

SHADOWS OF WAR



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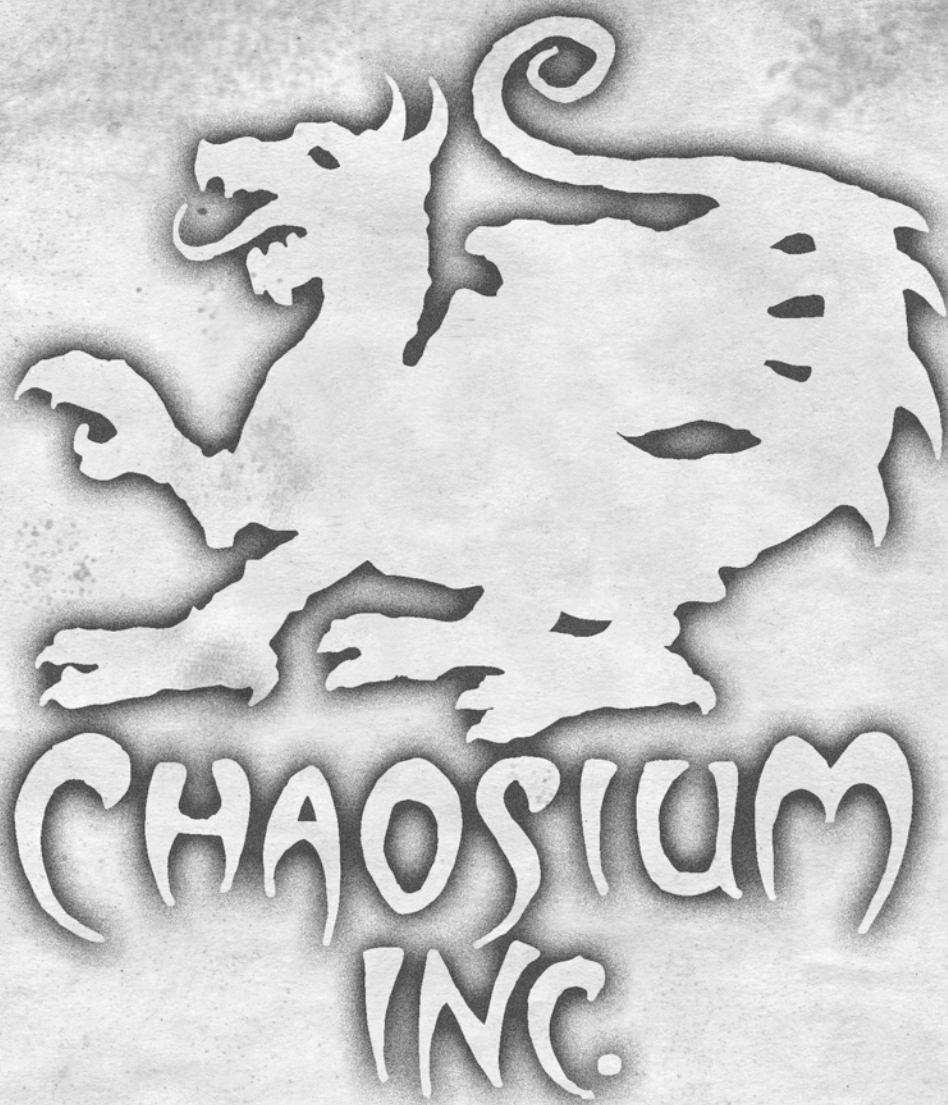
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**Four Scenarios Set In and
Around the Second World War**





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SHADOWS OF WAR

Four Call of Cthulhu Adventures

Set in and around World War Two

By Rick Payne and Glyn White

Credits:

Project design: Micaela Schoop

Illustrations: Kevin McManus (chapters 2 & 4) and Micaela Schoop (chapters 1 & 3)

Copyediting: Glyn White

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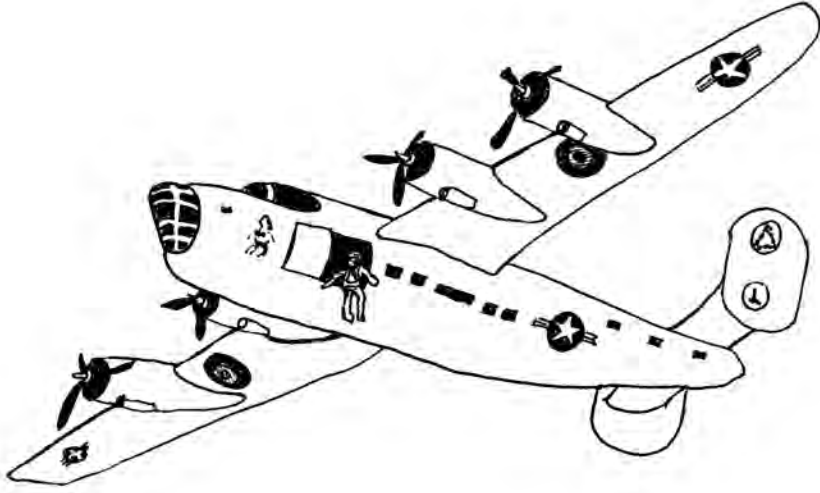
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INTRODUCING SHADOWS OF WAR

This monograph contains four separate scenarios set in and around the Second World War. Each scenario has a distinctly different setting and location though, roughly speaking, each one gives players at least a glimpse of the Mediterranean Sea. There is no plausible way (we can see) of linking the scenarios into a campaign, but this is the idea: the situation of war is ideal for one-shot scenarios.

We believe the international conflict is a background particularly conducive to Mythos horror as the urgencies of survival in war create opportunities to both mask and heighten the sanity-blasting effects of contact with the Mythos. But there are limits. Battle situations are not what the game was designed for and random carnage robs players of the chance to do much more than hope to survive. These scenarios avoid battle fronts but put groups in risky situations where their own decisions determine success or failure, life and death.

Each scenario contains pre-generated characters for easy playability, or, for those who prefer not to use them, an indication of the scope for role-playing the scenarios provide. The scenarios are variously designed to play out in one, two or three sessions of play though of course the GM will be a better judge of how long they might take for their group. There are separate contents pages at the beginning of each scenario.

The following 'blurbs' for the scenario give an indication of what they are about without giving anything vital away. Before reading further consider whether you want to GM these scenarios or play in them. While one GM might present all the scenarios in the book, the monograph format means it can easily be broken into sections and shared around. The blurbs also give an indication of the number of players the scenario can accommodate as written.

Goodnight Vienna by Glyn White

September 1942: flying over the Mediterranean sea. After an abortive bombing mission the American B24 Liberator 'Goodnight Vienna' has been flying for twelve hours and is running out of fuel. Defective navigation equipment means the crew don't know where they are any more accurately than 'somewhere over the Med' and haven't been able to establish radio contact with their North African base. Its time to bail out. Hell is below.

The scenario can accommodate up to 8 players (B24s had a 9 man crew). A smaller version of the scenario for 3-4 players, with the Goodnight Vienna as a British Blenheim bomber, is offered as an Appendix.

No Pasaran! by Rick Payne

Barcelona, 1937: Members of the International Brigades fighting for the Spanish Republic against Franco's Fascist-supported Nationalist army are put through training, and checkpoint duty. Capturing the escaping murderer of a rare book dealer, they reveal the machinations of a rogue Republican unit which their unit is soon sent to investigate. This scenario offers a challenging and genuinely disturbing insight into man's inhumanity to man within an armed conflict that was an indicative prelude to World War Two.

The scenario includes 4 characters of different nationalities but could easily accommodate more.

Thracian Gold by Glyn White

September 1944: The Rila Mountains of Bulgaria. As the end of the war approaches members of Allied Intelligence organisations are involved in a mission to save a priceless archaeological treasure in an increasingly unstable Axis state. There may be something suspect about the mission since it has become clear that its leader, Professor Lionel Butterworth, has authorised it himself to return to the scene of his pre-war excavations, but something is definitely afoot in the Rila Valley with mysterious disappearances and sometimes open warfare between the authorities and the partisans.

The scenario accomodates 4-6 investigators.

Isle of Lost Souls by Rick Payne

Postwar Greece: The setting is a small Greek island in the immediate postwar period. A recent archaeological expedition to the island has ended in tragedy. As a new team follows up their investigations, Lithinkos begins to reveal its secrets. A mysterious patron encourages the investigators in their search, but before too long the ghosts of the past begin to make their presence felt. The enigma surrounding the island deepens and darker forces gather threatening the lives and sanity of all involved.

The scenario is designed for 4-6 investigators.

Acknowledgements

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Glyn White and Micaela Schoop for their unparalleled generosity and hospitality during extended sessions of playtesting. Glyn, Micaela, Andrew Farrow and Kate Henderson for their role-playing skills and constructive criticism of the scenarios during and after playtesting, and Glyn (again) for his expert guidance in polishing and editing of the scenarios preparatory to publication.

Kevin McManus for his artistic skill and commitment in creating the illustrations and artwork for my scenarios and still managing to hit the ever changing 'moving target' deadline.

My family who gave me not only the support and encouragement, but also the time and space to finish the task.

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GOODNIGHT VIENNA

A Call of Cthulhu Scenario set during World War Two

by Glyn White

This one-off scenario can accommodate up to 8 players as members of the crew of a B24 Liberator bomber (B24s had a 9 and sometimes 10 man crew). The necessary information to adapt the scenario for 3-4 players, with the Goodnight Vienna as a British Blenheim bomber, is offered as an Appendix.

Player's introduction

Over the Mediterranean Sea: September 1942. After an abortive bombing mission the B24 Liberator 'Goodnight Vienna' has been flying for twelve hours and is running out of fuel. Defective navigation equipment means the crew don't know where they are any more accurately than 'somewhere over the Med' and haven't been able to establish radio contact with their North African base. Its time to bail out. Hell is below.

Keeper's information

For the crew of the Goodnight Vienna things are much worse than they imagine. A freak navigational problem has actually caused them to fly to the limit of their range deep into the Sahara desert to a point where, on landing, it will not be possible for them to walk to safety, though they cannot be sure of that. Similar events happened to the crew of the B24 'Lady Be Good' during World War Two and, despite heroic efforts, none of the crew survived. This scenario offers a group of fictional characters an unlikely glimmer of hope, but additionally threatens them with an encounter with the Mythos.

Centuries ago a Colour Out of Space was delivered to earth by meteorite in the once fertile desert region. Though the environment was particularly hostile to it the Colour was able to prey on humans living near it. Yet once they were dead and the desert took over the Colour was again in discomfort. It was 'rescued' by Sand Dwellers who had been cautiously observing the effects of this alien entity. They were impressed by its extermination of the local human population. Subsequently the Colour, and its descendents, have

entered into a symbiotic relationship with the Sand Dwellers through which, over the centuries, the range of the desert barren to humanity - but not to Sand Dwellers - has been much extended.

In 1936 a German explorer, Otto Lustgarten, following hints in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* copy of *The Necronomicon*, set out to investigate what he read as 'a source of devastating power found in the desert and worshipped by the Sand Dwellers'. He had learned something of the Sand Dwellers' language, as well as some magic and hired an able Australian guide, Neil Marsh, who had been in the area during the Great War. But Lustgarten and his expedition perished as food for the current Colour. They were, in fact, its most recent victims. Both it and the Sand Dwellers who tend it (and who carefully to avoid its effects) are very patient. Now the Colour awaits the characters as the Sand Dwellers shepherd them towards its lair in a subterranean well.

All this is, however, is unknown to and far from the concerns of the characters as they take their lives in their hands and abandon their plane.

Each player begins with a character sheet, and background information on that character. A group hand-out shows the characters alongside one another and their roles on the plane (see page 46). The crew, after all, know each other well. During the process of bailing out each will receive a list of items they may wish to rescue, a script of their actions during bail-out and an indication of the rolls they need to make to reach ground safely. Once there, role-playing proper can begin, but (we believe) it is worth performing a fairly intense and disorientating build up to preface the grim situation that follows.

Beginning ‘Goodnight Vienna’

Read the following to Players:

“This bombing run has gone badly for the B24 Liberator ‘Goodnight Vienna’.

“You set off from your airfield near Benghazi (Libya) in the middle of a sandstorm nearly twelve hours ago and lost sight of the rest of the squadron immediately. You may have got some sand in the starboard engines which sound odd. The direction finder has also been malfunctioning which put Lenny at a disadvantage finding your way to the target. But ditching the bombs, turning around and just making it home was an option you only briefly considered. In the end you got to Naples and dropped your stick on the railyards. The city was already obscured by smoke from the rest of the squadron’s efforts but you saw no sign of friendly planes. The danger was that Messerschmitts would be back in the air very soon and you had no-one else to help you spot them coming in. You left the sky over Naples in a hurry, maintaining radio silence. With a strong backwind, only moving clouds to be seen below and the direction finder now dead Lenny was struggling to guide you home. After 9 hours in the air, you radioed your home field for a bearing and found you were coming in on the right line, but the signal was weak and you haven’t been able to get confirmation of position. After 11 hours flying no-one says much. You’re tired, tense from having to be alert for so long. Its been freezing cold at altitude, you’ve had to wear oxygen masks for much of the trip and the gallon toilet tank blows the bomb door electrics if you overfill it so you’ve been pissing in buckets and jars since Naples. After 12 hours you’re somewhere over the Med, flying down at 7000ft with the engines beginning to splutter. No more waiting. Its time to jump. The decision has been taken. This is the order: Jack with the 1st inflatable, Red, Dutch, Danny, Harry, Chuck, Lenny, Vern with the 2nd inflatable, then Cap.”

Instructions from the GM: “There’s a last chance to grab things or ditch them. For each of you there is a list of items carried and items you personally have the chance to bring along. You know you’re going to be landing in water but you all have Mae Wests that will help you float. You don’t want to weight yourself down and you have to stow each item about your per-

son in a way that won’t interfere with the opening of your main chute, your emergency chute if it comes to it, and won’t impale you either when the chute opens or when you land. There are two lists. The left shows what you already carry. You ditch items by writing character’s initials next to the items individually. Use the same method to acquire items from the right, ‘not carried’ list. Both lists vary from character to character. You have 30 seconds to review your equipment. Does everyone understand? Go.

“Stop. Now you have to get off the plane. Roleplaying proper starts when you jump. Until then I want you all to read aloud, loudly and at the same time, your last thoughts and actions on the plane which are printed in the middle of the sheet underneath your equipment lists.

“Ready?”

[The crew scripts follow:]



Wovoka [Keeper]: *This is really bad. You don't want to jump. Not down there. The bad thing is waiting. Bad for all, you're the only one that feels it. They're mad. They're just following orders. The wind outside and Hell below. Hell. They don't believe you. They don't know you. They want you to jump. They want to kill you. They don't understand. Its Hell below. The devil is in the water. The devil in the water waits. It will get you all. But not me. I Jump.*

Cap: This is the last thing you want to do, but ditching at sea at night is far too risky. Can't understand why the base doesn't respond but you've sent the SOS and can't wait any longer. Steady. Two engines already dying. Vern agrees. You've given the order to bail out, and to do it fast so you're not spread across the Med. Jack takes one raft, Vern the other. You are the last man out. You don't want to be the Captain who goes down with the ship. Vern will call you from the door. What's stopping him? The third engine splutters. At last, the call. Being alone for the first time on the plane in the air. You don't like it. You have no trouble jumping after the others. Goodbye Goodnight Vienna.

Vern: This trip has been a total bust from the start from Chuck worrying about sand damage to the engines to Lenny's busted direction finder. Then Alan wanted to wimp out on the bombing run. That's as close as you've come to a fight in a long time. Now there's no other choice but to bail out and lose the plane, take your chances in the sea. No time to waste. What's the hold up? What's the hold up? What's the hold up? What's the hold up? All you can see is Lenny's ass. Now he's moving. What was it? Hope it wasn't something with the other raft. Call Alan while Lenny jumps. The wind screaming. Inflatable first, Goddamn thing. It inflated immediately when it should have time delayed. Your turn to jump. Go.

Lenny: You're confident that you'll be able to make the coast from wherever you splash down but you can't help feeling from the intercom chat that everyone seems to hold you responsible for most of what's gone wrong. But the direction finder should have been working, or Chuck should have been able to fix it. Everything you know about parachute jumping is theoretical and you'd have preferred to attempt the ditch, but it won't do to contradict Cap now. Harry's in the way. Making signs you don't understand. Some problem. What's the hold up? You hear Vern shouting behind you. Harry goes ahead. You're next. Scared. But you jump.

Harry: You can't believe the base won't answer, even the SOS. Should've started trying sooner. You're as scared of the Messerschmitts as anyone but the prospect of drowning is worse. Don't think about it. Red is taking it really badly though. He's actually scared of the sea. In fact you're worried he's going to crack up and block the crawlspace. He won't listen to you and he's too big and strong for you to manhandle. No, he's moving. Phew. Deep breath. Follow. Got to wait. Lenny behind you, try and signal him about Red. He doesn't get it. There goes Dutch. Steady yourself. After you, Chuck. OK. Now. Jump.

Chuck: Bad luck has hung over this mission like a cloud. The Vienna hasn't liked sand in its starboard engines and has given you cause to worry the whole way. You're sure that there's some drag, an imbalance between the two sets of engines, and you can almost hear it. Dutch agrees. Then Lenny has been sweating over his direction finder. He relies on it too much. At least Harry was able to confirm the course before the radio got nothing but static. But his is not the moment for a post mortem. You go your separate ways from the Vienna now and only need your parachute to work. Harry kindly lets you go first. Jump.

Danny: Jesus Christ, what a roll of the dice this is. You want to be near Jack and the raft. Sharks in the Med probably aren't too big but you don't want to find out. It looks like Red has a bigger problem than you with that idea. He doesn't want to jump. You let him know you're there but he's shouting and shaking his head. Something about Hell below and the devil in the water. This is going to get rough. Come on, you big Indian slob. You may be able to take Dutch but you won't take me. Jump you sucker. And he does. Good. Check gear, let Jack launch the raft and go after it. Now you.

Dutch: You need to take this plane apart and put it together again. You know how to fix the direction finder too if you could get it home. It pisses you off that they will write off the plane and let it feed the fishes, but you can't fix everything. Now there 's a problem with the bail out. Red acting funny, cracking up. Jack on the other side is holding back; leaving it to you. Danny is there to help. Red knows he has to go and he does. Hope Jack knows what he is doing with the raft. Danny follows him, then you.

Jack: You can't believe this, how long you've been flying and still over the sea. Now you're waiting for the others and have to be the first to jump, with the raft. Cap explains things to you like you're an idiot sometimes. You're doing what he said. You've opened the door. So where are the others? It's Red. There's some sort of commotion with Red and he's holding the others up. Shouting. Afraid or angry? Now he's jumped. You were supposed to go first. No, the raft first, Stupid. Pull the cord and shove. You see it's chute open. It inflates on a timer after that. You don't want to land too far from it. Jump.

When all the Jump Scripts have been completed:

Keeper: "Goodbye Goodnight Vienna. Now you're alone, falling through the air, in cold clouds, the wind ripping past your ears. No time to waste: pull the chute. Let's see what happens.

"Assuming you're all able to follow the section on Parachute Jumps I'll let you all roll and therefore experience the jump alone. Consult me if you need to." Each player's handouts include the boxed text to the right, explaining the key initial rolls for the parachute descent.

Parachute descent: Player summary

I pull the rip cord. What happens?

Let's hope it opens. Roll D100. Its a Luck roll but the parachute will open with any rolls except 95-00. If it doesn't open, consult the GM.

My parachute opens. What do I do?

You need to control your descent. You learned about this in the afternoon you spent on parachute training. Your skill is figured by your Jump roll, which in your case is [varies from player to player] %. All you have to do is make the roll to control your descent.

If you fail it you can have another try to correct the problem. If that roll succeeds you have corrected the problem and succeed in controlling your descent.

If you have two failed rolls and/or had any fumbles (96-00) consult the GM.

Finally, I'm below the clouds. What can I see below? Not what you expected to see.

GM's parachute rules

Pulling the Cord

Parachutes will open on a Luck roll of anything except a 96-00. An open parachute gives a Landing roll at basic Jump skill.

If the chute doesn't open, a subsequent successful Luck roll means partial opening is achieved. This means descent is slowed but there is a +50% modifier on the Landing roll.

With failure or partial opening of the main chute, the emergency chute should be used. The emergency chute opens on 01-94. Landing with this chute only gives a +25 penalty on the Jump roll for Landing. If used in addition to a partially opened main chute the penalty is only +10%. If a successful Luck roll follows failure or the first roll is a natural 95, then this chute partially deploys. If Landing with only a partially deployed emergency chute the penalty for the Landing roll is +75.

Landing with no chutes open at all gives a penalty of +99.

Controlling descent

Roll against Jump to control descent. Failure means there is a snag, which requires a second, successful, roll rectify. A fumble in either case means compromised deployment meaning +25 to Landing roll.

Landing roll

Roll to land safely using Jump score (with all penalties noted above counted as **additions** to the roll).

Simple Fail = 1D6 damage. Luck roll to avoid serious injury. Fumble = serious injury affecting mobility e.g. ankle sprain).

Fail by 25 or more but less than 96-00% = 2D6. Half Luck roll to half damage and avoid incapacity. Fumble = immobilising injury e.g. fractured leg.

Fumble of Landing Roll = 3D6 damage. Quarter Luck roll to be able to walk at all.

Total of over 100 to 124 = 4D6. Even if damage is not fatal the character is crippled by these injuries, in constant pain and may only be moved by stretcher.

Total of 125 to 150 = 8D6. If this is somehow not fatal, the character nevertheless cannot be moved without incurring further mortal injury.

Total of over 150 = instant death.

Assigning injuries

Many kinds are possible depending on parachute per-

formance, from bruising and abrasions to fatal injuries. The most likely injuries (with hit points of damage indicated in brackets) may be sprains to the ankle or wrist (3-4), dislocated shoulder (5), broken wrist or ankle (5-7), broken ribs (6-8) or a combination, possibly including a blow to the head (1-4), which separate First Aid rolls can be applied to. More serious injuries would include broken hips, jaw and back (8+). For fatal injuries a broken neck or a crushed skull are likely candidates.

Reassembling the crew

Instructions from the GM: "You detach yourself from your parachute, bundle it up and hold it down with a rock to stop it flapping in the chill night breeze. You can then look around. It is cold and utterly dark and silent. You cannot hear the sea. You are alone on a featureless rocky surface on a dark, cloudy night an unknown distance from the rest of the crew. Think what you do as individuals and write it down."

The characters are spread out across 2 miles of desert on a dark, cloudy night. Players get to choose their actions individually and should reveal them in order of jumping. They may sit tight or move, but it is likely someone has a flare pistol and will fire it. Those setting off towards it will need to Navigate (+50, unless injured) not to walk offline once the flare has faded. Those who do not specifically mention that they are taking their parachutes with them have discarded them, though they can be retrieved (see Finding Wovoka below). Each flare lasts five seconds. Torches are good, for as long as they last: 2 hours total for each. Vocal communication can help, but only if one person is doing it. Same goes for firing guns. In this case Listen rolls (+50) can substitute for Navigate. Failed rolls send characters off line (retrieveable) but critical failures mean they end up off in exactly the wrong direction. Player has to leave the room and suffers existential angst worth a SAN check for (0/1). An Idea roll is needed to stop going in the wrong direction. To start heading in the right direction requires an unassisted Listen or Spot Hidden if flares are being used. It may take most of the night to re-assemble.

Once reassembled the crew can start to make joint decisions, though there is of course a rank hierarchy to observe. There are (or may be) up to eight of them

left. Only Wovoka is missing. The characters might also wish to find the inflatable. Both options are discussed under Choices on Day One (below). Such tasks will be more easily accomplished in daylight, but there are penalties in terms of the conditions (explained below).

Surviving in the Sahara

At first daylight (6am) is a relief but by 7am it is getting hot and by 9am it is baking. 10am to 4pm are scorching and temperatures will hit F 130 and 55C. The sun does not simply beat down, it presses down, hard, attempting to crush the life out of its unshaded subjects. It bakes, it burns and it dazzles. There is only a gradual let up over the evening until darkness at 8pm after which temperatures plummet back down to F 40 and 5C.

There are 3 dangers for persons exposed to these conditions: dehydration, sunburn and sunblindness. Lack of food is not a problem (the crew have all eaten something on the plane) and in fact its superabundance may be a problem in that it demands extra water to process.

Dehydration: This is the most immediate threat. Assuming the crew is reasonably well hydrated on landing (this is generous) they should have with them 3 canteens. Each canteen would hold 2 quarts (4 pints). This is enough to keep them functioning in the short term but in terms of maintaining hydration is barely adequate to the needs of one man sitting in shade and inactive. The characters WILL become dehydrated and, to reflect that, should lose 2 points of CON each 24 hours from landing (3.00 AM). This effectively removes one hit point per day for starters.

Dehydration effects include tiredness, constipation, pain when passing urine, prickly heat, heat cramps, painful sores from even minor grazes and nausea. Their onset will occur at different rates and additional, variable, penalties reflect that.

On Day One players are required to make CON x 5 rolls for every three hours in the sun, and every unsheltered or active *hour* during the period 10-4. These rolls are only required every 6 hours at night, assuming an inactive daytime. Each failure reduces CON by a further point and a hit point will be lost for every two CON lost (db is also reduced if CON + SIZ falls below 25). On Day 2 the rolls are at CON x 4 etc.

Characters down to a CON score of 1-3 are virtually unable to move (POW x 3 to do so) and suffer heat stroke (see below) if exposed to the sun for any length of time. Characters who critically fail CON rolls also suffer heatstroke. If critical successes are made, natural healing may restore 1 lost HP for any reason OTHER THAN dehydration.

Heat Stroke: skin becomes hot and dry, sweating ceases, face becomes purple, violent headache sets in, fainting occurs. Recovery requires shade, some water and a successful First Aid check, but this does not restore any HP or CON.

Sunburn: This attacks skin exposed to sunlight making it livid and painful. It can cause up to 1D6 HP damage depending on the amount of skin exposed. Victims suffering 4-6 points of damage also suffer from Heat Stoke (above) unless they can make a CON x 3 roll. Precautions (such as using parachute silk to make Arabic style costume) are available to all who retained their chutes.

Sunblindness: The sun is incredibly bright and damaging to unprotected eyes. It also reflects off sandy surfaces. On the second day of activity in sunshine those without protection (sunglasses or polarised goggles) will begin to become sunblind as their corneas are burned. Symptoms are pain, redness, dizziness, hazy vision and a continuous gritty feeling in the eyes. There will especial pain looking at light. A third full day in the sun, unprotected, will functionally blind them.

Walking in the desert

The basic rate of movement for walking is 4 mph on good ground. On soft sand this may fall to 2 and a half or less. Distances are easily underestimated, usually by a factor of 3.

Extra weight: Heavily laden characters and characters assisting others have their CON rolls for activity penalised by a factor of 1 (e.g. On day two Cap helps Chuck, who broke his ankle on landing, hobble along. Cap's CON roll would normally be x 4 but becomes x 3 in this case).

Characters sharing the whole weight of a colleague both experience a CON roll penalisation of two, as does an injured character attempting to move under their own power, with assistance, such as Chuck in

the example above.

Characters who are injured but attempting to shift entirely under their own power experience a penalisation to CON rolls of 3 factors and manage only 1mph.

Characters attempting to individually carry others function under a penalisation of 4 factors, must check every hour in daytime or every two at night, and manage only half a mile per hour, due to frequent rests needed.

Sleeping in the desert

Though they might like to keep someone on watch (day or night) that depends on successful POW x (CON factor of the day) rolls. All those sleeping dream of the desert landscape [but those failing a POW x (CON factor of the day)] are troubled by a figure up ahead in flapping Arabic robes that gestures them to come closer. The dream runs longer each

night with the figure beginning to show deformity on day 2 (SAN loss 0/1) and being clearly a leper on day 3 and on day 4 becoming an inhuman, sharp clawed demon ((SAN loss 0/1D2). Anyone getting a critical success sees, however, a broken Wovoka shaming towards them gesturing (SAN loss is 0/1D2). An idea roll allows them to interpret his gestures as ones on warning.

Choices on Day One

As the sun comes up and the group chooses from the three choices covered under the sections below (Finding Wovoka (and/or any other lost crew members), Finding the Inflatable Rafts, or deciding Where Now?). Once they set off there are three HAND-OUTS for key characters (see boxed sections below) which should be distributed and assimilated privately.

HANDOUT for Captain Alan Pierce

At first you thought you might have all landed on your feet, literally, and be somewhere near the coast not far from the airfield. That clearly isn't so, which is bad for all of you. This desert kills and quickly. Last year when you were attending a secret briefing about strategic objectives in North Africa your transport plane got the call to go on a rescue mission, if it could be called that, near a training field in southern Egypt. Three South African Air Force Blenheims on a training mission had gone missing. Apparently they'd passed the basic test of returning to base but then flew on, past the field, lost their bearings and ran short of fuel. All 3 landed safely in the desert, piped all the remaining fuel into one plane and sent it up to find the base. The first day it came back, having seen nothing but desert, the second it didn't. The search had been delayed for a few days because a sandstorm grounded everything nearby and the base they got lost from (where the sky was clear) didn't have any back up planes to search with. You were part of the larger search once it got going and you found the single plane first; four men (each plane had an instructor on board!) baked to death. It was even worse when you found the two planes together. After five days there was one man left out of the 8. All had set out fit and tough. He was a feeble, gibbering wreck and you couldn't fault him for it. They'd done absolutely everything wrong. Not enough water, which they didn't ration until the third day because they thought they'd be rescued. Then they had tried to cool down by using CO2 extinguishers and got patches of frostbite. Some got so thirsty they drank the alcohol from the plane's compasses. Madness and suicide followed. You buried all 11 dead in a square plot marked with four oil drums. You haven't talked about this excursion with any other crew members.

You do know that some changes in procedure at Allied bases followed the enquiry. The recommendations ring hollow to you now:

- always take clear bearings,
- always maintain radio contact,
- always have rescue planes available,
- always stay by your plane and mark the site clearly.

You've managed to get all of that wrong already between you. And if the base does look for you, they'll look for you at sea. Your only hope is to make for the coast.

HANDOUT for **Technical Sergeant Harry Duffy**

Turned out Nice Again!

The first thing you thought when you landed was:
'Tide's gone out!'

As long as someone can tell you which way is North you'll keep walking. You've got to get to the coast sooner or later. This wasteland looks just like outside Benghazi.

This is much better than drowning anyway.

A song would be good. Only one springs to mind. A jaunty George Formby number you learned in England. Maybe the guys would like to hear it:

O-o-o, On the seaside sands all day,
the folks may romp and laugh,
But there's heaps of fun and a lot more done,
on the sands when it is dark.

Its nice to watch the breezes blow,
and when the moon shines bright,
you can sometimes see a lot of funny things
through sitting on the sands all night.

Courting couples side by side,
they hug each other tight.
Many chaps've got a lot to answer for,
through sittin' on the sands all night.

HANDOUT for **Navigator Lenny Karpowicz**

You've been thinking ever since you landed. You can't understand how you ended up over land. By your reckoning you still hadn't made the coast. You wish you'd practiced that sort of vector calculation more, but if the direction finder had worked... And you got the bearing from the base to check you were on course...

Hell. Now you see it. They told you about this in Navigation school but it was one of those freakish examples and you didn't think it could happen again. Nothing to do with crosswinds or sand in the starboard engines. It comes of you getting your calculations wrong and thinking you were still North of base when you got the radio bearing. What if you were really already south of the base, going away from it...

Then the confirmed bearing would only make you overshoot further. You flew for another two hours... That means you could be another four hundred miles south...

You're nowhere near the coast. You're in the big blank on the map, the Libyan desert, the eastern Sahara.

You feel sick, really sick. What are you going to tell the others?

Finding John 'Red' Wovoka

Unknown to his fellow crew members, the thalassophobic Wovoka ditched his chutes on the way down and as a result, perished on impact. In the uneven desert his corpse will be hard to find. Doing so depends on at least two other parachuttees taking note of where they landed or marking the spot so that the line of the plane's flight can be worked out and direction calculated with a successful Navigate roll. If they have already done this to find the raft, so much the easier now. Simply heading North will also miss Wovoka, as will simply going in the right direction towards him as a group unless the characters spread out to sweep the area. If they do this in daylight, the

character with the lowest Luck roll finds the unopened chutes (in good working order) first (SAN loss 0/1). The body which will then be found by the character with the highest Luck roll, smashed into a tangle of bones and meat (SAN loss is 0/1d4).

It is standard practice to remove one dogtag and this will be the Captain's responsibility. An Idea roll is allowable if he forgets. The party may also wish to lay out the corpse more respectfully and, perhaps, remove useful items. Burying the body is impossible here and even covering Wovoka with gravel will take an inordinate 2 hours on this scraped bare land.

Items on the body:

A2 Leather flying jacket, bloodstained, but intact.

Browning .45 automatic (7 shots, 1 per round, damage 1D10+2) and 1 spare clip (spare clip is slightly damaged). This can be noticed by examination or Spot Hidden when loading it. A Mechanical Repair roll is required to make it functional again (6 rounds). It will jam in the gun if used otherwise and require two Mechanical Repair rolls to extract the clip and make it functional again (24 rounds min).

Shoulder holster, bloodstained and split, but could be patched up.

Uniform, bloodstained and crusty (0/1 SAN loss to remove).

Puttees.

Boots, will fit other characters of same SIZ.

Dogtags.

Sunglasses, 1 arm broken off and one lens smashed, Pack of cigarettes, crushed, tobacco usable.

\$4 in urine soaked Libyan currency (0/1 San loss to acquire).

Individual canteen, crushed, split and empty.

Mae West lifejacket, burst and useless.

Wovoka's legacy:

The slowest member of the party will occasionally get a perspective on the rest of the group where there appear to be eight other men, not seven. A successful Idea roll is needed to recognise this phenomenon and a SAN roll (1/1-3) is required as a result.

Finding the inflatable rafts

If the characters wish to do so, this is easier than locating Wovoka in one case and impossible in the other. It depends on at least two parachutes taking note of where they landed or marking the spot so that the line of the plane's flight can be worked out and direction calculated with a successful Navigate roll. This will lead them to the region where the first inflatable landed. Unfortunately it has malfunctioned; the chute has not separated and the inflatable has been dragged by its parachute in a westerly direction, gradually shredding on the rocky ground. Any group simply heading north will miss crossing its trail (Spot Hidden to notice, Track (+50) to follow in the right direction). After about a mile there are packets of K rations every hundred yards or so until the raft sheds the bulk of its load two miles to the west, after which

the shredded raft starts to lift off again and the trail becomes impossible to follow.

Items that can be retrieved:

A total of 30 packs of K rations.

A Very Flare Pistol and 2 boxes of 10 rounds (together in a cracked tin case).

Silk map of the central Med showing main currents.

Pocket Compass.

Folding Sextant.

Notepad.

Pencil.

Emergency radio with very limited range and battery power for about 15 minutes. It has been damaged and requires two separate Electrical Repair rolls to make it work.

The other inflatable, launched by Vern, inflated prematurely and, carried by the wind has landed many miles away logically far to the south. Its contents, much the same as those above, are not worth the effort of trying to locate it. If the players absolutely refuse to give it up, punish them with CON rolls (searching at night is no good!) then make it available. The only possible benefit they may gain would be to be able to radio each other.

Where now?

The characters land on a relatively flat gravelly plain that runs at least ten miles in any direction. At that point they will encounter their first change of landscape. The distances between this landscape change and others are not indicated in miles. They are determined by the progress of the crew in terms of time and effort. During the first day (or night's) travel they should make the valley. On the second or third day Abu Ballas, on the third or fourth the dunes and perhaps the stardune. For a crew making good speed the key locations, Abu Ballas and the star dune might apparently be thirty and sixty miles from landing. A crew dragging injured comrades making slow progress would encounter them much more closely together. There is also the possibility that the group will split, leaving the injured behind while they 'get help'. In this instance it might be necessary to use the Ghost Ambulance option (see page 25) to keep the group together.

LOCATIONS

Overhang with cave and paintings

At some point the group comes to an edge of the roughly flat rocky plateau. Beyond, to the north, is lower more sandy ground while the rocky plateau extends west. The plateau initially leads obliquely north but soon only continues west and eventually south-west. If the group goes down to the lower plain immediately they have no problem accessing it but if they stick with the higher ground for a while then they will need a Climb roll to get down from the ridge and, failing that, a Luck or Jump roll to avoid injury of 0-3 points (1D4-1).

From the lower side of the edge a cave under the overhang can be seen. It is about twenty feet wide and only ten feet deep at most. Inside there is some chance of keeping warm at night, but little shelter from the sun without rigging up a shade. There is, however, evidence of previous human habitation: cave paintings. These take a Spot Hidden to notice immediately because they are on the shaded back wall and roof. If found show image below.

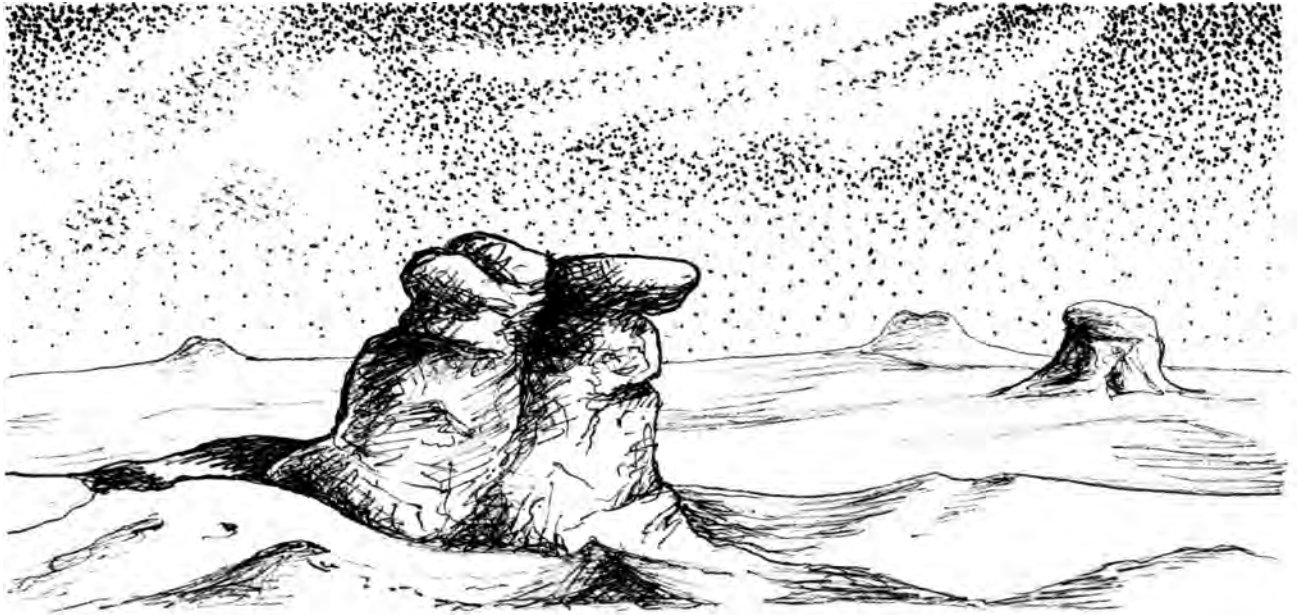
The imagery is of humans, and animals that look like cattle and giraffes. Spot Hidden even reveals swimmers. Archaeology or Anthropology rolls will reveal that these images reflect the reality of the

painters' lives: a lush fertile plains existence preceding even Ancient Egyptian civilisation. It should not need an Idea roll for the player characters to realise that such a benign landscape is long, long gone.

Valley with yardangs

Up ahead, in the heat haze, the party begins to glimpse scattered dark shapes shuffling towards them, a herd of some sort. Anyone failing an Idea Roll will lose 1 SAN in despair when they realise this is an effect of the haze. Instead they are looking at the baked sandy landscape studded with rounded or pointy dark boulders (see image opposite). These are yardangs or mud lions (Know), six to ten feet high and 12-20 feet in diameter. Geology will reveal they are chunks of sediment from the bottom of a sprawling ancient lake. Efforts can be made to identify an exit as opposed to a tributary for this ancient lake but to do so successfully requires a huge amount of surveying, in daylight, and a successful Natural History roll (failures pick a tributary). The exit travels south east, bursting through a natural dam into a low lying area where the water evaporated. More time is lost following it. If this unwise course is chosen it might be necessary to provide the Ghost Ambulance (see page 25) to allow the party to make progress as a group. Tributaries likely to be picked tend to flow





Valley with yardangs

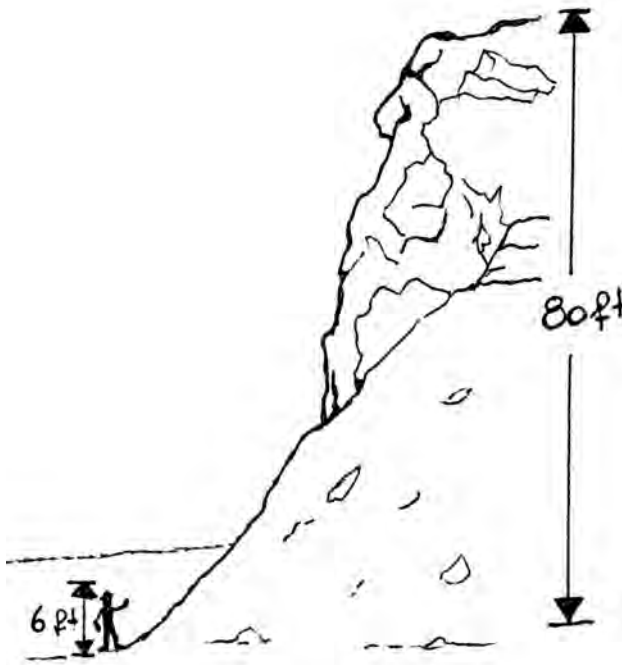
north with a Natural History roll every hour to show their true nature.

The yardangs are good for shade when the sun isn't directly above but are troubling in the sense that a man could very easily be concealed on the other side. Anyone with heatstroke here may have an hallucination of themselves at the bottom of a lake full of vegetation and fish.

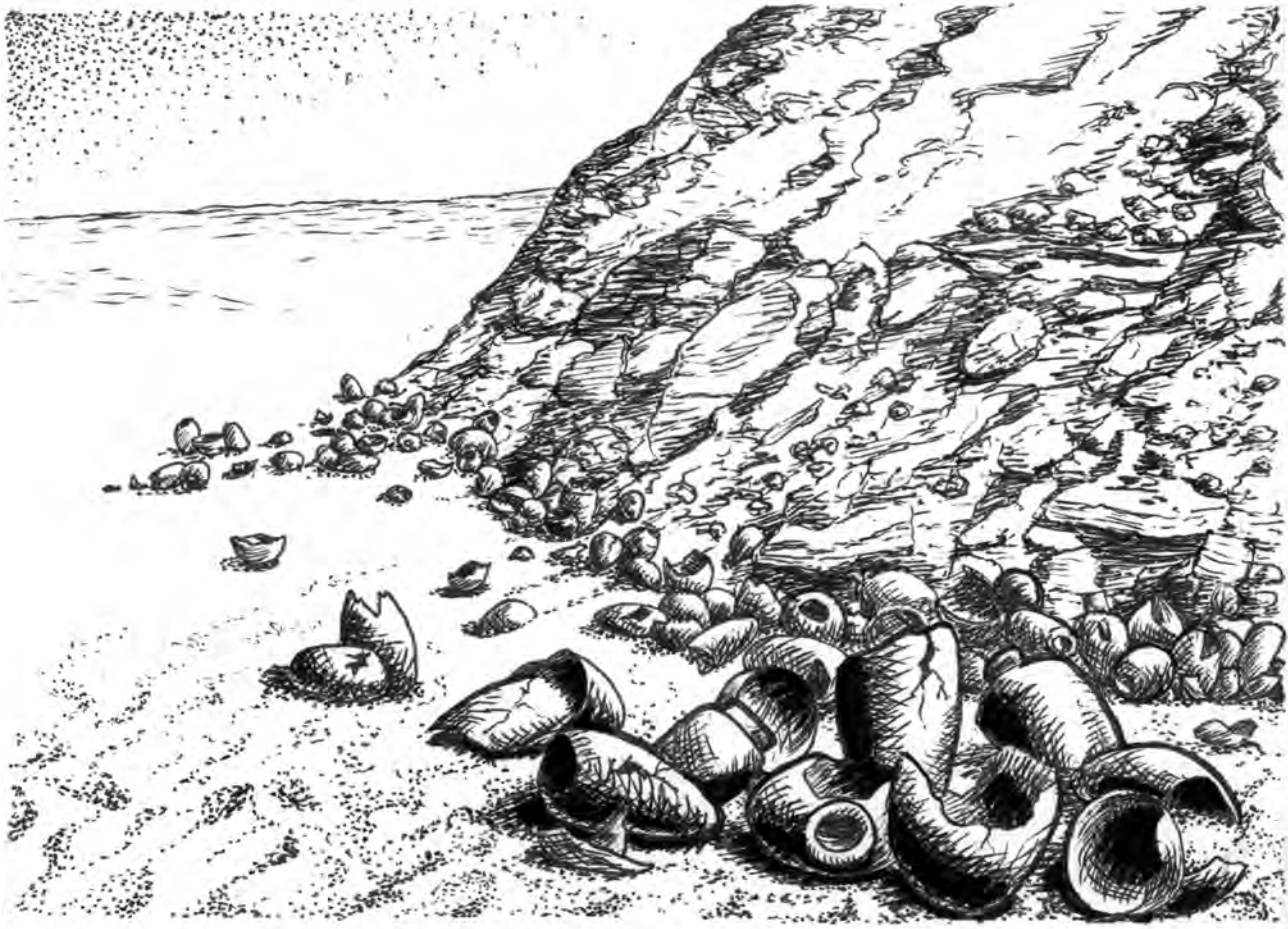
Abu Ballas

Literally 'the father of pots'. Named in 1935 by Ralph Bagnold, a British (military) explorer. This is a large, natural rocky mound about eighty feet high. It dominates an otherwise flat sandy landscape (see drawing to the left). As most features in the desert, it is three times as far away as it initially appears. On drawing closer, it becomes apparent that a steep, loose mane of scree surrounds a rocky core. Getting very close (100 yards) round brown shapes can be seen around the base which turn out to be amphorae (see illustration on following page). They are all broken, deliberately, perhaps centuries ago. None contain any water though there are three hundred of them. The crew can think what they like. The truth, though not clear, is something like the pots were used as a staging post for Senoussi raiders from the south and were filled from an unknown (seasonal?) source. They were destroyed by a party pursuing the raiders possibly as late as the 19th century. In this scenario there may be other candidates both as providers and destroyers.

There are other traces and signs of former human presence here beyond the pots. A Spot Hidden while walking around the mound (not too close) will reveal faint tire tracks circling the feature, more visible in some places than others. Following this evidence is fairly easy and will bring trackers to the remains of a campfire, possibly more than one including some beer bottles (of Egyptian manufacture, probably not



Scale of Abu Ballas



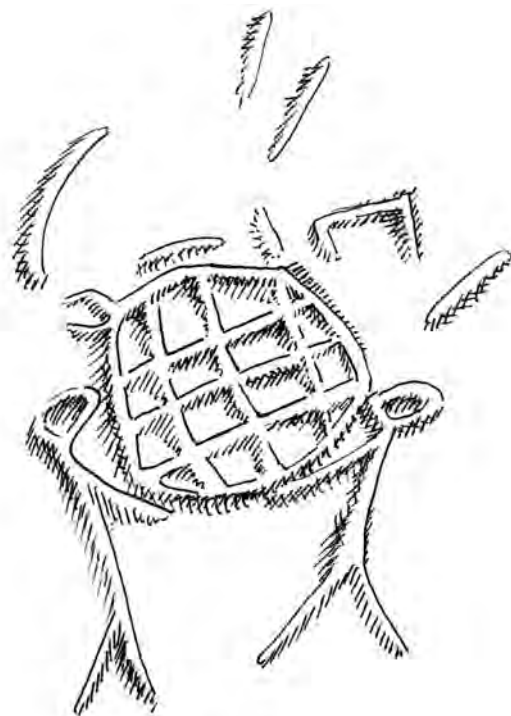
Abu Ballas

more than a decade old). These are from Bagnold's discovery party. Anyone looking at the tracks who makes a Mechanical Repair roll notes the narrow wheelbase and a know will reveal that these are the tracks of Model T Fords. A Track roll is need to notice the tracks heading off to the north and arriving from the south west.

To gain the top of the mound requires two sets of rolls; first, to get up the scree, requires a CON x modifier of the day and a Climb roll at +20% to the roll. The higher the miss the further to fall. Damage is 1 point of for every ten feet rolled down, with a Luck roll to half the total (rounded up). Secondly, to reach the top requires a straight Climb roll. Failure costs 1D6 hit points, a critical failure 3D6. Damage can be halved with a successful Jump roll but in either case a Luck roll is required to avoid the slide down the scree as described above.

At the top, on a prominent south facing rock, is an ancient carving (i.e. NOT a cave painting) showing ambiguous shapes which may be interpreted in a variety of ways (see illustration to the right). In this sce-

nario it shows an ovoid shape falling from the sky and being carried by two man-like figures.



On the very top a cairn can also be found. It contains a piece of paper ripped from a notebook and written on roughly in pencil. The note says:

Neil Marsh was here AGAIN on Sept. 21st 1936. Discovered this place with Noshier (Colin?) Nolan, Warren Bray and Seargent MacBride of the Australian Light Cavalry in Spring 1917. There was a war on and we didn't mention it to anyone afterwards. Apparently some Frenchman found it again in 1924 and named it Abu Ballas. Our 1936 maps don't show it, but I knew it was here. Think I'm the only survivor of the original group. Can't say any more due to the wishes of my current employer. Must go - no rest from the wicked!

Take care, N.M.

The view from the top of Abu Ballas shows the vast trackless waste to the south and the more orange undulations of the Calanscio Sand Sea to the north. Spot Hidden successes from here can detect the suggestion of tracks to the north and to the south west.

If the climber is solo they suddenly pick up the feeling of not being alone, conscious that the rocks around the top are large enough to hide another person and that near the cairn in the centre they cannot be seen from below (or indeed hear shouts from below). This feeling is worth a SAN roll for 0/1 loss. It may be provoked by a sudden rattle of rocks a rare breath of air on the back of the neck. Victims ripe for heat stroke are likely to hallucinate, possibly the smashed Red wedged into a gap between rocks ask-

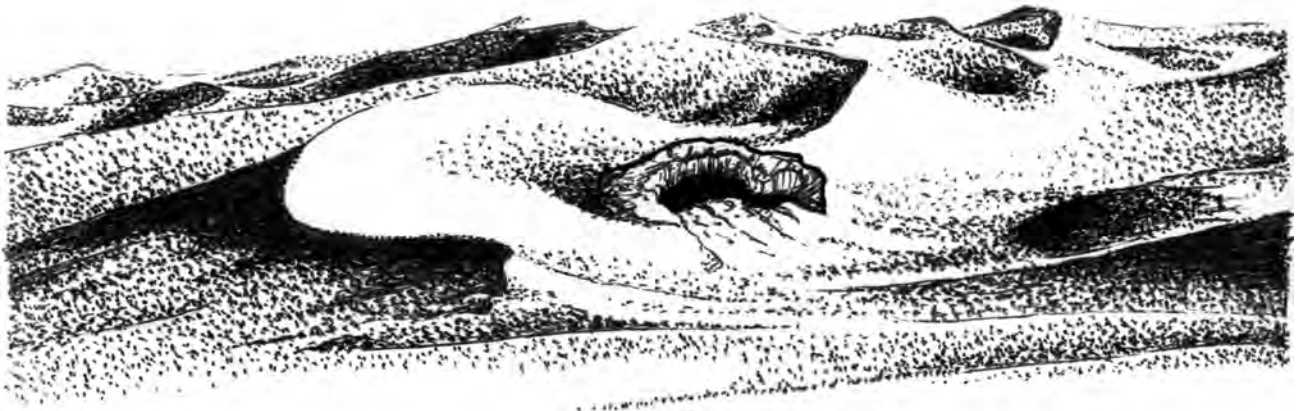
ing for help (San Loss 1/ 1D4). Those having a bad day may just be driven temporarily insane enough to leave in a hurry with a halved Climb roll for the top section and a straight one for the slope.

The dunes

The Calanscio sand sea is a phenomenon visible from space with dunes 100 feet high and up to a hundred miles long. Luckily for the party the dunes run north south, i.e. the way they likely want to travel, though the sand is often soft and therefore difficult going. Crossing the dunes against the grain takes enormous effort (STR x 5 to succeed each climb, CON rolls whether successful or not). The harder packed side of the dunes is the eastern side. At dusk there is good shade among the dunes. If the crew need encouragement a Spot Hidden may see the remnant of a car tire-track (heading north). If they need an extra incentive, a glimpse of an arab like the one haunting their dreams atop the Eastern dune may drive them on.

The stardune

Passage north is eventually blocked by a stardune. This is caused by an outcropping of rock smaller than, but not unlike, Abu Ballas smothered in sand. High up on the blocking dune rock can be spotted and an overhang identified not unlike the one found with paintings earlier. The cave, if it can be accessed, is about 15 feet deep and 30 feet long though the Western end is choked with sand. It affords good shade from the sun and the potential for a warmer



The stardune

night.

Inside the cave there are again paintings but the scenes are somewhat less bucolic with animals and humans apparently fleeing or maimed by some sort of circle or sphere (show illustration below). On the rocky floor of the cave the crew may notice potsherds which Idea + Archaeology (i.e. use the latter as a bonus) will make clear are essentially similar to the pots broken at Abu Ballas and that there maybe a link between the two places.

From the dune top the vastness of the sand sea can be understood and a huge approaching cloud of dust can be seen coming from the east. It is desirable that one way or another the party bed down near here to weather the storm. They will be sheltered at the eastern end of the cave.

If anyone decides to sleep at the western end, despite the storm, then that person or group will become aware of a sucking away of sand at the top by the wind, and then a sudden collapsing through of sand from beneath. The sand cushioned tumble costs 1D3 in damage, but three rounds of battle against the Drowning rules also. The smothering sand muffles all cries under the sound of the wind and takes its victim(s) below to a (presumably) fatal encounter with the inhabitant of The Well (see below).

In the morning as the party awakes, or as their watch notes break of day, in addition to any changes inside the cave, a change in the landscape can be noticed. The sandy depression under the outcrop and

overlooked by the cave has been emptied. Emerging from the soft side of the dune (the western side) the rear half of an old automobile is now visible. A second is completely under the sand just to the north of the visible one, laying in wait for unwary investigation who need a Luck roll not to take injury of 1-3 by going through the sand into roof struts or windshield. Both cars are Model T Fords of pre-1920s vintage. Digging each one out is worth CON rolls for 2 men. Buried in the cool dry sand the cars are in remarkable condition, tires usable, considerable amounts of gas in cans strapped to them; at least enough gasoline to take them each 300 miles on the flat. Crank handle started, the cranks can be found BUT, as will be discovered by anyone lifting the engine covers making a Mechanical Repair roll, there are no spark plugs and the vehicles are effectively useless.

Under the bonnet of the uncovered car is a journal tucked in the tool compartment (see handout on pages 21-2). Some entries have been destroyed by oil stains but others, in a dark pencil have survived. There is a half page torn out near the back which matches the tear of the note under the cairn atop Abu Ballas (see page 19). In the same place under the bonnet of the other car is a half-full bottle of Austrian Korn Schnapps (100% alcohol) kept by Lustgarten. There is no sign of any water.

A successful Mechanical Repair roll will allow anyone to make these cars functional as far as is possible without the missing plugs.



HANDOUT: badly damaged handwritten diary. A large number of entries are rendered unreadable by oil-stains. The ones which have survived appear to be written in a different, heavier pencil which has resisted obliteration.

Neil Marsh, September 1936

Finally an honest job again. A German called Otto Lustgarten has hired me to guide him into the Libyan desert. A very small scale expedition composed of himself! We'll need 2 cars and I have acquired two Model Ts that probably saw service in the great War, like me, and have hired two arabs, Walid and Mohammed, to help us with them.

5th Sept. Embarked on trip from Timbuktu at the beginning of the month. A long way to go before we get into the territory he wants to see. I think my employer still has his doubts about me and whether I really was here in 1917-18. He is very keen on German engineering and would like to bring half-tracks, but he knows he can't risk drawing attention to himself crossing into Empire territory. He's also keen to show off his Mauser pistol, an automatic. Why anyone wants to fire ten bullets in a second I'll never know but he gives me the impression that he's afraid of something.

17th Sept. Found bones in the sand today. At first there was just a bit of white bone sticking out, could have been a camel's, but on brushing some sand away it became clear it was human and eventually we uncovered a man and his whole family around him. Walid and Mo are disturbed because the bones look so fresh. Probably these were some of those who fled from Khufra in '31 when the Italians invaded. Mussolini not worth dying for in my opinion. Lustgarten ignores that. He wants to know how many died in the desert then. Wally says hundreds, despite the efforts of the Brits and the Mamur of Dakhla. I remember that fingers got pointed at the Senoussi when so many were lost but these people were travelling on foot. Just because you live near the desert doesn't make it any easier to survive.

19th Sept. Sun really blistering today. And several long holdups with the cars stuck in sand.

20th September. I'm a long time and a long way away from my next drink. Seeing things really clearly now and realise I've sold my soul to this Lustgarten. He goes into the desert at night and sings - not in German either. Walid and Mo are spooked. They say they can hear him talking as well, and not to himself. Lots of rubbish from them about spirits in the desert, devils, djinn and finally 'the clawed ones'. Mo nearly soiled himself to have to say it. No wonder the Arabs haven't discovered or done anything worthy of note out here with these stories of bogeymen to scare themselves. My guess is that Lusty's out here to talk to the Senoussi tribe and stir them up against the British. They were an evil lot in 1917-18. Probably the Italians are paying him and now I'm part of the plot. A fine thing if we run across a British patrol...

21st Sept. Getting close now. Found the Hill of Pots for him. He calls it 'Abu Ballas' and says it was 'discovered' in 1924 even though I was here in 1917. Was able to prove it by showing him the carvings near the top. He particularly likes the one we called 'the turtle'. I put a cairn on top to show that I'd been there this time. He insists his name is not mentioned on the note I bury in it.

23rd Sept. This bloody desert is so hard to read. When it's still you think it could have been exactly like this from time immemorial and then the wind blows up and it'll bury half the camp and burrow under the rest as it did last night.

24th Sept. We found the glass today, but neither of us can decide if it's recent or not. I may have done Lusty an injustice:- He seems genuinely, scientifically interested in the vitrified sand. Caused by intense

heat, obviously, but what was the source? He thinks a meteor falling to earth and buried. I think it hit at an oblique angle and skimmed, like ducks and drakes. We've just got to track it: find another impact, bigger or smaller, and read from that which way it was travelling and where it might have landed. Wally and Mo also quite excited by the glass and fill their packs, thinking it valuable.

27th Sept. Don't like this place. Its a channel between dunes blocked by a star dune. It'll be hell, maybe impossible, to get the cars up the sides of this channel and we'll have to go back but Lusty thinks this is where his trail leads and he stops us with a third of the day left. I think he'll want to dig the star dune tomorrow.

28th Sept. Sand coming over the cross dunes has half buried the cars in the night and we have to dig them out, but the wind has also exposed a rocky mound at the core of the star dune. It has an overhang and, sure enough, there are cave paintings. These ones are very worn but quite unusual; no giraffes or swimmers or cattle, just something in the air and men lying at all angles. I'm a fool not to have seen the connection before now. It took a coastal Aussie to see a turtle back at Abu Ballas. Odds are whoever carved it had never seen the sea. Got a bit overexcited about it. Now Lusty doesn't want me in his cave. Jealous of his potential discoveries probably. Don't know what to make of him still. All it means is he'll have to excavate the sand choked end of the cave for himself.

Don't know what to do now. I got curious about Lusty's Senoussi guides and wanted to see them. So I sneaked out of camp tonight after I'd seen him slip out of his cave and followed him.

They're not Senoussi. Even as arab costume what they're wearing is rubbish. A disguise. When they move you can see the extra joint in their legs and those bony hands hanging out of their sleeves. Saw their faces with binoculars. Lepers, I thought, at first - or tried to - flat snouted, gray brown skin, faces like fucking koalas until you see the teeth, saucer eyes, dead. And he stands there talking to them, four of them that I saw, one hand on his pistol. They looked sheepish around him, not sure whether to be wary or to laugh at him. I don't know how long I stared, then I wanted to get away from there, back to camp and ask Wally and Mo what they knew. But going back I saw the tracks; one of them had followed me, must have seen what I saw over my shoulder. Sneaky buggers. The cars were still there but Wally and Mo had gone. I couldn't understand why they hadn't taken one of the cars until I found that Lustgarten had taken both sets of spark plugs with him. They're fools to have run off. A man on foot can't carry the amount of water he'd need to walk out of here. I'm left with Lusty. And he'll need a second driver. Fellow white man and all that. All depending on whether he comes back from meeting with those things. I never used to believe the old Abo's tales about creatures like that in the desert, but they make sense now. He's a bloody fool, this German, if he thinks he can trust them. You don't keep your whole species a secret from humanity for thousands of years without being shrewd and ruthless, probably exactly what Lusty thinks he is.

Seeing those things has affected me badly. I'm sweating, shaking in the night chill. I've had enough of his mad schemes. When he comes back I'll just knock him down, kill him if he makes me, and take those spark plugs and run for it in one of the cars. Ten to one I'll be stuck in sand within five minutes. Those stupid Arabs running off. The 3 of us could have made it. I'll play it cool. With luck he will think its Wally and Mo that spied on him and then fled. I'll say I couldn't stop them. Better hide this notebook now that I've said too much. A sandstorm coming up too.

Look, if you find this in a tool compartment, if you are reading this and I'm not standing right next to you - alive - then you'll know Otto Lustgarten has murdered me. That's the main thing. A lot of what I've written, well, you'll just know I've had a touch of the sun or too much booze. None, worst luck. If I'm dead then Lustgarten has killed me; one way or another, it's his fault. Don't let the bastard get away with it.

Yours in desperation,

Neil Marsh

Sept 28th 1936

The well

After the storm, at the western end of the cave, if anyone looks there, the sand has gone and the floor of the cave drops steeply into a 6' diameter tunnel with steps cut out from the sides alternately for a long legged man's rapid walk down. Examination from the top shows the tunnel has weathered and is old. Examination further down (successful Geology or Archaeology rolls) doesn't reveal how the rock was cut through at all since tool marks are entirely lacking. The bottom is at least thirty feet down. Nothing can be heard from down there. Items thrown down hit stone and come to rest, though a critical success will rattle and then plop audibly into water.

The actual depth of the tunnel is forty feet and it goes under the ground on which the dunes rest. It is pitch dark below without a light source, clearly ancient, and full of musty smells, damp, and (bizarrely) ozone. This chamber is forty feet long, twenty feet wide and ten to fifteen feet high with an uneven floor that is mainly a shallow (foot deep at most) pool of fresh water.

This ancient well cave is the lair of a powerful Colour Out of Space. Depending on how many of the crew eventually investigate, take careful note of their positions in the chamber. There is sand forming a mound at the entrance to the cavern. The pools near the entrance are clear apart from a little grey sediment and have been deepened by humans (toolmarks visible) into Amphorae-width troughs. Wading further, however, which will be necessary if a number are to take advantage of the water at once, discovers other detritus at the bottom of the pool. It is metal, mineral and ceramic, nothing organic: coins, from 20s Facist Italian lire with Mussolini stamped on to ancient golden currency, arabic jewellery, dulled swords and knives still a danger to delvers in the dark (failed Luck roll = 1D3 damage). The hasps of rotted tomes, the working from some wheel-lock rifles, can be found and, with a halved Luck roll, a Mauser pistol (empty) and the spark plugs for two Model T Fords (these will not be found all together easily).

If there is only a solo investigator to deal with the Colour will strike very soon, but if there are several it will wait until there are humans with enough power to sate its needs in the water. It strikes as a film upon the water, the rainbow colours of petrol on water spreading but with a larger chromatic range. Something is 'wrong' about this contamination and it is visible to

those being cautious. No one, however, has much time to do anything about it. All in the pool are struck simultaneously but degree of immersion, distance from entrance will make a difference.

For effect, rather than tally the losses to a whole range of characteristics from the Colour's attack I have found it more effective to simply indicate the manner of death or maiming from the attacks, for the characters who have made themselves most vulnerable. Often the characteristic loss will be so severe (e.g. 5 points to STR and CON for someone of MP 11) as to obviate escape. Those in the pool whose legs are withered to ash under them cannot escape the completion of a horrible death and are soon sucked dry of POW. Once the Colour has consumed enough POW to reach 100, it will be satisfied. Nominally this requires 38 points (three and a bit PCs) but the GM can adjust this to whatever works for the scenario. The Colour's Strength attack is useful for grabbing the more cautious or fleet of foot characters. If too few offer themselves by descending to the well, the Sand Dwellers are there to round up the others.

The Sand Dwellers 'shepherding' this Colour will let the crew uncover the cars but will not let them leave: the Colour in the well must be sated and allowed to seed. They wait in ambush under the sand or half under. A quarter Spot Hidden roll will spot one after the first such encounter. They attack with the intention of wounding, not of killing and after successful blows escape by diving into soft sand. They do not make themselves targets at short range but burst upwards among the crew giving danger of crossfire. Though they can talk they will say nothing during these attacks. SAN loss is 1/1D6.

When sated the Colour will pour back into space (at night) leaving clusters of translucent seeds in the recesses of the well cave. After this the Sand Dwellers will not expect survivors and 1-3 of them will come down to collect the seeds in ornately crafted lead circular moulds. They will be alerted if the party has injured or insane men screaming or has put maimed crew members out of their misery with bullets. Those who allow the Sand Dwellers access to the well and the seeds will be spared further interference until it becomes apparent they can make either of the cars move. By then at least half the Sand Dwellers will be involved in ceremonies to prepare the new seeds but some will be on watch because it is expected that the human survivors will be the first meal for the infant Colour that will replace its parent in the well.

The Sahara by Model T

In order to get these vehicles operational the survivors must locate the plugs in the well and dry them out (a quarter hour in midday sun). After this all that is needed is one successful Mechanical Repair roll per car to get them workably reinstalled. Assuming the cars have been efficiently dug out of the dunes and are started with crank assistance the remaining crew will become quickly mobile. 15 to 20 miles an hour is possible, depending on load, with a Driving roll each hour not to hit a patch of soft sand (apply ticks immediately). Hitting soft sand means the car bogs down and needs digging out and supporting - exhausting work adding twenty minutes with a passed Luck roll (use highest in group) and 45 if failed. In daylight, after the first bog down, Spot Hidden can be used by driver and or co-driver to eliminate the need for a driving check. There is a technique for crossing dunes but it requires the experimentation, time, and fit men to perfect.

