, and did my best to forget all that hellish madness."

Dr Pederson: "Poor Bill. I saved his life, you know, after that Bishop creature fried his arm. Sometimes I think it would've been better to let him die." Tyler grimaces. "I confess I haven't kept up with him since then... how is the old fellow doing?"

Dr Haverstack: "I think those gadgets we found under Arkham in '29 put him over the edge. After that he was always talking like we should have left the tunnels open and gone back down. He wanted to figure them out, and learn how to use them." Fannon sighs heavily. "I suppose he thought it was for the best, but it seemed like madness to me. Those things were more than mankind was prepared for, if you ask me. Anyway," he sighs again, and looks at his fingertips, "after the group broke up in '31, Haverstack tried to talk me into helping him and

Jacques to dig those tunnels open again. I told him to go to Hell. Politely, of course,” Tyler smiles grimly, “with the things he’d learned, he could’ve killed me in an instant if it’d taken his fancy.”

Robert Stannard: “Robert always seemed to take things better than the rest of us. Maybe he wasn’t as...I don’t know, sensitive? He dropped out after ’29, though. Guess he’d had enough. Maybe he was the smart one – I think I’d be sleeping better at night if I’d left then, instead of sticking around until ’31.”

Kurt Crase: “Kurt was a good fellow, but he was really in over his head. I always thought it was cruel of Pederson to recruit someone like that – I mean, the poor fellow thought it was all just a grand adventure.” Tyler grimaces, then laughs bitterly. “Of course, that’s what we all thought in the beginning – Kurt just never figured out any better. Mind like a rock; tough, but also dense.” If the investigators tell Tyler about Kurt’s current life, he looks sad. “Well. I suppose it was too much to hope he would have gotten through unscathed.”

Linda Evans: Tyler smiles reminiscently. “You know, Linda was the only girl I ever chased who I didn’t catch. Pretty, smart...” He blinks back to the present. “Well, I’m married now. That’s all over. She was one of the best of us, before ’31. After that, though, she was never the same...I heard she had to go to the Sanatorium. I suppose she’s still there.” Tyler rubs his chin thoughtfully. “There but for the grace of God, as they say.”

Stephen Wise III: “As rich idiots go, Stephen wasn’t bad at all.” He chuckles to himself. “Actually fairly smart when he applied himself. Went back to his folks after the group broke up, but we stayed in touch for a while. Haven’t heard from him in over a year, though.”

Jacques LeFebvre: “That Frenchman never had his head screwed on straight, if you ask me. He and Haverstack were thick as thieves most of the time, and after the group broke up he was helping Haverstack try to re-open those tunnels. Crazy fool. He didn’t seem to learn a thing from all our experiences – just got colder and more ambitious.”

The Physics Department

Miskatonic’s Physics Department is sadly mired in an older generation of ideas, and offers almost no courses in new fields like radioactivity, particle physics, and quantum mechanics. Instead, the department favors study of meteorology, a field championed by the current chairman, the aging and stubborn Dr Manly Hyde-Simmons. Also, any PC making a Know roll recalls that Physics is notorious for keeping its graduate students on for up to ten years, serving as virtual indentured servants to the professors, before finally allowing them to graduate.

If the PCs visit Physics, seeking Dr Haverstack and Jacques LeFebvre, they first meet the department secretary, an efficient and proper woman named



Lucinda Bainesworth. She can readily inform the PCs that Haverstack has taken a year off (a research sabbatical) to pursue his own private studies. His address is 305 West Washington Street. As for Jacques, he is still registered here as a graduate student, but she hasn't seen much of him this year. Haverstack is his faculty advisor, but in the latter's absence he is expected to report to the department chair, Manly Hyde-Simmons. She can get the PCs an appointment to see Simmons later that day. If the PCs failed to get Jacques' address earlier, she can provide it now: 587 West Pickman Street, room 3. See "The Franklin Place" for more details.

If the PCs ask about the status or reputation of either individual, Mrs. Bainesworth gets a disapproving frown on her face and snaps, "I certainly wouldn't know anything about that. Campus gossip is a disgraceful pastime." A sternly moral married woman, Lucinda does not offer the PCs any clues, and bribes or other inducements offend her deeply. She may even cancel the PCs' appointment with Hyde-Simmons if they seem too morally questionable.

Dr Manly Hyde-Simmons: The chair of the Physics department is an old man, stuck in the past, unwilling to face up to the full magnitude of the changes which have overturned his field in the last two decades. Nevertheless, he is generally a pleasant and friendly fellow, his sole bad habit being near-continual smoking. His office is usually hazed with a thin cloud of burnt tobacco. He is happy to speak with the PCs if they can give him a normal (non-Mythos) reason for their activities – simply saying they are trying to track down old friends for the invalid Dr Pederson, for example. Any mention of Mythos matters, however, causes him to dismiss them as cranks. Dr Baskins in particular disappoints him: "Really, what sort of example are you setting here?" Assuming they can avoid this pitfall, Dr Hyde-Simmons can share the following information:

Dr Haverstack: "Bedford's a brilliant fellow, but very unconventional – he got this odd notion that advanced physics and mathematics were somehow connected with ancient magic. Hmf. Sheer nonsense, of course, but his actual work with mathematics and physics was sound enough." Any PC making a Psychology roll can tell that Hyde-Simmons has unspoken reservations about Haverstack, and if they press him, he confesses that his colleague's behavior in the last year has been a bit questionable. "He's been missing a lot of classes, making the graduate students substitute for him. His, er, personal grooming seems to have suffered a bit too. He kept saying he had an important project that would change everything once he finished it. Never would say what it was, though... a sure sign of trouble, if you ask me. The sabbatical was probably for the best; let him sort everything out and come back with a clean slate."

Jacque LeFebvre: "Not a bad student at first. Very intense and serious, very focused, not at all what I'd expect for a Frenchman. Still, once he'd been here a year or so he seemed to buy into Haverstack's notions about math and 'magic.' When he enrolled as a graduate student he insisted on taking Haverstack as an advisor. They've been doing a lot of projects on their own, and he always gets

top grades for those, but his other work has definitely suffered from it. I've barely seen him at all this semester, and his coursework has been thoroughly unimpressive. A shame, but then, he's a foreign student – only to be expected he might have trouble here."

The Fencing Club

If the PCs ask at Hoyt Administration Building, they can learn that the Miskatonic Fencing Club meets every Thursday afternoon in Axton Field House, which houses most of Miskatonic's athletic facilities. The club is small – only five members, all of them young men – and only two of them, Ryan Denny and Phillip Baker, have been here long enough to remember LeFebvre. Neither of them have favorable memories: they describe Jacques as an intense, arrogant young man, personally unapproachable, and a brilliant fencer who sneered at their skills. He fenced superbly for Miskatonic at several competitions, but after the end of 1929 he began skipping the club meetings and eventually seemed to drop out of fencing altogether. None of them have seen him at all this year, and while they regret the loss of stature for their sport on campus, none of them miss LeFebvre personally.

The Hunting Club/Skeet-Shooting Club

The Hunting Club is now defunct, a victim of the decline in enrollments since the Depression began, but the Skeet Shooting Club is still active and has an office in the basement of Axton Field House. The place is usually locked (Locksmith roll, or defeat STR 16), but anytime the investigators visit there is a chance (halved Luck roll) that some of the club members come by to open up the place and check out some equipment. They happily speak with investigators. None of them remember Stephen (he left before their time) but they can direct PCs to a graduate student member, Anita Terringer, who knew him. Anita is a wealthy, highly educated young woman pursuing graduate studies in music, who shoots skeet to keep up her hunting skills while at school. She remembers Stephen as a charming, if slightly shallow, young man who seemed to regard life as little more than a grand game. His last year at school, however (1930), he seemed to grow more serious and matured a bit. She hasn't kept track of him since he left school, although she has heard he's working with the family business in Boston.

The club's office, basically a small basement room, contains an assortment of skeet-shooting supplies (clay pigeons, a launcher, outdoor clothes, etc.) as well as a locked gun cabinet (Locksmith, or STR 25) containing four pump 20-gauge shotguns and 600 rounds of ammunition.

The Franklin Place

Located at 587 West Pickman Street, just off campus, this boarding house is run by the Franklins, a friendly couple in their early sixties. The Depression has forced them to let their hired help go and to broaden their selection of tenants slightly, but this is still a respectable boarding house, free of low-lives and



questionable characters. Besides LeFebvre, the place houses two other students (Dennis Saltenshell and Mary Jessups), a clerk from the city government (David Winfield), and their longest-term tenant, a semi-retired investigator named Dante Helcimer. None of these people are significant to the current investigation. The Franklins have mixed feelings about Jacques LeFebvre, who they first met during the investigation of 1929, and a Psychology roll reveals that they are uncertain about him. Questioned tactfully, they confess that while Jacques was a model tenant when he moved in (in 1930), in recent months he has been absent frequently, and when he does return, it is often late at night. Other tenants have sometimes complained of Jacques tromping around his room in the wee hours of the night. During the day, on the other hand, he is almost never around, and when he is present his behavior is abrupt and distracted to the point of rudeness. Mrs. Franklin sighs as she remarks on this: "In the old days, we'd have let any tenant go who got up to such behavior. But these days...well, we have to be grateful for any tenant who can pay the rent on time." Neither of them has seen LeFebvre in the last week.

The Franklins respect the privacy of their tenants, even questionable ones like Jacques. If the investigators want to examine LeFebvre's room, they must present a plausible excuse and make a halved Persuade roll. Failing that, they can try to Sneak into the house at night, or bribe one of the other tenants to let them in as visitors (any of the tenants will do this, even Helcimer given a sufficient incentive).

LeFebvre's room is a mess, cluttered with discarded clothing, crumpled papers, and tumbled furniture. The place contains a bed, closet, chair, and desk, but what draws the investigators' attention most strongly is the large circular arcane diagram laid out on the floor with black paint. A Cthulhu Mythos roll can identify this as a Gate. It is simple as Gates go, and leads to Haverstack's house – it is activated simply by stepping into the center, whereupon the individual vanishes. The transition costs 1 SAN and 1 Magic Point.

Searching the rest of the apartment offers the chance for other clues. There are a lot of clothes missing, along with all his shoes, and the investigators cannot find any luggage in the apartment (the Franklins can confirm that Jacques owned both a suitcase and a duffel-bag). The scattered, crumpled papers seem to mostly be covered in abstruse mathematical formulae, but a Spot Hidden roll discovers one paper which is something quite different: a diagram of some kind of strange, gigantic machine or construct, and labeled "Capture Plant, 3rd iteration from TT, 4/14/33."

Bedford Haverstack's House

Haverstack's home, a fine two-story Victorian, is located at 305 West Washington Street, in one of Arkham's best neighborhoods. It is about ten minutes' walk from the Franklin Place. The house is well-kept and the lawn is mowed; if the investigators stake the place out, they eventually see a groundskeeper arrive to do cleaning and maintenance work. This fellow, a pudgy middle-aged man named Chris Hagley, knows Haverstack only as an employer, and never goes inside the house. He has not seen Haverstack much since the



summer, and remarks, “Reckon he went on vacation. Think he’s got a place out-of-state.” There is a garage, but it is empty; Hagley can confirm that Haverstack owns a Model-A Ford.

The ground floor of the house contains a living room, study, dining room, kitchen, pantry, and bath. The second floor has Haverstack’s bedroom, four guest rooms, and another bathroom. Superficially, there is nothing strange about the house – the furnishings and contents are those of a bachelor academic, with many books about physics and mathematics scattered around the place. There are also a number of books on witchcraft and magic, including the European witch-cults as well as other traditions such as Middle Eastern sorcerers, kabbalism, and Asian and African magics. Careful search, and a Spot Hidden roll allows the investigators to discover a tattered, leather-bound antique book buried under a pile of mundane histories and physics texts: a copy of the English translation of the *Book of Eibon*. Dr Armitage will be profoundly grateful if the investigators donate this dangerous tome to Orne Library.

The main evidence to be found in the house is in the basement. Lit by several bare electric bulbs, the place contains numerous wooden benches covered with bits and pieces of strange machinery, along with tumbled sheets of notebook paper. Many of the papers, covered in abstruse mathematical formulae and strange diagrams, are crumpled up, trampled into the earthen floor, and piled into trashcans. The place looks as though an absent-minded genius has been at work for months without cleaning up.

If the PCs examine the pieces of machinery, they are able to tell (with Mechanical Repair rolls) that they conform to no known current technology; if they examine any of them in a lab, they can make Physics rolls to determine that the metal alloys and strange crystals used in them are unknown, and probably of non-terrestrial origin. Examining the papers is a bewildering exercise, since most of the concepts and technologies depicted are far beyond the investigators’ ken, but an Idea roll can suggest that many of them are designs or concepts dealing with the mind, self-awareness, and logical thought processes. With careful search and a Spot Hidden roll, the investigators find the following specific clues mixed in with the papers and machinery:

- A deed for property at 1507 Trotter’s Lane in the town of Edgewood, Maine. The purchase is dated August 1932.
- Bills for various electrical and mechanical supplies (cable, wire, batteries, generators, a steam turbine, and so forth), purchased from suppliers throughout New England, and shipped to 1507 Trotter’s Lane, Edgewood, Maine.
- Haverstack’s personal journal, abandoned here when he left for Edgewood at the beginning of the month. See FORENSIC EVIDENCE FILE #3. Any PC who reads the journal loses 1d4 SAN and gains 2% Cthulhu Mythos. Also, any PC making a Cthulhu Mythos roll suspects that the entity which Haverstack describes as “Tick-Tock” may be a



manifestation of some deity or power. If the PCs research this topic in the closed stacks of Miskatonic Library, they can make INTx3 rolls to uncover a reference to an aspect of Nyarlathotep which takes the form of a mechanical entity in order to spread dangerous, destructive knowledge among mankind.

In one corner of the basement, two Gates have been inscribed on the hard-packed earthen floor with white paint. One of the Gates leads to Jacques LeFebvre's apartment at the Franklin Place, while the other leads to the Yithian Cavern deep beneath Arkham. Both are simple Gates which are activated merely by walking into the center of the pattern. Each transition through one of these Gates costs 1 Magic Point and 1 SAN.

The Yithian Cavern

The Gate in Haverstack's basement leads to this place. As the investigators arrive, they experience the following:

The brief sense of disorientation fades, and you find yourselves in a huge cavern constructed of giant hexagonal blocks of stone, each twenty feet on a side and fitted together with perfect precision. The room itself is more-or-less circular, and lit by three pale yellow squares in the ceiling which rises fifty feet overhead. Scattered throughout the place are huge metal tables, each almost six feet high, covered in large, oddly shaped metallic objects. The color of the metal seems strange, unlike any you have seen before.

In the far wall is a huge door of the same metal, which appears to be mounted on sliding tracks. Next to the door is a large metal surface, twenty feet high and tilted about forty degrees from vertical, and covered in circular and hexagonal buttons the size of dinner plates. Some of them glow slightly, as though lit from beneath. Incongruously, a normal wooden stepladder sits nearby.

As you look around more carefully, you see something else: beyond the giant panel of buttons, half-hidden behind some of the tables, is a metal platform. Atop it, shimmering with a faint blue glow, is a giant conical object surmounted by several huge frond-like shapes. It takes you a moment to realize this giant, twenty-foot-tall thing is organic, although whether it is animal, plant, or even fungus you cannot tell.

Those who experience this lose 1/1d6 SAN for the entire scene. The conical thing is one of the Great Race of Yith, and the PCs can identify it with a Cthulhu Mythos roll. It is currently trapped in both a stasis field (which is what has kept it alive since ancient times) and a force-field (originally to protect it, now used by Haverstack and LeFebvre to keep it prisoner). Any PC attempting to approach the thing finds himself blocked by an invisible barrier at the edge of the metal platform; any bullets, explosives, or projectiles bounce harmlessly off the force-field.

If the PCs explore the room in more detail, there are clues aplenty to be found. Everything is coated in a layer of ancient dust, and human footprints track endlessly about the place, especially around the tables of strange metal and the control panel. With a Spot Hidden roll, the PCs notice that some of the footprints

have odd, squared-off outlines – these are the tracks of the Tick-Tock Man, which accompanied the two humans here during their later visit. Careful examination of the peculiar objects which clutter the tables shows that many of them have been opened up, revealing interiors crammed with wires, crystals, and strange machinery. Some of them have been partially eviscerated, leaving snipped-off wires and other mechanical innards trailing out forlornly. Others have been removed altogether, their absence denoted by the odd outlines which they left behind in the dust.

The giant door can be slid open with a STR vs. SIZ roll against the door's SIZ of 30; up to three investigators may try at one time. Beyond, a huge arching tunnel (constructed of the same hexagonal fitted stones) extends for almost a hundred feet before ending in a massive collapse, a splintered pile of rock and earth which completely blocks the passage. A few footprints follow the dusty, muddy floor to the rockfall and then turn back. The investigators can probably guess (correctly) that this is one of the tunnels which was dynamited by the previous investigator group.

The massive control panel is vastly complex, far beyond the PCs' ability to comprehend within the time-scale of the scenario. However, a piece of paper with a smaller sketch of the controls has been taped to the bottom of the panel, with a few buttons and switches labeled in English as "stasis control" and "force-field control." Other buttons are marked with "?" symbols, one with "Lights," while others are unmarked. The "Lights" switch does indeed control the dim, yellowish light from the three square ceiling panels. If the PCs adjust the "stasis control" switches, the blue glow around the Yithian fades and it begins to move its tentacles about, rather like someone awakening from a long sleep. If they fiddle with the "force-field control" buttons, the field imprisoning the Yithian is deactivated.

If the PCs awaken the Yithian, it begins to move its tentacles about, attempting to communicate with them. This entails an additional SAN loss of 1/1d4. Although its captors speak some of the Yithian tongue, the alien has applied itself to learning to understand English so as to understand its captors' plans. It gestures to the investigators with its giant clawed limbs, trying to indicate that they should release the force-field. If they do release it, the Yithian immediately slides over to the control panel and begins punching buttons and switches in a bewildering sequence, preparing to send its mind back in time to its brethren. Having completed this task (assuming the investigators do not interrupt it), it slides across to one of the tables, removes a machine from it, and performs some bewilderingly quick mechanical surgery, its huge claws and tentacles moving with astonishing delicacy. It is rebuilding the device (which is designed to synthesize noise and speech) to speak English. The Yithian slides back to the stasis platform after completing this task in just a few minutes, and waits for the machines around it to send its mind back in time. In the meantime it uses the modified machine to communicate with the PCs and warn them about the plot of their fellow humans.

The speech-synthesizer generates words which are completely flat and without emphasis, and the Yithian's understanding of English grammar is limited



at best. Nor does the Yithian understand the nuances of contemporary human culture and civilization. It would prefer not to see the Earth destroyed by the Tick-Tock Man, however, since its own race plans to migrate into Earth's future. It can provide the PCs the following information:

Haverstack and LeFebvre: "The two hu-mans have spo-ken with me man-y times. They seek in-for-ma-tion on space, en-er-gy machines, sta-sis fields. They are mis-guided. The Mess-an-ger of the Out-er Ones has led them in-to a dan-ger-ous ven-ture. It is pro-ba-ble that their minds are not work-ing correct-ly." The Yithian does not actually know their names, but can describe them as "one young, one of ad-vanc-ed age."

The Tick-Tock Man: "The de-vice they call Tick-Tock is a man-i-fest-ation of the Mess-an-ger of the Out-er Ones. It is pro-vid-ing them with dan-ger-ous ideas. If you wish to pre-serve this plan-et you should stop it." If asked how to stop the Tick-Tock man, the Yithian is blunt. "It can-not be des-troyed. You can on-ly des-troy the de-vice it in-habits." If asked to describe Tick-Tock, the Yithian is stumped. It is not sure how its own sensory impressions translate to humans. "It is a de-vice. But it is like you."

Haverstack and LeFebvre's Plans: "They be-lieve they are making a de-vice to cap-ture raw en-er-gy from space. This is in-correct. It will in-stead cap-ture one of the seeds of the Pri-mal One. The seed will des-troy this plan-et."

The Outer Ones/the Primal One: "The gov-ern-ing forces of the un-i-verse are em-bo-died in the Out-er Ones. The Pri-mal One is at the cen-ter of the space-time con-tin-uity mat-rix. Its pow-er is ex-treme." The PCs may make Cthulhu Mythos rolls to surmise that the "Primal One" is Azathoth.

The Yithian does not know where Haverstack, LeFebvre, and the Tick-Tock Man are now, nor does it know how long it has been since they last visited (it is kept in stasis most of the time, after all). If the PCs attack the Yithian after it leaves the force-field, it defends itself as best it can, trying to stay alive until the machinery sends its mind back in time. When that happens, the Yithian's conical body suddenly pulses with a white light, and then its limbs droop lifelessly. The mind has left for the ancient past, and the body is now dead.

Trapped Yithian

STR 39	CON 22	SIZ 62	INT 26
POW 13	DEX 9	HP 42	Move 7

Damage Bonus: +5d6
 Weapons: Pincer 40%, damage 1d6+db
 Armor: 8-point skin

Edgewood, Maine

This small town is located thirty miles from Bangor, the state capital, and the PCs can reach it by train in about four hours. It is primarily a farming community, with a few minor local industries such as a sawmill, and in better economic times it did a fair summer business for vacationing city folks; there is a lake outside of town which offers some fine fishing. The landscape around the town is mostly forested hills, and now, in September, the changing leaves make them stunningly beautiful. The locals are polite but uncommunicative to strangers, and tend to speak and act slowly, punctuating their remarks with many an “A-yup.”

There is one hotel in town, the Edgewood Arms. It is a pleasant enough place, although obviously suffering from the Depression: there is only a single traveling salesman rooming there at present, and the owner, 63-year-old Wilbur Hodge, seems almost pathetically happy to have guests. If asked about Haverstack, he knows little. “Nice enough feller. A-yup. Bought the old Fairfax place up Trotter’s Lane. Fixed it up real nice. Wish he could have hired local help for it, though. Did all kinds of work on it, always had trucks going up there, day in and day out. Guess someone was happy for the business. A-yup. Buys his food local, though. That’s nice for Agnes, she needs the business.” He identifies “Agnes” as the proprietor of Willard’s General Store.

Willard’s General Store is a typical small-town store which serves most of Edgewood’s commercial needs. The owner, Agnes Willard, is a widow in her fifties, who has managed to keep the business going through the Depression despite her husband’s death four years ago from a heart attack. She is a woman of strong spirit, and regards the investigators with a polite but cautious attitude; some friendly conversation and a Credit Rating roll does wonders convincing her to speak openly. If the PCs ask about Haverstack and LeFebvre, she confirms that they regularly purchase food and other incidentals (soap and toiletries, for example). They’ve been coming here occasionally since Haverstack bought the Trotter Place last autumn, and more frequently since the spring. “One or the other of them’s been in every week for the last few months,” she observes. “Not the friendliest people you ever met. A-yup. But they always pay cash. That’s rare, these days.” She looks suspiciously at the investigators. “What’s your interest? They done anything wrong?”