The party only has to navigate a return out of the dunes and then a return north through them. A Luck Roll finds a dune line with no sand blockage (blockage requires extra driving check, getting un-bogged gives another chance to surmount it). With all the gas and one car they might even get around the edge of the sand sea on one side (whether or not this is the one they try is up to the Keeper). For each extra man over 2 and each extra 100 miles worth of gas over 3 there is a 5% chance of mechanical breakdown, to be rolled by the driver. Anyone can fix with a Mechanical Repair unless the breakdown roll is a critical failure meaning a spare part is needed (these may be obtained from the other car, sabotaging it, of course).

It will take upwards of 6 hours of solid uninterrupted driving (the car would get too hot for it to be actually solid driving during daytime) to clear the sand sea (c. 150 miles). Another hundred on rocky plains (another 6 hours, check driving every 2 hours, but Navigation needed to keep going in the right direction) will get the car to a vehicle tracks travelling east-west and from there they simply need to endure another 2 hours until they reach an oasis or village. If, however, they have been delayed by soft sand more than three times, or by navigation errors or haven't brought enough gas, the car will stop somewhere near (but out of sight of) the track. A successful Navigate and 3 hours walk will find it. Then a Luck roll every three hours to meet a Good Samaritan. Alternately,

The Ghost Ambulance can be thrown in here.

A Good Samaritan

If the characters have made a good way north but are in danger of expiring without further role-playing offer them a Listen or Spot Hidden from wherever they've come to rest to hear flat tuneless singing across the desert or to see a trail of dust indicating movement. Travelling the track they are on (or which they have almost reached) is a British army 8 ton water truck. The tanker is currently full. It is driven by a single British soldier, Private Gilbert, who prides himself on always collecting good water for his battery HQ. The players can make him stop easily if they have made the road but need to be more inventive if they are distant from it. Private Gilbert's Spot Hidden is 45%. Shooting at the truck is probably not a good idea. Gilbert is no coward and, if he sees the threat, will stop (at a good distance) and return fire with his Lee-Enfield (fires once every two rounds, has ten bullets, damage 2D6+4, short range is 100 yards). As back-up he has a 1934 Italian Officer's Beretta gained through trading with Bedouins (2 shots per round, 7 in gun, no spare magazine, damage 1D10, base range 15 yards). Assuming the players do not provoke a firefight, Gilbert will be willing to help if it is made clear what the situation is. He has no particular love of Americans and can be alienated and put on guard fairly easily if he feels his vehicle is being comandered. Luckily his base, an airfield, is near to Benghazi. If the characters appear dangerously insane or threaten him when close up, he will appear to cooperate by handing over his rifle, but will conceal the small pistol either with other items in a roomy

Pte. Gilbert, British 8th Army

Str	Con	Siz	Int	Pow	Dex	HP	Edu
11	11	11	12	12	11	11	11

Skills above average: Bargain 45%, Conceal 40%, Drive Truck 70%, Natural History 40%, Operate Heavy Machinery 40%, Persuade 25%, Psychology 35%, Spot Hidden 45%, Handgun 40%, Rifle 45%, Throw 35%, Track 20%, Mechanical Repair 50%.

pocket of the baggy army issue shorts, or on the exterior of the cab. If he can get one-on-one with one of these insane ambushers he will try to use the pistol to kill them.

The Ghost Ambulance

This is an option for the Keeper's use at any stage of the scenario where the situation is too dire for the crew to continue moving together. It can appear in any location that isn't soft sand.

In a moment of silence suddenly something can be heard, approaching, with the rhythmic banging of a metal door. What it is can be seen easily by anyone standing. It is an ambulance marked with a red cross, a British RAF vehicle, crossing their line of vision diagonally, travelling approximately due west at about eight miles an hour or less, in a virtually straight line. Allow a Spot Hidden roll to see from distance that someone is slumped at the wheel.

Stopping the ambulance requires someone who can run climbing on board via the passenger or driver's side. Running far and fast enough requires a CON roll by the day's modifier. There is danger in mounting the ambulance. It requires a Dodge roll not to fall for 1D3 points of damage (or, with a fumble, to be caught and start being dragged across the desert for 1D2 damage per round). The victim can be freed by anyone who can catch up to the ambulance. The jumper also faces SAN rolls for seeing the dehydrated corpse of the driver (0/1D2). Once aboard, stopping the ambulance requires dislodging his leaden foot from the gas pedal.

Entering the rear of the ambulance requires similar stamina and risk, the banging doors offering glimpses of the gruesome scene inside. Clearly more than one man has died in the rear of the vehicle but only one bloody corpse remains, lashed to a braked and strapped in place gurney (0/1D4). Tracks in the blood indicate another body and another gurney may have fallen out of the back. Although there is a communicating window, it's not possible to get from the back to the front of the vehicle. However, there are medical supplies in the back: bandages, gauze, surgical spirit, scalpel, stretcher, but no water. There is an empty canteen on the floor of the cab.

The two dead British airmen (the one on stretcher and the driver) carry tags and wallets (about \$3 each) but no cigarettes, and no weapons. There are automo-

tive tools in the passenger footwell but no spare gas. The gifts of the ambulance are the medical supplies and the ambulance itself which will go far enough to reunite the stragglers group with those still able to push ahead on foot. If any of the group are particularly hobbled it might get them as far as the stardune, but, if this option is used, the Model Ts (and the gas loaded on them) will not appear until after the encounter with the inhabitant of the well.

A possible problem caused by this encounter is the group setting out on a return trip back to where the ambulance came from. This might be logical, especially if they have been left behind by the others against their will. Nevertheless, such a course will not save them. The ambulance tracks are gone in a light breeze. Educated guesses and successful Track rolls are needed every mile. The petrol will be used up before they encounter the first corpse (on the gurney), shaken loose by the constant bumping (SAN loss is 0/1D2). Next they have a chance to find the body of the weakened medic who got out to try and dislodge the comatose driver but twisted his ankle and couldn't catch up to get back in (SAN loss again 0/1D2). The origin of the ambulance (a wrong turn at night while carrying the victims of an anti-personnel mine explosion) is not to be found and the characters will run into a sandstorm if they persist in trying to track it down.

Epilogue

Adjust the following as outcome of the scenario requires:

In 1964 British Petroleum oil surveyors flying over South Libya spotted the remains of a B24 Liberator, remarkably well preserved. Investigation on the ground discovered the plane to be virtually intact except that it had been abandoned while in the air. USAAF records showed the plane, the Goodnight Vienna was thought to have been lost in the Mediterranean sea. No sign of the crew was ever found **OR** When Mr. X, a crewman who survived the fatal last mission, was asked about it he said... [over to survivor player (s)]

SCENARIO STATISTICS

' The Clawed Ones'

	1	2	3	4	5	6
STR	9	12	14	05	09	09
CON	13	11	18	12	15	11
SIZ	12	14	14	14	18	14
INT	08	13	09	13	11	11
POW	04	12	13	12	13	10
DEX	13	13	12	14	13	16
MV	8	8	8	8	8	8
HP	13	13	16	13	17	13
Db	-	-	+1D4	-	+1d4	-

Attacks: 2 x Claws 1D6 + db

Armour: 3 Point Hide

Skills: Hide 60%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 50%

SAN Loss: 0/1d6

Spells: Create Sandstorm

The Inhabitant of the Well

STR	48
CON	NA
SIZ	62
INT	08
POW	62
DEX	21
MV	12 / 20
HP	NA

ATTACKS: **Grasp** Item or Person (using Strength) 85%

Disintegrate Inanimate Object 100%

Sap: 100% per day. POW vs. INT of victim to cause -1D6 MP & SAN.

Victim then needs to make a MP x 5 roll to leave the area.

Feed: Compare POW vs victim's MP; for every ten plus the victim loses 1 STR, 1 CON, 1 POW, 1 DEX, 1 APP in addition to 1D6 damage in a sucking, burning sensation which grays and withers flesh turning it to gray crumbling ash.

SAN Loss: 1/ 1D4 but also 1/ 1D8 to see victim.

B24 Crew Stats at a glance (for GM)

	Cap	Verne	Lenny	Danny	Chuck	Harry	Dutch	Jack	Red
STR	10	11	14	14	11	13	14	11	14
CON	13	13	14	11	13	14	16	13	12
SIZ	11	16	12	17	13	10	14	13	16
INT	16	14	12	13	14	13	13	10	12
POW	14	13	10	15	10	09	10	10	11
DEX	13	10	15	09	11	11	08	17	12
APP	10	14	11	08	15	14	11	12	14
EDU	12	11	15	17	17	16	17	10	14
HP	13	13	13	16	13	12	15	13	14
Db	-	+1D4	+1D4	+1D4	-	-	+1D4	-	+1D4
Age	21	28	27	25	26	24	23	20	24
Rank	1st Lt	2ndLt	2 Lt	2 Lt	Tech Sgt	Tech Sgt	Staff Sgt	Staff Sgt	Staff Sgt

Combat Skills above base level:

Punch	60	70		70		70	60	60	
Handgun	40	35				40	40	30	
M. Gun	55	55				20	45	75	50
Rifle						65		35	35

Other Skills above base level:

Archaeology			15		20				20
Astronomy					20				10
Bargain				35					
CR	45	30			55		30		20
Dodge							31		
Drive Auto	60	40	20	40	40	20	60	30	40
Elec. Repair		30	40	60	70	60	70		50
Jump	45	45	55	55	50	65	65	85	50
Listen								30	50
Mech. Repair			80	70	80	60	80	60	30
Nat. Hist.					20	20		30	30
Navigate	30	25	70		20				20
Hvy Mech.	40	40	50	60	60	20	60		
Persuade	35	25				25			
Pilot Plane	60	50	30						
Psychology	25	15		25		15			
Sneak				20					20
Spot Hidden	65	65	55	65	65	55	65	35	35
Swim				35			40		
Track						20		20	25

It will be seen that a good deal of these scores are quite high. This is intended to a) reflect the skills of men fighting the war and b) in game terms to give a reasonable chance for even a diminished group to solve vehicular mechanical problems and therefore have a shot at survival.

Character Sheets with Backgrounds follow

1940s

Name	'Cap'	Alan Pierce
Rank	1st Lieutenant	
Function	Pilot	
Former Occupation	Trainee Teacher	
Birthplace	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	
Sex	male	Age 21

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS					
STR	10	DEX	13	INT	16
CON	13	APP	10	POW	14
SIZ	11	SAN	50	EDU	12
Idea	80	Luck	70	Know	60
99 Cthulhu Mythos			Damage Bonus		

SANITY POINTS											
Insane	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43
	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98
	99										

MAGIC POINTS						
Unconscious	0	1	2			
	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30		

HIT POINTS						
Dead	-2	-1	0	1	2	
	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31	

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
GOODNIGHT VIENNA

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS			
Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	45
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05
Archaeology		Library Use (25%)	25
Art (05%)	15	Listen (25%)	25
		Locksmith	
Astronomy		Martial Arts	
Bargain (05%)	05	Mechanical Repair (20%)	20
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	10
Climb (40%)	40	Navigate (10%)	30
Conceal (15%)	15	Occult (05%)	05
Craft (05%)	05	Operate Hvy. Machine	40
		Other Language	
Credit Rating (15%)	15		
Cthulhu Mythos			
Dodge (DEXx2)	26	Own Language (EDUx5%)	60
Drive Auto (20%)	60	Persuade (15%)	35
Electrical Repair (10%)	10	Pharmacy	
Fast Talk (05%)	05	Photography (10%)	10
First Aid (30%)	40	Physics	
Geology		Pilot Aeroplane	60
Hide (10%)	10	Psychoanalysis	
History (20%)	20	Psychology (05%)	05
		Ride (05%)	05
		Sneak (10%)	10
		Spot Hidden (25%)	65
		Swim (25%)	25
		Throw (25%)	25
		Track (10%)	10
		Firearms	
		Handgun (20%)	40
		Machine Gun (15%)	55
		Rifle (25%)	25
		Shotgun (30%)	30
		Submachine Gun (15%)	15



HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS			
Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	60	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a

FIREARMS					
Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load Malf. HPs

Alan Pierce
Known as **Cap** to Colleagues
1st Lieutenant / Pilot

Philadelphia born and bred, a second son. The war has made you grow up fast. Ideas about becoming a teacher got cast aside by the need to defeat the Axis. And when you realised the men who joined up alongside you and trained ahead of you were dying in great numbers it finally sunk in that this life might be short. You married Edith, Edey, your sweetheart and had fourteen days compassionate leave to enjoy before returning to the unit and being sent to support the First Army in North Africa.

At first you were heavily involved in bombing German positions before attacks that failed so badly you had to worry whether the airfield you set out from would still be in Allied hands by the time you got back. Now the tide has turned. Even so, you don't like the desert climate and will be glad to be based in Italy, if and when you finally invade the mainland, rather than simply bombing parts of it.

You are happy with your crew; they form a really good unit. They respect you and don't seem to notice you are almost the youngest. According to the army you are responsible for all of them and you feel that responsibility.

Your thoughts on the other crew members:

Verne: He's really lived and is always worth hearing out. You couldn't wish for a more effective second-in-command. When you wanted to ditch the payload for this mission and just get back safely he was very insistent on carrying out the orders. You sometimes wonder why he wasn't made a pilot of his own plane rather than co-pilot to yours.

Lenny: He's determined and ambitious. It's already occurred to you that he will be difficult to avoid once the war is over if he thinks you can help him in civilian life. You grudgingly admire his drive and the way he never doubts his abilities.

Danny: Very reliable bombardier. A man of the world and a tough customer with even a little shadiness about his New York bravado. Though he has an Italian background you feel more for the Italians you're bombing than he does.

Chuck: You feel at home with Chuck. Despite a rather academic background he seems to be enjoying practical experience and affects to treat the war as a lark. You're probably the only one who knows that he's very concerned about his fiancée.

Harry: Jovial and upbeat and very good for crew morale. The sort of person the army needs in order to be bearable.

Dutch: Not very sociable, at least around you. You find him taciturn, impatient, even belligerent with others outside the crew. Mechanically-minded but so curious he sometimes loses sight of what is actually needed in the present. You're impressed by how well Chuck handles him. In the air he's an excellent gunner.

Jack: Pleasant and harmless. A Hick. He's only twenty but actually seems younger.

Wovoka: The others call him 'Red' but you have a problem with that. You know he's part Indian. If there's any prejudice in the crew it's glossed over though. Wovoka doesn't talk much but you have had conversations with him. He says he's a trainee medicine man back in Arizona. It also says 'Thalassophobia' in his file. He says that's because he'd never seen the ocean and hated it on sight. It makes him homesick.

1940s

Name	'Vern' Verne Howard
Rank	2nd Lieutenant
Function	Co-Pilot
Former Occup.	Crop Duster
Birthplace	Lincoln, Nebraska
Sex	male
Age	28

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS					
STR	11	DEX	10	INT	14
CON	13	APP	14	POW	13
SIZ	16	SAN	50	EDU	11
Idea	70	Luck	65	Know	55
99 Cthulhu Mythos			Damage Bonus +1D4		

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
GOODNIGHT VIENNA

SANITY POINTS											
Insane	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43
	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98
	99										

MAGIC POINTS						
Unconscious	0	1	2			
	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30		

HIT POINTS						
Dead	-2	-1	0	1	2	
	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31	

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS			
Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	45
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05
Archaeology		Library Use (25%)	25
Art (05%) Guitar	05	Listen (25%)	25
		Locksmith	
Astronomy		Martial Arts	
Bargain (05%)	05	Mechanical Repair (20%)	20
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	10
Climb (40%)	40	Navigate (10%)	25
Conceal (15%)	15	Occult (05%)	05
Craft (05%) Woodcraft	05	Operate Hvy. Machine	40
		Other Language	
Credit Rating (15%)	30		
Cthulhu Mythos			
Dodge (DEXx2)	20	Own Language (EDUx5%)	55
Drive Auto (20%)	40	Persuade (15%)	25
Electrical Repair (10%)	30	Pharmacy	
Fast Talk (05%)	05	Photography (10%)	10
First Aid (30%)	40	Physics	
Geology		Pilot Aeroplane	50
Hide (10%)	10	Psychoanalysis	
History (20%)	20	Psychology (05%)	15
		Ride (05%)	05
		Sneak (10%)	10
		Spot Hidden (25%)	65
		Swim (25%)	25
		Throw (25%)	25
		Track (10%)	10
		Firearms	
		Handgun (20%)	35
		Machine Gun (15%)	55
		Rifle (25%)	25
		Shotgun (30%)	30
		Submachine Gun (15%)	15



HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS			
Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	70	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a

FIREARMS					
Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load Malf. HPs

Verne Howard
Known as **Vern** to Colleagues
1st Lieutenant / Pilot

Lincoln, Nebraska is where you were born, a first and only son. There was no old man about the place and life was hard during the Depression. When your mother died (TB) and your sisters were married there was nothing to keep you in Nebraska and you've lived in several states. You've worked on farms, lumber mills, mines and on the road as a carny roustabout. You got into crop dusting having tagged along with a team of aerial barnstormers and were a fair pilot by the time war broke out. You volunteered for the Canadian Air Force before the US joined the war but had got nowhere by the time of Pearl Harbour and quit to fight for your own country.

You've earned everything you've ever had and have always done it honestly. Deep down, you resent those who have had it easy and, most of all, the ones who don't deserve the position they're in. You saw a lot of that in the USAAF in the early days but saying it didn't always go down well. Rank doesn't really impress you, anyway.

Your crew form a really good unit. They respect you. You feel responsible for all of them, including Cap.

Your thoughts on the other crew members:

Cap: He's young and an ideal Army pilot. He's smarter than any other by-the-book pilot you've previously met, thoughtful and a 100% sincere. You think he's you, maybe, if you'd had a better start in life.

Lenny: Like you, Lenny's come up the hard way, picking up his skills as he needed them. Sometimes he blows his own trumpet in an irritating way, but the other guys always keep his feet on solid ground. It's probably because he's thinking of staying in the service after the Axis have been beaten.

Danny: A smooth operator, a guy who makes connections and collects favours wherever he goes. If one of the guys is due a birthday Danny can find some booze. In the air or at the poker table he's ice-cool.

Chuck: College boy. Smart and good at his job but somehow a bit distant from it. Maybe it's because he still smokes a pipe.

Harry: Funny guy, the team joker. As a radio op, he's a good technician, not so strong on ideas. His baseball pitching is exactly the same way.

Dutch: Sometimes a liability to himself. You've had to rescue him from fights off base more than once. He's too slow and despite his size gets beat up by much smaller guys. You've given him some boxing lessons and some advice about staying out of trouble and it seems to have taken root.

Jack: Still a boy really. Thinks a lot of his family. Doesn't know much about the world.

Red: Whatever his background, Red is a straight shooter and probably the one guy in the crew you'd most want to have your back in a fight.

1940s

Name	'Lenny' Lech Karpowicz		
Rank	2nd Lieutenant		
Function	Navigator		
Former Occup.	Chief Mechanic		
Birthplace	San Diego, California		
Sex	male	Age	27

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS					
STR	14	DEX	15	INT	12
CON	14	APP	11	POW	10
SIZ	12	SAN	50	EDU	15
Idea	60	Luck	50	Know	75
99 Cthulhu Mythos			Damage Bonus +1D4		

SANITY POINTS											
Insane	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43
	44	45	46	47	48	49	<u>50</u>	51	52	53	54
	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98
	99										

MAGIC POINTS										
Unconscious	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30									

HIT POINTS					
Dead	-2	-1	0	1	2
	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31	

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
GOODNIGHT VIENNA

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS					
Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	55		
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05		
Archaeology		Library Use (25%)	25		
Art (05%) Mouth Organ	05	Listen (25%)	35		
		Locksmith			
Astronomy		Martial Arts			
Bargain (05%)	05	Mechanical Repair (20%)	80		
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05		
Chemistry	20	Natural History (10%)	10		
Climb (40%)	40	Navigate (10%)	50	Ride (05%)	05
Conceal (15%)	15	Occult (05%)	05	Sneak (10%)	20
Craft (05%) Metalwork	05	Operate Hvy. Machine	50	Spot Hidden (25%)	55
		Other Language		Swim (25%)	35
Credit Rating (15%)	15	French	10	Throw (25%)	25
Cthulhu Mythos		Arabic	10	Track (10%)	10
Dodge (DEXx2)	30	Own Language (EDUx5%)	75		
Drive Auto (20%)	20	Persuade (15%)	15		
Electrical Repair (10%)	40	Pharmacy		Firearms	
Fast Talk (05%)	25	Photography (10%)	10	Handgun (20%)	20
First Aid (30%)	40	Physics		Machine Gun (15%)	15
Geology		Pilot Aeroplane	30	Rifle (25%)	25
Hide (10%)	20	Psychoanalysis		Shotgun (30%)	30
History (20%)	20	Psychology (05%)	05	Submachine Gun (15%)	15



HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS			
Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	60	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a
Knife (25%)	25	1D4+db	10

FIREARMS					
Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load Malf. HPs

Lech Karpowicz Known as **Lenny** to Friends and Colleagues 2nd Lieutenant / Navigator

Bakersfield born and San Diego bred, an only child, you were encouraged by your parents to believe that you could do anything you set your mind to and you have set out to prove them right. They're really proud of you.

From school you made excellent progress as a mechanic working for a large trucking company. You have both an inquiring mind and a gift for fixing things.

You studied hard in your own time and in your own way rather than learn with others and, as a result, have less qualifications than someone of your knowledge and ability might otherwise have. You haven't let that stop you though, even though that has meant cutting some corners in qualifying to be made part of a Flight Crew. It worked. You're learning what it will take to be a pilot now.

You're sociable but an individual and don't smoke, unlike everyone else.

While in North Africa you have picked up some French and Arabic. You never know who or what will come in handy though you're beginning to think you should have worked on Italian instead. Not every choice works out. You keep very quiet about the time you were nearly going to join the German American Bund.

Your fellow crew members:

Cap: A nice guy who everyone respects. When it isn't a combat mission you're going to ask him to let you fly the plane, like Vern did on that transport run.

Vern: Is always helpful and encouraging. He appreciates how you've struggled your way up from nothing, the American way.

Danny: You have to watch yourself around Danny. He remembers everything you say and points out contradictions in front of other people in a way that can be really embarrassing. He likes to catch people out and is brilliant at cards, too.

Chuck: The professor type, not likely to get anywhere in the real world. If you had his brains you'd be state-side designing planes, not fixing them.

Harry: No push. Fancies himself as a comedian. Not as funny as he thinks he is.

Dutch: You see a bit of yourself in Dutch in that he's got a technical mind but he's such a blundering oaf with it he'll spend his whole life in overalls.

Jack: He's like the crew's mascot but he's actually the best machinegunner you've got on board. Lets people take him for granted all the time.

Red: At least half Indian which you know because he doesn't drink. It's okay with you, you appreciate the fact he wants to fight for the US. He's a damn good shot, too.

1940s

Name 'Big Danny' Cesare Danova
Rank 2nd Lieutenant
Function Bombadier
Former Occup. Car Lot Operator
Birthplace New York, New York
Sex male **Age** 26

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS

STR 14 **DEX** 09 **INT** 13
CON 11 **APP** 08 **POW** 15
SIZ 17 **SAN** 75 **EDU** 17

Idea 65 **Luck** 75 **Know** 85

99 Cthulhu Mythos **Damage Bonus** +1D4

SANITY POINTS

Insane 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25
 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40
 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55
 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70
 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85
 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

MAGIC POINTS

Unconscious 0 1 2
 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 20 21 22 23
 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

HIT POINTS

Dead -2 -1 0 1 2
 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 21 22 23 24
 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
 GOODNIGHT VIENNA

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

Accounting (10%)	30	Jump (25%)	55
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05
Archaeology		Library Use (25%)	25
Art (05%) Sing	05	Listen (25%)	25
		Locksmith	
Astronomy		Martial Arts	
Bargain (05%)	35	Mechanical Repair (20%)	60
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	10
Climb (40%)	40	Navigate (10%)	10
Conceal (15%)	15	Occult (05%)	05
Craft (05%) Cards	05	Operate Hvy. Machine	60
		Other Language	
Credit Rating (15%)	15		
Cthulhu Mythos			
Dodge (DEXx2)	18	Own Language (EDUx5%)	85
Drive Auto (20%)	40	Persuade (15%)	15
Electrical Repair (10%)	50	Pharmacy	
Fast Talk (05%)	05	Photography (10%)	50
First Aid (30%)	30	Physics	30
Geology		Pilot	
Hide (10%)	10	Psychoanalysis	
History (20%)	20	Psychology (05%)	25



Ride (05%)	05
Sneak (10%)	10
Spot Hidden (25%)	65
Swim (25%)	25
Throw (25%)	25
Track (10%)	10

Firearms

Handgun (20%)	20
Machine Gun (15%)	15
Rifle (25%)	25
Shotgun (30%)	30
Submachine Gun (15%)	15

HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS

Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	70	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a

FIREARMS

Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf.	HPs

Cesare Danova

Known as **Big Danny** to Friends and Colleagues
2nd Lieutenant / Bombadier

You grew up on the streets of a tough neighbourhood in New York City. You're half-Italian and half-Czechoslovakian Jewish. You only own up to the first half. Your father was a big businessman in his head and a failure as a breadwinner. You sold newspapers as a kid, which was a tough job during the circulations wars, and ran numbers for the Dutch Schultz mob. Then you bought a car, found out how it worked and went in to being a mechanic, until you realised the real money was in selling them. You're smart, you made money. You're dumb, too, though and got into debt by gambling against people you shouldn't bet against. You got asked to do some favours for guys like Tick Tock Tannenbaum and Jake Shapiro, supplying a car, disposing of a car. You thought about re-selling one of these jalopies until you opened the trunk and found the bloodstains. But your connections stopped you being leaned on for protection money. Then the whole Murder Inc. thing unravelled with Tannenbaum turning State's witness against Lepke, and Abe Reles diving headfirst out of a Coney Island hotel window, ten stories up. You got interviewed by the cops looking for another witness and didn't like it. You decided to get out. So you torched your own car lot, handed over the job of pursuing the insurance claim to your Lawyers and signed up for the army. You expect to get out with a nice grubsteak waiting.

The army is a racket like any other and you're good at it. It helps that you're smart. The IQ tests and bombadier training were a breeze. Maybe a smarter guy wouldn't be risking his life in a plane but you know you're one lucky son of a gun and you actually enjoy dropping bombs on the suckers below.

The other guys in the crew hardly know they're born, most of them. They wouldn't last long in the big city, that's for sure. But they're as good a bunch of guys as any other in the Squadron and you don't let them take any BS from anyone.

Other crew members:

Cap: You went to Philadelphia once, but it was shut. Actually, for a kid, he's not a bad leader. Always lets you know whys and wherefores and asks nicely.

Vern: A good guy, a straight shooter. It's not like you love him, like some of the other guys, but he's seen some of the country and is no mug.

Lenny: You work pretty closely with Lenny in the nose of the plane. He complains or makes excuses when he can't get things to work. He thinks he's an operator, too.

Harry: Boston Irish, but not tough. A tame joker. A lousy card player, but he half knows it. Sometimes he borrows a good routine from Bob Hope or Jack Benny.

Chuck: Plenty of brains, not just when it comes to planes. Half-decent at cards and a whizz at chess and checkers. But a nut for turning down dames that will.

Dutch: Belongs under a car back in Minnesota. Hard to read at poker, though. Will screw up a good hand and make a good fist of a duff one.

Jack: The Christian kid. Has made you money when you could bet on him playing pool, but didn't like it when he realised you were reaping the rewards.

Red: If there were any Southerners in the crew your guess is he wouldn't be flying. His being part Indian doesn't bother you. Let him risk his life for the country that screwed over his people. Sucker.

1940s

Name 'Chuck' Charles Kingsley
Rank Technical Sergeant
Function Flight Engineer
Former Occup. Engineering Postgraduate
Birthplace Arkham, Massachusetts
Sex male **Age** 26

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS

STR 11 **DEX** 11 **INT** 14
CON 13 **APP** 15 **POW** 10
SIZ 13 **SAN** 50 **EDU** 17
Idea 70 **Luck** 50 **Know** 85
 99 Cthulhu Mythos Damage Bonus

SANITY POINTS

Insane 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25
 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40
 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55
 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70
 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85
 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

MAGIC POINTS

Unconscious 0 1 2
 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
10 11 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 20 21 22 23
 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

HIT POINTS

Dead -2 -1 0 1 2
 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 21 22 23 24
 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
 GOODNIGHT VIENNA

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

Accounting (10%) 10 Jump (25%) 50
 Anthropology (20%) 20 Law (05%) 05
 Archaeology 20 Library Use (25%) 50
 Art (05%) Sketch 05 Listen (25%) 25
 Locksmith
 Astronomy 20 Martial Arts
 Bargain (05%) 05 Mechanical Repair (20%) 80
 Biology Medicine (05%) 05
 Chemistry Natural History (10%) 20
 Climb (40%) 50 Navigate (10%) 20
 Conceal (15%) 15 Occult (05%) 05
 Craft (05%) 05 Operate Hvy. Machine 60
 Other Language
 Credit Rating (15%) 55 French 10
 Cthulhu Mythos
 Dodge (DEXx2) 22 Own Language (EDUx5%) 85
 Drive Auto (20%) 40 Persuade (15%) 15
 Electrical Repair (10%) 70 Pharmacy
 Fast Talk (05%) 05 Photography (10%) 10
 First Aid (30%) 30 Physics 40
 Geology Pilot
 Hide (10%) 10 Psychoanalysis
 History (20%) 30 Psychology (05%) 05



Ride (05%) 05
 Sneak (10%) 10
 Spot Hidden (25%) 65
 Swim (25%) 25
 Throw (25%) 25
 Track (10%) 10

Firearms
 Handgun (20%) 20
 Machine Gun (15%) 15
 Rifle (25%) 65
 Shotgun (30%) 30
 Submachine Gun (15%) 15

HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS

Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	60	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a

FIREARMS

Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf.	HPs
---------	-------	--------	-------	-------	------	-------	-----

Charles Kingsley II Known as **Chuck** or **Prof** to Friends and Colleagues Technical Sargent / Flight Engineer

You came from a reputable and well-to-do Massachusetts family and were a graduate considering postgraduate work in Engineering at Miskatonic University when Pearl Harbour changed your plans. Your family would have preferred you to keep out of the war. Once they saw your mind was set, however, they tried to persuade you to apply for a factory design job. You enlisted in the Airforce.

You initially had the support of your fiancée, Agatha, but from this distance it has been difficult. Socially, you might as well have gone to jail, and your correspondence is dwindling and yet somehow building up to something. It's distracting, depressing. The company of ladies has not been denied to you, especially in England, but you resisted, with regret. You tell yourself it was the right thing to do.

The companionship of the crew has been very different to University. You've long since given up trying to maintain 'Charles' but you feel that you're really part of something and are now starting to win the war.

Your fellow crew members:

Cap: A good fellow who you feel comfortable with and you know he trusts you. You've confessed some of your anxieties about the relationship with Agatha to him. He's actually married and therefore has a better bond with his woman.

Vern: Is always appreciative of your work. He tries to understand it. He has the air of an authentic American about him and despite his 2nd rank is the natural leader of the crew.

Lenny: Has a good technical knowledge and has helped you out in times of crisis. On the other hand, when he can't repair something himself he wants preferential treatment and can be pushy.

Danny: Appears to know everything he needs to know. You have conversations about automobiles but he knows all the best stories. Danny belongs in a big city and to some extent finds the whole war boring you sometimes think.

Harry: Very able with radio equipment and a good sport though sometimes his good cheer can feel a little relentless.

Dutch: Your assistant. A brilliant technical mind but held back by a lack of tact, some difficulty communicating clearly and sometimes a blindness to what matters beyond the machine. You'll discuss things with him in the air but don't let him fix anything alone. On the ground you can rely on him to tune an engine to perfection.

Jack: The crew mascot. A nice godfearing kid. Actually technically very able and can fix a gun jam more quickly than anyone else you have seen.

Red: Some mutterings you've heard elsewhere about his parentage are beneath this crew. If he's good enough for the USAAF...

1940s

Name	'Harry' Harold Duffy
Rank	Technical Sergeant
Function	Radio Operator
Former Occup.	Maintenance Engineer
Birthplace	Boston, Massachusetts
Sex	male
Age	24

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS					
STR	13	DEX	11	INT	65
CON	14	APP	14	POW	09
SIZ	10	SAN	45	EDU	16
Idea	65	Luck	45	Know	80
99 Cthulhu Mythos			Damage Bonus		

SANITY POINTS											
Insane	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43
	44	<u>45</u>	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98
	99										

MAGIC POINTS						
Unconscious	0	1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30					

HIT POINTS						
Dead	-2	-1	0	1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	<u>12</u>	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31		

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
GOODNIGHT VIENNA

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS			
Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	65
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05
Archaeology	20	Library Use (25%)	25
Art (05%) Sing	05	Listen (25%)	25
		Locksmith	25
Astronomy		Martial Arts	
Bargain (05%)	05	Mechanical Repair (20%)	60
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	20
Climb (40%)	50	Navigate (10%)	10
Conceal (15%)	15	Occult (05%)	05
Craft (05%) Tech Drawing	05	Operate Hvy. Machine	20
		Other Language	
Credit Rating (15%)	15		
Cthulhu Mythos			
Dodge (DEXx2)	22	Own Language (EDUx5%)	85
Drive Auto (20%)	20	Persuade (15%)	25
Electrical Repair (10%)	60	Pharmacy	
Fast Talk (05%)	25	Photography (10%)	10
First Aid (30%)	40	Physics	
Geology	10	Pilot	
Hide (10%)	10	Psychoanalysis	
History (20%)	30	Psychology (05%)	15
		Ride (05%)	05
		Sneak (10%)	10
		Spot Hidden (25%)	55
		Swim (25%)	40
		Throw (25%)	45
		Track (10%)	20
		Firearms	
		Handgun (20%)	40
		Machine Gun (15%)	20
		Rifle (25%)	25
		Shotgun (30%)	30
		Submachine Gun (15%)	15



HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS			
Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	70	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a

FIREARMS					
Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load Malf. HPs

Harold Michael Joseph Duffy
Known as **Harry** to Friends and Colleagues
Technical Sargent / Radio Operator

Born into a large Catholic, Boston Irish family with few aspirations (7th child, fourth son) you were doing well for yourself with a responsible and skilled factory job (electrical maintainance) when the war came. Everyone working there before you avoided the draft, you didn't, but not to worry; you've got to see a bit of the world now. Training in Britain was an eye opener. You weren't supposed to like the British, but they were so pleased to see Americans you couldn't help yourself. You particularly like British humour and try to remember instances of it.

You talk a lot, not to any great purpose, just to remain cheerful. You guys all get thrown together a lot now the squadron keeps moving and the towns aren't up to much. You're fond of saying how you're going to Berlin and you don't care how long it takes.

Your fellow crew members:

Cap: Cap once told you 'You really are a glass is half full type of person, aren't you Harry?' That's the way he talks. You didn't mix with men like him before the army but get on well.

Vern: What a guy. The leader of the gang. He doesn't take red tape too seriously, but gets things done. You feel like a bunch of men rather than a bunch of kids with him in the crew.

Lenny: You're a lot like Lenny, though occasionally his head gets away from his hat. He's always got an opinion on everything. He doesn't like it when you razz him.

Danny: You get on fine with him. It might have been you who first called him 'Big' Danny, not because he's big but because he's got so many sides to him. He's very smart, he knows his stuff, he gambles like a pro and he's a tough cookie to be on the wrong side of.

Chuck: The crew's brainbox. You can talk to him about electrical stuff. He knows a lot more about why things work the way they do than you do, but when it comes to fixing the radio you can do as well as he can and he respects that.

Dutch: Dutch is really smart when it comes to mechanics and electrics but he really *has* to find out how things work. You've seen him get shock after shock until he figured out where the short was coming from and you've seen him climbing under a car in a clean uniform while on a date to see how a differential gearbox worked.

Jack: Nice kid. The baby of the crew. Never left his hometown before the war. When he found out you were raised Catholic that was a big thing for him since he didn't know if he'd ever met one before.

Red: You work with him more than the others and you like him. He's absolutely reliable. Never says he'll do something and doesn't. You tell him about something you read and he just nods and then 3 days later, when he's read it, he'll give you a conversation about it. He's taking it in and listens. You're trying to work on his sense of humour but maybe he only laughs at your jokes 3 days later too.

1940s

Name 'Dutch' Harold Barnevelde
Rank Staff Sergeant
Function Asst. Flight Engineer/ Gunner
Former Occup. Auto Mechanic
Birthplace St. Paul, Minnesota
Sex male **Age** 23

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS

STR 14 **DEX** 08 **INT** 13
CON 16 **APP** 11 **POW** 10
SIZ 14 **SAN** 50 **EDU** 17

Idea 65 **Luck** 50 **Know** 85

99 Cthulhu Mythos **Damage Bonus** +1D4

SANITY POINTS

Insane 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25
 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40
 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55
 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70
 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85
 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

MAGIC POINTS

Unconscious 0 1 2
 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
10 11 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 20 21 22 23
 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

HIT POINTS

Dead -2 -1 0 1 2
 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 21 22 23 24
 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
 GOODNIGHT VIENNA

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	65
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05
Archaeology		Library Use (25%)	25
Art (05%) Ukelele	05	Listen (25%)	25
		Locksmith	
Astronomy		Martial Arts	
Bargain (05%)	05	Mechanical Repair (20%)	80
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	10
Climb (40%)	40	Navigate (10%)	10
Conceal (15%)	15	Occult (05%)	05
Craft (05%) Cook	05	Operate Hvy. Machine	60
		Other Language	
Credit Rating (15%)	30	Dutch	30
Cthulhu Mythos			
Dodge (DEXx2)	31	Own Language (EDUx5%)	85
Drive Auto (20%)	60	Persuade (15%)	15
Electrical Repair (10%)	70	Pharmacy	
Fast Talk (05%)	05	Photography (10%)	10
First Aid (30%)	30	Physics	20
Geology		Pilot	
Hide (10%)	10	Psychoanalysis	
History (20%)	20	Psychology (05%)	05



Ride (05%)	05
Sneak (10%)	10
Spot Hidden (25%)	65
Swim (25%)	25
Throw (25%)	25
Track (10%)	10
Firearms	
Handgun (20%)	40
Machine Gun (15%)	45
Rifle (25%)	35
Shotgun (30%)	30
Submachine Gun (15%)	25

HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS

Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	60	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a

FIREARMS

Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf.	HPs
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Harold Barnevelde

Known as **Dutch** to Friends and Colleagues
Staff Sargent / Flight Engineer / Gunner

Before the war it was really difficult to get anywhere near army planes. There were too many written tests of the kind which you find hard. The practical stuff, like stripping an engine down, you can do as well and as fast as anyone. Now, with the war, you got in. The B24 is an excellent plane. You like working on it.

In Minnesota you worked in one big city garage or another. Sometimes you got fired. Sometimes you got in fights because others made you mad by taking the better jobs. If they were scared and backed down it was okay, but when they fought back you usually lost. Sometimes you just got fired for something you did or didn't do because you got interested in some other thing about the car. You can't help being interested in engines and wanting to know more.

On the plane there are a group of guys who are good with mechanics but they let Chuck and you fix things. When you fly you are also a gunner and you think a lot about how the swivel could be made smoother and quicker and maybe how hydraulics could be used to keep the gun steadier while firing.

Your fellow crew members:

Cap: He tells you all what to do but doesn't say much to you. You get your orders through Chuck, your boss.

Vern: After the war he says he will put you in with the cropdusting outfit he used to work for to fix their planes. He's a good friend like that. He also showed you how to look out for yourself in fights and when to avoid them.

Lenny: He wants to see how you fix things so he can use it on his own later and impress somebody. He wants to be able to do everybody else's job.

Danny: He has been a mechanic like you, but before the war he was selling cars. He says that's where the money is, but it doesn't interest you.

Chuck: He is your boss and you work well as a team. He tells you what to fix while he fixes something else. He explains things well and knows what you like to do best. He says when the war is over that you should move to Detroit and get a job putting together and testing new cars.

Harry: He hears and remembers things from the radio and knows how radios work almost as well as you. You resent the fact that he is 'Harry' so you have to be 'Dutch', but you like it better than being called 'Barney'.

Jack: Does not have many mechanical problems and is a better shot than you with the tailguns. You talk with him sometimes but he doesn't say much.

Red: You know how good he shoots and can work with him. He says interesting things about how in Indian languages cars are like people with the parts named after parts of the body. In English planes are like that too, but half-bird, half people with wings and noses. Next time you talk, you're going to ask him about the wheels and the landing gear and if they shouldn't be called feet and legs.

1940s

Name	'Jack' John Tolson
Rank	Staff Sergeant
Function	Gunner
Former Occup.	Gas Station Attendant
Birthplace	Bandon, Oregon
Sex	male
Age	20

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS					
STR	11	DEX	17	INT	10
CON	13	APP	12	POW	10
SIZ	13	SAN	50	EDU	10
Idea	50	Luck	50	Know	50
99 Cthulhu Mythos			Damage Bonus		

SANITY POINTS											
Insane	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43
	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98
	99										

MAGIC POINTS						
Unconscious	0	1	2			
	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30		

HIT POINTS						
Dead	-2	-1	0	1	2	
	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31	

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
GOODNIGHT VIENNA

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS					
Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	85		
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05		
Archaeology		Library Use (25%)	25		
Art (05%)	05	Listen (25%)	30		
		Locksmith			
Astronomy		Martial Arts			
Bargain (05%)	05	Mechanical Repair (20%)	60		
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05		
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	30		
Climb (40%)	50	Navigate (10%)	10	Ride (05%)	05
Conceal (15%)	15	Occult (05%)	05	Sneak (10%)	10
Craft (05%)	05	Operate Hvy. Machine		Spot Hidden (25%)	35
		Other Language		Swim (25%)	25
Credit Rating (15%)	15			Throw (25%)	35
Cthulhu Mythos				Track (10%)	20
Dodge (DEXx2)	34	Own Language (EDUx5%)	50		
Drive Auto (20%)	30	Persuade (15%)	15		
Electrical Repair (10%)	10	Pharmacy		Firearms	
Fast Talk (05%)	05	Photography (10%)	10	Handgun (20%)	30
First Aid (30%)	30	Physics		Machine Gun (15%)	75
Geology		Pilot		Rifle (25%)	35
Hide (10%)	20	Psychoanalysis		Shotgun (30%)	30
History (20%)	20	Psychology (05%)	05	Submachine Gun (15%)	15



HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS			
Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	60	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a

FIREARMS					
Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load Malf. HPs

John Tolson

Known as **Jack** to Friends and Colleagues

Staff Sargent / Gunner (Tail)

You come from coastal Oregon and tell people you come from Bandon, though you really come from a place called Drain. You used to be a gas station attendant. In your spare time you swam, fished and hunted. You still lived with your folks; parents and brothers and sisters. You went to chapel each Sunday and have never even dated.

The war has been an eye-opener in many ways.

You had a good friend on another crew who everybody called Tex. He left his cigarettes on his plane and going back to get them was shot by a French Foreign Legionnaire guarding the field when he didn't give the correct response. You don't know how to make sense of pointless deaths like that.

Your fellow crew members entertain themselves with gambling, drinking and loose women, when they can get them. You go where it's quiet and pray for them. The thing that troubles you most is the profanity. You used to worry because you thought it chipped away at their credit with God and you collectively relied on Him to keep you in the air. Now you're not sure if it matters one way or the other. After all, you're bombing hundreds of civilians when you attack factories and railyards, and you've personally shot down three Messerschmitts.

Your fellow crew members:

Cap: A nice guy who everyone respects. You don't think he likes to talk to you though, probably because he's a Philadelphia Quaker.

Vern: Is always helpful and encouraging. He appreciates your shooting. Smells of drink, though, and often uses profanity.

Lenny: You think his moral compass is off because he always talks about getting ahead and making money rather than getting himself right with God. Weak.

Danny: He drinks and he gambles. You found out he was betting on you when you played pool and stopped playing when he was around. He also uses profanity and once showed you a picture of a naked negro woman that shocked you.

Chuck: An intelligent man who says you could be a flight engineer, too, if you worked at it. You've seen him at the dances with many different women hanging from him, though. He speaks well and probably has his pick of them.

Harry: He does his job, but never takes anything seriously. Mostly the jokes are clean, but not always. For you Betty Grable was always the girl next door, but Harry makes up things about her that trouble you. Your mother warned you about Catholics.

Dutch: You don't really understand him. He talks about machines as though they were women and women as though they were machines. He drinks beer and profanes and sees no point in religion at all.

Red: He's at least half Indian which you know because he doesn't drink. It's okay with you; you appreciate the fact he wants to fight for the US. You used to know some Utes at school. He's an Apache though, like Geronimo. He's a good shot, too.

1940s

Name	'Red' John Wovoka
Rank	Staff Sergeant
Function	Asst. Radio Operator/ Gunner
Former Occup.	Trainee Medicine Man
Birthplace	Tucumcari, Arizona
Sex	male
Age	24

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS					
STR	14	DEX	12	INT	12
CON	12	APP	14	POW	11
SIZ	16	SAN	55	EDU	14
Idea	60	Luck	55	Know	70
99 Cthulhu Mythos			Damage Bonus +1D4		

SANITY POINTS											
Insane	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43
	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98
	99										

MAGIC POINTS						
Unconscious	0	1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30					

HIT POINTS						
Dead	-2	-1	0	1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31		

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
GOODNIGHT VIENNA

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS					
Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	50		
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05		
Archaeology	20	Library Use (25%)	35		
Art (05%) Painting	10	Listen (25%)	50		
		Locksmith			
Astronomy	10	Martial Arts			
Bargain (05%)	10	Mechanical Repair (20%)	20		
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05		
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	30		
Climb (40%)	50	Navigate (10%)	20	Ride (05%)	25
Conceal (15%)	20	Occult (05%)	10	Sneak (10%)	20
Craft (05%) Tribal Dress	10	Operate Hvy. Machine		Spot Hidden (25%)	35
		Other Language		Swim (25%)	25
Credit Rating (15%)	20	Navajo	20	Throw (25%)	25
Cthulhu Mythos				Track (10%)	25
Dodge (DEXx2)	24	Own Language (EDUx5%)	70		
Drive Auto (20%)	40	Persuade (15%)	15		
Electrical Repair (10%)	50	Pharmacy		Firearms	
Fast Talk (05%)	10	Photography (10%)	10	Handgun (20%)	20
First Aid (30%)	30	Physics		Machine Gun (15%)	50
Geology	10	Pilot		Rifle (25%)	25
Hide (10%)	20	Psychoanalysis		Shotgun (30%)	30
History (20%)	30	Psychology (05%)	05	Submachine Gun (15%)	15



HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS

Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	50	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a

FIREARMS

Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf.	HPs
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John Wovoka

Known as **Red** to Friends and Colleagues
Staff Sargent / Gunner

You feel an awful lot better now that you are on solid ground. You know you panicked up there, when the order was given to bail out, fearing you would land in the sea. This is much better. You didn't even hurt yourself coming down.

You are a third, maybe half, Apache, but you don't admit that to the Airforce because they'll either keep you on the ground or try and put you in a segregated crew. Your crew knows but aren't the sort of stupid white men who would make an issue of it.

Back in Arizona you work as a tour guide in Monument Valley but your real place in the community is as a trainee medicine man with your uncle.

Your uncle is a difficult man to please. You struggle to learn with him. When he sent you to fight in the white man's great fight he warned you to beware of a great sea. That helped make you hate the ocean, always moving, it just makes you uneasy. You are sure bad things live under it. You've taken Peyote in various ceremonies and you've noticed similar feelings come over you at odd moments much later. Maybe in the plane was one of them.

Now it looks like you're in the desert. White men who don't live in a desert don't know about living there. You do. These are the things you know about desert survival:

1. Too much time in the sun will kill you, but it will blind you first.
2. Don't eat. Do drink, as soon and as much as you can.
3. Move at night, sleep in shade during the day.

Your fellow crew members:

Cap: A man who everyone respects. He finds your people interesting but does not know much about them.

Vern: Is always friendly. He appreciates your shooting. You trust him.

Lenny: Is mainly interested in himself and becoming a chief.

Danny: He saw your fear. If you had not jumped he would have thrown you out of the plane. He is the worst one of these men to have as an enemy.

Chuck: An intelligent man. He says you could be a flight engineer, too, if you worked at it. He pretends that you are not a Native American, although he knows you are, because it somehow embarrasses him.

Harry: He knows the radio equipment well but too much listening to random chatter has made his head full of words. You think he is uneasy with you because you don't laugh at his every thought.

Dutch: The one who understands machines better than people. Your Uncle would be appalled by him but he is good for the army and the plane.

Jack: You get along well with him. He has a spiritual side. This helps him to be a good hunter.

CREW OF THE GOODNIGHT VIENNA (B24 LIBERATOR)



CAP	VERN	LENNY	DANNY	CHUCK	HARRY	DUTCH	JACK
RANK	1st Lieutenant	2nd Lieutenant	2nd Lieutenant	2nd Lieutenant	Technical Serg	Technical Serg	Staff Sergeant
FUNCTION	Pilot	Co-Pilot	Navigator	Bombadier	Flight Engineer	Radio Operator	Assistant Flight Engineer/ Gunner
FULL NAME	Alan Pierce	Verne Howard	Lech Karpowicz	Cesare Danova	Charles Kingsley	Harold Duffy	Harold Barrevelde John Tolson
AGE	21	28	27	26	26	24	23
FROM	Philadelphia Pennsylvania	Lincoln Nebraska	San Diego California	New York New York	Arkham Massachusetts	Boston Massachusetts	St. Paul Minnesota
FORMER OCCUPATION	Trainee Teacher	Crop Duster	Chief Mechanic	Car Lot Operator	Engineering Postgraduate	Factory Maintenance	Auto Mechanic
							Gas Pump Attendant

Not shown: 9th Crew member: John 'Red' Wovoka, Staff Sergeant, Assistant Radio Operator and Gunner, Aged 24, from Tucumcari, Arizona.

BAILOUT HANDOUTS FOR CAPTAIN ALAN PIERCE

Character Equipment

You don't have much time.

Items already on your person:

Shearling-lined flying jacket,
Emergency parachute (on chest),
Parachute (on back),
Uniform,
Puttees,
Boots,
Dogtags,
Wallet inc. £2 in Libyan currency, photos of wife
and older brother and his family,
Silver-plated cigarette case (gift from parents) and
11 cigarettes,
Silver-plated lighter (gift from wife) about 1/3 full,
Wristwatch,
Polarised Goggles (around neck),
Mae West lifejacket.

Other items within grabbing distance as you exit

Goodnight Vienna:

Browning .45 automatic (7 shots, 1 per round,
damage 1D10+2) and 2 spare clips on belt holster.
Mess kit.
2 Packs of K Rations.
Steel signalling mirror.
Canteen, half full of water.
Very flare pistol.
Box of ten 10 flare pistol shells.
Trinket and gold coin barter kit.
Your dress cap.

Jump script:

Cap: This is the last thing you want to do, but ditching at sea at night is far too risky. Can't understand why the base doesn't respond but you've sent the SOS and can't wait any longer. Steady. Two engines already dying. Verne agrees. You've given the order to bail out, and to do it fast so you're not spread across the Med. Jack takes the first raft, Verne the second one. You are the last man out. You don't want to be the captain who goes down with the ship. Vern will call you from the door. What's stopping him? The third engine splutters. At last, the call. Being alone for the first time on the plane in the air. You don't like it. You have no trouble jumping after the others. *Goodbye Goodnight Vienna.*

Parachute descent

I pull the rip cord. What happens?

Let's hope it opens. Roll d100. It's a **Luck** roll but the parachute will open with any rolls except 95-00. If it doesn't open, consult the GM.

My parachute opens. What do I do?

You need to control your descent. You learned about this in the afternoon you spent on parachute training. Your skill is figured by your **Jump** roll, which in your case is (varies from player to player) %. All you have to do is make the roll to control your descent.

If you fail it you can have another try to correct the problem. If that roll succeeds you have corrected the problem and succeeded in controlling your descent.

If you have two failed rolls and/or any fumbles (96-00) consult the GM.

Finally, I'm below the clouds. What can I see below?

Not what you expected to see.

BAILOUT HANDOUTS FOR VERNE HOWARD

Character Equipment

You don't have much time.

Items already on your person:

Shearling-lined flying jacket,
Emergency parachute (on chest),
Parachute (on back),
Uniform,
Puttees,
Boots,
Browning .45 automatic (7 shots, 1 per round,
damage 1D10+2) and 2 spare clips on belt holster.
Dog Tags and P38 collapsible US can-opener,
Mae West lifejacket.
Wallet containing \$5 in local currency.
Packet of cigarettes, 8 left.
Book of matches, 7 left.

Other items within grabbing distance as you exit Goodnight Vienna:

Sunglasses.
Mess kit.
Pack of K Rations.
Small canteen, one third full of whisky.
Knife, folding, (damage 1d4 +2).
Pocket compass.

**DON'T FORGET TO THROW OUT THE RAFT
USING THE FIXED LINE!**

Jump script:

Vern: This trip has been a total bust from the start with Chuck worrying about sand damage to the engines to Lenny's busted direction finder. Then Alan wanted to wimp out on the bombing run. That's as close as you've come to a fight in a long time. Now there's no other choice but to bail out and lose the plane, take your chances in the sea. No time to waste. What's the hold up? What's the hold up? What's the hold up? What's the hold up? All you can see is Lenny's ass. Now he's moving. What was it? Hope it wasn't something with the other raft. Call Alan while Lenny jumps. The wind screaming. Inflatable first, Goddamn thing. It inflated immediately when it should have time delayed. Your turn to jump. Go.

Parachute descent

I pull the rip cord. What happens?

Let's hope it opens. Roll d100. Its a Luck roll but the parachute will open with any rolls except 95-00. If it doesn't open, consult the GM.

My parachute opens. What do I do?

You need to control your descent. You learned about this in the afternoon you spent on parachute training. Your skill is figured by your Jump roll, which in your case is (varies from player to player) %. All you have to do is make the roll to control your descent.

If you fail it you can have another try to correct the problem. If that roll succeeds you have corrected the problem and succeeded in controlling your descent.

If you have two failed rolls and/or any fumbles (96-00) consult the GM.

Finally, I'm below the clouds. What can I see below?

Not what you expected to see.

BAILOUT HANDOUTS FOR 'LENNY' LECH KARPOWICZ

Character Equipment

You don't have much time.

Items already on your person:

Knife, folding, (damage 1d4 +2),
Shearling-lined flying jacket,
Emergency parachute (on chest)
Parachute (on back)
Uniform,
Puttees,
Boots,
Note book inc. Arabic phrases, navigation
calculations and crib notes,
Silk maps of Southern Italy, Sicily and Northern
Libya,
Dog Tags and P38 collapsible US can-opener,
Wristwatch,
Mae West lifejacket,
Pocket Compass.

Other items within grabbing distance as you exit Goodnight Vienna:

Thermos of coffee, nearly empty.
Your mess kit.
Sunglasses.
Pack of K Rations.
Steel signalling mirror.
Canteen, one third full of water.
Very Flare pistol.
Box of 10 shells for the Flare pistol.

Jump script:

Lenny: You're confident that you'll be able to make the coast from wherever you splash down but you can't help feeling from the intercom chat that everyone seems to hold you responsible for most of what's gone wrong. But the direction finder should have been working, or Chuck should have been able to fix it. Everything you know about parachute jumping is theoretical and you'd have preferred to attempt the ditch, but it won't do to contradict Cap now. Harry's in the way. Making signs you don't understand. Some problem. What's the hold up? You hear Vern shouting behind you. Harry goes ahead. You're next. Scared. But you jump.

Parachute descent

I pull the rip cord. What happens?

Let's hope it opens. Roll d100. It's a Luck roll but the parachute will open with any rolls except 95-00. If it doesn't open, consult the GM.

My parachute opens. What do I do?

You need to control your descent. You learned about this in the afternoon you spent on parachute training. Your skill is figured by your Jump roll, which in your case is (varies from player to player)%. All you have to do is make the roll to control your descent.

If you fail it you can have another try to correct the problem. If that roll succeeds you have corrected the problem and succeeded in controlling your descent.

If you have two failed rolls and/or any fumbles (96-00) consult the GM.

Finally, I'm below the clouds. What can I see below?

Not what you expected to see.

BAILOUT HANDOUTS FOR HARRY DUFFY

Character Equipment

You don't have much time.

Items already on your person:

Shearling-lined flying jacket,
Emergency parachute (on chest)
Parachute (on back)
Browning .45 automatic (7 shots, 1 per round,
damage 1D10+2) on belt holster.
Uniform,
Puttees,
Boots,
Dogtags,
Wristwatch,
Wallet inc. £1 in local currency, photos of Betty
Grable, Veronica Lake and Mae West
Packet of 9 cigarettes,
Book of matches, 10 left,
Mae West lifejacket.

Other items within grabbing distance as you exit Goodnight Vienna:

Mess kit.
Code and cipher book.
USAAF Regulations book.
Arabic phrasebook.
Pack of K Rations.
Electric Torch.
2 spare clips for your Browning automatic.
Lucky picture of Rita Hayworth.

Jump script:

Harry: You can't believe the base won't answer, even the SOS. Should've started trying sooner. You're as scared of the Messerschmitts as anyone but the prospect of drowning is worse. Don't think about it. Red is taking it really badly though. He's actually scared of the sea. In fact you're worried he's going to crack up and block the crawlspace. He won't listen to you and he's too big and strong for you to manhandle. No, he's moving. Phew. Deep breath. Follow. Got to wait. Lenny behind you, try and signal him about Red. He doesn't get it. There goes Dutch. Steady yourself. After you, Chuck. OK. Now. Jump.

Parachute descent

I pull the rip cord. What happens?

Let's hope it opens. Roll d100. Its a Luck roll but the parachute will open with any rolls except 95-00. If it doesn't open, consult the GM.

My parachute opens. What do I do?

You need to control your descent. You learned about this in the afternoon you spent on parachute training. Your skill is figured by your Jump roll, which in your case is (varies from player to player) %. All you have to do is make the roll to control your descent.

If you fail it you can have another try to correct the problem. If that roll succeeds you have corrected the problem and succeeded in controlling your descent.

If you have two failed rolls and/or any fumbles (96-00) consult the GM.

Finally, I'm below the clouds. What can I see below?

Not what you expected to see.

BAILOUT HANDOUTS FOR CESARE 'DANNY' DANOVA

Character Equipment

You don't have much time.

Items already on your person:

A2 Leather flying jacket,
Browning .45 automatic (7 shots, 1 per round, damage 1D10+2) and 2 spare clips in shoulder holster.
Emergency parachute (on chest)
Parachute (on back)
Uniform,
Puttees,
Boots,
Dogtags, your first wife's wedding ring,
Wristwatch,
Wallet inc. \$6 in Libyan currency, risque photo of Josephine Baker tucked inside,
Pack of cards,
Mae West lifejacket.

Other items within grabbing distance as you exit Goodnight Vienna:

Mess kit.
2 Packs of K Rations.
Silver-plated cigarette case of Italian origin and 12 cigarettes.
Box of matches, containing about 20.
Hipflask about one third full of Benghazi Cherry Brandy.
Bar of chocolate.
Envelope with mission target instructions.

Jump script:

Danny: Jesus Christ, what a roll of the dice this is. You want to be near Jack and the raft. Sharks in the Med probably aren't too big but you don't want to find out. It looks like Red has a bigger problem than you with that idea. He doesn't want to jump. You let him know you're there but he's shouting and shaking his head. Something about Hell below and the devil in the water. This is going to get rough. Come on, you big Indian slob. You may be able to take Dutch but you won't take me. Jump you sucker. And he does. Good. Check gear, let Jack launch the raft and go after it. Now you.

Parachute descent

I pull the rip cord. What happens?

Let's hope it opens. Roll d100. It's a Luck roll but the parachute will open with any rolls except 95-00. If it doesn't open, consult the GM.

My parachute opens. What do I do?

You need to control your descent. You learned about this in the afternoon you spent on parachute training. Your skill is figured by your Jump roll, which in your case is (varies from player to player) %. All you have to do is make the roll to control your descent.

If you fail it you can have another try to correct the problem. If that roll succeeds you have corrected the problem and succeeded in controlling your descent.

If you have two failed rolls and/or any fumbles (96-00) consult the GM.

Finally, I'm below the clouds. What can I see below?

Not what you expected to see.

BAILOUT HANDOUTS FOR CHARLES KINGSLEY

Character Equipment

You don't have much time.

Items already on your person:

A2 leather flying jacket,
Emergency parachute (on chest)
Parachute (on back)
Uniform,
Puttees,
Boots,
Dogtags,
Wristwatch,
Wallet inc. \$5 in Libyan currency, photos of fiancée
and your family,
Your Pipe and tobacco pouch,
Mae West lifejacket.

Other items within grabbing distance as you exit Goodnight Vienna:

Mess kit.
Packs of K Rations.
Stainless Steel Lighter about one third full.
Wiring diagrams for B24.
Flight Engineers Manual for B24.
Flight Engineers Fault Report file.
Half-size Pencil.
Torn up pieces of the 'Dear John' letter from your
fiancée, Agatha.
Electric Torch.
Canteen, one third full of water.
Specialist tool kit in large leather wallet.

Jump script:

Chuck: Bad luck has hung over this mission like a cloud. The Vienna hasn't liked sand in its starboard engines and has given you cause to worry the whole way. You're sure that there's some drag, an imbalance between the two sets of engines, and you can almost hear it. Dutch agrees. Then Lenny has been sweating over his direction finder. He relies on it too much. At least Harry was able to confirm the course before the radio got nothing but static. But his is not the moment for a post mortem. You go your separate ways from the Vienna now and only need your parachute to work. Harry kindly lets you go first. Jump.

Parachute descent

I pull the rip cord. What happens?

Let's hope it opens. Roll d100. Its a Luck roll but the parachute will open with any rolls except 95-00. If it doesn't open, consult the GM.

My parachute opens. What do I do?

You need to control your descent. You learned about this in the afternoon you spent on parachute training. Your skill is figured by your Jump roll, which in your case is (varies from player to player) %. All you have to do is make the roll to control your descent.

If you fail it you can have another try to correct the problem. If that roll succeeds you have corrected the problem and succeeded in controlling your descent.

If you have two failed rolls and/or any fumbles (96-00) consult the GM.

Finally, I'm below the clouds. What can I see below?

Not what you expected to see.

BAILOUT HANDOUTS FOR HAROLD 'DUTCH' BARNEVELDE

Character Equipment

You don't have much time.

Items already on your person:

A2 Leather flying jacket,
Emergency parachute (on chest),
Parachute (on back),
Uniform,
Puttees,
Boots,
Dogtags,
Wallet inc. \$3 in Libyan currency,
Pack of gum, 2 sticks left,
Mae West lifejacket.

Other items within grabbing distance as you exit Goodnight Vienna:

Browning .45 automatic (7 shots, 1 per round,
damage 1D10+2) and 1 spare clip in belt holster.
Mess kit.
Pack of K Rations.
Sunglasses.
Heavy spanner (25%, damage 1D6).
Screwdriver (15%, damage 1D8).
New 'Standard folding blade knife/ machete'
(25% damage 1D4+2).
Fine nozzle half-pint oilcan, 2/3 full.

Jump script:

Dutch: You need to take this plane apart and put it together again. You know how to fix the direction finder too if you could get it home. It pisses you off that they will write off the plane and let it feed the fishes, but you can't fix everything. Now there's a problem with the bail out. Red acting funny, cracking up. Jack on the other side is holding back; leaving it to you. Danny is there to help. Red knows he has to go and he does. Hope Jack knows what he is doing with the raft. Danny follows him, then you.

Parachute descent

I pull the rip cord. What happens?

Let's hope it opens. Roll d100. It's a Luck roll but the parachute will open with any rolls except 95-00. If it doesn't open, consult the GM.

My parachute opens. What do I do?

You need to control your descent. You learned about this in the afternoon you spent on parachute training. Your skill is figured by your Jump roll, which in your case is (varies from player to player) %. All you have to do is make the roll to control your descent.

If you fail it you can have another try to correct the problem. If that roll succeeds you have corrected the problem and succeeded in controlling your descent.

If you have two failed rolls and/or any fumbles (96-00) consult the GM.

Finally, I'm below the clouds. What can I see below?

Not what you expected to see.

BAILOUT HANDOUTS FOR JACK TOLSON

Character Equipment

You don't have much time.

Items already on your person:

A2 Leather flying jacket,
Emergency parachute (on chest),
Parachute (on back),
Uniform,
Puttees,
Boots,
Dogtags,
Wallet inc. \$2 in Libyan currency, photos of mother,
father and Sister,
Packet of chewing gum, three sticks left,
Wristwatch,
Polarised Goggles (around neck),
Mae West lifejacket.

Other items within grabbing distance as you exit Goodnight Vienna:

Browning .45 automatic (7 shots, 1 per round,
damage 1D10+2) and spare clip on belt holster.
Mess kit.
Pack of K Rations.
Spit and Gaff Fishing Kit (small tin box containing
hooks and arrowhead).
Lucky picture of Betty Grable.
Pocket Bible.

**DON'T FORGET TO THROW OUT THE RAFT
USING THE FIXED LINE!**

Jump script:

Jack: You can't believe this, how long you've been flying and still over the sea. Now you're waiting for the others and have to be the first to jump, with the raft. Cap explains things to you like you're an idiot sometimes. You're doing what he said. You've opened the door. So where are the others? It's Red. There's some sort of commotion with Red and he's holding the others up. Shouting. Afraid or angry? Now he's jumped. You were supposed to go first. No, the raft first, Stupid. Pull the cord and shove. You see it's chute open. It inflates on a timer after that. You don't want to land too far from it. Jump.

Parachute descent

I pull the rip cord. What happens?

Let's hope it opens. Roll d100. Its a Luck roll but the parachute will open with any rolls except 95-00. If it doesn't open, consult the GM.

My parachute opens. What do I do?

You need to control your descent. You learned about this in the afternoon you spent on parachute training. Your skill is figured by your Jump roll, which in your case is (varies from player to player) %. All you have to do is make the roll to control your descent.

If you fail it you can have another try to correct the problem. If that roll succeeds you have corrected the problem and succeeded in controlling your descent.

If you have two failed rolls and/or any fumbles (96-00) consult the GM.

Finally, I'm below the clouds. What can I see below?

Not what you expected to see.

Goodnight Vienna in playtesting

Assigning characters

I let player seating determine which character was handed out, clockwise by rank. It worked really well EXCEPT that this is (necessarily) different to the order of jumping and when the characters are trying to find each other in the desert it would be clearer if the characters were handed out in jumping order or re-seated in this order.

Set-up

The full crew sheet (p.46) worked well as a reference point while players assimilated their character background sheets. Presentation of bail-out equipment sheets and Jump scripts needs to be carefully handled. The simultaneous readings went well, generated a good sense of confusion and it was some while before crew members pieced together what had actually occurred.

The Jump

One example set of rolls: Two minor injuries, one serious, one fatal or at least so serious the character would be unable to move and therefore participate. This might have been spun out a little more but with a spare character to hand it was important to give the player a more fruitful opportunity. Without a spare character (i.e. 8 players), there is Wovoka who can be saved but there remains the risk of an early bath for a player if more than one set of Landing rolls are very poor.

Petrol

The temptation to use fuel as an offensive weapon invariably comes up but it really needs to be made clear by an IDEA roll that this curtails distances that can be travelled with the Model Ts.

Handouts

For the text handouts, handwritten material is preferable to a photocopy of pp. 21-2 and Neil Marsh's journal can easily be mocked up, though it should probably be bound in some way because the player who found it at Continuum immediately dismantled it. Since the journal is meant to be handwritten mistakes and crossings out are acceptable.

Sources

The case of the Lady Be Good was the inspiration for a scenario about a plane crew lost in the Sahara. In real life, the horror experienced was a merciless exposure to existential nature. This scenario - a work of fiction - is respectfully dedicated to those who died.

There are a couple of useful websites which will lead you to the relevant books:

[www.qmfound.com/lady be good b-24 bomber recovery.htm](http://www.qmfound.com/lady_be_good_b-24_bomber_recovery.htm)

www.ladybegood.com/

For 1940s pin-ups, try:

www.bombshells.com/

For features of the Sahara and history of its discovery the following site is ideal. I sourced ALL my desert picture handouts from it, and much else.

www.fjexpeditions.com/frameset/news.htm

A movie that ends up with ill-fated men staggering about in a (different) desert and the source of the bottom of the lake hallucination on page 17 is *Burke and Wills* (1985)

Another source of information or an ongoing resource perhaps was the membership of Yog-Sothoth.com who proved to be a fount of wisdom, facts and tips during the development of the scenario.

APPENDIX

An alternative version of Goodnight Vienna

Unless you are at a convention, rounding up eight players can be difficult. This version can be employed for 3 or 4 players. In it the players are the crew of a British Bristol Blenheim flying from North Africa on a bombing run who experience exactly the same mishaps as the larger American crew in the full version of the scenario. With fewer bodies on the ground this version of the scenario feels bleaker and this is far more desirable than trying to run the B24 version with too few PCs and thus either giving them a cushion of NPCs, more than one character to run, or trimming crew size with a rash of equipment failure.

The Bristol Blenheim was in service 1937-1942 and was not generally popular with its crews. It had two engines and was 42 feet long with a wingspan of 56 feet. It had a maximum speed of 266 mph, a range of 1950 miles, a ceiling of 31,500 ft, and a payload of 1000 lbs. There is a machinegun in the nose plus two in the 'chin' turret and two in the dorsal turret.

Three man Blenheim crews consisted of a Pilot, a Navigator/Bombardier and a Wireless Operator/Gunner. One extra may be squeezed on board in exceptional circumstances. This allows a further option with the crew additionally tasked to drop an SOE operative in occupied Italy, an objective which, because of navigational problems, has to be aborted.

What needs to be changed in the scenario text to run this version:

The chief changes necessary are all to do with the set-up which are dealt with in the next paragraph. Different character sheets and backgrounds and different handouts for Choices on Day One are provided. Otherwise the circumstances for the smaller group are the same and all the GM need to is consider adjusting the Mythos opposition to match the strength of the group.

The player's background is nearly the same, just with a change of plane and air force. There are no jump scripts and instead of tailored items to be grabbed while leaving the plane in this version there is a single list which the players see in order of their leaving the plane for twenty seconds each, using the

time to write (fully) the items they are picking up on their equipment list. The GM crosses those items off the central list before passing it on to the next crew member. No-one is scripted to die during the drop, and the GM is to explain and observe all the rolls for parachute descent. The Blenheim's single inflatable proves to be as defective as the one launched by Verne Howard in the B24 version (i.e. it inflates prematurely). Its remains can be sought and found as per the second raft in Finding the Inflatables but with the added disincentive that it has no radio.

The current situation

The Keeper can read the following out:

“The last bombing run has gone really badly for the ‘Goodnight Vienna’:

“You set off from your airfield near Benghazi (Libya) in the middle of a sandstorm and lost sight of the rest of the squadron immediately. Probably got some sand in the engine which was sounding odd. The direction finder was also malfunctioning which put Len at a disadvantage and you actually discussed ditching the bombs and turning around and just making it home. In the end you got to Naples, however, and dropped your stick on the railyards. The city was already obscured by smoke from the rest of the squadron's efforts but you saw no sign of them. Fearing Messerschmitts would be back in the air very soon and that you had no one else to help you spot them coming in you headed back in a hurry. As per orders radio silence was maintained but with a strong backwind now, only swiftly moving clouds below and no direction finder Len was still struggling. Eventually after 7 hours in the air you radioed the field for a bearing and found you were coming in on the right line, but the signal was weak and you haven't been able to get confirmation of position. After 8 and a half hours you're somewhere over the Med, flying down at 7000ft with the engines beginning to splutter and its time to jump. This is the order: Harry, Len, then Clutters with the inflatable. Last chance to grab things or ditch them. Goodbye Goodnight Vienna.”

The last thoughts the crew have before jumping are indicated following and are reprinted at the foot of the players' Character Background and Equipment pages.

Alternative Version CREW Stats at a glance (for GM)

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	APP	INT	POW	EDU	HP	SAN
Hugh Clutterbuck (Pilot)	10	13	11	13	12	16	14	12	12	70
Len Cooper (Navigator/Bombadier)	14	14	12	15	11	11	10	09	13	50
Harold Duffy (Wireless Op./Gunner)	13	14	10	11	14	12	09	17	12	45
C. Duncan-Briggs (Passenger/Cargo)	11	13	13	11	15	14	12	17	13	50

Skills above Average:

Clutters	Dance 15%, CR 45%, Dodge 36%, Drive Auto 60%, First Aid 40%, Jump 45%, Navigate 30%, Op. Heavy Machinery 40%, Persuade 35%, Pilot Aeroplane 60%, Psychology 25%, Spot Hidden 65%, Handgun 40%, Machinegun 55%, Fist Punch 60%
Lenny	Chemistry 20%, Electrical Repair 40%, Fast Talk 25%, First Aid 40%, Hide 20%, Jump 55%, Listen 35%, Locksmith 20%, Mechanical Repair 80%, Navigate 70%, Operate Heavy Machinery 50%, French 10%, Arabic 10%, Pilot Aeroplane 30%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 55%, Swim 35%
Duffers	Anthropology 10%, Archaeology 15%, Draw 05%, Climb 50%, Electrical Repair 60%, First Aid 40%, Geology 10%, History 30%, Jump 65%, Locksmith 25%, Mechanical Repair 60%, Natural History 20%, Operate Heavy Machinery 20%, Physics 10%, Spot Hidden 55%, Throw 45%, Handgun 40%, Machinegun 65%, Fist Punch 60%
Duncan-Briggs	Dance 10%, Climb 50%, Conceal 35%, Dodge 27%, Fast Talk 25%, First Aid 60%, Hide 50%, Jump 65%, Listen 35%, Martial Arts 30%, Italian 70%, Persuade 35%, Psychology 45%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 55%, Swim 30%, Handgun 60%, Fist Punch 60%

Clutters:

This is the last thing you want to do, but ditching at sea at night is far too risky to attempt. Can't understand why the base doesn't respond but have sent the SOS and can't wait any longer.

Len:

You're confident that you'll be able to make the coast from wherever you land but, from his tone, Clutters seems to hold you responsible for most of what's gone wrong. Everything you know about parachute jumping is theoretical and you'd prefer to attempt the ditch, but it won't do to contradict him now.

Harry:

You can't believe the base won't answer, even the SOS. Should've started trying sooner. You're as scared of the Messerschmitts as anyone but the prospect of drowning is worse. Don't think about it.

Duncan-Briggs:

This is about a big a mess as it could possibly be. This shower have not only lost their base, they don't seem to be able to find Africa. The thought of sharing an inflatable raft with them is awful, but that's what it seems things have come to.

ITEM LIST

(for all crew members)

You don't have much time.

You must all jump close together or land possibly miles apart.

Other items within grabbing distance as you exit Goodnight Vienna:

Thermos of coffee, nearly empty.

Your mess kit.

Torch.

Pack of K Rations.

Steel signalling mirror.

Water canteen.

Very flare pistol.

Spit and gaff fishing kit.

Trinket/coin barter kit.

Lucky picture of Rita Hayworth.

Mouth organ.

HANDOUT for Hugh Clutterbuck

Unhappy landing

At first you thought you might have all landed on your feet, literally, and be somewhere on the coast near the airfield. That clearly isn't so, which is bad for all of you. This desert kills and quickly. Last year when you were stationed a long way from the action you got the call to go on a rescue mission, if it could be called that, near a training field in southern Egypt. Len and Harry were on leave in Cairo. Three Royal South African Air Force Blenheims on a training mission had gone missing. They'd done the basic test of returning to base but then flew on, past the field, lost their bearings and ran short of fuel. All landed safely in the desert, piped all the remaining fuel into one plane and sent it up to find the field. The first day it came back having seen nothing but desert, the second it didn't. The search was delayed for a few days because a sandstorm grounded everything and the base they got lost from didn't have any back up planes to search with. You found the single plane first; four men (each plane had an instructor on board!) baked to death. It was even worse when you found the two planes. In five days there was one man left out of the 8. All had set out fit and tough. He was a feeble, gibbering wreck and you couldn't fault him for it. They'd done absolutely everything wrong. Not enough water, didn't ration it until the third day because they thought they'd be rescued. Then they tried to cool down by using CO₂ extinguishers and got patches of frostbite. Some got so thirsty they drank the alcohol from the plane's compasses. Madness and suicide followed. You buried all 11 dead in a square plot marked with four oil drums. You haven't talked about this excursion with Len and Harry. You do know that some changes in procedure followed the enquiry. They ring hollow to you now: always take clear bearings, maintain radio contact, have rescue planes available, stay by your plane and mark the site clearly. You've managed to get all of that wrong already between you. And if they look for you, they'll look for you at sea. Bugger. Your only hope is to make for the coast.

HANDOUT for Len Cooper

Unhappy Landing

You can't understand how you ended up on land. By your reckoning you still hadn't made the coast. You wish you'd practiced that sort of calculation more, but if the Direction Finder had worked... And you got the reciprocal bearing from the base to check you were on course...

Hell's bells. Now you see it. You came across this in Navigation school but it was one of those freakish examples and you didn't think it could happen again. Nothing to do with crosswinds or sand in the starboard engines. It comes of thinking you were still north of base when you got the reciprocal bearing. What if you were really south of it, going away. Then the bearing would only make you overshoot further. You flew for another two hours, and therefore could be another four hundred miles...

You're nowhere near the coast. You're in the big blank on the map, the Libyan desert, the eastern Sahara.

You feel sick, but what are you going to tell the others?

HANDOUT for Harry Duffy

Turned out nice again!

The first thing you thought when you landed was: 'Tide's gone out!'

As long as someone can tell you which way is north you'll keep walking. You've got to get to the coast sooner or later. This wasteland looks just like outside Benghazi.

This is much better than drowning anyway.

A song would be good. Only one springs to mind — a George Formby funny:

On the seaside sands all day,
the folks may romp and laugh,
But there's heaps of fun and a lot more done,
on the sands when it is dark.

Its nice to watch the breezes blow,
and when the moon shines bright,
you can sometimes see a lot of funny things
through sitting on the sands all night.

Courting couples side by side,
they hug each other tight.
Many chaps've got a lot to answer for,
through sittin' on the sands all night.

1940s

Name 'Clutters' Hugh Clutterbuck
Rank Flight Officer
Function Pilot
Former Occup. Trainee Teacher
Birthplace Stevenage
Sex male **Age** 28

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS

STR 10 **DEX** 13 **INT** 16
CON 13 **APP** 12 **POW** 14
SIZ 11 **SAN** 70 **EDU** 12

Idea 75 **Luck** 50 **Know** 60

99 Cthulhu Mythos Damage Bonus

SANITY POINTS

Insane 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25
 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40
 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55
 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70
 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85
 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

MAGIC POINTS

Unconscious 0 1 2
 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 20 21 22 23
 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

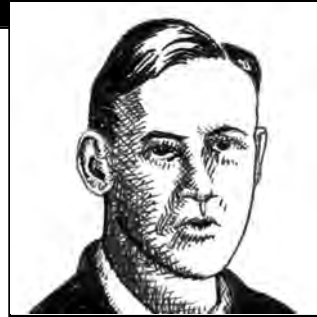
HIT POINTS

Dead -2 -1 0 1 2
 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 21 22 23 24
 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

**CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
 GOODNIGHT VIENNA (UK)**

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	45
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05
Archaeology		Library Use (25%)	25
Art (05%) Dance	15	Listen (25%)	25
		Locksmith	
Astronomy		Martial Arts	
Bargain (05%)	05	Mechanical Repair (20%)	20
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	10
Climb (40%)	40	Navigate (10%)	30
Conceal (15%)	15	Occult (05%)	05
Craft (05%)	05	Operate Hvy. Machine	40
		Other Language	
Credit Rating (15%)	45		
Cthulhu Mythos			
Dodge (DEXx2)	36	Own Language (EDUx5%)	60
Drive Auto (20%)	60	Persuade (15%)	35
Electrical Repair (10%)	10	Pharmacy	
Fast Talk (05%)	05	Photography (10%)	10
First Aid (30%)	40	Physics	10
Geology		Pilot Aeroplane	60
Hide (10%)	10	Psychoanalysis	
History (20%)	20	Psychology (05%)	25



Ride (05%)	05
Sneak (10%)	10
Spot Hidden (25%)	65
Swim (25%)	25
Throw (25%)	25
Track (10%)	10

Firearms

Handgun (20%)	40
Machine Gun (15%)	55
Rifle (25%)	25
Shotgun (30%)	30
Submachine Gun (15%)	15

HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS

Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	60	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a

FIREARMS

Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf.	HPs
Webley .455	40%	1D10+2	15y	1	6	00	10

Hugh Clutterbuck

Known as **Clutters** to Friends and Colleagues

Flight Officer / Pilot

Stevenage born and bred, a second son. The war has made you grow up fast. Ideas about becoming a teacher got cast aside by the need to defeat the fascists. And when you realised the men who trained alongside you were dying in great numbers it finally sunk in that this life might be short. You married Edith, Edey, your sweetheart and had fourteen days compassionate leave to enjoy before returning to the unit and being sent to North Africa.

The move has been both good and bad. Before Monty took charge you were heavily involved in bombing German positions before attacks that failed so badly you had to worry whether the airfield you set out from would still be in Allied hands by the time you got back. Now the tide has turned. Even so, you don't like the climate and will be glad to be based in Italy, if and when you finally invade, rather than simply bombing parts of it.

You are happy with your crew; Len and Harry are competent and reliable. It will probably be awkward maintaining the friendships back in England but you'll always share a bond with these men.

Equipment carried:

Webley .455 revolver (5 shots loaded) and 20 spare bullets
Shearling-lined flying jacket,
Uniform,
Puttees,
Boots,
Dogtags,
Wallet inc. £2 in local currency, photos of wife and older brother and his family,
Silver-plated cigarette (gift from parents) and 11 cigarettes,
Silver-plated Lighter (gift from wife) about one third full,
Polarised Goggles,
Mae West lifejacket,
Parachute

Additional equipment:

Inflatable life raft containing bailout rations (needs to be launched with cord pulled, will inflate on the way down).

Last thoughts before leaving the plane:

This is the last thing you want to do, but ditching at sea at night is far too risky to attempt. Can't understand why the base doesn't respond but have sent the SOS and can't wait any longer. Goodbye Goodnight Vienna.

1940s

Name	'Len' Leonard Cooper
Rank	Sergeant
Function	Bombadier / Navigator
Former Occup.	Motor Mechanic
Birthplace	Bristol
Sex	male Age 27


CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS					
STR	14	DEX	15	INT	10
CON	14	APP	11	POW	10
SIZ	12	SAN	50	EDU	09
Idea	50	Luck	50	Know	45
99 Cthulhu Mythos			Damage Bonus +1D4		

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
GOODNIGHT VIENNA (UK)

SANITY POINTS												
Insane	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34
	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46
	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58
	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70
	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82
	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94
	95	96	97	98	99							

MAGIC POINTS												
Unconscious	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30					

HIT POINTS												
Dead	-2	-1	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31			

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS												
Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	55									
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05									
Archaeology		Library Use (25%)	25									
Art (05%) Harmonica	05	Listen (25%)	35									
Astronomy		Locksmith	20									
Bargain (05%)	05	Martial Arts										
Biology		Mechanical Repair (20%)	80									
Chemistry		Medicine (05%)	05									
Climb (40%)	40	Natural History (10%)	10									
Conceal (15%)	15	Navigate (10%)	70									
Craft (05%)	05	Occult (05%)	05									
Credit Rating (15%)	15	Operate Hvy. Machine	50									
Cthulhu Mythos		Other Language										
Dodge (DEXx2)	30	French	10	Ride (05%)	05							
Drive Auto (20%)	20	Arabic	10	Sneak (10%)	10							
Electrical Repair (10%)	40	Own Language (EDUx5%)	45	Spot Hidden (25%)	55							
Fast Talk (05%)	25	Persuade (15%)	15	Swim (25%)	35							
First Aid (30%)	40	Pharmacy		Throw (25%)	25							
Geology		Photography (10%)	10	Track (10%)	10							
Hide (10%)	20	Physics										
History (20%)	20	Pilot Aeroplane	30	Firearms								
		Psychoanalysis		Handgun (20%)	20							
		Psychology (05%)	05	Machine Gun (15%)	15							
				Rifle (25%)	25							
				Shotgun (30%)	30							
				Submachine Gun (15%)	15							

HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS			
Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	50	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	35	special	n/a
Knife (25%)	25	1D4+db	4

FIREARMS						
Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf. HPs

Leonard Cooper

Known as **Len** to Friends and Colleagues

Bombadier / Navigator

Bristol born and bred, an only child, you were encouraged by your parents to believe that you could do anything you set your mind to and you have set out to prove them right.

From school you made excellent progress as a mechanic working for a large haulage company and have both an inquiring mind and a gift for fixing things.

You studied hard in your own time and in your own way rather than learn with others and, as a result, have less qualifications than someone of your knowledge and ability might. You haven't let that stop you though, even though that has meant cutting some corners in the RAF to be made part of a Flight Crew. You're learning what it will take to be a pilot and Clutters is a good teacher. Duffers is good company but lacks drive.

You're sociable but an individual and don't smoke, unlike everyone else.

While in North Africa you have picked up some French and Arabic. You never know who or what will come in handy though you're beginning to think you should have worked on Italian instead. Not every choice works out. You keep very quiet about the time you were in the Bristol Blackshirts before you realised what a fool Moseley was.

Equipment carried:

Knife,
Shearling-lined flying jacket,
Uniform,
Puttees,
Boots,
Note book inc. Arabic phrases, navigation calculations and crib notes,
Silk map of Libya,
P38 collapsible US can-opener (with dog tags),
Sunglasses,
Mae West lifejacket,
Parachute.

Last thoughts before leaving the plane:

You're confident that you'll be able to make the coast from wherever you land but, from his tone, Clutters seems to hold you responsible for most of what's gone wrong. Everything about parachute jumping is theoretical and you'd prefer to attempt the ditch, but it won't do to contradict him now. Goodbye Goodnight Vienna.

1940s

Name	'Duffers' Harold Duffy		
Rank	Sergeant		
Function	Wireless Operator / Gunner		
Former Occup.	Factory Electrician		
Birthplace	Manchester		
Sex	male	Age	27

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS

STR	13	DEX	11	INT	12
CON	14	APP	14	POW	09
SIZ	10	SAN	45	EDU	17
Idea	60	Luck	45	Know	85
99 Cthulhu Mythos			Damage Bonus		

SANITY POINTS

Insane	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43
	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98
	99										

MAGIC POINTS

Unconscious	0	1	2
	3	4	5
	6	7	8
	9	10	11
	12	13	14
	15	16	17
	18	19	20
	21	22	23
	24	25	26
	27	28	29
	30		

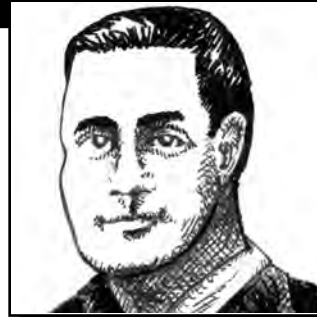
HIT POINTS

Dead	-2	-1	0	1	2
	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31	

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
GOODNIGHT VIENNA (UK)

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	65
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05
Archaeology		Library Use (25%)	25
Art (05%) Draw	05	Listen (25%)	25
		Locksmith	25
Astronomy		Martial Arts	
Bargain (05%)	05	Mechanical Repair (20%)	60
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	20
Climb (40%)	50	Navigate (10%)	10
Conceal (15%)	15	Occult (05%)	05
Craft (05%)	05	Operate Hvy. Machine	20
		Other Language	
Credit Rating (15%)	15		
Cthulhu Mythos			
Dodge (DEXx2)	22	Own Language (EDUx5%)	85
Drive Auto (20%)	20	Persuade (15%)	15
Electrical Repair (10%)	60	Pharmacy	
Fast Talk (05%)	25	Photography (10%)	10
First Aid (30%)	40	Physics	10
Geology	10	Pilot Aeroplane	30
Hide (10%)	20	Psychoanalysis	
History (20%)	30	Psychology (05%)	15



Ride (05%)	05
Sneak (10%)	10
Spot Hidden (25%)	55
Swim (25%)	35
Throw (25%)	45
Track (10%)	20

Firearms

Handgun (20%)	40
Machine Gun (15%)	65
Rifle (25%)	25
Shotgun (30%)	30
Submachine Gun (15%)	15

HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS

Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	60	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a

FIREARMS

Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf.	HPs
Webley .455	40	1D10+2	15y	1	6	00	10

Harold Michael Joseph Duffy

Known as Duffers or **Harry** to Friends and Colleagues

Wireless Operator / Gunner

Born into a large Catholic, Manchester family with few aspirations (7th child, fourth son) you were doing well for yourself with a responsible and skilled factory job (electrical maintenance) when the war came. Everyone working there before you avoided the draft, you didn't, but not to worry; you've got to see a bit of the world now. You were shipped all the way around Africa (stopped at Cape Town, climbed Table Mountain) to join the RAF support for the 8th Army in the big push that became 'the end of the beginning' according to Mr. Churchill. You used to think he was just a bloody Tory but you think he's the right man for the job now.

You talk a lot, not to any great purpose, just to remain cheerful. You're fond of saying how you're going to Berlin and you don't care how long it takes. Cap once told you 'You really are a glass is half full type of person, aren't you Harry?' That's the way he talks. You didn't mix with men like him before the army but get on well. You get thrown together a lot now the squadron keeps moving and the towns aren't up to much. You're a lot like Len, though he occasionally gets ideas above his station.

Equipment carried:

Shearling-lined flying jacket,
Emergency parachute (on chest)
Parachute (on back)
Uniform,
Puttees,
Boots,
Dogtags,
Wristwatch,
Wallet inc. £1 in local currency,
Photos of Betty Grable, Carole Landis and Mae West (in order of preference),
Packet of 9 cigarettes,
Book of matches, 10 left,
Mae West lifejacket,
Webley .455 revolver (5 shots loaded, 1 per round, damage 1D10+2) on 18 bullets
on belt holster.

Last thoughts before leaving the plane:

You can't believe the base won't answer, even the SOS. Should've started trying sooner. You're as scared of the Messerschmitts as anyone but the prospect of drowning is worse. Don't think about it. Goodbye Goodnight Vienna.

1940s

Name	C. Duncan-Briggs		
Rank	Sergeant		
Function	SOE operative		
Former Occup.	Civil Servant		
Birthplace	Glasgow		
Sex		Age	27

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS					
STR	11	DEX	11	INT	14
CON	13	APP	15	POW	10
SIZ	13	SAN	50	EDU	17
Idea	70	Luck	50	Know	85
99 Cthulhu Mythos			Damage Bonus		

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
GOODNIGHT VIENNA (UK)

SANITY POINTS											
Insane	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43
	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98
	99										

MAGIC POINTS											
Unconscious	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30		

HIT POINTS											
Dead	-2	-1	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31										

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS					
Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	65		
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05		
Archaeology		Library Use (25%)	25		
Art (05%)	10	Listen (25%)	35		
		Locksmith	25		
Astronomy		Martial Arts	30		
Bargain (05%)	10	Mechanical Repair (20%)	20		
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05		
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	20		
Climb (40%)	50	Navigate (10%)	10	Ride (05%)	05
Conceal (15%)	35	Occult (05%)	05	Sneak (10%)	50
Craft (05%)	05	Operate Hvy. Machine		Spot Hidden (25%)	55
		Other Language		Swim (25%)	30
Credit Rating (15%)	15	Italian	70	Throw (25%)	45
Cthulhu Mythos				Track (10%)	20
Dodge (DEXx2)	27	Own Language (EDUx5%)	85		
Drive Auto (20%)	20	Persuade (15%)	35		
Electrical Repair (10%)	10	Pharmacy		Firearms	
Fast Talk (05%)	25	Photography (10%)	10	Handgun (20%)	60
First Aid (30%)	60	Physics	10	Machine Gun (15%)	65
Geology	10	Pilot Aeroplane	30	Rifle (25%)	30
Hide (10%)	50	Psychoanalysis		Shotgun (30%)	30
History (20%)	30	Psychology (05%)	45	Submachine Gun (15%)	20



HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS

Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	60	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	30	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a

FIREARMS

Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf.	HPs
1934 9mm Beretta (automatic)	60%	1D10	15y	2	7	99	08

Carlo/Carlotta Duncan-Briggs

Known as **Duncan-Briggs** to acquaintances

Special Operations Executive agent

Born the fifth of your gender in a large Glaswegian Catholic/ Italian family you were able to benefit from the family's successful ice cream franchise gaining a good education. Able to communicate in Italian, Scottish English and Received Pronunciation you have proved adept at inhabiting different worlds and adjusting quickly. This has stood you in good stead for undercover espionage in the dog days of the Mussolini regime where you are about to be dropped after 9 months training.

Service in the army brought you quickly into a good marriage with a well-connected partner whose contacts were able to vouch for your entry into the murky world of Special Operations. At first your jobs were administrative but eventually you received field training as the need for agents with a good knowledge of Italian became essential. It is tough leaving behind your loved one, but you both understand the importance of your mission in speeding an Allied victory.

These airmen are not the ones you should have been flying with. You were late arriving at the airfield because a jeep ahead of you pulled off the road for a toilet break and went over a mine. Your driver insisted on trying to help when there was nothing that could be done. You ought to have been able to pull rank, but he would have none of it, perhaps knowing you would be put on a plane at your destination with no opportunity to report him to his unit. By the time you had arrived the bombing mission had been given the go-ahead during a window in the weather and you could only catch this tail-end-of-the-squadron novice crew. As soon as they lost sight of the rest of the formation they've been a disaster, technically and navigationally. They haven't had a hope of finding your drop site and the orders you have allow for no improvisation on that score.

Equipment carried:

Shearling-lined flying jacket (for warmth on the journey),
Emergency parachute (on chest)
Parachute (on back)
Mae West lifejacket,
Overcoat,
Civilian clothing (Italian labels),
Boots,
Wristwatch,
Wallet inc. £10 in Italian currency,
Packet with 8 Italian cigarettes,
Book of matches, 10 left,
9mm Beretta automatic (7 shot magazine, 2 shots per round, damage 1D10),
2 extra magazines concealed in overcoat,
Papers for Italian auxiliary nurse; M. Sfumetti,
Silk map of Monte Cassino region.

Last thoughts before leaving the plane:

This is about a big a mess as it could possibly be. This shower have not only lost their base, they don't seem to be able to find Africa. The thought of sharing an inflatable raft with them is awful, but that's what it seems things have come to. Goodbye and Goodnight Vienna.

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NO PASARAN!

A Call of Cthulhu Scenario set during the Spanish Civil War

by Rick Payne

This scenario places the players into the chaotic action of the Spanish Civil War as members of one of the legendary International Brigades. As the scenario progresses the investigators will journey into the heart of darkness of the conflict and confront an ancient terror which has lain dormant for millennia, but which is now being brought forth by the machinations of a cult of madmen.

Investigators

Four pre-generated characters have been provided for this scenario. Should there be a larger number of players create additional characters or expand on the bare statistics given for the other members of the section. If preferred, players may create characters from scratch. There are no limits on occupation or skills, within reason, but the player should be able to provide the ideological background for their character to justify them joining the Republican side. There is no anomaly in a coal miner from Yorkshire fighting side by side with a university professor from Berlin.

The International Brigades were, however, notoriously ill-equipped and the Keeper should ensure that investigators have the bare minimum of equipment to assist them in this scenario. The Keeper should also ensure that weapons brought to the conflict by player-generated characters are no larger than handguns. Heavy weapons should not be permitted.

The pre-generated character Sergei Malikov will find significant evidence of the Republican Government's ambiguous relationship with Soviet Russia later in the scenario. The Keeper should retain him as a cold-hearted, suspicious and politically fanatical NPC should no player be willing to portray him.

Historical background

The Spanish Civil War was one of the most viciously fought conflicts of the Twentieth Century, where the opposing forces of democracy and totalitarianism, communism and fascism confronted each other in a

savage struggle for the soul of a nation. The historical background is complex, but the opposing political motivations of the combatants impinge on the scenario, and a basic understanding is required by the players to gain a full appreciation of some of the events they will encounter.

From the early 1930s, against a background of growing political turmoil violence, assassination, reprisal and terrorism, the Spanish Republic stumbled towards Civil War as opposition to the left of centre Republican government grew. In July 1936, General Franco, a military strongman and vehement opponent of the socialists was exiled to the Balearic Islands, suspected of conspiracy to overthrow the Government. Instead of submitting Franco took control of the islands, and then proceeded to Morocco where he gathered colonial forces and used them to support a Nationalist uprising. The attempt at a rapid *coup d'etat* failed as Republican forces fought back and the country descended into a war which was to last three years and cost hundreds of thousands of lives.

As with all civil wars, the conflict divided families and friends, but the divisions in this war were especially deep as ideological differences exacerbated the struggle. For some the conflict became the opportunity to establish a true workers' state, while the opposing side believed they were protecting modern civilisation from the dangers of communism, both attitudes being responses to years of socialist misrule.

The Nationalists

The Nationalist forces were comprised of various groups: monarchists, Francoists, Falangists, fascists, and were supported by establishment interests such as

landowners, businessmen and particularly the Catholic Church. Regular army and colonial troops from Spain's African colony of Morocco as well as irregular militia and armed National and Civil Guards bore the brunt of the fighting on the Nationalist side.

The Republicans

Republican forces were comprised of a broad spectrum of left wing elements, covering every shade of red from light pink to deepest crimson. socialists, communists and anarchists defended the Republic. Support for the Republic was generally strongest amongst the agricultural peasants and the urban working classes.

Organised Trade Unions and left wing parties were (reluctantly) armed by the Government at the beginning of the war to oppose the attempted coup. These organisations provide the confusing plethora of acronyms which feature so heavily in the history of the war: CNT, FAI, POUM. Also involved on the Republican side were members of minority groups within Spain: supporters of Basque and Catalan independence also threw in their lot with the Republican side. The Republicans also fielded formations of regular army troops who had remained loyal to the government, however, from the earliest days of the conflict the Republicans fielded irregular troops, such as armed militias, who held the line against the Nationalist onslaught.

The international element

The Great Powers of Europe took the opportunity to use Spain as a proxy battleground for their own ideologies, and a proving ground for their military technologies. Although the League of Nations had decreed that the conflict was an internal matter to be resolved by the Spanish people, and governments of nations such as England provided ships for a naval blockade to prevent war material reaching the conflict, other nations took a direct part in the conflict.

Italy sent an expeditionary force of Blackshirts to fight alongside the Nationalist forces, and Germany provided the infamous Condor Legion of aircraft to support Franco. Spanish towns were to become training targets for Luftwaffe pilots who used the conflict to refine their bombing techniques.

Soviet Russia provided war materiel to the Republican Government, but Stalin's support for the Republic often appeared lukewarm, due to the perception that the Republican Government were not

actively promoting a Marxist-Leninist transformation of society.

Perhaps the most famous of the international participants in the conflict were the members of the International Brigades, men and women from other countries who volunteered to defend the Republic. Some were dedicated communists, some left wing political activists, others Trades Unionists. Some were working class; others were middle or upper class. Contingents from America, France, Poland, Britain, Ireland, Germany and many other nations arrived in Spain and formed fighting units who fought alongside Republican forces. Motivations for joining the International Brigades could range from a sense of international solidarity in the class struggle, a desire to defend democracy against fascism, to a simple need for adventure. The International Brigades were often poorly equipped, as the Republican Government held back weapons and equipment for regular units. However, the courage of the men and women who were prepared to offer their lives in defence of another nation's cause, or their own passionately held beliefs in democracy, liberty and social change has become legendary.

Betrayal and defeat

The war ultimately ended in defeat for the Republican side. The Nationalists were better equipped and had a strong, united leadership. On the Republican side history has judged that too many opposing interests fighting for different things led to the ultimate collapse. Suspicion of the motivations of some groups within the Republican side was a critical element. As the war progressed it was felt that anarchist organisations such as POUM were more concerned with establishing a revolutionary workers' state rather than defending the existing government. In the spring of 1937 Republican forces turned on each other, and when the government outlawed anarchist organisations members of POUM were arrested, imprisoned and executed. Thousands were to die in this purge.

In 1938 the International Brigades were disbanded and repatriated as an attempt by the Republican government to win the favour and support of foreign governments such as America and England.

The Republican side struggled on until 1939, but ultimately were ground down and defeated by the better-disciplined and more coherent Nationalist forces. Franco took power and dominated Spain under a totalitarian regime until his death in 1975.

Myth and legacy

The Spanish Civil War was one of the bloodiest and most divisive conflicts fought in Europe. Atrocities were common on both sides and, as in all civil wars, civilians were not exempt. Incidents such as the bombing of the town of Guernica by the Nationalists became new hallmarks in the record of man's inhumanity to man. Both sides used propaganda to blacken the deeds of the other, and ideology became the excuse to exonerate any heinous act perpetrated.

As the splits within the Republican side grew, suspicion, mistrust and paranoia as to the motivations and loyalties of the different groups grew also, leading ultimately to the Republicans turning on themselves. The nature of the war then has perhaps lent the International Brigades a mythic status. The idealism of the ill-equipped volunteers fighting for their beliefs and their willingness to lay down their lives for another nation's cause provides, with the rose-tinted glasses of hindsight, a glimmer of nobility in what was undoubtedly a 'dirty war.' In contrast to the grim realpolitik of the political struggles within the Republican ranks, popular history has tended to romanticise the selflessness, idealism and bravery of the International Brigades, and their principled stand against the forces of fascism and totalitarianism.

Keeper's information

For millennia upon millennia a group of Lloigor have been trapped deep within the crust of the earth, captured by a sudden explosive geological event in the earth's primordial past. Their energies had been entombed within the molten magma of the young earth's cooling and ever shifting crust, until with the final cooling of the molten rock their prison was complete. Deep within the core of the earth, at the base of a batholith of solid granite, the trapped star creatures have endured their aeons long imprisonment.

As millennia passed they trained their trapped shared consciousness to expand until it came into contact with the minds of the primitive ape things who had begun to colonise and breed within the landscape of what would one day be Spain. The primitive proto-men worshipped these Gods who came to them in their dreams and enacted their will. Over countless centuries the Neolithic people of the Sierra Verde region of southern Spain gathered knowledge for their unseen masters. Generation upon generation,

Celts, Romans, Vandals, Moors, all who entered the Sierra Verde region fell under the spell of the Lloigor, and joined the hunt for the knowledge which could free the Lloigor from the entombment. The primitive shrine built by the first inhabitants of the region became a temple. In the Dark Ages the temple was torn down and became a church, although the Lloigor quickly corrupted those who came to worship there. Arcane knowledge from around the globe was brought by devious and circuitous means to the remote region of Spain, where it was studied by the servants of the Lloigor, picked over for clues to find a means of escape.

To ensure continuity in the search the Lloigor have kept the leaders of their cult alive. They caused the dying body of the previous cult leader to join with his replacement in a bizarre symbiosis, which ensured that no arcane knowledge was ever lost. Over centuries this blasphemous symbiote has grown to incorporate all the new leaders of the cult.

In the mid-fourteenth century the Spanish Inquisition caught wind of the cult and a team of Inquisitors were sent to the church to reclaim the building for God. The Inquisitors were quickly overwhelmed and either sacrificed to the Lloigor by being burnt alive on their own stakes or coerced into joining the cult. A report was sent back to Madrid and the Vatican that good had triumphed over evil and the devil worshippers consigned to the flames of purification. A new monastery had been raised in honour of the Saint on whose day the minions of Satan had been defeated – St. Tomas. The report was a lie, of course, allowing the cult to remain in obscurity as the patient search for an escape route for the Lloigor continued.

In the mid eighteenth century the cult heard rumours of a device, which had been created in Lisbon, a clock that had the power to control time in a mysterious fashion. Details of the concept were known to the cult in a worm-eaten and incomplete copy of a tome they had obtained: *The Testament of Carnamagos*. The cult began work on the construction of the device with the information they had available, whilst minions were sent into the wider world to attempt to obtain it. Unfortunately for the cult, this time the Inquisition had been successful – the sorcerer who had created the device was denounced and executed, and the clock itself was hidden from human view, the secret of its location dying along with its inventor.

During the Napoleonic Wars the clock was found by French troops when they pillaged the Portuguese

farmhouse in which it was hidden. A French cavalry officer took the heart of the smashed mechanism away and, fascinated by its arcane complexity, later attempted to dismantle it. This attempt caused an explosion and fire in which the officer died, and the mechanism was lost within the Barcelona barracks where he was garrisoned. The cult laboured on in their attempt to complete their own version of the device, but they were hampered by their lack of a complete copy of *The Testament of Carnamagos*.

In 1936 the Spanish Civil War broke out and a young infantry officer from Austria volunteered to defend the Republic, commanding an International Brigade. His name was Wilhelm Kurtz, a highly decorated and skilful professional soldier who had seen action in Russia and Italy during the First World War. As the war progressed and he witnessed more and more atrocities, Kurtz became unbalanced. He began to use methods which seemed to him to be the only effective response to the fighting. As he witnessed more horrors, Kurtz attempted to outdo his enemies in frightfulness and terror. Finally his mind snapped completely and he massacred many of his own men, deserting, with renegades and maniacs as bloodthirsty and insanely inured to pity and humanity as he, into the hinterlands of the remote Spanish countryside, to pillage, rob, rape and murder like some insane medieval robber baron. Eventually Kurtz and his men stumbled across the Monastery of St. Tomas. Kurtz recognised the evil there as a reflection of his own insanity and willingly surrendered himself and his men to it. The Lloigor recognised the driven madness of Kurtz as something they could use, and quickly had him absorbed into the symbiotic horror that led their worshippers.

Over the previous decade the cult had been in communication with a firm of Swiss clockmakers, sending what plans and schematics of the clock they could decipher from the fragments of information they had gathered. In 1935 the Swiss sent one of their finest craftsmen to Spain to attempt to recreate the clock. He died under the foul tortures of the Lloigor's minions being unable to complete the interconnecting mechanism which would harness the forces of time and create a safe zone of slow time for the cult, whilst time around the granite batholith is accelerated, causing millions of years of erosion to take place in minutes, thus finally freeing the Lloigor.

Kurtz redoubled the efforts of the cult to find the knowledge the Lloigor sought, sending out men into

the chaos and carnage of the Civil War to loot occult treasures and return them to the monastery. In the countryside around the monastery, the occasional sacrificial victim the cultists had taken down the centuries, were replaced by dozens, then hundreds of victims, slaughtered by Kurtz' men in increasingly barbaric mass sacrifices to the Lloigor, depopulating the entire region as survivors and refugees fled in terror from the savagery Kurtz had unleashed.

As the scenario starts Kurtz has become aware of an extant copy of *The Testament of Carnamagos* in a specialist booksellers in Barcelona. Knowing that when the clock is eventually finished a ritual to invoke its powers must be carried out, Kurtz has sent one of his men to Barcelona to retrieve the book at all costs. Neither Kurtz nor any of the cultists realise that invoking the power of the clock of Carnamagos will necessitate the sacrifice of some of those taking part in the ritual to Quachil Uttaus, the Treader of the Dust – the Great Old One attuned to time, mortality and decay.

In the old cavalry barracks in Barcelona an NCO leading a section of men cleaning one of the old stable blocks for use as accommodation for a newly formed Brigade has found the mysterious mechanism which formed the heart of the original clock. He too is fascinated by its occult complexity and in quiet off duty moments begins to obsessively manipulate and turn the interconnecting rods and cogs of its bizarre mechanism.

Meanwhile, Kurtz's depredations have not gone unnoticed. The intelligence services of the Republican Government believe they have located the whereabouts of the renegade officer and are making plans to eliminate this embarrassment to the Republican cause.

Beginning the scenario

Barcelona International Brigade barracks

It is late April 1937 and the tide is beginning to turn against the Republican forces. Poorly armed and trained units are being thrown into battle against the better-armed and equipped Fascist troops led by Franco. The Republicans have been mauled along the Aragon front but have held the fascist advance. Now reinforcements are desperately needed. Regular army units are finally being released from training, but Brigades and Battalions are still being scraped togeth-

er from broken units and the steady stream of international volunteers who have reached Spain. At the start of the war international recruits would be formed into national units (for example, Germans, Americans, English). However, as the fortunes of war turn against the Republic, men are now simply placed in whatever units can be equipped, trained and sent to the front. The Investigators have been recruited into the 26th 'Friedrich Engels' International Brigade: 4th Centuria, 2nd platoon, 1st section. The barracks for the Brigade are an old regular army cavalry barracks to the north of Barcelona.

The scenario begins in the Quartermaster's stores of the Friedrich Engels Brigade. This gives the opportunity for the Keeper, in the guise of Quartermaster sergeant, to call the investigators by name one after the other for kit issue, to give the opportunity of introducing the members of the newly formed section to each other.

Uniform issue

The investigators are issued uniform or at least as much as is available. Uniform supply is haphazard and the International Brigades and the militias get what's left after issues to the Regular Army. A successful LUCK roll gets the investigator a tasselled forage cap. A further LUCK roll gets them a pair of boots. A final LUCK roll and the boots actually fit. Each investigator also gets a blanket, a bandolier, and a haversack.

Some investigators from existing units have a uniform – if from a Spanish unit this may be no more than a simple boiler suit. Any Russian military personnel attached to the unit have a full set and change of uniform for barrack and working dress. (As a gesture of international solidarity they may hand back the uniform items they are issued or share it with their new comrades. The unscrupulous may sell theirs.) For the rest everyday work clothes or whatever coats, jackets, shirts pants and shoes they have available.

One of the investigator's first jobs is to scrounge up some red cloth to make scarves or armbands. An old beggar lurking outside the QM stores door sells them each a tin badge of the pointed star of the International brigades. Some of the investigators may already have Hammer and Sickle or red star badges.

Accommodation

The entire section of 12 men is assigned space in an old stable block. The team of investigators get to bed down in an old stall in the stables, which was previously space for one officer's horse before the Civil War. The place is dark, damp and smelly, reeking of rotten oats and horse dung. There is straw on the floor to sleep on and a variety of old tin buckets and a hose for ablutions. Female investigators can try a combination of APP x 5, LUCK, FAST TALK or PERSUADE rolls to scrounge up an extra blanket to section off their corner of the stall for privacy. The Keeper should give the investigators the minimum of time to stow their personnel belongings: allow one CONCEAL roll each before the team is hurried out to the unit's first parade.

Once the investigators have fallen in they are welcomed to the Brigade by the commanding officer, a stocky blond Dutchman called Major Hogenkamp. He welcomes them to the brigade in a mix of broken Spanish and English. He thanks them for their commitment and welcomes them in the name of International Brotherhood: "Work hard, train hard and victory over the fascists and their lickspittle lackeys is assured! Comrades of the Friedrich Engels Brigade – I salute you!"



Major Hogenkamp

Training

Most of the day is spent marching in a more or less regimented fashion backwards and forwards across the parade ground, with regular army sergeants asking comrades more or less nicely to turn right and or left in columns of threes. Anything more complicated tends to fail as the language barrier kicks in, or on occasion, Spanish recruits to the Brigade break ranks to remonstrate and argue with the NCOs that they are not issuing orders in a comradely fashion or with sentiments in line with the spirit of the revolution.

Towards the end of the day one NCO produces a revolver and passes it around for examination. This causes great excitement amongst the younger recruits who point the weapon at each other and do cowboy impersonations, which will make investigators with any military experience whatsoever cringe.

Another Sergeant passes around a single rifle. A KNOW roll reveals it is a Mannlicher carbine with a factory date of 1896. It is rusty and the foresight is bent. The breech screeches as it is opened. The Spanish recruits will regard any investigator who demonstrates the least amount of familiarity, let alone competence, in handling a weapon with awe and wonderment. Holding the rifle for a few seconds before passing it to the next man concludes the investigator's initial weapons training.

Back to barracks for mess call

By the end of the first day the Company can move as a unit, although not necessarily in step. The Sergeants march the recruits to the mess hall. On the menu for each recruit: one raw onion, a clove of garlic, a large flat round loaf of bread, a spoonful of some dubious looking bean stew and a hunk of bright red fatty sausage (Any investigator with previous service in the Republican army knows that this is made from donkey meat and causes terrible diarrhoea but whether they choose to share that information is up to them). There is also a gallon of cheap red wine to go round and no more until the morning. The food is barely palatable and it takes a lot of political conviction to swallow more than a few mouthfuls.

An IDEA roll suggests that if at all possible better rations should be sought in the city itself. Failing this the Keeper may rule that the company sergeant details off another company for Guard duty that night – everyone else has a free evening (One of the advantages of being a member of a people's army living in second hand barracks is that there is no compulsion to

clean and press uniforms and clean quarters for inspection).

On returning to barracks the investigators will find their possessions have been thoroughly rifled. LUCK rolls are required for those who earlier failed CONCEAL rolls – failures (or the least successful roll) mean that small valuable items detailed on the characters sheet are gone. If using player-generated characters then wallets, money, watches etc are the likely missing items. The investigators should be aware there is a thief in the barracks. Complaints are met with a hard-nosed comment to the effect that valuables should be handed in at the orderly room for safekeeping: 'This isn't the Boy Scouts.'

A night on the town

The working class are firmly in control in the city. The Ramblas is crowded with people in quasi-military uniforms. Red flags and banners adorn the buildings. In the main square a huge demonstration is taking place, placard-carrying people, waving red flags and flags of the Republic. From loudspeakers come strains of martial music and revolutionary songs, interspersed with the impassioned voice of La Passionara urging the People on to Victory. Churches and some of the banks are burnt out shells - the people vented their revolutionary fervour on them in the first days of the war.

As they pass one walled building the investigators see it is a convent – a group of men are taking out the mummified bodies of nuns from the crypt and stacking them like cordwood, or leaning grotesquely upright against the front wall. A convent is being requisitioned for use by the people. This shocking sight brings home the almost rabid anti-Catholicism of some elements of the Republican movement. A glimpse of the red and black armbands and neck scarves on the workmen suggest they are members of one of the Anarcho-Syndicalist militias, most likely POUM, whose hatred of the Church is well-known.

There is a haphazard blackout – nothing in Spain is as deadly efficient as in Russia or Germany. Every so often a wagon of militiamen goes rumbling past, perhaps heading to the front. There are shouts of 'Viva!' and 'No Pasaran!' as the troops pass and they yell and whistle in return. There is directness in people's attitude, a sense of egalitarianism evident. Everyone looks each other in the eye and addresses them in the

familiar, or as 'comrade'. If one of the group attempts to strike up a conversation by asking someone for a light, the citizen will press their own cigarettes on them despite the rationing and when they find out they are talking to a member of one of the International Brigades they will offer the pack and insist on it being taken. For all the investigators there is a heady excitement – this is what the Revolution will be like (or may have been like) when it comes in their home countries.

However, beneath the good-humour there is an undercurrent of tension, of paranoia almost. The news from the Front is not good. The Republic is being undermined. Apparently there are enemies within; enemies working to bring down the People's Republic, and strangle the Revolution stillborn. There are men on street corners who are obviously watching the crowds, beady eyes looking suspiciously at the passers by. There are posters on the walls – strange gaudy and eye-catching posters to attract the mostly illiterate population – which suggest that not everyone is working wholeheartedly to defend the Revolution. One shows a red and black striped snake

with the letters POUM at its head, but a swastika on its tail rearing up to bite the heel of 'La Republica'. Another shows a shadowy figure wearing a German style helmet knifing a militiaman in the back. The blade of the Knife is labelled POUM. Some are more explicit 'POUM? Fascista!' reads another. For those investigators believing they have joined a united front against a common foe, this evidence of internecine disagreement is disturbing and slightly worrying.

There are still newspapers on sale – perhaps only two pages due to paper rationing, but for a peseta there is news to be read. The headline news in the evening edition has details of a shocking murder. A murder, which heightens the sense of unease and of the presence of sinister forces attempting to undermine the Republic (see the handout below).

Sooner or later the investigators will find a bar or café. The food on offer is limited, as rationing is biting hard, but there is plenty of active discussion especially around the progress of the war. The town of Guernica was subjected to a mass air raid a few days ago, and passions are running high. The investigators will find complete strangers ask their opinions on the

ANTI SOCIAL ELEMENTS MURDER BOOKSHOP OWNER

Civil Guards and members of the University District Committee of Public Security were last night called to the premises of Juan Carlos De Luna, well known in the city as bookseller and antiquarian.

Senor De Luna's neighbours grew concerned having heard a commotion within the shop shortly after midnight on Sunday evening. Having forced entry to the shop the Civil Guards found a shocking scene of robbery and violence. The premises had been ransacked and looted and the owner was found dead, murdered in the most gris-

ly and savage fashion.

Senor De Luna will be remembered as a true son of the Republic, whose generous donations of books to the local Schools and University and his unswerving dedication to the Republican cause won him the gratitude and respect of his fellow citizens. Anyone with any information pertaining to this shocking crime is instructed to report to the nearest Civil Guard Post, or their local Committee of Public Security.

All citizens are warned to vigilant for the presence of anti-social and counter revolutionary elements and report their suspicions of the same to the proper authorities.

Handout 1: Extract from "RED FRONT", Barcelona newspaper

war. When their nationality and occupations are discovered drinks are bought for them, and toasts to international workers brotherhood and the class struggle are drunk. Before too long the bar staff fetch guitars and the singing starts, rousing revolutionary songs: *The International*, *A las Barricadas*, *No Pasaran* and *La Quinto Regimiento*.

Eventually a section of Guardia Civil enter dressed in pressed Olive Drab shirts, leather Sam Browne belts with pistols and nightsticks. They threaten to close the bar and arrest everyone for drunkenness. They are met with a roar of unconcerned laughter, and taking off their caps they sit down and join the party. A few drinks later and (PSYCHOLOGY roll) it is obvious they are itching to tell a story. Their sergeant, Jose, an old regular with a weather-beaten face, balding head and imposing mustachios lets the curious crowd know what they have seen earlier in the day at the scene of the murder mentioned in the newspaper headlines:

What was done?

“Poor old bastard: whoever did this had a real grudge against him. They smashed his shop to pieces – antiques, furniture, everything. He was tied to a chair in the back room. Whoever did for him was a sadistic son of a whore. Cut him to pieces one joint at a time. Toes, finger tips, first knuckle, second knuckle finger by finger–cut like titbits for the paella, all laid out in front of him on the floor: eyelids, ears, nose. They took his bal... (The sergeant pauses seeing there are ladies present)...er...his privates off last. Looked like someone had poured a gallon of blood into his lap. Stuffed what they took from down there into his mouth and left him to bleed to death....”

What was stolen?

“No idea. The flics are looking through his inventory but everything was so smashed up its impossible to tell. Some of the old volumes he had are ripped to shreds, papers everywhere. Furniture smashed to kindling, broken china. They must have been disturbed, they left 3,000 pesetas in the till and some antique gold watches behind them.”

Who did it?

“The old guy was a good man – everyone liked him. Taught poor kids to read, and would help the old folk write letters. OK, so selling antiques for profit is bourgeois money grubbing – but he donated to the

party – that’s what the Mayor’s office tells me. I think maybe the crime was political – Fascist Agents or assassins”

This theory provokes grim faces and nervous paranoid looks and muttering all round the bar: “The enemy within...they are everywhere...who can be trusted?”

Some useful scuttlebutt:

“Between me, you and the gatepost, this is the last straw. The authorities are planning to seal the city. Too many unsavoury counter-revolutionary elements are infiltrating and subverting the cause: spies, subversives, deserters, thieves, black market profiteers. I hear those who aren’t going up to the Front are going to be assigned to internal security duties.”

The night ends with yet more drinking, dancing singing, and interminable political conversations. There are several good-looking whores in the bar if anyone’s feeling that way inclined, but someone has to remain sober enough to get the investigators back to barracks before first parade or face arrest for AWOL.

The next morning

Forming up for first parade the following morning allows the investigators their first proper look at their brothers in arms. There are 12 others in the section and the two section NCOs.

The NCOs

The section sergeant, Diego, and corporal, Jorge, are Spanish. They are tough looking professional soldiers and have apparently seen service in Spain’s North African colonies. There is a faintly disreputable air about them giving the impression that they would be out robbing old ladies if they weren’t here.

The rest

There are two French recruits, Henri and Charles, miners from Alsace. They appear thick as thieves and are inseparable.

There is a young Polish recruit, Stanislaus, whose English and Spanish is limited to ‘Hello/Goodbye’ and ‘Yes/No’. His Spanish is worse. He is about 23, bookish and very lonely.



Diego Martinez



Jorge Garcia

There are three Spanish men, Carlos, Rodrigo and Leon who apparently have been sent here because the Trade Union militia they were serving with were wiped out almost to a man in fighting near Badajoz. Aged between 25 and 30 they are intense, politically aware and completely dedicated to driving the Nationalist forces back and establishing a Communist government.

The rest of the recruits are young Spanish teenagers – aged between 14 and 16. Their parents have probably sent them to join up to claim the 10 pesetas a day service pay and scrounge additional food rations. They are too young to be here. They fool about constantly, answer back and cheek the NCOs and officers. What use they are going to be in a battle is debatable. Their mothers wait outside the barracks gate for them every night, take them home for their evening meal and return them in time for first parade in the morning.

The Major announces new duties

Major Hogenkamp strides across the parade ground and calls the section to attention:

“Comrades, our company has been detailed to assist in providing security for the city. We will be setting up checkpoints and roadblocks at locations around the city limits. Our mission will be to check the identities of people entering and leaving the city, to detain looters, profiteers, and undesirables. You are to be vigilant for spies, enemy agents and Fifth columnists. Under the War Powers act of the Republic military personnel on State Security Duties have been granted the power of arrest and detention on suspicion.

“Suspects arrested on suspicion of espionage, sabotage or other crimes against Republican Military forces are to be held and interrogated. In cases of clear-cut subversive activity, looting and desertion, Senior NCOs and Political officers are granted the power of summary execution. Any person approaching your post who refuses your order to halt and show proper identification is to be arrested. Any person whose identification papers are not in order is to be arrested. Any attempt to escape and break through your checkpoint is to be halted by whatever means necessary, including deadly force.

“Comrades –the security of the city and the Republic is in your hands. The trust placed in you is a sacred one. Do not fail!”

To the armoury

The section is marched to the armoury, where each man is issued a rusty carbine and 5 rounds of ammunition. The Keeper should roll 1D20+75 as each of the Mannlichers is issued – the result is the Malfunction number for that particular weapon. There are no cleaning kits or pull throughs. There is no gun oil. With an IDEA roll, there may be time to improvise with olive oil, bacon fat and rags torn into strips. The investigators can increase the Malfunction number by 1D6 by stripping, cleaning and oiling the weapon as best they can. Personal sidearms for those who have them, as detailed on the pre-generated investigator sheets or as discussed with the Keeper, are allowed. Sergei certainly has his immaculate brand new Mosin Nagant rifle instead of a rusty old Mannlicher.

The checkpoint

The company is ordered to a line of waiting wagons, with red banners draped round the sides and flags flying on wings and from the cabs. The section are driven through the city and out through the suburbs to about 3 miles out of town to an unremarkable stretch of road leading out into the countryside. On one side of the road is a tiny, abandoned grey stone farmhouse. There are open fields either side of the road, the yellow dusty earth dotted with scrubby looking weathered trees.

The wagon drops off the investigators along with the section NCOs Diego and Jorge, and some rolls of barbed wire (No heavy gloves to handle this are available – Roll LUCK or lose 1HP cuts to hands and other scratches to the body) and some red and white striped poles and some carpenters trestles. Under Diego and Jorge's guidance the investigators should set up their checkpoint.

Visitors to the checkpoint

The following are suggestions to liven up a dreary days guard duty for the investigators. Major Hogenkamp's orders are explicit – the Keeper can decide how difficult each task can be made.

A column of troops heading to the front

Heading out of the city comes a column of reinforcements. There are wagonloads of regular soldiers,

troops of horse drawn artillery, even a troop of Russian T-26 tanks. Any one zealous (or stupid) enough to attempt to halt this column and check papers will receive a savage dressing down from the column's Brigade commander along with threats to be court-martialled or shot. The correct action is to wave the column through, give the clenched fist salute and enthusiastically shout revolutionary slogans such as 'Viva', and 'No Pasaran!' A KNOW roll for any investigators who have seen action in Spain already, suggests that the T-26 tanks are useless under-armoured and under-gunned death traps crewed by inexperienced and doomed soldiers. Expressing this opinion may result in names being taken and dire warnings issued about the consequences of uttering defeatist and counter-revolutionary opinions.

A mother with perambulator and her teenage daughter

This pair are heading out of the city. The Mother has correct ID but her extremely attractive daughter does not. Searching the perambulator uncovers a wailing baby with a very dirty and smelly nappy. The pair are taking baby to visit granny in the next village. Diego and Jorge are keen to 'interrogate' the teenage daughter in the old farmhouse, and more gentlemanly investigators may need to protect her, whilst mother and baby hurry back home to collect the daughter's forgotten ID card – which will eventually be found to be in perfect order.

A farmer with a horse-drawn wagon full of wheat sacks

The farmer is heading into the city. The old peasant waits patiently whilst the sacks are prodded and searched. His papers are in order. If the Keeper wishes, a harmless deserter is hidden under the sacks. A SPOT HIDDEN whilst searching reveals his presence. The investigators and the NCOs will have to decide what to do with this cowardly counter-revolutionary. Arrest and confinement under guard in the old farmhouse seems the best option, but forming the investigators into an impromptu firing squad for both the pitiful boy deserter and his hapless and (possibly unknowing) accomplice is also an option.

A Priest and nun in disguise

Heading into the city are Father Albert Delcroix and Sister Cecilia, members of an Ultra-Catholic organi-

sation, committed to keeping the flame of Catholicism burning in the areas controlled by Godless communists. They are attempting to smuggle right wing and Catholic propaganda into the city where Father Albert also hopes to perform underground services and masses for the faithful. The priest is dressed in an ill-fitting dark suit and carrying a suitcase and the nun is wearing a cheap print floral dress. A successful SPOT HIDDEN notes there is something hesitant about their approach to the checkpoint. An impale notes that the young woman's lips are moving (she is in fact muttering Hail Marys).

Their papers are fully in order and back their story that they are refugees from Madrid. However, a successful PSYCHOLOGY roll suggests they are extremely nervous and guilty-looking.

A search of the suitcase reveals nothing but a change of shirt, underpants, vests, socks, but a successful SPOT HIDDEN reveals a false bottom in the case: it is full of cheaply printed magazines entitled 'The Sacred Truth'. The cover depicts Franco dressed in a crusader's armour slaying a red dragon. There is also a Bible, rosaries and sacred medals as well as the priest's vestments. At this point, if they haven't already found it, the Priest will draw his .38 and try

and shoot his way out.

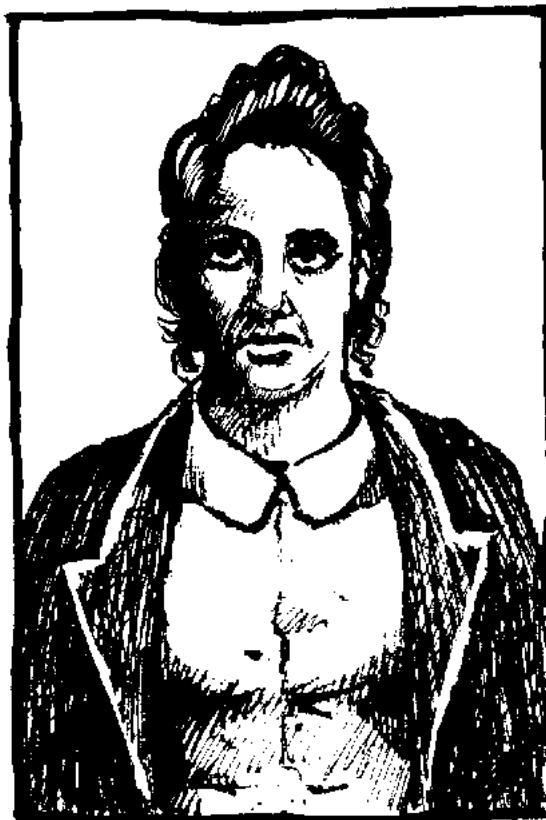
Assuming the desperate priest can be overcome, it is clear Diego and Jorge have their minds set on the young nun. Whilst the subdued priest is being interrogated (or marched off to be shot), they begin to drag the screaming woman away to the farmhouse. Her fate is to be raped and then shot by the brutal NCOs. Attempts to intervene will be met initially with direct orders not to desert the checkpoint, and ultimately with brandished pistols. SAN 1/1D2 for the realisation that the Civil War is being conducted outside the guidelines of the Geneva Conventions.

A section of POUM militia

Comprising of an NCO and half a dozen men they are heading into the city. Their uniforms are filthy and a couple are barefoot. All still display their Red and Black kerchiefs around their necks. They are tired dirty and many are wounded and bandaged. Checking their papers is a lengthy process and one that is not welcomed by the militiamen who complain loudly: "We're supposed to be comrades." "Let us through we've not eaten in five days." "We've had to bloody march from Castel Nuevo".



Father Albert Delcroix



Sister Cecilia

Anyone playing Sergei or another well informed member of the Soviet Military mission will be aware that POUM are a rabble of politically unreliable Trotskyite adventurers who have forsaken the path of Marxist-Leninism. Any excuse will be good enough to hinder, impede or inconvenience these misguided and dangerous counter-revolutionary elements. The Keeper may wish to generate some bad natured friction as the political differences between the Stalinist agent and the anarchist militiamen become more apparent.

The deserter

While conversation with the POUM militia is going on the Keeper should request SPOT HIDDEN rolls. A success notes a head popping up on the far side of the field – obviously someone is in the ditch over there. A few seconds later the head pops up again further along the field and moving away from the city. Someone is trying to sneak past the checkpoint without being seen. The investigators should attempt to capture this renegade. As the Keeper wishes the POUM militia can be enlisted to help in the pursuit.

When the pursuers are within 50 yards of the ditch the sneaking figure breaks cover and runs. He is wearing a coarse battle dress jacket, red neckerchief. He is obviously militia but it is impossible to tell

which unit. He will not halt when challenged and attempts to flee. A shot from a rifle brings him down – the Keeper should be careful to keep the man alive.

Like a wounded animal the man continues crawling to get away from the investigators. As the investigators approach he draws a very large wooden-handled clasp knife and begins screaming in heavily-accented English: “Shoot me!! Shoot me!! I have failed him! Better you kill me now!” With that he lunges at the nearest investigator.

The investigators should find it easy enough to disarm the wounded man, who can then be restrained, searched and questioned. The captured man claims to be returning to his unit. His papers don’t support this. His travel pass is stamped Saragossa November 1936 and is at least 6 months out of date. His papers show him to be from the ‘Paris Commune’ International Brigade. The man is Polish and says his name is Gregor Warchinski. A successful PSYCHOLOGY roll indicates the man is plainly terrified but apparently not of his new captors. “He knows. He knows I have failed,” he mutters repeatedly. The investigators should arrest the man for desertion and looting.

(If the man has been killed outright, dragging his body to search him causes his shirt to rise, revealing a hideous brand in the centre of his chest. It is, raw red and weeping. Who could have done such a thing?)

DE LUNA BOOKS

Title: *The Testament of Carnamagos*

Author: Unknown

Publisher: The volume bears the Imprimatur of the Del'Volta family of printers in Milan. The date of publication is 1756

Pages: 336

Description: This is an exceedingly rare volume of occult arcane. Only four other volumes are known to be extant, all of which are in National Institutions or collections This volume features the original copper plate etchings of ritual magic that makes this work so prized by the cognoscenti. The original black leather binding embossed with the gilded linked pentacles is intact and the books condition is perfect in every way.

Price: 500,000 pesetas.

He was carrying a cheap webbing backpack. Inside are five books:

The first book has no covers. It is a loosely bound tatty looking ancient volume, titled *Soulevement de la Chair*. A KNOW roll reveals it is an early printed volume, which would have normally been sent for proper binding. The title translates as ‘Resurrection of the Flesh’. The book itself is a sixteenth century treatise on necromancy.

The second book is bound in black leather and bears an ornate gold leaf stamp depicting a complex pattern of interlocking Pentacles and is titled *The Testament of Carnamagos*.

The other books are: *The Key of Solomon*, *Dictionnaire Infernal* and *The Magus*.

One of the books contains a letter on headed business paper. The letter details the value and provenance of the book and clearly links the book to the murdered bookseller (see Handout 2).

The two NCOs will be keen to take charge of the bag and its contents.

Keepers information: Back at the Barracks the bag is rifled by Jorge and Diego who steal the most valuable looking book – *The Testament of Carnamagos* – before handing the other less valuable tomes over to their CO.

Interrogation

Hogenkamp listens to the report of the capture of the Polish deserter with interest. Here is a chance to gain some kudos for himself with the Republican High Command. He orders the section to interrogate the man:

“It is very apparent that this man is not all he claims to be. It is clear he is responsible for the murder of the bookseller. Not a random act. Someone wanted that man dead – I want to know who and why. Perhaps the bookseller wasn’t as good a citizen as he claimed to be – perhaps he was spying for the fascists and this man is his contact. Get me the information.”

The investigators drag the man to a convenient cell or cellar under the administration block. The room is bare, save for a chair to bind the man to. A single light bulb burns overhead.

Initial exhortations to speak (such as PERSUADE or FAST TALK) will prove unsuccessful. Warchinski

will not speak; tied to a chair he keeps his eyes fixed firmly on the ground apparently ignoring his captors and his surroundings.

It will prove necessary to go to the third degree to get results (SAN roll for those who are squeamish or who suddenly realise what being in a civil war is all about and wish to leave or refuse to take part in such brutality. Isn’t this the very thing they are supposed to be fighting against? Loss is 1/1D2).

From those who stay the Keeper should request a description of interrogation technique and successful roll (PC PERSUADE skill versus Warchinski’s RESIST TORTURE skill) on the Resistance Table for each attempt. Players should be allowed to improvise interrogation resources from toolkits, kitchen implements, whatever comes to mind. The Keeper should reduce Warchinski’s chances of resistance as the torture continues, and should remove hit points from him, up to and including death, as appropriate.