The Place on Trotter’s Lane

1507 Trotter’s Lane is located about a half-mile outside of town, on the slope of a tree-covered hill. The building, a large farm-house of mid-19th century construction, has clearly undergone some recent renovations, and a fresh power line comes in from the road. Thick, dark smoke rises in a steady stream from a pair of tin chimneys. A Model-A Ford in good condition is parked in front of the house, and the heavily-rutted dirt driveway shows signs of heavy traffic – it is plain that a great many vehicles have visited here over the past few months. A large pile of coal is slumped against the back of the house, and the tracks there show that trucks have paid numerous visits to replenish the supply.

Inside, the house is filled with heat, clanging metallic noise, the smell of hot metal and burning coal. Although the building has obviously undergone



some recent renovations, it is also dirty and unkempt, with laundry, half-eaten food, and other wreckage of careless human habitation spilled everywhere. Papers and scribbled notes are also tossed about, trampled into the floor, and so forth. The two remaining upstairs bedrooms both show obvious signs of use, and LeFebvre's duffel-bag is tossed in the corner of one room. Clearly, Haverstack and LeFebvre have made little effort to keep the place clean since they moved in.

The noise, heat, and stench come from the back half of the house, which has been hollowed out, the walls and interior floors removed to create a huge two-story room which extends down into the basement. The chamber is filled to bursting by a gigantic soot-blackened machine of iron and steel, a monstrous conglomeration of spinning wheels, pounding valves, and sparking solenoids, belching steam and smoke from dozens of pipes and fittings; catwalks of wood and steel surround it, giving access to various valves and levers, and a rattling conveyer belt brings a continual stream of coal from the pile outside the house, feeding it into a flaming iron maw. The two chimneys which the PCs could see from outside are connected to this monstrous machine, but despite them the air here is hazed with smoke. The air is chokingly hot as well, waves of distortion rising from the core of the clanking, roaring machine. Thick power cables, each over an inch in diameter, run out of the monstrosity, snaking through a half-open door and down an apparent basement staircase. Anyone making an Electrical Repair roll can tell that this is not any sort of normal or natural power plant – in fact, many of the components are unidentifiable. The investigators can probably guess that this is the “advanced generator” referred to in Haverstack's notes. Meddling with this machine is dangerous – it is built according to alien and unpredictable principles. Any investigator who starts trying to open panels, turn knobs, pull levers or otherwise disturbs the machine must make an Electrical Repair roll to avoid some kind of dangerous result, as determined from the following list (roll 1d6):

- 1:** Sudden blast of steam from a loosened fitting scalds a random investigator for 2d6 damage.
- 2:** A rivet pops loose and pegs a random investigator for 1d3 damage.
- 3:** The machine emits a piercing shrieking noise, blowing steam from a dozen vents, and shaking and rattling threateningly. All investigators lose 0/1d3 SAN. Luckily, nothing more happens.
- 4:** A sudden electrical surge rampages across the machine in a shower of sparks. All investigators must roll Luck to avoid a violent electric shock for 1d6 damage.
- 5:** A segmented steam-pipe pops loose and lashes across the room, banging off walls and thrashing like a demented snake. All PCs must roll Dodge or suffer 1d4+1 damage from the pipe before it eventually clatters to the floor.
- 6:** No apparent result. However, from somewhere below, a fire-alarm bell rings loudly. Jacques LeFebvre arrives in 1d6+3 rounds to investigate what has happened to the power generator.

If LeFebvre comes upstairs, he demands (in a high, tight voice, with a thick French accent) to know what the PCs are doing here, accuses them of being trespassers and robbers, threatens to call the sheriff, and generally tries to cow them into leaving the property. This is a bluff, however, since he does not actually want any authority figures here poking around and asking questions. He claims that he and Haverstack are engaged in “important research, which is none of your concern.” If the PCs are stubborn or belligerent, or say anything which suggests they know what he and Haverstack are really up to, LeFebvre either panics and flees back to the basement (50%) or invites the PCs down to look around, hoping to win them over (50%). He does not attempt to fight them without the assistance of Haverstack and the Tick-Tock Man.

The Descent

If the PCs follow the thick power cables (or a fleeing LeFebvre), they find themselves descending a creaking wooden staircase through the house’s old basement level (now filled with the bulking, growling mass of the power generator) and into a freshly-dug earthen tunnel.

The stairs descend into the earth, the rough-hewn walls braced with wooden beams, for about thirty feet and end at the edge of a vertical descending shaft. The walls of the shaft are not of earth but of dark, mottled glass; a Physics or Geology roll suggests the earth was fused by immense heat. A wooden ladder descends the shaft, and next to it the thickly-bundled power cables drop into the darkness. Far below, the PCs can just glimpse the faint glow of electric lights.

The ladder descends almost 200 feet to the level of the Capture Plant (see map). As the PCs descend, they can hear electrical cracklings and hummings, hissing steam, and the occasional metallic clang. The air smells of earth, hot metal, and ozone.

The Capture Plant

The ladder ends in a circular cave of the same slick heat-fused glass. The thick power cables pass through an archway into the gigantic main chamber of the Capture Plant:

Stepping through the archway, you find yourselves standing on a steel catwalk which circles this enormous underground chamber. The cave rises to an arched peak over fifty feet high above you. Below, the chamber descends and widens, dropping almost three hundred feet before ending in a broad bowl shape. The cavern appears to be of the same heat-fused glass as the tunnel you descended, but it is difficult to be sure, for the walls are almost completely covered from top to bottom with strange metallic discs, each with a large metal needle projecting from its center. The discs are mounted on steel girders which run up and down the walls, and thick power cables snake between them in endless tangles. Electric light-bulbs are mounted throughout the chamber, but their light is given an eerie strobing effect by the fat blue sparks which continually spring out from the discs.



Across the chamber, you can see what appears to be a large control panel recessed into the wall. Two men (one if LeFebvre was dealt with earlier) are sitting in chairs by the panel, intently watching the wavering needles and dials on the panel. Next to them is a tall, bulky bipedal shape swathed a heavy cloak.

There is a 1/1d6 SAN loss for this startling vision of alien technology. If LeFebvre came upstairs earlier, he and Haverstack are alert and waiting for the PCs, rather than focussed on the machinery. They are armed, but do not overtly reach for their weapons. The cloaked figure beside them, the Tick-Tock Man, follows them mechanically wherever they go, but takes no other actions.

The two demented physicists do not automatically attack the investigators (unless the PCs attack first). Instead, they attempt to explain their plans and goal, hoping to convince the investigators to leave them to their plans or, even better, to join them. Of course, they are both completely insane, madly obsessed with completing their plans despite all possible risks, but this has not impeded their faculties or made their behavior obviously erratic. They both are firmly convinced that the Capture Plant is an effort for the greater benefit of humanity, and explain in great and glorious detail the splendid future which awaits the human race once it gains access to the limitless energy of space. As Haverstack puts it: "All of our science, the things we mislabeled as 'magic', it has all been a desperate striving to escape the shackles of our limited energy and capability. Our race has a far greater destiny ahead of us, if we can only reach out and grasp it." He stares with furious intensity into the PCs' eyes. "You understand, don't you? How important this is?" LeFebvre echoes his words in his thick French accent. Any PC making a Psychology roll can tell that the two absolutely believe every word they are saying. Making a second Psychology roll after this also informs the PC that they are both completely out of their minds.

If the PCs present the Yithian's claims that the Capture Plant represents a threat to the planet, Haverstack and LeFebvre dismiss them. "The Yithians are probably afraid that our power shall rise to match theirs, and disrupt their plans for the future of Earth," Haverstack sneers. "Oh yes, it didn't mention that to you, did it? They plan to take the Earth's future, after humanity has died out. But if we gain this power, we can avert that fate."

If the PCs ask about the Tick-Tock Man, Haverstack and LeFebvre both insist that it is merely a machine, a "Mechanical Mind" in Haverstack's words, which they built themselves through their superior understanding of science and hyper-mathematics. They dismiss any other suggestion, any notion that they might be the victims of outside manipulation, as complete nonsense. Indeed, Haverstack flies into a rage at this suggestion, shouting that the PCs are "jealous, interfering Philistines" who cannot appreciate his genius. He demands that the PCs leave at once, lest their "feeble minds" contaminate him by their proximity.

If the PCs explain why they are here (Pederson's request that they seek out his former colleagues), Haverstack is unmoved. "Pederson was a man without vision," he snorts, "and his followers were so many childish sheep. Only Jacques here had the intellect and vision to see the possibilities I saw." The

young Frenchmen nods arrogantly. "Children, they were all children," he agrees with a dismissive wave of his hand.

The Tick-Tock Man remains shrouded under its cloak, visible only as a blocky humanoid shape and a gleam of metal below the lowered hood; a thick power cable trails back to a socket in the control panel. If the PCs pull the cloak aside or insist that Haverstack show them his invention, the Tick-Tock Man is revealed as a bipedal robot, its thick metallic limbs sprouting from a body covered in strange dials and whirling gears without apparent purpose. Its squarish "head" mounts a single dish-shaped eye and a mesh grill in place of a mouth. The sight of this entity costs 1/1d8 SAN, and investigators can roll Cthulhu Mythos to confirm that this is almost certainly the technological aspect of the dark god Nyarlathotep. It makes no sounds unless Haverstack or LeFebvre asks it a question, in which case it answers in a mechanical monotone very similar to the Yithian's speech synthesizer. It takes no overt action of its own until and unless the PCs take steps against Haverstack and LeFebvre.

Crisis and Resolution

At some point during the discussion with Haverstack and LeFebvre, it is suddenly interrupted by a buzzing alarm from the control panel. Sparks begin to shower from the discs covering the walls of the cavern, and jagged blue bolts of electricity begin arcing between them. Lose 0/1d4 SAN. Haverstack and LeFebvre hurry back to the control panel, with Tick-Tock stumping behind them. "I think we may have a capture!" LeFebvre shouts gleefully.

In point of fact, the Capture Plant has not actually snared one of the Spawn of Azathoth (luckily for the Earth); however, the PCs may find themselves wishing for such an end, since it has instead snagged a Dimensional Shambler. The environment in the cavern quickly becomes much more dangerous as electrical charges arc back and forth and randomly strike anyone who is not in the sheltered alcove of the control panel. For the next six rounds, all PCs in the main area of the cavern must roll Luck each round to avoid taking 1d2 in painful electrical damage. At the end of that time, the Shambler materializes in the bottom of the main chamber in a ball of coruscating light. (Lose 0/1d10 SAN.) Haverstack and LeFebvre look startled (if they're still alive) and Haverstack turns to the controls with a muttered, "That CAN'T be right." With a furious bellow, the Shambler begins climbing up the walls of the cavern toward the humans, knocking metal discs loose to shatter below. It reaches the catwalk level in two rounds.

Regardless of how the PCs react to the Shambler (which attempts to kill everyone except the Tick-Tock Man), they ultimately have little choice but to use force against Haverstack and LeFebvre, since the two madmen cannot be dissuaded from their course no matter what arguments the PCs may present. Once the PCs take physical action (even if it is merely to try to restrain or subdue the madmen), the Tick-Tock Man suddenly whirrs to life, unleashing its true power. Expressions of startled bewilderment cross Haverstack and LeFebvre's faces as their "creation" begins casting spells and unleashing livid bolts of



energy. The sudden change in its nature requires a SAN roll for a possible loss of 1/1d6.

The Tick-Tock Man attempts to destroy all these interlopers, blasting them with searing energies which emerge from sockets on its mechanical body. It can also cast spells, and does so with complete ruthlessness. It tries to spare Haverstack and LeFebvre if at all possible, since they are its pawns. The two madmen are ultimately undissuaded by Tick-Tock's unexpected abilities (Haverstack decides he is even more of a genius than he thought, since he worked these abilities into Tick-Tock's design without even realizing it). Nor does the Shambler's unexpected appearance make any impact ("a simple miscalculation"). The two do their best to defeat the investigators, who are obviously lacking in the faculties to share their vision.

If the investigators attempt to destroy the Capture Plant (either before, during, or after the arrival of the Shambler), they can do so by inflicting physical damage on either the control panel (100 HP), the power cables (70 HP), or the array of discs (200 HP). If the investigators attack either the controls or the power cables with melee weapons (e.g. axes, knives, etc.) they must roll Luck or suffer electrical damage from flying sparks and surging current: 1d6 HP from the panel, 2d6 from the power cables. Tick-Tock and the two madmen will of course try to stop them. Shutting down the Plant in any of these three ways prevents the arrival of the Shambler (if it is not already here), but destroying the control panel has the most dramatic effect. It explodes in a violent shower of sparks, shredded metal and crystalline fragments, inflicting 2d6 damage on anyone within 10 feet and 1d6 on anyone between 10 and 30 feet away. The electrical arcing and sparks throughout the chamber become more violent as all the systems of the Capture Plant begin to short out and the metal discs begins shattering like overstressed glass. Everyone in the chamber must roll Luck on each subsequent round or take 1d4 damage from random electricity and debris. This lasts for ten minutes, at the end of which time the Plant is completely destroyed and the chamber is plunged into darkness.

If the investigators retreat without defeating the Tick-Tock Man, it summons Hunting Horrors and Servitors of the Outer Gods to defend itself and the Capture Plant, which results in the PCs facing a nigh-impossible challenge upon their return.

Note that the Elder Sign has no direct effect upon the equipment, the Shambler, or the Tick-Tock Man. It can, however, be used to seal the entrance to the Capture Plant and prevent any Mythos creatures from entering or leaving the place.

Ultimately, to succeed in saving the planet from future doom the investigators will have to destroy the Plant, destroy Tick-Tock, and kill or subdue Haverstack and LeFebvre. Killing the Dimensional Shambler, while perhaps necessary for self-defense, has no other purpose since the being soon becomes bored and leaves this dimension for elsewhere (a Cthulhu Mythos roll can suggest this).

Bad Guy Stats

Bedford Haverstack, Crazy Physicist

STR 8 CON 12 SIZ 10 DEX 11 SAN 03
 APP 12 INT 15 POW 19 EDU 17 HP 11

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Astronomy 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 32%, Dodge 34%, Electrical Repair 80%, Mechanical Repair 75%, Other Language (Greek) 50%, Other Language (Latin) 60%, Other Language (Yithian) 25%, Physics 99%.

Weapons:

Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1d3

Grapple 35%, damage special

Head Butt 10%, damage 1d4

Kick 25%, damage 1d6

Yithian Energy Weapon 40%, damage 2d6

Spells: Create Gate, Find Gate, Power Drain, Shriveling

Haverstack appears to be a man in his early forties, unshaven and dirty, and dresses in clothes which are covered with small burns, grease smears, and metal shavings. His eyes are intense and wild, and when he becomes excited he grabs his thinning brown hair and tugs it violently. He carries a Yithian energy weapon (resembling nothing so much as an oversized camera) slung over one shoulder by a leather strap. Luckily for the investigators, the weapon is almost exhausted (he used most of its charge melting out the cavern for the Capture Plant) and has enough power left for only three weak shots. Once the weapon is exhausted he uses his spells.

Jacques LeFebvre, Crazy Grad Student

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 8 DEX 15 SAN 05
 APP 12 INT 14 POW 13 EDU 15 HP 11

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Art (fencing) 55%, Astronomy 30%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Dodge 47%, Electrical Repair 70%, Fast Talk 25%, Listen 45%, Martial Arts 30%, Mechanical Repair 60%, Other Language (English) 40%, Other Language (German) 25%, Other Language (Latin) 30%, Other Language (Yithian) 15%, Physics 68%, Sneak 30%, Throw 40%.

Weapons:

Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1d3

Grapple 50%, damage special

Head Butt 10%, damage 1d4

Kick 45%, damage 1d6

.38 Revolver 40%, damage 1d10

Rapier 70%, damage 1d6 + electrical jolt for 2d4

Spells: Create Gate, Find Gate, Wither Limb

Jacques is a short, compressed young man, dressed like a sloppy Bohemian student, complete with a dirty beret mashed down on his greasy black hair. He once wore a nattily trimmed moustache, but now he has gone a few



weeks without shaving and looks quite scruffy. He speaks in a high tenor voice, with a thick French accent. He openly wears a fencing rapier on his belt, and investigators making a Spot Hidden notice the electrical cable which runs from the hilt of the sword to the bulky leather satchel on his other hip (which contains a Yithian battery). He can cause the sword to flow with deadly electrical current by pressing a button in the hilt, and does this any time he strikes someone in melee. He uses his pistol if no one is in reach of his sword.

Angry Dimensional Shambler

STR 18 CON 16 SIZ 19 INT 9
 POW 13 DEX 11 HP 18 Move 7

Damage Bonus: +1d6

Weapons: Claw (two) 30%, damage 1d8+db

Armor: 3-point thick hide

SAN Loss: 0/1d10

The Shambler can switch to another dimension of existence in a single round by spending 4 Magic Points. It may carry objects and creatures with it by spending one additional MP for every 10 points of SIZ which it takes.

Tick-Tock Man, the Technology God, Aspect of Nyarlathotep

STR 24 CON 50 SIZ 17 INT 78
 POW 95 DEX 18 HP 34 Move 9

Damage Bonus: +2d6

Weapons:

Energy Blast 90%, damage 3d6

Fist 90%, damage 1d3+2d6

Armor: 8 points of metal, plus the Tick-Tock Man can regenerate by spending 1 point of POW for each HP healed.

Spells: Create Gate, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Mindblast, Red Sign of Shudde M'ell, Stop Heart, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods, Wrack.

KEEPER'S AID #1: Suggested Insanities

Professor John Baskins: An insane Baskins begins to suffer from a memory disorder; holes begin appearing in both his short-term and long-term memory, forcing him to constantly stop and ask questions of everyone around him. In effect, he becomes the ultimate “absent-minded professor” unable to even remember his own address, what he teaches, his friends’ names, or what he is doing at any given time.

Sean Mahan: If Sean goes insane he succumbs to Panzaism, an inability to recognize the supernatural. He reinterprets all strange and supernatural events as natural and explainable, no matter how far he has to stretch his rationalizations.

Mary Bakersly: If Mary loses her sanity, her personality undergoes a violent inversion, as she abandons her strict rational approach to life and decides to let her emotions run free. She says exactly what she feels, judges everything on how she feels, and ignores all normal social mores. In particular, she no longer has any trouble at all expressing how she feels about Professor Baskins.

David Prinz: David suffers from an obsessive compulsive disorder which forces him to constantly talk to himself, convincing himself that everything is okay and that he can handle the situation. This is interspersed with bouts of severe depression and despair in which he becomes convinced that everything is futile and all the investigators’ efforts are doomed to failure. He switches back and forth between these moods at random.

Rufus Oldersson: Rufus decides it is time to begin proselytizing the faith of Audhumla. Only by believing in the Primal Cow can Rufus and his comrades be saved from the dreadful fates which surely await them; everyone must venerate Audhumla, and Rufus does not rest until he can convert everyone to the true faith.

Judy Stoggsdale: If Judy goes insane, she regresses to her childhood and begins demanding that “mummy and daddy” come and make everything all right. She behaves like a frightened, spoiled-rotten six year old, simultaneously expecting the other investigators to solve everything while making her the center of attention.



FORENSIC EVIDENCE FILE #1: Letter from William Pederson

September 25th

Doctor Baskins,

Although you don't know me, our mutual interest in things inexplicable has drawn you to my attention. During my tenure at Miskatonic, I looked into many of the same mysteries which, I am told, you and your students seek out. Rest assured that I am – or was, while my health still stood – on the same side of the struggle as you. Like you, I have had occasion to petition Doctor Armitage for access to the library's Closed Stacks.

In that regard, I would like to meet with you and your student friends on a subject of mutual interest. You may find me at my home at 703 North Jenkin Street. Due to my health I never leave the house, so feel free to visit at any time. If you wish to arm yourselves or otherwise take precautions, be assured I shall not take offense; from my own experiences I know paranoia to be a necessity, not a flaw.

Sincerely,

William Pederson, M.D., Ph.D. (ret.)

FORENSIC EVIDENCE FILE #2: Pederson's Information on his former associates

Robert Stannard: Robert used to work at the admissions office, where he screened students for me to recruit into our investigating group. He dropped out of the group after the incident of 1929. I don't know if he is still working at the University or not.

Kurt Crase: A football player, a man of limited intellectual gifts but stout heart. He remained with us until our final investigation in 1931. I do not know whether he ever graduated from Miskatonic.

Linda Evans: My best ally of all those who helped me from 1927 to 1931. Linda was a Psychology major and a woman of great mind and perception. She suffered heavily in our final investigation in 1931 but, I believe, returned to the University to pursue graduate studies thereafter.

Stephen Wise III: An intelligent but rather dissolute young man, studying Classics – his parents are, I believe, shipping magnates in Boston. He suffered heavily during the 1929 incident but seemed to recover. He graduated in 1930 and stayed with the group for a few more months, but left before the final investigation in 1931. I think he went back to Boston, although he never said so specifically.

Tyler Fannon: A medical student, and my first fellow investigator. He stayed in touch with me a few months after the events of 1931, and finished his studies in late '32. I believe he said he planned to open a family practice somewhere.

Professor Bedford Haverstack: Bedford is faculty, a member of the Physics department. He had some rather odd notions about the relationships between mathematics and the "magic" which we encountered on our investigations. He seemed to be deeply affected by our discoveries during the incident of 1929, and largely dropped out of our investigations after that. It is my understanding that he is still employed by the department, although I haven't spoken to him since my forced retirement in 1931.

Jacques LeFebvre: A foreign student pursuing graduate studies at the Physics department, Jacques was recruited by Bedford and stayed in our group until the final investigation in 1931. He was always closer to Bedford than to the rest of us, and seemed to share many of the professor's views about mathematics. After the 1931 investigation I did not see him again, but I'm told he continued his studies as a graduate student.



FORENSIC EVIDENCE FILE #3: Haverstack's Journal

6/18/31

Finally opened the Gate to the Yithian chamber today. Technologies we can only dream of, waiting beneath our feet. The possibilities! Pederson and the others couldn't see the opportunities here – too mired in superstition and fear. But Jacques understands the truth – could never have managed this without his help.

6/30/31

Drunk with possibilities. These machines have survived undamaged and functional through millions of years. If we can unlock the mysteries of their functions, it would transform human civilization. Limitless energy, limitless power.

7/22/31

The secrets of these machines still elude me. We have learned how to reanimate the Yithian, and spoken with it, but its answers remain frustratingly incomplete and confusing. Problem of communicating with a mind which thinks in completely different patterns. If only we could create a machine that thinks as it does!

11/15/31

I have begun work on the Mechanical Mind. Not sure where the inspiration for the design came from – an intuitive leap? Jacques is still trying to get information from the Yithian – he is convinced it understands us better than it lets on.

3/05/32

Breakthrough! I awoke yesterday morning with a sudden inspiration, as though I'd received a vision. Rebuilt the Mechanical Mind from the ground up, using a fresh supply of the components from the Yithian chamber. Worked all through the night and into today, with some help from Jacques – he seemed to catch my fever of inspiration as time passed. Finally sealed up the casing and turned on the power – and it worked! It processed our questions, gave answers, even inferred new answers from information previously given!

3/24/32

Continued modifications to the Mechanical Mind have improved its performance considerably. Need to make it mobile – in its current form it requires a wheelbarrow to transport to and from the cavern. Also additional sensory apparatus to improve its ability to accept input. The Yithian may be able to assist with that.

5/16/32

The Mechanical Mind is now mobile. I have christened it “Tick-Tock” after the wind-up man in the old Oz books I read in my youth – the resemblance is striking. Jacques did not care for the nick-name – he thinks it belittles our accomplishment – but when I dug up an old copy of Baum’s book he could not deny the similarities.