Eventually the man confesses. Each roll and graphic description earns one of the following items of information in succession:

- 1) Originally part of Polish International Brigade. – the ‘Dimitrov Brigade’ – he came to Spain in 1936 and saw action in the defence of Madrid.
- 2) His battalion was wiped out by an artillery barrage near Barbastro in February this year.
- 3) He wandered wounded and confused into the countryside.
- 4) “They found me...I cannot tell you....they see everything...they are watching me now....HE is watching me now....”
- 5) “They control all the land there...all around El Cierre...the Brothers...those who joined them...and he...HE commands them all...all the demons... devils from hell...the monks, the soldiers all of them... worshipping HIM...”
- 6) “I dare not speak his name...since he joined with the others HE sees all...I had to join them...had to...”

A strip search of the hapless victim reveals a hideous mutilation. Someone has branded his chest. The wound is huge and is red, inflamed and suppurating. The brand itself is in the shape of some arcane

symbol. The man will refuse to answer anything about this brand, screaming hysterically with veins bulging at his temples. PSYCHOLOGY roll: The man's terror of whatever this brand signifies or who placed it on him is greater than any pain the interrogators can inflict.

At a point the Keeper deems appropriate during interrogation the room temperature suddenly drops to the point that breath fogs in the air in front of the face. There is a sudden and most unpleasant change in the atmosphere of the room almost as if someone unpleasant and disliked has entered. The man's eyes roll upwards showing fully white, his jaw hangs slackly – yet in spite of this it is as if someone... something... still sees and watches through his eyes. It is as if every face in the room is being seen, registered and memorised. A thin trickle of blood begins to slowly leak from the man's nose. He begins to shake and convulse. Wisps of smoke rise up from his torso. There is a smell of electricity and ozone in the confined room. Then his heart explodes out through his chest, showering the room and its occupants with blood. SAN loss is 1/1D4 to witness this hideous death.

Hogenkamp is not best pleased with news of the prisoner's death, particularly as the information received seems meaningless. However, he gains some satisfaction from being able to report the capture and execution of the deserter and murderer of the bookshop owner.

Timeslip

Later in the barracks *déjà vu* events commence because Diego is fiddling with the clockwork mechanism he has found in his billet in the old stable block, little realising it once formed the heart of the dreaded Clock of Carnamagos. His fiddling causes local ripples in time/space around the barracks:

The investigators are sitting in the stable block in the stall that is their home. The troop has been awarded an extra issue of wine following the events of the day. The Keeper should read out the following:

Two NCOs from another section walk down the centre of stable block.

“I’m going down to ‘La Maritime’, says one:

Rosa’s working tonight – what that girl won’t do for thirty pesetas!”

“Careful you don’t come back with something nasty!” replies his comrade.

They pause in front of your stall

“You lot: lights out in 15 minutes!”

Their footsteps fade into the distance.

The Keeper should ask the investigators what they are proposing to do in preparation for a night's sleep and their training the following day. Suggestions such as cleaning kit, reading, writing diaries or letters home should all be accepted without comment. Then the Keeper should read out the following:

Two NCOs from another section walk down the centre of stable block.

“I’m going down to ‘La Maritime’, says one: Rosa’s working tonight – what that girl won’t do for thirty pesetas!”

“Careful you don’t come back with something nasty!” replies his comrade.

They pause in front of your stall

“You lot: lights out in 15 minutes!”

Their footsteps fade into the distance.

A SAN roll for anyone realising that history has just repeated itself: exactly. The sensation is a really unpleasant feeling of *déjà vu*, a feeling so intense and unsettling it actually makes the victim feel nauseous and which produces a SAN loss of 1/1D4. The investigators may try to sleep, but will spend a restless night attempting to understand what has happened, so horrible and unnatural was the sensation of experiencing time repeat itself.

Mission to Sierra Verde

Two days pass. The investigators spend their time in the same ‘Keep them busy’ activities, which pass for

military training. At the Keeper's discretion there can be another temporal anomaly, but he or she should prevent the characters investigating too much. Kitchen fatigues and Guard duty are obvious methods to achieve this.

The troops are carrying out their interminable drill when Major Hogenkamp comes hurrying onto the parade square. He barks his orders before the section have come to a halt:

“Comrades, attention! No. 4 company will form up for departure to the front in two hours time. Draw arms, ammunition and one week's field rations. Comrades, the time has come for us to add our name to the roll of honour the International Brigades are writing for themselves in this conflict! Long Live the Republic – death to the fascists! Section commanders fall out for immediate briefing – the rest of you get busy!”

His words unleash absolute mayhem. All the youngsters go charging off in great excitement, getting under people's feet and pestering everyone else with a hundred questions.

Preparation

The company is again issued weapons. The rifles from the armoury are as bad as previously (see under **To the armoury** on page 78) though this time ammunition is issued at the rate of 1D20+5 per weapon.

1D6 grenades are also issued to the section. The PCs need to be very careful with these, as they are extremely unreliable and armed by pulling a piece of cloth which can then be swung to add distance to the throw – providing the cloth stays attached to the grenade. The grenades can be divided amongst individuals or all carried by a luckless volunteer. There is a 20% chance that any sudden jolt: jump, fall or nearby explosion will detonate one of these devices. Normal grenade rules apply, but with a 35% chance that the device will explode prematurely 1D10 feet away from the throwing player.

Field rations consist of a hunk of bread and five tins of sardines and beans. The experienced Spanish troops show the investigators how to fold and tie their blankets diagonally across their chest to form a combined bedroll and haversack.

For any PC who is trained or nominated as the section Medic the following Medical kitbag is provided. A small webbing haversack, it contains half a dozen cloth bandages (some obviously made from second hand clothes, others equally obviously previously

used and boiled prior re-issue), sterilised thread/needles, a canvas roll of amputation knives (Can be used as weapons – use Small Knife rules) and amputation saw, which look like relics from the Napoleonic Wars (because they are). There is a very small bottle of tincture of laudanum – no morphine being available. This kit is to deal with every injury the company may suffer: from toothache to traumatic amputation of a limb.

No heavy machine guns, light machine guns, light mortars, binoculars, compasses, flares, signal pistols, field radios, or any of the most basic items of equipment an infantry platoon would consider essential since the Great War is available. The section is issued a handful of picks and shovels for entrenching, their ancient rifles, a handful of ammunition per man – and that is all.

The Keeper should allow a few improvised additions to the basic field issue, but by the time the investigators board the waiting lorries they are still as ill-equipped and unprepared for modern warfare as the majority of the Republican forces.

Journey to El Cierre

Spain at this time is still mostly unmapped and most of the Ordnance Survey maps that do exist are in the hands in the hands of the Nationalist forces. The rumours passed around before departure are the company will be driving up towards the Huesca region of Spain. Not to the Huesca front itself but to a region known as the Sierra Verde. It's a backwater, a long way from the main action. Who knows why the Company is being sent there? It doesn't matter because being mere foot soldiers the investigators climb onto the truck make themselves comfortable on kitbags or blankets or ammunition boxes and watch the world go by.

The trucks are venerable old Citroens, clearly 'liberated' from private use. The name of a furniture removal company has been painted out on the sides. Only two have tarpaulins to protect the passengers from the sun. All are decorated with red banners, flags and the Brigade Standard. It takes numerous attempts to start the engines on the investigators vehicle before, with a large backfire, the engine starts and the expedition commences.

The first few miles through the streets of Barcelona are tolerable, and somewhat exciting. People wave

and cheer – at road junctions men run up and toss packs of cigarettes into the back of the truck.

Outside Barcelona, however, the journey settles down into a long slow boring crawl heading north. The initial flush of excitement and enthusiasm at going to war to defend one's beliefs and ideals soon fades.

The investigators are sweltering hot and uncomfortable. The convoy is travelling at about 25 miles per hour.

Another timeslip

The troops sing revolutionary songs for the first few miles. Jorge begins interminable stories about active service he and Diego have seen action in battles at Huesca and the Ebro. A PSYCHOLOGY roll determines these war stories are probably to scare the uninitiated for the NCOs' sadistic pleasure.

The Keeper should read out the following:

“Of course then there's the mortars...they say you don't hear the shell with your name on it. I remember last November on the front at Teruel-our outpost was bracketed by Italian mortars. 30mm trench mortars – I heard those let me tell you!”

As his story continues you pass signpost for a town called Ortiz, distance 20KMs. A large black crow is perched on top of the signpost, watching the trucks pass with a keen intelligence – as the truck passes the crow flaps its wings and rises up then settles back down on the signpost.

The Keeper should then ask what the investigators are doing to pass the time on this slow journey – suggestions such as cleaning weapons, just watching the world go by, or even sleeping are all acceptable responses.

Keepers information: To pass the time Diego is once more secretly examining the mysterious mechanism he found in the stable block. His hands idly turn the cogs and spindles of the device as his mind obsessively attempts to comprehend the thing.

The Keeper should then read out the following:

The countryside is flat, scrubby, deserted a patchwork of low stone walled fields with the odd parched looking orchard or grove of olive trees. Some of you may question what you are doing here – the land is primitive and ancient – feudal. The inhabitants of this countryside probably care more about where their next meal is coming from than the fate of the Republic. Would they appreciate or even care that this land is the setting for a democratic war against the fascist forces of oppression?

It is hot you are bored...you start to nod off, leaning on your rifle or back against the side of the truck.

Suddenly you jolt awake.

Jorge is speaking:

“Of course then there's the mortars...they say you don't hear the shell with your name on it. I remember last November on the front at Teruel-our outpost was bracketed by Italian mortars. 30mm trench mortars – I heard those let me tell you!”

As his story continues you pass signpost for a town called Ortiz distance 20KMs. A large black crow is perched on top of the signpost, watching the trucks pass with a keen intelligence – as the truck passes the crow flaps its wings and rises up then settles back down on the signpost.

The experience of this repetition of recent history is identical to the first; a sense of *déjà vu* so intense and unsettling it necessitates a SAN roll. 1/1D3 is lost by those failing who suffer a horrible bout of nausea accompanied by feelings of distress and unease.

Breakdown

After four hours on the road there is a hideous grinding from the engine and the investigator's truck judders to a halt.

The convoy halts and Hogenkamp comes back from the lead truck. After heated discussion with the driver and much milling about it is decided the main part of the convoy will continue. Brusquely Hogenkamp gives his orders: “Repair the truck as quickly as you can – we will rendezvous at El Cierre.”

Hogenkamp takes a map from this map case and



quickly copies a sketch map onto a sheet of paper. Should an investigator ask for a look at the map request NAVIGATE rolls or EDU x 3 for the investigator to remember what this sketch of a sketch contains.

The other trucks drive on leaving the investigators' section requiring 3 x MECHANICAL REPAIR rolls and two and a half hours to fix their transport. All is chaos as the Spanish boy soldiers mill around 'helping'.

Eventually the truck rattles back into life and slowly has to be nursed along a road, which is now becoming little better than a farm track. The driver tries to put his foot down, but gets only a warning screech from the transmission. He has to throttle back and the entire nightmare journey drags on ever more slowly. Which is lucky for the investigators; for after four hours driving, they see column of thick black smoke which is staining the sky in the general direction in which they are heading.

After a further hour's drive they come across the smouldering remains of two of the other trucks. They have been shot to pieces – strafed by Condor Legion Messerschmitts. Huge holes have been torn through the vehicle, which are now smouldering wrecks. One of the trucks has rolled crushing the men inside. Some of those trapped in the wreck are charred skeletons, burnt to death as they tried to crawl free. Out in the fields at the side of the road men lie dead their bodies twisted and contorted where they fell, machine-gunned as they tried to run. SAN loss is 1/1D3 for viewing the carnage created by the air raid. Some of the new recruits are staggering about being sick. They are noticeably upset and demoralised by their first view of the horrors of war.

The investigators may attempt to pick through the wreckage and search the bodies. There is not a lot left to find. Obviously the men on the remaining trucks have taken anything useable. A half hour's search of the wreckage yields 1D10 worth of useable ammunition per man and a few battered tins of food.

Tyre tracks lead away from the scene – it looks like two trucks managed to evade the air attack and continue the journey. The need to join up with the remainder of the decimated company takes on a more pressing urgency.

The investigator's truck drives on. In the distance a faint blue smudge can be seen on the skyline – the Pyrenees. The investigators are entering the region of Sierra Verde. The countryside gets hillier, and the

fields appear to become abandoned and overgrown. There is something...not right. Rural Spain is isolated and primitive, but this region seems totally desolate. The fields look untended and abandoned. The area seems totally depopulated. There are no peasants in the fields, fields that are obviously not being worked. A KNOW roll suggests that no fighting has come this far south as yet. The front lines are to the north, towards Saragossa and Huesca. Even during the fighting investigators with previous combat experience in Spain have seen peasants blithely carrying on with their farming, almost oblivious. This emptiness seems oppressive... perhaps even slightly scary.

Heart of darkness

It is mid afternoon when the truck's radiator blows. Everyone gets out to stretch his or her legs.

SPOT HIDDEN – In the distance can be seen what appears to be a group of scarecrows. They are 500 yards away on the top of a low hill. A second look suggests it is a group of human figures standing rigid and immobile seemingly unaware of the arrival of the truck carrying the section. (If the SPOT HIDDEN roll is missed the figures are seen silhouetted against the skyline as the repaired truck drives away – their frozen unnatural postures seem to resemble sentinels guarding the hilltop – but surely they are scarecrows. Their ominous stillness is decidedly unnerving.)

The section can drive or walk over to them. Perhaps a small scouting section is organised by the NCOs – the investigators should be “volunteered” if they don't volunteer in the first place. The figures ignore the sound of the truck engine and any shouts, or warning shots.

As the investigators arrive they see that the figures will never be disturbed by anything again... There are six priests tied to posts in a ring – garrotted (see illustration on page 85). Thick rawhide cord has been cruelly bound around their wrists ankles and throat, wetted and left to dry. The priests have slowly strangled to death in the heat of the sun. Their flesh is sere and desiccated, their hands swollen and crooked. Three of them still have dried blackened tongues protruding; birds have taken all the others and all of their eyes. Their faces are the faces of dried leather mummies; their jaws left hanging open in the last choking, screaming gasps for air.

Four of them are dressed in suits and dog collars.

Two are in their full vestments, the embroidered surplices dusty and sun bleached. A dry dusty breeze seems to spring up from nowhere, tousling the lank hair on the heads of the grinning gaping scarecrows. The sightless sockets seem to be scrutinising the investigators intently. SAN loss 1/1D4 to witness this ghastly scene.

With a SPOT HIDDEN or TRACK success investigators can see there are various footprints here: bare feet, hobnailed boots and rope soled sandals within the circle of earth ringed by these mouldering husks of men.

A successful SPOT HIDDEN within the dust in the centre of the circle finds a small white cube: a simple six sided dice. (**Keepers information:** this was used by the cultists responsible to decide which priest was to be garrotted next, with bets being placed on who was next to die. Perhaps the players can work this out.)

An IDEA roll suggests that this could be the work of anarchists, perhaps a troop of POUM militia. Their hatred of the Catholic Church and their rabid and violent anti-clericalism is well known – hence the burnt out churches in Barcelona. Somehow though it seems wrong. POUM would use a bullet to the back of the neck. This is something different, insane in its sadistic cruelty.

Ultimately the investigators will have to turn and walk away. There is nothing more they can do... As they do so an overwhelming sense of dread and depression seems to settle on the investigators' souls. It not just the horror of the strangled men, it is something much more profound: a slow rising tide of melancholy and fatalism which almost makes them want to sit down in the dust, put their head in their hands and start crying. Perhaps its 'shell shock' or 'combat fatigue.' It has been a harrowing day after all. (The feeling is in fact the pernicious influence of the Lloigor beginning to work on the investigators and the rest of the company. The Keeper should intensify the feeling as the scenario continues and the investigators move closer to the monastery.)

The truck drives on. Anyone with NAVIGATE skill needs to assist the driver. The countryside is scrubby, rocky and monotonous. It is very easy to get lost.

Disasters of war

After a further two hours they arrive at a small village: Mahon – population 100-150. The village consists of clay adobe houses each with a high wall surrounding an enclosed yard. There is a small chapel, and a village store cum-tavern. An empty hay cart stands in the middle of the main street. The place is completely and utterly deserted. Everyone is gone. All the houses are empty. Rotting food stands on tables set for meals. Not even cats or dogs are roaming the streets. The silence of the deserted hamlet is eerie and oppressive. A thorough search reveals that doors have been kicked in - many are hanging off their hinges. On one wall there are large two blood splashes surrounding bullet holes. There is no clue what has happened to the villagers.

Then the wind changes direction and the section becomes aware of the hideous stench of rotting flesh. The vile scent is coming from outside of town, from the very direction they will be travelling in.

Within a kilometre the investigators find out where villagers are. The truck comes to a screeching halt. The investigators are thrown bodily from their seats in the back. Roll LUCK or lose 1D3 HP. The driver is screaming. He can see into a large olive grove just off the side of the road.

Within the Olive grove someone has recreated Goya's *Disasters of War*. Beheaded and mutilated, naked villagers are hung, impaled and nailed to stumps, trunks and tree branches. Many have limbs lopped off and nailed or strung up beside them. Others have been impaled on sharpened branches, and hang or sit in frozen postures of unspeakable agony. The Keeper is directed to plate 39 of Goya's series of prints which depicts three victims of Napoleon's troops. But the perpetrators here have gone further as the illustration on page 89 indicates; this orchard is filled with at least 50 trees each bearing one or two, in some cases three, mutilated naked corpses – men, women, and children. The entire grove is alive with the buzzing of flies, and the slow dripping of decaying flesh and putrefaction.

At the wagon's screeching halt a huge flock of carrion birds (magpies, crows, kites and ravens) fly up from the branches, cawing noisily. Then there is silence. Just the horrified troops on the roadside and the hideous orchard, its trees branches sagging and bowing under the weight of the ghastly harvest. SAN loss is 1/1D8 to witness this hideous atrocity

. The investigators notice animals: donkeys, goats, dogs and cats have been treated the same way. Even the battle-hardened members of the platoon are silenced – they have seen nothing like this. Not even the feared Moroccan colonial troops treat their prisoners with such insane savagery. What makes it all the more horrifying is that there is absolutely no sign of who could have committed this atrocity. Being faceless and invisible makes the unknown enemy all the more dreadful and terrifying.

However, a successful SPOT HIDDEN reveals two of the corpses have their arms nailed to the tree trunk in such a way that they point to a third hanging between them. Further examination of the body in the middle reveals someone has stuffed a crumpled envelope

into its mouth. This turns out to be Kurtz's last insane letter to his wife. It is contained in a crumpled blood stained envelope addressed to:

*Frau Martina Kurtz
73 Potsdamer Strasse
Wien
Osterreich*

(See handout below).

There is nothing the investigators can do other than turn their back on this atrocity, climb aboard their wagon and depart the horrific scene.

(The letter is scrawled in pencil, without punctuation or proper spacing, a rambling stream of consciousness pouring from a shattered mind)

I watched my men delousing themselves today and was struck how like the lice they were destroying my men were Feeding on blood they blindly crawl on the skin of this war which is their host and without which they could not exist They would feed and breed like the blind mindless insects that they are until they are selected for EXTERMINATION between the thumbnail of fate and the fingernail of MORTALITY I have seen the totality of what is done here and before the insight I have gained I have become as a man is to a louse TRANSFORMED and EXPANDED like a demi-god before the crawling insects who see but through a glass darkly what lies beyond this globe of earth but my BECOMING has made me glorious and brighter than the noonday sun whose rays blast the surface of the earth I have kicked myself free of all CONSTRAINTS and merely human notions of right and wrong and religion and politics and MORALITY and the proof of my BECOMING is what I have created here in my image which is THEIR image and in doing so bring liberation and COMMUNION with THEM which is the blessing THEY bestow As lice are to me so I am to THEM yet by these DEEDS I have fulfilled the COVENANT that TIME WAS TIME IS but TIME SHALL BE NO MORE and in our JOINING we will become true GODS inexplicable. As a louse cannot describe the so-called majesty of the man on which it feeds no man could encompass or describe with his mind that which I am to be with the TRANSMUTATION of my BECOMING

**TO MY WIFE:
SELL THE HOUSE**

KILL THE CHILDREN

KILL YOURSELF

Handout 3: Kurtz's Letter



More horrors

The Keeper should request NAVIGATE rolls - a fail leads the section down rough farm tracks, causing them to grow ever more disorientated. Eventually they reach another village. This time there is no need to see if the place is deserted – the population is lining the road on the approach to the village like columns of Egyptian or Assyrian statuary. The villagers have been impaled upright their heads removed and replaced with the heads of animals – goats, donkeys, cows and dogs, all crudely nailed or spiked into position. SAN loss is 1/1D6 as swirling swarms of flies buzz up with the truck's passing by and the stench is horrendous.

As the truck passes through this village the investigators may be forgiven for thinking that someone is trying to recreate hell on earth here in Sierra Verde. Like scenes from Bosch or Brueghel, death dominates the landscape. All the fields are either overgrown or left untended. Ploughs rust in the half tilled fields, the donkeys and horses dead in the traces. In the distance the investigators can see three windmills on a hilltop. It is just possible to see the tattered skeletons crucified on each of the sails. SAN loss is 0/1.

As night falls the section has to accept that they are hopelessly lost. At the last crossroads a group of cartwheels had been raised up on poles. Resting on each cartwheel is a shattered body whose broken limbs have been interlaced with the spokes before the helpless victim was hoisted up and left to die of shock, thirst and dehydration under the merciless Spanish sun. SAN loss is again 0/1 as the investigators become inured to such atrocities.

Night

As darkness gathers the NCOs decide there is no option but to drive up the side of a small low lying hill and make camp for the night on its flat open top.

The camp is hardly a model of military field craft. The NCOs are as scared and shocked as the rest of the section. A half-hearted attempt is made to post guards and have a duty roster, but the first men put on guard soon leave the perimeter and come and squat with their comrades, seeking comfort from the supposed safety in numbers. The next men scheduled to take their turn on guard simply pretend to have forgotten their orders. The NCOs do not enforce their own orders and huddle miserably with the rest. There is food and water but no security. The feeling of melancholic depression has worsened – some of the

younger members of the platoon are literally sick with worry.

The night is dark: clouds cover the gibbous moon, there is no starlight to give any kind of comfort. Even though they are in the open air there is the horrible feeling of being trapped and enclosed. The feeling is intensely claustrophobic, and it is very easy come to the conclusion that there is no hope of escape.

In the small hours of the morning sleep of a fashion takes hold of the weary troops. All who sleep on that low hilltop are affected by strange nightmares, nightmares which, if discussed in the morning, will be found to have been identical (SAN loss 1/1D3). The nightmare is a whirling kaleidoscope of sensory impressions and sensations:

A vision of confused images of something... ancient and ineffably and inhumanly evil... stirring in the darkness... a procession... religious... torchlight... monks... cowed and hooded like the Easter procession of penitents... the figures dressed in robes of black ... processing chanting... but this is not a celebration of God's goodness or mercy... this procession has the air of fanaticism... Inquisition... death by torture... or the stake... charred faces screaming in the flames... screaming... screaming... they pull back their hoods to reveal faceless black pools of emptiness.

The dream ends as the investigators awake with a start. Perhaps someone screamed in their sleep. It is still dark, the early hours of the morning. It is impossible to see into the pitch black, but those who succeed in a LISTEN roll can hear distant gunfire, and a sudden rumbling crashing sound, the sound of masonry or buildings collapsing. Faint screams carried on the wind can also be heard. Investigators may try to get a bearing. using LUCK or NAVIGATE rolls. The gunfire strengthens...intensifies...then peters out to a last ragged shot or two...a few final screams...then silence. From combat experienced investigators a KNOW roll understands the sounds as those of a lightly defended position being surprised and overrun.

Dawn

Dank heavy mist wraps everything like grey cotton wool. Everyone is tired, irritable, scared. Clothes are damp; the troops are chilled to the bone. The depression, which affected everyone yesterday, seems worse somehow. Roll POW x 3 a fail results in splitting migraine like headaches which makes the sufferer

just want to sit with their head in their hands.

The two NCOs attempt a roll call. Two of the platoon are gone. They appear to have simply vanished from the camp. Perhaps they have deserted, but they seemed as scared as the rest of the section. It is almost impossible to believe they would just walk off into the countryside and the horrors it holds.

As the dank heavy mist clears spirits sink still further. To the west at the foot of a small range of hills is small town; right on the bearing where the shots and screams were coming from. It is probably El Cierre, the group's objective – where the rest of the Centuria should be...

The truck will not start and no amount of coaxing or attempts to repair it have any success. The only option appears to be to head to the town on foot and meet up with remainder of column. There may be safety in numbers.

Mist has hidden the valley and ravines that lie between the section's position and the village. It appears to be about 2 miles as crow flies – however the terrain is broken and difficult. The camp is at the same elevation as the village. The section will have to descend into the valley between the two plateaus and pick their way across broken terrain to reach it. It will be a long, potentially dangerous march to get there. The scrubby broken terrain is ideal ambush country; every gully, every rock may hide the unseen enemy.

With mouths dry with fear the section walk march, stumble across the rocky dusty yellow landscape. It is difficult to keep on bearing. Often the section marches up blind ravines and have to turn back. Tempers are getting short, the troops are driven with the fear of being caught in this landscape – an imbecile with a musket could ambush and massacre half of the section before they had a chance to react.

To add to the fear and the discomfort of this march under the hot morning sun the lack of training begins to tell. The youngsters have no water discipline, quickly empty their canteens and start pestering the investigators for a share of theirs. The Keeper might instigate some bad-tempered fisticuffs amongst the section as they fearfully make their way to the village. These delays and marching in the hot sun make progress slow and stressful. It is well past midday before the objective is reached. At last the section reaches the gentle slope, which leads up to the small town. Scouts sent ahead will report that the place is apparently ruined and deserted.

El Cierre

The town is more than ruined. It is almost completely flattened. The section picks its way through the rubble of cottages, houses and shops into the main square strewn with bricks and collapsed walls. There is a church on the far side of the square, which is mostly intact. Although roofless, its bell tower still stands. Every other house has been virtually demolished.

Something seems wrong. An IDEA roll could reveal that there are no craters, no signs of explosion, no smell of cordite or other high explosives. Furthermore there were no sounds of artillery or aerial attack. Whatever happened here last night was more like an earthquake or some other natural disaster. This realisation only intensifies the unease and disquiet.

The section can split up and search the village should they so choose.

Searching the ruins

Immediately apparent is the wreckage of the company's remaining vehicle. It is lying upside down against the wall of the church. The roof of the cab is lying fifty yards away. Buckled and smashed. It looks like it was caught in an artillery explosion, but there are no burn or scorch marks on the wreckage, and no craters in the vicinity.

Inside the remains of the cab a SPOT HIDDEN uncovers the Major Hogenkamp's map case. As well as the crudely drawn sketch map of the Sierra Verde region are details of the mission to find and exterminate Colonel Kurtz, as well as a copy of his military record (see Handouts on pages 92-95). Whilst this information begins to explain the situation the investigators now find themselves in, for anyone playing a member of the Soviet Military Mission, Hogenkamp's orders are political dynamite. The player should be advised that his masters in Moscow need to see these papers at all costs. The Keeper may choose to have surviving Spanish NPCs attempt to prevent this.

The Keeper could also hint that perhaps Hogenkamp was playing his own game. Why else would he bring such potentially explosive and sensitive documents on the mission with him? Anything the Keeper can do to sow paranoia and mutual mistrust within the section will greatly enhance the desperate situation they are now in.

TOP SECRET

From: Officer Commanding Divisional Intelligence Section

Barcelona Military District

To: Major J. D. Hogenkamp, Friedrich Engels Brigade

Cc: O/C Friedrich Engels Brigade
Adjutant Generals Office II Corps

Date: 20/04/37

The latest debriefing of refugees from the Sierra Verde district has provided final proof that elements of the "Paris Commune" International Brigade have deserted and have established control over the entire Sierra Verde area.

Reports of looting, robbery, rape, mass murder and atrocities perpetrated by the renegade battalion against the civilian population are now too widespread to be disregarded.

It is now clear that the mass desertion was instigated by the Brigade's commanding officer, Colonel Wilhelm Kurtz, who, on pain of torture and death, has induced men under his command to follow him in setting up what appears to be his own personal fiefdom within the area.

Kurtz has previously been criticised for use of unsound methods during military operations, but the accounts of the villagers he has terrorised and latest intelligence material gathered suggest that he is now psychologically unfit for command.

Latest reports from villagers driven from their homes suggest that members of a Catholic monastic brotherhood have also participated in the latest attacks and outrages. This suggests that not only has Kurtz abandoned the Republican cause, he is now actively supported by Nationalist elements and Catholic Ultras, and must now therefore be considered a traitor and enemy of the state.

The Adjutant Generals Office of the Republican Army II Corps (Barcelona Military District) has passed sentence of death in absentia on Kurtz. You have been selected to carry out the sentence.

You will search out Kurtz in the Sierra Verde region and terminate his command with extreme prejudice.

Because of the nature of his crimes it is imperative that no word of your mission or its purpose reaches the Foreign Press especially that of the Fascist regimes supporting the Nationalists.

It is equally vital that this mission is not communicated through any channels to the Soviet Military Mission. We cannot allow our most important allies to form the perception that the Republican High Command can neither vet nor control its senior Officers.

For this reason the forces available to you will be limited to the deployment of a single company to undertake the mission. This is to minimise both the chances of security leaks, and the number of Soviet Military Mission personnel who will accompany you. We cannot risk arousing suspicion by deploying troops without the accompanying military advisors (See additional Special Orders below)

Our assessment of the efficiency and military capability of Kurtz' command after 6 months in the field without re supply is low. We do not envisage that the rabble of bandits and renegades now commanded by Kurtz will provide you with serious opposition.

You will seek out and destroy Kurtz and the bandits he leads.

Prior to action your men are to be instructed that they are attacking the remnants of a Nationalist 5th Column Guerrilla task force who have been harassing divisional supply lines on the Huesca front. Your men are to be advised that enemy personnel may be wearing Republican uniform and insignia as part of their disguise.

NO PRISONERS ARE TO BE TAKEN.

You will ensure also that any members of the Soviet Military Mission who accompany you on this mission are to be lost in combat by whatever means necessary. The Central Government and the Military High Command have limited faith in the practice of embedding political Commissars with military personnel. Whilst we can allow this practice in formations composed of International volunteers, we wish the practice discredited before it can be implemented with Regular Army units as the price of continuing war materiel aid. Your after action report is to detail high levels of incompetence, inefficiency and cowardice amongst any Soviet personnel assigned to this mission.

Long Live the Republic!

Signed

Lt. Col J. D. Castellán

O/C D.I.S. BMD

Ministry of War
Record Form: DT117-B Personnel Record (Commissioned Officers)

Officers Name: Wilhelm Siegfried Kurtz
D.O.B.: 07/11/1888
Nationality: Austrian
Current Rank: Colonel
Deployment: O/C 23rd (International Volunteer)
Infantry Brigade ("Paris Commune")

Previous Military Service:

Attended Infantry Officer Training School, Salzburg. Graduated first from an intake of 35. Commissioned as second lieutenant in 45th Infantry Battalion

1912 Promoted to O/C 45th Infantry Battalion

1914 1918

i) War service Russian Front.

Mentioned in despatches

Decorated for conspicuous gallantry Tannenberg.

ii) War Service Italian Front

Mentioned in despatches

Decorated for conspicuous gallantry Asiago.

Demobilised with acting rank of Colonel, Vienna 1919

1936 Volunteered for Active service in defence of the Republic.
Commissioned as O/C 23rd Infantry Brigade

August 1936 Mentioned in despatches following close action in defence of Madrid (see AAR ref 34876) Elements of 23rd Brigade out manoeuvred and captured 1000 enemy personnel, including Staff Officers of the Italian Expeditionary force 1st Rifle Battalion.

September 1936 Reprimanded following close action on Badajoz front 70 Moroccan prisoners summarily executed at Kurtz order. (See AAR ref 35121) Enemy reprisals result in liquidation of village of Salazar and deaths of 150 civilians.

October 1936 Reprimanded following unauthorised close action against Moroccan 12th Infantry Division Badajoz Front (See AAR 35239) Using a combination of frontal assault and guerrilla insurgency by attached irregular militia forces, the 23rd Infantry Brigade overran and destroyed enemy positions in the Badajoz

Ministry of War
Record Form: DT117-B Personnel Record (Commissioned Officers)

region. Following close action Kurtz ordered surviving prisoners hung in pigskins. These executions were filmed by American journalists, necessitating liquidation of the journalists and destruction of the film, with subsequent adverse effects on US support for the Republic.

Intelligence reports from agents assigned to Moroccan units indicated severe adverse impacts to unit morale and increased unwillingness to fight. Executions to stiffen morale almost caused mutinies amongst these units.

November 1936 Reprimanded following unauthorised close action against civilians in the Huesca region. Over 200 civilians summarily executed on Kurtz' direct orders. Kurtz claimed intelligence reports indicated Nationalist elements within the villages were preparing guerrilla incursions against his brigades supply lines. Summoned to Madrid for Court of Inquiry
Reinstated in command 23rd Brigade with War Office observers to countersign any future orders he may issue.

December 1936 Warrant issued for Kurtz' arrest following failure of the 23rd Brigade to participate in general assault along the Huesca front.

(Refer to confidential AAR 37843) Military Police sent to investigate the failure of the 23rd Brigade to advance found their positions deserted apart from the bodies of 150 Brigade personnel mostly Spanish Nationals, who had presumably refused Kurtz' order to desert their positions and were shot down. The Military Police report details that War Office observers had been decapitated. The heads were delivered in a communiqué pouch to the Secretary of State for War's office three days later.

Nationalist counterattack and subsequent redeployment along the FEBA prevented release of troops to search for and apprehend Kurtz.

As of 01/01/37 Kurtz and the remnants of his command are believed to be operating independently as irregular forces in the region to the south east of Huesca.

DT117B 1

Closer examination of the roof of the truck's cab reveals that it appears to have been peeled off the truck. Half a dozen gashes in the roof reveal where something has pierced the roof – spreading the metal like flower petals on the inside. A burst of 30mm cannon shells would do that but these holes form a tapering arc – almost as if something huge had taken a bite and torn the roof away.

More careful scouting around the perimeter of the town reveals no sign of the remainder of the company. However the debris of battle is everywhere. Slit trenches have been dug around the town. A few trenches have empty cartridge cases lying in front or at the bottom of them – the occupants apparently managed to get a few shots off before being overrun. There are odd scraps of uniform lying in and around the trenches. The earth near each trench is absolutely drenched in blood.

There are further smears and pools of blood everywhere. An IDEA roll suggests the blood patterns suggest drag marks where bodies have been pulled from the slit trenches and out into fields around the town. A TRACK roll allows some of the trails to be followed, but a quick sweep of the fields reveals the drag marks rapidly fade. There is no sign of any bodies, either from the company, or villagers from El Cierre itself. Neither is there evidence of any survivors of the attack on the town, of any description anywhere in the vicinity.

Other things to find:

A dead cultist

Behind one of the ruined buildings is a body, apparently left behind after the attack. It is not a member of the company, or of any recognisable military formation from this conflict. The man has a shocking wound to the belly, large enough to put a fist into. He has crawled away to die.

He is wearing nothing but an old army shirt worn as a breechclout, and simple straw sandals. He appears skinny, underfed and malnourished, his ribs standing out clearly against his skin. The sides of his head are shaved into a Mohawk. In one hand he still clutches a butcher's cleaver – darkened with blood and clotted with clumps of flesh and hair.

His chest and face are smeared with scarlet and yellow war paint daubed in bizarre primitive designs. In the centre of his chest is a large red inflamed scar. He appears to have been branded. It is a large brand identical to that seen on the deserter, Warchinski. In this

case, however, a pattern of strange nodular nubs of flesh have formed around the livid seared flesh. These growths are about two inches in length and an inch in diameter, perhaps ten of them in total. They are a horrible dark green blotched with purple and have the appearance of slimy amphibian skin. They pulse and contract if touched as though they still live even though their host has died causing SAN loss of 1/1D3.

Suitcase by the ruins of the Bodega

Standing out amidst the rubble in the ruins of the village inn is a suitcase of new shiny high quality brown leather. It's obvious expensive appearance make it too tempting not to open, but will be found to contain only a man's clothing: shirts, underwear, socks. However, lying on top of the clothes is a letter of introduction from a Swiss Clockmaker to the abbot of the Monastery of St Tomas d' El Cierre dated five years previously (see Handout on pages 97-8).

The Bodega cellar

The Bodega has a trapdoor in the floor of what was once the kitchen. Opening it reveals a stairway down to the cellar. At the foot of the steps is a heavy oaken iron studded door. The cellar itself is about twenty-five feet square, stone flagged, the walls dusty and coated in flaking whitewash. Ancient stonework arches provide storage for barrels of olive oil and wine, as well as shelves for dry vegetables. There are a few dried mouldy carrots and potatoes on the shelves if anyone feels hungry.

Further examination of the cellar reveals a doorway at the back, which has been crudely sealed off by the simple expedient of nailing planks across it. It would appear to offer access to the cellar under the building next door, and through a similar trapdoor back out into the street. Successful IDEA rolls indicate this may make an excellent command post/shelter for the night.



Mullheim u. Sohn
19-21 Alpen Strasse, Bern, Schweiz

15/07/35

Dear Father Abbot,

I trust that this letter finds you well. It seems incredible that a correspondence begun in my father's time should be continuing to this day. I can only assume the Lord blesses a life of peaceful contemplation with longevity and continuing good health.

I am pleased to present the bearer of this letter to you, with my highest recommendations and assurances of his skill and expertise, both in restoration of existing pieces and the creation of new works of extreme precision and accuracy.

Herr Weiss is completely familiar with your requirement, having reviewed the design and drawings, which were supplied to my father all those years ago. He has spent the past few months travelling to Salisbury, England, Rheims, Cologne, and Prague to familiarise himself with the creations of the early master craftsmen in the churches and Cathedrals there. We have no doubt that the renovation of the earlier mechanism can be completed without difficulty, and Herr Weiss is confident that a system similar to the one in place at Prague can be used to integrate the various functions.

Turning now to the missing elements of the design. I regret to confess that here we found the original plans completely indecipherable. Mathematically the system simply will not work, and the train as shown could never be constructed using any known technique past or present. I regret that Herr Weiss will be constrained to carry out the restoration work only.

The full integration will require either the original train, for renovation and installation also, or for deconstruction and re-engineering. Having the mechanism itself in our hands may allow us to decipher the original makers intent, now unfortunately obscured by those references to the astrological, metaphorical and metaphysical conceits and references which were so in vogue at the time.

I have however, continued the researches that my father began on your behalf, and I can at least provide hopeful news. If you will permit me to make the observation that those things we seek most ardently are often right under our noses! My contact at the University of Lisbon Department of History, Professor Philippe da Silvha has uncovered a description of the piece mentioned in a despatch from a certain Captain Deforge, a French Cavalry officer and amateur mathematician. He records in a letter to his wife in December 1809, that a troop of his men had looted the piece from a villa just outside Saragossa.

He saw the remnants of what can only be the piece after the men had broken it down for the gold and adornments of enamel work and jewellery, which formed the decoration of the case. Deforge took possession of the mechanism, which he admits fascinated him to the point of obsession.

Deforge was posted to Barcelona in 1811 to undertake the training of a Regiment of French Colonial Cavalry who were disembarked there in April of that year.

Professor Da Silvha has determined from regimental records that Deforge never took command of his new regiment he apparently died in a fire that broke out in his quarters in late March. Whilst the cause of the fire was unexplained the effects were not Deforge and twenty of the finest military draught horses perished before the flames were brought under control.

We can be confident that at some point in time the missing train existed, created by some unknown 17th century craftsman, and that it was in Spain in the last century, not one hundred miles from your very monastery! Let us therefore take hope that what was once created may be recreated afresh, or (dare we hope!) yet exist to be lovingly restored and integrated into that ancient engine which has steadfastly measured the pulse of God's creation in your order's home.

I pray that I may complete my father's, and dare I say the Lord's work by playing some small part in the completion of the task you set our craftsmen all those years ago.

A. M. G. D.

Yours Sincerely

G. H. Mullheim

Night in El Cierre

The situation is becoming desperate. It would appear that the thirteen men now (presumably) crowded into the cellar are the only survivors of the Company –the air strike of the previous day and the assault on the town during the night having disposed of the rest.

The section is listless and miserable. Most sit in the shade and stare glumly at nothing. Night is starting to fall, and the prospect of marching back through what is obviously hostile territory is not attractive. The Keeper needs to keep the survivors in the town, and should use the NCOs to enforce this option. Their plan is to lie low and strike out for Barcelona in the morning; perhaps the wreckage of the truck in the square can be cannibalised for spare parts to fix the broken down truck.

Diego and Jorge volunteer to keep watch from the church tower. Diego and Jorge post Guards and instruct those not on watch to stay out of sight in the Bodega's cellar. A successful PSYCHOLOGY roll reveals that they are lying and are probably planning to desert, abandoning the section to its fate.

For those left in the Bodega cellar there is a horrible sense of being buried alive. There is nothing to do except stare up at the dusty cobwebbed ceiling, and feel the crumbling white washed walls close in. The only light comes from stumps of candles or smoky homemade tin can lamps fuelled with olive oil.

As night comes one last look from under the trapdoor reveals a thick heavy mist rolling into the ruined village. Grey dank coils seem almost to flow into the ruins like liquid, quickly shrouding the shattered walls. Within less than a minute visibility is down to a few feet.

Perhaps some of those off watch down in the cellar can sleep. For those that do, their fitful rest is troubled by another disturbing shared dream:

It seems they are in the bottom of a pit looking upwards into illimitable blackness. Overhead they can hear a horrible hissing swoosh as something large and ponderously heavy moves in an unstoppable irresistible rhythm forwards, backwards, forwards, backwards through the darkness above them. There is the sense that huge mechanisms, grinding gears and spinning wheels are turning in the darkness above, forcing some huge pawl against the massive razored teeth of a gigantic ratchet. Tick follows tock follows tick follows

tock... Straining their eyes against the blackness they can sense more than see the blade of a huge pendulum slicing through the air, hissing with every sweep as it slowly lowers towards where they lie, immovably trapped and helpless as it inexorably descends, measuring out the few remaining minutes of their life...

The investigators will awake with a start in the darkness of the cellar, their bodies drenched in sweat. Pass a CON x 3 roll or suffer headaches and nausea, compounded by a helpless sense of impending doom.

The cultists attack

Keeper information: The leader of the cultists can sense that fate has brought the missing mechanism required to activate the Clock of Carnamagos right to their doorstep. Nothing can be allowed to prevent his obtaining of this item, so a band comprised of Kurtz's renegade troops and insane monks from the Brothers of St Tomas are despatched to El Cierre to massacre whoever they find there and obtain the mechanism. To assist them the Abbot calls forth a Hunting Horror – the same being which levelled the town last night and killed the majority of Hogenkamp's men – the rest being finished off by the cultists.

The Keeper should manoeuvre events to keep the investigators in the cellar as much as possible. The Keeper can always limit the attack by having the Hunting Horror seize Diego, and withdraw the cultists back to their Monastery with their prize.

The action takes place in the mist-shrouded ruins of El Cierre, so the Keeper should keep the numbers and description of the attackers vague. An all out gunfight should be avoided if at all possible at this stage of the scenario.

At about three o'clock in the morning the assault begins, the cultists quickly infiltrating the ruins and slaughtering any guards posted in the slit trenches.

A LISTEN roll from within the cellar means the investigators hear the screams, laughter, yells, and the sounds of shots from the streets above. The insane screaming of the cultists sounds more like hunting animals than men. Are the unseen enemy drunk or simply insane with bloodlust?

Before the investigators can plan their response they hear the trapdoor above them open, and the sound of

soft footsteps descending the steps into the cellar. They can hear mumbling garbled words, a gibberish mixture of Spanish, Latin and some other unknown harsh guttural sounding language. Thick bubbling mewling and insane giggling laughter help to make the gibberish all but incomprehensible. The cellar door slowly creaks open and a cowed figure enters.

The investigators may attempt to kill the intruder silently. He is a member of Colonel Kurtz's battalion dressed in a coarse brown monk's robe, belted with rope wearing simple straw soled sandals holding a crude spear fashioned from a bread knife. As they struggle the monk's cowl slips revealing his shaven head tattooed and branded with bizarre occult symbols. His lower face is a mass of writhing tentacles, purple and green clutching and grasping, whilst a mouth more like some pulsing undersea creatures feeding tube, a lamprey-like orifice ringed with razor sharp spines snaps and attempts to tear off chunks of its opponents flesh. SAN loss is 1/1D6.

This sight is enough to panic the other troops in the cellar. They make an uncontrolled dash to the door at the rear of the cellar, tear down the planks and rush up the other cellar steps to the streets above. This move is fatal, as the cultists lunge from the mist and slaughter the unfortunate members of the investigator's section. In the cellar the screams of the massacre are all to horribly clear.

The investigators can hopefully kill the scout who entered the cellar, and take stock.

The players may feel that it is perhaps not a good idea to stay in the cellar – trapped down in the darkness like rats in a hole. This is, however, probably the safest place to be, but should the investigators attempt to regain the street they will find that the mist is thick, cold and clammy with an almost tangible physical presence. Crouching cautiously they can make out dark shapes moving in the mist, dashing here and there, casting about like dogs hunting. Then they hear screaming from above - the men in the church tower are screaming, screaming like men at the extremities of terror.

Something huge passes overhead. The investigators see the mist part to allow the passage of a massive sinuous writhing serpent-like body, forty feet long, five feet in diameter, scaly and reptilian. There is a glimpse of a vast ragged sail-like wing slowly and impossibly flapping backwards and forwards. They feel the moving air displaced as it passes and hear the huge beat of the single leathery wing as the thing

glides overhead. Roll LUCK and those who succeed lose only 1/1D3 SAN as the mist hides the thing from view. For those who fail, the mist clears enough to allow the investigator to see the Hunting Horror entire which costs 1/1D10 SAN.

The screaming at the church tower intensifies. There is a crash of falling masonry as the Hunting Horror wraps itself around the tower and smashes its head into the belfry. The investigators hear Diego screaming like a small child: "Holy Mother of God protect me..." before his screams become the incoherent yelling of a madman.

Through the ruins the investigators can see wild looking figures: ragged men, some carrying crude spears, some cowed like monks, searching, groping upon the rubble scattered paving stones before the church. Then with a howling yell of insane triumph they fall on something.

It is Jorge: perhaps he leaped in terror from the tower. He is badly wounded, both legs are shattered and he vainly attempts to crawl to some hiding place.

Like a pack of rabid wolves the cultists seize him, tear him apart and feast on his flesh. The investigators watch them gorge as Jorge writhes and screams until at last his screams are silenced forever. The last the investigators see of him is his head stuck on pole and carried away by the mob who scuttle and lurch back into the mist. SAN loss is 1/1D4.

More proactive investigator response to Jorge's fate is diverted by a huge cracked screeching voice rumbling with vile subsonic harmonics that sends the mind cringing in abject terror as it carries through the mist: 'I HAVE IT MY CHILDREN I HAVE IT'. This is the signal for the cultists to withdraw, disappearing wraith-like into the mist. Finally the mist itself seems to withdraw, flowing slowly out of the village and into the countryside where it disperses with unnatural quickness.

The final morning

Keeper's information: The Keeper should have an idea of the current physical and mental state of the investigators, and should base the finale of the scenario on this. Cruel Keepers may deem that the players are the sole surviving members of the section. Kinder ones may leave one or two other members of the original section alive to act as "cannon fodder" and absorb damage and deaths, which would other-

wise doom the group.

It is morning. The investigators should take stock of their situation: they are cut off in hostile territory, outnumbered by superior and unearthly forces and are ill-equipped to deal with the situation. They do (presumably) have the map that they found in Hogenkamp's map case. The Keeper may deem that water is available in cisterns in the ruins of the town, and food from the backpacks and pockets of their dead comrades. The investigators also have the pick of their weapons and remaining ammunition.

The players may well wish to escape the town. They have three options: to attempt to retrace their steps to Barcelona, to head northwards towards the Republican lines on the Huesca front, or they may even decide that they have had enough of the war altogether – in which case heading east should bring them to the Pyrenees, and assuming they are lucky enough to find an unguarded pass, from there they can desert the cause and head into France. The Keeper should advise that they are looking at four to five days hard marching across hostile countryside to achieve any of the above options.

Crafty players may request to cannibalise the wrecked wagon in the town square, and attempt to repair their abandoned vehicle. The Keeper should allow the attempt, following a NAVIGATE roll to retrace their steps to the vehicle and 3 x MECHANICAL REPAIR rolls. But, despite repairs the already damaged transmission seizes up after a mile or so as the repaired vehicle struggles across the rough farm tracks of Sierra Verde.

Regardless of their final decision their path will ultimately lead them to the Monastery of St. Tomas, and the final confrontation with the cult.

As the investigators deliberate, or perhaps just as they set off on their chosen course the Keeper should request a LISTEN roll. A success means the investigator has heard the distant sound of metal crashing against metal. There is something bizarre in the echoing clangour of the sound, something compelling, something which beckons to them. The Keeper should request POW x 3 rolls. A failure results in that player being inexorably drawn towards the source of the clanging smash of metal against metal.

Taking the road out of village leads down into the valley below, but before too long the investigators realise that this is not the way they came into the town. The lack of a compass and the difficulty of get-

ting a bearing from the sun on this grey overcast morning means that the investigators soon become disorientated. The valley sides slowly steepen shutting out the sky and rise up to form steep rocky cliffs. The Keeper should severely modify any attempts at NAVIGATE rolls to reflect the rapidity with which the investigators become lost in the broken dusty terrain of this ravine.

A TRACK roll at this point reveals that the investigators are probably on the trail of the attackers from the night before – the ground is marked with footprints heading in their direction of travel, prints of bare feet, rope-soled sandals and hobnailed boots. After an hour or so the ravine walls part on their left – the huge reverberating crash of metal smashing against metal sounds once more, echoing and re-echoing from the rocky walls of the ravine.

The Monastery of St. Tomas

As the investigators cautiously advance they see that the gap in the walls of the ravine leads into a small valley, surrounded by high rock walls. At the far end, at the top of a small incline is an ancient looking monastery. The rocky terrain provides ample cover, and from behind an outcrop of boulders the investigators can view the building safely.

The isolation of the valley was obviously what drew the founders of the Monastery to this place. The quiet barren hills provide an ideal quiet background to a life of religious contemplation. This building has been tucked away in this quiet corner of rural Spain for centuries, built on and added to by successive generations. Investigators succeeding in an ARCHAEOLOGY roll may realise that this building has been here longer than any Christian Religious order. Parts of the architecture are clearly Moorish in design, and other parts of the building are pre-medieval Romanesque, and yet others are clearly Ancient Roman.

A simple bell tower wherein hangs a great bronze bell, green with verdigris, surmounts what must be the Monastery's church. Below this there is a circular space in the stonework. It would appear that a clock once filled this cavity but has now been removed.

There is a curious fence around the perimeter of the building. It appears like a fence but only the posts have been planted; tall thin posts about six feet high, each topped with a spherical white knob the shape

and size of a human head. The investigators may need to look twice to comprehend that the building is in fact ringed with a fence of human skulls (SAN loss 1/1D3).

The investigators may be reluctant to approach, but the Keeper should advise that whatever their planned destination, their direction of march takes them past the Monastery.

As they approach they notice that the walls are daubed with slogans and symbols. The slogans include:

‘VIVA LA MUERTE’

‘Vive La Mort’

‘Our slogan is Apocalypse NOW’

The symbols are bizarre and ancient signs of evil: inverted crosses, pentacles, astrological symbols, and others from no known faith or belief system. All have a horrid immediacy as if the madness that could so desecrate this fine old building has imbued the symbols with an almost palpable aura of evil.

As they reach the building the investigators’ nostrils are assailed by the sickly sweet stench of death. Searching around the rear of the Monastery reveals that the rear wall is pocked with bullet holes and splashes of blood. A heap of bodies four feet high and 20 feet long comprised of men, women and children jumbled haphazardly is stacked like cordwood against the wall (SAN loss is 1/1D3). Perhaps these were the inhabitants of El Cierre. As the investigators gape at the aftermath of the massacre, they see a figure approaching them from the direction of the main entrance.

Company

The figure is of bizarre appearance. He is dressed in motley of uniforms and second hand clothing, all of it ragged, filthy and besmirched: old braided curtains, flamenco lace, brown uniform jacket and battered peasant’s straw hat. On his feet are one old cavalry boot and one canvas plimsoll. Around his neck is a large, expensive-looking professional photographer’s camera.

This is Niles Bentley, one time journalist. He was covering the war for *The Washington Post*. He witnessed Kurtz’ atrocities earlier in the war, and would have been executed for this. However, some insane whim of Kurtz has kept him alive. He has accompa-

nied Kurtz and his men ever since. Bentley has been driven completely insane by witnessing their depredations. Nevertheless, if not attacked, Bentley greets the investigators cheerily

Under questioning, Bentley may try to explain what Kurtz has done, what he has become and what he is attempting to do. However, he has seen too much to clearly say what Kurtz has become or is planning. As he talks from time to time he raises his camera and photographs the investigators. Bentley’s speech is rambling, and the Keeper should take care not to reveal too much through his insane babble. The following is a sample:

“Hi Guys! How you doing! Great day! Isn’t this something? Say have you got a cigarette? Can I take your photograph?”

“Landed in Lisbon in ‘36 and made my way inland. Got lost trying to find a telegraph to get my story about the fall of Saragossa back to the office.

“I thought I understood this war...what it meant...the clash of Philosophies...a cockpit where the great nations of Europe fought in proxy – testing each other... readying for the great event to come...but he showed me ...showed me this... something beyond...”

“I don’t know why he didn’t kill me. I’m so far beneath him... He’s a Great Man. Us...we’re just little people...but he’s a Great Man...he’s becoming...oh man...if you could just meet him...hear him speak... ..he sees beyond...beyond all this...he explained it to me...I thought he was crazy at first...but its not when you hear him speak it seems ... it all seems ... necessary...”

“I dared to question him once. He could have killed me but he spoke to me instead...he...he expanded my mind...”

“You gotta understand...our minds...our small tiny minds...we haven’t got the words... but...he says you don’t need words...you just gotta act...act for good... act for evil...it doesn’t matter...its all chaos...damn, I can’t explain it...if you could just hear him speak...hear him explain it...he knows, he understands...he knows...that’s why they’ve chosen him... that’s why he’s becoming...the others see...they ...they served them...for hundreds of years...but they don’t care... they just want what they want...and he gave it to them... he showed them what we could do if ...if we cut ourselves loose... become like they are...immune to laws...to

rules...to...everything...that's why they chose him...that's why he joined with them...

"I amuse him...I record things for him...I told him what I did was for posterity, for history...that was before he joined them... He laughed at me... History... an ape making a few scratches in the dirt ...that's what he called history...ALL our history... he ...he sees more...sees further...all of it he sees all of it now he's with them...."

"Hey, maybe he'll let you live...maybe you can join him... you can't leave this place any other way - this is his land...their land...just go to him...prostrate yourselves...worship him... they fed last night... perhaps he'll let you join them...."

The investigators may chose to force Bentley to take them into the Monastery to negotiate with Kurtz, in which case he becomes another piece of cannon fodder for the scenario finale. Alternatively they may wish to kill him on the spot, in which case he dies laughing. Examination of his camera reveals there is no film in it.



Niles Bentley

Into the Monastery

The doors are huge – ancient oak bound in solid rusted iron. A pair of perfectly flayed children's skins are nailed on them, slowly tanning in the wind. The doors creak ominously on rusted iron as they open.

The cloisters

Inside, the investigators see ancient stone walls coated with crumbling grey plaster surmounted by centuries-old arched timber roofs, supported on simple Romanesque arches. The floor is stone flagged, the stones worn smooth or hollowed by centuries of passing feet. There is a vile mixture of smells: rotting flesh, incense, and excrement.

Directly in front of the investigators are covered cloisters, surrounding what was once a green space of lawn and formal garden – this is now a dung heap of filth, bones and jumbled rubbish. The cloisters appear totally deserted. The silence is heavy and oppressive. The Lloigor-induced fear and paranoia afflicting the investigators is now so oppressive it should be almost unbearable. As they cautiously advance into the cloisters they are assailed once again by the almost deafening crash of metal on metal. It sounds like the world's largest sledgehammer has smashed into world's biggest iron girder. The almost physical impact of the sound drops them to knees. The investigators must pass CON x 3 roll to avoid ruptured eardrums (2HP) unless they have previously taken some precautions against damage to their hearing.

A SPOT HIDDEN roll reveals that a heap of flagstones have been lifted and tumbled into the garden. In one corner is a large iron cauldron simmering on a fire of what appear to be old oak floorboards. From the jumble of bones tossed carelessly around the once green lawn and the vile stench it is safe to conclude that whatever is eaten by the inhabitants of the monastery is obviously prepared here. Analysis by NATURAL HISTORY or even a successful KNOW reveals the detritus is mostly human bones causing a SAN loss of 1/1D3.

An IDEA roll suggests that from the evidence of torn up flagstones, burning floorboards, and the jumble of old pews heaped in another corner of the cloister garden that whoever inhabits this monastery is slowly tearing it down around themselves.

There are several rooms leading off from the cloisters which are detailed below.

The Abbot's study

A bare expanse of stone flagged floor containing a large throne like chair pushed back against the wall as well as a heavy ancient oak desk, littered with scrolls, parchments and other papers. Bookcases line the walls. An astrolabe and telescope stand by the window. In the centre of the room is a large iron brazier. Resting in it are the huge branding irons used to bestow the gift of the brotherhood. The investigators will recognise the shape of the brand they may have seen burnt into the deserter at the checkpoint, and the dead cultist they found in El Cierre.

Searching the desk reveals it to be littered with horoscopes, and mouldering vellums and parchments scrawled with what appear to be diagrams of clockwork mechanisms. A successful SPOT HIDDEN notices that one of the parchments appears to be an order for some kind of clock from a clockmaker in Toledo. The order is dated 1764.

A further SPOT HIDDEN identifies a letter to the Vatican. The gist of the letter is that all is well at the monastery, and that a proposed visit from Father Confessor of the order should be cancelled due to an outbreak of typhus in El Cierre. The letter is dated 1822.

Also lying on the desk is large leather bound volume. Opening the volume the title page declares that this is 'Penseés of the Father Abbots of the Brotherhood of St. Tomas de le Cierre'. The volume is dated 1897–1936 and is formed from the bound loose-leaf handwritten notes. It is possible to determine that these notes form the daily journal of the Abbots of the Monastery. In the bookcases matching volumes of similar leather bound ledgers dating back to 1652 are haphazardly arranged. On shelves next to these are parchments and scrolls, some in Arabic, others in Medieval Latin. Still more crumbling rolls of vellum and papyrus are covered in scrawls of almost indecipherable early Latin script. By rolling INT x 3 the investigators can count the ledgers and scrolls and compare the dates. As far as can be calculated this monastery or the building which stood here before it has been continuously inhabited since the middle of the 4th Century – and possibly before.

It will take a further SPOT HIDDEN roll to realise that the same handwriting keeps appearing in the scrolls and ledgers. Sometimes decades or even centuries separate the entries, but there can be no doubt, the same sets of handwriting appears again and again in the volumes, from the earliest scroll to some of the

entries made in the journal for this last decade. The handwriting is difficult to decipher, and most of the journals are written in Church Latin, rather than Spanish. However the ledgers seem to describe the daily acts of service and communion between the individual Abbots of the monastery down the ages and a group of beings referred to as 'those who wait beneath.' A final INT roll reveals that rituals in praise of these beings have been developed and performed by the Abbots down the centuries.

There is one more thing to uncover in the Abbot's Study: a SPOT HIDDEN roll reveals that there is a curious silvery deposit about six feet wide on the floor – it looks similar to the trail a slug leaves. Once it is seen the investigators will find that this dried silvery shining substance coats many of the books and papers in the study.

The library

There are surprisingly few books of Catholic meditations, lives of the saints etc. There is one huge bible. Some of the investigators may well be dedicated atheists, with no place in their belief system for the superstitions of the past, but may still be shocked and upset by the vile and insanely obscene blasphemies with which this medieval sacred text has been defaced.

The Library does, however, contain an impressive collection of Renaissance and Medieval treatises on witchcraft, diabolism and black magic. There are also crumbling Arabic treatises apparently dealing with numerology, and astrology, as well as cabbalistic treatises, even texts on bamboo scrolls which are plainly oriental in origin; Chinese or even Tibetan! If the investigators do not conclude this for themselves, an IDEA roll indicates that whoever has lived here, has been accumulating occult knowledge for centuries.

The refectory

The monk's dining room is a stinking shambles. Long oak tables awash with dried blood, the floor littered with the leavings of meals – the open ribcage of a young woman spread eagled on the table suggests the main course of the last feast here. Vomit, excrement, empty wine barrels and bottles litter the floor. Diego's head is in the centre of one table – the eyes staring in shocked horror at the investigators. A large white candle has been stuck to his head in a pool of molten wax. Other impromptu candlesticks are aligned down the table in various stages of decomposition (SAN loss 0/1).

A SPOT HIDDEN roll reveals that on the table are the breech- block and disassembled working parts of a heavy weapon – a maxim machine gun. It seems likely this was the weapon used in the mass execution outside the Monastery. Searching around the litter and debris in the refectory the investigators will find the wheeled gun carriage and two boxes of belted ammunition. It will take 10 minutes and 3 MECHANICAL REPAIR rolls to re-assemble the gun and get it back in working order.

Pulemyot Maxima PM1910 Heavy Machine Gun.

Mounted on a cumbersome wheeled mount with gun shield, and dragged backwards into position by the crew holding the trailing rest, the M1910 was the Soviet variant of Hiram Maxim's machine gun, chambered for standard Russian 7.62 x 54mm ammunition.

Base skill: 15%,
Damage: 2D6+4 ,
Base range: 200 yds,
Attacks per Round: Burst,
Bullets in Gun: 300 (belted)
HPs resisting attack: 18
Malfunction: 85

The cells

These are the small stone rooms where the cultists sleep. There are a dozen of these tiny rooms, once home to the monks of the order of St. Tomas. The cells themselves are worse than pigsties of filth - the walls scrawled with more insane symbols and mottoes. Each cell is bare except for a simple wooden pallet and the stinking straw and lice-ridden blankets, which the cultists use for comfort.

In the corridor leading off them men are dangling by ropes attached to meat hooks thrust under their shoulder blades. They have been flayed, pierced with nails, viciously whipped and left to slowly bleed to death. SAN loss to see this is 1/1D3.

In three cells are the naked bodies of women, in two further cells the bodies of men. All their bodies are contorted and frozen in the postures they died in as they were apparently raped and strangled. SAN loss for investigators finding these victims is 1/1D3.

The scriptorium

This room was once used to create illuminated manuscripts. Now the desks have been pushed back against the walls to make space for what looks like a blacksmith's forge and anvil. One outer wall has been knocked through to the cloister to allow the forge to vent. Oddly shaped pieces of iron litter the floor. Heavy blacksmith's tools lie on one desk. On another is a small leather wallet – opening it the investigators will find delicate screwdrivers, forceps, pliers and other strange delicate instruments. These are the tools of the Swiss watchmaker, tortured and coerced by the brotherhood into creating the Clock of Carnamagos.

There is one final place to explore: the Monastery church. Access to this building is provided by another pair of huge wooden doors set in the wall in the opposite corner of the cloisters to the main entrance.

The ceremony in the church

As the investigators cautiously peer through the wooden doors into the church, the first thing they will notice is that the interior of the building has been stripped of all ornamentation, furniture and decoration. The pews have been ripped out, floorboards ripped up, the altar screen removed. With the exception of the altar everything within the church has been stripped back to the bare stone of the floor and walls.

It takes a further moment or two for the investigators to understand what they are seeing. Then they realise: there is no colour in the church. All colour has been magically dispelled from the church, everything is a hideous washed out monochrome. The light streaming through the stained glass windows is refracted in shades of grey. Everything has the appearance of an underdeveloped black and white photograph which causes a SAN loss of 0/1D3. The Clock of Carnamagos has been started, and the ritual to release the Lloigor has begun.

Frozen before the investigators like statues are the Brotherhood of St Tomas, and the surviving members of Kurtz's private army. (**Keeper's Information:** The total number of cultists in the church is left to his or her discretion, depending on the current health of the investigators and the Keeper's intention for the finale. Quachil Uttaus will take a quantity of cultists as sacrifices, and the use of the Maxim on men frozen in time weighs in the investigators favour. A vague statement such as 'It is difficult to tell but there

appear to be between twenty five and forty five men in the church' may help). They are frozen in time, unmoving, their limbs rigid in postures of wild abandon. The investigators can see that some have been caught in mid air as they leap and gyrate before the altar and what stands before it. Kurtz's men stripped like howling primeval savages, the Brothers caught like possessed demoniacs still wrapped in their cowls. The whole insane, unholy ceremony is captured in stasis in a single instant of frozen time.

Unfortunately this stasis gives the investigators the chance to recognise that the whole congregation has been touched by some foul and unearthly power. Here an arm is replaced by a cluster of tentacles, there a leg is replaced by some bulging pseudopod. Whip-like tendrils are frozen flailing from a chest, a face is transformed into something like a monstrous sea anemone. Obscene growths, tentacles and inhuman appendages can be seen disfiguring and deforming every single member of this hellish congregation and SAN loss is consequently 1/1D6.

Then the investigators see the thing which is leading this blasphemous rite. The Lloigor have granted the gift of longevity to their servants and leaders of their cult down the centuries, but at a price. The Abbots of the Brothers of St. Tomas are doomed to spend the ages physically bound to both their predecessors and successors. Initially what stands before the desecrated altar appears to be a group of human figures, but then the realisation sinks in that it is a conjoined mass of bodies, somehow held together by a slimy looking mass of membranous tissue, which has grown between the individuals, linking them into a roughly circular mass of swollen flesh. From the waist upwards the bodies appear distinct, but below the waist the tissue has apparently absorbed the legs and feet of the thing into one polypoidal mass of tissue, a single huge slimy pseudopod formed of the fused legs and feet, apparently the method by which the thing moves from place to place. Over fifty individuals appear to have been absorbed into this mass, giving the impression of a monstrous sea anemone, which sprouts human torsos, and multiple waving arms rather than tentacles, although second glance reveals the gift of the Lloigor amongst the bodies forming the creature, and vile suckered tentacles writhe and squirm amongst the more obviously human limbs.

Some of the bodies absorbed into this blasphemy are ancient; bald hairless shrivelled things, shrunken

to the size of pygmies obviously centuries old, sustained only by the foul sorcery that has created this conjoined abomination. Their monkey-like shrivelled features seem more demon than human, telling of the centuries they have witnessed and enacted the foul magics required to form and maintain their existence.

At the forefront of this creature, and obviously the freshest and most recent to be incorporated, is the muscular body of a man in middle age, with haughty, obviously Germanic features. It is Kurtz (whose identity the investigators may guess from the papers found in Hogenkamp's map case, or from the clues given by Bentley outside the monastery). His hands are frozen in a ritualistic gesture, his mouth a contorted gape. Apparently he is leading the ritual from *The Testament of Carnamagos*, the volume held before him by his nearest companion in the monstrosity, who has contorted his body to hold the blasphemous volume before the latest master of the cult.

The thing is frozen in time, its hundred plus multiple arms, raised in various postures and poses like the arms of some Indian deity, the mouths of its constituent heads, all frozen open in mid scream as they chant the responses of the ritual. The SAN loss to view the conjoined Abbots of the Brotherhood of St. Tomas is 1D3/1D12.

The clock

Another crashing clangour of metal on metal now deafens the investigators....

On the altar at the far end of the Church stands the Clock of Carnamagos. This is formed from two huge arched skeleton clocks about 10 feet high fashioned from iron bronze and brass, somehow joined together by strangely wrought and twisted interconnecting rods of gleaming steel and brass along with other elements which appear strangely and unwholesomely organic. At the interconnection of the rods of gleaming brass and steel is the mechanism, which Diego found in the Cavalry Barracks stables, its cogs and gears spinning in impossible ellipses, joining and synchronising the two monstrous timepieces.

The clocks thus joined together are resting on what is obviously a restored medieval church clock, the clock taken from the monastery bell tower. This ancient timepiece is about the size of a very large bedstead; rusted metal components juxtaposed and intermingled with the bases of the two skeleton clocks, which rest upon it. The faces of the clocks are discs of white enamel, but only on one dial can any detail



be made out. One pair of hands is spinning so fast that the mind reels trying to comprehend the movement. All that is visible before the face of this clock is a black blur of motion. The hands of the other clock are motionless revealing the arcane and twisted hieroglyphs, which replace the numerals of a conventional timepiece. When the second hand of this clock crawling infinitesimally slowly around the dial reaches the mark of the minute marker and the hideous cacophonous crashing sound of metal crashing on metal echoes through the church as the bizarre rusted and twisted metal of the clocks workings lurch and spin and jerk, not merely recording but somehow holding back the very passing of time itself. Roll CON x 2 or lose 1 HP in further damage to the eardrums.

The purpose of the clock

A SPOT HIDDEN notes an area of the church floor about thirty feet in diameter has been ripped up. The flagstones have been removed to reveal a surface of gleaming black granite - this is the top of the volcanic plug under which the Lloigor have been trapped for uncounted millennia.

The only thing that is visibly moving in the grey frozen stasis of the church is the swirling cloud of dust, which is blowing backwards and forwards across the floor of the church. It appears like a miniature tornado or a dust devil passing over the area of polished black granite.

The small tornado is whirling madly at its base, eroding and sucking up the dust of aeons in a fraction of a second, spiralling it upwards to where it falls into the influence of the other zone of frozen time, and hangs like a shroud of frozen smoke, each mote of dust clearly visible as it becomes trapped in time. In shocking contrast to the frozen figures around it, the solid granite is eroding away before the investigators very eyes. An IDEA roll suggests that under the influence of the clock time is warped and twisted so that it is both simultaneously ceased and incredibly accelerated.

As the swirling spiralling cloud of dust moves backwards and forwards across the granite slab it visibly wears away, slowly forming and ever deepening hole – the uncounted aeons required to wear away a slab of granite twenty feet in diameter are passing in fractions of a second. In less than a 10 seconds a trench twenty feet deep is formed. As the trench deepens there are rumblings and tremors coming from deep underground. The rafters of the church creak and

groan as these massive perturbations of the earth shift the very foundations of the building. It is as if something is stirring deep beneath the ground, dragging itself upwards from illimitable depths of darkness towards the light.

The climax of the ritual

Keeper's information: In five minutes the granite plug will be eroded to a depth of 2000 feet, freeing the Lloigor. The ceremony will end with the Lloigor free and heading to the surface to be united with their minions and the cultists back in real time, unfrozen and capable of acting.

The investigators should be forming a plan as to how to thwart the cult before the ritual ends and they find themselves outnumbered by both the cult and the newly liberated Lloigor. Various options that may present themselves to the investigators are outlined below:

Machine gunning the cultists

Wheeling the freshly repaired Maxim to the church doors and spraying the interior of the church is certainly a possibility, perhaps one that could be backed up by collecting the stripped out pews and altar screens, heaping them in the doorway and igniting them. The investigators will find that any bullets fired into the church will suddenly stop and hang in mid air as they encounter the zone of slow time, which the cultists currently inhabit. There is a risk that bullets fired into the church may ultimately hit and damage the Clock of Carnamagos – with unpredictable temporal effects resulting (see under One final option, below). As the ritual ends the bullets move in normal time, smashing into the cultists and causing horrendous wounds to their exposed bodies. This option probably gives the investigators the best chance of survival and success against the cult.

Pass into the zone of slow time

Entering the church itself and directly interfering with the ritual is an option, but not one to be undertaken lightly. For those that make the attempt there is a moment of shocking screeching pain as every cell in the body is jolted into another time field. Then their brain attempts to correlate and process the nerve impulses returning from parts of the body that are now in another time frame. The feeling is that of

being sliced into slivers as they pass through into the cultist's temporal frame of reference. It is the sensory equivalent of experiencing amputation, dissection and micro-section simultaneously whilst remaining fully conscious. The investigators gain the same sensory experience as that of an unfortunate individual passing through a black hole event horizon.

In game terms this causes 1D8 HP nervous system damage and 1D10 SAN as the investigators mind remains in one frame of temporal reference as their body passes into another. For those that survive the experience in a fit mental and physical state to take on the cult, they will find themselves momentarily stunned and disorientated. It will take two rounds before they can act either offensively or defensively. The cultists who are already in this other time frame are at no such disadvantage.

Inside the barrier all is chanting, wild gyrations and the noise of the clocks. The second hands are sweeping around the face of the dials – although one is still making extremely fast revolutions – the church is filled with the ponderous heavy whirring and clanking of clockwork.

The Abbot is babbling in various languages, many of his heads chanting bizarre phrases and ritualistic responses between themselves. One pair of hands is holding *The Testament of Carnamagos*, the others make arcane gestures or form fluid ritualistic movements along the sides and around the top of the thing's body, like the arms of a Hindu deity.

Anyone attempting to take on this blasphemous servant of the Lloigor will find that it is more than capable of using offensive spells and magic against assailants with some of its constituent bodies, whilst continuing the ritual to free the Lloigor with others.

Those who remain outside will see their companion pass into the church and suddenly freeze like a man photographed as he steps through a door. SAN loss 0/1D3.

Once inside the church the investigators are on their own: their friends remaining outside cannot assist them. The cultists will attack with improvised weapons, fists, tentacles and pseudopods. Parts of the Abbot will begin casting *Shrivel* and *Wrack* spells. Ultimately the ritual will end and the Lloigor will be freed. They too may join the assault on the foolhardy investigators with devastating psychic or vortex attacks.

Waiting

Ultimately the ritual ends and the vile grey light begins to fade. Those outside the church can see the natural colours of the church and its contents slowly begin to wash back over the scene like a colour photograph developing. The cultists begin to move once more, at first in barely perceptible slow motion, and then more quickly as the time frames become aligned once more. There is a hideous high-pitched metallic buzzing which becomes a steady click and clack of clockwork cogs and gears as the Clock of Carnamagos slowly winds down.

If the investigators have fired the Maxim machine gun into the church they will see the bullets hanging in mid air suddenly start to accelerate, until they disappear from sight, their course only visible by their striking their intended targets.

Should the investigators have attempted to fire the church they will now see the flames of the fire leap into the church itself, licking over the cultists and igniting the roof beams

Just as the grey light finally fades forever Quachil Uttaus takes his sacrifice. Before the gaze of the investigators 1D20 cultists age 2000 years in the time it takes to blink, collapsing into heaps of dust in which there appears to be two small footprints imprinted in the top. It is now that the investigators become aware of the Great Old One's presence. Investigators should roll against their LUCK and those failing find their eyes are drawn upwards to a point high above the altar and the clocks standing upon it. This is the source of the sickly grey light – the manifestation of Quachil Uttaus. The withered ankylosed foetus thing stands with its arms outstretched in a hideous clutching grasp, an abomination in which the impossibly young and the impossibly geriatric are fused together in one unholy being. A cone of the unearthly grey light is slowly pulsing back towards the form of the Great Old One, having illumined the entire church with its pallid monochrome, banishing the natural light and colour of the scene. As Quachil Uttaus slowly absorbs the grey light, colour slowly washes back into the interior of the church. Finally the twisted abomination simply folds in upon itself and winks out of existence. SAN loss is 1D6/1D20 to witness Quachil Uttaus.

Waiting for Quachil Uttaus to take his sacrifice obviously evens the odds between the cultists and the investigators, but the sanity costs are high and will increase. The pit is opened and a wave of melanco-

lia, and almost crushing weight of psychic depression seems to almost physically burst from the hole in the church floor. An immediate SAN roll is required. Failure costs 1D6 SAN, as the alien consciousness of the Lloigor touches the investigator's mind. Resulting insanities will be based on an overwhelming and suicidal sense of pessimism, gloom and fatalism. Indefinite insanities engendered by this roll should result in the investigator making an immediate attempt on their own life – casting themselves into the freshly opened pit seems an appropriate response.

Should the investigators survive this assault on their minds they will witness the emergence of the Lloigor. The remaining cultists prostrate themselves as something slowly reaches over the lip of the pit. It is a disgusting combination of hand and claw, the digits huge but malformed and alien. It has stunted appendages that could be fingers or talons, the flesh is scaly and reptilian and huge horny claws tip each appendage. Then the huge, malformed saurian shape struggles and heaves itself over the edge of the pit and the first of the Lloigor comes into view.

An alien disembodied voice echoes through the minds of those present:

'FREE AT LAST...FREE AT LAST....'

The Abbot collapses onto the floor in a bizarre act of prostration and worship. The surviving cultists gyrate and chant their praises to the godlike being they have released. For a moment the reptilian form pulses before fading from view becoming insubstantial and ethereal and ghostlike, it seems to expand slowly insinuating itself into the walls and the fabric of the church.

Should this happen the investigators have lost. The Lloigor are free and absorbed into the monastery. The cult will grow ever stronger, spreading its baleful influence throughout Spain – and beyond.

The investigators may attempt to escape, but the damage is done. It is likely that they will become the first of many sacrifices to the newly freed Masters of the Monastery. The Keeper should devise something appropriately spectacular for the final fate of the investigators at the hands of the cult.

Running away

This will save the investigators skins in the short term, and a generous Keeper may well allow it. The punishment for this course of action is the certain knowledge that they have allowed something yet more monstrous into the world. The investigators

may manage to return to Barcelona and rejoin the Brigade.

Should they manage the journey they will be treated with suspicion and may be charged with cowardice and desertion; their true story will certainly not be believed. Reports of even more barbarous atrocities will begin to reach their unit, reports, which seem to be no longer confined to the Sierra Verde region. 1D8 SAN loss for each report that reaches them until the International Brigades are disbanded in 1938 and the volunteers return home, or the investigators are court-martialled, or they go completely insane and are confined to a military asylum. (The Keeper may even choose to have them hunted down by the cult and returned to the monastery for whatever ingenious demise can be formulated.)

One final option

The investigators may attempt to destroy the Clock of Carnamagos, at any time during the finale of the scenario, either by aiming directly at it with the Maxim, and waiting for the time dilation effects to cease freeing the bullets and allowing them to hit the clock, by assaulting the clocks directly within the zone of slow time (Abbot and cultists permitting), or in a final desperate attempt to do something before the Lloigor emerge once Quachil Uttaus has decimated the cult and 'normality' is returning to the church.

The twin clocks are constructed of heavy brass and steel components, but the gears, cogs and movements are susceptible to damage. Assume the mechanism has 15HP of damage, but the metal components forming it can resist 3HP of damage. A successful hit causing loss of HP on the mechanism begins to cause even more bizarre time dilation effects and paradoxes within the church. Cultists form multiple images of themselves as their bodies leave shadow images in space as they move. Some cultists are advanced through time decaying into walking geriatrics in a matter of seconds. Other men suddenly start to become younger, growing smaller until young children are standing in their places, draped in oversized adult clothing.

Bullets fly backwards out of dead men who suddenly rise up, alive and well, until the same bullet strikes them down again, only for them to be raised up and killed again and again in a moebius-like cycle of death and resurrection. The Keeper should determine appropriate SAN losses for witnessing these bizarre events.

With the final successful hit on the mechanism, the clock explodes causing the mechanism to blow apart, the cogs and gears suddenly freezing in mid air like a watchmaker's three dimensional diagram. A pulsing ball of violet light appears in the centre of the explosion, which suddenly expands outwards in a violent blast of eye-searing energy.

The investigators must make LUCK rolls – successes mean they are blown out of the church suffering damage of as per normal explosion rules (depending on how close they are standing to the clock when it explodes). Whether or not the investigators have survived this impact, if their timing is right, the remnants of the cult are destroyed, and the ritual interrupted, preventing the release of the Lloigor. Failure of the LUCK roll means that the scene before them disappears to be replaced by an endless grey void. The investigators reality of time and space has disappeared, and they feel themselves endlessly falling through this featureless grey limbo.

The final paradox

The investigators tumble helplessly through limbo for what seems like hours until they hit solid earth with an impact, which shocks the breath from their bodies. The sky overhead is blue, the earth beneath them warm and dusty. Picking themselves up they find they are somewhere in the Sierra Verde Region.

The monastery is gone. To their left is a low stone wall, which surrounds an olive grove. Their weapons lie on the ground near them. Picking them up they hear the sound of galloping horses. Turning they see a troop of cavalry about 500 yards distant. This is not unusual as both Nationalist and Republican forces used cavalry in the war, but the investigators suddenly become aware that these soldiers are from neither side in the current conflict. They wear shining breastplates over blue tunics, and tall steel helmets with red horsehair plumes. They wear white cavalry breeches, and high black boots. They carry lances and sabres rattle at their hips.

As the investigators watch the troop of about a dozen riders turn in their direction, and the wind catches the red white and blue pennants on the tips of their lances. The investigators have been spotted and the wind carries the sound of the troop leader shouting '*Guerrillas! En Avant!*'

Somehow the explosion of the clock has catapulted the investigators back in time to the Napoleonic era. The French cavalry troop have mistaken them for

Spanish rebels and are advancing at the charge to deal with them. The Keeper should request a combination of INT x3 and LUCK rolls. A success on the INT roll means that the investigators guess that the troop leader is Deforge, the cavalry officer mentioned in the Swiss clockmaker's letter. The LUCK roll allows them to pick out the man amongst the charging troops. The Keeper should allow two volleys from the investigators before the cavalry are upon them.

If they manage to hit Deforge and bring him down then the scene dissolves and they again find themselves falling through the endless grey limbo – they have killed the man who found the mechanism of the original Clock of Carnagagos before he had the opportunity to do so. They have substantially altered history, including that of their own recent timeline, and their current reality in Napoleonic Spain collapses.

The investigators find themselves standing in the Quartermaster's stores in the cavalry barracks in Barcelona. It is their first day in the Brigade. They recognise the Quartermaster, know whom he will call first, know who will get issued what items of uniform. They retain full knowledge of what has happened to them over the past few days – although it obviously hasn't happened yet. A final SAN roll is called for as the investigators try to work out if they must relive these events again, or if they can somehow avoid them. SAN loss is 1/1D6.

Whilst injuries have mysteriously vanished, the memories of the horrors witnessed and subsequent adverse effects on sanity remain. The reaction of the Quartermaster Sergeant to a group of recruits raving and babbling about tentacled cultists and horrors under the earth is one to be relished and played to the hilt.

Should the investigators fail to bring down Deforge they can attempt to fight their way out of this situation but they are heavily outnumbered. Lucky investigators will die on the end of a lance or be cut down by a sabre. Those less fortunate will be taken alive. The French troops will fetch axes and ropes from their saddlebags, tie the investigators and drag them into the Olive orchard where they quickly lop and sharpen low branches. The investigators die in agony, experiencing the worst atrocities depicted in Goya's misfortunes of war: tortured, mutilated and then impaled on a tree branch and left to die under the merciless Spanish sun...

Consequences and rewards

For defeating the cult completely and preventing the emergence of the Lloigor the investigators receive 1D20 SAN. This is a generous reward, but reflects the high losses experienced on the way.

For impeding the cult to the point that the ceremony cannot be completed, even though the cultists survive to make the attempt again, the investigators gain 1D10 SAN.

For escaping alive despite the successful completion of the ritual the investigators gain a reward of 1D6 SAN.

For those investigators who come back raving and insane, there will be a rapid diagnosis of 'shell shock' and confinement in a Barcelona military asylum until such time as a cure is effected (if ever). Investigators who bring back evidence of Kurtz's and his men's demise will be rewarded by the Army of the Republic. Medals may well be in order, and battlefield promotion to at least corporal in the 'Friedrich Engels' International Brigade will follow.

Anyone who manages to get evidence of the Republican Government's double dealing and murderous intent for Soviet Military Mission personnel back to the Soviet authorities will be rewarded by the Russian government. Such a reward will be in a sudden rise through the ranks of the investigator's political establishment when the war is over as sympathisers call in favours at Moscow's behest to advance the loyal investigator. An English investigator rewarded thus may find himself advised to contest a safe Labour seat in the next General Election, the previous Labour candidate suddenly stepping down for no apparent reason.

For those investigators who are battle weary and sick at the horrors they have seen, desertion of the cause may be the best option. Escaping Spain is difficult and dangerous, and extended Luck rolls will be needed to cross the Pyrenees into France without arrest and subsequent execution.

Investigators who survive the war until 1938 will find that they are repatriated to their home countries as the Republic disbands the Brigades. For some returning may mean execution as a 'political undesirable', or incarceration in a concentration camp. These investigators will have to become stateless persons until they find a nation willing to take them in to avoid such fates. For others return home will mean suspicion and mistrust from the authorities, and their

names being placed on a list of 'the usual suspects.'

For all there will be mixed feelings of pride in their stand for freedom, bitterness at the betrayals and tarnishing of the ideals they went to fight for, and the indelible horror of the memory of the Monastery of St. Tomas.

Advice for the Keeper

How this scenario is resolved is firmly in the hands of the Keeper, who needs to pay careful attention to the developing action. The investigators are "blind" to the causes of the events around them, at least until they reach the Monastery.

The Keeper's objective is to whittle the company down until only the investigators and a handful (two or three at most depending on the number of surviving investigators and their physical and mental state) of NPCs remain. The Keeper should, however, allow the NCOs to survive until the section reaches El Cierre as one of them has the inner mechanism of the clock and *The Testament of Carnamagos* which are both sought by the cult. Should they perish assume another member of the section takes possession of these items and make that unfortunate the target of the Hunting Horror.

SAN losses can be extremely high on the journey to El Cierre, and the Keeper may need to mitigate the horrors they encounter somewhat to ensure that the section have not become a band of drooling madmen before they reach the Monastery. The proposed SAN losses are not cast in stone, and the Keeper should adjust them to meet the complexion and needs of the group playing.

The climactic events of the scenario are fluid, and the Keeper retains control of the sequence, making the final conflict as even or one sided (in either side's favour) as desired. For example: the investigators are poorly armed but the cultists are frozen in time; the investigators may gain a Maxim machine gun but the Abbot knows powerful spells he can use when he is free; the cultists outnumber the investigators but Quachil Uttaus requires his sacrifice from their number. There is enough freedom for the Keeper in how these factors are used to craft a challenging and exciting conclusion to the adventure.

The conclusion of the scenario is again loosely defined to allow Keepers to use their twisted imaginations to resolve things in a suitably insane and para-

doxical fashion. Having the investigators transported to the present, where they may be seen and identified as armed terrorists – Al Qaeda or Basque separatists – is an equally valid conclusion as the shift to the past detailed.

For both players and keepers the challenge will be to portray the slow erosion of the idealistic recruits into disillusioned soldiers, struggling to survive in a world gone mad. The process starts with the abuses perpetrated at the checkpoint in Barcelona, then the torture of the deserter, then the descent into the heart of darkness created by Kurtz in Sierra Verde. Ultimately ideals, political beliefs and all that the investigators think they know about the world around them are shattered with the witnessing of the twisting and distortion of time itself, and the unleashing of the horrors of the mythos into their world.

Sources

Keepers keen to add authenticity to the scenario are recommended the following works:

The Spanish Civil War by Anthony Beevor.

The complexities of the political background before and during the war, as well as the course of the conflict are clearly explained in this accessible work.

Homage to Catalonia by George Orwell.

Orwell fought with the POUM militia and ended up fleeing for his life when the purge came. His journalistic description of life and conditions for the poorly equipped militias both in barracks and on the front lines, as well as his outrage at the betrayal of the ideals of the revolution in Catalonia make this a seminal work for anyone interested in bringing the experience of the Civil War to life.

Land and Freedom directed by Ken Loach.

Loach's film deals with the betrayal of the ideals of the International volunteers, again, specifically with the POUM anarchist militias. Despite the film being unsatisfying on many levels, the visuals provide a valuable reference for Keepers, particularly with regards to uniforms and weaponry.

The Disasters of War by Francisco Goya.

Goya's dark etchings of the atrocities perpetrated by Napoleon's troops during the Peninsular War have a

horrid resonance with events during the Spanish Civil War, and indeed with all wars. Plate 39 was the direct inspiration for the massacre in the olive grove detailed in the scenario.

Heart of Darkness by Joseph Conrad.

Apocalypse Now directed by Francis Ford Coppola. Conrad's book and Coppola's film are the inspiration for the mission to find and exterminate Kurtz. The insanity of war has seldom been better depicted on screen than in Coppola's vision.

Tales of Mystery and Imagination by Edgar Allan Poe.

'The Pit and the Pendulum' is set in Spain during the Napoleonic Wars, and provided the inspiration for the shared dreams in the ruined Bodega.



Johannes Hogenkamp, International Brigade Commander

STR 15	SIZ 13	CON 10	INT 13	POW 15
DEX 09	APP 08	EDU 14	SAN 75	HP 12

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: .38 pistol, 65% Damage 1D10

Skills: Inspire Respect 80%, Brook No Arguments 80%, Navigate 15%, Credit Rating 50%, History 65%, Bargain 35% Other Languages: English 40%, Spanish 50%, Own Language (Dutch) 70%



Diego Martinez, International Brigade Sergeant

STR 07	SIZ 12	CON 12	INT 13	POW 07
DEX 12	APP 08	EDU 10	SAN 35	HP 12

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: Rifle 70%, Damage 2D6+4,
Spanish Lock-Blade Knife 80% 1D4+2

Skills: Sneak 80%, Hide 80%, Spot Hidden 75%, Fast Talk 65%, Persuade 55%, Skive Off Work 90%, Conceal 80%, Other Languages: French 30%, German 30%, English 30%, Black Market Contacts 75%



Jorge Garcia, International Brigade Corporal

STR 07	SIZ 12	CON 08	INT 17	POW 12
DEX 08	APP 15	EDU 12	SAN 60	HP 10

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: Rifle 65%, Damage 2D6+4,
Spanish Lock-Blade Knife 70% 1D4+2

Skills: Sneak 70%, Spot Hidden 60%, Fast Talk 65%, Persuade 40%, Skive Off Work 90%, Flirt 70%, Dance Fandango 45%, Play Flamenco Guitar 55%, Pick Up Girls 65%, Own Language (Spanish) 60%

**Fr. Albert Delcroix,****Disguised Catholic Priest**

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

Damage Bonus: None**Weapons:** .38 revolver, 35% 1D10**Skills:** Carry off Disguise 70%, Lie Convincingly 70%, Hate Communists 99%, Anti Republican contacts 75%**Sister Cecilia,****Disguised Catholic Nun**

STR 07	SIZ 10	CON 11	INT 13	POW 10
DEX 10	APP 08	EDU 10	SAN 50	HP 11

Damage Bonus: None**Weapons:** None**Skills:** Carry off Disguise 75%, Lie Convincingly 60%, Help the Poor 90%, Anti-Republican contacts 30%**Gregor Warchinski,****International Brigade Deserter and Cultist Murderer**

STR 12	SIZ 13	CON 16	INT 12	POW 11
DEX 11	APP 10	EDU 13	SAN 05	HP 15

Damage Bonus: None**Weapons:** Spanish Lock-Blade Knife 60% 1D4+2+DB**Skills:** Sneak 45%, Hide 35% , Withstand Torture 70%,**Spells:** None, but is acting as a vessel to allow the Abbot to see through his eyes.**Niles Bentley,****Insane War Correspondent**

STR 07	SIZ 12	CON 06	INT 12	POW 12
DEX 09	APP 07	EDU 14	SAN 0	HP 09

Damage Bonus: None**Weapons:** None**Skills:** Babble 85%, Photography 68%, Get Scoop 55%

Soldiers of the 26th 'Friedrich Engels' International Brigade, 4th Centuria, 2nd platoon, 1st section

Squad Member	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	DEX	POW	HP	DB	Weapon	Ammo
Gerd	14	14	16	12	16	14	14	+1D6	Rifle 46% 2D6+4	6
Rodrigues	6	14	15	10	15	14	10	0	Rifle 53% 2D6+4	6
Raul	7	12	14	9	14	12	10	0	Rifle 50% 2D6+4	8
Simon	9	11	14	8	14	11	10	0	Rifle 43% 2D6+4	5
Domingo	14	15	13	6	13	15	15	+1D4	Rifle 51% 2D6+4	7
Marco	9	11	13	12	13	11	10	0	Rifle 46% 2D6+4	14
Paulo	12	15	12	15	12	15	14	0	Rifle 49% 2D6+4	7
Laszlo	13	17	11	16	11	17	15	0	Rifle 52% 2D6+4	10
Stanislaus	8	11	11	14	11	11	10	0	Rifle 48% 2D6+4	14
Cristo	10	12	10	11	10	12	11	0	Rifle 44% 2D6+4	8
Henri	10	13	10	7	10	13	12	0	Rifle 47% 2D6+4	14
Charles	13	12	9	6	9	12	13	0	Rifle 45% 2D6+4	8
Maria	5	9	9	9	9	9	7	-1D4	Rifle 51% 2D6+4	7
Victor	10	12	9	10	9	12	11	0	Rifle 44% 2D6+4	6
Nicole	9	15	8	17	8	15	12	0	Rifle 42% 2D6+4	9
Juan	9	13	7	9	7	13	11	1D4	Rifle 48% 2D6+4	7
Leon	14	13	7	7	7	13	14	0	Rifle 50% 2D6+4	8
Andreu	10	15	6	10	6	15	13	-1D4	Rifle 51% 2D6+4	13
Cristiano	9	8	6	9	6	8	9	-1D4	Rifle 49% 2D6+4	6
Carlos	15	16	5	6	5	16	16	0	Rifle 43% 2D6+4	6
Fist /Punch	50% 1D3+DB									
Kick	25% 1D6+DB									
headbutt	10% 1D4+DB									

Skills: March in Step 10%, Sing Revolutionary Songs 65%, Clean Barracks and Personal Kit 15%

12 French Cuirassiers,

Napoleonic Cavalry (all identical)

Men:

STR 12	SIZ 12	CON 12	INT 13	POW 08
DEX 10	APP 17	EDU 10	SAN 40	HP 11

Horses:

STR 28	SIZ 27	CON 13	INT 13	POW 10
DEX 10	APP 16			HP 20

Armour: Men: Steel Breast plate 3HP,

Horses: Hide and Muscle 1HP

Damage Bonus: Men: None

Horses: +2D6

Attacks: Men: Sabre 65% damage 1D8+1+DB,
Cavalry Lance 65% damage 1D8+1+1D6

Horses: Bite 05% damage 1D10, Kick 05% damage 1D8+DB,
Rear/Plunge 05% Damage 2D8+DB, Trample 25% Damage 2D6+DB

Skills:

Men: Ride 80%, Be Dashing Around Ladies 75%, Hate Spanish Rebels 95%,
Commit Atrocities 90%

Horses: Dodge 45%

Sample Cultists from The Brotherhood of St Tomas

Cultist Ref	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	DEX	POW	HP	Type (monk or soldier) /Location of tentacle	Weapon (Damage Bonus included)
One	5	6	9	16	15	15	8	Troop/Left arm	Spear 1D8+1 Throw 50% Lance 26%
Two	14	9	14	12	14	7	12	Troop/Face or Head	Rifle 36% 2D6+4
Three	15	10	13	14	13	6	12	Troop/Back	Lock Blade Knife30%1D6 +DB (1D4)
Four	9	6	10	12	13	13	8	Monk/Left Arm	Spear 1D8+1 Throw 50% Lance13%
Five	13	6	11	15	12	14	9	Monk/Right Leg	0.32 Pistol 1D8 32%
Six	7	9	12	13	12	9	11	Troop/Back+Right Leg+ Left Arm	Cleaver 28%1D6+1
Seven	10	7	8	13	11	10	8	Troop/Face or Head	Cleaver 39%1D6+1
Eight	11	16	14	17	11	13	15	Troop/Left arm	Lock Blade Knife36%1D6 +DB (1D4)
Nine	16	12	11	14	10	14	12	Monk/Face/Torso	Rifle 30% 2D6+4
Ten	9	9	12	9	10	5	11	Troop/Right Leg	Spear 1D8+1 Throw 50% Lance16%
Eleven	10	11	17	12	10	10	14	Monk/Left Arm	Club 41% 1D8 + DB (1D4)
Twelve	12	15	13	15	9	12	14	Troop/Torso	Lock Blade Knife 44% 1D6+DB (1D4)
Thirteen	8	17	14	15	9	9	16	Troop/Right Leg	0.32 pistol 1D8 41%
Fourteen	11	14	15	11	8	8	15	Troop/Back+Face	Cleaver 32% 1D6+DB (1D4)
Fifteen	14	8	16	11	8	9	12	Troop/None	Rifle 41% 2D6+4
Sixteen	6	10	12	15	7	10	11	Troop/Face/Head	Lock Blade Knife38% 1D6
Seventeen	6	9	14	8	6	9	12	Monk/Back	Cleaver 34%1D6
Eighteen	13	12	16	11	6	9	14	Monk/Left Leg	0.32 pistol 1D8 28%
Nineteen	7	7	15	13	6	14	11	Troop/Back	0.32 Pistol 1D8 37%
Twenty	9	10	15	12	5	10	13	Troop/Left Arm	Spear 1D8+1 Throw 50% Lance 28%

Tentacle attack 50% Damage 1D4 range 2 yards. Add 10% per tentacle to base 50% chance for grapple attacks



The Abbot of St Tomas, Conjoined Horror, Leader of the Cult of St. Tomas

STR 41
DEX 14

SIZ 35

CON 19

INT 52

POW 25
HP 40

Damage Bonus: 4D6, but as a composite being the Abbot can only apply it when crushing immobile or grappled opponents under his pseudopod

Attacks: Each round the Abbot can attack with 1D8 Hands, 1D4 Bite attacks, 1D6 Tentacle attacks (Tentacles can be extruded to a length of ten feet.)

Grapple 50% Base Chance + 10% for each hand or tentacle used in the attempt

Punch/Strike 60% Damage: 1D4+2

Bite 55%, Damage 1D3

Tentacle Smash 40%, damage 1D6

Move: The abbot can slide on its single massive pseudopod for distance 5 per round

Spells: The Abbott has the arcane knowledge of centuries at its disposal and knows all servitor races summon/bind spells. Summon Bind/Hunting Horror has been given as a gift by the Lloigior and the Abbot can summon one of these beasts by act of will.

The Abbot can commune telepathically with the Lloigior trapped beneath the Monastery.

The Abbot knows the ritual to invoke Quatchil Uttaus and thus start the Clock of Carnamagos, but despite the complete copy of *The Testament of Carnamagos* now being available to them, the cult remains unaware of the true costs of this invocation.

Specific spells available to the Abbott include: Shrivel, Wrack, Voorish sign, Eye of the Beholder (allows the Abbott to remotely view events through a minion), Gift of those Who Wait Beneath (this is the brand which over time grows into a single or mass of tentacles on the recipient) Dominate, Flesh Ward and Levitate

The Keeper can freely equip the Abbott with whatever spells he feels appropriate to the scenario.

1930s

Name Gunther Brandt
Occupation International Brigade Soldier
Prior Occupation Sailor and Revolutionary
Prior Residence Konigsallee, Hamburg
Birthplace Hamburg, Germany
Sex male **Age** 44

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS

STR 12 **DEX** 12 **INT** 15
CON 12 **APP** 08 **POW** 11
SIZ 16 **SAN** 55 **EDU** 16

Idea 75 **Luck** 55 **Know** 80

99 Cthulhu Mythos Damage Bonus +1D4

SANITY POINTS

Insane 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25
 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40
 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55
 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70
 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85
 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

MAGIC POINTS

Unconscious 0 1 2
 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 20 21 22 23
 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

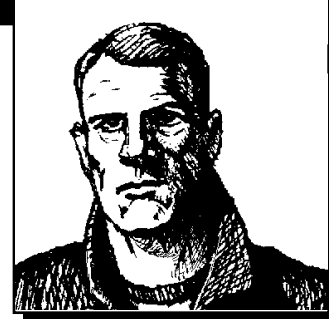
HIT POINTS

Dead -2 -1 0 1 2
 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 21 22 23 24
 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
 NO PASARAN!

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

Accounting (10%)	15	Jump (25%)	25
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05
Archaeology		Library Use (25%)	25
Art (05%)	05	Listen (25%)	25
		Locksmith	
Astronomy		Martial Arts	42
Bargain (05%)	05	Mechanical Repair (20%)	20
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	10
Climb (40%)	40	Navigate (10%)	35
Conceal (15%)	45	Occult (05%)	05
Craft (05%)	05	Operate Hvy. Machine	
		Other Language	
Credit Rating (15%)	15	Spanish	20
Cthulhu Mythos		English	61
Dodge (DEXx2)	24	Own Language (EDUx5%)	80
Drive Auto (20%)	20	Persuade (15%)	70
Electrical Repair (10%)	10	Pharmacy	
Fast Talk (05%)	05	Photography (10%)	10
First Aid (30%)	30	Physics	
Geology		Pilot Boat	81
Hide (10%)	10	Psychoanalysis	
History (20%)	20	Psychology (05%)	05



Ride (05%)	05
Sneak (10%)	10
Spot Hidden (25%)	60
Swim (25%)	35
Throw (25%)	25
Track (10%)	10
Firearms	
Handgun (20%)	40
Machine Gun (15%)	15
Rifle (25%)	34
Shotgun (30%)	30
Submachine Gun (15%)	15

HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS

Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	60	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	25	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	35	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a

FIREARMS

Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf.	HPs
.38 Revolver	40	1D10	15y	2	6	00	10
7.62 Carbine (Mannlicher)	34	2D6+1	90y	1	6	x	10

Gunther Brandt, 44, Revolutionary and International Brigade Soldier

Appearance: A large handsome, middle-aged man. He retains the athletic build of his youth when he trained as a boxer. A lifetime of hard physical labour in the merchant navy has made him muscular and strong. Gunther has piercing blue eyes and sandy coloured hair. His forearms and chest are tattooed with sailors tattoos collected from ports all over the world. By skilful flexing of his muscles Gunther can make snakes tighten their coils round maidens, flags flap on the ship on his chest, roses bloom on his forearms, and so forth his favourite party tricks.

Wounds/injuries: Gunther has a deep scar in his upper right arm the result of a near miss from a Kuomintang rifle in Shanghai. The wound is fully healed and does not impair him in any way.

Family and Friends: Unknown to Gunther, his mother and father are struggling to make ends meet back home in Germany as relatives of a political undesirable their state pensions have been stopped by the Nazis. Gunther has friends literally all over the world from Sydney to San Francisco he has 'a girl in every port' and is well known in dockside bars and shebeens from Mombassa to Macao. He is a well-known figure to various international revolutionary movements, and prior to the Nazi take over of the German Trades Unions he was a respected radical voice and organiser, within the German Seaman's Union.

Income: Whatever he can earn as a merchant seaman signing on from voyage to voyage, say £2000 pa.

Personal Property:

A seaman's kit bag containing Pea Jacket, spare shirts, pants, underwear socks. Stout seaman's shoes.

Wallet with seaman's papers and certificates.

Copy of Lenin's *What is to be done?*

Small teak box containing mementos from around the world (Sharks tooth, Japanese Fan, American Double Eagle Dollar, Indian silk scarf, etc, etc, etc....)

Weapons: Gunther has a tried and trusted 0.38 revolver and 50 rounds of ammunition for it.

1930s

Name Isabelle Fontenet
Occupation International Brigade Soldier
Prior Occupation Nurse
Prior Residence Bordeaux, France
Birthplace Verdun, France
Sex female **Age** 23

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS

STR	10	DEX	08	INT	16
CON	07	APP	10	POW	07
SIZ	09	SAN	35	EDU	12
Idea	80	Luck	35	Know	60
99 Cthulhu Mythos			Damage Bonus		

SANITY POINTS

Insane	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43
	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98
	99										

MAGIC POINTS

Unconscious	0	1	2
	3	4	5
	6	7	8
	9	10	11
	12	13	14
	15	16	17
	18	19	20
	21	22	23
	24	25	26
	27	28	29
	30		

HIT POINTS

Dead	-2	-1	0	1	2
	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31	

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
NO PASARAN!

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	25
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05
Archaeology		Library Use (25%)	30
Art (05%)	05	Listen (25%)	25
		Locksmith	
Astronomy		Martial Arts	11
Bargain (05%)	30	Mechanical Repair (20%)	25
Biology		Medicine (05%)	25
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	10
Climb (40%)	40	Navigate (10%)	10
Conceal (15%)	35	Occult (05%)	05
Craft (05%)	05	Operate Hvy. Machine	
		Other Language	
Credit Rating (15%)	15	English	56
Cthulhu Mythos		Spanish	60
Dodge (DEXx2)		Own Language (EDUx5%)	60
Drive Auto (20%)	40	Persuade (15%)	15
Electrical Repair (10%)	10	Pharmacy	21
Fast Talk (05%)	05	Photography (10%)	10
First Aid (30%)	80	Physics	
Geology		Pilot	
Hide (10%)	30	Psychoanalysis	26
History (20%)	35	Psychology (05%)	05



Ride (05%)	05
Sneak (10%)	10
Spot Hidden (25%)	55
Swim (25%)	25
Throw (25%)	40
Track (10%)	10
Firearms	
Handgun (20%)	60
Machine Gun (15%)	15
Rifle (25%)	34
Shotgun (30%)	30
Submachine Gun (15%)	15

HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS

Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	60	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a
Bayonet (25%)	30	1D4+2+db	6

FIREARMS

Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf.	HPs
.32 revolver	60	1D8	15y	3	6	00	10
7.62 Carbine (Mannlicher)	34	2D6+1	90y	1	6	x	10

Isabelle Fontenet, 23, International Brigade Soldier and Nurse

Appearance: A pale, haunted looking young woman with large brown eyes and curly brown hair. Her voice is slightly hoarse and breathless a result of her injury. She often appears sad, and melancholy, but will not speak about the cause of this unless she feels confident in the understanding and compassion of her listener.

Quiet and reserved, Isabelle will eventually open up to friends to reveal a charming but slightly shy nature. She has a quiet, confident unassuming nature, but there is no doubting her courage and *sang-froid* under fire.

Family and Friends: Her sole surviving relative is her sickly father, whose care began her interest in nursing from childhood. The rest of her family were killed during the war when the Germans overran their home village in Picardy. Her friends include her colleagues and patients at the Magdalene Hospital, Bordeaux, Trades Unionists on the French Railways, and Lecturers and students at the University at Bordeaux, as well as survivors of the 15th International Brigade

Wounds/Injuries: Isabelle was injured in the first year of the war during fighting around Madrid. She received a chest wound, which, due to the lack of proper medical facilities on the Republican side developed infection and pneumonia. This has left her with a large livid puckered red scar on her left breast, and she remains weak from her injury and incomplete recuperation. Any major exertion will quickly tire her and leave her breathless.

Income: 20 pesetas a week.

Personal property:

A knapsack containing a change of underwear and two military issue shirts. Three pairs of socks and a clean Militia Boilersuit.

A small silver locket containing photographs of her Father and Mother.

A WW1 guide to First Aid and Treatment of Battle Casualties.

Weapons: Isabelle retained the small Spanish made .32 revolver she used in the fighting at Madrid. She has five rounds of ammunition.

1930s

Name Henry Blair
Occupation International Brigade Soldier
Prior Occupation Journalist
Prior Residence Charing Cross, London
Birthplace Boston, England
Sex male **Age** 25

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS

STR	12	DEX	13	INT	18
CON	12	APP	10	POW	12
SIZ	10	SAN	60	EDU	17
Idea	90	Luck	60	Know	85
99 Cthulhu Mythos			Damage Bonus		

SANITY POINTS

Insane	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43
	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
	55	56	57	58	59	<u>60</u>	61	62	63	64	65
	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98
	99										

MAGIC POINTS

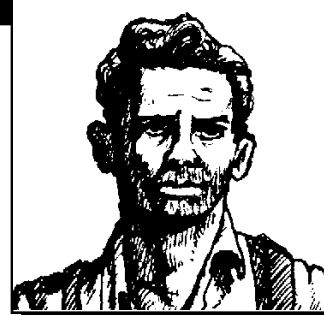
Unconscious	0	1	2
	3	4	5
	6	7	8
	9	10	11
	12	13	14
	15	16	17
	18	19	20
	21	22	23
	24	25	26
	27	28	29
	30		

HIT POINTS

Dead	-2	-1	0	1	2
	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31	

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	25
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05
Archaeology		Library Use (25%)	55
Art (05%)	05	Listen (25%)	25
		Locksmith	
Astronomy		Martial Arts	
Bargain (05%)	05	Mechanical Repair (20%)	20
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	10
Climb (40%)	40	Navigate (10%)	10
Conceal (15%)	15	Occult (05%)	05
Craft (05%)	05	Operate Hvy. Machine	
		Other Language German	46
Credit Rating (15%)	70	French	46
Cthulhu Mythos		Spanish	36
Dodge (DEXx2)	26	Own Language (EDUx5%)	85
Drive Auto (20%)	55	Persuade (15%)	60
Electrical Repair (10%)	10	Pharmacy	
Fast Talk (05%)	60	Photography (10%)	25
First Aid (30%)	30	Physics	
Geology		Pilot	
Hide (10%)	10	Psychoanalysis	
History (20%)	20	Psychology (05%)	20



Ride (05%)	05
Sneak (10%)	10
Spot Hidden (25%)	40
Swim (25%)	25
Throw (25%)	25
Track (10%)	10
Firearms	
Handgun (20%)	26
Machine Gun (15%)	15
Rifle (25%)	34
Shotgun (30%)	30
Submachine Gun (15%)	15

HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS

Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	50	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a

FIREARMS

Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf.	HPs
.32 automatic	26	1D8	15y	3	8	99	8
7.62 Carbine (Mannlicher)	34	2D6+1	90y	1	6	x	10

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
 NO PASARAN!

Henry Blair, 25, International Brigade Soldier and Leftwing Journalist

Appearance: A healthy looking young man with piercing blue grey eyes. Dark brown hair. Deliberately cultivates a slightly “scruffy” appearance to show sympathies are with the workers rather than the better-dressed bourgeoisie. Can appear slightly stand-offish, perhaps shy, but speaks with passionate intensity and resolute conviction on subjects close to his heart the lot of the working class, social justice, political reform and social revolution.

Family and Friends: His father is an accountant in Boston, Lincs, his mother a housewife and member of the Women’s Institute both are resolutely upper middle class. He has an older brother serving as a regular officer in the Pay Corps. He is well known amongst English and European intellectuals and radicals, and is welcomed at the more bohemian and *avant-garde* clubs and parties in London. He has friends and contacts in all the major left wing Political parties and organisations in England, and is known to senior members of individual Trade Unions and the TUC.

Income: £3500 per year from journalism, and a begrudged allowance from his father.

Personal property:

Gunmetal cigarette case, notebook, propelling pencil, a gold Swiss watch (21st birthday present).
Wallet containing £25.00 sterling, 3000 pesetas. English passport, NUJ membership card,
Communist Party membership card.
Small suitcase containing change of clothes, work shirt, corduroy pants, sweater socks.
Currently working his way through a copy of *Ulysses* by James Joyce.

Weapons: On a friends advice he purchased a small .32 automatic pistol before departing for Spain. He has fifty rounds of ammunition for it.

1930s

Name Sergei Malikov
Occupation International Brigade Soldier
Prior Occupation NKVD Agent
Prior Residence Moscow, Russia
Birthplace St. Petersburg, Russia
Sex male **Age** 36

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS

STR	11	DEX	13	INT	09
CON	12	APP	11	POW	12
SIZ	13	SAN	60	EDU	15
Idea	75	Luck	60	Know	60
99 Cthulhu Mythos			Damage Bonus		

SANITY POINTS

Insane 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25
 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40
 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55
 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70
 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85
 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99


MAGIC POINTS

Unconscious 0 1 2
 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 20 21 22 23
 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

HIT POINTS

Dead -2 -1 0 1 2
 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 21 22 23 24
 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	25		
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05		
Archaeology		Library Use (25%)	25		
Art (05%)	05	Listen (25%)	30		
		Locksmith			
Astronomy		Martial Arts			
Bargain (05%)	05	Mechanical Repair (20%)	20		
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05		
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	10		
Climb (40%)	40	Navigate (10%)	10		
Conceal (15%)	25	Occult (05%)	05	Ride (05%)	05
Craft (05%)	05	Operate Hvy. Machine		Sneak (10%)	10
		Other Language		Spot Hidden (25%)	70
Credit Rating (15%)	15	English	41	Swim (25%)	25
Cthulhu Mythos		Spanish	26	Throw (25%)	25
Dodge (DEXx2)		Own Language (EDUx5%)	75	Track (10%)	10
Drive Auto (20%)	20	Persuade (15%)	70		
Electrical Repair (10%)	10	Pharmacy		Firearms	
Fast Talk (05%)	30	Photography (10%)	10	Handgun (20%)	65
First Aid (30%)	40	Physics		Machine Gun (15%)	15
Geology		Pilot		Rifle (25%)	55
Hide (10%)	10	Psychoanalysis		Shotgun (30%)	30
History (20%)	55	Psychology (05%)	65	Submachine Gun (15%)	15

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
 NO PASARAN!

HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS

Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	55	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	30	special	n/a

FIREARMS

Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf.	HPs
.38 revolver	65%	1D10	15y	2	6	00	10
7.62 Rifle (Moisin Nagant)	55%	2D6+4	110y	1/2	10	00	12

Sergei Malikov, NKVD Agent and International Brigade Soldier

Appearance: A grim, unsmiling middle aged man of six foot two, with piercing frosty blue eyes and large cauliflower ears. Sergei is slightly paunchy following a recent succession of desk jobs, but remains tough and well muscled reflecting an active life.

Family and Friends: his family disappeared, presumed massacred by White Russian forces in the Civil war following the 1917 Revolution. It is difficult to say if a man in Sergei's job in Stalin's Russia has any friends. He is feared by his subordinates and mistrusted by his superiors. He enjoys a noisy vodka session with brother officers, and occasionally the comforts of Svetlana, a Georgian prostitute. If Sergei questioned himself he would be forced to admit that the Party provides all the comfort and security he needs the bourgeois concept of "family life" means nothing to him.

Wounds/Injuries: Cauliflower Ears

Income: £1500 a year.

Personal Property:

Kitbag and suitcase containing Dress Uniform, Working Uniform and Fatigues. Change of shirts, socks and underwear. Polished knee length jackboots, Sam Browne belt and holster. Peaked officers Cap.

Sergei has a copy of Stalin's collected speeches, and a copy of Lenin's *What is to be Done?* as well as a half read copy of Gorky's *Life of a Useless Man*.

Wallet containing a few hundred pesetas, some roubles, and his ID card identifying him as a member of the Soviet Military Mission to the Madrid Government.

Coiled in the bottom of his suitcase is a Nagyaka Siberian woven hide whip.

Leather map case and document folder.

Notebook and Pencil Sergei's 'Little Black Book' for taking names and dates of Political back-sliding, counter revolutionary actions and statements etc.

An antique silver fob watch the last heirloom of his fathers, given to Sergei before his father was exiled to Siberia.

Weapons: M 1895 Nagant revolver and 100 rounds
Mosin Nagant 1932 7.62mm Rifle and 200 rounds.

Gunther Brandt, 44, Revolutionary and International Brigade Soldier

Investigator History

Gunther was born in the shadow of the steel mills in Bremen, Germany, the sixth son of a desperately poor working class couple. Gunther received the bare minimum education before being sent to join the navy at 16. Gunther served on board the battleship *Seydlitz* during the battle of Jutland, before the German Fleet returned to port for the rest of the war. As the war ended in defeat and humiliation for Germany, Gunther was swept up in the political chaos that engulfed the nation. From a resolutely working class background it was natural that he should join ranks with the communist street fighters who were battling with the *Freikorps* of the nascent Nationalist Socialist party. Gunther learned quickly, defending the tenements of his neighbourhood with molotovs, rifle and pistol, absorbing the principles of revolutionary class struggle from militant communist party organisers. The attempted Communist revolution failed and in 1919 Gunther returned to sea, working hard to earn his First Mate's ticket, and equally hard to organise and agitate amongst his fellow crew members. Gunther served on board cargo ships of the German Merchant fleet, travelling all over the globe.

In 1920 whilst ashore in Casablanca he met with the leader of Moroccan tribesmen fighting against the French colonisation of North Africa – Gunther smuggled the hunted man onto his ship, stowed him away and gave him safe passage to Egypt. This incident put him on the French '*persona non grata*' list. It was not to be the first time that Gunther was to become involved with revolution during his travels. In 1921, on his own initiative he stole explosives from his cargo and supplied them to Mexican rebels opposing the government's land reforms. In 1926 he was made a convenor in the German Seaman's Trade Union.

In 1927 he was put ashore in Shanghai by the captain of his freighter who had grown weary of transporting this firebrand, and the trouble he stirred up with his crew. Waiting for another ship, Gunther was enticed by Soviet agents, acting on behalf of the Chinese Communist party to transport weapons up the Yangtze on a paddle steamer as the country plunged towards civil war. Gunther delivered the weapons to the workers army and returned to Shanghai in time to witness the savage suppression of the workers by the Kuomintang. Gunther grabbed a rifle and attempted to join the resistance. He was wounded in the savage street fighting and fled Shanghai, lucky to escape with his life.

He returned to Germany in 1929 and was dismayed to find the Nazis sweeping to power and his name on the list of political undesirables destined for a 'night and fog' disappearance to a concentration camp. Following the tip off Gunther fled his homeland, becoming a stateless person, travelling the globe courtesy of his seaman's papers; looking for anywhere he could support the oppressed in the struggle against the forces of Capitalism and Fascism.

In 1935 he smuggled arms to the Abyssinian tribesmen desperately attempting to stave off the onslaught of Mussolini's Imperialist ambitions. This time his luck ran out when his ship was stopped and searched by a British destroyer. Gunther was arrested and interned in a jail in Capetown. Gunther was still languishing in South Africa when the Spanish Civil War erupted. Certain that he had to confront Fascist aggression, Gunther broke jail and made a long and difficult journey to Spain. Wanted by all the old Great Powers (Britain, France, Germany) it was only by the purest luck that he managed to gain passage on a neutral Swedish merchantman through the League of Nations blockade to arrive in the port of Barcelona...

Isabelle Fontenet, 23, International Brigade Soldier and Nurse

Investigator History

Isabelle and her father fled the horror of the First World War and wandered through France until they found a home in Bordeaux. Her father had been a train driver and convenor in the Railwayman's Union before the War, but recurring bouts of bronchitis and emphysema meant he was frequently sick. Isabelle often had to nurse her bed-ridden father. This meant her formal education was neglected, but her Father did his best to teach her what he could; reading writing, and, subjects close to his own heart, politics, and working class history. At 17 Isabelle applied to become a nurse at the Bordeaux Teaching Hospital. She was accepted and her qualifications followed quickly.

Her first full time job was at the Magdalene Hospital – in the poorest area of Bordeaux, where she witnessed the full spectrum of disease, brutality and deprivation endured by the working classes of the city. At 21 she began an affair with Maurice Leclerc, a lecturer at the University who she treated following him being beaten up by right wing thugs during a strike at Bordeaux. He completed her political education and at his urging she joined the Communist Party – her compassion for her patients and their lot in life, making her an ardent believer in the need for social justice, redistribution of wealth and the abolition of class distinctions. When war broke out in Spain, Maurice and Isabelle hurried to join the Republican cause – believing they were defending Socialist Democracy against the brutal tyranny of Fascist Oppression.

In September 1936 Isabelle helped a single medical student set up the '15th International Brigade' Aid Post, barely a mile behind the Front Lines. Maurice was at the Front. She had to take on the duties of a doctor as the wounded flooded in, at first administering basic First Aid, then assisting the student during operations, then performing them herself: more often than not the best she could do was quickly amputate a mangled limb, stitch and cauterise the wound – then pray. Many of her patients died...some did not. Her skill as a trauma nurse-cum-field-surgeon grew. Until the fateful day in October a patient was brought to her triage – Maurice – blinded, disembowelled, with both his legs and genitals blown away. Unable to face the horror of watching her lover die in a prolonged screaming agony for which there were no drugs to alleviate, Isabelle took his .32 revolver and put an end to his pain, then fled weeping from the aid post.

The next morning she reported for combat duty – as the Brigade were under extreme pressure from an attack by Italian Fascists, she was handed a rifle and told to take her place in the front line. In a fortnight of vicious fighting Isabelle learned how to take lives, with gun, grenade and knife. Now fired with a thirst for revenge as well as her political beliefs Isabelle fought bravely with the other members of the Brigade.

Her luck ran out at the start of November when a shell exploded on the parapet of the trench she was defending sending a fragment of shrapnel smashing into her chest. Severely injured, she was evacuated to Madrid. Pneumonia set in and she was sent to a hospital in the south of the country to recover and recuperate. Her wound has taken until now, April 1937, to just about heal.

Earlier this week a Major from the Republican Ministry of War toured the hospital looking for convalescing troops to volunteer to rejoin combat units. Isabelle did not hesitate and stepped forward. To her horror she learnt that her Brigade had been wiped out virtually to a man during the Nationalist forces last push towards Madrid. She was to be sent to Barcelona where a New International Brigade was being formed up...

Henry Blair, 25, International Brigade Soldier and Leftwing Journalist

Investigator History

Born into the stifling tradition and propriety bound atmosphere of his middle class family, Henry simultaneously feared and loathed his father – more so when he was bundled off to Prep school at four years old, then sent on to Eton. Henry hated Eton with an equal conviction – bullied for his brightness and his ‘not one of us’ middle class background. Henry became a rebel from an early age, deliberately choosing to take the contrary point of view to his peers. Henry first came into conflict with the social structures about him for daring to question the slaughter of the First World War – anathema in the duty and tradition bound surroundings of his school, earning himself beatings and floggings from pupils and staff alike. Against his will he was forced to join the school cadet force – as far as he could he “refused to soldier” although without realising it he learnt something of basic military skills. He was nearly expelled for attempting to persuade the schools non-academic staff to join the General Strike in 1926.

After leaving Eton he went up to Cambridge to study history. He became a passionate believer in Marxist historical and political theory, and joined the Communist Party at the age of 21. Here at last he found fellow believers to share his views, and he became a reporter for the college newspaper, ceaselessly campaigning, reporting and agitating on a variety of left wing issues.

Leaving University he has spent three years working as a freelance journalist for a number of leftwing newspapers, including *The Manchester Guardian*. As a passionately committed anti-fascist Henry had no hesitation in stepping up to the mark to defend his beliefs and the future of Socialism in Europe....

Sergei Malikov, NKVD Agent and International Brigade Soldier

Investigator History

Born in St Petersburg, Sergei's mother and Father were schoolteachers. Sergei had a blissfully happy childhood unaware of the gathering storm as the century closed. Following the abortive revolution of 1905, Sergei's father was transported to Siberia, returning after five years a crippled and broken man. Sergei loathed the Tsarist Autocracy and secretly joined the Communist Party, becoming a student activist and agitator. Fired initially by a thirst for personal revenge he quickly became a true believer, determined to overthrow the corrupt regime and play his part in bringing about the Dictatorship of the Proletariat.

In 1914 he evaded conscription, remaining at home in hiding, whilst his countrymen marched to war to be slaughtered like cattle. For three years, Sergei stockpiled arms and weapons, assisted in setting up revolutionary cells in Moscow and St Petersburg waiting for the moment to come. In 1917, the Bolsheviks struck, and Sergei was at the fore in the Revolutionary struggle, fighting the Government troops, but more often as not bringing them over to the Bolshevik side through his impassioned and forceful oratory. Civil War followed revolution and Sergei fought with other troops of the Red Army from the snows of Finland to the parched dryness of the Crimea in defence of the newborn Workers' State. It was during this time that Sergei's parents were killed, and Sergei decided to make a career in the newly founded Red Army, studying at the Moscow Officers Training Academy. He had intended to join the artillery, but instead found an aptitude for intelligence work.

He was commissioned into the OGPU, the Red Army's dreaded secret police and intelligence service and posted to the Northern Front where he did sterling counter-espionage work against the Whites and the Foreign Interventionist forces. In 1928 Sergei was posted to the Russian Embassy in London as military attaché, where he was responsible for military intelligence gathering. In 1935 the OGPU was replaced by the NKVD –and Sergei was promoted to Captain. Sergei's section has special responsibility for monitoring the effectiveness and political will of foreign revolutionary movements backed by Russia. In 1936 with the advent of the Spanish Civil war, Sergei was posted, along with dozens of other military 'advisers' (some genuine, others, like Sergei there to spy on Russia's allies) to Madrid.

Sergei has been given instructions that he will be attached to a Republican Army Unit as an observer. He is to report the effectiveness of the unit, the political sympathies of the officers and NCOs, the presence of foreign nationals and their potential usefulness to Moscow at some later date, and to promote and persuade the troops of the true path to Social Justice and Democracy – the Marxist Leninist Path. The Supreme Soviet (read Stalin) is keen that it has a controlling hand on the course of the Civil War and its eventual outcome – it is keen that weapons and resources supplied by Moscow are not squandered, and it is particularly keen that any organisations of Trotskyite Anarchists such as CNT, FAI and POUM are closely observed, and where possible discredited. In short Sergei will act as a commissar to his brother troops, spy on his hosts and report their failings and political backslidings.

Sergei has been kept kicking his heels in Madrid whilst the Republican Ministry of War has painfully (and with a true spirit of Spanish *manana*) deliberated where best to post their important guest. Since his arrival in January 1937 Sergei has been confined to filing routine intelligence reports back to Moscow. Someone in the Russian government has leaned on his opposite number in the Republican Government and Sergei at last has orders: he will proceed to Barcelona and join a newly formed Infantry Brigade as observer.

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THRACIAN GOLD

A Call of Cthulhu Scenario set in Bulgaria during World War Two

By Glyn White

In this scenario investigators are parachuted in to the Rila mountains in Bulgaria on a covert mission to prevent newly discovered archaeological treasures falling into the hands of Axis agents late in World War Two. In an already unpredictable and dangerous environment they are heading, unsuspectingly, towards a maddening encounter with mythos-based peril.

The investigators

The adventure is designed for 3-6 player characters. There are six pre-generated characters: four who are dropped into the region, two who are already there. The latter two can be eliminated or appear merely as supporting characters if there are four or less players, as the GM sees fit. With three players the Keeper should play Professor Butterworth, the mission leader, and assign the other three characters.

Alternately the Keeper may prefer to allow players to generate their own characters, with appropriate skills and interests to get them selected for the mission, and retain Professor Butterworth (or help create someone very like him) as NPC mission leader.

A Note on playing time: Though your mileage may vary, depending on your style of play, this adventure is likely to take 2 longish (4 hour) sessions to play through fully. It could be done in less with some streamlining but will run longer if every possible incident is played out in detail. The GM has considerable control over how the latter parts of the scenario develop, from geographically expansive to very concise endgames. These options are explained at the relevant point, midway through the scenario, under the title **The Hinge** (see page 155).

Players' background information

22nd August 1944: All of you have been involved in various ways in the war to defeat the Axis powers in Europe, particularly in the Balkans. As the war draws

towards a close there is a question mark over Axis ally Bulgaria. The monarchical regime there allowed Germany to invade Greece through its borders, and has occupied parts of Yugoslavian and Greek Macedonia for the Axis in line with its own ancient territorial pretensions. On the other hand, Bulgaria refused to take part in the war on Russia as (a fellow Slavic nation) and Jewish people resident in pre-war Bulgaria have been saved from the concentration camps. However, when King Boris III died in 1943, shortly after a meeting with Hitler, his young heir, Simeon II, became reliant on the regent, Prince Kyril, who allowed a German stooge to become Prime Minister. The regime has since increased its efforts to defeat the partisans of all political persuasions who are united under the banner of the Fatherland Front.

As the Russians invade Germany's more enthusiastic ally, Romania, to the north, as the puppet fascist state in Croatia crumbles, and the Germans are being squeezed out of Yugoslavia under pressure from Tito's partisans, the fate of Bulgaria hangs in the balance. Yet there seems little a four man mission can do about it. It is not as if British or American agents can automatically claim the help of the Bulgarian partisans as liberators; Allied planes have repeatedly bombed the capital, Sofia. The objective of this mission, like the bombing, seems more symbolic than strategic; to prevent the royal treasure of an ancient Thracian king falling into the hands of Bulgarian monarchists looking to prop up their regime or fund an escape into exile. You have your doubts about this mission, but all of you have your own reasons for going.

Keeper's information

The investigators are right to have doubts about this mission; its fulfilment of war aims is nominal. The real motivation is the personal obsession of Professor Lionel Butterworth, leading Canadian expert on the Balkan region's history and archaeology. During the war he has attained the rank of Major and has become Area Head of Intelligence for Allied Command. Now, as the war comes towards a close in Europe, Butterworth feels he can risk some of the resources at his disposal, not least himself and his personal authority, to respond to a cryptic message from a former colleague who has spent the war behind enemy lines.

The colleague, Yuri Petrov, a native Bulgarian archaeologist, was with Professor Butterworth in 1941 when they jointly discovered a previously unsuspected Thracian tomb in the Rila valley, high in the Rila mountains. The two of them excavated a cache of golden drinking vessels of stunning quality, but the end of Bulgaria's neutrality prevented any hope of a Briton sharing in credit for the find. Similarly, Petrov - as a member of the Bulgarian Peasants' Party - was appalled by the prospect of the Bulgarian Monarchy seizing control of the finds and preventing his involvement in further excavations at the site. The two archaeologists thus resolved to keep their discoveries secret until after the war, when the dig might be continued in hopefully more conducive circumstances. They had not reckoned on the scale of the conflict.

The recent coded letter from Petrov to Butterworth by way of the Russian Embassy in Sofia indicates Petrov has kept faith with the bargain but has not been able to resist excavating further and in doing so has discovered something even more fascinating. The new finds possibly indicate they have found the grave of a significant Thracian monarch, but Petrov's letter also shows that he fears the cache and the new finds will be discovered. This prospect is more than Butterworth can stand and he has swiftly organised this mission without fully briefing his superiors (for example, they have no idea he plans to lead it personally). He has also called in two of his most trusted independent Bulgarian agents, Lazarov and Varna, taking them away from their normal activities in Sofia (these supporting characters, may be possible PCs for a larger group or can be replacement characters if those landing by parachute fare badly early on).

This kind of personalised operation is bad enough but, of course, there is a greater threat to the lives of the investigators than an ill-conceived mission behind enemy lines. The new artefacts discovered by Petrov include a helm and a mask of gold that were worn by Seuxthes III, a Thracian monarch of the period of Alexander III (the Great) of Macedon. Not a death mask, the mask of gold was worn by Seuxthes to disguise the deformities visited upon him as a consequence of wearing the helm. This helm is a 'gift' from 'the one who comes unbidden', Atlach-Nacha, the Spider God. Seuxthes was buried in an expanded cave on the mountain by his devoted bodyguards - bound to him by the helm - before they were compelled to seek out their master's master in its underground realm, and to become either servants or sustenance.

Unaware of this part of the history, Petrov has been tempted to wear the helm more than once and has become a creature of the type Seuxthes became. In this state he is responsible for numerous disappearances in the valley, though the late-hanging foliage conceals most of his crimes as yet. Nearly insane, but still intelligent and with beastly cunning, Petrov has as yet succeeded in concealing his archaeological trove, but cannot do so for much longer as the fortunes of war may soon allow the partisans to take full control of the region.

Once the investigators arrive the mask of gold and the deadly helm it conceals will begin to claim new thralls of Atlach-Nacha. The Investigators will have a chance to stop Petrov and his unwitting successor, but their actions may well set in train worse consequences. As will become clear from documents held in the library of the Monastery of St. John at Rila; bargains like this with the Great Old One 'who comes unbidden' are repeated in the region's history, with more or less dire outcomes. In order to divert disaster the investigators are likely to have to race against insane, well-armed enemies to where entries to Atlach-Nacha's underground realm still exist, and risk gruesome death or maiming to save considerably more than a few gold artefacts: if Atlach-Nacha completes its aeons-long task the world above, mired in chaos and war as it is, will no longer be the domain of men.

The set-up

The key character is Professor Butterworth. If he is a PC it is important to cast and brief whoever will be playing him well (the scenario tends to assume this approach). If Butterworth remains an NPC a good knowledge of how he might be expected to lead the mission is essential. Butterworth forms the link between the three other men who will be dropped with him into Bulgaria by parachute and the two Bulgarian agents already there. If the Keeper prefers not to complicate matters, the Bulgarian agents need not feature (though they can be picked up as PCs if necessary later). In any case, Professor Butterworth is the expedition leader and must be fully informed of details of the mission. A handout for players delivering Butterworth's briefing to his men has been prepared (see page 173). If the Keeper plays Butterworth he can simply inform his subordinates as he sees fit using the mission briefing section below. Beyond this the player characters only have what they can glean from the Player's background information section above (p.135, which can be read out or simply summarised), an introductory viewing of the large scale map of the area (see page 139), and the backgrounds on their character sheets. Those playing the Bulgarian agents miss out on the mission briefing in any form.

The mission briefing

Shortly before take off from an airfield at Bari, Italy, Professor Butterworth can give a detailed briefing to the men with him. The following 3 paragraphs are available to him (see page 173) but he should only be *required* to read the first one. If the others ask - and he feels they should know - he can elaborate (or obfuscate) on the basis of the latter two paragraphs as he chooses. Professor Butterworth also should have **Handout 1: Typewritten translation of Petrov's letter** and may again read it out, hand it round or keep it to himself during the briefing. The document is typed up as information from any translated intelligence source would be. Though some may doubt it the Professor's translation is complete and unedited. He also has personal copies of the two **Maps** offered in this scenario, too (see pp. 139-40).

Mission briefing paragraph 1

"There is reason to believe that archaeologist Yuri

Petrov has made an incredible find of immense scientific and cultural value in Bulgarian (re: enemy) territory. Petrov is currently working alone to preserve this irreplaceable treasure but he is only one man. And as the war enters its dog days in the region its discovery by the authorities can only lead to its disappearance. The mission is simple: to rescue these finds for the civilised world and prevent them falling into the hands of an unscrupulous enemy. We will parachute in to the Rila Valley region, recover the artefacts and either securely secrete them or remove them to a safe location outside Bulgaria until a cessation of hostilities. On landing, our immediate objective is a cabin between the mountains Kalin and Malyovica, where we should find a reliable guide, Ygor Spisarevski, recommended by Petrov."