6/25/32

Tick-Tock has produced a preliminary design for the Capture Plant. It shall require considerable work, but I believe it can be done. The limitless energy of space will be at our fingertips.

8/27/32

Purchased the property in Maine. Suitably isolated from the prying eyes of the ignorant. We’ll be able to build the Capture Plant there without interference.

10/3/32

Energy will be a problem. Power to catch more power. Must set Tick-Tock to designing an advanced generator. Perhaps some of the Yithian devices can be adapted.

1/05/33

Preliminary work completed in Edgewood, and we have begun construction of the generator.

2/17/33

Tick-Tock has a new design for the Capture Plant, based on additional input from the Yithian devices. Unfortunately it still requires many components we will be unable to produce ourselves. There are not enough Yithian components surviving to build the machine. There must be a way around this problem – we have come too far to be frustrated now!

4/20/33

The third design is a success! All the components can be built here on Earth, with present-day technology. I have been forced to clean out my bank account to purchase all the needed elements, but that is a trivial matter compared to the results we seek. I will take a sabbatical to complete the work.

5/30/33

Construction has begun. We opened up the cavern using the last of the Yithian energy weapons, and brought in the support struts. The Depression has been our friend – people are desperate for business and ask no questions about our odd orders.

6/14/33

Tick-Tock relocated to Edgewood – needed more power to support its new functions. We made the first test of the Capture Field today, and experienced no problems.

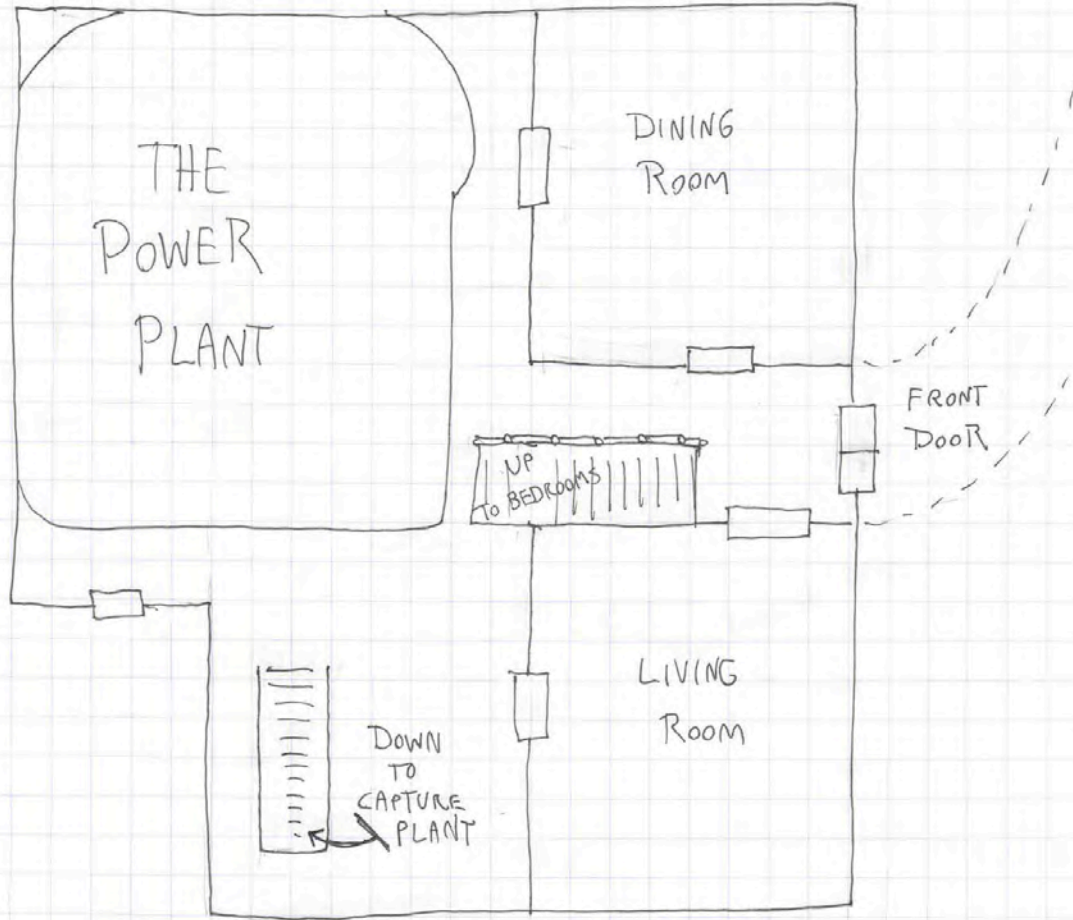
8/24/33

Jacques had to return to campus to begin the Autumn classes. I suggested he simply drop out – what we are doing now is more important than such mundane educational matters. After a few days he agreed with me. We have advanced so far beyond poor Hyde-Simmons and his colleagues it is laughable. Tick-Tock agrees.

9/5/33

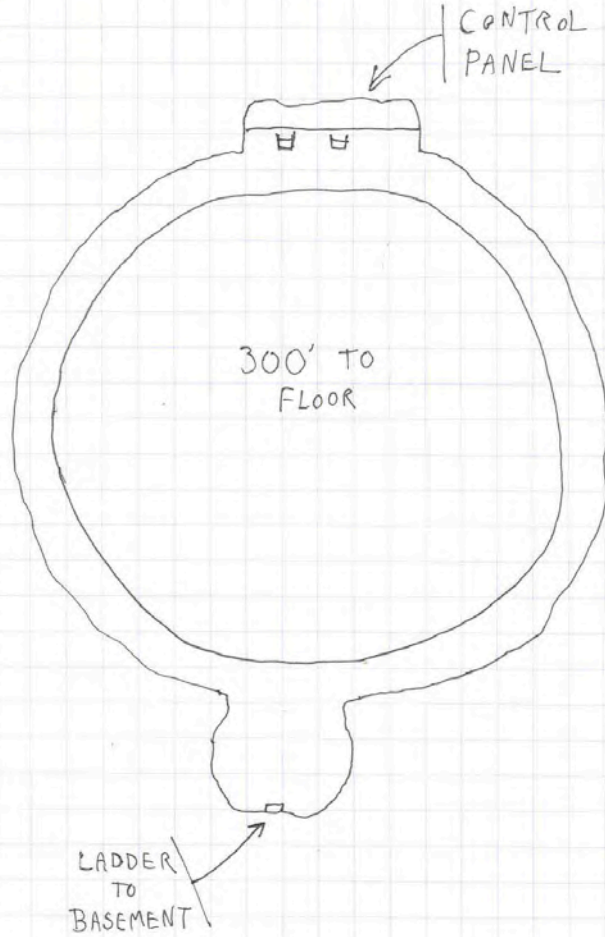
Last components moved to Edgewood. Now simply a matter of time until we achieve the Capture. And then – a Nobel at the least! Why, the whole world will be in our debt!

Senior Project Map #1



The Place on Trotter's Lane
Senior Project

Senior Project Map #2



The Capture Plant

Senior Project

$\frac{1}{4}'' = 5 \text{ feet}$

Chapter Five

...It soon became apparent after my initial experience with the Mythos that I must first understand those who have been touched by the supernatural before I can fathom the full extent of what they have endured in their attempt to save humanity from utter chaos. To accomplish my goal, I found myself forced to choose between what I thought would be my life's work and the thing that now dominates my every waking moment. This is why I left my comfortable post at Westhaven and set out to delve into the unknown. My travels have taken me from the courts of nobility to the shadowy realm of the underworld and beyond as I search for those who can aid me in my quest. I have spent of good deal of my personal fortune in the pursuit of my mission and have taken great pains to separate what must be lies designed to fleece me of coin from the horrible, indisputable truth. This portion of my work must remain secret, as I feel a sense of professional honor to respect the privacy of those who have fallen. While they were not my actual patients, I would be less than professional to divulge the secrets of their lives that I have uncovered. If... for some reason...I am unable to destroy these records upon the completion of my work, I pray that those who happen upon them respect my wishes and act honorably....

...from the journal of Dr. Thomas Kalalen

Note for the keeper: This section is presented to provide individual characters to be used by your players if you so desire. No more than one character is on a given page to ease in their reproduction. Permission to photocopy these pages for game by use is granted by Chaosium.



Confidential!

-The information within these files has been gathered for research purposes. This material is the property of Dr. Thomas Kalalen and should immediately be returned to his office.-



A Night in Edo

Captain Masakazu Akira, age 28

STR 16	DEX 15	INT 13	Idea 65%	
CON 15	APP 12	POW 12	Luck 60%	HP 13
SIZ 11	SAN 57	EDU 14	Know 70%	Magic Points 12

Damage bonus: +1d4

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 10%, Art (calligraphy) 25%, Bargain 15%, Climb 44%, Conceal 25%, Credit Rating 43%, Cthulhu Mythos 0%, Dodge 50%, Drive Auto 10%, Electrical Repair 10%, Fast Talk 35%, First Aid 34%, Hide 30%, History (Japanese) 40%, Jump 45%, Law (Japanese) 5%, Library Use 25%, Listen 35%, Martial Arts 25%, Mechanical Repair 20%, Medicine 5%, Natural History 10%, Navigate 35%, Occult (Japanese) 5%, Own Language (Japanese) 72%, Other Language (English) 20%, Persuade 52%, Photography 10%, Psychology 30%, Ride 25%, Sneak 37%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 38%, Throw 30%, Track 10%

Handgun 56%, Rifle 25%, Shotgun 30%, Fist/Punch 50%, Head Butt 10%, Kick 30%, Grapple 25%, Knife 35%, Club 25%, Axe 25%, Scythe 20%, Sword 75%

Equipment: Military uniform, boots (not worn), katana in sheath (damage 1d10+3), pocketwatch, cigarette case, box of matches, wallet

Background/History: Akira Masakazu is intensely proud of his father, Masemune, who retired from the Imperial Japanese Army last year at the rank of Colonel and brought great honor to the family. The desire to follow in his footsteps led Akira to become a career Army officer. Hopefully, success will bring honor to both family and father. The World War allowed Akira the chance to distinguish himself, boldly leading his platoon against the garrisons of Germany's Asian colonies. This heroic action earned both commendation and a promotion to Captain.

The Masakazu family has had a long and impressive history as faithful vassals of the Tokugawa shogunate. Although the family has embraced the modern ways of post-Meiji Japan and have become successful businessmen, both Masemune and Akira still take pride in the family's legacy as warriors and noblemen.

As a lieutenant Akira served in the same platoon as Yamaguchi Keichi. Although the relationship on-duty was strictly military, off-duty they became close friends. Keichi was a light-hearted fellow, always bright and cheerful, and could be counted on to raise Akira's spirits when the pressures of war and command dampened them. The friendship was further cemented when Keichi saved Akira's life in battle, carrying Akira out of a deadly ambush on his back. Unfortunately, they drifted apart after the war. Keichi chose to go to school in the United States, while Akira continued his career as an army officer. Keichi's decision to leave Japan baffled the friend he left behind.

Last year Keichi chose to return to Japan and Akira finally caught up with him. Unfortunately, he can't help feeling that Keichi has been corrupted and weakened by his time spent with the decadent Americans. The former wartime comrade is even a friend of an American naval officer! A man who could soon be the enemy of their nation! Perhaps it was concern about at this matter that drove Akira to arrange a marriage between Keichi and his cousin, Nami, the daughter of Akira's father's older brother Shigeru. She is a nice traditional Japanese girl and the sort of woman he hoped to someday marry himself. Hopefully she can settle Keichi down and remind him where his roots lie.

Yamaguchi Keichi: Akira's best friend from the Great War, a trusted and cheerful comrade who saved Akira's life in combat. Keichi should be happy with Akira's cousin, and their union should bring Keichi back to his proper Japanese roots.

Yamaguchi Michiko: Keichi's younger sister, here for the wedding. Obviously her parents failed to raise her properly, for she seems full of strange, non-Japanese notions about life and the role of women. Proper decorum, and consideration for Keichi, prevents Akira from delivering the lecture she so richly deserves. Honor dictates he should find subtler ways of showing his disapproval.

Kanekuda Keppai: Keppai is Keichi's uncle and a Shinto priest. He is here to perform the ceremony. Akira has nothing but respect for this wise and holy man.

Bart Meadows: This is Keichi's gaijin (foreign) friend. He is an American Navy officer who is full of the arrogance and condescension of his kind. His behavior grates on Akira, who must continually remind himself that the foreigner is a guest here lest he lose his temper. Akira feels sure his country and America shall be enemies soon.

Sylvia Meadows: Sylvia is the Navy man's wife, and is just as arrogant as he is. If all of the American women are like her, it is no wonder that their country is so decadent.



Yamaguchi Keichi, Banker, age 25

STR 12	DEX 12	INT 15	Idea 75%	
CON 14	APP 14	POW 13	Luck 65%	HP 12
SIZ 9	SAN 64	EDU 15	Know 75%	Magic Points 13

Damage bonus: None

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 80%, Art (singing) 5%, Bargain 45%, Chemistry 30%, Climb 43%, Conceal 15%, Credit Rating 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 0%, Dodge 28%, Drive Auto 35%, Electrical Repair 10%, Fast Talk 30%, First Aid 40%, Hide 10%, History (Japanese) 50%, Jump 31%, Law (Japanese) 18%, Library Use 42%, Listen 35%, Mechanical Repair 20%, Natural History 10%, Navigate 10%, Occult 15%, Own Language (Japanese) 80%, Other Language (English) 60%, Persuade 55%, Photography 10%, Psychoanalysis 15%, Psychology 41%, Ride 10%, Sneak 17%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 31%, Throw 25%, Track 10%

Handgun 20%, Rifle 45%, Shotgun 30%, Fist/Punch 50%, Head Butt 10%, Kick 25%, Grapple 25%, Knife 30%, Club 25%, Axe 25%, Scythe 20%, Sword 15%

Equipment: wedding kimono, business clothes, shoes (not worn), pocketwatch, glasses, wallet

Background/History: Keichi has chosen to return to his homeland after graduating from college in the United States. He accepted a position at the Bank of Tokyo soon after his arrival. He is engaged to be married to Masakazu Nami, the cousin of his old Army friend Masakazu Akira. Keichi met Akira during his mandatory service in the army, and his cheerful disposition helped keep Akira from being overwhelmed by his responsibilities as a new-made officer. Keichi once saved his friend's life during the fighting against Germany's Asiatic colonies; although he received a decoration for this, at the time Keichi just did what seemed right, without thought of consequences or reward.

After the war Keichi's parents sent him to America for his education, hoping to broaden their son's horizons. After all, Japan is now part of the modern industrialized world, not an isolated backwater nation. While in the United States he became friends with Bart Meadows, a young Navy officer studying for a degree in Japanese. Keichi was quite lonely and uncertain in the strange world of the United States, and Bart helped him find his feet and improve his English. Meadows recently came to Japan as an assistant to the US naval attaché, enabling the two to renew their friendship. Many of Keichi's Japanese friends, especially Akira, frown on this relationship with a *gaijin* (foreigner) and point out that the United States might become Japan's enemy if the current tensions in the Pacific continue. However, Keichi believes that the affairs and rivalries of nations should not get in the way of personal friendship.

The arranged marriage which Akira and Keichi's parents have herded him into has left him a bit uneasy. Masakazu Nami seems like a very nice girl, and

she is certainly quite pretty, but Keichi cannot help but feel she might be too traditional and restrained to be happy with his more unconventional ways. What kind of education does she have, and does she share her cousin's attitudes about foreigners? Keichi wonders whether they have enough in common to enjoy a harmonious relationship.

Masakazu Akira: Keichi's army friend who arranged the marriage to Nami. Keichi likes Akira, admires his courage, sense of honor and responsibility, but wishes he wasn't so hostile to all things non-Japanese. Perhaps someday Keichi can persuade him that *gaijin* are merely different, not wrong.

Yamaguchi Michiko: Keichi's younger sister is a true non-conformist who endlessly struggles against the norms and conventions of society. He fears this will ultimately accomplish nothing more than her own unhappiness.

Kanekuda Keppai: Keichi's uncle, a Shinto priest. He does not actually know Keppai very well, but respects his age, station, and impressive knowledge of Japanese history, culture, and religion.

Bart Meadows: Bart and his wife are here because Keichi invited them. Although the Masakazu family disapproves of their presence, he hopes Bart's friendly demeanor helps open some closed minds. The American seems uncomfortable here, and Keichi hopes this experience doesn't sour their friendship.

Sylvia Meadows: This is the first time Keichi has met Bart's wife. She strikes him as being a very intelligent and open-minded woman. He finds himself hoping (against the odds) that Nami may share some of her traits.



Yamaguchi Michiko, age 18

STR 7	DEX 16	INT 17	Idea 85%		
CON 13	APP 15	POW 16	Luck 80%	HP 10	
SIZ 7	SAN 80	EDU 12	Know 60%	Magic Points 16	

Damage bonus: -1d4

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 15%, Art (dance) 5%, Bargain 5%, Chemistry 35%, Climb 56%, Conceal 15%, Credit Rating 15%, Cthulhu Mythos 0%, Dodge 56%, Drive Auto 5%, Fast Talk 18%, First Aid 48%, Hide 20%, History (Japanese) 60%, Jump 41%, Law (Japanese) 5%, Library Use 85%, Listen 31%, Mechanical Repair 5%, Natural History 15%, Navigate 18%, Occult (Japanese) 30%, Own Language (Japanese) 80%, Other Language (English) 50%, Persuade 43%, Photography 10%, Psychoanalysis 6%, Psychology 40%, Ride 50%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 37%, Swim 46%, Throw 40%, Track 10%

Handgun 20%, Rifle 25%, Shotgun 30%, Fist/Punch 50%, Head Butt 10%, Kick 25%, Grapple 25%, Knife 25%, Club 25%, Axe 25%, Scythe 20%, Sword 15%

Equipment: kimono, clothes (not worn), shoes (not worn), purse with money, small mirror, fountain pen, notepad

Background/History: Michiko is here accompanying her older brother Yamaguchi Keichi, who is engaged to be married to the cousin of his old Army friend Akira. The thought of an arranged marriage appalls her, even though there is a long history of such things in Japan. Hopefully, Michiko's parents never try to force such a thing upon her.

By Japanese standards Michiko's parents are open-minded, flexible people. After all, they sent Keichi to college in the United States, and have not tried to lock Michiko into the "traditional" path for Japanese women. Still, ever since her childhood she has felt continually frustrated by the lack of real choices and opportunities in her life, at the strict and (to Michiko) strangling traditions which Japanese society imposes on women.

Michiko is also an extremely athletic person, eager to try new physical sports and challenges. In school her behavior has earned her labels like "tomboy," "that rude girl," and much worse. However, she could not care less about what her peers (or for that matter, teachers) think of her.

Lately, even Michiko's parents seem a little appalled at her outspoken, self-willed nature. Sometimes, she has considered running away or even emigrating to a foreign country. Michiko longs to live where women are not trapped into pre-ordained roles. In America, she has heard, women can now vote and hold political office.

Keichi's friend Akira has let it be known that his cousin is a very traditional Japanese housewife type, and this really bothers Michiko. She is not traditional

at all, and had hoped her brother would seek a similarly unconventional woman for his bride.

Masakazu Akira: Keichi-kun's old army friend is the sort of man Michiko hates. He looks at others (especially women) through the prism of Japan's feudal and restrictive past. Although scrupulously polite in public, he makes his disapproval of her quite clear. That's fine; she don't approve of him either.

Yamaguchi Keichi: Michiko's older brother is a cheerful and friendly type. It was no surprise to her that he could be friends with two such different men as Akira and Meadows-san. She just hopes he doesn't regret this arranged marriage.

Kanekuda Keppai: Michiko's uncle, a Shinto priest here to perform the wedding. She knows him better than Keichi, since she has visited him during summer breaks while Keichi-kun was in America. He seems to understand her better than most people his age, and sometimes lets Michiko read his vast collection of antique books and chronicles.

Bart Meadows: Keichi's American friend who seems like a nice enough man for a gaijin, although he's obviously uncomfortable to be in a house full of Japanese strangers. Akira obviously loathes the man and speaks of him as one would an enemy. Michiko personally can't see any reason why Japan should ever have to fight the Americans.

Sylvia Meadows: Meadows-san's wife leads the sort of life Michiko dreams about; the American has actually attended college and now studies for a graduate degree. She speaks Japanese quite well, better than her husband does, and Michiko enjoys her company.



Kanakuda Keppai, Shinto Priest, age 43

STR 11	DEX 9	INT 14	Idea 70%	
CON 12	APP 9	POW 19	Luck 95%	HP 12
SIZ 12	SAN 86	EDU 15	Know 75%	Magic Points 19

Damage bonus: None

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 20%, Anthropology 20%, Art (cooking) 40%, Astronomy 15%, Bargain 20%, Climb 40%, Conceal 19%, Credit Rating 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dodge 21%, Drive Auto 5%, Fast Talk 5%, First Aid 60%, Hide 10%, History (Japanese) 65%, Jump 25%, Law (Japanese) 15%, Library Use 50%, Listen 35%, Mechanical Repair 10%, Medicine 10%, Natural History 25%, Navigate 10%, Occult (Japanese) 75%, Own Language (Japanese) 85%, Other Language (Chinese) 30%, Persuade 60%, Pharmacy 25%, Psychoanalysis 30%, Psychology 60%, Ride 5%, Sneak 10%, Spot Hidden 67%, Swim 25%, Throw 25%, Track 30%

Handgun 20%, Rifle 25%, Shotgun 30%, Fist/Punch 50%, Head Butt 10%, Kick 25%, Grapple 25%, Knife 25%, Club 25%, Axe 25%, Scythe 20%, Sword 15%

Spells Known: Deflect Harm*, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Flesh Ward*, Power Drain*, Wrack*

*Keppai has learned these four spells through his studies in Asian traditional magic. He must hurl a Ward (a piece of paper inscribed with the symbols of the spell) at the target in order for the spell to take effect.

Equipment: clothes, sandals (not worn), glasses, fan, pouch of candy, booklet of eight Wards

Background/History: Keichi is Keppai's nephew, and the priest has accompanied him here to perform his marriage. Keppai likes Keichi a lot, and wishes he had more opportunity to spend time with him during the boy's childhood. It will be good for him to settle down and make something of himself. Keppai was a little doubtful when his nephew went away to study among *gaijin*, and argued with his parents that he should stay here in Japan. But it seems Keichi survived the trip abroad perfectly well.

Keppai has never married, and his life has been spent in the pursuit of knowledge and spiritual attainment. Like many other Shinto priests, he is a practitioner of traditional ritual magics, some of which actually have considerable power. On occasion, he has performed exorcisms, pacified destructive fox spirits, and conducted other such services to protect people from intrusions of the supernatural world. However, despite his intense studies of spiritual and academic matters, he has never lost touch with normal life. Keppai has done his best to enjoy the fruits the world has to offer. In particular, he has a notorious sweet tooth, which has granted him a cheerful-looking potbelly. He is never found without a pouch of sweets.