Mission briefing paragraph 2: the nature of the items discovered

"The finds are apparently of Thracian manufacture from a context plausibly associated with Seuxthes III, a fourth century BC king (or warlord). The find includes gold items clearly valuable to anyone without any knowledge of their historical source. There is apparently both a mask and a helm of types distinctive to the Thracians as recorded by Herodotus in his brief account of the Thracian contingent at Troy. I quote from memory: 'Some West Thracians had golden masks by which they awed their enemies, some hanging them on their chests and others wearing them over their faces. As the spoils of any man who could defeat them in combat they were an invitation to conflict, but the thick-bearded Thracians loved to fight. They celebrate death rather than fear it and apparently mourn birth among their tribes.'"

Mission briefing paragraph 3: what is known about Seuxthes III

"Seuxthes III King of Western Thrace from circa 330 BC. A thorn in the side of the Macedonians known for greed and said to wear a gold mask and a ruby crown. He was a cruel monarch who persecuted his people as much as their neighbours and required a close-knit band of bodyguards to preserve his life. After defeat in battle by Alexander III of Macedon (Alexander the Great) he was carried from the field by his bodyguards, mortally wounded. His place of burial is unknown. Petrov may now have found it."

TG HANDOUT 1: Petrov's Letter (see next page).

Translation of a letter received by Professor Lionel Butterworth from former colleague Yuri Petrov in western Bulgaria by way of Soviet diplomatic courier. The original was handwritten in Galgolithic, the first Cyrillic language, now known only to a few scholars, though some words were transliterated from Ancient Greek and Bulgarian to expand the vocabulary. Translation by the addressee.

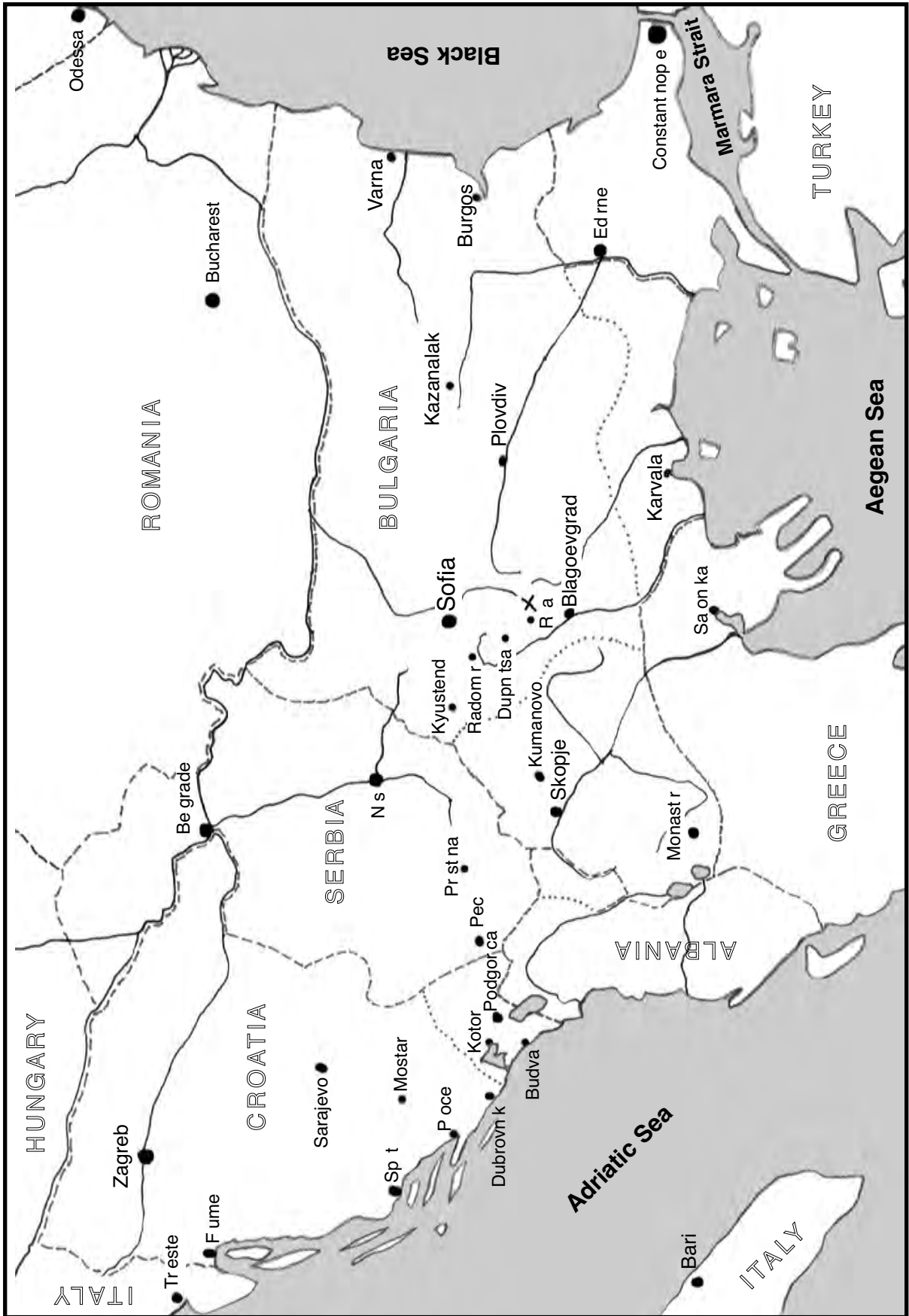
Sofia August 2 1944

Dear Professor Butterworth,

I know that I am taking a foolish risk in writing to you, but I do so in language that very few others share. You also know my handwriting and I have written the date (02/08/1944) more than once so that you will know when I sent it. If you receive the letter much after what you deem a reasonable time you must assume that the Russians have forestalled it in order to translate and act upon it. In any case, if or when you receive it I urge you to act quickly. The situation here is bad with sometimes all out war between the police and the army on one side and the partisans on the other. My papers are good enough to let me get my message to the Russian embassy in Sofia, but I must find a way to do so that does not let it fall into the hands of the Bulgarian Gestapo or interest them in me. Once if I get back to the valley (you know which one) I will not leave it again. Now let me tell you about what I have found, the reason for all this cloak and dagger from a simple archaeologist. In the tomb in which we found the vessels there was a second, concealed, chamber. Here was the actual tomb, a raised slab, with some organic residue and two unique items in outstanding condition. They are perhaps one item in two parts: there is a mask in the same metal as the drinking vessels that we found [gold], that I am sure either side would gladly melt down for profit now. From memory it is more substantial than the mask of Men[alaus] found at Troy and has eyeholes, indicating it was likely to have been worn by a living person. If I was to presume to estimate a date it would be 2nd or 3rd century BC. The helm on which it fits is even more extraordinary. It is bronze and Greek in style but has a crown of red gems or crystals set into it. I have seen nothing like this and I am certain that it is fearsome in its antiquity. It provokes my madness in sending you this message since you are the only one who will understand. It must be preserved for Bulgaria, for true Bulgarians, not these fascists or communists. It fits me, you may remember my hat size, and makes a man feel invincible! When I get back to the valley I will give up my lodgings to guard the site where I have hidden it. This is no longer the tomb since I suspect my secret digging is too easily detected. My hiding place is further up the valley in a quiet corner where I have found a natural fissure and a small hidden cave system. It smells of sulphur and the water inside it is acid it has marked my boots but I must hide these artefacts away and the secret of their new hiding place cannot die with me. You are the only one I trust. If necessary I will give my life to prevent anyone but you taking these unique pieces. If you are unable to come give your agents a sign only I will understand. If you or they need a guide Ygor Spisarevski on Kalin is able. I hope to see you.

Your friend, now a Thracian king,

Yuri Petrov (02/08/1944)



Bulgaria and the Balkans 1944: An expanded Bulgaria includes territory to the West centring on Skopje and to the South including Karvala
 Map produced for gaming purposes and is not reliable in its historical or geographical accuracy.

to Dragoman

to Pleven

to Kazanalak

Pernik

Radomir

Kostenets

Kyustendil

Borovets

Dupnitsa

Gyustevo

to Plovdiv

to
Kriva
Palanka

Malyovica

Kalin

Rila

monastery

Kocerinovo

Stob

Blagoevgrad

to Kocani

to Sandanski

to Gaoe
Delcev

Road	Mountain Peak
Train	Airfield
River	Geographical Feature
Border	Monastery

Map of Rila mountain region and Sofia, Bulgaria

Border marked is pre-war, airfields marked are not necessarily operational

The drop

Having had the mission briefing the four non-Bulgarian investigators spend three hours on a British bomber. The mission has been moved up in time because of meteorological evidence of a storm with gale force winds moving into the Adriatic in the next few days. Visibility over the mountains is not all it could be, but it is hoped the plane will not be marked as anything more than a reconnaissance mission or a stray bomber.

Finally, the investigators in the plane are dropped by parachute while flying low over the Rila Mountains at night. They jump into thick cloud that will make the landscape under it particularly dark. Parachute rolls can be made using the system employed for Goodnight Vienna, but here there are fewer characters it is important not to imbalance the scenario by a few bad rolls early on. If the scenario is being run with less than six PCs, the local agents called in by Butterworth are a couple of characters who might become replacements for very unlucky parachutists.

The investigators come down near Stob, among its unusual geological 'pyramids'. As they do so have them make Luck rolls. Heinously bad fails (95-00) will cause the relevant investigator to get stuck atop one of the rock towers or, worse, helplessly suspended from one by their parachute. To get down the unlucky investigator must negotiate a climb (or drop) of thirty feet on to uneven, rocky slopes. If a Climb roll fails Jump and Luck rolls can be made to half the damage (potentially 3D6). Others may help but communication here is hampered by weird echoes. It's a disorientating environment and, because the stone is light, movement against it might be dangerously visible from other places in the valley (Idea roll). These unique geographical features do, however, clearly locate the investigators at the mouth of the Rila Valley.

What next?

By consulting their map and a compass the team can see that they are about two miles from the village of Rila, about twelve miles from Rila Monastery. The investigators' immediate objective is a mountain cabin to the north east of the Monastery, between the mountains Kalin and Malyovica, where they expect to be able to find a reliable guide, Ygor Spisarevski, known to Professor Butterworth and recommended by Yuri Petrov. If they wish to go there directly, the least public way possible, they need to go North, up

the valley's northern slopes. Butterworth may, however, be keen to contact his Bulgarian agents in the village since it is 'on the way', before climbing the northern side of the valley. Serious injuries during landing will prevent the group's injured members taking any route up the steep sides of the valley.

Rila Village

Rila, ten miles down the valley from the monastery, is really quite small. It is small enough that any strangers will soon be noted and reported to the authorities based in Blagoevgrad and to the partisans more locally. Checking in to one of the quaint but largely deserted pilgrims' inns, for example, is bound to attract attention. For Professor Butterworth's agents, Lazarov and Varna, each working largely independently, it has been a frustrating week and, had they any way of knowing how to get in touch with him, they would be begging the Professor to let them return to Sofia, air-raids or not. Consult their character background sheets for a more detailed account of their discoveries in the village but, to summarise, they have not found any evidence of anyone in the village knowing about a cache of gold, or antiques. They have heard about disappearances in the valley but attribute them, like most people, to the war between Government and anti-government forces. Both these spies are already on borrowed time before they are interviewed by the police or the partisans and either imprisoned or warned off. Not wanting to abandon their missions or disappoint the Professor both will ask to join the drop team as soon as possible and to help in any other way they can.

To the cabin on the mountain

The climb up the side of the valley is exhausting (the altitude is noticeable) but the landscape is spectacular and brings a peculiar sense of relief as though there was something unwholesome down in the valley behind them. It may just be an effect of the fresher air on this still night. By this route there is little chance of meeting anyone (or anything) unless the investigators travel with criminal negligence. If, for any reason, characters are keen to avoid any sort of climbing until absolutely necessary then they will have as many General valley encounters (see below) as the

GM sees fit, each adjusted for darkness. In either case, unless becoming drastically lost, they will reach the cabin before dawn. They will be able to smell smoke and see a light there as they approach.

Ygor and Anna

The cabin is occupied by Ygor and his wife Anna. Hearing the investigators approach Ygor slips out the back door and takes up a sniping position slightly higher up the mountain where he can pin down any one in the cabin quite effectively. He will wait for a signal from Anna to show that it is safe. Depending on their time of arrival, the investigators will find Anna preparing either a large breakfast (enough for all of them) of yoghurt and bread, or a large pot of *gyuvech* (lamb stew). If they identify themselves or simply pose as climbers (unlikely in time of war but at least non-threatening) all will be well. If they try and surprise her, Anna has a large kitchen knife to hand. If they do anything to her or she signals Ygor that she is being held against her will he will shoot at the first investigator he sees. If there is more than one shot, help will come from Haki and his Partisans in a couple of hours. If the players can say that they come on the advice of Petrov, all will be well. But there have been guerilla battles between partisans and government forces nearby recently and the recent spate of disappearances has made everyone wary.

If the players can get themselves properly identified (Butterworth can even be recognised in a good light) Ygor and Anna will feed, water and protect them immediately. They will prove real founts of knowledge on the area since the war began if the investigators are more curious (as they should be). Their knowledge duplicates much of that discovered by Professor Butterworth's agents (see character backgrounds) but this version comes with sounder local awareness as well as more detail and depth.

On Petrov:

Probably the first thing that the players will ask about is the location of Petrov, at which Ygor has to frown. Neither of them have seen him since the night he came back from Sofia. They were both shocked by how unwell he looked; 'Grey' Anna will say for those who know Bulgarian, indicating she means his complexion. Yet he was very excited about his excavations and was hoping desperately for his message to get through. Perhaps if he got some indication from the Professor he would re-appear. The arrangement

was that they would set a signal at the cabin on the southern side of the ridge, in the Rila Valley. Ygor can be sent to do this while the group sleeps if they so desire. If this is what is arranged Ygor appreciates the business-like attitude of the men and offers them the ground floor to sleep in, or for them to take the beds upstairs.

On the Valley:

The rugged terrain and general feeling in the area has made it a stronghold for the partisans, but the symbolic importance to the nation of the Rila Monastery, and the importance of the Bulgarian Orthodox Church to the Monarchy has made it an area of real contestation. The monks have tried to stay neutral, which has begun to earn them the contempt of both sides. It is all very well for them to disapprove of Bulgar fighting Bulgar, but their disavowal of the conflict has allowed it to be conducted in the most unholy way over the past couple of months.

On the disappearances:

At least ten people have disappeared in Valley recently; Petrov may be another one. The missing persons may have been executed by one side or the other but, judging by the ostensible allegiances of the missing, both sides seem to be involved. Others suggest wolves are abroad, disturbed by the war, but Ygor dismisses this as they are only seldom and distantly heard. The player characters will be able to witness a sort of argument about who has disappeared, who they sympathised with and who may have disposed of them between Anna and Ygor. But if they target their questions, for example, where exactly have the people disappeared, they would learn that most of them lived or were supposedly going to the north end of the Valley near the caves and, as Professor Butterworth will note, the excavations, near where Petrov was holed up.

On the two sides of the conflict in the valley:

If the players want to know about the factions in the area they will get broadly accurate brushstrokes. The Government forces - the army and the police are headed by Colonel Dimitrov. He is a determined man promoted since the death of King Boris and keen to prove himself by flushing out members of the Fatherland Front. Neither himself or his forces have been up to the job. He is a religious man and has spent a lot of time and effort keeping the monastery safe.

He isn't seen as particularly pro-German but is virulently anti-communist. Rumour has it he was involved in the assassination of President Stambolinsky in 1922, for example.

The couple have also had dealings with Colonel Haki, the local leader of the partisan Fatherland Front. What Ygor and Anna know of him is that he is shrewd, has sabotaged axis rail links in the area, has evaded capture despite major efforts against him and his men, is well liked, despite the disappearances. He is known for his faith in his close lieutenants, six men whom he absolutely trusts. Ygor and Anna may also know that Haki speaks some English.

Ygor and Anna also know that, despite an earlier unofficially declared truce in the Valley, the suspicion on both sides is that the other is waging a particularly dirty war against them, so military forces, legal and illegal, encountered in the Valley are likely to be edgy and may assume the group are 'the enemy'.

On the Monastery:

Ygor and Anna also know some of the history and background of Rila Monastery (summarise Handout 2 from page 145, excluding dates but adding that King Boris III, who died in 1943, is buried there).

Daylight

There are two basic objectives the characters might have on their first day: a) to contact Petrov using the signal Ygor has arranged; b) to relocate the dig; c) to discover where Petrov stashed the new finds further up the valley from the tomb, according to his letter. If the team have decided to let Ygor go and accomplish objective a) while they sit tight or sleep, he doesn't come back. This may worry the investigators quite soon, but Anna will not fret until after midday. To continue their mission the group can either wait until dark or move out earlier. They can certainly disguise themselves as a hunting party, as per their fake papers, as long as they restrict weaponry to plausible hunting pieces, but any inhabitant of the upper valley is likely to be suspicious of these newcomers which will eventually lead to the authorities (and partisans) investigating. Whether they travel with Ygor as a guide or alone they should acknowledge the need to be cautious.

Travelling undercover

Not all skills work as normal while working undercover in a hostile and foreign environment. The characters recorded Credit Ratings, for example, show the characters' Credit Ratings in the society which they normally live in - in the case of all but the optional characters this is not Bulgaria. In encounters where the characters need to deceive people checking their credentials then the GM should decide on the best way to deal with it with the following options as guides:

- a) the result is decided by the GM (e.g. they are simply not going to get past this guy without papers);
- b) the result is decided solely on the basis of role-playing out the scene;

OR, optionally, c) the result is dependent on the characters' Deception Skill. This skill is generated on the basis of the existing skills of the character in question. It is explained in the boxed text at the end of the scenario which also contains 'Pre-gen PC characteristics for the GM' (see page 172).

Into the valley

General valley encounters

1: Police

This encounter is simply to let the investigators know that they are not alone. A full-on firefight is really too dangerous for them in unfamiliar terrain and against unknown numbers. The GM should always keep exact numbers and movements of enemies guarded so that players don't imagine they can judge the outcome of an attack accurately. By the same token the GM should always make clear there is a way to slip past a patrol they haven't engaged in combat, unless they have worked to trap themselves on the upper floors of a building, a cave or such like. Finally, until someone starts shooting, there is always the possibility of characters (or Ygor) using Fast Talk or Deception to extricate them group from the situation.

2: Partisans

Much the same applies to the encounter with partisans though the players might be more tempted to make contact. They should avoid doing so; Allied planes have been bombing Sofia which, since it does not gain the British or Americans any clear strategic advantage, seems like spite to most Bulgarians. Once again, until someone starts shooting, there is always

the possibility of characters (or Ygor) using skills like Fast Talk or Deception to extricate them group from the situation. Contact, however managed, will hasten 'Capture' (see below).

3: Petrov

It would be best if this encounter is inconclusive at this point but a lot can be done with a feeling of being watched and the sounds of scrunching through autumn leaves. One of the team may get a glimpse of a figure moving bizarrely in a distant tree or rocky slope with an exceptional Spot Hidden. If this happens near the specific encounters below to increase tension, then all the better.

4: Wolves (evening and night only)

Some distant howling only, though it may spook those unused to it. Ygor will be able to tell the pack is in another valley (they keep well out of the way of Petrov).

5: Bear

There is a rogue brown bear in the valley. It was injured by a huntsman in another valley months ago and is dangerous. It is designed to be encountered at the cabin in the Valley (see below) but its presence can also be used to raise tension. A loose domestic animal with massive clawmarks might be encountered. Or simply some bear spoor. If Ygor is along he can easily identify it, but to non-natives it might be disturbing (bones and hide stick out). Use Natural History rather than Know as a measure for the characters guessing for themselves the source of such spoor.

6: Corpse

There is a chance (say 5% or larger, if desired) that any character climbing high into the branches of any tree finds the corpse of one of the Valley's missing persons. Each of these bodies is high in a large tree, tied to a branch with their own clothing with clear evidence of this being done from the branch below. Idea rolls will help characters know that the culprit must be man-sized, both very agile and strong to get the bodies up there and balance to tie them up. The corpses are crusted with fine spiders' webs and dry leaves stuck to them so that they are difficult to identify from a distance (characters may be up close and personal before they realise). SAN loss for any such discovery is 0/1D3. If any of the bodies are examined

to ascertain cause of death these are various (broken neck, crushed skull, strangulation) but odd tearing bites at exposed flesh (faces, bare hands) might be disconcerting as these appear under the camouflage rather than simply being the effects of scavengers.

Specific valley encounters

1: The cabin in the woods

This is a community cabin for hunters and mountaineers and which during wartime has been used as an occasional billet for troops from both sides. Ygor has some official responsibility for monitoring it. It is also the point at which he is meant to be able to signal to Petrov that guests have arrived. The signal is to open the top back window and leave a pitchfork propped against the back wall. Someone needs to set the signal.

Ygor, if he has come with the investigators, may suggest they watch while he goes upstairs or may send them inside to open the window while he fetches the pitchfork from the lean-to shed. If anyone is extremely cautious and rolls critically for Listen while near the building they may detect the lurking danger. Inside the cabin is the rogue bear mentioned earlier. Rotting food left behind by a recent victim of Petrov's attracted the bear's attention and the unlocked cabin door was pushed open easily. The bear has found it less easy to get out (the windows are very small) and is even more irritated and angry than ever. For whoever enters, it will loom out of the dark interior, shaggy, monstrous, on two legs and attack the first entrant as ferociously as it can for one round before making for the door. Its statistics follow:

The Beast in the cabin

STR 18	CON 13	POW 12	DEX 12
SIZ 24	db +1D6	HP 19	

Armour: 3 point hide.

Attacks: Bite 25% 1D10, 25% 1x claw 1D6 +db, 25% 1x claw 1D4 only due to prior injury.

Skills: Climb 30%, Listen 75%, Scent 70%.

If it has little trouble with its first victim the bear won't necessarily be in the mood to move on unless it suffers a meaningful wound or is confronted with loud noises and multiple aggressively posturing fig-

ures. If the characters use gunfire to stop it they will naturally alert the entire locality. If they don't want to shoot it but are getting into some kind of ursine standoff Ygor may be at hand with a pitchfork. There are several similar potential weapons in the lean-to (base skill: 15%, damage 1D8+1).

Inside the cabin: Petrov slept here regularly before his trip to Sofia, Ygor will reveal. Ygor also knows he used to keep some of his papers here after moving out of the village some 6 months ago. Under a floorboard in the upstairs room some of his books are slowly feeding the silverfish. These include general works of local and ancient history and they will supply some relevant information if skimmed (an hour for each) or read (3 hours for each book). The information comes in the form of HANDOUT 2: Summarised description of Rila Monastery, and HANDOUT 3: A highlighted excerpt about Seuxthes III.

The Monastery of St. Ivan Rilski

Founded in 10th century, it was sited downhill from the cave on the north side of the Rila Valley occupied by St John of Rila, a famed hermit and exorcist, by his devotees. A significant national monument and centre for the Bulgarian Orthodox church, it was suppressed under the Turkish occupation, destroyed by fire in 1833 but rebuilt 1834-62 during the National Revival. It is constructed like a fortress and indeed resembles one from the outside. Inside, however, there is a courtyard with four storey buildings on each side. In the centre is the Church of the Virgin Birth in neo Byzantine stripes with five domes and exterior murals of apocalyptic scenes. Inside it an impressive iconostasis (a densely carved wall of icons and gold leaf) houses St. John's left hand. Beside the church looms the Tower of Hrelyo, the only surviving part of the original monastery. Its top floor houses a sort of museum, including the Rafail Cross that it took a local priest 12 years to carve from a single piece of wood around the turn of the nineteenth century. It contains over 100 scenes and over 500 figures and cost the artist his sight.

HANDOUT 2: Summarised description of Rila Monastery

Seuxthes III was King of Western Thrace from c. 330-300 BC, a tributary of the Macedonians. He was a cruel monarch known for his greed who persecuted his own people and required a close knit band of bodyguards to preserve his life. After defeat in battle by troops loyal to Alexander III of Macedon (Alexander the Great) he was carried from the field by his bodyguards, mortally wounded. His place of burial is unknown.

HANDOUT 3: A highlighted excerpt about Seuxthes III

2: The tomb

The party may choose this as their first objective, leaving Ygor to set the signal to Petrov or they may move on to it after visiting the cabin, possibly shaken, possibly heading up the valley to avoid troops roused by gunfire. Professor Butterworth knows the site well. It was always difficult to access but it is clear to him that considerable effort has gone in to concealing it even further, partly by making the way seem less trodden, partly by making the alternative paths that much clearer. If there has been no General Encounter 3, now would be a good moment, even if it is just an indication that the group may be observed.

Beyond a screen of trees the dying grass has withered back to reveal something that might be the remains of a raised platform (the Professor certainly believes so). Atop it, behind the mass of an ancient dark green holly tree growing upon it, there is what looks like a foxhole choked with dead bracken and brambles against a wall of solid rock (i.e. the mountainside). This is the tomb's entrance, again expertly concealed.

A light source will be necessary to see anything inside. The clearing of the dug-out hole releases a charnel stink from the dank opening. An Idea roll suggests the platform around it was meant to conceal the opening and was of equal antiquity. Light reveals that the tomb is worked stone, and that a pointed arch forms the ceiling. The corridor is seven feet in height, four feet wide, regular and impressive. It goes for twelve feet before opening into a chamber twice its width. The floor is wet, slightly muddy. It shows no footprints since it was last inundated presumably in some rainstorm (Ygor or Anna could put the last candidate three weeks in the past). The side walls are



Carved head in black marble

stacked with blocks of the same granite as the walls. These clearly come from the semi-dismantled wall that previously closed off the continuing corridor leading to a final chamber twelve feet square with a long oblong slab against the back wall as either an altar or a tomb. This extra chamber was Petrov's discovery months after the expedition leader left. Its maddening obviousness will cause Professor Butterworth 0/1 SAN loss (at the GM's discretion).

In the second chamber the floor is clear of everything but cobwebs and Petrov's tools: a spade, a shovel, chisels, a pry bar, trowels and brushes. They have not been used in a considerable time. On a successful Archaeology roll, however, any character can have the idea (if they haven't already) of breaking open the altar/slab. Petrov, became obsessed with the gold artefacts atop it and treated it as though it was just a worked outcrop of the natural rock. Butterworth can retrieve any recent SAN loss if it is his idea to investigate it.

The stone block is in fact a tomb. Inside, under a blanket of dust and ancient cobwebs there is the outline of a human figure, heavily decayed except the head. Under the dust over the body the investigators

will find the crumbling skeleton of (Archaeology roll) a sturdily built man. Dusting off what appears to be covering the head they will find themselves looking at a man's face. After a momentary shock, it becomes clear the investigators are looking at a life-size and incredibly life-like carving of a head in black marble. The face has an accusing, disturbing intensity and the thick hair, moustache and writhing beard are carved with convincing detail. Anyone may guess that this is Seuxthes III but they can only speculate as to why it has replaced his skull in the tomb.

There is no way for them to know that his bodyguards included the sculptor and that the helm had become so bound to his head that in order to place the helm on the tomb both had to be removed. Lines from Shelley may spring to the mind of the Professor: 'half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown, and wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command, tell that its sculptor well those passions read, Which yet survive stamped on these lifeless things, The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed...' (*Ozymandias*) [This is optional HAND-OUT 7 see below] There are no further chambers or artefacts to be found here.

The following lines from Shelley's poem
'Ozymandias' spring to the mind of the Professor:

'Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose
frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold
command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions
read,
Which yet survive stamped on these
lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart
that fed...
"Look on my works, ye mighty, and
despair!"

Optional HANDOUT 7

3: The cave

Following the directions in Petrov's letter leads the group further up the valley into a steep, cliff-sided pocket which is screened from the valley proper by five large deciduous trees in unusually deep soil deposits. There is such an air of seclusion here that it seems this side-valley does not want to be found. As they enter it, the wind in the valley proper increases in strength and puts any Listen roll at a 25% penalty as it shakes off showers of dead leaves. The amount already fallen makes almost impossible to us the Track skill (-50%).

At the back of this pocket valley is a screen of bushes and against the rocky side of the back wall there is a sinkhole. The sinkhole itself leads down to either an impassable rockfall, a single cave or a cave system, as the GM desires, but the contents of the sinkhole are pure red herring, lacking the acidic pools Petrov's letter clearly indicates. However, anyone beginning to climb into the sinkhole has their Spot Hidden chance to detect a man-sized opening within it, at the lip of the sinkhole, under a fringe of grass and roots, that leads upwards, diagonally, into the cliff that forms the valley wall. At any probing of this hidden access the damp smell of the sinkhole gives way to that of sulphur. A Know roll remembers that the area is volcanic. The idea of anyone crawling in to this disturbing orifice alone as Petrov must have done, without support standing by, is alarming and worth a SAN roll from Professor Butterworth for 0/1.

The following sequence is written as though a single explorer enters the cave. If that is not the case it is the identity of the first in line that will be the key factor, but the tunnel is a potentially traumatic trip for whoever takes it. To explore effectively requires a light source. An open flame might possibly offer some danger if encountering flammable gasses.

The cave aperture is just large enough for a person of SIZ 14 to crawl into with no encumbrances. The largest possible entrants have to breath in just to squeeze through some passages and the cave will not allow him (or her) to turn around for more than 20 yards of crawling. Natural claustrophobia kicks in for SAN loss of 1/1D3.

After about 30 yards the tunnel gains some height though the air is noxious and the passage's floor is made of little rocky pools of a mildly caustic liquid. If these are examined then Geology/Natural History rolls may determine that the water is actually a solution of sulphuric acid and yet it is inhabited by tiny,

transparent shrimp-like crustaceans that are unique and currently unknown to science. Until the sinkhole intersected with it this cave system was independent of the outside world for millennia. There is a unique species of venomous purple centipede preying on the shrimps, also unknown to science, and they may continue to do so at least while the cave's toxic environment still shields its creatures from nature's common forms. An Idea roll or a Track roll will suggest that the floating sediment in the pools indicates they have recently been disturbed.

After the pools, about forty yards in, the tunnel angles upwards again, becoming drier and lower and cramped again. After another five yards it widens out again. This is the point at which it makes a difference who is leading exploration of the cave. Petrov is present here and has seen enough to identify whether the first spelunker is familiar or not. His actions are essentially determined by who is approaching the treasure. If it is his former colleague, Professor Butterworth, Petrov will be extremely gratified. He will stay back and observe, allowing the Professor to access the guarded area.

Assuming Petrov backs off, a shape ahead gives any spelunker pause. The angular debris of an ancient rock fall made into a cairn, is clearly not the work of animals. It covers over a backpack and a sack containing Petrov's trove of looted Thracian treasure. Any inspection indicates metal contents and that the contents are heavy. Any archaeologist will be hard pressed not to inspect them there and then rather than immediately turning around and either towing them out or pushing them in the sacks ahead of him, so the contents are listed here:

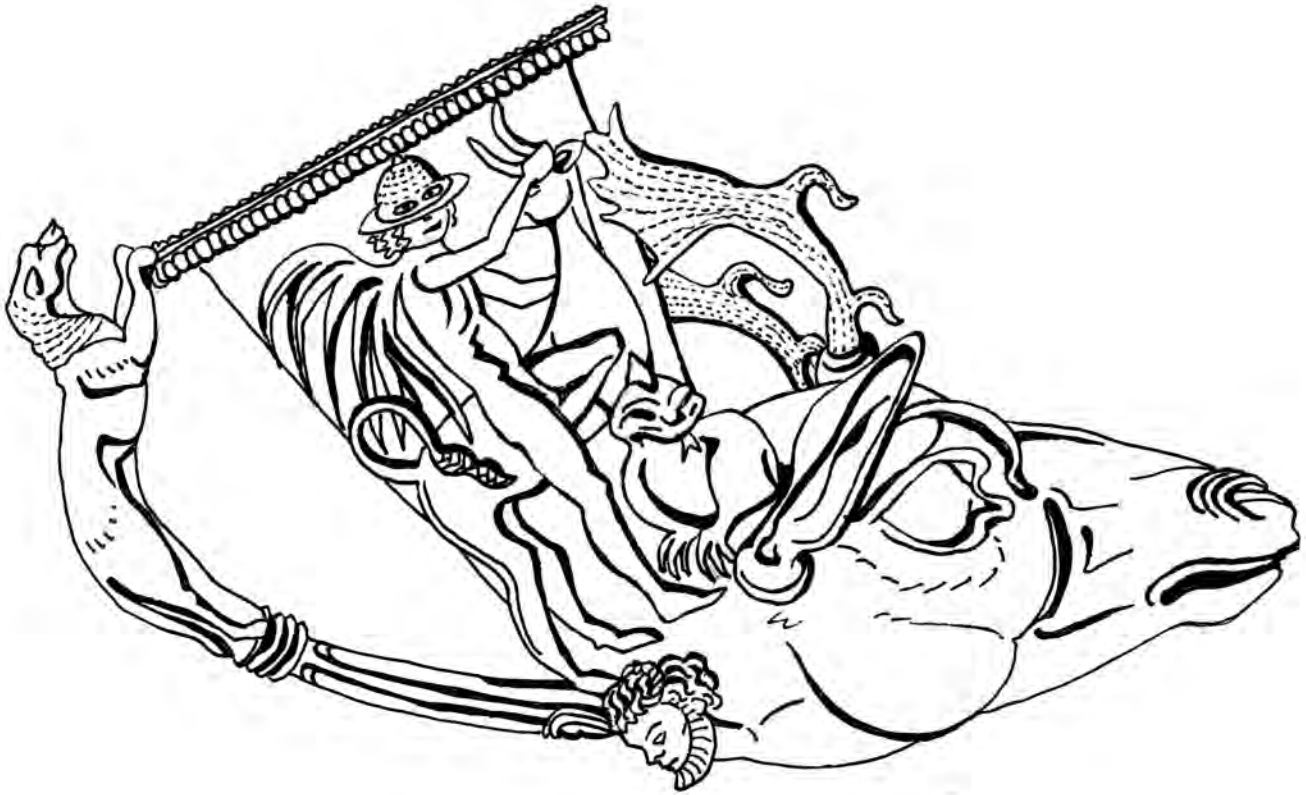
Artefact 1. Golden drinking vessel in the form of a sheep's head. Part of Butterworth and Petrov's 1941 find. Beautifully crafted and almost pristine.

Artefact 2. Gold and silver iconic plaque representing a golden haired figure adorned with animals or dragons. Part of Butterworth and Petrov's 1941 find. Beautifully crafted though somewhat damaged.

Artefact 3. A life-size golden mask with eyeholes and brackets on the back. Petrov's 1944 find. Beautifully crafted though somewhat crushed.

Artefact 4. Bronze war helm with red crystals set into crown. Petrov's 1944 find. Utterly unique item, of huge historical significance.

An illustration of each artefact (labelled as above) appears within this chapter.



Artefact 1. Golden drinking vessel

If, however, someone other than Professor Butterworth enters the guarded cave without, as Petrov's letter calls for, a sign, token or password making clear that he is the Professor's emissary they are in considerable danger. A head on encounter with Petrov happens while the unrecognised investigator is crawling out of the low tunnel forty yards from the system entrance. The encounter should be run privately between the GM and the hapless spelunker. Unless there is gunfire combat won't be heard outside the cave. Petrov will dart forward suddenly snuffing an open flame with his hand, smashing a torch and grappling for any handgun (a rifle is essentially useless in such a cramped environment, being used at a penalty of -50%). A brief glimpse of Petrov at close range like this is worth a SAN loss of 1/1D6. Then there is darkness.

If the character is still sane, a generous keeper may have Petrov gurgle a request for 'a sign' in Bulgarian (though of what he will not say). If the investigator tries to flee (insanely or not) or can't guess what his attacker wants or doesn't incidentally reveal his asso-

ciation with Butterworth there will be a second, more horrible attack with Petrov, able to see in the dark, pinning his victim's arms (Grapple 50%) and bringing his mandibles to bear on their face (50% on a grappled victim for 1D3 damage per round). Four points of damage will leave the victim blind, their eyes ripped out (SAN loss 1/2d4). After this Petrov will free them, allowing them to crawl backwards, towards the entrance. He will let them to turn around in the higher section of cave so as to crawl forwards out of the cave, but possibly taunts them with knowledge of his presence close behind them.

If Professor Butterworth has collected the loot, Petrov will *only* indicate his presence when his friend is stuck facing the exit some twenty yards from making his way out. He may introduce himself in what is now a throaty gurgle: 'You couldn't resist looking at it could you?' If asked where he is Petrov will tap the crawling investigator's extended foot.

Talking to Petrov: He will answer questions but remain frustratingly (if the Professor is keen to look

at him) concealed in a hood. Asked about his disappearance he will say it was getting dangerous in the valley and he was afraid the wrong people would come there and find his treasure. He exhibits no interest in news about the war, though he does talk enthusiastically about sharing his discovery and, perhaps, a trip to the sea. His talk is cryptic and sinister but, to the Professor at least, it is clearly Petrov. And Petrov is willing to exit the tunnel after his colleague. If possible, the last thing he should whisper as the Professor leaves the tunnel is to tell his friends to be careful: 'There are other humans nearby.' He may, on this score, urge the Professor to bring his colleagues into the cave.

Meanwhile, outside, the cave: do not let those on watch drift out of the game. As the wind continues to blow, if they look to the entrance to the valley they will see the leaves flying from the five big trees and in each tree (initially with a Spot Hidden) a corpse can be seen hanging high up in the now bare branches. This is worth SAN loss of 1/1D4. If anyone wants to climb up and investigate they will find the bodies all as described under General Valley Encounter 6. The other thing they may note - on making another Spot Hidden roll - is a group of armed men making a cautious approach to the dead-end valley. If those on the ground are immediately advised to move up the major valley, leaving behind any cave-explorers and the man up the tree, they may slip through. Anyone coming down the tree rapidly will be noted and fired upon. The tree is a prime sniping position but, with the leaves gone or going, is increasingly exposed. Any character in the tree hit for a wound of more than half their SIZ must make a DEX roll not to fall 40 feet for 4d6 damage (halved by Luck and Jump rolls). It may be, however, that the



Artefact 2. Gold and silver iconic plaque

group is not able to see the approaching partisans, and after inspecting the suspended bodies they may therefore return to the sinkhole as their leader (or whoever is assigned the spelunking job) emerges, not knowing they are about to be surrounded.

Emerging from the cave: There are a number of options for what happens next:

1: Professor Butterworth or someone well prepared by him is liable to have Petrov right behind him. If they have successfully come out with the gold items the investigators don't have any time to examine their finds. Petrov climbing out of the hole, masked, is worth 0/1 SAN loss. At this point the partisan troop leader asks the player's group to surrender. From the sounds of cocking weapons in the bushes they are clearly surrounded. Petrov, however, attempts to grab the treasure bag and disappear with it back underground. Multiple rifle shots ring out from the bushes ripping him apart and, with a clear head shot, destroying the evidence of any supernatural transformation. Witnessing this sudden death at close range is worth a SAN loss of 0/1D2.

2: Ill-prepared or unlucky potholers are liable to burst out of the hole blinded and screaming insanely (SAN checks for those witnessing this to avoid penalty for 0/1D3). Petrov may wish to strike suddenly with the advantage of surprise against these interlopers. He ambushes his victim's shocked group and, with his deformed face and bulging red eyes partially uncovered, is worth a SAN loss of 1/1D3 SAN. In hand to hand combat he can be quite devastating but, at most, the players will have to combat Petrov for a couple of rounds at close quarters before rifle shots ring out from the bushes ripping him apart and, with a clear head shot, destroy the evidence of any supernatural transformation. No SAN loss for the destruction of an attacker.

3: Alternately, Petrov emerges from his hiding place after a victim but is able to see Professor Butterworth among the others. At this recognition he will become calm. He will apologise and then dive back into his hole to collect the archaeology. If questioned before he can do so he will, over the wails of an incoherent victim, blame their blindness on acid pools which have also 'affected his face'. After he has emerged a second time (with treasure), then have the partisan troop leader ask the player's group to surrender. Once again, from the sounds of cocking weapons in the bushes they are clearly surrounded. Petrov, however,

attempts to grab the treasure bag and disappear with it back underground. When he is cut down by rifle fire (as above) it should dissuade the investigator's group from any armed resistance. Witnessing this sudden death at close range is worth a SAN loss of 0/1D2.

Capture by Partisans

Though they might at this point be captured by the authorities or by the partisans the scenario as written nominates the latter group. The partisans in the Rila Valley are a powerful conglomeration of anti-monarchist and anti-German forces from democrats to communists and mainly composed of local men. This group is well-organised and led by Colonel Haki, a sturdily built and charismatic man from the other side of the mountains familiar enough with the terrain not to underestimate it but sufficiently outside local squabbles to have successfully imposed his authority. He is a communist and a Slavic patriot, looking to Russia to benevolently re-shape eastern Europe. Although he could never predict how this will turn out, Haki is no fool. He is, however, confident that the war is turning in a way that will bring a better Bulgaria and a local victory to him and his men that will stand him in good stead for a prestigious future. A former union organiser, he has spent time in prison with nothing to do but read - when possible - and is well-versed in local and national history and, like many an autodidact, he is hard to stop when in full flow.

Once the investigators are subdued Haki will soon appear, serious and heavy-browed, but decisive and quick. He gives orders to a few of the men but they also communicate with silent gestures and eye contact. The characters will be thoroughly searched for weapons and their packs will be opened, revealing the trove if it hasn't been seen previously. In questioning on the spot the group will be asked who they are, who Petrov was (assuming them to be acquainted with him) and what their reason is for being in the Valley. Whatever their answers, they will be bound with hands behind backs, roped together and hooded for a closely guarded walk of about an hour to what turns out to be an impregnable stone prison.

Captivity

The group is split into pairs, one pair to a cell. Ygor, if he has been with them up until this stage is separated from them and is not seen again. In each of the cells there are two blankets, two thin straw mattress-

es and a bucket. The captives are fed on combat rations and metal cups of water and placed on the floor by one man guarded by another with a submachine gun. The guards do not communicate with them in any language, and after the second day don't visit at all. Listen rolls during these later stages might hear distant shooting and/or strange chanting. The sources of these noises should become clear later.

If any players have lost characters, this short prison stretch is an opportunity to introduce substitute characters also imprisoned by the partisans; see Grga Lazarov and Maria Varna. Otherwise the surviving characters will have a chance to review what they saw (Idea rolls to see if they believe Petrov was, or was not, somehow transformed). They can plan to escape if they want, but a viable opportunity will not be forthcoming. When they are finally released (after three to five days inside with the possibility of healing some injuries) the partisans come mob-handed and heavily armed with Haki's best men tying them again and taking them (un-hooded this time) out of

their basement cells. The investigators may then quickly realise they are in Rila Monastery itself.

Rila Monastery

The Monastery of St. Ivan Rilski was founded in 10th century. It was sited downhill from the cave (on the North side of the Valley) where St John of Rila a famed hermit and exorcist lived by his (unwanted) devotees. A significant national monument and centre for the Bulgarian Orthodox church, it was suppressed under the Turkish occupation and destroyed by fire in 1833 but rebuilt 1834-62 during the National Revival. It is built like a fortress and indeed resembles one from the outside. Inside, however, there is a courtyard with four storey buildings on each side (all with basements) amounting to about 300 chambers. In the centre is the Church of the Virgin Birth in neo-Byzantine stripes with five domes and exterior murals of apocalyptic scenes. Inside is an impressive iconostasis (a



densely carved wall of icons and gold leaf) which houses (not on display) St. John's left hand (the rest of him being lost over time during loans). Beside the church looms the Tower of Hrelyo, the only surviving part of the original monastery. Its top floor houses a sort of museum, including the Rafail cross that it took a local priest 12 years to carve from a single piece of wood around the turn of the nineteenth century. It contains over 100 scenes and over 600 figures and cost the artist his sight.

Interview with Colonel Haki

The heavily guarded investigators are led across Monastery courtyard into the Abbot's house, up a stone staircase and into a lavish room usually reserved for meetings between senior members of the Church. There are several well armed men in ill-fitting police uniforms present as Haki talks quietly to his leading partisans, still in their combat dress, and sends them off on some mission. They scowl at the investigators, an ugly bunch, and it is a relief that they will not be present.

When the investigators have been seated around the table Haki joins them. Those trying a Psychology roll

on him or looking closely at him may easily notice a change: he is less tense and more jovial, expansive even. A Spot Hidden will recognise that Haki is also swarthier and darker, possibly from spending time somewhere smoky or from lack of sleep. He seems amused, slightly drunk and distracted too. His use of English, while still accented, is much more confident.

'Good evening gentlemen, and lady. I would first like to apologise for the period of time in which you have been imprisoned. I think I will be able to establish good reasons why there should be no further hostilities between us. Are you willing to give me your words you will not cause trouble for my men or bring about any situation in which these hallowed chambers may be soiled with blood?'

If the characters agree, their hands are unbound but they are still unarmed against at least 3 heavily armed men in addition to Haki.

'You may find it ironic that even before we were capturing you, our despotic government was seeking to come to terms with yours, and perhaps would have done, but a Russian ultimatum and invasion caused the whole thing to collapse. Three First ministers in a week ... We have been too busy evening the score with Colonel Dimitrov and his men to trouble you.



Artefact 3. A life-size golden mask

We are now the Bulgarian Authorities and you are now our Allies. War on Nazi Germany was declared on the 9th and our troops are readying to move from Macedonia and Greece to fight in Serbia, Romania and Slovenia.'

Players may wish these events to be clarified for their characters. Haki will do so, if necessary sending to the Library for a map, before continuing:

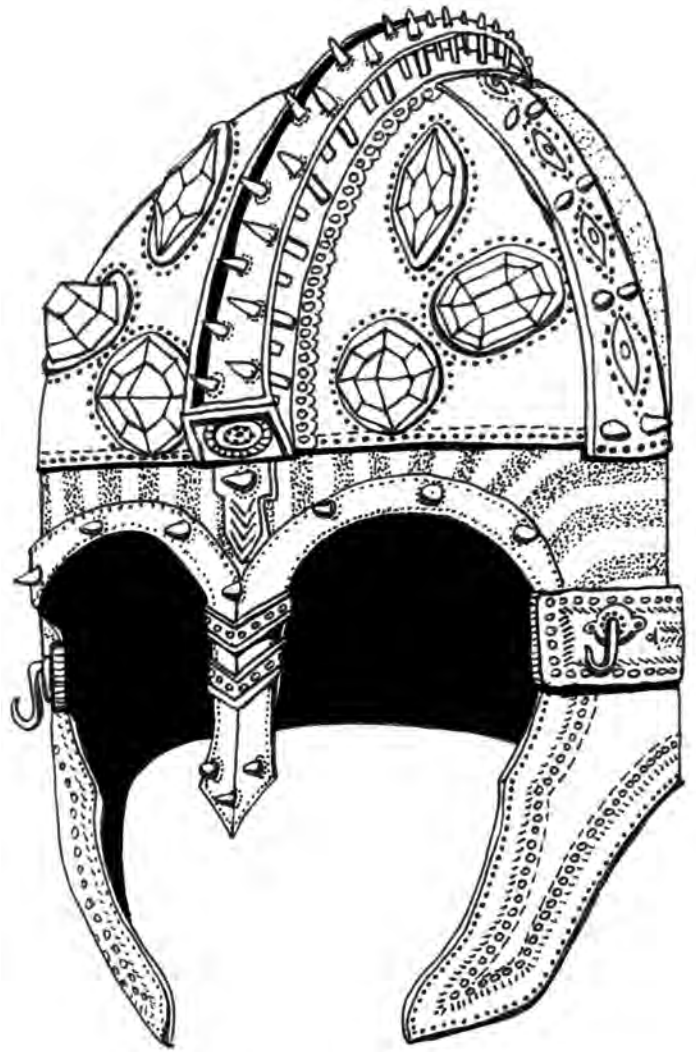
'Now, this is all very clear. Except that I am not in Bulgarian army; I am district commander in the People's Government responsible for law and order in the Rila Valley and far beyond. This is why you are still my guests with Madame Varna and Lazarov there, too. I am trying to understand why so many persons should come to this valley with suspect purposes. Madame is an expert in acquiring jewellery, Lazarov in smuggling it. And you four men, are non-Bulgarians intent on appropriating Bulgarian history in the form of unique and irreplaceable artefacts. [A dig at Paukovich might be made here, too, if he has survived this far, suggesting he has no culture at all.] Professor Buttervurt did you not think you would be recognised? What do you say?'

The player's can attempt to justify their activities as a group or individually.

'It is one thing to prevent valuable items falling into the hands of a traitorous regime, but quite another to make some claim upon the objects illegally excavated by your colleague Petrov, a man so suspicious of any human being coming near his treasure he must have murdered nearly a dozen people in this valley since you left him here. Before I can give any one of you any further liberty then I need you, Professor, to sign this document. You understand Bulgarian, I believe.'

Haki hands the Professor a remarkably thorough Bulgarian legal document disclaiming any rights to the treasure, any access to them or any fee from the state for excavating them. The Professor may be loathe to sign it but Haki has him, and everyone else, over a barrel. The other mission members might now also question their objectives publicly. If the Professor refuses to sign, Haki sighs and attempt to explain the impasse to the other 'guests' OR, if the Professor submits, Haki is most amused at his victory. In either case he moves on to a bit of gloating at the Professor's expense:

'Let me see if the Professor can be satisfied with a little look at what he thinks is his.' From beneath the table Haki produces the same backpack which Petrov



Artefact 4. Bronze war helm

stored the treasure in. He shows off the the drinking vessels, then the mask, then the helm. His men are under orders to prevent them being touched by the prisoners, but they will use clubs, not guns to do this.

Haki is covetous of this loot himself. He fills in for the Professor, extemporising on the great value and antiquity of Thracian culture; its craftsmanship, its martial strength, its previously unrecorded artistry with gems and its fabled magic. He may admit to using the Abbot's library in the room beyond to familiarise himself with the history he now believes every Bulgarian should know, and should be educated about through seeing objects like these - which men like the Professor would rob from them. 'The future for the Slavic peoples is very bright,' he declares; 'as communism brings people together as equals, so to did the ancient crafts of the Thracians.' Since the night he

first saw these items everything has changed, he was changed, his men who were with him were changed. Haki is getting weirdly excited as he explains and will no longer respond to questions. He puts on the helm, explaining that it is the most ancient piece, the helm of a Thracian king scarred in battle who wanted his people to remember him as he was previously... and here he clips the golden mask to the front of the helm.

The effect is eerie, muffling his voice initially but his voice continues to diminish, choking off as the red crystals on the helm glow and then, most bizarre of all, the same red glow comes from the eyeholes of the mask. Haki collapses back into his chair.

Everyone in the room suddenly experiences a splitting headache and a wave of gruesome images - mul-

tipple deaths by firing squad and a man having his eyes gouged out with a spoon. SAN loss for all is 1/1d3. The cerebral pain is so intense that only those making an unmodified CON roll can continue to function while those failing fall unconscious. This applies for three consecutive rounds. After 3 rounds of unconsciousness (or activity with a remarkable set of rolls) consciousness is again available to the investigators with a CON x2 roll (and in the next round CON x 3 etc.).

It is hoped that the investigators will be able to take control of the room, overpowering and disarming the policemen before they come round (each policeman has a CON of 11). The characters may, however, be distracted by flickering images in their heads, scenes



from a town Rila or Blagoevgrad, like multiple overlapping films projected over their vision of the room, as described below under 'The Web of Eyes'.

Once the majority of the group is conscious, but before they can fully comprehend what is happening to their perception, Haki gasping for breath under the mask of gold becomes the centre of attention. 'My eyes,' he gurgles in Bulgarian 'my eyes!' and shakily removes the mask. Revealed beneath is the horrid transformation undergone by Petrov: Haki's eyes are bulbous and translucent red, squeezing out of their sockets, unable to blink. His lower face is nothing but twitching, interlocking mandibles the size of large fingers. His moustache flaps open from the centre and everything below bristles with thick grey hairs including what would have been the inside of his mouth. Haki chokes inarticulately. This horror is worth a SAN loss of 1/1d6. Anyone failing heavily or going temporarily insane is immediately determined to kill Haki on the spot to prevent this blasphemy from living or to put him out of his misery. The guards may also come into the firing line of murderously disturbed individuals. A second victim of temporary insanity will be determined to destroy the mask and helm. Resolve any combat.

Immediate problems: If there has been gunfire then other partisan police will come to investigate, heavily armed and ready to shoot. It is in the investigators' interests not to linger, hampered as they still are by the unaccountable visions. Whatever they leave for the police to find (murdered or otherwise dead Haki, unconscious or dead policeman), a desperate escape attempt is easily assumed and the group will be hunted for. Investigators can attempt to flee the Monastery or they may try to hide in its private precincts.

The most desirable hiding place is the Abbot's library, mentioned by Haki, which can be locked (the keys to lock it are in fact in Haki's pocket). If they don't avail themselves of this opportunity, helpful monks concerned to prevent further bloodshed within this sacred complex may help hide them. Sympathetic monks may even set up a diversion such as hanging a rope out of an external window elsewhere in the Monastery in order to lead the partisans away, or promise to go in search of the investigators effects (limited to their non-automatic weapons). While the investigators struggle to come to terms with the Web of Eyes give them every chance to use the library.

The Hinge

We have reached the turning point of the scenario plot and the GM is offered three different ways to reach the next essential stage which is the section The Edge and Beyond starting on page 161 below. Depending on the choice the GM makes, the evidence the investigators find may need adjusting and the actions of NPCs will alter.

The Long Pursuit: In this version, which uses all the material between the end of this section and The Edge and Beyond, Haki's men are heading for the Dalmatian coast and access points there to the domain of 'the one who comes unbidden'.

The Short Pursuit: In this version, Haki's men head on a slightly more direct route to the sea, going South to the Aegean and reaching it at Karvala. References in the sections that follow to 'the west' should be changed to 'the south'. The section titled The Pursuit will play much shorter and investigator travel will be considerably easier because the entire journey takes place in Bulgarian territory of the time. When The Edge and Beyond is reached reference in the first paragraph to specific access points to the domain of 'the one who comes unbidden' can be ignored in favour of more generic representations. There is no reason why, however, the exit point at the end of the scenario cannot be the same as written.

Hunted: In this version, designed to be the shortest playing, the player characters must fathom the implications of the Web of Eyes very quickly because Haki's men are coming back from their execution mission in Rila to get them. The investigators' flight from the Monastery can be directed by helpful Monks into a cellar containing a secret tunnel to St. Ivan's Cave, but once underground they quickly becomes the Abyss of the second paragraph of The Edge and Beyond and they are pursued through it by (rather than pursuing) Haki's men. Efforts to retrace steps or turn and fight only lead further downwards. In this version references below to what Haki's men are seeing need to be adjusted to show they are homing in on the investigators, The Pursuit section does not occur and the overwhelming military superiority of the pursuing NPCs needs to be made clear. The investigators, should they come out alive, can reappear wherever the Keeper desires.

The Web of Eyes and other effects

Even after Haki is dead, one way or another, the blinding headaches and visions continue to come. Multiple scenes play on the characters' optic nerves, overlaying or at least interfering with what they 'ought' to see in front of them. With concentration, the investigators begin to be able to focus on particular images and screen others out, though it is exhausting to do so. Their vision of the rooms they are in and the people with them is fractured and multiple, like a Cubist painting. There are also images of roads being used with restricted headlights at high speed and a railway station. Common factors are the partisans, Haki's men, sometimes one, sometimes another of them, all looking ugly and mean. All are determined in their movements but seem troubled, sometimes rubbing their eyes, sometimes holding their heads, suffering, in fact, as the characters suffer. But the investigators are also beginning to see through the eyes of the other people in the room with them (at least those present when Haki donned the helm), in other words, each other. This includes the disconcerting sight of seeing oneself in the second person, an effect multiplied if anyone makes a point of drawing attention to themselves. SAN loss is 1/ 1D3 for the cumulative effect and the fact that these visions seem to be getting stronger rather than fading away.

Mastering the Web of Eyes effect requires a roll against POW. For novices this is POW x 3 per hour, but with experience (as little as a day or two) becomes POW x 5. Once mastered, with collaboration between affected individuals, it can be extremely effective in combat situations (allowing an equivalent of 360 degree vision) but it can also be disconcerting and misleading. Characters failing in their attempts to master the effects each hour either suffer -10 % on visual-based skills or -50% on such skills with a critical failure). Remember it is a web of vision not thought or sound or any other sense, so that affected individuals can only draw conclusions from what they see. With real mastery (or in game terms a critical success) characters can convey what is in their 'mind's eye' (an image of a place, person, or word) but not precise instructions or information. They can, however, read texts collaboratively.

There are other effects of being present when the helm is worn that will take longer to manifest. In the short term there is a bodily ache as after strenuous exertion that extends to every muscle, including the

hands and face. The GM should note the following stat changes for the characters, without revealing them to the players until they are called upon to use the relevant skills or statistics. For NPCs bonuses and penalties have been calculated with an adjustment of 1D3. For the GM's ease we suggest each adjustment, positive and negative, be averaged and rounded up to 2 points for the PCs. Each character affected by the Web of Eyes gains these points added to STR, CON and DEX against points lost from POW and APP. In these exchanges the helm, should it survive to be used again, harnesses the POW removed from those present to the wearer but hurts CON and APP severely. Seuxthes was tough enough to survive and reap the benefits, Haki was not. Players tempted by the device gamble with their lives and the horrifying impression left by Haki's transformation and demise ought to be extremely difficult to overcome. The helm wearer does, however, have a much better chance of mastering the Web of Eyes consistently.

The key effect of Haki's second wearing of the helm for the direction of the scenario is that made upon his men. Despite their distance from the event, because of their link to Haki, they have also been subjected to a second change affecting the same characteristics and have experienced, through Haki's death, a traumatic loss of sanity. Without their leader to centre them they now also feel a dreadful compulsion to head to the lair of 'the one who come unbidden'. Depending on which version of the scenario was chosen in The Hinge, Haki's men may be travelling in a variety of directions. Call for IDEA rolls if no-one realises that random images the investigators are also seeing come from the eyes of Haki's (6) trusted men who are either jointly or individually making journeys in or away from the Rila valley. Though the investigators don't quite realise it, they are also beginning to feel a compulsion to travel in the same direction.

The investigator's sleep, if they can get any, is troubled with dreams of travel, then caverns and a disconcerting presence underground. Such dreams cost 0/1 SAN *every* time.

In the library

If the characters want to have any hope of figuring out what is happening to them, they must use this facility. The Monastery's library contains 300 rare manuscripts and over 9000 printed works. The investigators will have particular success, however, with

the texts already lying on the tables. These are the books that Haki has been consulting, and many of them are still open at significant pages. The following handouts (4, 5 & 6) are readily available:

THE EPISTLE OF LUKE TO THE SERDICIAN

- 1 **L**UKE, servant of Christ, unto the church of the Serdicians.
- 2 Mercy to you and peace and love be multiplied.
- 3 **B**ELOVED, while I was giving all diligence to write to you concerning our common salvation it was brought to my knowledge that there be contention and fear among you.
- 4 For there are certain men crept in privily; those who were of old set forth unto condemnation, ungodly men, turning the grace of God into lasciviousness and denying our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.
- 5 Now I desire to put you in remembrance that the Lord, having saved a people out of the land of Egypt, afterward destroyed them that believed not.
- 6 Even as Sodom and Gomorrah and the cities about them, having in like manner given themselves over to fornication and gone after strange flesh are set forth as an example, suffering the punishment of eternal fire.
- 7 These men follow whatsoever they know not, like creatures without reason, and in these things they are destroyed.
- 8 Woe unto them! for they have gone in the way of Cain and will perish.
- 9 They are clouds without water carried along by winds; autumn trees without fruit to be plucked up by the roots; wild waves of the sea foaming out their own shame; wandering stars for whom the blackness and darkness hath ever been reserved.
- 10 These men walking after their ungodly lusts, have not the spirit, but ye, beloved, remember the words spoken by Christ; build

up yourselves in holy faith, pray in the Holy Spirit and look to the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.

11 Having many things to write to you, I would not write them with paper and ink, but I hope to come to you and speak to you face to face.

12 My children, guard yourselves from idols.

13 We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in the evil one.

14 All unrighteousness is a sin but not all sin is a sin unto death.

15 If any man see his brother sinning he shall ask God and God will give life for them that sin not unto death.

16 But there is sin unto death and concerning this do I say that you should make no request and spare none.

17 We rely on your strength; these men must not lead you to destruction; but by the Holy Spirit on some have mercy, who are in doubt between.

18 Some save, snatching them out of the fire; but on some have fear of mercy hating even the garments spotted by the flesh.

19 They must not come to us at the coast for that is what they want; to spread dissension; to sicken others with their unreason and make a bargain against the will of God.

20 Pray now unto him who is able to guard you from stumbling, and to set you before the presence of his glory without blemish.

21 **I** HOPE to see you all in person shortly.

20 To the only God our Saviour, through Jesus Christ. Amen

HANDOUT 4: From a Bogomil Bible.

The imposition of Christianity by Boris I in 863 AD failed to properly convert the Bulgarian population because the religion was practised in a foreign language (Greek) and clearly associated with the elite. Popular religion drew on Manicheanism and, more distantly, on Zoroastrianism and local beliefs dating back to the times of the Scythians and Thracians and the situation allowed the development of heresies.

The Bogomils were an heretical Christian sect of Bulgaria known from approximately 950 AD-1396 AD. Their heresy is obscure because its history was written by its enemies but it appears to have involved disbelief in the divinity of Jesus. Instead he was seen as a manifestation of the angel Michael (who also doubled as the Holy Ghost). His brother, Satan, also the son of God, was seen as a rival with dominion over the world. Rejecting the ascetic Christianity of the early church the Bogomils sought to live in the world. Only adults could be baptised and there were no churches or priests. Representations of the Saints and the cross were regarded as idols.

Descriptions of Bogomil writings also contain cryptic references to 'the one who comes unbidden', presumably a manifestation of Satan, who lurks underground awaiting those he calls from the mountains. In the legends there was the possibility of some kind of ransom with an unfeasible amount of gold.

Surviving Bogomil texts include their version of the Bible and they are thought to have had the missing Epistle of Paul to the Laodiceans, mentioned in his Epistle to the Colossians. Though an epigraphical text under this name is also known to the early church it is thought not to be the original. The Bogomils were exterminated by the Byzantines as heretics, though their beliefs are said to have been the source of the Medieval Cathar religion in Southern France.

HANDOUT 5: Passage from an open book. *A History of Heresy in Byzantium*

The battle of Klieidon or Belashtitsa or Cibalongus took place in 1014, to the west of the Rila mountains. Bulgarian forces were defeated in combat by Byzantine forces under Nikifor Skifi. Byzantine Emperor Basil II, later known as 'the Bulgar Slayer', ordered that the 15,000 captured men be blinded except for one man in a hundred (who would lose only one eye) to lead them away. News of this atrocity, or sight of the returning troops, apparently killed Samuel of Bulgaria though his nation held out another 4 years. Eye-gouging was relatively common in Byzantine politics as a way of eliminating opponents without having their lives on the consciences of the perpetrators.

HANDOUT 6: Summarised passage from an open book: *Bulgaria in the Middle Ages*

The upshot of these texts, cryptic and allusive as they are, might be summarised as follows: repeatedly, whether mediated by the helm or other factors, a certain bargain with a certain 'one who comes unbidden' is made in this area, with the consequences of bloodshed, conflict and a gruesome emphasis on blinding. Some can apparently be saved but some can't. The fulfilment of the bargain lies, somehow, underground, perhaps at the meeting of land and sea, where it may be possible to negotiate personal escape though it is to the detriment of humanity. This gives a clear indication that Haki's men are travelling to the coast. To this end they have split up, two travelling by car, four by train. But where are they going exactly? Here Paukovich, the Chetnik, is invaluable, or, if he has been lost, Madame Varna and Lazarov can help. Those connected by the Web of Eyes to the fleeing men can see where they are even while wartime restrictions tend to obscure location signs. Any of these three currently able to master the Web of Eyes can recognise and name the stations passed through or landmarks on the road between x and y.

The investigators next actions depend on what they have deduced about the Web that enmeshes them and Haki's former men. It may still be hard for the characters to decide to go after the men that they investigators have been inadvertently linked to solely on the textual evidence. They can be induced to do so in

three ways: first, on an Idea roll, their pain and discomfort at the effect of the Web would clearly be considerably reduced if there were less people tied into it. Secondly, if this doesn't work, afflict them with more images of Haki's men killing any officials trying to stop them, murdering people for their cars or petrol (SAN losses 0/1), or Tzvetan simply killing to collect eyes (SAN loss 1/1D3). Finally and most heavily-handedly, the GM can ask for POW rolls (x5 to resist urge to travel in pursuit), The advantage the players have is that since they are in simultaneous communication with each other they too can split up.

An option: It's just possible that for one reason or another the investigator's group won't settle or want to do any 'research' in the Library. In that case there is another way, offered as an option, to give them a shot at understanding what is happening [If using 'The Hunted' option listed above you will need to cut the following from the monk's second speech: 'from reaching the sea and failing that, you must make sure they can never come back.']

The investigators' attempts to escape the Monastery are foundering. They blunder into buildings. Doors lead into cavernous, echoing and mainly dark chapels. In one, there are walls entirely decorated with gold-framed icons and a monk bent over in prayer. If the characters ask him for help he is discovered to be ancient and blind and begins his speech. If they ignore him he suddenly begins to talk in a voice that booms around the empty church: "Do not seek to pray here you who have sold your souls to the devil; whatever you think it has gained you, a trip to hell is the price of the bargain."

If they want him to say more they will have to describe what has happened to them or the effects they are experiencing, then he will hiss: "The ones you see, the ones marked twice: you must stop them, if you can, from reaching the sea and failing that, you must make sure they can never come back. When the One Who Comes Unbidden has enough souls his work is done and the world of men will end. I have seen it, I have seen it."

As he begins to rave other monks arrive and take him away. They are insistent and criticise the partisans for coming into the Monastery precincts and unlocking doors indiscriminately. Brother Ivan is not a well man. While speaking to a monk individually and succeeding in a Persuade roll they may learn that Ivan as a novice monk clawed his own eyes out dur-

ing a dream or nightmare. It is a sad case of mental illness and he needs to be kept quietly for his peace of mind.

The Pursuit

One way or another, the characters should have a new objective: to catch up with Haki's men. There are two or three viable modes of doing so: rail transport, road transport and (optionally) air transport. All are difficult of access in these chaotic times of collapsing regimes and provisional power structures. Though there will be areas where the investigators cannot tell exactly where their quarries are most of the time they will have some idea of how far apart they are and, though there will be frustrating pauses, it will help if -despite difficulties- the players appear to be gaining. In addition to basic logistical problems the investigator's enemies know they are being pursued and may send one of their number, for example the insane, eye-gouging Tzvetan, to intercept them.

If the scenario is being played in two sessions the beginning of the pursuit is a good place to halt. The GM then has some time to prepare encounters based on the players' expressed preference for a mode of transport. If there is less time available then, though there is plenty of scope for varied encounters, the pursuit needs to be handled loosely, maintaining momentum. Using the Deception skill a few times will help cut corners (see the box on page 172). In the encounters remember that the characters have the 'advantage' of the Web of Eyes, but that there are the following other factors to consider.