Unlike most Japanese, even those of a spiritual bent, Keppai is aware of darker, more dangerous supernatural forces than mere spirits. Some of the foreign tomes he has studied have contained dark and forbidden knowledge of such things. This has occasionally allowed him to foil, in small but not insignificant ways, the malevolent energies that coil and simmer unnoticed beneath the surface of everyday life. These activities are secret, and he does not speak of them even to his fellow priests. Keppai suspects many would not be able to face such things with his same strength of soul.

Masakazu Akira: A fine young man who is brave, upright, and honorable. Akira was instrumental in arranging Keichi's wedding. Keppai thinks he is a little too rigid and stiff-necked, but age still has plenty of time to mellow him.

Yamaguchi Keichi: Keppai's nephew is a bright, cheerful and friendly young man. Even *gaijin* seem to find him likeable. Such a man will go far in life, especially now that he is marrying well.

Yamaguchi Michiko: Keichi's younger sister is an unhappy young woman who is frustrated with the restrictions of Japanese life. She has visited Keppai several times in recent summers. He enjoys her keen mind and lively spirit even though her personality is sometimes abrasive. She is eager to read and learn in every field. Keppai sometimes has let her go through his own extensive library, but has been careful to keep her away from any dangerous books.

Bart Meadows: Keichi's *gaijin* friend seems polite enough, and speaks reasonable Japanese. Still, Keppai wishes the Americans hadn't come, since they are creating much tension with others in the wedding party – especially Akira.

Sylvia Meadows: The *gaijin*'s wife's high level of education is somewhat shocking when compared to Japanese women, and she speaks fluent Japanese. Keppai finds her interesting company and a sharp conversationalist, although it seems strange for a woman to have those qualities.



Navy Lieutenant Bart Meadows, age 29

STR 13	DEX 11	INT 12	Idea 60%	
CON 14	APP 13	POW 12	Luck 60%	HP 15
SIZ 15	SAN 60	EDU 16	Know 80%	Magic Points 12

Damage bonus: +1d4

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 20%, Anthropology 10%, Archeology, Art (singing) 5%, Astronomy 15%, Bargain 25%, Biology, Chemistry 30%, Climb 44%, Conceal 15%, Credit Rating 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 0%, Dodge 42%, Drive Auto 35%, Electrical Repair 35%, Fast Talk 25%, First Aid 40%, Hide 14%, History (American) 30%, Jump 32%, Law (American) 5%, Library Use 25%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 43%, Natural History 10%, Navigate 38%, Occult 5%, Own Language (English) 80%, Other Language (Read Japanese) 20%, Other Language (Speak Japanese) 40%, Persuade 40%, Photography 10%, Pilot (boat) 35%, Psychology 35%, Ride 10%, Sneak 10%, Spot Hidden 28%, Swim 55%, Throw 41%, Track 10%

Handgun 55%, Rifle 25%, Shotgun 40%, Fist/Punch 60%, Head Butt 15%, Kick 30%, Grapple 30%, Knife 40%, Club 25%, Axe 25%, Scythe 20%, Sword 15%

Equipment: Navy uniform, shoes (not worn), wristwatch, pair of cigars, lighter, wallet

Background/History: Meadows is the latest in a family which has produced a long line of US naval officers. His great-great-grandfather started the tradition when he served as an officer on the USS Constitution in the War of 1812. The life of a navy man has fitted Bart like a glove and he never wanted or planned to be anything else. Thus far he has had no regrets in his career choice.

Bart met Keichi Masakazu (or Masakazu Keichi, as the Japanese say it) six years ago, just after the Great War. The Navy had sent him to learn Japanese at the University of Southern California. Keichi was a young foreigner, struggling to get by in a country he did not understand. Bart took an instant liking to him and they became good friends. Meadows discovered Keichi was a friendly, cheerful fellow and often better company than his fellow Navy officers. Through their friendship he learned a great deal about Japan, a fascinating country very different from America.

The University was also where Bart met his wife Sylvia. She was very different from the girls he had dated in high school – she was smart, highly educated, and had an opinion about everything. Meadows still can hardly believe she agreed to marry him. Sylvia has given his life a deep happiness that he never dreamed of finding. Bart would willingly lay down his life for her. Sylvia doesn't really care for that kind of old-fashioned chivalry, but knows Bart can't help how he feels.

Although Meadows has enjoyed his posting as an aide to the US Naval Attaché in Japan, he sometimes worries about the future. Many who serve in the

Navy expect a war with Japan within the next decade or so, and are already making war-plans for it, under the code-name “Orange.” Although Bart finds some aspects of Japanese life and culture disturbing, there is also much here which he sees as beautiful and civilized. Secretly he hopes the predictions of war never come to pass.

Masakazu Akira: A Japanese Army officer who does little to disguise his suspicion and dislike for Meadows. He actually reminds Bart of some of the officers in his own Navy, the ones who look down on the Japanese and label them “slants” or worse.

Yamaguchi Keichi: Bart’s old friend from college is now about to be married. He hasn’t changed a bit since the old days: still friendly, out-going, and cheerful. Meadows hopes marriage will make Keichi happy but has doubts about this arranged matchmaking.

Yamaguchi Michiko: Keichi’s younger sister seems rather hostile and unhappy, although Meadows is not sure why. He has noticed a lot of tension between her and Akira, but she seems to get along with Sylvia.

Kanekuda Keppai: Apparently this man is a Shinto priest who is here to perform the wedding. Keichi mentioned that Keppai is his uncle. The priest seems to be okay with Meadow’s presence but is a little reserved around the Americans. Bart can understand this, given how rare it is for most Japanese to meet foreigners.

Sylvia Meadows: Sylvia is Bart’s wife of three years. What more is there to say about her that hasn’t already been said? If anything happened to her Meadows would never forgive himself.



Sylvia Meadows, Graduate Student, age 27

STR 10	DEX 13	INT 14	Idea 70%	
CON 12	APP 14	POW 15	Luck 75%	HP 12
SIZ 11	SAN 68	EDU 15	Know 75%	Magic Points 15

Damage bonus: None

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 25%, Archeology 25%, Art (poetry) 20%, Bargain 5%, Biology 15%, Chemistry 25%, Climb 40%, Conceal 15%, Credit Rating 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 11%, Dodge 27%, Drive Auto 25%, Electrical Repair 10%, Fast Talk 5%, First Aid 35%, Hide 10%, History (American) 50%, History (Japanese) 41%, Jump, Law 25%, Library Use 65%, Listen 26%, Locksmith 25%, Mechanical Repair 20%, Natural History 10%, Navigate 10%, Occult 35%, Own Language (English) 75%, Other Language (Read Japanese) 30%, Other Language (Speak Japanese) 60%, Persuade 40%, Photography 24%, Psychology 35%, Ride 5%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 40%, Throw 25%, Track 10%

Handgun 60%, Rifle 25%, Shotgun 40%, Fist/Punch 50%, Head Butt 10%, Kick 25%, Grapple 25%, Knife 25%, Club 25%, Axe 25%, Scythe 20%, Sword 15%

Spells Known: Contact Ghoul, Elder Sign, Wither Limb

Equipment: Clothes, shoes (not worn), wristwatch, handbag with money, fountain pen, papers, cigarette case, lighter, loaded .32 revolver and twelve extra bullets

Background/History: Life has given Sylvia an interesting background. Her father was an eccentric academic, obsessed with proving the existence of Atlantis, while her mother and aunt were both leading activists in the women's suffrage movement. Their influence taught Sylvia to think for herself and ignore the sometimes stifling walls of convention. She set out to pursue her own career and make her own choices rather than following the traditional path to marriage and homemaking.

Sylvia met Bart Meadows four years ago when he was finishing his studies in Japanese at the University of Southern California. The two were wed after a whirlwind romance. This came as a great surprise to both Sylvia and her family. After all, hadn't she actually planned to remain single while pursuing a graduate degree in East Asian History?

Attraction can often cause one to change plans midstream. Bart's refreshing respect for her dreams and plans drew Sylvia to him. He did want to try and fit her into some conventional model of the dutiful Navy housewife. It also helped that they both shared an interest in Asian (especially Japanese) history and language.

Bart's posting to Japan has been a dream come true, since it offered the chance to directly research Japanese history and language. Of course, she has

had to contend with many cultural difficulties, not least the Japanese attitudes toward women. Although the United States is still pretty hidebound about gender in some ways, it seems a positive oasis of freedom compared to this country.

While in college, Sylvia once read a strange tome, the *De Vermiis Mysteriis*, which left her deeply unsettled and sometimes gives her nightmares. Perhaps that's why she always carries a gun, even here in Japan where guns are illegal. Sylvia has never told anyone, not even Bart, about the book or its effect upon her.

Masakazu Akira: This Japanese Army officer is apparently related to Bart's friend Keichi. He makes it very plain he dislikes foreigners, and Sylvia has found herself returning his slights. It seems that the United States has not cornered the market on rude, sexist males.

Yamaguchi Keichi: Bart's old friend from college is a very nice and personable young man liked by everyone here. Sylvia considers Keichi to be the best side of modern Japan.

Yamaguchi Michiko: Keichi's younger sister is apparently a very unhappy young woman who feels trapped in the straitjacket of Japanese society. She keeps asking Sylvia about life in the United States and wishes to know how women are treated there. Sylvia feels a lot of sympathy for her.

Kanekuda Keppai: This is an old Shinto priest who is apparently related to Keichi. He seems uncertain what to make of Sylvia and has dropped a few comments in conversation that reminds her of *De Vermiis Mysteriis*. She wonders if he has read that fearful tome as well.

Bart Meadows: Sylvia's husband is a fine, upright man who encourages her to pursue her own dreams. She finds his old-fashioned chivalric streak both irritating and endearing.



Dreams of Egyptos

Winston Phillips, British Egyptologist – Age 39

STR 10 DEX 13 POW 12 Idea 70%
 CON 9 APP 9 EDU 17 Luck 60% HP 11
 SIZ 13 INT 14 SAN 60 Know 85% Magic Points 12

Damage Bonus: Zero

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 40%, Anthropology 20%, Archeology 70%, Art 5%, Astronomy 10%, Bargain 35%, Biology, Chemistry, Climb 70%, Conceal 15%, Credit Rating 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 0% (10%), Dodge 26% (55%), Drive Auto 20%, Electrical Repair 10%, Fast Talk 15%, First Aid 40% (55%), Geology 35%, Hide 10%, History (British) 40%, Jump 55%, Law 5%, Library Use 35%, Listen 25%, Locksmith, Martial Arts 01% (30%), Mechanical Repair 20%, Medicine 5%, Natural History 10%, Navigate 10%, Occult 5% (25%), Operate Heavy Machinery, Other Language (Arabic) 20%, Other Language (Egyptian Hieroglyphics) 55%, Other Language (Egyptian Coptic) 40% (50%), Other Language (Latin) 30% (80%), Own Language (English) 85%, Persuade 25%, Pharmacy, Photography 10%, Physics, Pilot, Psychoanalysis, Psychology 5%, Ride 5% (40%), Sneak 10% (30%), Spot Hidden 25%, Swim 25%, Throw 25% (60%), Track 10%

Weapon Skills: Fist/Punch 50%, Head Butt 10%, Kick 25%, Grapple 25%, Handgun 40%, Rifle 25%, Shotgun 30%, Submachine gun 15%, Knife 25%, Axe 20%, Small Club 30%, Large Club 40%, Sword 20% (80%)

Equipment: Desert clothing, boots, safari hat, .32 revolver (damage 1d8, ROF 3, range 15 yards, malfunction 00), six extra bullets for revolver, billfold (contains 24 Egyptian pounds, photograph of ex-wife, British drivers' license and gun license), box of archeology tools (brushes and picks, rock hammer, chalk, notebook and pencil, magnifying glass, tape measure, small kerosene lantern, etc.).

Background/History: Winston is the epitome of the proper, witty, stiff-upper-lip Briton, born in London and educated at Eton and Cambridge. Childhood was a lonely period in his life, as he had no siblings and found it difficult to make friends. Phillips' health has never been the best, and he was often sick during his youth – sports and other physical hobbies were not really his cup of tea, which only made it all the more difficult for him to fit in with his schoolmates. As the years dragged by, he developed a screen of emotional control and superficial wit for protection.

Egypt has fascinated Winston ever since he read the Book of Exodus, with its account of the Hebrews escaping their bondage in that antique kingdom. In school the fascination led to the study of archeology, and a journey to the sands of the Middle East in 1912, just two years before the Great War. The global conflict forced his return to Britain, but poor health kept him from military service and did not allow Phillips to help defend his homeland. Many people looked down upon the “slacker,” and his own wife of four years left him for a serviceman.

Winston's superficial armor of personality only grew thicker during those difficult and humiliating years, and he comforted himself with the knowledge that once the war ended he could return to the land that captivated him, his beloved Egypt.

Since the conclusion of the Great War most of his time has been spent in the land of the Pharaohs, working on one expedition after another. Phillips is often short on money, since grants and endowments from various museums and archeological societies are his sole support. By far his greatest benefactor is the famous Penhew Foundation, which financed many of his more recent projects (including the current one). He is nominally in charge of this digging team, reporting to the overall director of the expedition, Martin Waterby-Jones; in practice, he tends to let the other team-members do their own thing, since he lacks the nerve to direct them too closely.

Those who have met Phillips would describe him as a detail-obsessed, finicky man who is fascinated by every aspect of Ancient Egypt and able to talk for hours about a single pottery inscription. Winston relates to everyone around him with a distant camaraderie and vague charm. Unfortunately, this shallow sort of friendliness gains him many acquaintances but few friends. He has an inferiority complex about more athletic, vigorous, successful men (most of them) and reacts to them with a defensive wittiness and self-deprecation. He tends to push women away because they remind him of his unfaithful wife.

Kurt Bergkopf: Kurt is a brilliant and handsome German archeologist and a veteran of the Great War. Phillips feels uncomfortably inferior around him. It doesn't help that Kurt also has a way with the ladies. He seems a pleasant and enlightened fellow, unlike many Germans Winston has known, but Winston still tends to chatter and joke even more than usual when dealing with him.

Peter O'Rourke: An Irish graduate student who seems to hold a colossal grudge against Englishmen – but then, don't they all? He seems to be getting closer to Alice, which is quite frustrating.

Alice Hopkins: Alice is an intelligent and handsome American woman, and a graduate student like Peter. Winston has been fascinated by her ever since she arrived at the dig, but can't seem to find the courage to show her his true feelings. Instead he focused on being charming in his usual chatty way, hoping against hope she'd see the real person underneath.

Fariq Bey: An official from the Egyptian Ministry of Antiquities, here to supervise Winston's dig. He is an educated man and a stimulating conversationalist. Phillips gets along well with him despite the political stresses which so often divide Egyptians and Englishmen.

Assim: One of the manual workers at the dig site, Assim has been reliable, polite, and conscientious, unlike many of his fellows. Winston knows Assim is the sole source of income for his family, which is poor and in ill health, so he sometimes give him extra money over and above the usual wages.



Kurt Bergkopf, German Archeologist – age 36

STR 9 DEX 12 POW 16 Idea 75%
 CON 7 APP 14 EDU 16 Luck 80% HP 11
 SIZ 15 INT 15 SAN 71 Know 80% Magic Points 16

Damage Bonus: Zero

(Spells: Chant of Thoth, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Spectral Razor)

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 30%, Anthropology, Archeology 65%, Art (Dance) 25%, Astronomy, Bargain 25%, Biology, Chemistry, Climb 50%, Conceal 15%, Credit Rating 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 5% (25%), Dodge 36%, Drive Auto 20%, Electrical Repair 10%, Fast Talk 15%, First Aid 48%, Geology 18%, Hide 10%, History 20%, Jump 25%, Law 5%, Library Use 39%, Listen 25%, Locksmith, Martial Arts, Mechanical Repair 40%, Medicine 5%, Natural History 10%, Navigate 10%, Occult 5% (50%), Operate Heavy Machinery, Other Language (Arabic) 15%, Other Language (English) 40%, Other Language (Egyptian Hieroglyphics) 40% (80%), Other Language (Egyptian Coptic) 40% (75%), Other Language (Greek) 45%, Other Language (Latin) 25% (40%), Other Language (French) 10%, Own Language (German) 80%, Persuade 55%, Pharmacy, Photography 10%, Physics, Pilot, Psychoanalysis 5% (20%), Psychology 45%, Ride 15% (30%), Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 25%, Throw 35%, Track 10%

Weapon Skills: Fist/Punch 50%, Head Butt 15%, Kick 35%, Grapple 35%, Handgun 30%, Rifle 55%, Shotgun 40%, Submachine gun 15%, Knife 35% (50%), Axe 20%, Small Club 20% (50%), Large Club 40%, Sword 10% (35%)

Equipment: Desert clothing, boots, hat, large notebook, pencil, magnifying glass, brush, small bottle of schnapps, cigarettes in metal case, book of matches, flashlight, billfold (18 Egyptian pounds, photos of old Army buddies).

Background/History: Kurt was born in the old authoritarian, rigid Germany of the Kaiser. Unlike most of his countrymen, he was always unhappy with the strict rules and regulations of German life, and envied the freer, more innovative societies of France and Britain. Still, his feelings had no focus until he began to attend university. There Kurt discovered the world of ancient history and through it, archeology. The past became an escape from the dreary, predictable world of the present. Many days were spent poring through translations of Thucydides, Herodotus, Pliny, and other ancient writers and historians. In 1912 he spent a delightful summer vacationing in Greece looking through the ruins of Hellas' lost glory.

Unlike many of his fellow students, Bergkopf did not rush to volunteer for military service when the Great War began. Thus, he was spared the lethal battles of late 1914 in which many of them perished – the dreadful *Kindermord bei Ypern*, the Slaughter of the Innocents at Ypres. Eventually, however, conscription swept him up, and he saw action in France at the terrible battle of

Verdun. Wounds and gas injuries in that battle ruined Kurt's health, and he spent most of the war's last two years in a hospital.

At war's end Bergkopf fled the army to return to student life. Many of his fellow Germans were disgusted by the new Weimar Republic which took power after the Kaiser abdicated. Kurt, on the other hand, embraced it eagerly, seeing it as liberation and a promise for a democratic future for Germany. The discovery of King Tut's tomb in 1922 caused him to refine the scope of his studies of ancient history and archeology, shifting his focus to Egyptology.

This is Kurt's third expedition to Egypt, and the first under the sponsorship of the prestigious Penhew Foundation. Although he has never made any major finds, he does not regret his career choice and is happy with his small, steady contributions to the science of uncovering the past. The mysteries of the ancient world endlessly fascinate him. Every dig and relic seems to be part of a vast, intricate puzzle which he eventually will – must – solve. Bergkopf values the time spent on digs much more than his time spent in Germany, where the Weimar Republic is visibly tottering under assaults from both Right and Left. Given the choice, he would much rather see the German Communists take power than have the nation fall into the hands of violent nihilists like Adolph Hitler. Of course, his true preference would be for Germany to evolve beyond such madness into a true liberal democracy like Britain or America.

Besides archeology, his other true love is women – women of all kinds. This obsession has landed him in serious trouble on several occasions, sometimes even to the point of imperiling his career, but he has never been able to stop chasing them. Bergkopf's blond German looks doesn't hurt, and even his occasional racking cough – a legacy of his Great War experiences – can be parlayed into female sympathy.

Winston Phillips: This British archeologist is the senior member of Kurt's team, and reports directly to the expedition's head. He seems to typify the classic Englishman, full of witty and clever banter but lacking self-confidence, and seldom tries to impose his will on those he 'manages'.

Peter O'Rourke: A handsome young Irishman who is a graduate student here for hands-on experience. Despite his good looks the man has no skill with women, and Kurt has considered taking him "under his wing" to tutor him in their mysteries.

Alice Hopkins: The other graduate student on Bergkopf's team is a lovely American girl with very modern attitudes. Kurt has been courting her since the expedition began, but she has resisted all his efforts thus far. He has not let that discourage him, of course.

Fariq Bey: The obligatory official from the Egyptian Ministry of Antiquities seems more impressive than most of that sort. Kurt has not seen any signs of corruption on his part, a welcome surprise.



Assim: The local manual worker assigned to Bergkopf's team has done his job as well as could be hoped. He does seem distracted and confused at times – perhaps he's a bit of a simpleton.

Peter O'Rourke, Irish Grad Student – age 28

STR 14 DEX 15 POW 15 Idea 80%
 CON 15 APP 17 EDU 14 Luck 75% HP 13
 SIZ 11 INT 16 SAN 67 Know 70% Magic Points 15

Damage Bonus: +1d4

(Spells Known: Enchant Knife/Dagger, Dominate, Parting Sands)

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 25%, Anthropology, Archeology 50%, Art (Irish Folk Singing) 25%, Astronomy 8%, Bargain 5%, Biology, Chemistry, Climb 40%, Conceal 15%, Credit Rating 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 0% (20%), Dodge 48%, Drive Auto 20%, Electrical Repair 10%, Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 40% (65%), Geology 15%, Hide 10%, History (Irish) 30%, Jump 35%, Law 5%, Library Use 45%, Listen 45%, Locksmith 25%, Martial Arts 25%, Mechanical Repair 20%, Medicine 5%, Natural History 10%, Navigate 10%, Occult 5% (40%), Operate Heavy Machinery, Other Language (Arabic) 7%, Other Language (Egyptian Hieroglyphics) 30% (70%), Other Language (Egyptian Coptic) 15% (75%), Other Language (Irish Gaelic) 40%, Other Language (Latin) 10% (46%), Own Language (English) 70%, Persuade 25% (50%), Pharmacy, Photography 10%, Physics, Pilot, Psychoanalysis 01% (20%), Psychology 15% (40%), Ride 25% (40%), Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 25%, Throw 25%, Track 10%

Weapon Skills: Fist/Punch 65%, Head Butt 35%, Kick 45%, Grapple 55%, Handgun 40%, Rifle 45%, Shotgun 40%, Submachinegun 15%, Knife 75%, Axe 30%, Small Club 50%, Large Club 40%

Equipment: Desert clothing, boots, safari hat, notebook, pencils, hip-flask of Irish whiskey, flashlight, knife (damage 1d4+db, can impale) in belt sheath, billfold (4 Egyptian pounds, pictures of family), .38 revolver (damage 1d10, range 15 yards, ROF 2, malfunction 00) worn concealed, 12 extra bullets.

Background/History: O'Rourke is a fierce Irish nationalist, and was one of the young men who fought in Michael Collins' Irish Republican Army against the British occupiers and their Irish lackeys. His baptism by fire came in the notorious Easter Uprising of 1916, and after spending almost a year in prison, he joined the IRA full-time. After Ireland won its independence Peter returned to the life which had been interrupted by war: that of a classical scholar and historian. The discovery of King Tut set the academic world on fire and fueled new passion in his studies. Although O'Rourke's undergraduate degree was in Classics, he decided to pursue graduate studies in archeology – ironically, in London, capital of the nation he had recently fought against.

Of course, part of his motivation in this was to prove wrong all those snooty, arrogant Englishmen who had looked down upon him and other Irishmen for so many years. If an Irishman could succeed in a field like Archeology, dominated for so long by the English and Germans, it would prove beyond doubt



that Ireland had taken her place as a free and equal nation in the world. Such attitudes often appalled his fellow students and teachers, who believed that national politics had no place in their field, but Peter's excellent performance as a student prevented them from complaining too loudly. It was a great plum for him to be granted a position on an Egyptian expedition financed by the prestigious Penhew Foundation. He is determined to prove himself here once and for all.

Like many of his countrymen, O'Rourke is a hard-drinking man, but he has never allowed alcohol to get in the way of work or success. He has also learned to reign in and channel his dislike of the English, since he has to work with them so often in his chosen field. Indeed, many English are surprised by the smooth, charming manners Peter displays in public. Women, on the other hand, are a difficulty – he seldom can say the right thing around them. Also, sometimes O'Rourke can be rather patronizing and chauvinistic without thinking about it. It's a shame, since he has been told his looks are actually rather rakishly handsome.

Winston Phillips: The head of O'Rourke's team is a Brit, but a harmless one, the sort of fellow who faints at the sight of blood. Not at all like the vicious thugs he fought back in Ireland. Phillips knows a great deal about archeology, so Peter tries to suppress his prejudices and learn from him.

Kurt Bergkopf: This German fellow is the other senior archeologist on Peter's team, and seems to know as much as Winston, if not more. O'Rourke gets along with him, since he seems to be unusually open-minded for a German, without the rigid stiff-necked attitude many of them have.

Alice Hopkins: Peter is quite attracted to this woman, a fellow grad student who is both pretty and highly intelligent. Even better, his usual fumbling behavior doesn't seem to have put her off – in fact, she seems to be interested in him as well. O'Rourke wonders why that could be.

Fariq Bey: O'Rourke does not talk much with this man, who is a representative of the Egyptian Ministry of Antiquities. Of course, he can understand perfectly why the Egyptians would be sensitive about having their heritage carted off by the British. Still, it's hard to relate to a fellow with brown skin, so Peter mostly just ignores him.

Assim: This is a nice little local fellow who does the manual labor for Peter's team. It's amazing how hard he can work, especially considering how skinny and unhealthy he looks. O'Rourke has offered him a drink a couple of times, but he always declines – poor Muslims don't get a lot out of life, do they?



Alice Hopkins, American Grad Student – age 27

STR 13 DEX 13 POW 12 Idea 75%
 CON 16 APP 13 EDU 15 Luck 60% HP 14
 SIZ 12 INT 15 SAN 57 Know 75% Magic Points 12

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 20%, Anthropology 20%, Archeology 45%, Art (dancing) 15%, Astronomy 30% (60%), Bargain 15%, Biology, Chemistry, Climb 50%, Conceal 15%, Credit Rating 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 8% (15%), Dodge 28% (47%), Drive Auto 20%, Electrical Repair 10%, Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 30% (50%), Geology 25%, Hide 10% (30%), History 20%, Jump 35%, Law 25%, Library Use 41%, Listen 25% (40%), Locksmith, Martial Arts 01% (30%), Mechanical Repair 20%, Medicine 5%, Natural History 10%, Navigate 10%, Occult 5% (25%), Operate Heavy Machinery, Other Language (Arabic) 25%, Other Language (Egyptian Hieroglyphics) 40%, Other Language (Egyptian Coptic) 35% (50%), Other Language (Latin) 10% (70%), Own Language (English) 75%, Persuade 25%, Pharmacy, Photography 10%, Physics, Pilot, Psychoanalysis, Psychology 15%, Ride 5% (40%), Sneak 10% (47%), Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 25%, Throw 25% (60%), Track 10%

Weapon Skills: Fist/Punch 50% (65%), Head Butt 10% (25%), Kick 25% (37%), Grapple 25% (40%), Handgun 38%, Rifle 25%, Shotgun 50%, Submachinegun 15%, Knife 25% (50%), Axe 20%, Small Club 20% (50%), Large Club 40% (55%), Sword 10% (70%)

Equipment: Sensible desert clothing (pants!), boots, safari hat, billfold (32 Egyptian pounds, American gun license), .32 revolver(damage 1d8, ROF 3, range 15 yards, malfunction 00), 12 extra bullets, cigar case with three cigars, matchbook, compact archeology kit (brushes and picks, rock hammer, notebook and pencil, grease pencil, tape measure, flashlight).

Background/History: Alice is an independent, self-willed woman who escaped a stifling youth in rural Illinois. Frustrated by her insular, predictable, and intensely religious upbringing, she fled to the east coast at the tender age of 16, arriving in Boston in spring 1917 – shortly after America entered the World War. Life in the city was sometimes difficult, but Hopkins refused to ever admit defeat... That would have meant retreating back to the hollow, purposeless life of her childhood. She has supported herself with a succession of low-wage jobs, and eventually scrimped and saved enough money to attend college.

It was not until well after the war that she finally was able to win admittance to a small but open-minded university, Miskatonic, in the witch-haunted town of Arkham, Massachusetts. The campus had an unusually high proportion of women (almost a third) and the atmosphere of intellectual freedom and inquiry was heady brew after her stifling youth. Originally majoring in Literature, she switched to Archeology after the startling discoveries at King Tut's tomb, and later transferred to Boston University for a graduate degree. Winning a place on this archeological team, sponsored by the prestigious Penhew Foundation, was a major coup, and Alice has high hopes for her future career.



Hopkins' attitudes towards life are anything but conventional. In a deliberate attempt to leave behind a stale, rural youth, she has fully embraced the wilder and more liberating side of the 1920's. Much of her time in Boston was spent in speakeasies and jazz clubs. She smokes (sometimes even cigars, a traditionally male preserve) and can hold her liqueur better than most men, a fact of which she is quite proud. Alice also loves jazz music, something which would no doubt horrify her family, and frequently takes weekend trips to New York to attend the Cotton Club and other great strongholds of the new styles of music.

Winston Phillips: Winston is an intelligent, witty Englishman with an impressive knowledge of Egypt. He is nominally in charge of Alice's team, but usually seems to defer to the judgement of others. The man seems nervous and uncomfortable around her, which is a shame; she would love to speak more with him about his archeological experiences.

Kurt Bergkopf: The German is a rather charming archeologist. Kurt actually knows even more than Winston, but his obvious seduction attempts put Alice off.

Peter O'Rourke: The handsomely roguish young Irishman is a grad student like Hopkins, and much like her is not afraid to indulge in the occasional drink. Surprisingly, she feels oddly drawn to him despite his rather quaint attitudes about women and a tendency to put his conversational foot in his mouth. Alice wonders why this would be – she has never been prey to the romantic impulses which overwhelm most women.

Fariq Bey: This well-educated Egyptian official is here to make sure that all the finds are properly catalogued and reported. Alice gets along well with him despite their vastly different backgrounds. It is encouraging to see that educated men can overcome their cultural prejudices in any country.

Assim: This poor bedraggled young Arab is the manual worker assigned to the team. He seems to be quite terrified of Alice, no doubt because she breaks so many Muslim laws about women, so she tries to leave him alone as much as possible.

Fariq Bey, Official of the Egyptian Ministry of Antiquities – age 41

STR 10 DEX 10 POW 16 Idea 70%
 CON 12 APP 11 EDU 15 Luck 80% HP 12
 SIZ 12 INT 16 SAN 77 Know 75% Magic Points 16

Damage Bonus: Zero

(Spells Known: Deflect Harm, Shriveling)

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 40%, Anthropology, Archeology 40%, Art 5%, Astronomy 25% (40%), Bargain 65%, Biology, Chemistry, Climb 40%, Conceal 15%, Credit Rating 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 14% (25%), Dodge 24%, Drive Auto 15%, Electrical Repair 10%, Fast Talk 25%, First Aid 40% (60%), Geology 20%, Hide 10%, History (Egyptian) 50%, Jump 25%, Law (Egyptian/British) 55%, Library Use 65%, Listen 25%, Locksmith, Martial Arts, Mechanical Repair 20%, Medicine 5%, Natural History 20%, Navigate 10%, Occult 25% (50%), Operate Heavy Machinery, Other Language (English) 40%, Other Language (German) 20%, Other Language (Egyptian Hieroglyphics) 45% (75%), Other Language (Egyptian Coptic) 10% (80%), Own Language (Arabic) 75%, Persuade 25% (50%), Pharmacy, Photography 10%, Physics, Pilot, Psychoanalysis 01% (30%), Psychology 25%, Ride 25% (45%), Sneak 10%, Spot Hidden 50%, Swim 25%, Throw 25%, Track 10%

Weapon Skills: Fist/Punch 50%, Head Butt 10%, Kick 25%, Grapple 25%, Handgun 20%, Rifle 25%, Shotgun 40%, Submachinegun 15%, Knife 25% (40%), Axe 20%, Small Club 20% (40%), Large Club 40%, Sword 10% (25%)

Equipment: Elegant Western-style clothing, safari hat, carefully-organized notebook, fountain pen, magnifying glass, billfold (contains 187 Egyptian pounds, picture of wife, business cards).

Background/History: Fariq is a representative of the Egyptian Antiquities Department. This is a government body assigned to control and supervise the excavation of Egyptian cultural treasures from the ruins and tombs which sprinkle his ancient country. Because he is a nationalist and a firm believer in Egypt's destiny as a nation, Bey is determined to carry out his duties to the best of his ability and prevent any theft or corruption. Too much of Egypt's precious heritage has been stolen away because of those two evils.

His cousin Zakoum Bey is a rich landowner and amateur archeologist who has quite a bit of pull in the Egyptian government. Fariq's lineage grants him the twin virtues of being immune to bribery and giving him a voice with those in power when it becomes necessary to have their cooperation. On several occasions his cousin's influence enabled him to forestall or thwart schemes to smuggle out Egyptian treasures to Western nations.

Fariq resents the British "protectorate" over Egypt, and is ashamed of the frequent scandals, upheavals, and coups which have left Egypt helpless to



protest the continuing British presence. Being a devout Muslim, he prays every day that Egypt will become the united and powerful nation it deserves to be.

Currently, Bey is assigned as liaison to a dig being conducted in the Valley of Kings by one of those cursed British institutions, the Penhew Foundation. He is aware, as many of his countrymen are not, of the darker sides to Egypt's ancient religions. There are things which are best left buried, which should not be dug up to blight the new and (hopefully) better Egypt. To his discomfort, it is these very secrets and mysteries which the Penhew Foundation seems fascinated with. There were unpleasant rumors a few years ago that one of their teams had found the mummy of an ancient and dreadful queen, and their founder, Sir Aubrey Penhew, disappeared back in 1925 under very odd circumstances connected with another dig. Fariq wishes the foolish British would stop digging into such things, and leave the past of Egypt in the hands of those who actually understand both its glories and its dangers.

Bey is a refined, intelligent man who is well-educated (at the University of Cairo), and dresses in quality Western clothes so as to better represent his country. Even here, amid the heat and dust of an archeological dig, he wears a jacket and tie, although he has unbent enough to wear a wide-brimmed safari hat against the harsh sun. He is always exquisitely polite with foreigners, but does not hesitate to remind them that he is the final arbiter of their work. All finds must be catalogued by Bey, and he always insists on seeing everything with his own eyes. To do less would be to betray his duty to Egypt.

Winston Phillips: Despite his general dislike of the British, Bey gets along reasonably well with this man, the nominal head of this archeological team. Winston can be a charming conversationalist, and knows a great deal about Fariq's country's magnificent past. By British standards he is fairly unprejudiced, although he sometimes is condescending or insulting (by Egyptian standards) without even realizing it.

Kurt Bergkopf: The Germans are almost as common in archeology as the British, but at least they aren't controlling Bey's country while they're at it. This one seems quite open-minded for a German, so Fariq has gotten along with him reasonably well.

Peter O'Rourke: The Irish graduate student who is assigned to the team shares Fariq's dislike of the British but evidently also shares the Irish prejudice against non-whites. He usually does not speak to Bey and never gets beyond basic politeness.

Alice Hopkins: Fariq finds this young American woman to be a surprisingly interesting conversationalist, despite the fact that she breaks practically every standard of proper female behavior. No doubt the more dedicated of the Muslim faithful would consider him to be endangering and polluting himself simply by being around her, but she is so open-minded and intelligent that Bey cannot resist speaking with her.

Assim: This is one of the local workers who was assigned to Bey's team. He is a spindly youngster, a perfect example of all the evils weighing down Fariq's poor country: poverty, illness, and childish submission to the West. Assim makes Bey uncomfortable, and he avoids speaking to him as much as possible.



Assim, Lowly Worker – age 19

STR 8 DEX 16 POW 18 Idea 85%
 CON 15 APP 12 EDU 6 Luck 90% HP 11

SIZ 7 INT 17 SAN 83 Know 30% Magic Points 18

Damage Bonus: -1d4

Spells Known: Cause Blindness (Contact Nodens, Flesh Ward, Sekhmenkenhep's Words, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Voice of Ra)

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting, Anthropology 25%, Archeology 10%, Art (flute) 25%, Astronomy 01% (40%), Bargain 55%, Biology, Chemistry, Climb 70%, Conceal 35%, Credit Rating 5%, Cthulhu Mythos 6% (35%), Dodge 56%, Drive Auto 10%, Electrical Repair, Fast Talk 75%, First Aid 40% (75%), Geology 5%, Hide 40%, History 10%, Jump 55%, Law 5%, Library Use 15%, Listen 45%, Locksmith 15%, Martial Arts 01% (30%), Mechanical Repair 20%, Medicine 5%, Natural History 20%, Navigate 30%, Occult 25% (60%), Operate Heavy Machinery, Other Language (English) 25%, Other Language (Egyptian Hieroglyphics) 03% (80%), Other Language (Egyptian Coptic) 01% (90%), Own Language (Arabic) 50%, Persuade 15% (50%), Pharmacy 01% (25%), Photography, Physics, Pilot, Psychoanalysis 01% (40%), Psychology 25% (75%), Ride 25% (35%), Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 35%, Throw 45%, Track 20%

Weapon Skills: Fist/Punch 75%, Head Butt 30%, Kick 45%, Grapple 55%, Handgun 20%, Rifle 25%, Shotgun 30%, Submachinegun 15%, Knife 35% (60%), Axe 20%, Small Club 40% (50%), Large Club 40%, Sword 10% (38%)

Equipment: robes, sandals, turban, small knife (damage 1d4+db, can impale).

Background/History: Assim's father was a lowly railroad clerk who served on the trains built by the British. When he died, Assim's mother was left alone to raise Assim and his three younger brothers and two younger sisters. At first she earned money as a seamstress and launderer, but when she fell ill, Assim and his siblings were forced to seek money any way they could find it – begging, petty theft, working as guides, running errands... anything that might earn a few piastres.

Assim's mother has only grown worse with time, and his siblings needed more food the older they grew. Finally, he found work as a laborer at an archeological dig run by wealthy Westerners. Assim proved to be skilled at the work, especially at the more delicate tasks such as cleaning, moving, and packing the fragile treasures the Westerners brought out of the ground. It also helped that Assim was both cheerful and honest, where many of the other workers were neither. He earned more money in those three months than ever before, enough to buy good food and clothes for his siblings and medicine for his



mother. So when the Westerners returned last month, he was the first to step forward to work.

Assim sometimes has odd visions, especially when he is too long in the sun or goes too many days without enough food. In these visions he sees himself dressed in a great cloak of silk and gold, wearing a mighty headdress, and standing at the entrance to a great building of stone. A huge crowd kneels before him as he chant sonorous words in a tongue he does not understand. Once, in a moment of idleness, Assim tried reciting some of those words to himself, and to his terror a man down the street went suddenly blind. Such visions and words are surely sent by Shaitan to test his humble devotion with the lure of false glory. He has sometimes seen images in the tombs the Westerners excavate which remind him of these waking dreams (such as the odd symbol which the Westerners call the “ahnk”), which disturbs him. He does his best to forget such things, for they are surely not of Allah.

This dig has not been as big or as difficult as the last one, but Assim has worked as well as he could, and his employers seem to be pleased with him. It is too bad that the work is soon to end, for then he will be back to begging and working odd jobs in hopes of scraping up enough money for the simplest things. The only benefit (if it can be called such) of leaving this job will be that the strange visions will be less troublesome to him; when they beset Assim on the dig site, it sometimes causes him to stumble or miss important orders, making him look like a clumsy fool rather than the faithful worker he is.

Winston Phillips: This kind, friendly Englishman heads the team Assim works for. He sometimes gives him extra money to help with his family, and Assim feels deep gratitude toward him for this gesture.

Kurt Bergkopf: This German is a handsome man who has a way with women. He treats Assim well enough, unlike some Germans he has worked for in the past. Many of them seem to hate Arabs by instinct, but Mr. Bergkopf doesn't seem to care about anything but whether the work gets done.

Peter O'Rourke: This young Westerner drinks a great deal and pollutes his soul with alcohol. That is a great shame, since he is otherwise a decent man. He has even tried to contaminate Assim with his vile drinks – he always politely declines, of course.

Alice Hopkins: At first Assim did not believe this Westerner was a woman because she does not dress or act like one at all – she wears pants, and leaves her face uncovered! Why does not Allah strike her down in the street for her obscenity? He finds himself stammering with confusion and fear whenever she speaks to him. Fortunately, that is seldom – she seems almost as disturbed by Assim as he is by her.

Fariq Bey: The local official sent to supervise the Westerners' dig is a rich and powerful man. Assim always speaks carefully around him. Bey doesn't seem to



like Assim, but he has never been cruel to him either, so Assim supposes that this is the best one can hope for.

Grey House on a Hill

Erich Von Horstmann, Egyptologist, Age 44

STR 10 DEX 12 INT 15 Idea 75%
 CON 12 APP 13 POW 17 Luck 85% HP 13
 SIZ 14 SAN 61 EDU 18 Know 90% Magic Points 17

Damage bonus: None

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 40%, Archeology 75%, Art (German fencing) 25%, Astronomy 15%, Bargain 45%, Chemistry 10%, Climb 56%, Conceal 15%, Credit Rating 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 24%, Dodge 35%, Drive Auto 20%, Electrical Repair 10%, Fast Talk 25%, First Aid 48%, Hide 27%, History 40%, Jump 39%, Law 15%, Library Use 55%, Listen 34%, Mechanical Repair 20%, Medicine 5%, Natural History 10%, Navigate 30%, Occult 25%, Own Language (German) 99%, Other Language (Arabic) 38%, Other Language (English) 64%, Other Language (Greek) 25%, Other Language (Latin) 45%, Persuade 45%, Photography 26%, Psychology 15%, Ride 18%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 55%, Swim 25%, Throw 35%, Track 10%.

Weapon Skills: Handgun 56%, Rifle 25%, Shotgun 37%, Fist/Punch 50%, Head Butt 10%, Kick 25%, Grapple 34%, Sword 35%, Knife 25%, Axe 20%, Small Club 45%, Large Club 35%

Mental Illness: Megalomania (mild)

Spells Known: Deflect Harm, Shriveling, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt

Equipment: Two suitcases, six suits of fine clothing (one worn, five in luggage), suit of safari clothing (in luggage), monocle, pocket watch, 9mm Luger semiautomatic pistol in shoulder holster (damage 1d10, ROF 2, range 15 yards, 8-round magazine), wallet (contains \$560 in cash, passport, gun license, personal photographs), five extra magazines and box of 100 extra rounds for pistol (in luggage), flashlight with extra batteries (in luggage), notebook and fountain pen, metal cigarette case, pocketbook of matches.

Magical Item: enchanted golden medallion, inscribed with alien language and worn on chain around neck. By grasping it and chanting briefly (a few seconds), Horstmann can gain 2d8 magic points at a cost of 1d3 SAN. This may be done once a day.

Background/History: Erich is a proud and patriotic German citizen who grew up in the heady decades after the Franco-Prussian war, when Germany was emerging as the pre-eminent power of Europe. The memory of those glorious times has stayed with him through all the darker years since then, and despite the disastrous outcome of the World War, he is convinced Germany shall rise again, this time to the leadership of Europe... and perhaps the world.



Antiquity has always fascinated Von Horstman, and as a youth he devoured the reports of dramatic archeological discoveries in Egypt and the Near East. He traveled to London as a young man to study Egyptology, and later went on to work on digs throughout the Mediterranean. The World War forced Erich to halt such undertakings, and he served in war-torn Germany as a reservist (he was too old for regular military duty). Von Horstman returned to his calling after the conflict ended, and although the war left bitter divisions, he still maintained professional contacts with other members of the archeological community throughout the world, especially in Britain and America. Sadly, it was the practice of Egyptology which also finally brought him face-to-face with the darker forces underlying the seemingly-sane universe.

During a trip to Egypt four years ago, Erich discovered a previously unknown network of tunnels beneath the Great Sphinx. Within were horrors undreamed, dark servants of the legendary Black Pharaoh, which nearly took his life and immortal soul. By blind chance, a party of private investigators happened upon the same tunnels and delivered him to back to the clean air of the sane and normal world.

Since then, he has assisted these new friends in their quiet, secretive struggle against the evil forces lurking in the world. Erich privately believes these fell pagan gods to be responsible for much of the evil which has befallen the world in recent years, including the humiliation of Germany. He plots to use their own unnatural magics against them to restore Germany's might – perhaps even to rise to leadership of that country himself. In the meantime, he has taken up temporary residence in the United States, teaching archeology at Boston University, so as to stay near his comrades.

Recently, the party dealt with a particularly nasty incident in New York City, one which left everyone exhausted and mentally drained. Fortunately, one of their number, young Vincent Cannady, has been called to his Pennsylvania home to resolve some family business, and this has afforded the rest of the party the chance for a relaxing trip.

Von Horstman is a bit of a megalomaniac, and believes a great destiny lies in store for himself and Germany. Life is to be taken very seriously, and he expects everyone else to do the same – humor is a pointless frivolity. He also tends to be very condescending toward anyone who appears to be less intelligent or less educated than himself.

Vincent Cannady: A rather flighty young American who is the most recent addition to Erich's group. Vincent is probably the least physically and mentally impressive of his companions. Cannady's personality often gets on Von Horstman's nerves, and he does not know why McCabe tolerates him.

Roxanne Hillcrest: A very self-willed American woman whose assertiveness puts Von Horstman ill at ease. Like any good German, he thinks the proper role of women is cooking, cleaning, and child-raising. Were she a man he would probably enjoy her company, since she's intelligent and widely educated. As it is, he tolerates her behavior for the sake of their collective endeavors.

Vladimir Roltov: A superstitious Russian exile who serves McCabe as bodyguard and hired muscle. Von Horstman sneers at his childish religious beliefs, and can't help feeling some resentment at his Russian background – it was the threat of Russia that forced Germany into such a disastrous two-front conflict during the Great War. Still, he is a dead-eye shot, and that's useful to have around when things get dangerous.

John McCabe: The nominal leader of the group, although he's dependent on advice from Erich and the Hillcrest woman. In many ways McCabe represents what is best about America – brave, generous, wealthy without being arrogant. The man is a little too naïve and optimistic, however, and Von Horstman is ready to step in should he ever falter.

Ravi Sahia: McCabe's Indian manservant is a toadying, simpering lackey who uses his position to conceal a razor-sharp mind. McCabe depends on him far too much, and Erich wonders what's going on behind his smooth servant's smile.