Physical geography: The characters are currently 350 miles from the Dalmatian coast that is the objective of the men they are pursuing. The terrain is constantly mountainous and their direction of travel is against the grain of the landscape crossing river valleys rather than following them. As a result rail and road routes are far from direct. Not all modes of transport go all the way.

Political geography: The instability within Bulgaria at this time makes things difficult but the situation outside its pre-war borders is even worse. In Southern Yugoslavia (today's FYR Macedonia) a rattled Bulgarian military is beginning a withdrawal and soldiers' orders and transit documents ought to be required. But this is not a willing handover to victorious communist partisans; much of the local popula-

tion has welcomed Bulgarian rather than Serbian dominance and German and Albanian units in the area have certainly not surrendered and strongly resent the Bulgarian change of sides.

In German-occupied Yugoslavia (today's Serbia) there is more fighting though, increasingly, Tito's partisans have the upper hand. There is still conflict between these and Royalist partisans (Paukovich's group) and former collaborators trying to hold on to power as their Nazi masters slip away or fight rear-guard actions.

In Montenegro - a stillborn Italian-style Fascist state now nominally under the control of the Independent state of Croatia - and in Dalmatia, also NDH territory, there is a similar multi-sided conflict. The head-of-state in Zagreb is Dr. Ante Pavelic, plotter of the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia in 1933, and leader of the *Ustase* whose activities appalled German troops in the area and drove much of their Serbian population to join the partisans to preserve their lives.

In Albania (expanded to include Kosovo), a Fascist state since its 1939 invasion by Italy, axis units are battling communist partisans led by Enver Hoxha (who will be dependent on Tito's aid to win).

Bearing in mind these political (and military) complexities the investigators' journey is likely to get more difficult and more fraught as it goes on. It will also be increasingly difficult for them to practice Deception and travel unnoticed as the following factors come into play:

Dress: What is most effective - whether this is non-descript or authoritative - will change as the pursuit travels west. Within Bulgaria, police uniforms with Partisan insignia will be useful. Bulgarian Army kit will work in Macedonia (in Bulgarian-held areas at least) and then not at all in Serbia, Montenegro and on the Dalmatian coast. Consider modifying Deception rolls but give the investigators a chance to pass off blunders with Fast Talk, noting language shifts.

Papers: The characters all have false papers for moving around in Bulgaria prior to the collapse of the government. They don't have any back up, though they may be able to cobble together something appearing to come from Colonel Haki using Bulgarian skills (or a Persuaded copyist). They may also be able to copy the sort of document that Haki's men are using which they may identify (Spot Hidden) using mastery of the Web of Eyes. Reward such inventiveness. Bulgarian documents won't cut much

ice beyond the pre-war border anyway.

Trailing: Haki's men are trying to maintain their journey by being as ruthless as necessary and then some. In some places they may have left bodies, carnage and confused authorities behind them. This may well seriously impede the investigators pursuing them, though if the investigators are clever at Deception or Fast Talk they might be able to join and even hijack legitimate pursuit of the villains. Conversely, if the players act ruthlessly in their pursuit they may even gather a group of pursuers themselves, preventing any sort of rest.

Rail: This mode of transport is readily available but is far from swift. The nearest station is at Kocerinovo, at the foot of the Rila Valley, through which the line goes north-south. The connections they need in the Long Pursuit option are to the north; while for the Short Pursuit option it is the line going south through Blagoevgrad and ending up in Bulgarian occupied Greece, on the coast at Karvala, that will be used.

If travelling north the characters can attempt to board a train heading west from either Radomir or Sofia. At either they will initially find a guarded but virtually empty station which is suddenly bursting at the seams with troops once a train arrives coming back from the west, stopping to refuel at Radomir or terminating at Sofia. Pushing through a crush of armed men and being stopped by a rail official the characters will need to be able to Fast Talk (or use Deception). They might also hear (Listen roll) a train going the direction they want go puffing through the station on the other side of the stopped train.

If the characters end up in Sofia seeking to use the main Sofia to Belgrade line (part of the Orient Express route) they will find very little opportunity to do so. Travel in this direction will be vigorously checked and the train will only go as far as the border where there is currently a stand off with Fascist regime Yugoslavian soldiers. Any crossing of this border is very risky, likely to be prevented by both sides without considerable skills of Persuasion, Deception and bribery.

Trains travelling west will be largely empty, (though guarded) as they go to pick up Bulgarian troops occupying Macedonia. They will often be stuck in sidings, getting out of the way of full trains travelling in the opposite direction. The investigators' first train may even wait for a faster train, or stop to have extra carriages or trucks added. The line from Radomir via

Kjundestil, reaches Gjushvevo (on the old border) and stops. Bulgarian troops have been working on a railbed to extend the line into occupied territory but currently the end of the line is a road/rail transport nexus as troops are ferried by truck from the nearest station on the Macedonian side at Beljakovci. From there a line connects to Kumanavo on the main line between Nis to the north and Skopje to the west. At some point part way across Macedonia the investigators' train will stop at a station and suddenly fill with troops on their way home. Waiting at the station for another train west may take time (and precipitate a switch to road transport). If the investigators stop a train to board they will definitely need some form of authority (more than a simple Deception roll) and to make a successful Fast Talk or Persuade in an effective language. Catching a train that isn't stopping requires some thought (going up hill trains are slower etc.) and DEX and/ or STR checks to climb aboard with severe reductions for anyone wounded. Deserted stations and/or empty trains rattling through the darkness are excellent venues for an attack by Tzvetan.

Heading north out of Bulgarian occupied Yugoslavia there are lines from Skopje running north-west, to Kosovo, and north-east via Kumanovo to Nis. In each case trains travelling in that direction will be scarce and the border is likely to be somewhat as the one between Bulgaria proper and Yugoslavia (detailed above) except that the situation is more unstable. Trains crossing the border are likely to be carrying Axis troops.

Inside German-occupied Yugoslavia Pec, via Kosovo, is probably the route the train travelling target group will take and is about as far as can be got by rail. A trainline into Podgorica will not be put in place until 1979 (when the city is called Titograd). In this region there are possibilities of long unexplained delays far from civilisation (Partisans felling trees onto the lines, perhaps, and encounters with snipers).

Travelling north of Nis or Kosovo is likely to take the group towards Belgrade. From there is just possible to get through to Ploce or Split much further up the coast via Zagreb, but these are ridiculously round-about routes. Even if the group has a real taste for train travel, there is no operational rail route through to the southern Dalmatian coast.

If impatient investigators hijack a train, give them a quartered KNOW roll (halved if native) to know what the Bulgarian/ Yugoslavian signals are telling them or they risk head on collisions. In areas of Bulgarian

occupation a collision with a troop train should cause severe repercussions, not least a 1/1D6 loss of SAN depending on loss of life among withdrawing friendly troops. In German-occupied Yugoslavia such actions risk deliberate derailment with heavily armed units waiting to pick up the pieces.

Road: This is probably the mode of transport most easily gained and with the clearest sense of making progress, but it will not be easy in the current circumstances. Vehicles are in short supply and fuel even more so. Civilian traffic is severely limited and regulated by bureaucracy. Many vehicles have been appropriated by the military and, more recently, by partisans since with power comes access to fuel. There will be many instances of investigators cars being flagged down by troops, partisans and civilians expecting it to stop and lend assistance. Driving in the right direction is also difficult to manage as the terrain is mountainous throughout, and destinations are not signposted.

Then there is the brute fact of the driving itself in primitive and slow vehicles; maximum speed for a car is 50 mph, and maximum speed for a truck 30 mph with crash gears (no clutch) to negotiate and brakes that are insufficient to slow a heavy vehicle on a steep downslope. Hard-driven vehicles may need Mechanical Repair rolls every thirty miles or so. These factors and the constant difficulty of getting fuel make the journey by road gruelling work.

Apart from checkpoints the Investigators' car may meet a road convoy coming the other way, break down or bog down whenever the GM chooses. Again, as they cross into German-occupied Yugoslavia, the investigators' vehicle is increasingly likely to be stopped by or even ambushed by Yugoslavian partisans. Just possibly they will find dead partisans who tried this on Haki's men. If the group is making excellent time they might actually meet the two Men of Haki's command travelling by road, Dimitri and Georgi, sparking a movie-style car chase likely to end in disaster. The Web of Eyes, however, should ensure that neither group is surprised.

Air: Depending on how far the players have allowed their quarry/ies to get ahead of them this option may or may not be available. There is also only one character among the investigators with any pilot skills. At the very least it is a big gamble. The nearest active airfield would be any one of several near Sofia, 90

miles to the north. In World War One there was a field at Dupnitsa only 15 miles away (less as the crow flies) which might be ahistorically reactivated if it suits the GM.

The Bulgarian air force, having shot down American B24 bombers returning from missions against the Rumanian oilfields and having heroically defended Sofia from major raids earlier in the year, is a small but important resource - whoever is in charge of the nation - and is consequently well-guarded. Operations have already begun against German targets, attacking airfields and ground installations in occupied Serbia. Unless the investigator's group has become very effective at Deception take-off is likely to happen under fire. There won't be any chance to refuel, therefore, unless the characters are willing to pay a very high price to force that chance, because it is important that their options do not as a result include a flight back to Allied territory (e.g. Italy).

The planes that may be available, appropriate to the investigator's numbers, include the following:

a) 1936 French Caudron 440 with Renault engines, a 17m wingspan, a top speed of 333 kmh, a maximum range of 1600 km, a ceiling of 5600m. Usual crew 2 and room for 10-12 passengers. HP 50.

b) 1938 Junkers Ju 52/3m with BMW engines, a 29m wingspan, a top speed of 305 kmh, a maximum range of 1300km, a ceiling of 6200m. Usual crew 3 and room for 18 paratroops. HP 70.

c) 1943 Heinkel He111 H16 with Junkers engines, a 23m wingspan, a top speed of 435 kmh, a maximum range of 2000km, a ceiling of 8500m. Usual crew 2, this particular plane was made as a bomber but has been modified for VIP passenger transport. HP 65. If the group is using Deception and bluff, they might just find themselves on board this latter plane with a number of well-connected members of the former regime -also under false names- beginning an illicit flight from the new government. This might even explain why the investigator's papers weren't looked at too closely. In this case the intended destination will be Zagreb, Ljubljana or even Austria with the object of forming a government in exile. To continue to their own objective the investigators will have to resort to some mid-air hijacking.

If the group succeeds in stealing a plane they can expect interceptors to be after them rapidly. These will be Bulgarian ME 109s. By this point in the war this model was being outclassed in air combat by newer Allied fighters but even a single Messerschmitt

will be more than formidable for the airborne investigators who have no experience in aerial combat flying and no armaments to their plane. This may also be the point for the investigators to realise that the plane contains no parachutes (Bulgarian flyers come aboard wearing them). The Messerschmitt 109 has a top speed of 570 kmh, a range of 560 km, a ceiling of 11000m, a single pilot and two front sighted fixed 20mm machineguns firing 20 round bursts (x2) used at 40% skill and damage of 2D6+6 per bullet. The GM can judge the investigator's chances though these might temporarily be mitigated by cloud, weather, night or exceptional manoeuvring.

The ultimate problem for this mode of transport is not to lose whatever time and distance may be gained by the lack of a place to set the vehicle down near the objective. And having achieved that, there remains the business of escaping the airport/field and finding suitable onward transportation. During the occupation period the Bulgarian Airforce used airfields near Skopje (Macedonia). For the sake of argument or time-saving, though, there is a small airfield on a ridge twenty miles from Dubrovnik. It is currently being fought over by partisans attempting to reach the walled coastal town and Axis troops and Nazi collaborators trying to maintain an escape route. The arrival of a plane would be of great interest to both parties.

Ditching in the sea would get the characters very close to where they needed to be but is an extremely dangerous manoeuvre, especially at night. The only alternative is baling out into water at considerable height and speed (unless the group have somehow grabbed parachutes from somewhere in which case use the rules outlined in Goodnight Vienna). Leaping out of a plane into water from approximately 30 feet up causes damage of 1D6, halved with a successful Jump or half Luck roll. A failed Pilot roll drops them from much higher, doubling damage. Critical failures leave the characters unconscious in the water, but Mae Wests *are* among the plane's emergency equipment and, if worn, prevent unconscious crew drowning. Such manoeuvres will undoubtedly attract attention from coastal observers, however.

A generous GM might, however, manipulate the tides to allow a landing on a narrow sandy beach but the idea for this solution must come from the players.

The Edge and Beyond

To this point the investigators have probably been pursuing their enemies in the direction of the sea. The true object for Haki's men is not, of course, escape by sea but the edge; the intersection of land and sea and other places. The pursuit(s) might reach the coast at one of several points. They vary a little in surface details but converge later. In Kotor the entrance is in the basements of the ancient, earthquake-damaged tenements at the rear of the town in the shadow of St John's Hill. At Budva it is in the crumbling cellars of the decaying castle in the centre of the walled old town. In Perast it is through the deserted crypt of a ruined Baroque church. At Dubrovnik the entrance is through the unguarded medieval dungeons in the foot of St. John's Tower in the famed city wall. At Epidaurus (Cavtat), nearby, there is an entrance through the bottom of a freshly excavated grave in the cemetery that overlooks the bay. There are many other entrances, but they will have similar characteristics to the specific ones listed above.

Each type of entrance gives on to more of the same; that is, more crypts, more cellars, more dungeons, each darker and more cobwebbed than the last. Emphasise the confusing effects of the characters' multiple vision here as the pursuit downwards leads each of them into spaces that are more clearly caves, but caves opening onto other, larger caves and vast underground spaces.

These spaces are below sea level, so they should fill with water, but they are dry, desiccated, frozen in time. The climb down soon goes beyond any sign of human habitation; what looked like steps for example is now a moderately regular rock formation, and it is increasingly difficult for the investigators to tell where they have come from, except above. The effects of the Web of Eyes are especially disconcerting here since the images perceived by all the investigators below ground and the men they are pursuing (or being pursued by) are increasingly similar. The space itself is sufficiently disconcerting to be worth a SAN roll for 1/1D3 when the investigators realise that they are a) lost, and b) so far down they might lack the physical capability to retrace their steps.

As they go lower still new features and effects begin to appear. The first is strands of a steely but organic substance attached from rocks and stretching out into the gulfs of blackness. These are the beginnings of the webs of Atlach-Nacha and if any force is applied to

them they start to thrum with distant movement. Anyone perceiving this makes a SAN roll for a loss of 0/1. The strands are also adhesive (STR 30) and may trap the unwary, unless they can free themselves or be pulled free.

Secondly, by this point the feeling of vertigo is so pronounced that while investigators feel the pull of gravity but its exact angle becomes unclear. They may find themselves standing on adjacent boulders experiencing different angles of gravity, a defeat of the physical laws of nature worth a SAN roll for 0/1.

Finally, and again proving that this abyss does not take into account the laws of time and space, the investigators find themselves converging with any separate groups who may have entered these underground caverns elsewhere (up to fifty miles distant from one another as the crow flies). In one sense it might be reassuring (allies!) but in another not at all; the rules don't apply here and groups meeting unexpectedly experience a SAN roll for 0/1.

If anyone is accumulating SAN loss quickly have them start to sob unaccountably. Describe the increasing feeling of despair and distress and casually suggest that they are 'crying their eyes out'.

Encounters in the abyss

In this section a number of optional encounters are suggested that the GM may use to harry, disturb or weaken the investigators before the climax of the adventure.

Ambush: Three of Haki's men will be sufficient to play out the climax (one will do, if necessary). If the characters are still pursuing a larger group some attempts to ambush them are in order. The Web of Eyes gives the characters some chance of preparing for such an attack but their opponents do their best to conceal their ambush. Allow the players Spot Hidden rolls. Impaling successes will recognise a location that at least one opposing member of the Web has looked at recently. Failing that, give the player with the best roll a glimpse of themselves and the party perilously exposed as they are on a rock ledge from rifle sniping distance (90 yards). The characters get a chance to react at that character's DEX order, or worse, before the sniper (Dimitri, Hristo and Kiril have rifles) takes a shot at them. They can run in either direction or drop prone, but they can't reach cover in the first round.

For anyone running ahead, Tzvetan or Nikolai may be laying in wait, relishing the opportunity of a hand to hand attack (or if they can hear and 'see' more enemies coming perhaps a submachinegun burst). Those not immediately moving forward will, if they can't pick off the sniper (who has 50% cover), have to run the gauntlet which takes 3 rounds and, potentially, gives the sniper two shots.

A casualty: After the investigators have had a chance to encounter some of Atlach-Nacha's web for themselves, they may suddenly come upon one of Haki's men apparently stuck while climbing over a waist high line of web. He's an easy target but at some point the characters will also have to cross this line of web. It is possible to crawl under it, but if the victim has already been slaughtered this will be through his draining blood. As soon as one person has crawled under, or the victim is searched for ammo (what can be found depends on the victim and the Keeper's generosity) allow Listen rolls (but only note those of characters near the body) to hear a small piece of metal falling on to the rock floor. It is the pin of a grenade either deliberately removed some seconds ago or dragged out by the weight of the corpse's hand and finally falling to the floor from a bloody finger. Dodge rolls are in order, halved for anyone crawling under the web. Attempts to grab, remove and Throw the grenade at DEX x5 are just possible for someone standing by the body, but a Luck check is needed not to snag up on the web. The grenade goes off for 5D6 damage to those within five feet of it and 1D6 less every further five feet away. Even those who avoid damage are likely to be spattered by bits of those caught at the epicentre (SAN loss is 0/1D3). If the casualty is Kiril he may also be carrying other explosives which might be set off by the grenade or bullets used to kill him. Total the damage at the epicentre and roll it as the Active Characteristic against the web strength of 30 on the Resistance Table. If the web is severed Atlach-Nacha will be entirely merciless during the remainder of the scenario.

Archaeology: At any point the investigators deviate from their pursuit, to hide, rest or flee they may stray into a dead-end cavern in which they find a dessicated body in the remains of Roman military dress. There are other, even further decomposed corpses in this hole indicating the immemorial age of this place. SAN loss could be 0/1 for this. If the GM wants to be tougher they might have the party sprawl into the centre of a whole band of ancient corpses in rusted

medieval chain. In addition to the rusted (and useless) remnants of blades there are a large number of rotten sticks among these bodies pointing to the fact (with an Idea roll) they were blind and may, therefore, be one of the groups of Bulgarian soldiers blinded on the orders of Basil II of Byzantium after the battle of Klieidon (History roll or remembered by anyone who has read – or heard – Handout 6). This is certainly worth a more robust 1/1D3 of SAN loss. If the characters (or the players) become obsessed with finding some helpful weapon here one of their adversaries may literally throw a grenade into the area.

Children of Atlach-Nacha: *The Spawn of Azathoth* campaign details such humans turned spider horrors. An encounter with one of these might be set up, with or without a retinue of Atlach-Nacha-worshipping Tcho-Tcho tribesmen. Such encounters may be disturbing, dangerous and baffling to the group but will serve to prove that they are certainly 'out of their depth' in this place which clearly has access points across the planet.

Denizens of the deep: Extending the implications of the existence of this abyss the GM may decide it is a crossing point into The Dreamlands and The Abyss there. Following this logic the GM could justify the presence of Leng Spiders and/or Gugs within it. A fully fledged encounter would likely be fatal to anything but an extremely well-armed party, but if the investigators appear determined to stray from the path ahead of them a few carefully managed glimpses of such creatures (for potential maximum SAN losses of 1/1D10 and 0/1D8 respectively) may further whittle resistant sanity and give them pause for thought.

The climax

Firstly, there are the remainder of Haki's men to take care of. Secondly, there is the inhabitant of this unnatural underground space, the Great Old One, Atlach-Nacha to deal with. Ideally, these encounters will overlap. Perhaps one of Haki's men provides covering fire while his fellows push on, downwards, but they become stuck to thickening webs (STR 30) and encounter Atlach-Nacha personally. Of course, this means ALL those involved in the Web of Eyes encounter him. Those for whom the encounter is mediated, however, experience a SAN loss of 1/1D8 instead of the direct 1/1D10. However, this SAN loss will soon be supplemented by another of 1/1D3 when

the first victim is injected with a paralysing poison and sucked dry. There is a SAN loss of 0/1 for all subsequent victims linked to the Web of Eyes.

Anyone driven insane will make for the surface (Navigate to go in the right direction) in panic-stricken flight but they, too, will quickly find themselves ensnared in Atlach-Nacha's web and next on the menu as the Great Old One travels around its vast den with uncanny speed and unerring direction.

Free standing, armed interlopers in Atlach-Nacha's caverns are treated with more circumspection, however. If they persist in aggression Atlach-Nacha can certainly stay out of their way and leave them to slowly starve in this Abyss. A quicker solution might have him sic a gang of Gugs on them, but Atlach-Nacha scorns physical attack for a psychological one. He allows the investigators to realise that there is no way out of this situation; they have nearly come to the end of the line in terms of sanity, strength and probably in terms of ammo. It only remains to open a channel for negotiation.

If any of Haki's men still survive they can cast 'Contact Atlach-Nacha' at this point, sacrificing a point of POW. Knowledge of the spell is embedded during any victim's second exposure to the helm. In this location the spell will always work. To remember the sounds of the spell on one (distant) hearing the players have an INT x 1 chance, though the Web of Eyes gives them INT x 5 to remember the gestures. The caster is now the conduit for telepathic communication from Atlach-Nacha which will reach all those linked to the Web of Eyes (communication which can be shut off if some eager beaver kills the conduit). If necessary, a half-dead victim stuck in Atlach-Nacha's web out of sight of the investigators may establish this contact.

The communication of the Great Old One is with the subconscious part of the investigators' brains, and it comes as a knowing rather than as a voice or a series of images. There is no way to shut it out or to not understand the awful things it is communicating and the SAN loss is 1/1D3 with an increase in Cthulhu Mythos of exactly the amount lost. Physical action is not prevented during this communication and there is the possibility of others among those affected making a mad, and fatal dash for it. But Atlach-Nacha's communication reveals that there is way out of the Abyss – and back to the waking world – if the surviving group is willing to make a particular sacrifice.

The bargain and the possibilities of freedom

The bargain is this: in order to be led out of its Abyssal domain the surviving characters must give up their eyes; plucking them out as offerings to Atlach-Nacha. The offer itself is worth an 0/1 SAN loss. Successful rolls in Bargain or Persuade will allow the group to leave with one eye between them (and with the ongoing effects of the Web of Eyes it really is one eye that they will all see through). However, if others attached to the Web of Eyes are not in the abyss this will not be allowed. Suicides or murder in heated arguments at this point doom the remaining investigators to blindness.

Fulfilling the bargain is worth 1/1D3 SAN loss per eye in addition to 1 HP per eye lost. When it is transacted the player characters find themselves suddenly near the sounds of normal, sane – if raucous – humanity. There is daylight coming down a dusty flight of steps if any of them can see it. They are in the unlocked dungeons of St John's Tower in the city walls of Dubrovnik in the midst of celebrations of its liberation. Whatever they are wearing the group has the ability to silence revellers and provoke shrieks; they are covered in dust and cobwebs and – while other injuries have healed – the wounds to their faces are clear and bloody. Nevertheless, medical help is soon at hand.

Inquiring of those tending them about where they are and what is going on the investigators find this is not a sudden victory by the partisans; it is mid-October, the 20th to be exact - six weeks after their mission began (SAN loss 0/1D2). At this point, or near to it, the characters become aware of the heavy rucksacks on their backs. Each contains a 'gift' of Thracian gold (which they can identify by feel if sight is unavailable). If they let others see the gold they may quickly have these items robbed from them after which this booty will circulate in the black market, devastatingly, for years. Largely defenceless, the investigators find no task is easy for a group of blind, or virtually blind, men to achieve. If they ask the wrong questions, are wearing the wrong uniform or try to contact the wrong people (Paukovich is particularly vulnerable here) they will soon find themselves in a partisan-run jail and again dispossessed. Casting the gifts of Atlach-Nacha into the sea, burying them, or otherwise Concealing them, might keep the treasure away from mankind for some time, but the Great

Old Ones can wait millennia (and within a mere half century metal-detecting and scuba-diving will be popular pastimes).

At this point the investigators may find, more than ever, that their individual agendas are now very different; any one of them making an IDEA roll may realise that through Atlach-Nacha's gifts they have the means to see again, at least after a fashion, within their grasp. In either case, whether they resolve to prevent the use of these artefacts or promote it, the knowledge that they are witting or unwitting vehicles for providing Atlach-Nacha with more human sustenance and thus bringing the planet's doom closer is worth a final SAN loss of 0/1D3.

Playtesting notes

After the drop, the *ad hoc* nature of Professor Butterworth's plans quickly became apparent and, after discovering one of the bodies in the trees and surviving a firefight with a police unit, paranoia set in among the investigators resulting in the summary (and unjust) execution of Ygor. The group was ready to self-destruct violently by the time of their capture.

Events during captivity and during Col. Haki's transformation brought them together again. In the latter part of the scenario the Long Pursuit option was used. It took some time for the characters to realise that they were stuck with the Web of Eyes effects and a slow drain on their sanity unless they acted. By this time they had in fact reached Sofia where Professor Butterworth's contacts were very helpful in providing stolen credentials and uniforms to aid their stealing a plane, but a rough landing on the beach near Budva left most of the team in bad shape for the finale.

Three characters were alive when Atlach-Nacha's bargain was offered. One, who was separated from the others and temporarily insane from the sight of Great Old One, seized on it immediately. A second, having realised that each member of the Web of Eyes that died relieved its effects, sought to kill the other sane survivor but missed and was shot in retaliation. The third character, now alone in the fathomless dark, took the bargain. The glimmer of hope at returning to the surface was quickly snuffed out when the two survivors realised the nature of their burden and their inability to protect others from it.

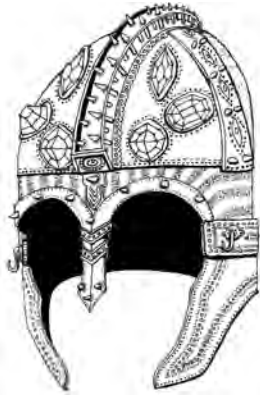
References

The serious efforts of the SOE in the Balkans are not properly represented here, nor do I have any evidence that any members of OSS or Allied Intelligence ever went on a hare-brained collaborative mission of the type depicted. M. R. D. Foot's authoritative history *The Special Operations Executive 1940-1946* gives an idea of what really went on, but even there the murkiness of what did and did not happen in countries like Bulgaria that were occupied by the Soviets at the end of the war is acknowledged. Meanwhile there are plenty of fictional tales of quixotic commando missions to draw on, such as *Where Eagles Dare* and *The Dirty Dozen*. In the end the scenario probably resembles the film *The Guns of Navarone* as much as any other source, but it began with an interest in the early spy fiction of Eric Ambler set in the region, particularly *A Coffin for Dimitrios*. Little of this source remains except the name (only) of Colonel Haki but Ambler's work is superbly evocative of the intrigue and internal conflicts of the area. I also found Chapter 12 'A Basket of Oysters' in Curzio Malaparte's fictionalised memoir of life within the Axis powers *Kaputt* (1944 [2005]) suggestive.

For World War Two in the Balkans historical information can be scanty and/or controversial. I cannot point to evidence of the latter stages of the war in the Rila Valley being as internicine as depicted here. The Valley was simply an historic, picturesque and relatively enclosed location. There is considerable tourist imagery online to give a sense of what it looks like. More specific material came from websites about the history of the Bulgarian Airforce and the trainspotter site www.bueker.net proved hugely helpful in mapping railways in the region.

The next key component was a series of news items on discoveries of Thracian hoards. There are numerous web sources for Thracian and Bulgarian archaeology and history. Byzantine history also gives a good, flavourful background. Material on the Bogomils is tantalising but the invented example of their scriptures, the Epistle to the Serdicians handout, actually borrows from the Epistles of John and Jude.

Finally, of course, there are sources within the *Call of Cthulhu* game. The Balkan region features in the epic *Horror on Orient Express* campaign (chapters 10, 11 and 12). My access to this campaign was lim-



The Helm of Seuxthes III

This device is an item created by Atlach-Nacha to draw men to its lair. It is one example among many different types of artefact. The helm exerts a temptation to put it on. Its effects are not triggered by the addition of the mask, though since they are not immediate it may appear so. The effects themselves are complex and vary significantly between anyone wearing it and those simply present when it is worn.

First wearing of the helm

Mental effects: a psychic linking of vision between the wearer and the eight human beings closest to them at that time (range of twenty feet). This is the Web of Eyes described below. The effect also binds the allegiance of those affected to the wearer who will (see below) have a better chance of mastering the Web of Eyes consistently. SAN loss for all involved is 1/1D3.

Physical effects: changes in the wearer and others affected include an adjustment of 1D3 points added to STR, CON and DEX against points 1D3 lost from POW and APP. In these exchanges the helm wearer is treated slightly differently: they receive the POW removed from those others present but lose CON and APP of 2D3. SAN loss for all involved is 1/1D3, applied when the changes are noted

Side effects: All contaminated by this device find their sleep is troubled with dreams of travel, caverns and a disconcerting presence underground. Such dreams cost 0/1 SAN *every* time.

Second wearing of the helm

The helm affects the wearer and those bound to him or her cumulatively, but may also bond a second group to the wearer as in the first wearing. For the group already linked by the Web of Eyes, distance is no object. For those whose first experience of the helm this is, apply effects as per the first wearing above.

Mental effects: Those affected for a second time are gifted mastery of the Web of Eyes and the spell Contact Atlach-Nacha. They additionally lose 1D3 SAN and 'gain' 05% Cthulhu Mythos knowledge.

Physical effects: these are the same as for the first wearing but cumulative. The cost is also exacted twice from the helm wearer who links second and first stage groups, as Haki does in this scenario.

Changes to Skills: Those affected for a second time gain 25% to their current scores in Climb, Dodge, Hide, Jump, Spot Hidden and Track. They also lose 10% from Credit Rating.

Side effects: All affected a second time by the helm begin to have more explicit dreams of The One Who Comes Unbidden that cost them 1D3 SAN each night.

Those twice affected by the helm who lose contact with the wearer (through their death) lose 1D8 SAN and feel a dreadful, irresistible compulsion to join Atlach-Nacha in its lair between the worlds.

The Web of Eyes

This is the helm's gift of magically linking optic nerves so that up to twenty (who knows the real upper limit) individuals can see through each other's eyes, in addition to their own. For the unprepared this effect is worth a SAN loss of 1/ 1D3. For those initiated into the Web of Eyes by a first wearing of the Helm, mastering the Web of Eyes effect requires a roll against POW of POW x 3 per hour, but with experience (as little as a day or two) becomes POW x 5. Once mastered, with collaboration between affected individuals, the Web can be extremely effective in combat situations (allowing an equivalent of 360 degree vision) but it can also be disconcerting and misleading. Characters failing in their attempts to master the effects each hour either suffer -10 % on visual-based skills or -50% on such skills with a critical failure). It is a web of vision not thought or sound or any other sense, so that affected individuals can only draw conclusions from what they see. With real mastery (or in game terms a critical success) characters can convey what is in their 'mind's eye' (an image of a place, person, or word) but not precise instructions or information. They can, however, use written notes collaboratively.

ited to the reviews and journals of Yog-Sothoth.com until I had written the scenario, but since Richard Watts' contribution 'Repossession' involves Bulgaria, eye-gouging, seeing through the eyes of another and

a cave system it clearly had some sort of influence! I'd like to acknowledge this eminent precursor while hoping 'Thracian Gold' reflects *and* develops extant writing for the game on the area.

SCENARIO STATISTICS

Statistics for NPCs affected by the Helm of Seuxthes

Yuri Petrov, a changed man

STR 18 CON 13 POW 09 DEX 18 APP 01 SIZ 14 INT 16 EDU 16 (12)
db +1D4 HP 14 SAN 0

Armour: Hardened skin; reduces damage by 2 point for weapons and 3 points for unarmed attacks.

Attacks: Grapple 50%, damage special (see below) or 1D6 +db per successful check in subsequent rounds.

Bite (of Grappled subject): 50% doing 1D3 damage.

Skills (above average): Archaeology 40%, Climb 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Hide 50%, History 50%, Jump 65%, Spot Hidden 65%, Track 40%

Languages: Bulgarian 80%, English 35%, Galgolithic 20%, Russian 40%

SAN loss to see: 1/1d4 without disguise

Haki's Men, bound by more than blood

All the characters below have the following attributes:

Armour: Hardened skin; reduces damage by 1 point for weapons and 2 points for unarmed attacks.

Spell: Contact Atlach-Nacha

Dimitri Danev, the ugly one

STR 14 CON 19 POW 16 DEX 18 APP 03 SIZ 10 INT 09 EDU 07 db -
HP 15 SAN 25

Attacks: 9mm Walther P38 40%, damage 1D10 (2 x 8 round clips)

.30-06 bolt action rifle 45%, damage 2D6+4 (4 x 5 round clips)

Fist/punch 60%, damage 1D3 +db

Skills (above average): Climb 85%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Drive 50%, Hide 30%, Jump 60%, Martial Arts 30%, Spot Hidden 45%, Track 35%

Language: Bulgarian 35%

SAN loss: 0/1 to see Dimitri's new deformities

Georgi Malinov, the mechanic

STR 18 CON 18 POW 09 DEX 19 APP 06 SIZ 14 INT 13 EDU 12 db +1D4
HP 16 SAN 09

Attacks: 9mm Walther P38 50%, damage 1D10 (2 x 8 round clips)

9mm MP38 45%, damage 1D10 (2 x 32 round clips)

Skills (above average): Climb 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Drive 50%, Fast Talk 25%, Hide 35%, Jump 50%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Spot Hidden 50%, Track 40%

Languages: Bulgarian 60%, Russian 15%

Hristo Zlatev, the kicker

STR 20 CON 19 POW 10 DEX 20 APP 06 SIZ 12 INT 12 EDU 12 db +1D4
HP 16 SAN 15

Attacks: Attacks: 9mm Walther P38 50%, damage 1D10 (2 x 8 round clips)
.30-06 bolt action rifle 55%, damage 2D6+4 (4 x 5 round clips)
Kick 40%, damage 1D6+db

Skills (above average): Climb 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Fast Talk 35%, Hide 40%, Jump 50%, Martial Arts 30%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 55%, Track 35%

Language: Bulgarian 60%

Kiril Sobolev, the one with grenades

STR 15 CON 14 POW 11 DEX 18 APP 03 SIZ 15 INT 15 EDU 14 db +1D4
HP 15 SAN 20

Attacks: 9mm Walther P38 50%, damage 1D10 (2 x 8 round clips)
.30-06 bolt action rifle 65%, damage 2D6+4 (4 x 5 round clips)
Hunting Knife 55%, damage 1D6+2

Skills (above average): Climb 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Explosives 40%, Fast Talk 30%, Hide 40%, Jump 60%, Spot Hidden 55%, Throw 65%, Track 40%

Languages: Bulgarian 70%, Serbo-Croat 15%

Other Equipment: in addition to the weapons and ammo noted above, Kiril also carries 5 sticks of dynamite, a timer/tripwire fuse and three hand grenades

Nikolai Grekov, the boxer

STR 19 CON 14 POW 08 DEX 15 APP 03 SIZ 13 INT 07 EDU 9 db +1D6
HP 14 SAN 05

Attacks: 9mm Walther P38 45%, damage 1D10 (2 x 8 round clips)
9mm MP38 40%, damage 1D10 (2 x 32 round magazines)
Hunting Knife 50%, damage 1D6+ 2 +db
Fist/punch 70%, damage 1D3 +db

Skills (above average): Climb 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Dodge 50%, Hide 35%, Jump 75%, Spot Hidden 55%, Throw 65%, Track 35%

Languages: Bulgarian 45%, Greek 20%

Tzvetan Karlov, the grinning one

STR 22 CON 18 POW 11 DEX 14 APP 05 SIZ 16 INT 13 EDU 11 db +1D6
HP 19 SAN 00

Attacks: .30-06 bolt-action rifle 55%, damage 2D6+4 (4 x 5 round clips)
Hunting Knife 55%, damage 1D6+ 2 +db
Fist/punch 60%, damage 1D3 +db
Grapple 60%, damage 1D6 +db per successful check in subsequent rounds

Skills (above average): Climb 95%, Hide 50%, Jump 80%, Remove Eyes 60%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 55%, Throw 55%, Track 40%

Languages: Bulgarian 65%, Romanian 15%

Other Equipment: Tzvetan also carries two hand grenades.

SAN Loss: 1/1D3 to see Tzvetan while he wears his own 'web of eyes': hair nets over his face and hair holding in place a number of human eyes gouged from victims, starting with the monarchist forces disposed of in Rila.

Men with guns

NPC weapons and skill with them are identified by number under Wp. For the 3 partisans guarding the interview with Col. Haki replace the Wp 2 with Wp 7.

	STR	CON	POW	DEX	APP	SIZ	INT	SAN	HP	DB	Wp
Policeman	12	11	09	16	12	15	11	45	13	+1D4	1
Policeman	13	11	09	10	08	12	09	45	12	+1D4	1
Policeman	16	11	10	08	07	16	12	50	14	+1D4	1
Partisan	12	11	09	10	12	11	12	45	12	---	2
Partisan	13	11	09	12	08	13	09	45	12	+1D4	2
Partisan	14	11	11	09	08	14	11	55	13	+1D4	2
Train Guard	11	10	10	10	11	11	10	50	11	---	3
Politician	10	12	13	11	13	13	14	65	13	---	4
Bodyguard	15	14	11	13	09	12	12	55	13	+1D4	3,5
Sniper	14	14	12	11	10	09	13	60	12	---	6
Axis Soldier	13	09	09	12	09	12	09	45	11	+1D4	7
Axis Soldier	16	11	10	08	07	16	12	50	14	+1D4	7
Tito Partisan	12	11	09	10	12	11	12	45	12	---	2
Tito Partisan	13	11	10	12	08	13	09	50	12	+1D4	2,7
Chetnik	15	14	08	13	09	12	12	40	13	+1D4	2
Chetnik	14	14	11	11	10	09	13	55	12	---	2
Ustase	15	10	08	13	07	14	09	40	12	+1D4	2
Ustase	09	13	04	12	12	07	11	20	10	---	2
Old Farmer	08	13	11	09	08	10	14	55	12	---	8

- Weapons:
1. Bolt-action Rifle 30%, damage 2D6+4
Small Club 30%, damage 1D6 + db
 2. Bolt-action Rifle 35%, damage 2D6+4
Hunting Knife 35%, damage 1D6 + db
 3. .32 revolver 25%, damage 1D8
 4. .22 short automatic, damage 1D6
 5. Cosh 45%, 1D8 +db
 6. Equivalent of M1rifle 44%, 100 yard range, damage 2D6 +2
 7. MP38 submachine gun 20%, damage 1D10
Small Club 30%, damage 1D6 + db
 8. 12 gauge shotgun, double-barrelled 40%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

The One Who Comes Unbidden, Great Old One

STR 30 CON 75 POW 30 DEX 25 SIZ 25 INT 15 Mov 15 HP 50 db +2D6

Attacks: Cast web 80% entanglement in STR 30 web.

Bite 60%, penetrates armour and injects POT 35 paralysing poison

Armour: 12 points chitin and fur.

SAN Loss: 1/ 1D10 to see directly.

Atlach-Nacha superficially resembles a huge and hideous hairy black spider with a strange, remotely human face and little red eyes rimmed with hair. It lives underground, eternally spinning a fantastic web, bridging an unguessably deep cavern for unknown purposes. Some old texts cite the belief that when the web is completed, the world will end. To continually produce this web Atlach-Nacha needs material in the form of human matter. It summons such food by contaminating them with itself through devices such as the helm detailed in this scenario (see page 167). How long those affected are able to resist is of little interest; eventually they will be drawn into his underworld and either become food or in bargaining for their lives spread his snares in even greater numbers in the world of men.

Anyone stumbling into Atlach-Nacha's web is trapped. To escape they must match STR against the web's STR of 30 on the Resistance Table. Friends may add their strength to pull the victim free - roll against the total. In an unspecified time, when convenient, the Great Old One appears to dispose of the captive. It can immobilise a struggling captive with more strands than bite, injecting a paralysing poison (POT 35) leaving the victim incapable of any further action or defence. Atlach-Nacha then sucks the victim's bodily juices at a rate of 1D6 STR per round and the victim dies at 0 STR. A partially drained victim remains helpless in the web and soon dies or is finished off. If somehow rescued after partial draining the STR returns at a rate of 1D4 per month of bed rest.

Ygor Spisarevski, mountain guide and group contact

STR 13 CON 14 POW 13 DEX 13 APP 05 SIZ 08 INT 09 EDU 10 db - HP 11 SAN 70

Attacks: .22 hunting rifle 50%, damage 1D6+2 (2 x 5 round clips and 20 bullets on belt)

Hunting Knife 40%, damage 1D6+2

Skills (above average): Climb 60%, Credit Rating 25%, First Aid 40%, Hide 35%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Natural History 50%, Sneak 35%, Track 60%

Languages: Bulgarian 50%, Russian 25%

Anna Spisarevski, helpmeet

STR 14 CON 10 POW 12 DEX 08 APP 13 SIZ 11 INT 14 EDU 12 db +1D4 HP 11 SAN 60

Attack: Kitchen Knife 35%, damage 1D6+db

Skills (above average): Credit Rating 25%, First Aid 40%, Grapple 30%, Hide 25%, Natural History 30%, Prepare Healthy Meal 60%, Psychology 25%.

Languages: Bulgarian 60%, Russian 05%

Deception: an optional character skill for GM use

Not all skills work as normal while working undercover in a hostile and foreign environment. The recorded Credit Ratings, for example, show the characters' Credit Ratings in the society which they normally live in, not what they can expect to use in the scenario. In encounters where the characters need to deceive people challenging them or checking their credentials then the result is either decided by the GM (they are simply not going to get past this guy without papers), by roleplaying the scene out fully OR, as long as there is a chance of success, by a roll against their Deception Skill. Since the Players should not know whether they have succeeded or not in this sort of situation (as in Hide but not necessarily Sneak) we give their respective Deception skills for the GM's use.

Deception skill is calculated from an AVERAGE of their Credit Rating (social confidence) and Fast Talk (verbal ability) and their skill in the necessary Language (in this scenario usually Bulgarian) plus their individual POW characteristic as a bonus. Of course, when being inspected as a group they are vulnerable as the worst score unless those with a better Deception can Fast Talk (in the necessary language) to prevent all present being inspected. Unfortunately, a failed Fast Talk will undermine their own acceptable status as well as failing to spare the less convincing Deceiver.

This may seem like a lot of rolling and number crunching for scenes that can be roleplayed out fully, and indeed this is true the first few times, but we think Deception will justify itself as an option in The Pursuit section. Even if this skill is not used, the table below should give the GM some indication which characters are most able to succeed in deception. Good luck.

Pre-gen PC characteristics useful for the GM

Character	Hide	C R	Fast Talk	Bulgarian	POW	Deception	CON
Butterworth	10	65	05	25	12	44	15
Melrose	25	45	20	30	09	41	10
Paukovich	40	15	05	15	11	23	11
Spitzer	40	15	05	35	08	26	15
Lazarov	30	15	35	60	10	47	12
Varna	30	30	35	70	13	58	14
Ygor	35	25	05	55	14	42	14

Professor Butterworth's Briefing

For Eyes of Professor Butterworth ONLY

Shortly before take off from an airfield at Bari, Italy, it becomes incumbent upon the Professor to give a briefing to his men. As the character playing the Professor it is up to you exactly how much you tell them and reveal at this point.

You **must** read the first paragraph (you have to say something) but you may hold back the information in the other two paragraphs as you see fit. Feel free to elaborate (or obfuscate) on the basis of the latter two paragraphs in response to questions.

There are three other pieces of information that you may choose to keep under wraps, or not:

Firstly, the other three men to be dropped from the plane with you don't know anything about the two Bulgarian agents waiting for you in Rila village. You can mention them now or wait.

Secondly, you have the a typewritten translation of Petrov's Letter on your person. Read it and decide whether you will read it out, hand it round or keep it to yourself during the briefing. The document is typed up as information from any translated intelligence source would be. Your translation is complete and unedited.

Thirdly, you have two maps of the area: a large scale map of Bulgaria and the Balkan region and a map of the Rila Mountain region and communications to Sofia.

Mission Briefing paragraph 1

"There is reason to believe that archaeologist Yuri Petrov has made an incredible find of immense scientific and cultural value in Bulgarian (re: enemy) territory. Petrov is currently working alone to preserve this irreplaceable treasure but he is only one man. And as the war enters its dog days in the region its discovery by the authorities can only lead to its disappearance. The mission is simple: to rescue these finds for the civilised world and prevent them falling into the hands of an unscrupulous enemy. We will parachute in to the Rila Valley region, recover the artefacts and either securely secrete them or remove them to a safe location outside Bulgaria until a cessation of hostilities. On landing, our immediate objective is a cabin between the mountains Kalin and Malyovica, where we should find a reliable guide, Ygor Spisarevski, recommended by Petrov."

Mission Briefing paragraph 2: The Nature of the Items Discovered

"The finds are apparently of Thracian manufacture from a context plausibly associated with Seuxthes III, a fourth century BC king (or warlord). The find includes gold items clearly valuable to anyone without any knowledge of their historical source. There is apparently both a mask and a helm of types distinctive to the Thracians as recorded by Herodotus in his brief account of the Thracian contingent at Troy. I quote from memory: 'Some West Thracians had golden masks by which they awed their enemies, some hanging them on their chests and others wearing them over their faces. As the spoils of any man who could defeat them in combat they were an invitation to conflict, but the thick bearded Thracians loved to fight. They celebrate death rather than fear it and apparently mourn birth among their tribes.'"

Mission Briefing paragraph 3: What is known about Seuxthes III

"Seuxthes III King of Western Thrace from circa 330 BC. A thorn in the side of the Macedonians known for greed and said to wear a gold mask and a ruby crown. He was a cruel monarch who persecuted his people as much as their neighbours and required a close knit band of bodyguards to preserve his life. After defeat in battle by Alexander III of Macedon [Alexander the Great] he was carried from the field by his bodyguards, mortally wounded. His place of burial is unknown. Petrov may now have found it."

1940s

Name Prof. Lionel Butterworth
Occupation Major in Allied Intelligence
Pre-war Occupation Archaeologist
College/Degrees PhD Yale University
Birthplace Toronto, Canada
Sex male **Age** 43

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS

STR	09	DEX	11	INT	16
CON	15	APP	12	POW	12
SIZ	12	SAN	60	EDU	19
Idea	80	Luck	60	Know	95
99 Cthulhu Mythos			Damage Bonus		

SANITY POINTS

Insane 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25
 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40
 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55
 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70
 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85
 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

MAGIC POINTS

Unconscious 0 1 2
 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 20 21 22 23
 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

HIT POINTS

Dead -2 -1 0 1 2
 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 21 22 23 24
 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

**CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
 THRACIAN GOLD**

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	35
Anthropology (20%)	45	Law (05%)	05
Archaeology	50	Library Use (25%)	75
Art (05%)		Listen (25%)	35
Sketch	05	Locksmith	
Astronomy		Martial Arts	
Bargain (05%)	25	Mechanical Repair (20%)	20
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	30
Climb (40%)	40	Navigate (10%)	30
Conceal (15%)	25	Occult (05%)	05
Craft (05%)		Operate Hvy. Machine	
Model Making	05	Other Language Greek	25
Credit Rating (15%)	65	Bulgarian	25
Cthulhu Mythos	00	Galgolithic	20
Dodge (DEXx2)	22	Own Language (EDUx5%)	95
Drive Auto (20%)	20	Persuade (15%)	40
Electrical Repair (10%)	10	Pharmacy	
Fast Talk (05%)	05	Photography (10%)	10
First Aid (30%)	30	Physics	
Geology	20	Pilot	
Hide (10%)	10	Psychoanalysis	
History (20%)	80	Psychology (05%)	50



Ride (05%)	05
Sneak (10%)	20
Spot Hidden (25%)	45
Swim (25%)	25
Throw (25%)	25
Track (10%)	10
Firearms	
Handgun (20%)	40
Machine Gun (15%)	15
Rifle (25%)	25
Shotgun (30%)	30
Submachine Gun (15%)	15

HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS

Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	50	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a

FIREARMS

Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf.	HPs
9mm Automatic (Browning)	40	1D10	15y	3	13	99	08

Professor Lionel Butterworth

Born Toronto, Canada, 1901. Major in Allied Intelligence and tenured Professor of History at Yale university. An expert on Classical Hellenic archaeology specialising in Macedonia.

You're a successful man by any standard, but from reading about pirate treasures in your childhood to hearing of Howard Carter's discoveries in Egypt in the Twenties you've always been interested in finding hidden gold. To do that you needed to understand who had it, and who used it; the how and the why. With Egypt played out by the early 1930s you continued to plunder the history books for other gold-loving civilisations. A brief attempt to find the source of the Inca gold in sweltering South America left you feeling like a disappointed Conquistador. Their civilisation was actually too young to really hold your interest.

Returning to study of the Ancient world you learned of the Thracian predilection for gold. Finds were large and involved exquisitely crafted work, yet most burial mounds in the area were still untouched by the natives. You had to learn a lot about contemporary politics in the region to make sure you could extract finds for your sponsor institutions and this proved an excellent grounding for intelligence work once the war came. The books you published before the war and the intelligence work during it have come easily, but they are only spin-offs from your driving force; the need for the thrill of discovery. You have already had 'a good war' by the standards of others but it has been painful not being able to get back to Bulgaria and to complete the dig you began with Petrov in 1940-41. The danger of your finds - and more - slipping through your fingers just when the end is in sight was too much.

That's why you got this mission approved over the objections of your superiors without letting them know you intended to lead it personally. There will be hell to pay, perhaps, but with Bulgaria's fate in the balance there is so little the Western Allies can do. It is the Russians who have the real network in this country and who will determine the fate of the entire region, largely for ill, you believe, and certainly to the detriment of your hopes. In the early days of the war, if your advice had been taken... But Churchill only ever wanted to hear about Greece.

What you know about the situation in Bulgaria: Up until two days ago when you left your London office you were one of the best informed men about the situation in Bulgaria outside that country. [Cue the GM to fill in information for you with phrases like: 'As I know from my Bulgarian contacts...'] You are so confident that the Bulgarian Government will cave in and offer a unilateral peace with the Allies that this knowledge amounts to your escape plan. To actually return, however, you may have to wait until circumstances resolve themselves in at least one of Croatia, Serbia, Greece or Albania first, but that will come. The main thing is to get back to the Rila Valley while the gold is still there.

Mission personnel:

Melrose: Expert on the region, trained in archaeology. Good man, though pro-Russian.

Paukovich: Tough, ruthless, experienced mountain fighter. Broadly trustworthy.

Spitzer: An effective aide. Bright, fit and keen. Entirely trustworthy.

You have also arranged for two of your best independent agents to infiltrate the region and find out what is happening there and whether Petrov is still there. By the time you arrive they will have been in the Rila area for a week. You will need to look for them at the village.

Lazarov: A very useful agent not connected to the Fatherland Front. Owes you personally a debt of honour and seems keen to pay it off.

Varna: with her working as a Sofia hostess and sending her information direct to London you've been well-supplied with accurate knowledge about the state of the Bulgarian regime. You are confident you can use her talents to get to any red-blooded official, if necessary.

Equipment: Handgun: 9mm Browning automatic with 2 x 13 round magazines
Bulgarian papers in the name of Dimitar Popkrastev, a history lecturer from Plovdiv.
Map of Rila Valley and surrounding region. Typed up translation of Petrov's letter
Binoculars. Torch. Canteen.

Approximately £1000 worth [1944 value] of Bulgarian currency.

1940s

Name Ernest Melrose
Occupation British Agent (SOE)
Former Occupation Trainee Pilot
College/Degrees BA (Hons) Cambridge
Birthplace Stamford, Lincolnshire
Sex male **Age** 27

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS					
STR	14	DEX	13	INT	14
CON	10	APP	14	POW	09
SIZ	13	SAN	45	EDU	17
Idea	70	Luck	45	Know	85
99 Cthulhu Mythos			Damage Bonus +1d4		

SANITY POINTS											
Insane	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43
	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98
	99										

MAGIC POINTS						
Unconscious	0	1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30					

HIT POINTS						
Dead	-2	-1	0	1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31		

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
THRACIAN GOLD

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS			
Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	50
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05
Archaeology	20	Library Use (25%)	25
Art (05%)		Listen (25%)	25
Piano	05	Locksmith	
Astronomy		Martial Arts	25
Bargain (05%)	30	Mechanical Repair (20%)	25
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	10
Climb (40%)	40	Navigate (10%)	15
Conceal (15%)	15	Occult (05%)	05
Craft (05%)		Operate Hvy. Machine	
Wood Carving	05	Other Language	
Credit Rating (15%)	45	Bulgarian	30
Cthulhu Mythos	00	Serbo Croat	10
Dodge (DEXx2)	26	Own Language (EDUx5%)	85
Drive Auto (20%)	40	Persuade (15%)	35
Electrical Repair (10%)	10	Pharmacy	
Fast Talk (05%)	20	Photography (10%)	10
First Aid (30%)	30	Physics	
Geology		Pilot Aeroplane	35
Hide (10%)	25	Psychoanalysis	
History (20%)	60	Psychology (05%)	40
		Ride (05%)	05
		Sneak (10%)	25
		Spot Hidden (25%)	40
		Swim (25%)	25
		Throw (25%)	25
		Track (10%)	10
		Firearms	
		Handgun (20%)	60
		Machine Gun (15%)	15
		Rifle (25%)	50
		Shotgun (30%)	30
		Submachine Gun (15%)	15



HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS			
Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	70	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	35	special	n/a

FIREARMS						
Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf. HPs
.38 Webley Revolver	60	1D10	15y	2	6	00 10
.303 Rifle	50	2D6+4	100y	1/2	10	00 12

Ernest Melrose

Born 1916, Stamford, Lincs. Intelligence operative for Special Operations Executive

Educated at Cambridge where you studied History, particularly that of eastern Europe. You began training as a bomber pilot but were approached before flying any combat missions to work for British intelligence in Balkan division. As an SOE agent you have experience behind enemy lines in Yugoslavia and on the Bulgarian coast.

As ever, the thing to do is play it by ear. Bulgaria at present is a powder keg; the monarchy is weak, the government is tottering. It will go whichever way the rest of eastern Europe goes after the war and probably take its southern neighbours with it. Greece is riven with conflict stored up for the aftermath of the war. Independent Croatia is dead in the water. In Yugoslavia, for too long, the SOE has backed - against your advice - the Chetniks rather than the partisans. It is Tito's partisans who are really fighting the Germans and their allies. They are a good short term bet and good long term politics, too. The religious, military elites clinging on in places like Bulgaria should have been eradicated in the last war. Communism will be a new broom.

The other members of the team:

Butterworth: As a student you read and admired the work of Professor Lionel Butterworth as an archaeologist and historian. Since then you have worked with him in Allied Intelligence and have found him an effective and cool-headed strategist when dealing with contemporary Balkan politics. Now, on this mission, you feel you are seeing the two sides of this man colliding awkwardly. You don't know whether you're along because you're the best man for the job or simply because he knows you can appreciate the archaeology. You're certain several of your colleagues would have told Butterworth where to stick his mission, but he must have got it approved somehow.

Paukovich: A probable liability. Virulently anti-communist to the point where he may take a pop at the Bulgarian partisans. You're fairly confident that he was trying to find a way to assassinate Tito, the Yugoslavian communist partisan leader, when he visited Naples under Allied protection earlier this year.

Spitzer: Butterworth's sturdy office boy. You'd guess he lied about his age to enlist. He looks good in a uniform but is an innocent abroad in your estimation.

Equipment:

Handgun; .38 Webley revolver, loaded and with 18 loose bullets

Rifle: .303 Lee Enfield and 3 x 10 round clips

Bulgarian papers in the name of Prodan Uzanov of Varna

Clothing appropriate to a bourgeois mountaineer including good boots.

Utility knife.

Canteen.

Binoculars.

1940s

Name	Jovan Paukovich		
Occupation	Yugoslavian Partisan		
Pre-War	Captain Yugoslavian Army		
College/Degrees	Military Academy		
Birthplace	Belgrade, Yugoslavia		
Sex	male	Age	30

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS					
STR	17	DEX	15	INT	11
CON	11	APP	14	POW	11
SIZ	12	SAN	55	EDU	10
Idea	55	Luck	55	Know	50
99 Cthulhu Mythos			Damage Bonus +1d4		

SANITY POINTS											
Insane	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43
	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98
	99										

MAGIC POINTS						
Unconscious	0	1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30					

HIT POINTS						
Dead	-2	-1	0	1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31		

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
THRACIAN GOLD

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS			
Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	25
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05
Archaeology		Library Use (25%)	25
Art (05%)		Listen (25%)	40
Sing	05	Locksmith	
Astronomy		Martial Arts	
Bargain (05%)	05	Mechanical Repair (20%)	20
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	25
Climb (40%)	50	Navigate (10%)	25
Conceal (15%)	30	Occult (05%)	05
Craft (05%)		Operate Hvy. Machine	
Kit Cleaning	10	Other Language	
Credit Rating (15%)	15	Bulgarian	15
Cthulhu Mythos	00	English	10
Dodge (DEXx2)	30	Own Language (EDUx5%)	50
Drive Auto (20%)	20	Persuade (15%)	25
Electrical Repair (10%)	10	Pharmacy	
Fast Talk (05%)	05	Photography (10%)	10
First Aid (30%)	40	Physics	
Geology		Pilot	
Hide (10%)	40	Psychoanalysis	
History (20%)	20	Psychology (05%)	20
		Ride (05%)	10
		Sneak (10%)	40
		Spot Hidden (25%)	25
		Swim (25%)	25
		Throw (25%)	25
		Track (10%)	30
		Firearms	
		Handgun (20%)	40
		Machine Gun (15%)	15
		Rifle (25%)	45
		Shotgun (30%)	30
		Submachine Gun (15%)	35



HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS			
Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	65	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	25	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a
Knife (25%)	45	1d6+db	5

FIREARMS							
Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf.	HPs
9mm Luger	40	1d10	20y	2	8	99	09
.30-06 Rifle	45	2d6+4	100y	1/2	5	00	12
Automatic Rifle (SMG)	35	2d6+4	90y	burst	20	00	11

Jovan Paukovich

Born 1913 in Belgrade. Captain in Royalist Yugoslavian Partisans (Chetniks).

You come from a military family; your father was a Colonel, your grandfather a Captain. You might have done much better had you not been part of King Alexander's bodyguard during his state visit to France in 1931. The King was assassinated shortly after landing at Marseilles, along with the French Foreign Minister, by a Bulgarian assassin acting for the Croatian Ustase. You stayed close to the Queen after that, during the minority of King Peter. Your low estimation of the young king's protectors was proven by their lack of preparation for war, by the absence of improvement to air defences and by the effective collapse of the monarchy in 1941 eleven days after German air raids began.

Joining Mihailovic's partisans (Royalist, Serbian orthodox, ex-military) you have proven yourself many times in combat. You have fought Italians, Croatians, Albanians, Germans, Bulgarians and, increasingly, rival (communist) partisans.

In March you were smuggled out of the country on a mission for your leader, Mihailovic, to communicate directly with British Intelligence and counteract rumours that his men spent more time fighting their rivals than the occupying forces and, in short, to get the Allies to switch their support back from the communists. It has been an fruitless task. When Churchill chose to meet Tito, the communist partisan leader, in Naples, you thought you could solve the problem by assassinating Tito. But you weren't given the chance and narrowly escaped arrest.

Now you are desperate to get back to your homeland for the war's final stages. It is important the British and Americans believe they can trust you and don't entirely abandon your group now. You know, for example, they are continuing to support anti-communist resistance in Greece.

What you know about Bulgaria: You are deeply ambivalent about this neighbouring country. As a rival for territory you were disgusted by their collaboration with the Germans and their occupation of Yugoslavian territory. On the other hand, you have to admire the way they've maintained their independence, and their monarchy without betraying their Slavic roots. In Bulgaria you know your natural enemy will be the Fatherland Front partisans, mostly communists you've heard, like Tito's lot in Yugoslavia. If captured by them, however, you will pretend to be a partisan close to Tito.

What you think of the other mission members:

Butterworth: The leader. High up in Allied intelligence. You have seen him many times while arguing your case. A clever man, but not experienced on this type of operation.

Melrose: An experienced agent. Has a clear knowledge of the region's politics but you feel he is unsympathetic to your group.

Spitzer: An American who speaks Bulgarian but seems to know nothing of the area. You can tell he is keen to fight and do whatever the others tell him.

What you think about the mission: Even when the rest of it is not quite clear, it gets you back to the Balkans. Then there is the talk of gold. Your cause and your people could certainly use some of that commodity.

Equipment: Handgun: Model P-08 Luger and 2 x 8 round clips

Rifle: .30-06 bolt-action and 4 x 5 round clips

SMG: Browning Automatic Rifle and 5 x 20 round clips

Knife: Butcher

Bulgarian papers in the name of Radul Jankov from Blagoevgrad

Bulgarian peasant clothing including boots.

Two packs of cigarettes.

Equivalent of [1944] £10 in Bulgarian currency.

1940s

Name Herschel Spitzer
Occupation Warrant Officer (OSS)
Pre-War Occupation University Student
College/Degrees 2 years at Columbia Uni.
Birthplace Hoboken, New Jersey
Sex male **Age** 21

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS

STR 14 **DEX** 15 **INT** 14
CON 15 **APP** 13 **POW** 08
SIZ 12 **SAN** 50 **EDU** 14

Idea 70 **Luck** 40 **Know** 70

99 Cthulhu Mythos **Damage Bonus** +1d4

SANITY POINTS

Insane 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25
 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 **40**
 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55
 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70
 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85
 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

MAGIC POINTS

Unconscious 0 1 2
 3 4 5 6 7 **8** 9
 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 20 21 22 23
 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

HIT POINTS

Dead -2 -1 0 1 2
 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 10 11 12 13 **14** 15 16
 17 18 19 21 22 23 24
 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

**CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
 THRACIAN GOLD**

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	45
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	10
Archaeology	10	Library Use (25%)	30
Art (05%)		Listen (25%)	45
Illustration	05	Locksmith	
Astronomy		Martial Arts	
Bargain (05%)	05	Mechanical Repair (20%)	20
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	10
Climb (40%)	50	Navigate (10%)	20
Conceal (15%)	35	Occult (05%)	05
Craft (05%)		Operate Hvy. Machine	
Needlework	05	Other Language	
Credit Rating (15%)	20	Bulgarian	35
Cthulhu Mythos	00	Yiddish	05
Dodge (DEXx2)	30	Own Language (EDUx5%)	70
Drive Auto (20%)	40	Persuade (15%)	15
Electrical Repair (10%)	10	Pharmacy	
Fast Talk (05%)	05	Photography (10%)	10
First Aid (30%)	45	Physics	
Geology		Pilot	
Hide (10%)	40	Psychoanalysis	
History (20%)	30	Psychology (05%)	25



Ride (05%)	05
Sneak (10%)	45
Spot Hidden (25%)	45
Swim (25%)	25
Throw (25%)	25
Track (10%)	10
Firearms	
Handgun (20%)	30
Machine Gun (15%)	15
Rifle (25%)	65
Shotgun (30%)	30
Submachine Gun (15%)	45

HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS

Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	65	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	40	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	45	special	n/a

FIREARMS

Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf.	HPs
.22 Rifle	65	1D6+2	30y	1	6	99	08
.45 Thompson SMG	45	1D10+2	20y	burst	20	96	09
.38 Automatic	30	1D10	15y	2	6	99	08

Herschel Spitzer

Born 1922, Hoboken, New Jersey. OSS Warrant Officer serving in Allied Intelligence.

Your family are post Great War emigrants to the United States. Though your parents speak good American your grandparents never stopped speaking Bulgarian.

Intense and imaginative, your first love was *Weird Tales* and the mad stories of evil gods and monsters. You wanted to be an illustrator of such tales but when your father died in a fire at his garment factory you became the man in your family and had to put aside such frivolous notions. Turning away from being bookish and weak, you built up your body as well as your mind and with the insurance money you were able to go to University and make an impression.

Your neighbourhood was Jewish with immigrants from across eastern Europe, often with awful stories to tell of persecution and pogroms. Though you do not make an issue of your Jewish background it is close to your heart. You are concerned about the fate of Jewish people across Europe and the need to smash the Nazi war machine as soon as possible weighs heavily on you.

When the war came you volunteered. Immediately assigned to Intelligence work you have been an information gatherer, an interpreter and a secretary to the combined Allied Balkan committee. You have also trained for covert operations, though you have not yet been given the chance of any actual experience.

On Bulgaria: You are deeply ambivalent about the Bulgarian regime. It is both a preserver of its Jewish subjects but a Nazi ally. The Fatherland Front partisans are an unknown quantity, but clearly seem, to you at least, to be coming to power.

The others on the operation:

Professor Butterworth: In many ways your idol. You have long badgered the Professor for an opportunity to take a combat or undercover mission and for a long time he has put you off with ‘But you know too much; if you fell into enemy hands why we’d have our operations put back two years.’ Now that he’s going on such a mission himself you seem like a small risk. You think there must be some bigger game going on here: Is this mission really about defeating the Nazis? Or is it about what happens in post-war Europe?

Paukovich: A Yugoslavian Chetnik partisan. You know he’s proven himself in the field many times over. You feel the need to watch, observe and do as much.

Melrose: A real spy with experience in Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. You don’t really understand him. These Brits are cold fish sometimes and hard to read. Your ideas of what counts and his don’t seem to be the same.

Equipment:

SMG: .45 Thompson and 3 x 20 round clips

Rifle: .22 bolt action rifle (hunting) and 3 x 6 round clips, plus another 12 loose rounds

Handgun: .38 automatic with 3 x 6 round clips

Bulgarian papers for Mikail Milkov, a student at Blagoevgrad, from Sofia.

Outdoor clothing and hiking gear, including good boots.

First Aid kit.