Vincent Cannady, Alienist/Psychotherapist, Age 29

STR 9	DEX 11	INT 16	Idea 80%	
CON 13	APP 11	POW 14	Luck 70%	HP 12
SIZ 10	SAN 53	EDU 16	Know 80%	Magic Points 14

Damage bonus: None

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 45%, Art (singing) 15%, Bargain 35%, Biology 35%, Chemistry 10%, Climb 51%, Conceal 25%, Credit Rating 18%, Cthulhu Mythos 18%, Dodge 35%, Drive Auto 27%, Electrical Repair 20%, Fast Talk 47%, First Aid 60%, Hide 27%, History 20%, Jump 35%, Law 5%, Library Use 41%, Listen 37%, Mechanical Repair 20%, Medicine 55%, Natural History 10%, Navigate 10%, Occult 15%, Own Language (English) 86%, Other Language (German) 20%, Other Language (Latin) 40%, Persuade 47%, Pharmacy 45%, Photography 10%, Psychoanalysis 48%, Psychology 78%, Ride 13%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 25%, Throw 25%, Track 10%.

Weapon Skills: Handgun 42%, Rifle 25%, Shotgun 45%, Fist/Punch 55%, Head Butt 10%, Kick 31%, Grapple 43%, Sword 10%, Knife 25%, Axe 20%, Small Club 40%, Large Club 20%

Mental Illnesses: Fear of the Dead (moderate), Fear of Flying (severe), Fear of Enclosed Spaces (mild)

Spells Known: Dread Curse of Azathoth, Find Gate

Equipment: Suitcase, three suits of clothes (one worn, two in suitcase), spectacles, wristwatch, .38 revolver in suitcase (damage 1d10, ROF 2, range 15 yards), box of 45 extra rounds (in suitcase), wallet (\$50 cash, driver's license, gun license), notebook containing meticulously written personal mental-health journal, fountain pen, medical bag (in luggage) containing morphine, laudanum, bottle of ether, bottle of rubbing alcohol, bandages, and stitching kit.

Background/History: Vincent grew up in Bulman, Pennsylvania, a small and insular mining town near Pittsburgh. His father Edgar was an accountant, and a strange, cold little man. Cannady's mother, Janet, went mad when he was still a young child, and his chief memory of her is of a twisted, gibbering woman kept in an upstairs bedroom. His older sister Millie had to handle most of the housework, and seemed to become a bit unstable as well as she grew up. At the age of seventeen, Vincent finally ran away to Pittsburgh and later ended up in Boston. There, he managed to gain admittance to Boston University after spending a few months working odd jobs to gather funds. After six years of working nights and weekends, Cannady earned his degree. America had just entered the World War, but he managed to avoid the draft – although this left him feeling somewhat guilty later, since many of his classmates volunteered.



Vincent chose to study the new field of mental health, driven perhaps by the memories of his mother's hopeless madness. During his last year of school, while working at a public sanitarium, he encountered a strange madman who had apparently undergone a complete memory loss, only to develop a new and forbidding personality. From this tormented soul Cannady learned many strange secrets about space, time, and the history of the Earth, secrets which were proven by the startling skills which the man possessed.

Even after he completed his schooling, Vincent found it impossible to forget the blasphemous things he had learned from that patient. He began to seek out strange books and odd cases of insanity that might shed further light on these mysteries. His own mental health (not to mention his standard of living) suffered from these excursions, but this was an obsession that could not be ignored. It was on one of these cases, involving a singular incident in the small Massachusetts town of Arkham, that he met a group of like-minded investigators, led by a wealthy North Carolina gentleman named John McCabe. Since then Cannady has accompanied McCabe and his friends on several dangerous forays into the unknown, and on at least one occasion thwarted a major threat to the entire world. These adventures have not come without a price – Vincent now suffers from several phobias – but he feels compelled to continue.

A few days ago, Cannady received word that his father had died and named him as sole heir to the family property in Bulman. Somewhat reluctantly, he agreed to return home and settle the family affairs. His comrades decided to accompany him as way of relaxing after their last foray against darkness.

Vincent is a thin, uncertain young man with a nervous tic in one eye that shows up under stress. Although basically decent and kind-hearted, he has a morbid fascination with things strange and occult, and a personal obsession with insanity, its nature, and its potential cures. Cannady is aware of his own mental instabilities, as well as those of his friends, and has an unnerving habit of diagnosing them out loud in a rather clinical fashion. Everything around him falls under his scientific scrutiny, including magic and other unnatural effects. Vincent believes there is nothing that cannot be understood with sufficient study and analysis. Although non-violent solutions to problems are always preferable, he does not hesitate to fight if there is no other choice.

Erich Von Horstmann: A German Egyptologist who's been working with McCabe about a year longer than Vincent. He is a very grim and serious man who seems to look down on most of the group. Cannady suspects he may be mentally unstable, perhaps paranoid, but doesn't have enough evidence to prove it. Besides, Erich usually contributes more to the group's efforts than Vincent does.

Roxanne Hillcrest: A wealthy, fascinating, and rather stunning woman who's been adventuring with McCabe about three years. Cannady is really not sure what their relationship is, or what she does in her normal life, but would love to find out.



Vladimir Roltov: A rather spooky Russian who serves the group as bodyguard and (when needed) sniper. He often tells long, gloomy tales about the hideous Bolsheviks who drove him out of his country. Vincent thinks he is a borderline manic-depressive, and probably an alcoholic as well.

John McCabe: Vincent's patron, an heir to a wealthy North Carolina oil-wealth family. He is a bright and cheerful man who sees everything as a grand adventure. Cannady admires his courage and dedication, but at the same time his analytical side can't help wondering what compels McCabe to seek danger so readily and flippantly.

Ravi Sahia: McCabe's manservant, a classic case of a man who's suborned his personality to someone else's (McCabe's, in this case). Vincent would love to have a long talk with Ravi about his past, since he is sure there's some fascinating trauma lurking there, but Sahia never seems to allow himself to go "off duty" and just be a person.

Roxanne Hillcrest, Dilettante, Age 30

STR 12	DEX 14	INT 17	Idea 85%	
CON 14	APP 14	POW 10	Luck 50%	HP 13
SIZ 13	SAN 64	EDU 14	Know 70%	Magic Points 10

Damage bonus: +1d4

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 10%, Anthropology 40%, Archeology 25%, Art (dancing) 25%, Astronomy 10%, Bargain 45%, Biology 8%, Chemistry 12%, Climb 47%, Conceal 25%, Credit Rating 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Dodge 42%, Drive Auto 40%, Electrical Repair 10%, Fast Talk 35%, First Aid 43%, Geology 10%, Hide 20%, History 40%, Jump 38%, Law 26%, Library Use 55%, Listen 48%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Medicine 25%, Natural History 40%, Navigate 20%, Occult 35%, Own Language (English) 78%, Other Language (Arabic) 35%, Other Language (French) 47%, Other Language (German) 15%, Other Language (Greek) 27%, Other Language (Latin) 37%, Other Language (Mandarin Chinese) 36%, Other Language (Swahili) 42%, Persuade 45%, Photography 30%, Pilot Boat 25%, Psychology 45%, Ride 43%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 49%, Swim 35%, Throw 25%, Track 20%.

Weapon Skills: Handgun 35%, Rifle 35%, Shotgun 50%, Fist/Punch 58%, Head Butt 10%, Kick 25%, Grapple 25%, Sword 10%, Knife 37%, Axe 20%, Small Club 58%, Large Club 20%

Spells Known: Deflect Harm, Prinn's Crux Ansanta

Equipment: Two suitcases, five sets of clothes (three practical, two formal – currently wearing one of the practical ones), large handbag (contains billfold, shotgun with twelve extra rounds, make-up kit, case of cigarettes, cigarette lighter, blackjack, small steel flask of illicit whiskey, hand compass), sawn-off double barreled 12-gauge shotgun in handbag (damage 4d6/1d6, range 5/10 yards), billfold (in handbag) with \$300 cash and driver's license, lead-weighted blackjack in handbag (Small Club skill, damage 1d6+db), flashlight with extra batteries (in luggage).

Magical Items: Silver Crux Ansanta (created with the spell) carried on pocket watch chain.

Background/History: Roxanne is one of the New York Hillcrests, an old, wealthy, and powerful family with interests in banking, finance, and railroads. Raised in a life of sheltered privilege, she refused to follow the conventions and norms of her parents, instead choosing a broad education while traveling around the world to learn as much as she could in every field. Languages in particular fascinated her, and she speaks half-a-dozen tongues fluently. Ancient history and religion also intrigued her, and Roxanne has accompanied archeological and anthropological expeditions to many parts of the world. While she has no formal



degrees, her knowledge in her preferred fields is superior to most graduate students.

Studies in comparative religion led her to notice a pattern of similar belief structures in several obscure cults scattered around the world, and she began corresponding with several scholars who specialized in the same field, such as Professor Angell of Brown University. Eventually Roxanne started to track down the strange ancient books which dealt with these subjects, several of which were in the secret collection of Miskatonic University in Arkham, Massachusetts. She soon realized she had stumbled onto things better left undisturbed. It was during this period that Hillcrest first met John McCabe, a North Carolina aristocrat who, beneath the veneer of a rich buffoon, was actually engaged in a private struggle against forces far more dire than anything in the normal world. Her broad knowledge and skilled intellect provided McCabe with the clues to solve several dangerous problems, and they became comrades of a sort, periodically joining each other to investigate matters of the strange and unearthly.

Three years ago, Roxanne accompanied an archeological expedition to the heart of the Arabian Peninsula, seeking a legendary lost city said to lie in that trackless desert. Prior study suggested to her that the city in question, known as Irem, might be far more dangerous than the expedition leaders suspected, and she persuaded McCabe and his friends to join the expedition. It was quite fortunate that they agreed, since it was only their combined skills that enabled them to make it out alive and whole. Since then, Hillcrest has been a permanent part of McCabe's group (although she would prefer to say that McCabe is a permanent part of *her* group), and they have had several more dangerous encounters together, most recently beneath the streets of her own New York City.

Roxanne is a strong-willed, self-reliant woman, handsome rather than beautiful, and looks down on (most) men as stupid, self-centered creatures. Her two brothers are excellent cases in point: the vain and shallow creatures waste themselves away in speakeasies and dance halls. McCabe and his comrades are more admirable, but she still tends to think of herself as a little superior to all of them. Hillcrest is obsessed with learning new things and solving mysteries, and cannot leave a stone unturned or a puzzle unresolved. Magic, the supernatural, and the horrors of the Great Old Ones and Elder Gods are simply more problems to be understood, even if it brings great danger on herself. In a fight she is cool-headed and precise, almost unnaturally so, always keeping calm while everyone around her screams and runs in panic.

Erich Von Horstmann: An arrogant and condescending German academic, just the sort of male Roxanne looks down on the most. She tolerates him because McCabe does, but never misses a chance to puncture his lofty remarks and fatuous hyper-patriotism.

Vincent Cannady: A young alienist who joined Hillcrest's group just two years ago. Rather likeable in a pale, intellectual, over-analytical sort of way. His father

died recently, and Roxanne's group is accompanying him while he returns home to settle the family's affairs.

Vladimir Roltov: One of McCabe's charity cases, a rather unbalanced White Russian exile whom John hired for his skill with a rifle. Roxanne is not sure what to make of him, since he always avoids speaking with her. The way he always clutches his weapon makes her a bit nervous, too.

John McCabe: The man who saved Roxanne in Arabia, and the supposed leader of her group, although she usually winds up supplying most of the ideas and direction. He's almost certainly romantically interested in her, but so far she has kept him at arm's length. Roxanne can't decide whether his quaint sense of chivalry and flippant, irreverent jokes are points in his favor or against him.

Ravi Sahia: McCabe's manservant, a little cipher of an Indian who always seems to anticipate everyone's needs before they even arise. Roxanne suspects he may be smarter than anyone in the group, although his "perfect servant" personality makes it difficult to be sure.



Vladimir Roltov, Exiled White Russian Sniper, Age 34.

STR 10	DEX 16	INT 11	Idea 55%	
CON 15	APP 10	POW 17	Luck 85%	HP 13
SIZ 11	SAN 68	EDU 8	Know 40%	Magic Points 17

Damage bonus: None

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 10%, Art (Russian Dance) 30%, Bargain 35%, Climb 45%, Conceal 66%, Credit Rating 5%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dodge 52%, Drive Auto 20%, Electrical Repair 10%, Fast Talk 15%, First Aid 60%, Hide 70%, History 20%, Jump 45%, Law 5%, Library Use 25%, Listen 55%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Medicine 5%, Natural History 20%, Navigate 40%, Occult 25%, Own Language (Russian) 63%, Other Language (English) 30%, Persuade 15%, Photography 10%, Psychology 5%, Ride 25%, Sneak 67%, Spot Hidden 65%, Swim 25%, Throw 38%, Track 40%.

Weapon Skills: Handgun 20%, Rifle 96%, Shotgun 40%, Fist/Punch 50%, Head Butt 10%, Kick 25%, Grapple 25%, Sword 10%, Knife 45%, Bayonet (on rifle) 20%, Axe 20%, Small Club 40%, Large Club 50%

Mental Illness: Fear of Women (severe)

Equipment: Large duffel bag, two suits of clothes (one worn, one in bag), old Russian Army uniform (in bag), Mosin-Nagant M1891 Rifle (damage 2d6+4, ROF 1, 5-round magazine, range 120 yards) with telescopic sight, Mister McCabe's saber (in duffel bag), pouch containing tobacco and cigarette papers (tucked under belt), pocketbook of cheap matches, \$30 cash (folded and tucked in pocket), rifle license (carefully folded and tucked into pocket), old Russian Army bayonet in duffel-bag (Knife skill, damage 1d8+1+db), large golden crucifix worn around neck, bottle of illicit vodka in hip pocket.

Background/History: Vladimir was born the illegitimate son of a Russian nobleman in Saint Petersburg, raised by the housemaid who bore him. While growing up, he worshipped his cavalry officer father, and dreamt of the day when he could ride alongside him into battle. Thus, at the age of 18 Roltov kissed his mother goodbye and left home to join the army. His dreams of serving in the cavalry were quickly dashed; he landed in the infantry as a lowly rifleman. Less than two years later, the Russian Empire plunged into the Great War.

In spite of his crushed dreams, Vladimir served valiantly in the war, and soon evinced a startling skill with the rifle. He was named a sharpshooter almost immediately, and within a year assigned to permanent duty as a sniper. This may well have saved his life, for it kept him out of the bloody human-wave assaults with which the Russians waged much of the war. Unfortunately, Vladimir's military life was a friendless and lonely existence, for the few friends he met in the early months of the war were soon killed, and he had no comrades at all once he became a sniper.

In 1917 Russia plunged into revolution, and in October of that year the Bolsheviks seized power. Roltov, a devout Eastern Orthodox Christian, was horrified by the atheistic Reds. This horror quickly turned to hatred when he learned they had executed the Tsar and his family. Vladimir eagerly joined the White Russian forces and fought through the Civil War, hoping against hope that the fiendish Bolsheviks could be defeated. It was during this time that he learned his nobleman father had been executed as an “enemy of the people.” He never learned the fate of his mother. As the war ground down to its last days, and it became increasingly apparent that the Bolsheviks would win, Vladimir realized he had to flee the country. He had often boasted of his aristocratic heritage, and would surely be marked as another “enemy of the people” if he lingered. By chance, he chose the American sector in Vladivostok as his escape route, and came to America in 1921.

Alone and friendless, Roltov used his only skill as best he could by becoming a shooting instructor. His knowledge of English was limited at best, and his odd opinions about the Bolshevik revolution could be quite off-putting – he was convinced the Bolsheviks were the forces of Satan come to earth. Finally, after several miserable years, Vladimir found a friend in the person of John McCabe, a rather odd American who hired him as a shooting tutor and later, as a bodyguard. He does not quite understand McCabe’s strange adventures, but know they are forays against the minions of Satan. McCabe and his companions are Vladimir’s friends – the only friends he has had since leaving home so many years ago.

Vladimir is a deceptively short and physically unimpressive man, with a fanatical gleam in his dark, piercing eyes. He speaks in a thick Russian accent, and his usual subjects of conversation are the evil of the Bolshevik revolution and the virtues (usually imagined) of his long-lost mother and father. He is fanatically loyal to the other investigators, since they are his only real friends in the world. Women frighten him (even Roxanne), and Roltov gets very nervous and tongue-tied around them – he has never kissed a woman, or even been on a date. Vladimir also has a gloomy side, especially when drinking (which he does often, but never “on duty”), and secretly believes he is doomed along with the rest of Russia.

Erich Von Horstmann: A German. Roltov does not like Germans, and this one hasn’t done anything to change his mind. But he’s McCabe’s friend, so Vladimir tries to leave him alone.

Vincent Cannady: A pale little American who talks a lot. He’s always telling the rest of the group what’s wrong in their heads – no one seems to pay much attention, though. He’s actually a fairly nice fellow once one gets to know him, and means well with all his chatter.

Roxanne Hillcrest: A woman. Women scare Vladimir. This one scares him all the more because she’s rich and smart, and he is neither. He does everything



she says, does not say more to her than he has to, and avoids eye contact at all costs.

John McCabe: The brave, very smart, very rich man who gave Vladimir a job and a purpose in life. The Russian admires him a lot, and does whatever he tells him to do.

Ravi Sahia: McCabe's manservant, a strange man from India. He always does everything before Vladimir can ask for it, which is a little spooky. McCabe trusts him, though, so he does too.

John McCabe, Dilettante, Age 32

STR 15	DEX 15	INT 15	Idea 75%	
CON 17	APP 16	POW 13	Luck 65%	HP 17
SIZ 16	SAN 52	EDU 16	Know 80%	Magic Points 13

Damage bonus: +1d4

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 30%, Anthropology 8%, Archeology 10%, Art (dance) 38%, Art (fencing) 25%, Bargain 35%, Chemistry 15%, Climb 57%, Conceal 15%, Credit Rating 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 32%, Dodge 43%, Drive Auto 27%, Electrical Repair 10%, Fast Talk 25%, First Aid 40%, Hide 10%, History 20%, Jump 39%, Law 13%, Library Use 40%, Listen 42%, Martial Arts 20%, Mechanical Repair 20%, Medicine 5%, Natural History 20%, Navigate 10%, Occult 36%, Own Language (English) 80%, Other Language (Greek) 25%, Other Language (Latin) 47%, Persuade 53%, Photography 10%, Pilot Boat 15%, Psychology 31%, Ride 25%, Sneak 10%, Spot Hidden 46%, Swim 38%, Throw 45%, Track 20%.

Weapon Skills: Handgun 50%, Rifle 45%, Shotgun 40%, Fist/Punch 57%, Head Butt 10%, Kick 36%, Grapple 40%, Sword 70%, Knife 25%, Axe 20%, Small Club 40%, Large Club 35%

Spells Known: Elder Sign, Shriveling, Wither Limb

Equipment: Three suitcases, eight sets of clothes ranging from rugged outdoor gear to formal eveningwear (currently wearing a normal business suit), enchanted Civil War cavalry saber in Vladimir's duffel bag (damage 1d8+1+db), .45 automatic in luggage (damage 1d10+2, ROF 1, 7-round magazine, range 15 yards), five extra magazines and box of 200 extra rounds for pistol (in luggage), gold pocket watch, gold cigarette case, silver-plated cigarette lighter, wallet (with \$410 cash, driver's license, gun license, photographs), silver-inlaid flask of illicit scotch (in breast pocket).

Magical Item: McCabe's saber is enchanted, and can affect some creatures which are immune to mundane weapons.

Background/History: McCabe is the epitome of the "New South" aristocrat, born to a family of North Carolina industrialists and educated at Harvard Law School. His family owns petroleum interests in several parts of the world, as well as a major bank, and he has never wanted for money or comfort. Like many of the "New South" leaders, the McCabes feel nostalgia for their antebellum past while still acknowledging that the South must modernize if it is to stop being a drag on the rest of the nation; unlike most of their contemporaries, however, the McCabes are racially tolerant and feel a deep shame for the South's slave-holding past.



As a young man, John grew up reading Greek mythology and marveling at the wonders of the ancient world. He has always secretly identified with Odysseus, imagining himself sailing off to war and fantastical adventure, and even studied swordsmanship to become more like his fictional idol. Ultimately, it was this thwarted love of adventure and romance that led him to become what he is today.

In 1922, having graduated school, McCabe embarked on a round-the-world trip, which focused on places of mystery, enigma, and menace. While in India, he made friends with a British Army officer, Captain Thornsby, who was investigating a strange local cult that called its deity “the small crawler.” Ultimately, he joined Thornsby in a raid on the cult headquarters, and there learned that evil was not something to be found only on the pages of a book: it was real, ravenous, and hideously powerful. Thornsby perished, but John and Thornsby’s manservant Ravi made it out alive. Since then, he has dedicated himself to stamping out similar evils wherever they might arise. John has encountered these evils in such diverse locations as the deserts of Arabia, the tombs of Egypt, backwoods Massachusetts, and even the sewers of New York City. Along the way he has accumulated a small circle of friends and fellow investigators, who have all saved each others’ lives or souls at least once. Now, in the wake of their latest adventure, they are accompanying one such friend, Vincent Cannady, while he goes home to settle his late father’s estate. It should be a good vacation from their usual adventures.

John is a tall, athletic man with smartly-styled dark hair and a well-trimmed moustache. He is always perfectly groomed and impeccably dressed (thanks in part to his manservant Ravi). He prefers to give a general impression of unflappable courage and cheery, sometimes devilish wit, and often tries to leaven dangerous situations with a well-placed joke or quip. McCabe comes across as chivalrous and courtly in the manner of a Southern gentleman, but with a modern slant on his attitudes. When push comes to shove he does not hesitate to use either sword or gun, being highly proficient in both, but takes no particular pleasure in death or bloodshed. He often seems to regard the party’s dangerous exploits as a “grand adventure” against darkness and evil, and occasionally quotes Shakespeare’s *Henry V* (“we few, we happy few, we band of brothers”) in describing both himself and his comrades. He regards himself as the leader of the party, although Roxanne disputes that.

Erich Von Horstmann: A rather snooty but highly intelligent German archeologist. McCabe’s party rescued him from an unpleasant situation below the Sphinx, a few years back. Although Erich’s arrogant mannerisms really get on everyone’s nerves sometimes, his skills and courage are unquestioned, and he’s helped the group successfully conclude many dangerous adventures. McCabe respects him, and tries to convince the rest of his comrades to do the same.

Vincent Cannady: John met this kind, well-meaning young man in Massachusetts two years ago. He is a bit meddlesome and burdened by dark

childhood memories. Hopefully, the trip home will help him lay those ghosts to rest.

Roxanne Hillcrest: McCabe has much in common with the smart and striking woman he met in Arabia three years ago. They are both intelligent, diversely-educated, and rich – and he has been attracted to her from the moment they met. Thus far, his tentative overtures have been rebuffed, but she hasn't departed his group. This has left him with hopes for a future improvement in their relationship.

Vladimir Roltov: A rather pathetic Russian exile; John gave him a job in a moment of compassion. However, he's turned out to be such a wizard with the rifle that McCabe does not regret hiring him. Still, it would be nice if he could loosen up and stop muttering about Bolsheviks and the minions of Satan all the time.

Ravi Sahia: John's manservant, a courageous, dedicated man who he picked up in India at the very start of his investigative career. Ravi always makes sure McCabe's life runs as smoothly and flawlessly as a Swiss watch, and has saved his life more than once. John sometimes feels, a bit guiltily, that he has not done enough to earn the loyalty Ravi shows him.



Ravi Sahia, Indian Manservant, Age 36

STR 18	DEX 16	INT 18	Idea 90%	
CON 16	APP 13	POW 16	Luck 80%	HP 14
SIZ 12	SAN 58	EDU 7	Know 35%	Magic Points 16

Damage bonus: +1d4

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 20%, Anthropology 10%, Art (manservant) 85%, Bargain 65%, Climb 40%, Conceal 25%, Credit Rating 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dodge 52%, Drive Auto 50%, Electrical Repair 10%, Fast Talk 24%, First Aid 50%, Hide 25%, History 20%, Jump 25%, Law 5%, Library Use 25%, Listen 53%, Locksmith 10%, Martial Arts 40%, Mechanical Repair 44%, Medicine 5%, Natural History 27%, Navigate 10%, Occult 5%, Own Language (Hindi) 45%, Other Language (English) 55%, Persuade 35%, Photography 10%, Psychology 45%, Ride 35%, Sneak 37%, Spot Hidden 63%, Swim 25%, Throw 48%, Track 38%.

Weapon Skills: Handgun 60%, Rifle 25%, Shotgun 30%, Fist/Punch 60%, Head Butt 20%, Kick 45%, Grapple 45%, Sword 18%, Knife 85%, Axe 20%, Small Club 47%, Large Club 42%

Spell Known: Shriveling

Equipment: One small suitcase, three sets of identical servant's clothes (one worn, two in suitcase), glasses, billfold (with \$50 cash, passport, resident alien permit, driver's license, small faded photograph of deceased family, and gun license), cigarette lighter (in case McCabe needs a light), .38 revolver tucked into small of back (damage 1d10, ROF 2, range 15 yards), twelve extra bullets in small case in breast pocket, set of two Indian punch-daggers in armpit sheaths (damage 1d4+2+db, can attack with both in the same round), leather case of manservant's equipment (shaving kit, comb, scissors, horsehair brush, shoe polish, several handkerchiefs, soap).

Magical Item: Small stone fetish carried in pocket. When held and focussed on for one complete round, grants 5 additional magic points which are retained until the next sundown. Only works once a week. Each usage costs 1 SAN.

Background/History: Ravi was born in Calcutta, India, the child of a minor civil servant in the British colonial government. Living a life of poverty and want, he nevertheless was surrounded by the love of his family, and regarded himself as happy. That all changed when his family was murdered by a small band of cultists, madmen worshipping something they called "the Small Crawler." He alone managed to escape alive, fleeing into the night while his family screamed and begged for mercy. Although Sahia sought help, none was forthcoming – the locals were too terrified of the cult to act. The British Army, however, showed more fortitude, and with Ravi to identify the culprits they succeeded in hanging



three cultists. Sahia was so impressed by the courage of the commanding officer, a Lieutenant Jonathan Thornsby, that he pledged himself to be his manservant. The Lieutenant was embarrassed by this fervent hero-worship, but couldn't bring himself to turn the unfortunate soul away, and so Ravi remained as his manservant for the next ten years.

Sahia accompanied Thornsby to many different parts of the Empire, and even participated personally in some of the fighting against the Germans in Africa during the Great War. After the conflict he returned with Thornsby to India, where Ravi was disturbed to discover that many of his fellow Indians were agitating for independence from the British Empire. Although quite a few of their arguments were cogent and powerful, he could not shake the memory of his youth, and remained devoted to the Empire and to Thornsby.

In late 1922, Thornsby discovered signs that the "Small Crawler" cult was reviving, this time deep in the wilds of Maharashtra. Accompanied by Sahia and an American by the name of John McCabe, Thornsby tracked down the cult's jungle headquarters and destroyed it at the cost of his own life. The horrors Ravi saw there shook him to the bottom of his soul. Afterward, as he and McCabe made their way back to civilization and safety, the American announced his intention of tracking down and destroying any other such evils which might be lurking in the world. Ravi declared he would accompany McCabe on that quest, and has remained at the American's side ever since, acting as manservant, bodyguard, and comrade.

Sahia is a small, slim Indian man whose thin frame belies wiry muscles and superb health. He makes an art of his manservant position and strives to have McCabe's life flow so smoothly that he never even notices. Always deferential and exquisitely polite, Ravi is nonetheless a decisive man, capable of taking quick and effective action when the need arises. Although he is highly intelligent, he tries to avoid upstaging his social superiors by couching his ideas as "suggestions for your consideration." He is a great admirer of the British Empire, especially its military and legal system, and tolerates no ill to be spoken of either. Sahia is also very class-conscious, and grows disturbed with those who do not "know their place."

Erich Von Horstmann: A German gentleman who's been with McCabe about four years. Not the most polite or best-mannered of men, he obviously looks down on everyone else in the group. Ravi does his best to smooth over Von Horstmann's frequent breaches of manners.

Vincent Cannady: A well-meaning but somewhat uncouth young American, with a bad habit of commenting aloud on other's faults. Ravi tries to subtly rein him in from time to time.

Roxanne Hillcrest: A woman McCabe met in Arabia, this lady is both highly intelligent and perceptive, and Ravi finds much about her to admire. He knows McCabe has some romantic interest in her, and will do his best to boost his chances; she would be a perfect match for him, after all.



Vladimir Roltov: An exiled Russian sniper who McCabe hired as a charity case. Ravi supervises him closely, since he seems like an erratic and unreliable personality.

John McCabe: Sahia's employer, and the man who saved him from the Cult of the Small Crawler when it devoured his old master Thornsby. He has nothing but admiration for McCabe's courage, spirit, and intellect, and does his best to assist him in all ways.

The Senior Project

Professor John Baskins, History Department, Age 41

STR 10	DEX 8	INT 16	Idea 80%
CON 14	APP 12	POW 14	Luck 70% HP 13
SIZ 13	SAN 58	EDU 19	Know 95% Magic Points 14

Damage Bonus: None

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 30%, Art (Dance) 5%, Bargain 15%, Climb 45%, Conceal 15%, Credit Rating 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Dodge 20%, Drive Auto 30%, Electrical Repair 10%, Fast Talk 15%, First Aid 43%, Hide 10%, History 90%, Jump 30%, Law 15%, Library Use 75%, Listen 39%, Mechanical Repair 20%, Medicine 5%, Natural History 20%, Navigate 20%, Occult 25%, Other Language (Greek) 40%, Other Language (Latin) 50%, Own Language (English) 95%, Persuade 65%, Photography 10%, Psychology 35%, Ride 5%, Sneak 14%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 25%, Throw 25%, Track 10%

Weapon Skills: Fist/Punch 54%, Grapple 35%, Head Butt 10%, Kick 25%, Handgun 50%, Machine Gun 15%, Rifle 25%, Shotgun 40%, SMG 15%, Knife 25%, Axe 20%, Small Club 25%, Large Club 40%

Spells Known: Dread Curse of Azathoth, Elder Sign

Equipment: Clothing and shoes (socks mis-matched, same jacket worn for a week), spectacles, handkerchief, wallet (driver's license, gun license, \$120 in cash), passbook for savings account (\$1300), .32 revolver in shoulder holster (damage 1d8, ROF 2, six shots, range 20 yards), two reloads for revolver in coat pocket, magnifying glass, pipe, tobacco pouch, matches, pocket flashlight, notebook and several pencil stubs, Model-T Ford car (in poor condition).

Background/History: Professor Baskins was born in 1892 to a wealthy, respectable family in Springfield, Massachusetts. John's father was an editor for the city newspaper as well as a writer and political philosopher; his mother, president of the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, could trace her lineage directly back to the Mayflower. John grew up in an environment of peaceful learning and historical pride, and not surprisingly, became fascinated by the historical legacy of New England, which lay on every side.

As a teenager, he often spent his summers visiting the sites of Revolutionary War battles and the preserved homes of famous patriots. It was such interests which led him, in 1908, to the incident which changed his life forever. While hiking through the Vermont hills, he glimpsed a group of strange creatures, pinkish crustacean-like monstrosities that flew on thin diaphanous wings. Terrified but fascinated, John followed the things into a cavern hidden in the wooded slopes. What he saw within those caverns was unimaginable. But the worst of it was not what Baskins saw, but what he heard...from within a hollow metal tube with strange mechanical attachments. Mercifully, shock and



horror erased most of his memories of this incident, but the snatches he recalls are still enough to awaken him screaming at night. Somehow, through a mixture of skill and luck, John managed to escape the cave and return to his home.

After this terrible experience, his interest in history was supplemented with an interest in the strange, weird, and macabre. It didn't help that he found it difficult to sleep well. Sometimes Baskins would stay up all night, devouring the works of Poe and other macabre writers. His parents were disturbed by their child's unnatural tastes, and it relieved them greatly when, as a freshman in Boston University, he decided to major in his old love, History. When John went on to pursue graduate studies, they must have thought he had shaken his brief aberrancies for good. But he had simply learned to better control his fears, and channeled his nervous tension into his studies. When he finished his doctorate in 1921, Baskins forewent applying to the prestigious schools his father recommended, and instead sought a position at small Miskatonic University in Arkham, Massachusetts, a town haunted by the past in more ways than one. Much to his quiet delight (and his parents' chagrin) John was accepted.

At Miskatonic, Professor Baskins discovered the closed library stacks with their forbidden tomes, like the *Necronomicon* and the *Cultes des Goules*, which actually contained real information on the things he had seen as a teenager. John began to delve further into these mysteries, an effort culminating in 1928 in a deadly encounter in the attic of a local house. The thing he saw there was unnamable and deadly, but somehow, Baskins was able to use the knowledge he had gained from the closed books to defeat it. Thereafter, the professor decided he would need help if he were to continue with these investigations. John began to offer a new upper-level course, History 229: Unpublished Witch Trials. He used the class to reveal many of the lesser-known and eldritch truths of the New England witch panic, and screened his classes for those students who showed an unusual interest in the topic. In this way he has slowly been able to recruit a group of five students who share his obsession with seeking out the secretive horrors lurking in the corners of the world. Baskins continues to consult the tomes in Orne Library, even though they are now locked away. Dr Armitage, the librarian, has had his own deadly experiences with these alien forces, but John earned his trust and is sometimes allowed access to the books for his researches.

Professor Baskins appears, superficially, to be a classic absent-minded professor; he bumbles around with an unkempt suit and half-knotted tie, constantly re-lighting his briar pipe, and pushing his glasses onto his forehead only to forget where they are. John's thinning brown hair is frequently uncombed, and drizzles across his head like a growth of moss. He is desperately afraid of sleeping at night and consequently keeps very odd hours, staying up until the wee hours and teaching his classes in the afternoons. The professor often wears the same clothes for several days in a row. Unsurprisingly, he has never married, and is generally somewhat clueless about women.

In reality, the reason for his appearance and behavior is that his intellect is almost wholly consumed with the need to track down, uncover, and if possible

destroy the forces of the Cthulhu Mythos. When it comes time to take action against the Mythos, all his oddities and mannerisms disappear and he becomes an efficient, ruthless man, perfectly willing to take any action and make any sacrifice for victory.

Sean Mahan: One of Professor Baskins' newer recruits, Sean is a relaxed, irreverent boy who seems to shrug off the worst things he encounters with a laugh and a drink. Although John wishes his young ally would take their investigations more seriously, he is glad to be able to rely on Sean to keep his balance in the occasional crisis.

Mary Bakersly: A highly intelligent young woman, a pre-med student who joined Baskins' group at the same time as Sean. Her precise, analytical mind has impressed Baskins deeply, and has shattered whatever ideas he may once have had about women's unsuitability for academia. John is sure she will have a fine career in medicine.

David Prinz: A clever Jewish boy from New York, David's nervous energy masks a keen mind. Personally, John has never had any problems with Jews, and David has been a staunch ally in his struggle against the Horrors Outside. Baskins does wish he wasn't always chattering and fidgeting so much, though – it sometimes makes it hard to concentrate.

Rufus Oldersson: This quiet Minnesota farm-boy has been John's greatest find. Although he seems on the surface to be merely a quiet, dull football player, the lad is actually highly intelligent and broadly educated. Rufus also has a remarkable skill with the eldritch powers one sometimes must employ against the forces of darkness. Baskins relies on him more than anyone else in the group.

Judy Stoggsdale: John's newest and most doubtful recruit, Judy joined after her boyfriend Jack Havers was killed on a previous investigation. Although she is fairly intelligent, her class-conscious attitudes and sheltered background have hampered her ability to contribute to the group. Professor Baskins suspects he might have done better to have spun some normal story about her boyfriend's death and sent her on her way, but it's too late now.



Sean Mahan, undecided major, age 20

STR 15	DEX 14	INT 14	Idea 70%
CON 16	APP 11	POW 15	Luck 75% HP 15
SIZ 14	SAN 71	EDU 12	Know 60% Magic Points 15

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 20%, Anthropology, Archeology, Art (singing) 25%, Bargain 35%, Chemistry 10%, Climb 45%, Conceal 35%, Credit Rating 20%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Dodge 42%, Drive Auto 30%, Electrical Repair 20%, Fast Talk 55%, First Aid 40%, Hide 30%, History 20%, Jump 35%, Law 15%, Library Use 35%, Listen 45%, Locksmith 40%, Martial Arts 25%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Medicine 5%, Natural History 20%, Navigate 10%, Occult 5%, Other Language (Irish Gaelic) 20%, Own Language (English) 70%, Persuade 35%, Photography 10%, Physics 10%, Psychology 35%, Ride 5%, Sneak 38%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 25%, Throw 39%, Track 18%

Weapon Skills: Fist/Punch 71%, Grapple 45%, Head Butt 37%, Kick 40%, Handgun 30%, Machine Gun 15%, Rifle 25%, Shotgun 45%, SMG 15%, Knife 37%, Axe 20%, Small Club 45%, Large Club 57%

Equipment: Clothing and shoes (well-used but clean), slouch hat, brass knuckles (+1d4 punching damage), knife concealed under trousers (damage 1d4+1+db, can impale), blackjack up sleeve (Small Club skill, damage 1d6+db), wallet (student ID, picture of your family, theater ticket stubs, matchbook from Johnny's Pub, \$18 cash), coiled piece of wire (used for lockpicking), hip-flask of whiskey (never in the mornings).

Background/History: Sean is from Boston and is a member of that city's large and fiercely proud Irish-American population. His family moved here in 1847, during the potato famine, and his great-grandfather fought in the American Civil War as part of the famed Irish Brigade. Mahan's folks have never been wealthy – his father is a bricklayer – but have always been tough, proud, and patriotic.

In his youth Sean worked as a runner for the Irish rum-runners in Boston, passing messages and warnings. It was dangerous work, and a few times Mahan stumbled into the middle of gang wars or battles with the police, but he was never frightened; it was all a grand game. Then, when the Depression hit, his father couldn't find work, and Sean's position with the gangs was the only thing that kept his family fed and clothed. Mahan's parents never asked where the money came from, and he never insulted them by making a show of what he brought them.

Sean was an excellent student, and his teachers urged him to attend college, but he wanted to forego that to take care of his family. Only the combined efforts of both parents convinced Mahan to go ahead and seek higher education. "You're the first one of this family with a chance for college

schooling,” his father had said. “Sure it’d be a tragedy as bad as ’47 to give that up.” Mahan finally agreed, and a few months later won a scholarship to Miskatonic University in Arkham, Massachusetts. He did not immediately decide on a major, instead planning to take some classes and see what appealed to him. Maybe business, since he learned so much about that (or at least about how to run it on the sly) in his youth.

Last spring, Sean took a class called History 229: Unpublished Witch Trials. It sounded interesting, and there was a pretty girl named Mary attending the class. Somewhat to his surprise, Mahan discovered that the professor who taught the class, John Baskins, was actually recruiting students to help him hunt down present-day witches and monsters. He thought the whole thing was a joke, but Mary took it seriously, so Sean went along with it.

It turned out not to be a joke at all. There really are present-day witches and monsters, and Mahan has fought one or two since he signed up with Baskins’ gang. Luckily, he has not met anything a few quick punches or a shotgun blast couldn’t deal with. The others in the gang all seem much more serious and frightened about the whole thing, but for Sean it’s just another adventure, like his old days with the Boston gangs. Maybe he can even make some money out of this and send it home to his folks; now that Prohibition is over the old gangs aren’t doing so well.

Sean Mahan is a cheerful, irrepressible young man who is always ready with a joke and a drink. He is a Catholic, but a rather casual and relaxed one who often forgets to attend Sunday services. Nothing frightens or shakes Mahan, and he doesn’t really believe any of this nonsense about ancient alien gods and threats to the universe; Sean’s just hunting a few monsters because that’s what Mary does. He really wants to get to know her better, and when he’s in a romantic or sentimental mood (such as when he’s had a few drinks) Sean likes to propose marriage to her. So far, Mary has always said no, but that doesn’t mean she might not change her mind the next time.

Professor John Baskins: The fellow in charge of Sean’s group. Mary seems to admire him, for some reason, but Sean thinks he hasn’t got all his marbles. Sean puts up with him because she does, and he certainly knows a lot about these monsters and ghosts and such that the group deals with. But Sean swears he’d forget his own head if it wasn’t attached.

Mary Bakersly: Sean likes Mary. He likes Mary a lot. She’s smarter than he is, of course, and from a richer family too, but Sean is not going to let those little obstacles get in the way of happiness. She usually dresses plain, but he can see how pretty she could be – how pretty she *is*, even when she tries not to be. Sean is sure if he is persistent enough, she’ll eventually succumb to his charms. Maybe if he sang her a few romantic Irish songs.

David Prinz: This little Jewish boy gets on Sean’s nerves. He does not like Jews much – they’re all rich skinflints and landlords, and weren’t they the ones who crucified Jesus back in the old days? At least that’s what Father O’Rourke used



to say in church, when he attended. David's really smart, and that gets on Sean's nerves too – Sean always feel like he is being shown up. Still, David is a part of the investigating group, so Sean can't just beat him up and be done with it. Besides, Mary seems to like the little fellow.

Rufus Oldersson: A dullard farmboy who seems to have some kind of idiot's gift for supernatural tricks. The others seem to think he's pretty smart, but Sean just can't get past that stupid accent. He doesn't needle him too much, of course, because if Rufus ever got mad he could probably turn Sean into a toad or something. Then again, Rufus is so imperturbable Sean don't really worry about it that much.

Judy Stoggsdale: A pretty rich girl who's obviously never had to work for anything in her life. Sean likes to rattle her cage a lot, making jokes about her soft background and about the awful fates that can befall people in this investigating business. Such as her boyfriend, who was torn to pieces by ghouls. Shame, really; Sean liked Jack much better than his pampered paramour.

Mary Bakersly, Pre-Med Student, age 21

STR 10	DEX 12	INT 17	Idea 85%	
CON 13	APP 14	POW 13	Luck 65%	HP 12
SIZ 11	SAN 51	EDU 14	Know 70%	Magic Points 13

Damage Bonus: None

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 30%, Art (dance) 5%, Bargain 15%, Biology 20%, Chemistry 30%, Climb 40%, Conceal 15%, Credit Rating 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dodge 35%, Drive Auto 30%, Electrical Repair 10%, Fast Talk 15%, First Aid 50%, Geology 10%, Hide 20%, History 30%, Jump 35%, Law 15%, Library Use 45%, Listen 35%, Mechanical Repair 20%, Medicine 45%, Natural History 10%, Navigate 20%, Occult 5%, Other Language (Latin) 35%, Own Language 70%, Persuade 39%, Photography 10%, Physics 10%, Psychoanalysis 25%, Psychology 45%, Ride 5%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 38%, Swim 35%, Throw 25%, Track 10%

Weapon Skills: Fist/Punch 50%, Grapple 25%, Head Butt 10%, Kick 25%, Handgun 46%, Machine Gun 15%, Rifle 25%, Shotgun 41%, SMG 15%, Knife 32%, Axe 20%, Small Club 35%, Large Club 40%

Spells: Elder Sign, Healing, Shriveling

Equipment: Clothing and shoes (sensible and businesslike), hat, large leather purse (contains student ID, driver's license, gun license, \$90 in cash, hand mirror, magnifying glass, fountain pen, handkerchief, notebook, flashlight with extra batteries, straight razor, gun and two extra magazines), straight razor (damage 1d4+db, can impale) in purse, .45 automatic (damage 1d10+2, ROF 1, range 20 yards, 7-shot magazine) in purse.

Background/History: Mary is the child of a Boston suffragette. Her mother was a personal friend of Susan B. Anthony, and marched in parades on behalf of woman's suffrage. Mary's father, a Republican politician, was also unusually open-minded about such things, but then he probably saw supporting woman's suffrage as a way of getting himself re-elected once women could vote for him. As it turned out, he died of a heart attack a year before the 19th Amendment passed, so it didn't matter. Mary does not really miss him – he was always away politicking, and it was her mother who she really admired. (Not that one could ever really what could be called “close” in her family – the Bakersly clan always placed intellect and reason above emotion.) It was also Mary's mother who urged her to pursue her interest in medicine, despite the hostility she would face in this male-dominated profession.

Mary enrolled in Miskatonic University in 1930 as a pre-med student. Although Miskatonic is smaller and less prestigious than many universities on the east coast, it also has a more open attitude toward female students (they make up almost a third of the student body, an unusually high figure for a co-ed school



in this day and age). She still has to deal with much prejudice and bias, but her studies have proceeded well despite such obstacles. Mary's ferociously rational personality has certainly helped there; many of her more prejudiced teachers have been forced to retreat in confusion after being subjected to the withering power of her cold, precise intellect.

Last spring, she took a class called History 229: Unpublished Witch Trials to round out her requirement for an upper-level humanities class. Little did Mary know that this choice would change her life forever. The fumbling, absent-minded man who taught the class – John Baskins – treated her no differently than any of his other students, despite her gender, and she found herself strangely drawn to this helpless, confused, but nevertheless brilliant older man. Imagine her surprise when she discovered that Baskins was actually engaged in a private, desperate crusade against forces of supernatural danger. The combined discoveries of these strange alien forces and her own unexpected emotions were a dreadful strain on Mary's rational outlook on life, but she endured it. Baskins joined Baskins' small circle of investigators and has done her best to aid him in his struggle with these dark and dreadful forces, while at the same time striving to understand how they fit into her rational world-view. She has spent many hours in the sealed stacks of Miskatonic's Orne Library, looking through the strange ancient tomes which contain information on these things. Surely these can be understood like any other natural phenomenon.

Mary is a determined rationalist, a woman who demands that the world make sense and follow predictable rules. All problems are analyzed with logic and deduction, and she distrusts emotional judgments and leaps of intuition. She meets the world with a veneer of cold rationality, analyzing everything around her (including the behavior of her fellow investigators) with detached intellectual curiosity. Her real emotions, such as her infatuation with Professor Baskins, are buried deep within and almost never revealed. Mary dresses in plain, business-like clothing, wears no make-up, and keeps her hair in a severely restrained bun. She would actually be attractive if she ever bothered with her looks, but she refuses to do that for fear it would represent surrender to the male-dominated society her mother fought against for so many years.

Professor John Baskins: Mary is infatuated with Baskins, partly because he respects her, partly because of his intelligence, partly because of his endearing absent-mindedness, partly because of his courage in battling the forces of evil, and partly because...well, she is not quite sure, and that bothers her. Perhaps soon, she will master her feelings for Baskins enough to be able to speak with him about them. Right now, the mere thought of doing so brings an embarrassing flush to Mary's cheeks. How humiliating that she could lose control in such a fashion.

Sean Mahan: A happy-go-lucky Irish boy from the less-reputable side of Boston. Although Mary does not hold that against him, his sometimes crude mannerisms and casual prejudices leave her cold. He is obviously infatuated with Mary, and probably joined the group because of her. Sigh. Well, at least that makes him a

reliable ally. Still, she tries not to encourage him too much, since that would just lead to more heartbreak later.

David Prinz: Mary's father didn't much care for Jews, but her mother always taught her to judge people on their actions, not their race or creed. This anxious young man is actually one of the most skilled investigators among in the group, a match for Baskins himself, and his skilled intellect has saved the day on several occasions. Mary tries to be a friend to him and to defend him from the reflexive prejudice he often encounters.

Rufus Oldersson: Mary cannot quite understand this huge, muscular farmboy from Minnesota. He seems to be nothing more than a slow-speaking, slow-thinking athlete, but every once in a while he shows a flash of astonishing brilliance. Rufus is also quite skilled with the strange "magic" powers the group must sometimes use to thwart its enemies. Mary is not sure whether he's a genius in disguise, or an idiot with a few perverse gifts. Either way, he is an interesting personality case study, and she is determined to figure him out.

Judy Stoggsdale: A spoiled, self-centered rich girl who joined the group after her boyfriend (the much more admirable Jack Havers) perished on an earlier investigation. Mary has no patience for Judy, who seems to expect the world to cater to her. Stoggsdale is somewhat skilled in certain intellectual fields, and a good shot, so she does contribute to the group's endeavors, but her selfish behavior and irritating personality make it very difficult to appreciate her limited gifts.



David Prinz, graduate student in History, age 29

STR 12 DEX 9 INT 15 Idea 75%
 CON 16 APP 11 POW 16 Luck 80% HP 13
 SIZ 10 SAN 44 EDU 15 Know 75% Magic Points 16

Damage Bonus: None

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 40%, Anthropology 20%, Archeology 10%, Art (Jewish traditional song) 25%, Bargain 5%, Climb 40%, Conceal 15%, Credit Rating 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 40%, Dodge 26%, Drive Auto 20%, Electrical Repair 10%, Fast Talk 35%, First Aid 30%, Geology 10%, Hide 10%, History 70%, Jump 25%, Law 25%, Library Use 75%, Listen 35%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Medicine 5%, Natural History 10%, Navigate 10%, Occult 35%, Other Language (German) 30%, Other Language (Latin) 38%, Other Language (Yiddish) 30%, Own Language 75%, Persuade 35%, Photography 10%, Physics 10%, Psychoanalysis 5%, Psychology 35%, Ride 5%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 33%, Swim 25%, Throw 25%, Track 10%

Weapon Skills: Fist/Punch 50%, Grapple 25%, Head Butt 10%, Kick 25%, Handgun 30%, Machine Gun 15%, Rifle 25%, Shotgun 47%, SMG 15%, Knife 25%, Axe 20%, Small Club 25%, Large Club 40%

Spells: Call/Dismiss Azathoth, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Enchant Knife, Flesh Ward, Shriveling, Spectral Razor

Equipment: Clothing and shoes (neat and conservative), yarmulke, glasses, wallet (student ID, picture of mother, \$75 in cash), handkerchief, pocket-sized copy of the Torah.

Background/History: David was born to a family of Hassidic Jews in New York City. His parents were intensely conservative, and expected him to study the Torah and become a rabbi. But that smooth path was interrupted in 1917 when he was drafted for service in the Great War. Although Prinz was lucky enough not to see combat, the experience of living in the Army, among men from many different states and countless different backgrounds, changed his whole perspective on home life. Upon his return, he could no longer accept the cloistered, inward-turning life of the Hassidic community. Instead, David left home to attend Miskatonic University and study history. Although he is still a faithful Jew, his parents' strict practices are now too much for him, and Prinz hates the way he was isolated within the larger population of cosmopolitan New York. Miskatonic was the first school that accepted him, so he went there, desperate to escape into the larger world.

Going away to school broke the heart of his David's father – he was dead-set on his son becoming a rabbi – and they have not spoken since David left home back in 1926. Even at Hanukkah he has been prohibited from returning home. Prinz's mother is more forgiving, and sends him letters and care

packages from time to time; occasionally, he goes to visit her, but it is always a bittersweet experience to speak with her behind his father's back.

Two years ago David took an upper-level seminar called History 229: Unpublished Witch Trials. Prinz's background gave him a unique perspective on the subject of religious intolerance, and the class was interesting and informative. But he noticed that these unpublished trial accounts seemed to include many references to some sort of strange religion, very different from the conventional myths of Satanism that were trotted out in the better-known trials. He discussed this curious pattern with the teacher, Professor John Baskins, and learned that his instructor was also aware of this curious difference between the trials. From there, it was only a short time until Prinz was accompanying Baskins on trips to investigate contemporary outbreaks of the same strange cults. He was shocked to discover that evil was not just something in his father's books – it was real, and lurked just underneath the surface of normal, sane society.

Prinz sometimes wonders if it would have been better to remain at home and follow the path his father wanted for him. Then, at least, David would still inhabit a world of comforting certainties. Instead, he has been cast adrift, unable to be sure whether his faith has any real truth at all. The things David fights, the alien gods and inhuman blasphemies, *they* are real enough... but is his own faith real? Or just self-delusion? Prinz has learned too much to ignore such questions. Indeed, the foul knowledge which now crams his mind to the bursting-point also disrupts his regular studies – this is his first semester as a graduate student, and he is desperately far behind on his coursework. Still, compared to the eldritch terrors which haunt David's thoughts and dreams, that is a trivial problem.

David Prinz is a thin, earnest, anxious young man who is constantly pushing up the spectacles which threaten to slide down his long, thin nose. He still wears a yarmulke on his head, but in his heart he finds it difficult to maintain his Jewish faith – he has seen too much, read too much, and the Mythos threatens to consume his life and sanity. Only the knowledge that he is helping, in however small a way, to hold back the tide of darkness helps him to keep his grip on himself.

Despite his inner doubts, David is still a practicing Jew and follows all the rituals of his faith, if only for the meager psychological comfort they give him. He still mourns the loss of his relationship with his father, and grows wistful when the topic of family comes up; the rest of the time he is a bundle of nervous energy, trying to cloak his doubts with talk and action, chatting constantly with his fellow investigators. Prinz genuinely likes all his comrades and hopes they survive their adventures, even if he doesn't.

Professor John Baskins: The man who introduced Prinz to the terrible realities of the Cthulhu Mythos, this poor fellow has paid a heavy mental price for the knowledge he has gained over the years. Still, considering how long he has been studying these horrible things, he has held up surprisingly well. David is trying to convince him to retire from the struggle while he still has most of his faculties.



Sean Mahan: A cheerful, casually bigoted young Irishman. Despite his almost child-like prejudices, he is a good man at heart, and obviously in love with Mary. David wishes him all the best. Perhaps, through their adventures together, Sean may come to see that all men are allies together against the Darkness Outside.

Mary Bakersly: An immensely intelligent young woman, probably the most capable of all of the group, and wonderfully free of any sort of anti-Semitism. David admires her tremendously, and hopes she finds someone worthy of her gifts to share her life (Sean, for all his good qualities, simply isn't up to her level).

Rufus Oldersson: Despite vastly different backgrounds, Prinz has found a kindred spirit in this deceptively stolid young man. Like David, Rufus has had difficulty accepting the faith of his family, and instead secretly follows the old Norse gods of legend. He is also amazingly broadly educated (largely through his own efforts) and eerily skilled with the eldritch magical forces which must sometimes be used against the enemy. Of all David's comrades, Rufus is the one he most wants to survive.

Judy Stoggsdale: This rich, careless young woman joined the group after her boyfriend (a much more sensible fellow named Jack Havers) was killed in one of their prior investigations. So far David has been thoroughly unimpressed by her attitudes and behavior, especially her subtle anti-Semitism. He wishes Baskins would give up and throw her out of the group, but for now he has to grit his teeth and endure her superior airs and veiled insults as best he can.

Rufus Oldersson, Physical Education major, age 22

STR 16 DEX 10 INT 17 Idea 85%
 CON 17 APP 13 POW 19 Luck 95% HP 17
 SIZ 17 SAN 71 EDU 12 Know 60% Magic Points 19

Damage Bonus: +1d6

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 30%, Anthropology 10%, Archeology 17%, Art (singing) 5%, Astronomy 10%, Bargain 25%, Biology 20%, Chemistry 25%, Climb 50%, Conceal 22%, Credit Rating 15%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Dodge 25%, Drive Auto 20%, Electrical Repair 18%, Fast Talk 15%, First Aid 44%, Geology 20%, Hide 20%, History 30%, Jump 33%, Law 9%, Library Use 65%, Listen 43%, Mechanical Repair 37%, Medicine 5%, Natural History 40%, Navigate 10%, Occult 45%, Operate Heavy Machinery 25%, Own Language 60%, Persuade 25%, Photography 10%, Physics 20%, Psychology 35%, Ride 35%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 34%, Swim 40%, Throw 42%, Track 30%

Weapon Skills: Fist/Punch 60%, Grapple 63%, Head Butt 34%, Kick 46%, Handgun 20%, Machine Gun 15%, Rifle 39%, Shotgun 50%, SMG 15%, Knife 65%, Axe 37%, Small Club 38%, Large Club 51%

Spells: Deflect Harm, Dismiss Yog-Sothoth, Elder Sign, Power Drain, Shriveling, Spectral Razor, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire

Equipment: Clothes and shoes (simple and functional), football jersey, wallet (student ID, pictures of family, \$24 cash), enchanted knife (damage 1d4+2+db, can impale) in belt-sheath.

Background/History: Rufus was born on a dairy farm in Minnesota, and grew up living the day-to-day grind of caring for the cows, year-in, year-out. Unsurprisingly, he grew into a big, tough young man (his father is six-foot-two, and Rufus tops him by three inches), and became the star of Olderson's high school football team. Rufus didn't especially like football – it was so brutal and mindless, especially the way the local teams played – but no one would have let a boy like him get away with not playing. So he played as well as he could – anything less would have brought shame to his family.

Rufus' real solace was reading. After the chores of the day were finally finished, he would sit up late into the night, reading by the light of a kerosene lamp. Anything would do – dime novels, textbooks, newspapers – but Rufus was especially fascinated by history, mythology, and the classics of ancient literature. When he was fifteen, the young man discovered a book on the Norse mythology of his ancestors, and quietly decided that he liked that religion much better than the stale, dreary Lutheran church of his family. Since that day Rufus has privately considered himself a pagan, a follower of Odin and Thor, and especially venerating the Primal Cow Audhumla.



Rufus' prowess as a football player was so great that his coach began urging him to seek an athletic scholarship to college. Rufus' parents didn't exactly approve – they wanted his strong shoulders working on the farm – but since he had three brothers who could take over the farm work, he finally convinced them to let him go. He could not have cared less about the football – going to college would mean Rufus could read books all day long! As it turned out, the best offer he received was from a small New England school, Miskatonic University. They actually gave him a stipend to live on, so he wouldn't have to get a job. Even more time to read! Of course, he still had to play football every weekend, but that was easy – football was a snap compared to farm work.

Rufus has spent his two years at Miskatonic reading every book he could get his hands on. Although he is officially a Physical Education major, he has taken more classes in Literature and History than in anything else. His grades are only passable – he does not have much talent for writing essays and papers – but that's okay with him. Rufus does not really care what his grades are anyway, as long as they are good enough to keep him here so he can read some more.

Last year, Rufus took an upper-level history class called Unpublished Witch Trials. The teacher, John Baskins, was a very smart fellow who noticed his interest in reading and loaned him extra reading material. Finally, the professor took Rufus to the basement of the library and showed him a book called *Nameless Cults*. That was some pretty strange stuff, that's for sure, and Baskins said it was real and not mere fiction. The professor was kind of surprised at how readily Rufus accepted the information, but then, he didn't know then how different Rufus was from most people in Minnesota. A short time later, Rufus helped the professor fight creatures like the ones in the *Cults* book. They were real! He was able to help the professor do some special ceremony that drove the things away, and afterward Baskins and his friends credited him with saving the day. It was no big deal, really – Rufus had just repeated the stuff he had read in the book.

Since then, Rufus has gone on several more adventures with Baskins and his student friends. It's not as hard as farming, a lot more interesting, and he gets to read lots of new books. Sometimes it's kind of scary too, but Oldersson has never panicked or run away as others have done sometimes. And it turns out he has a talent for the special rituals that can beat these things. The others all seem to think this is some kind of gift, but Rufus figures it is because he was smart enough to follow Audhumla.

Oldersson is a friendly, relaxed fellow who seems to shrug off the most horrifying sights with a blink and a "How about that." He looks like a huge blond-headed tree-trunk, and his square, flat face is deceptively blank and stolid. His heavy Swedish-Minnesotan accent also makes him seem less than brilliant. In fact, Rufus is quite intelligent, and has a rather eclectic education that spans many different fields. He is also secretly a practicing neo-pagan who venerates the ancient Norse deities, especially Audhumla.

Rufus dislikes violence, but is fairly good at it when the time comes. He understands that the Cthulhu Mythos is a deadly threat to mankind, and is willing

to go to considerable lengths to stop it, but his calm, methodical approach to the problem sometimes makes it seem like he isn't taking things seriously

Professor John Baskins: Rufus likes Professor Baskins, because he didn't look down on him just because he came from a farm and talked kind of funny. And the professor let Rufus into the group where he learned all about these strange monsters and books and stuff. Professor Baskins sure knows a lot about them, and about history. He has trouble remembering ordinary things, though, like where he left his glasses. Rufus tries to help him when he has troubles like that.

Sean Mahan: This fellow talks a lot, and he drinks a lot too. Rufus never much liked drinking, himself – it made it hard to think. Sean seems to like it, though. Rufus thinks he likes Mary, because he's always following her around and saying nice things to her. He makes fun of Rufus sometimes, but the Minnesotan doesn't mind it much. Audhumla will take care of him in the afterlife, when Sean's stuck in the ice of Niflheim.

Mary Bakersly: A bright girl, far more intelligent than Rufus. She treats everyone in the group equally and does not hold Rufus' rural background or David's Jewish heritage against them. She knows a lot about this magic stuff too, but Rufus believes the real reason she's in the group is because she is sweet on Professor Baskins. Oldersson does not think the Professor has figured it out yet, but he soon will, no doubt. They'll be happy together.

David Prinz: A nervous little fellow from New York. He wears a round hat on his head, and Mary has informed Rufus that this means he is a Jew. Rufus does not really care what he is, though; he's smart and knows a lot about this magic stuff, just like Rufus, and he seems to understand the farm boy better than the others do. He's the only one Oldersson has told his real religious choice to.

Judy Stoggsdale: This girl sure is pretty. She's smart too, although Rufus does not think she's quite as smart as Judy would like others to believe. She looks down on the rest of the group a lot of the time, but this does not bother Rufus – nothing like that ever really breaks his calm. She really is pretty, though. Too bad she doesn't want to be friends with him. Maybe if he talked with her, she'd be nicer to him.



Judy Stoggsdale, English major, age 20

STR 8	DEX 14	INT 15	Idea 75%
CON 12	APP 16	POW 12	Luck 60% HP 12
SIZ 12	SAN 52	EDU 13	Know 65% Magic Points 12

Damage Bonus: None

Skills (all non-listed skills are at 01%): Accounting 10%, Art (dance) 40%, Art (piano) 35%, Astronomy 10%, Bargain 5%, Climb 40%, Conceal 15%, Credit Rating 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Dodge 37%, Drive Auto 20%, Electrical Repair 10%, Fast Talk 15%, First Aid 40%, Hide 10%, History 30%, Jump 45%, Law 5%, Library Use 40%, Listen 35%, Mechanical Repair 20%, Medicine 5%, Natural History 10%, Navigate 30%, Occult 15%, Other Language (French) 25%, Own Language 88%, Persuade 35%, Photography 35%, Pilot (Boat) 20%, Psychology 25%, Ride 55%, Sneak 10%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 38%, Throw 39%, Track 20%

Weapon Skills: Fist/Punch 50%, Grapple 25%, Head Butt 10%, Kick 25%, Handgun 20%, Machine Gun 15%, Rifle 45%, Shotgun 60%, SMG 15%, Knife 25%, Axe 20%, Small Club 25%, Large Club 40%

Equipment: Clothes and shoes (finest quality, understated but elegant), hat, purse (contains student ID, driver's license, make-up kit, hand mirror, handkerchief, fountain pen, diary, cigarette case, lighter, picture of Jack Havers, \$230 in cash, passbook to savings account with \$2400), single-shot 20-gauge shotgun for skeet shooting (damage 2d6/1d6/1d3 at 10/20/50 yards).

Background/History: Before this year, Judy lived a very pleasant, safe, normal life. She was born here in Arkham, and grew up in the family house on Derby Street: a splendid Georgian mansion. Her parents are rich – Judy's father is a partner in the Miskatonic Valley Savings Bank – and she grew up wanting for nothing. Life was easy and pleasant, and any problems were whisked away by the servants. Her hobbies were those of the best people in society – riding, hunting, skeet shooting, piano, dance. And everyone made sure she had whatever she wanted.

As a teenager, Stoggsdale indulged in a brief period of rebellion against her parents' rather strict New England heritage. She and her friends (other children of privilege) would visit Arkham's handful of speakeasies and jazz clubs, or travel to Boston to enjoy the more elaborate entertainments available there. Judy's mother wrung her hands, and her father glowered and lectured at her, but neither of them was willing to take any real steps to stop their wayward child. They seemed obviously relieved when, in 1931, she started classes at Miskatonic University and moved into the Women's Dorm in Dorothy Upman Hall, where her daily life would no longer be their concern. In point of fact, Judy found that life in the dorms was less free than at home, since the matron wouldn't

indulge her as her parents did. The matron also didn't seem to care that Judy had more money than anyone else there.

Still, college life did have one great advantage over Stoggsdale's previous life: her boyfriend, Jack Havers. Jack was handsome, smart, and wealthy – a perfect match for Judy. She was wonderfully happy for her first year at Miskatonic. But then something happened; Jack became quieter, more serious, and sometimes would turn up dirty and unshaven, mumbling about strange experiences. She eventually forced him to admit that he had joined some kind of private investigating club headed by a history professor, John Baskins. He would never tell Judy what Baskins' group did or what they were investigating. As the months went by he got colder, less friendly, and his health declined. Whatever he was doing, it was wrecking him. Even worse, it was taking him away from her.

And then Jack died. The official report was that he was attacked by a rabid dog, and the funeral was closed-casket. Baskins and his other student "helpers" were there, including a girl. Jack never mentioned there was a *girl* in his group. After the funeral Judy confronted Professor Baskins and forced him to tell her what had really happened. He gave Stoggsdale some weird story about flesh-eating monsters, and when she wouldn't listen to him and threatened to call the police, he invited her to come along when they finished the job. In a fit of anger and pride, she agreed.

All right, so there *were* flesh-eating monsters. Judy will grant that much. It seems that the world is not nearly as safe and properly ordered as she believed. If things like that can exist, if a good, decent, respectable man like Jack can be torn apart like so much sausage, there is something dreadfully wrong with the world. Stoggsdale decided to help Baskins and his other student friends to put it to rights. She owes Jack that much.

Judy is a spoiled rich girl who thinks she's awoken to the harsh reality of the world. However, in her heart she still instinctively expects everything to go her way and all problems to be solved by someone else. She has had only one Mythos experience, a fairly mild one at that, and does not really comprehend the others' talk about ghastly alien gods and unstoppable cosmic forces. It's all because the others don't know how to handle a little strain, really.

Stoggsdale thinks highly of herself and expects others to listen to her and respect her ideas. However, she also expects nasty, unsolvable problems to be dealt with by others. She is very confident in her own sanity and stability and refuses to acknowledge any mistakes or weaknesses in her own psyche, no matter how glaring they may get.

Professor John Baskins: Baskins is the man who got Jack into this horrible business, and consequently got him killed. Unsurprisingly, Judy does not like Baskins very much; she thinks he is a stuffy, self-important old man who acts entirely too high-and-mighty for someone who couldn't keep her Jack from being ripped to pieces. He never seems to listen to her ideas, which irks Judy to no end. Still, he's basically in charge of the group as long as the others continue to respect him.



Sean Mahan: A drunken, lower-class Irish boy who's obviously besotted with that Bakersly woman. No wonder dear Jack got in trouble, hanging out with riff-raff like this. Judy does her best to ignore him as much as possible.

Mary Bakersly: An insufferably smart and intellectual girl, who doesn't seem to have a proper attitude about class and society – she's equally polite to all, even that thug Sean. Judy thinks she looks down on her, although she's so polite it's hard to tell. Although Mary comes from a respectable family, she obviously has no idea how to act like a real lady – why, half the time she doesn't even fix her hair properly.

David Prinz: A clever little Jewish boy who gets on Judy's nerves. She has never cared for Jews, with their greasy hair and grasping, money-grubbing ways. The rest of the group seems to think highly of David for some reason, so Judy tries to bring him down a few pegs with subtle insults and cutting remarks. Nothing too obvious, of course, because then that miserable Bakersly girl will start lecturing her about prejudice and such.

Rufus Oldersson: A simpleton farm-boy from Minnesota. Judy has no idea what he's doing in this group, since he is clearly a complete idiot. The man is good-looking in a square-faced Nordic sort of way, so it's a pity he's so unintelligent. Otherwise, he might challenge Judy's loyalty to Jack's memory.

Epilogue: Shall Humanity Survive?

...The past year has shown me that I was a fool to waste much of my life in the pursuit of trivial knowledge. Now that my eyes have been opened, I weep for humanity. I fear we are truly doomed. If only I had realized the truth sooner. Perhaps I could have done something; anything to stop what I know will soon come.

They know I am aware of their existence. I have seen things just on the edge of my vision. Terrible creatures that haunt my steps. I dare now not even sleep as other do because to do so would leave me vulnerable for far too long.

I hear them at my door! The time is near but they will not, must not find me. All I have left is my meager knowledge. I pray that shall be enough. The elder sign has been places on my window sill and I shall leap towards freedom. I MUST FLEE FOR THEY COME!...

<Boston Massachusetts>
Miskatonic University is
mourning the loss of
Professor Jonathan
Anders who apparently
left to his death

yesterday evening.
University officials
refuse to comment on
the incident and have
only spoken to

authorities but his
secretary has said he
was under considerable
stress. Professor Anders
is survived by an uncle.

...I had been concerned about the mental state of my mentor for some time now and could not idly sit by while his condition deteriorated. Earlier this evening, I summoned the courage to face the person who held my future in his hands. With sudden courage, I raced towards his office. Although everyone else had left for the evening, I knew he would be there. As I approached his door, I could hear the professor ranting. Even though I pleaded for him to see me, it remained locked.

Finally, things grew far too quiet. Fearing the worse, I forced my way in. Unfortunately, I was too late as my mentor had vanished and his balcony window lay open before me. After cautiously peering towards the ground below, I saw his crumpled body. Although I knew inside that it was far too late to save him, I called the authorities.

While awaiting their arrival, I spied his open journal and for some strange reason, hid it down the hall. Something compelled me to read it. Later that week, I opened the tome and tried to wrest reason from it. There were things within its covers that both startled and intrigued me. This is something I shall have to look into. Professor Anders, your efforts have not been for naught!



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