Canteen

1940s

Name Maria Varna
Occupation Entertainer
Real Occupation Spy for Allied Intelligence
College, Degrees –
Birthplace Varna, Bulgaria
Sex female **Age** 31

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS

STR 11 **DEX** 15 **INT** 15
CON 14 **APP** 17 **POW** 13
SIZ 14 **SAN** 65 **EDU** 14

Idea 75 **Luck** 65 **Know** 70

99 Cthulhu Mythos Damage Bonus +1d4

SANITY POINTS

Insane 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25
26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40
41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55
56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 **65** 66 67 68 69 70
71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85
86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

MAGIC POINTS

Unconscious 0 1 2
3 4 5 6 7 8 9
10 11 12 **13** 14 15 16
17 18 19 20 21 22 23
24 25 26 27 28 29 30

HIT POINTS

Dead -2 -1 0 1 2
3 4 5 6 7 8 9
10 11 12 13 **14** 15 16
17 18 19 21 22 23 24
25 26 27 28 29 30 31

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	25
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05
Archaeology		Library Use (25%)	25
Art (05%) Sing	20	Listen (25%)	45
Dance	15	Locksmith	
Astronomy		Martial Arts	40
Bargain (05%)	25	Mechanical Repair (20%)	20
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	10
Climb (40%)	40	Navigate (10%)	10
Conceal (15%)	35	Occult (05%)	05
Craft (05%)		Operate Hvy. Machine	
Dressmaking	05	Other Language	
Credit Rating (15%)	30	English	30
Cthulhu Mythos	00		
Dodge (DEXx2)	30	Own Language (EDUx5%)	70
Drive Auto (20%)	20	Persuade (15%)	40
Electrical Repair (10%)	10	Pharmacy	
Fast Talk (05%)	35	Photography (10%)	35
First Aid (30%)	30	Physics	
Geology		Pilot	
Hide (10%)	30	Psychoanalysis	
History (20%)	20	Psychology (05%)	35



Ride (05%)	05
Sneak (10%)	35
Spot Hidden (25%)	45
Swim (25%)	25
Throw (25%)	25
Track (10%)	10

Firearms

Handgun (20%)	30
Machine Gun (15%)	15
Rifle (25%)	25
Shotgun (30%)	30
Submachine Gun (15%)	15

HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS

Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	50	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	50	special	n/a

FIREARMS

Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf.	HPs
9mm Beretta	30	1D10	15y	2	7	99	08

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
THRACIAN GOLD

Maria Varna

Born in Varna, Bulgaria in 1913. Hostess/ Entertainer. Maiden name: Rastropov

Born into a circus family you have performed for the public and taken your share of falls. Your first husband, an acrobat, died in an accident. Your second, a dancer and blackmailer, was shot by a jealous husband of one of his mistresses. You dismiss what is in your past and cultivate mystery about it. You can sing a little, dance a little, talk wittily, move seductively and make love for Bulgaria, and you have.

Professor Butterworth knew your worth on meeting you and has, for information supplied, paid well ever since. There is a safety deposit box in Switzerland with your name on it. You understand Butterworth works for the British and the Americans, but your deal is with him, and it is only a deal: no one owns you.

The Professor promised a lucrative assignment but your time in Rila has been painful. A woman like you can't get anywhere near the Monastery and you stand out in this shabby little village. There is nothing to find out because no one is hiding anything worth knowing. In three days you knew the domestic arrangements of the entire police force right down to their inside leg measurements. You know where their leader, Colonel Dimitrov, stays when he's in Rila, which maids he chases and how he conceals his indiscretions.

You know a lot about the other villagers and local farmers, too, though not which are partisans and which aren't. But that wouldn't be difficult if there was any reason for it. Several people have told you about there being a man looking in caves in the upper part of the valley, past the Monastery, but he is apparently one of the 'disappeared' along with maybe a dozen others over the past month.

As you understand it both the authorities and the partisans want to control the Monastery and the Abbot won't let any armed men anywhere near it. He's just gone off to Sofia to try and talk to Dimitrov's superiors, but probably the Fatherland Front leadership too, to keep armed conflict from his door. The fact that King Boris's body is buried in the grounds seems to make the place doubly important to both sides.

Others on the mission that you know:

Professor Butterworth: A clever man at a difficult age. This is the first assignment he has sent you on that doesn't make sense. You think it is for him and not the war. It was when he told you to listen out for news of gold that you knew. In his most intimate moments you know he shouts 'Gold, gold' out loud. You will not forget it.

Grga Lazarov: You know this type of man well. He will do much to maintain his own image of himself. When you need to, you will be able to call on him for anything, however risky.

Equipment:

Large trunk with 5 different outfits: Country walking, Well-to-do Lady, Non-descript (peasant), Evening, Boudoir

Papers in the name Maria Varna, Entertainer, of Sofia

Handgun: 1934 short Beretta 9mm (loaded) and one spare 7 round magazine

Camera and film

Jewellery (mainly glass stones; you convert the real ones into cash)

Ring containing one dose of knock out powder to be administered in drink (POT 10).

Silver cigarette case, twenty cigarettes and cigarette holder.

1940s

Name	Orga Lazarov
Occupation	Entrepreneur
Real Occupation	Spy for Allied Intelligence
College/Degrees	—
Birthplace	Plovdiv, Bulgaria
Sex	male
Age	28

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS					
STR	12	DEX	10	INT	15
CON	12	APP	10	POW	10
SIZ	16	SAN	50	EDU	12
Idea	75	Luck	50	Know	60
99 Cthulhu Mythos			Damage Bonus + 1D4		

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
THRACIAN GOLD

SANITY POINTS											
Insane	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43
	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98
	99										

MAGIC POINTS										
Unconscious	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30									

HIT POINTS					
Dead	-2	-1	0	1	2
	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31	

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS			
Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	25
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05
Archaeology		Library Use (25%)	25
Art (05%)		Listen (25%)	35
Valuation	05	Locksmith	45
Astronomy		Martial Arts	
Bargain (05%)	30	Mechanical Repair (20%)	30
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	20
Climb (40%)	50	Navigate (10%)	10
Conceal (15%)	20	Occult (05%)	05
Craft (05%)		Operate Hvy. Machine	
Shoe Repair	05	Other Language	
Credit Rating (15%)	15	English	35
Cthulhu Mythos	00	German	10
Dodge (DEXx2)	20	Own Language (EDUx5%)	60
Drive Auto (20%)	40	Persuade (15%)	15
Electrical Repair (10%)	10	Pharmacy	
Fast Talk (05%)	35	Photography (10%)	10
First Aid (30%)	30	Physics	
Geology		Pilot	
Hide (10%)	30	Psychoanalysis	
History (20%)	20	Psychology (05%)	10
		Firearms	
		Handgun (20%)	40
		Machine Gun (15%)	15
		Rifle (25%)	35
		Shotgun (30%)	30
		Submachine Gun (15%)	15



HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS			
Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	60	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a
Knife (25%)	60	1d4+2+db	15

FIREARMS							
Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf.	HPs
9mm Beretta	40	1d10	15y	2	7	99	08

Grga Lazarov

Born Plovdiv, Bulgaria 1915. Gypsy entrepreneur

You grew up in the chaos of the Great War and its brutal aftermath. Now it is the same thing all over again and you need to be prepared.

You have few ties for a man your age. Your wife died having your son, and he is being raised by his grandmother. You have a strong sense of honour for your family even when you do not care what is said about you personally. The world is a bad place but you have to live in it. You know you have a talent for improvising in difficult situations and can also handle yourself in a fight.

Three years ago, Professor Butterworth had the connections to get your Father and Uncle out of a smuggling charge when he was last in Bulgaria. Since then you have worked for him, smuggling arms, supplying information. Your father, not a well man, is alive because of Butterworth's intervention and you therefore owe the Professor.

Since you have come to the Rila Valley for the Professor it has mostly been very dull. You got to know the people living on the edge of town well and two days later solved the village's temporary cigarette shortage after a trip to Blagoevgrad, making a small profit in the process. The peasants here don't have much to do now and miss the times before the war when the Monastery brought a stream of pilgrims to the hotels and therefore good prices for their produce. Now outsiders are noticeable - too noticeable from your point of view. The peasants say that there was a man living in hiding at the top of the valley and looking for treasure but they think he has become one of the 'disappeared', probably because he spied on the partisans. This was probably the 'Petrov' the Professor wanted to know about.

There's also an old bear in the valley, according to an old man who used to catch them and train them to dance. Tracks apparently show it is wounded in a forepaw and might be dangerous. You know the saying: 'The lame wolf is the first to eat a man.' This isn't the sort of thing you expect the Professor wants to hear but it, and the disappearances, have put you off from visiting the upper Valley before now.

Other persons:

Professor Butterworth: You look forward to meeting him again. You respect him. Countries and ideas mean little to you but you understand family and personal honour very well. These tie you to the Professor.

Maria Varna: What a woman! You have seen her before in Sofia, performing in a fancy club. Now she has little of her city glamour on and you can imagine her as your wife. She is a hot one.

Equipment:

Handgun: 1934 9mm short Beretta with 2 seven round magazines.

Knife: Stiletto (1D4+2 +db)

Grenade: one only. Use Throw to deliver. Does 5D6 -1D6 per 2 yards from centre.

Papers for Grga Lazarov which indicate he is of Turkish parentage rather than Roma.

Work clothes and smart clothes, including a big overcoat, good for concealment

£2 worth of Bulgarian currency.

5 packs of cigarettes.

Hipflask of rakia.

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ISLE OF LOST SOULS

A Post-War Call of Cthulhu Scenario set in the Aegean

By Rick Payne

May 1952: On the small Greek island of Lethinkos an expedition by archaeologists from the University of Bristol has ended in a mysterious tragedy with one dead, one missing and one blinded and insane. The finds they made beforehand, however, offer tantalisingly glimpses of ancient worship and potential for solving the greatest conundrums of Mediterranean archaeology. Both the tragedy and the site beg further investigation...

The investigators

The pre-generated PCs are mainly archaeologists who will be sent to continue the work of the original team, little suspecting that they are about to enter a world where the past and the present will overlap with terrifying consequences. Playtesting indicates that four to six characters are the ideal size of party to carry on the work commenced by the initial expedition. Whilst the new expedition is logically based around a team of archaeologists, additional occupation types can be accommodated, provided justification can be provided by the player. A history lecturer, journalist, or art critic would not be out of place. A detective, private or otherwise, investigating the original death and disappearances could also be accommodated. This is not, however, a scenario for weapon toting characters.

The scenario is designed to be played across multiple sittings – two or possibly even three sessions depending on the interactions between PCs and NPCs developed by the Keeper.

Keeper's information

Very briefly

Directly and indirectly Conrad Nomikos, a rich aesthete and would-be magician living near the dig site, is responsible for the tragedy. A man at odds with his times he has pursued the conquest of time itself through occult means and has succeeded in constructing a device capable of opening rifts in time and

space. Originally intending to bring through to the present the artists and intellectuals he has admired throughout his lifetime and the long-dead sweetheart of his youth, Nomikos has accidentally also brought back Robert Ffoulkes, the 17th century English wizard from whose designs he originated the unholy device. Ffoulkes has his own agenda, closely related to the ancient history of the dig site, but depends on Nomikos to keep him in the present. It was Nomikos who, in a moment of misguided intellectual bravado, demonstrated the device to the visiting archaeologists and thus cost them their lives and/or sanity.

Ancient history

In 1635BCE a young Minoan Priestess named Elektra was contacted by Shub-Niggurath whilst she was in a trance-induced altered state of consciousness. Having been thus selected by the Black Goat the young Priestess formed a cult of worshippers dedicated to serving the Outer God. The Priestess gained a reputation for being able to see and travel beyond the here and now, thanks to powerful magics bestowed upon her by the Black Goat. It came as no surprise to her followers when, after one ceremony she brought back a consort from her journey beyond the veil telling her followers the goddess had blessed her with this hero from beyond the mists of time.

Elektra raised the man up, bestowing on him a place at her right hand side as the Bull Priest of her cult, responsible for carrying out the dreadful sacrifices the Black Goat of the Woods demanded. Together they plotted the usurpation of the Minoan

royal family, and the establishment of a religion of worshippers of the Black Goat, which would dominate the Bronze Age cultures of the Mediterranean and beyond.

Fortunately for a sane world they were betrayed and the King sent armed men to put down their planned insurrection – a task carried out with even greater zeal and violence when they found the monstrosity the Priestess had brought into the world following her impregnation by the Goddess. The surviving cultists took the mutilated bodies and buried them on the small island of Lethinkos, building a shrine above the tomb and continuing worship of the Black Goat as the founders of the cult had taught them.

By the time of Augustus Caesar the cult on Lethinkos had spread its depredations to other islands in the region and appeals were made by the terrified populace for Imperial protection. Once again soldiers were despatched – this time they suppressed the cult with savage Roman efficiency, tearing down the temple, which had been raised, and massacring the majority of the cultists, and enslaving the rest.

Renaissance man

The cultists were dispersed but their foul wisdom did not die. Handed down by word of mouth initially then transcribed by later generations of sorcerers and madmen, the knowledge of the cult came circuitously to a young clergyman in Oxford, England in 1635, named Robert Ffoulkes.

Ffoulkes had already been corrupted by the occult researches he had previously undertaken and was eagerly delving into deeper mysteries. When he became aware of the gifts bestowed by the Black Goat he undertook to offer his soul to her. Following instructions in the vellum parchment he had obtained Ffoulkes created the Chronos Device described therein and the mysterious box and turntable upon which it rests. Ffoulkes mastered use of the Chronos Device, learning to summon forth sorcerers and sages from times past to guide him further in his researches. Ffoulkes was formulating a plan to raise up a supreme cult dedicated to the worship of the Black Goat by bringing together all the leading cultists who had ever worshipped Shub-Niggurath from across time.

Ffoulkes attempted to summon forth one of the 'Children of the Great Mother' referred to in his book to offer up his proposal to her. Ffoulkes was thwarted when the screams of the young serving girl he was attempting to sacrifice in the woods one moonless

night drew nearby villagers to investigate, and Ffoulkes was forced to flee without having carried out his ceremony. In desperation Ffoulkes hurried to his lodgings, barely a step ahead of the hue and cry, and activated the Chronos Disc, opening a gate in time. In his panic Ffoulkes stepped through as the door behind him was broken down. Without a clear destination in mind Ffoulkes was hurled into a featureless grey limbo devoid of time, light or consciousness.

Ffoulkes' notes of his experiments, his books and the mysterious device he had constructed were seized as evidence of witchcraft and taken to the University for examination. There they remained until a decade later when they were stolen in the confusion of the Civil War, disappearing from history for three centuries. In 1933 one of the books came into the possession of Conrad Nomikos a young man of great wealth, but with a tragic past.

Conrad Nomikos: a life

Nomikos was born in 1895 in London, the only child of an English mother and a Greek father. His father was a shipping magnate, his mother the youngest daughter of an impoverished family of aristocrats. He was brought up in a secluded suburban villa, a spoilt precocious only child, overindulged by his mother. Kept separate from other children by her snobbery he channelled his youthful energies into reading and playing the keyboard. He was an intelligent, but lonely child, something of a milksop, kept 'wrapped in cotton wool' by his doting mother. A gifted harpsichordist, he encountered his first disappointment when at the age of ten he was advised by his tutor that although talented he was not good enough to achieve professional concert standard.

At around the same time a new family moved into the house next-door and Conrad fell hopelessly in love with the eldest daughter – Emily. Emily was also a talented amateur musician, and the families rehearsed and performed impromptu concerts – Conrad on the harpsichord, Emily playing the recorder, her siblings providing choral support. Conrad's relationship with Emily developed in stages through friendship, then to teenage crush, to hopeless love and adoration. Emily reciprocated Conrad's affections, and the two vowed that when they were of age they would marry.

Unfortunately for Conrad, the Great War intervened – too young to go with the initial volunteers he

watched the doomed generations before him march off to the killing fields of France. In 1915 the shocking reality of what the Great War meant for its victims was brought home to him when he was waiting for a train to take him to a harpsichord recital in Greenwich. A hospital train arrived at the platform opposite, and Conrad watched in horror, as its cargo of maimed, blinded, shattered men was unloaded. Conrad vowed he would never allow himself to end up in such a condition.

Emily was of a different opinion. On his twenty-first birthday when Conrad formally proposed to Emily she told him, in a sad serene voice, she could not marry a man who would not 'do his bit', and who had turned his back on his country when it needed him. Nauseated by his own cowardice, cursing his own mixed parentage which had resulted in his not having the courage and resolution of a full-blooded Englishman and desperate to win the heart of the girl he adored, Conrad volunteered the very next day.

Within two months Conrad was in France arriving just in time to witness the mass slaughter of the battle of the Somme. Conrad's sole contribution to the action after going over the top was to lie in a shell hole for two days and nights, his only company a dead German soldier, as all around him thousands of men were machine-gunned to death, or blown into atoms. In those hours in the shell hole Conrad came to the realisation, that in the midst of such death and destruction, to choose life, life at any cost, was the only course of action a sane and rational being could take in a world gone mad. Conrad deserted and slipped through the lines, working his way north until he came to Calais. There he stole a drunken soldier's leave papers and made his way home. He arrived on the same day as the telegram advising his parents he was missing in action. The joy of his parents was equalled by that of his beloved Emily, and when they were alone together in the garden she told him that she would be his – as soon as the war ended and he was discharged from the Army.

Helplessly Conrad confessed to his cowardice and desertion. In desperation he attempted to explain to this flower of English womanhood the bloodshed and horror he had witnessed and the epiphany he had experienced in the shell hole. Emily listened calmly and then told him in a low quiet voice that he must redeem himself: he must return to the Front and face whatever fate awaited him there. Only then could they be united – spiritually, physically – as man and

wife. Conrad gaped in numbed astonishment at her calm passing of a death sentence upon him, and stood weeping impotent tears of frustration as she kissed him once, then turned her back on him. As she walked away Conrad could hear her singing in a low wistful tone:

*"We shall miss you, we shall kiss you,
But we think you ought to go..."*

In a confusion of fears; fear of the front line, fear of the firing squad, fear of losing Emily forever, Nomikos went to the only relative he could trust – his father. His father listened with contempt to the young man and then, family ties meaning more to the Greek than the survival of the British Empire and everything it stood for, he arranged to have Conrad smuggled to Argentina, where the family had interests, and where Conrad could sit out the war in safety.

In 1918 Conrad prepared to return to England, only to hear news of the Spanish flu epidemic, which had swept across Europe. His parents, his beloved Emily and her siblings, had all succumbed to the disease; all had died. He was alone in the world and the woman he worshipped gone forever. Conrad, however, inherited a large fortune from his parents and used it to travel Europe. He fell in love with Paris and the artistic and intellectual, Bohemian lifestyle of the Left Bank. Conrad met all the major cultural figures of the 1920s relishing their challenging of the accepted order, and where possible patronising their artistic endeavours.

Conrad joined the Medical faculty of the Sorbonne, training as a Psychologist, later travelling to Vienna to work with both Freud and Jung. It was his work with Jung which sparked his interest in primitive man's belief systems and this in turn started him collecting works of esoteric and occult interest initially purely as a disinterested scientific researcher.

In 1929 Wall Street crashed and Nomikos' fortune was severely diminished. The hedonistic lifestyle of 1920s Paris, Berlin and Vienna came to an end as the grinding poverty, doubt, and fatalism of the 1930s took hold. Nomikos, intellectually brilliant, but emotionally scarred, took shelter from these new harsh realities by retreating to his father's home in Athens where he became a tutor in Psychology at the University.

In 1933 Nomikos was browsing in a second hand bookshop in the back streets of the city when he

found an ancient binder of loose-leaf folios. Nomikos recognised that the notes were in English and contained a sketch of an unusual looking machine. Intrigued Nomikos purchased the folios and took them home to study them.

Ffoulkes' notes of his experiments with the Chronos Disc fascinated Nomikos, particularly as Ffoulkes was explicit that the past could be revisited and 'alle manner of delights and pleasures thought forgotten and gone for ever rediscov'rd anew'. Although part of him rejected the claims out of hand as the vainglorious boastings of a seventeenth century madman, another part leapt at the chance of recapturing the happiness of his earlier life. Nomikos began a search across Europe for the Disc described in Ffoulkes' papers, decimating what remained of his already substantially reduced fortune. His searches for the Disc criss-crossed Europe as he attempted to piece together the remnants of Ffoulkes' occult researches. In 1934 he found the disc on sale in a junk shop in Copenhagen where it was displayed as 'A wooden ceiling boss carved with astrological symbols'.

Nomikos then turned his attention to the Device itself. This took a master scientific instrument maker in Geneva five years to create, including time spent at the University of Geneva Department of Mathematics as the non-Euclidean aspects of Ffoulkes' design had to be translated into drawings and work instructions for the craftsman. In the summer of 1938 Nomikos activated the device but, instead of revealing the familiar streets of his London childhood he wished for, the gate he opened showed only a grey limbo – from which stepped Robert Ffoulkes.

Nomikos and Ffoulkes

Astonished that the device worked at all Nomikos was flabbergasted to find himself meeting the man he thought of as its inventor. He was only too happy to be guided by Ffoulkes in its use – particularly when Ffoulkes managed to open a gate onto the garden of Emily's house in the past, with Emily visible strolling under a parasol. Ffoulkes, however, was careful never to train Nomikos to the point that he could use the device consistently without help. This precaution proved wise as within three days Ffoulkes was snatched back out of the present and returned to Limbo. From this time onwards the two developed a bizarre symbiosis: Nomikos freeing Ffoulkes from Limbo in return for Ffoulkes manipulating the device to bring through not only Emily but also the artists

and Bohemians from Nomikos' youth.

In 1939, Ffoulkes began to manipulate Nomikos, advising him that using the device in the city carried great risks and suggesting that it would operate best near the place where it was conceived: Lethinkos. Naively, Nomikos bought the villa overlooking the Bay of Bourani and moved there, living ostensibly as a recluse, while bringing back the artists of his youth and his beloved Emily.

When war broke out and Nomikos was separated from his villa and the device by the occupying German troops who used the villa as a Radio Direction Finding station throughout the war. Nomikos was cast into the blackest of depressions by having access to the past taken away from him. Nevertheless, because of his obvious intelligence and gift for languages, the occupying Germans made Nomikos mayor of the island. Nomikos did his best for the villagers during the war, attempting to get them extra rations and keeping the Germans happy by sending occasional gifts of wine to the villa. Nomikos' attempts to make the occupation bearable came to nothing, however. Towards the end of the war five German soldiers were ambushed and executed by members of the Greek resistance whilst they swam in the bay at Bourani. The German reprisals were savage and Nomikos was included amongst the 50 victims who were rounded up and shot. Nomikos survived by pure blind luck although hit by a bullet in the abdomen, Nomikos head and face were sprayed with the blood of the man standing next to him as he fell. The SS Major commanding the firing squad believed Nomikos had received a fatal wound and did not bother giving him the *coup de grace* from his pistol. Nomikos waited a day amongst the pile of dead men before crawling away into the village where he was hidden and nursed back to health.

From that day forward Nomikos was a changed man. The present and the future meant only hatred, cruelty and bloodshed to him. He longed more than ever to escape back into the past. When the war ended he reclaimed his Villa, which the Germans had looted. The wooden disc remained but the Germans had smashed everything else – including the Chronos Device where the disc was fitted.

Postwar reconstruction

It took five years for Nomikos to recreate the box and summon Ffoulkes again from Limbo. Within days Ffoulkes had brought back Emily, the artists and the Bohemians, building within Nomikos a drug-like dependency upon them since their presence, no matter how short-lived, relieved his bitter memories of both World Wars.

In return for his continued assistance, Ffoulkes demanded Emily as a sacrifice. His cunning idea was to use a victim from the past, which would not repeat the mistake of sacrificing someone from his own locality thus alerting the authorities, as had happened in the 17th Century. Nomikos refused until, on the next occasion they brought Emily back, Ffoulkes demonstrated a shrivelling spell on her, and vowed he would prevent Nomikos ever seeing her again by returning to the past and destroying her at birth. Nomikos gave in.

At this point Ffoulkes began to dominate Nomikos, using him as his tool in his own plan to bring back members of the Shub-Niggurath cult from down the ages. Ffoulkes began his scheme by first locating and then calling the founding mother of the cult, Elektra, from the distant past and assisting in her rituals of worship and sacrifice to Shub-Niggurath. With Nomikos' unwilling help Emily was brought back from the past and sacrificed to the Dark Young. Her terror at being torn from Edwardian England to be sacrificed by her lover in some foul pagan ritual, and Nomikos' anguish at what was being done, pleased Ffoulkes greatly. Nomikos almost smashed the box to trap Ffoulkes in Limbo forever the first time Emily was sacrificed, but his contempt for the present, and his now certain knowledge that Emily could be returned to him time after time from the past, eternally young, just as he remembered her, swayed him and he continued to bring Ffoulkes back and assist him.

On the second sacrifice of Emily, Ffoulkes requested a boon from the Black Goat – a disc that he could use to gather together all the leading worshippers of the Black Goat from across time here at the founding site of the cult and a disc with power that would keep them in the present. If this boon is to be granted it will take place at a third ceremony, yet to take place. Ffoulkes' objective is a reborn cult unleashed across the face of the world, spreading the worship of the Black Goat. By a bizarre paradox the arrival of Alan Dorking's archaeological expedition actually assisted the completion of his plans.

Nomikos and the Dorking Expedition

Nomikos invited the expedition for dinner at the end of their first week on the island, keen to spy out their intentions and gauge how long they would curtail his having visitors from the past. To his surprise Dorking and he hit it off almost at once and Nomikos enjoyed the finest intellectual conversation he had had for years. Nomikos subsequently invited the expedition over every week, to Ffoulkes' fury, as their presence seemed to prevent his completing his plan. One night, perhaps with subconscious intent, Demetriades turned the conversation to the concept of free will or pre-destination. Nomikos dropped hints at the powers available to him, until Dorking challenged him to demonstrate. Nomikos brought the box onto the veranda and demonstrated its power, opening a gate to a 1920s Parisian street cafe, his awestruck guests accepting a glass of red wine each from the waiter who stepped out of the café and onto the veranda without so much as blinking before stepping back into his restaurant. Foolishly Nomikos offered his guests the chance to try the device: 'Concentrate on your heart's desire. Think what treasure you could take from the past if only you could,' he tempted them.

For Brunceton the only thing he wanted was to see his beloved mother again. Unfortunately his strongest memory was of her in the terminal stages of her disease. He spun the Chronos Disc with these thought of her at the forefront of his mind. She stepped out of the gate dressed as he last remembered her, weakly croaking for assistance before returning to the bedroom furnished in the style of the 1930s visible through the gate behind her.

Demetriades wished to see the father he never knew. This time the gate opened on the beach across the bay – the archaeologist gasped in recognition. Horrified he watched the Greek partisans round up and execute the five German soldiers. Demetriades' dismay at watching his father personally kill five men in cold blood was as nothing to the fear and horror he experienced when, just as the gate was about to close something else appeared in the vision: something alien and totally hideous. Demetriades and a Hound of Tindalos locked eyes and from that moment on the young man was doomed.

Despite the unpleasantness of the machine's effects on his colleagues, Dorking chose to take his turn. Since he was young he had been idealising visions of the ancient Hellenic world, imagining himself an

Homeric hero in the manner of *The Iliad* or *The Odyssey*. As he spun the Disc on the device he found himself thinking of that simpler time and world, a world he had devoted his life to rediscovering. His mind strayed to the statuette they had excavated. When his gate opened and Elektra strode through, awesome in her wild pagan beauty, Dorking dropped to his knees, a man smitten. She in turn equally entranced by this well-built stranger who had summoned her through time and space.

Though none of the visitations Nomikos had managed to conjure lasted more than a minute their effects were to seal the fates of the Dorking expedition irrevocably. Nomikos had failed to manipulate the Disc correctly. Instead of sealing the opening between timelines fully Nomikos' inexperience had created rifts – rifts that were growing larger, letting the sounds and eventually the sights of the past leak through to the present. The Dorking expedition began to be haunted by their visitors from the past. Brunceton was hounded by the physical presence of his dying mother. Demetriades was plagued first by the sounds and then the experience of the execution on the beach, and then by the stalking presence of the Hound of the Tindalos. Their minds began to crumble as these events continued and intensified, and they each began to share the others visitations. Dorking, however, remained aloof; he was visited nightly by his heart's desire, the fabulous Elektra, whose visitations drove him demented with lust and the desire to be with her.

The Dorking expedition was thus doomed to end in insanity and death. Dorking himself disappeared on the Wednesday of their final week. He had willingly submitted himself to Elektra's powerful sorcery and been taken back into the island's distant past where he began to devote himself to the darkness she served. On the Thursday night Brunceton fled from his tent – the memory of the execution he had again witnessed in combination with his mother's querulous demands for help making it impossible for him to sleep. He stood in horrified amazement as he witnessed the apparition of Elektra and her consort, the Minotaur (Dorking in the ritual mask of Elektra's cult) sacrifice a young woman on the hilltop above the camp (the second sacrifice of Emily). His amazement turned to outright terror when he saw what had been summoned to accept the sacrifice. Brunceton fled into the woods where he spent the night cowering in terror. He returned to camp in daylight, and attempted to tell

Demetriades what he had witnessed. It was at this point that the Hound of the Tindalos broke through the angles of time and fell upon Demetriades tearing him limb from limb. His mind now completely shattered, Brunceton wandered from the campsite laughing and screaming through the hot midday sun, across the central mountainous ridge of the island until he reached Phraxos.

The situation when the investigators arrive at the Bay of Bourani:

As the scenario begins Brunceton is committed to a lunatic asylum just outside Athens. Nomikos is distraught at the power Ffoulkes holds over him and guilt-ridden at the fate of the Dorking Expedition, but he cannot resist the need to call his beloved Emily back from the past once more. Ffoulkes is gathering his strength for the final ceremony, which will grant him the power to remain in this time and call other cultists from the past. He spends as much time as he can meditating and chanting using his powers to prolong the time he can spend in the present before he is cast back into Limbo. He needs Nomikos for just a little while longer, but after the final ceremony he believes he will be able to remain in the present permanently and bring about the resurrection of the long dead cults of the Black Goat of the Woods.

Beginning play

The University of Bristol: Department of Archaeology

It is 9.00am 15th June 1952. The investigators have been summoned to a meeting with Head of Department Professor Arnold Crane. His office in the new wing of the University is spacious and book-lined. Dotted around the shelves are replicas of ancient pots, urns and vases, statuettes of Gods and Goddesses from Sumer, Greece and Egypt. On the walls are maps showing migration routes of ancient peoples across Europe, trade routes of the ancient worlds and the extent of ancient Empires.

Tea and biscuits are served and after a preamble about the status of the investigators current work Professor Crane comes to the point:

“The Department has had disturbing news about one of our digs in the Mediterranean. Not to put too fine a point on it, Alan Dorking, the Expedition leader

appears to have had some kind of breakdown and attacked his colleagues. With fatal results.”

Background to the Dorking Expedition

Professor Crane points to a map of the Mediterranean: “Greece, the Peloponnese. Twenty miles to the north of Crete is Lethinkos. It’s a tiny place, no more than five miles by seven miles. One fishing village and port. Nothing too unusual about the place - its like a hundred other small islands dotted about the Eastern Mediterranean and the Aegean. However, Alan Dorking believed it was the site of what could be the greatest archaeological discovery in the Mediterranean since Knossos.”

The Professor goes on to explain that Dorking had been studying Byzantine scrolls of the fourth century, recently loaned from the University of Constantinople. Using the latest photographic techniques Dorking had discovered that three of the scrolls were in fact palimpsests – the scrolls had been scraped clean of their original text and reused for later writing – a common practice when writing materials were scarce and difficult to obtain.

Dorking identified the original text as Greek, and probably written by a Roman scribe at some time within the two decades following Augustus Caesar becoming the first Roman Emperor. The text describes the extirpation of a witch cult from the island of Kydonia, modern day Crete, following appeals to the Roman Senate by the local populace. Apparently two cohorts of Legionaries were despatched from Athens to curb the activities of the cult and restore Imperial authority and the worship of the true Graeco-Roman Gods.

Of particular interest to Dorking were references to the last resting place of the high Priestess who founded the cult ‘in days of ancient antiquity’. A successful ARCHAEOLOGY or KNOW roll (from an archaeologist) notes that this phrase simply means any time before the written history of the Greeks that the Romans had access to. Dorking took the references to witchcraft and worship of foul gods with a healthy dose of modern day scepticism. What intrigued him was the description of the location of the island and the bay overlooked by the tomb of the founding mother of the cult.

Careful research and study of detailed Maritime and Ordnance survey maps of the eastern Mediterranean had led Dorking to identify Lethinkos as the likely location of a forgotten tomb – possibly Achaean, but

given the proximity to Crete, more likely to be Mycenaean, or even Minoan.

Dorking spent the last autumn and winter preparing an expedition to explore and excavate around the bay on the northern side of the island, an area known as Bourani. As part of his planning he approached the Greek Government for a license to mount an archaeological investigation. A 12-month license was granted with the possibility of renewal if progress could be demonstrated at the end of that time. As part of his agreement with the Department of Antiquities, Dorking agreed to include a Greek archaeologist as part of the survey team. Dorking’s plan was for the three men to conduct limited preliminary investigations and dig test excavations in the area. Should these prove successful he would present his evidence to both the Greek authorities and the University requesting permission and funding for a larger scale investigation of the site.

The Dorking Expedition: personnel

Professor Alan Dorking: Leader of the expedition.

Dorking is a greatly respected archaeologist, spe-



Professor Alan Dorking

cialising in the earliest history of the Greek city-states and Mycenae. He cut his teeth as an undergraduate on excavations in Crete and Rhodes, before making his name with the discovery and excavation of the earliest known temple to Apollo on the Greek mainland. Whilst the temple lacked the spectacular treasures of say the tomb of Tutankhamen, Dorking's painstaking fieldwork, preservation of the site and the finds, and his incisive interpretation and explanation of the site made his discovery a new paradigm in archaeological investigation and research, establishing his reputation within the academic community and gaining him his PhD with a thesis which became the basis for his first published book, *Sun God of Greece: Excavations on the Plain of Euboea*, now recognised as the definitive introduction to modern field archaeology.

Further successes around the Mediterranean basin, including valuable work in establishing communication and trade routes between the fledgling kingdoms of the late Bronze Age secured his reputation as an 'Archaeologist's Archaeologist' and gained him his Chair in the discipline at Bristol University at the age of only thirty-one years – the youngest ever occupant of the post. This rapid rise and his reputation as the University's 'golden boy' earned him admiration and jealousy in equal measure from his colleagues.

A tall, well-built, handsome and intelligent man, Dorking has never married, devoting himself totally to his beloved studies, although his attributes, income and the high esteem of his peers made him an extremely desirable catch.

Gerald Brunceton Dorking's Assistant.

Brunceton is the classic example of the academic who never got the breaks. Despite an impeccable background in the discipline, including time with Carter in the Valley of the Kings, Brunceton lacks the imagination and flair to take the big risks often demanded in archaeology. This same lack of imagination means the few finds he has made have been inadequately interpreted leading to sometimes scathing peer reviews of his work. Such criticism deeply wounded Brunceton, a shy sensitive individual, making him even less likely to venture away from the safer aspects of the science – measuring, recording cataloguing, cross referencing, all of which Brunceton relishes with an unerring exactitude and precision.

His penchant and preference for the less controversial aspects of the science made him the perfect foil for Dorking's brilliance.



Gerald Brunceton

Brunceton first worked with Dorking in 1937 on an excavation of Ancient Greek shipyards near Corinth. Brunceton's seemingly inexhaustible appetite for excavation and preservation of the site under Dorking's direction, left the younger man free to interpret the finds they made, leading to startling revisions of accepted understanding of the extent of Greek naval and merchant sea power in the late Bronze Age.

Brunceton is a somewhat podgy balding man, 53 years old. Shy and sensitive in the extreme, he lacked the drive to engage in the departmental politics needed to progress in academia, happier to hitch his wagon to Dorking's star and share reflected glory rather than seek his own.

Brunceton never married, living instead with his elderly invalid mother, nursing her devotedly through a long and painful battle with cancer. Brunceton's mother died only a fortnight before he departed for Lethinkos.



Aristotle Demetriades

Aristotle Demetriades

Crane can tell the PCs little about this archaeologist since he has never met him. Demetriades was recommended to Dorking by the Greek Department of Antiquities. He was twenty-eight years old, he had a sound reputation gained from digs in Thessalonica, and postgraduate research work at the University of Athens. By all accounts the young man was deeply honoured to be working with Dorking and had written to express his gratitude for the opportunity.

The three men met at Heraklion airfield in Crete before taking the single day trip on the mail boat to Lethinkos.

The Dorking Expedition: promising initial discoveries

Crane tells the PCs that Dorking and Brunceton left Bristol in late April, flying to Athens, and then on to Crete. Brunceton's organisational skills meant that the expedition's equipment and supplies were already waiting for them in Crete having been shipped from England by sea two weeks before their departure. Men and equipment were loaded onto the mail boat for Lethinkos and landed a day later at Phraxos – the only port and town of any significant size on the island.

Two weeks after this, in an excited letter to Crane, Dorking advised that his initial researches were apparently correct. He had been able to orientate the description of the location of the tomb to the terrain of the bay, and is keen to commence excavation (see **Handout 1** on page 194).

A second letter arrived three weeks later in which Dorking confirmed that he had apparently unearthed evidence of some kind of shrine. Inscriptions in Mycenaean Linear A and Linear B text had been found. Dorking mentions in passing that Brunceton has become strangely depressed and withdrawn over recent days, but there is no hiding the undercurrent of excitement in his letter. Dorking's letter includes sketches of the text and some of the pottery and other artefacts he has found, including what appears to be the remnants of some kind of ceremonial head dress or tiara: 'what every well dressed high priestess is wearing this season!' (see **Handout 2**: page 195)

A further fortnight passed before Dorking's last letter was received. The letter is rambling, and confused. Dorking has apparently made some discovery but his description is vague. "I have gazed upon the face of Cassandra," he writes "To have seen her once is to love her eternally." (A KNOW roll helps the PCs recall that Cassandra was the High priestess of Apollo and prophetess of Troy, who was cursed by the Gods who ensured that whilst her prophecies were unerringly accurate, no one would believe them.) Dorking also writes contemptuously of Brunceton and Demetriades, who have 'repeatedly' asked to leave the island. Why these requests have been made is not explained (see **Handout 3**: page 196).

Prof. Alan Dorking
University of Bristol Archaeological Expedition
Bourani Bay
Lethinkos
C/O Postmaster's office
Heraklion
Crete

Dear Arnold,

We have arrived safely on Lethinkos. Like all the Greek islands it is simply a little piece of heaven right here on God's earth. We spent the first night in the only village of any size on the island, Phraxos. The locals are as warm hearted and generous as all the Greeks are, and we have met and struck up a useful friendship with the mayor. Even Brunceton was enticed to join in the dancing when sufficient retsina had been taken aboard!

In one of those coincidences that give you that warm glowing feeling about a survey I have learnt from the mayor that the feature I identified from the naval charts as a potential dig site is a headland on a small bay, known locally as "Moutsas". This is apparently an Albanian word meaning "the snout". This certainly gave me a jolt when I remembered the description of the burial site used by the First Century scribe "Sinus Rostrum": the Bay of the Beak (or ram as were found on warships of the time).

We crossed the island on foot following a well defined goat path, hard walking but the scenery more than makes up for it. We arrived at Bourani Bay in the mid afternoon, and set up camp - there is a natural spring nearby, so we want for nothing. We have arranged a weekly boat to fetch supplies, but at a pinch one of us could hike over to Phraxos and back within the day.

I have made an initial exploration of the headland. Everything seems to line up: the admiralty charts, the 1st century description and now the actuality. My fingers are itching to get onto that hill and start clearing the topsoil.

I hope this letter finds you as it leaves us - in good health and high spirits.

Yours

Alan

Prof. Alan Dorking
University of Bristol Archaeological Expedition
Bourani Bay
Lethinkos
C/O Postmaster's office
Heraklion
Crete

27th April 1952

Dear Arnold

I am absolutely convinced that we are onto something! We have continued with the initial trenches and are down into the 500BC 1AD levels. We are all uncovering evidence consistent with some kind of structure having stood here - I am absolutely certain there has been a temple structure on this site for generations, probably constructed on the original site of the shrine that was first raised on this very location.

Demetriades has uncovered a fine votive statue of (wait for it!) a Minoan Snake Goddess! Obviously of a much earlier epoch but just the kind of thing a zealous centurion would cast down when ordered.

Brunceton and I have uncovered fragments of roof tiles and stonework. It looks like Caesar Augustus' legionaries have done their normal first rate job of utterly destroying whatever they were pointed at. It seems yours truly will have to put it all back together again!

I don't want to get you too giddy just yet, I'll let Gerald do his normal top notch job of cleaning the fragments before I mention the words "Linear B" - oops, what a give away!

For your final delectation and titillation I'll also mention something I've uncovered. Twenty seven fragments of what appears to be a headdress of some kind. The metal is electrum and the theme appears to be snakes - now there's a thing with us only being twenty miles away from Knossos as the crow flies! Obviously what every well dressed high priestess is wearing this season!

I am hopeful that the site will yield much more and keep us all busy over the coming weeks. I hope so, Demetriades and Brunceton have both been down in the dumps since...well I think that's for an after dinner story that is going to take more than your usual number of brandies to inculcate the correct level of suspension of disbelief.

Yours

Alan

Dear Arnold,

A quick note to let you know we are still here and work is progressing. At least it would do if bloody Gerald and the Greek Boy stopped moaning for long enough to put their backs into it.

Honestly, Arnold I am sick of their incessant whining and repeated requests to pack up and leave. I don't understand them at all, I swear. They have the privilege of waking every morning amidst the magnificent scenery of this ancient land and they just want to go home. I know the upsets they have had but there is no earthly reason why a man should ever want to leave this place.

If they just bucked their ideas up and got on with the job in hand we'd make a damn sight better progress than we have done recently. I am getting sick and tired of their long faces and jumping at shadows. A few half decent finds would soon make them both cheer up - a nice temple complex perhaps would do nicely. Or a couple of gold funerary masks. Of course that means they'd have to stop moping about and get some bloody work done.

A thought has just struck me - Schliemann said he had gazed upon the face of Agamemnon - let me tell you Arnold, I have gazed upon the face of Cassandra - to see her once is to love her eternally.

Choices are sometimes thrust upon us Arnold, and listening to the incessant griping of these two layabouts is forcing me to a decision.

Brunceton is calling - he wants to go skiving off again to Phraxos. Any excuse to get off the site and out of the camp these days. He can make himself useful and post this.

Goodbye old friend

Alan

Handout 3

The Dorking Expedition ends in tragedy and mystery

In early June Crane received a letter from the Mayor of the island of Lethinkos. A week previously Brunceton had wandered into Phraxos rambling and confused. In some kind of accident in the main square he became blinded. The concerned townsfolk searched the campsite. There they found Demetriades – dead – and of Dorking there was no trace. The police were called from Crete and investigated as best

they could, but apparently Brunceton's mental condition precluded them gaining any firm understanding of what had happened.

Brunceton has subsequently been sent to a hospital in Athens under the care of the British Consulate. Demetriades body has been returned to his parents for burial. The police are concerned for Dorking's whereabouts – a thorough search of the island has revealed no indication as to where the Professor may be. The original finds have been shipped to Athens University for evaluation and interpretation.

The new expedition

Crane tells the PCs that they are to be form a second expedition to Lethinkos. Whilst the original expedition has ended in tragedy the University is concerned that the prestige of discovering and excavating a significant site from the Mycenaean era may be lost. The University still has six months left on the license to excavate, and Dorking's letters certainly indicate that there is something worth excavating on Lethinkos. The PCs will have a week to hand over their current projects to colleagues, and prepare to leave for Lethinkos. Crane asks that they stop over in Athens to visit Brunceton – though the most recent communication from the consulate suggests his condition is not improving.

The PCs can spend the week as they wish – perhaps they will carry out some research into Dorking and Brunceton's previous work. For those unfamiliar with the Mycenaean period the library has excellent reference material including copies of Dorking's books, papers and monographs.

Enquiries about the health and mental state of both Dorking and Brunceton do not reveal much more than what Professor Crane has already told them. Enquiries in the common room of the Department reveal Dorking was 'keen as mustard' to be off on a new expedition – particularly as he firmly believed the source description of the island and the tomb on it to be accurate. Brunceton had been withdrawn and somewhat depressed following the death of his mother, but had 'pulled himself together' and was apparently glad of the distraction of organising the expedition logistics, and seemed to be becoming infected by Dorking's contagious enthusiasm for the adventure.

PCs may wish to visit Dorking's rooms at the University and Brunceton's home. Crane will give permission for the first – a cleaner will let the investigators in the following morning. Dorking's rooms are clean, Spartan and functional, and obviously as they were left when Dorking departed. Dorking's desk reveals nothing – copies of the X-Ray photographs of the Byzantine scrolls, Dorking's own translation of the original writing. There is nothing whatsoever to suggest anything was upsetting or disturbing Dorking.

Brunceton's home is in a secluded redbrick *cul-de-sac* on the other side of the city. The curtains are drawn, and the doors are locked. Enquiring at the neighbour's, a Mrs Gladys Wainwright, 65 years old

and font of all knowledge regarding the comings and goings on the street, anyone identifying themselves as a colleague from the University will elicit the information that Brunceton was devoted to his mother's every need, scrimped and saved to pay for a private nurse whilst he was away on excavations, and that her death had almost broken him. He had collapsed into hysterical weeping during her funeral service. He became taciturn and withdrawn. The neighbour confides that in the nights following his mother's death Brunceton could be heard sobbing and crying in the early hours of the morning. Recently he had begun to seem more like his old self: polite, willing to stop and chat and accept invitations from the neighbours for tea and sympathy. The small community in Brunceton's street are distressed and upset to hear that he has fallen ill whilst abroad, and the neighbour makes the PCs promise to extend all his friends best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Packing and preparations

Personal equipment

The PCs should be packing camping gear, work shirts, shorts, stout boots etc – the summer sun in the Greek Islands is fierce and heat exhaustion, sunburn and sun stroke are very real possibilities if precautions are not taken.

Academic equipment

As far as Crane is able to tell things like tents, theodolites, spades, shovels etc are still on the island in the care of the Mayor – they will be handed over on arrival. PCs may very well wish to take their own cameras, notebooks, reference works etc..

Weapons

Whilst a tragedy has undoubtedly occurred on Lethinkos there is no reason for the PCs to take any kind of firearm with them. If someone can convince Professor Crane of the necessity (wild dogs, tomb robbers or antiquities thieves may be valid reasons providing a FAST TALK or PERSUADE roll is made) a single small pistol in the care of the expedition leader may be allowed at the Keeper's discretion.

Camping knives, Swiss Army knives and small camping hatchets are acceptable edged weapons, which could be taken to the island. It should be remembered that this is a peaceful academic research expedition and the PCs should equip and deport themselves accordingly.

Journey to Athens

The party are lucky to have Crane's pressing sense of urgency to assist their journey. The Head of Department has arranged transport to Athens by the latest mode of air transport – Comet jet airliner. The flight to Athens is fast, comfortable and luxurious – which is more than can be said for the taxi ride from the airport to the hotel in Piraeus.

On arrival at the hotel a message is waiting to the effect that Jeremy Mallowes, a junior clerk from the British Consulate will meet them shortly after 9.00am the following morning to take them out to the Saint Ekaterina Hospital to meet Brunceton. This gives the PCs a free day to explore the historic sites of Athens, the museums, universities and the galleries. At the Keeper's discretion the PCs may have contacts within the academic community in Athens who can be looked up and from whom advice and guidance can be sought. The evening may be spent exploring the lively nightlife of Greece's capital – there is a plethora of bars, tavernas, restaurants and night clubs from the extremely swanky to the notoriously seedy to choose from.

Following a peaceful night's sleep the party have an excellent Greek breakfast – fresh figs, yoghurt and honey, startlingly strong black coffee – before Mallowes arrives.

Mallowes turns out to be a young man of about twenty-three years old with a pronounced public school accent. It is doubtful whether the Consulate could have found a more junior clerk to have sent on this task. He is somewhat spotty and his hair is swept over in a lank, brilliantined parting. He looks distinctly hot and uncomfortable in his flannels, blazer and crumpled white shirt and old school tie.

Mallowes guides the party to a decrepit looking Citroen taxi and before too long the party are sweating in the traffic jams and petrol fumes of the narrow Athens streets. Mallowes sits in front and, if questioned, is able to provide the following information:

He is not at all familiar with Brunceton's case – he is merely 'minding the shop' for a more senior colleague who is currently on leave. Brunceton's case is currently under review by the Greek police. At the moment the Embassy is happy for Brunceton to remain where he is whilst he recuperates and the police continue their investigations. The Greek police are still trying to determine if Brunceton is the prime

suspect in Demetriades' death. In the absence of corroborating evidence from the third member of the party, who remains missing, it is difficult for the police to work out exactly what happened. There have been rumours of a sighting of Dorking in Rhodes, but follow up investigations by the police have established this was a case of mistaken identity

The journey continues, taking the party away from the hustle and bustle of the city and out into the parched, arid-looking countryside. Traffic on the main road is sparse, and within half an hour the taxi turns up a rough side road, which shortly becomes an unpaved track. After 15 minutes of extreme discomfort the taxi draws up before a pair of ornate cast iron gates set in a high stone wall.

Mallowes exchanges a few words of puzzled sounding Greek with the driver, before turning to the party: "Apparently this is the place."

As the party leave the cab, Mallowes asks the driver to wait for them, before hurrying after them and pulling on the ornate chain bell pull. A small wizened man dressed in a shapeless grey uniform answers shortly, and following a few words from Mallowes opens the gate and grants the party access.

The Saint Ekaterina Asylum

Within moments of passing through the gates the PCs become aware that they are not in the grounds of a normal hospital. The building before them bears more resemblance to a prison – the windows are barred, and grey uniformed attendants (or are they warders?) roam the grounds, overseeing the activities of the patients. For the most part these activities are limited to shuffling aimlessly, staring fixedly into space, shaking convulsively or making strange repetitive gestures. Their escort pushes a couple of plainly insane patients out of the way to allow access to a large wooden door. The PCs follow their guide to the office of the Head of this institution – Doctor Hermes Konstantin.

Konstantin is a thin, olive-skinned man with dark, intelligent eyes. His lab coat is snowy white and crisp and he has a compassionate but firm professional demeanour. His English is excellent. He tells the PCs that Brunceton was brought here following treatment to his eye injuries at Athens when it became obvious that whilst his physical injuries would heal complete-

ly, his mental condition showed no sign of improvement. Konstantin has Brunceton's file on the desk in front of him ready for this meeting.

Referring to his notes Konstantin can confirm that Brunceton wandered into the town of Phraxos in the late morning of 23rd May. He appeared to be suffering from sunstroke and heat exhaustion. The townsfolk sat him down in the shade of a taverna awning and fetched water for him. Brunceton sat immobile, ignoring all the concerned questions of the villagers, until he caught sight of the large open-air grill at the side of the taverna. At which point he leapt up and before anyone could stop him, grabbed two *souvlakia* skewers and drove them into his own eyes.

Konstantin quotes from the file in front of him: "In doing so he not only pierced the eyeballs and irreparably damaged the optic nerves, necessitating full surgical evacuation of both orbits, he also performed a crude leucotomy on the frontal lobes of the brain – such was the force he employed to destroy his own sense of sight. He was fortunate that he did not incur a massive and fatal infection to these wounds."

At this point, Konstantin elaborates: "He has become...how do you say...lobotomised. You may visit him by all means, but I doubt you will gain much from the experience. He exists in a dreamy childlike state. Occasionally he is subject to fits of rage – he becomes violent and a danger to himself and others. It is my professional opinion that there is no hope whatsoever of recovery, or of him ever being declared competent to give evidence to an inquest or trial. I have provided an affidavit to that effect to the State Prosecutor's office. I believe that they will shortly order his transfer back home to a similar institution in England."

His attendants have reported that Brunceton spends a lot of his time facing the door, sitting in an attitude of patient expectation. Who or what he believes will be stepping through the door is as yet unknown – neither Konstantin nor the attendant's questions have been able to elicit a response. There is little more that Konstantin can tell the investigators: he is unaware of the progress of the enquiry or any progress in the search for Dorking. If pressed (LUCK) he will refer again to the file and note: "How curious – the police report has asked for psycho-pathological evaluation of some of the wounds found on Demetriades' body. This file does not have a copy of the relevant Pathologist's report: I shall have to request a copy from the coroner's office in Heraklion."

Visiting Brunceton

The investigators are led by Konstantin himself up the stairs and through the corridors of the Asylum to a small locked room at the front of the building. The door is unlocked and opened and as they enter the investigators see a man seated in a plain wooden chair set in the centre of the room, facing the door. The only other furniture in the room is a hospital bed – the bedding has been stripped and arranged in a circle around the chair Brunceton sits in. As the door opens he leans forward, his head turned to one side, his entire attitude alert and expectant. Brunceton is dressed in obviously hospital-issued blue striped cotton pyjamas. His feet are bare. He is pale through illness and being kept indoors and gives the impression of having lost a lot of weight recently. The most striking aspect of his appearance is the large white bandage wrapped around his head, which hold large cotton pads over the ruined eyes.

Before anyone can speak, Brunceton whispers in a hushed expectant voice: "**Mother? Mother, is that you?**"

Konstantin steps forward: "No Gerald – it's Doctor Konstantin. I have brought some friends from England to visit you." The investigators may now attempt to speak to their blinded colleague.

Brunceton was completely insane before he mutilated himself – his condition now will prevent him giving any information whatsoever about what has occurred to him and the other members of the expedition. His answers to any questions will be frustratingly vague. Suggested possibilities are:

'It was the music...the music in the trees...'

'In the night...that's when she came...in the night...'

'Kneel down...kneel down ...soon be over...soon be over...until tomorrow night.'

'Mother...mother...'

Every so often Brunceton will shift in his chair, and crane his neck round the investigators as if he is expecting to see someone to walk through the door, which is of course impossible. An IDEA roll suggests that in doing so Brunceton is being extremely careful to remain within the circle of bedclothes.

If the questioning continues Brunceton will grow

more agitated. If pushed his answers will become angrier and dire-sounding, whilst still providing no information to tell the investigators what has occurred.

‘If you gaze into the void the void also gazes back at you’

‘They keep on dying...after they’re dead they keep on dying...’

‘Shifting in the darkness... nemesis... nemesis.’

‘The guy ropes...the guy ropes...’

At the Keeper’s discretion Brunceton’s shattered mind my recall the final moments of the Dorking expedition. Brunceton will collapse to his knees screaming incoherently tearing at his bandages. The horrified investigators will witness Brunceton’s attempts to tear out his non-existent eyes from the now empty sockets, tearing the barely healed wounds open once more (SAN loss 1/1D4), before he launches himself possessed by insane fear and fury, flailing and tearing with the strength of a madman at the nearest investigator.

Whether the investigators leave Brunceton as a raving lunatic being forcibly restrained by Konstantin and the attendants he summons, or a vague confused brain-damaged patient, patiently waiting for some unknown visitor, his final words to them will be the same, whether screamed in frothing madness, or muttered in childlike innocence: **“The Waiting Room... beware the Waiting Room...”**

There is nothing further to be learned here at the asylum and the investigators should leave and return to Athens.

Further investigations in Athens

Contacting the University and identifying themselves to the Head of the Department of Antiquities, Professor George Karitades, will garner the information that Demetriades’ body was released by the police three weeks ago and returned to his family in Thessalonica for burial. Demetriades was a popular member of the faculty, and the investigators may find the famed Greek hospitality and friendliness a little cooler here at the University. Finds from the dig have

been transferred from Lethinkos to the University. The investigators may examine them under the watchful eye of the Head of the Department should they so desire.

Investigators visiting the University will find Professor Karitades to be a plump jolly-looking man who is clearly obsessed by and devoted to his nation’s past. After initial introductions are made he will probe the investigators gently to establish their academic credentials, before leading them down to the basement where the University’s massive collection of Ancient Greek and Graeco-Roman antiquities and archaeological specimens are housed.

In a state of barely suppressed excitement the Karitades will show them the finds:

1) *A small votive statue of a Minoan priestess.* The figure shows the typical bare-breasted woman in the long skirt, holding two snakes at the end of her extended arms. ARCHAEOLOGY roll: similar statuettes are found all over Crete and are indicative of the ritualised worship of a snake cult.

2) *Fragments of a headdress.* This find will need careful reconstruction, but appears to be made of electrum (an alloy of gold and silver) and is formed from what appears to be skilfully interwoven braids of metal, each incised with a scale pattern. Karitades shows a specific piece, which is obviously the end of one of the braids – it has been formed into a snake’s head, jaws agape, the eyes fashioned from green agate chips.

ARCHAEOLOGY or OCCULT roll: When reconstructed the headdress or tiara would form a golden nest of snakes on the wearer’s head. It is impossible not to be reminded of the Ancient Greek legend of the Gorgon, Medusa whose hair was formed from living snakes.

ARCHAEOLOGY or OCCULT roll: the snake was sacred to the Minoans, the symbol of fertility (the snake being the only animal which can form itself into a circle it represented the cycle of yearly returning abundance to the fields). A cult, seemingly restricted to women, organised its worship.

3) *The remnants of what appears to be some kind of dish or bowl.* The find is clay and is the broken curved edge of the original item about four inches long and two wide. It is incised on both sides with strange symbols, each symbol set in its own incised section. ARCHAEOLOGY roll: the fragment appears

identical to one of the greatest unsolved archaeological mysteries: the Phaistos disc. The Phaistos Disc was discovered in the palace-site of Phaistos near Hagia Triada on the south coast of Crete. Italian archaeologist Luigi Pernier recovered this remarkably intact 'dish', about 15 cm in diameter and uniformly slightly more than one centimetre in thickness, on July 3rd 1908 during his excavation of the first Minoan palace. The site had apparently collapsed as a result of an earthquake, possibly linked with the explosive eruption of the Santorini volcano that affected large parts of the Mediterranean region around 1628 BCE. The most intriguing feature of the Phaistos disc is the spiral of strange hieroglyphics incised into its surface on both sides. The inscriptions include depictions of animals, human heads and faces, ears of corn, and other strange cuneiform impressions, all of which have stubbornly defied interpretation and translation since the disc was first discovered. Dispute over the meaning and indeed the origins of the disc have continued to this day, with some archaeologists disputing its Minoan origin.

The investigators may draw whatever conclusions they wish from these objects. The Keeper can suggest the following guidance: The site is clearly important – the high status headdress is immediately indicative of this. The votive statue of the priestess suggests the religious and or ritual significance of the site. Karitades can barely conceal his excitement at the fragment of the disc. The original Phaistos disc defies translation because many of the symbols on it appear once only, making them appear unique in and of themselves within this unique hieroglyphic script. Now a further example has been found, comparisons between symbols, their occurrence and context can be made – a major step forward in deciphering the original disc.

Karitades is delighted that the investigators are proceeding to the island to pick up the hunt and presses his business card on them: 'Should you find the rest of the disc, or a complete sample, please I beg you, contact me. We will respect your license to dig, the discoveries you make will be fully attributable to you and your mother University... but you realise the importance of finally achieving translation of the Phaistos, yes? So please contact me if you find anything which will advance our knowledge!'

The Investigators should now be ready to leave Athens – there is a flight out from Athens airport to

Heraklion, Crete, first thing in the morning. The Investigators can spend the half-day and night prior to departure as they wish – perhaps one can compose a letter to Crane back at Bristol advising of Brunceton's sorry condition, and updating him on the quality and importance of the finds. Others may wish to make one final tour the city and take in the sights or perhaps hire a taxi and head out to other famous sights such as the Battlefield of Marathon.

Journey to Lethinkos

It is but a short flight from Athens to Heraklion and an even shorter trip by taxi to the port. If the investigators wish to delay taking it in order to consult the Heraklion police they may get to know the businesslike Captain Petalidou, but they will learn no more than they already know about the incidents that bring them there. They will miss the weekly mail boat to Lethinkos if they don't get a move on.

The investigators have seen the deep blue of the Mediterranean from above, now they get to sail upon it. The mail boat is a venerable steamer of 1920s vintage, which takes mail and basic supplies around many of the smaller islands which dot this part of the Mediterranean. The investigators have the day to relax, sunbathe, read or carry out whatever pursuits they can find on this small vessel. The most pleasure is possibly to be gained from watching each small island come into view and the hustle and bustle as the mail and supplies are offloaded onto small docks and jetties. The ports are tiny villages, heart-stoppingly beautiful, made up of small whitewashed houses with red-tiled roofs gleaming brightly in the strong Mediterranean sunlight. Picturesque fishing boats, their wooden planks painted faded blue and red, each with a pair of eyes painted at the prow to ward off the evil eye, line the harbours, the fishermen mending nets and idly chatting, breaking off from their work to nod courteously to the small party of foreigners lining the rail of the mail boat, before resuming their work. The investigators will probably doze off in the early afternoon under the awning on the deck of the boat, the fierce noonday sun of the Mediterranean making a siesta inevitable and essential.

It is late afternoon when the first mate points to a small humped island seeming to rise up from the deep blue sea: 'Lethinkos'. As the ship nears the island the geography of the place becomes clearer. The island is

effectively five miles long, with a range of grey rocky hills running like a central spine along its length. The slopes of the hills are lush green, due to them being covered with feathery Mediterranean pine trees, whose resinous scent is discernible across the open water. As the distance closes the investigators can make out the small village and port of Phraxos; a semicircle of gleaming whitewashed houses rising up the hillside away from the harbour, with the small dome of an orthodox church visible at the top of the cluster of houses.

When the ship docks and the investigators may grab their belongings and tramp down the gangplank onto the worn stone pavement of the dock.

The village of Phraxos

Before the disembarked investigators is the main street of Phraxos, typical of small Greek island village streets – a small store, a baker, a taverna and restaurant. The only signs of activity are at the taverna, where a group of old men are sitting at a table, coffee cups in front of them, idly flicking and clicking their worry beads as they watch these strangers disembark with incurious olive black eyes.

The village is where the investigators should plan to spend their first night on the island. There are two immaculately clean, though very spartan rooms available at the taverna, which should house the party at a somewhat tight pinch. Food is available in the restaurant downstairs and doubtless the investigators will wish to sit under the vine-draped trellis which shades the outdoor eating area at the side of the hotel – although the sight of the grill located there (at which Brunceton blinded himself) may put some people off the *souvlakia* (meatball kebabs).

There are plenty of other food options – the owner of the taverna, Mrs Adrianopolous is a famed cook and she will tempt the party with *meze* – small titbits served as appetisers – pickled octopus, chunks of feta cheese, olives stuffed with garlic, along with jugs of fruity home made wine, before the main event – grilled sardines, freshly caught, followed by a roast kid, with heaps of Greek salad, and fresh bread. The hawk-eyed patroness of the taverna will watch the meal closely, her arms folded across her ample bosom, until she identifies a need of her guests and moves with alacrity to fetch more salad or refill a glass.

As the meal progresses the villagers, or at least the men folk gather to relax after their days work fishing and tending their small allotments or flocks. The arrival of this latest group of foreigners to their island is naturally of great interest; the investigators are regarded with grave curiosity, and are obviously the subject of muttered conversations. Buying a round of drinks or two will be welcomed by the villagers, but the language barrier will prevent the garnering of any real information until the arrival of the Mayor. This occurs late in the evening, presumably after the Mayor has dined at home and changed to greet these visitors to the island.

The Mayor

The Mayor's name is Meliades, and there is something not quite wholesome about him. He is small, balding and fat, and perspires a lot, necessitating him to mop his face and head frequently with a large red and white spotted handkerchief. He wears an impractical dark broadcloth suit, although the warm summer night has precluded his wearing a tie. The edge of a grubby, stained vest is visible at his open shirt collar. A KNOW or IDEA roll will suggest that this man is a small town Jack-in-Office, and he is very aware of the power he holds over this expedition. He retains all the equipment from the original ill-fated party, and his co-operation will be vital to making progress. The wise investigator will treat this man with scrupulous respect, offering him drinks and judicious flattery. Mrs Adrianopolous will prove a helpful ally to the party and asking her what the Mayor's pleasure may be will result in a small dish of honey cakes and a large glass of ouzo being brought to the table. The Mayor will adopt a slightly less formal attitude, and will offer the investigators as much advice and information as he can.

Once settled he says: 'You are welcome, very welcome to Lethinkos – whatever assistance I can offer please, you have only to ask.'

The original expedition members:

“Ahh, Professor Dorking – a true English gentleman! And Mr. Brunceton also. So clever, so polite! And young Demetriades – a man with that name will always have a welcome here in Phraxos! [Why? His father was a hero of the Resistance. He killed many of the Germans in Crete and the islands.] We saw the Expedition men only a few times after their arrival. Brunceton or Demetriades would come into town-

they walked over the hills from their camp – to bring mail for home and pick up fresh food – milk, cheese, and sausage – that kind of thing. Brunceton seemed happy enough at first, but as the weeks passed he seemed...er... How do you say? Like a man with something on his mind? Perhaps he was ill, or in pain. The last time I saw him he asked if there was a...a man who sells the medicines on the island. Apothecary, yes that is it. He wished to buy morphine.”

The fate of the Dorking Expedition:

“Who amongst us can ever forget that day? Surely a day cursed by God. I was sitting where you sit now when Mr. Brunceton wandered into town. He stumbled like a man drunk, or sleepwalking. We thought he had sunstroke. We brought him under the shade here. He seemed dazed ...confused. Then he sprang up...before we could stop him he had grabbed the ...how you say...skewers. It took four of us to hold him down whilst I removed them. We left him in the care of the women; the rest of us took Spiros’ boat around the island to the bay. We found the campsite deserted... the tents pulled down, the place in chaos. Three of us followed the path into the pine forest... we had not gone far when we found Demetriades. Holy mother! May I never live to see the look of horror on a man’s face such as I saw on that poor young man. He was lying dead, just off the path. If I did not know better I would swear that he had run for his life before someone... something dragged him down and tore him to ribbons. I have never seen such wounds; his flesh was ripped, across his back and the back of his legs like the claws of a beast had torn at him. It must have been some kind of animal – a dog or a wild boar.” Meliades looks doubtful as he says this. With a successful PSYCHOLOGY roll: it is clear that Meliades has no idea what killed the young man and is guessing at the cause of death.

“We searched everywhere for Professor Dorking – some men took boats and sailed right around the island. Others walked the length and breadth searching the hills and woods. Later the police came and did the same. It is as though he just vanished into thin air. Perhaps he was kidnapped –someone landed a boat at the campsite, killed Demetriades and kidnapped the Professor. Turkish pirates perhaps.”

The ingrained antipathy between the Greeks and their former Turkish overlords clearly provide a ready scapegoat for any unexplained misfortune on

Lethinkos, but the explanation does little to convince.

The expedition equipment:

“I have it all in safe keeping at my office. The artefacts were taken by the police, but everything else is there – tents, spades, measuring poles everything! I am certain that for a small recompense my cousin Spiros could be persuaded to transport it in his boat to the bay at Bourani. What's that? Another small brandy? Why thank you.”

An interjection

Meliades will stay chatting with the group for as long as they wish. He is genuinely mystified about the fate of the original expedition, but cannot offer much more information than has already been proffered. At some point in the evening one of the old men will lean towards the table and offer his opinion in a string of rapidly spoken Greek – in the thick island dialect even investigators with a skill in demotic Greek will have difficulty translating. Meliades will translate: ‘He speaks nonsense; he says bad men bring bad luck. No, not the Professor. He means the man who lives close by the land where your colleagues were digging. He is very rich, a recluse. The police questioned him during their investigation. He could tell them nothing. His name is Nomikos. He was mayor of the village during the war. There was an incident...it is in the past now.’ A PERSUADE or FAST TALK roll along with another round of drinks will be required to get the story from Meliades:

“It was in 1944: there was a small German garrison based here since 1940. No more than twenty men. On the other side of the island. They had requisitioned his villa, and were using it as a look-out... observation post. Because Nomikos was rich and cultured – he speaks many languages – the Germans selected him to be mayor. No one knows for sure what happened; we think partisans from Crete landed and ambushed the Germans when they were off duty. Five of them were shot as they swam in the bay. Within 24 hours a squad of SS arrived on the island. All the men in the village were rounded up. It was terrible –until now we had kept to our side of the island, the Germans to theirs – it was ‘Live and let live.’ No longer. They gave the women 24 hours to find the murderers or they would shoot ten men for each German killed. The women did their best – roamed the island all night. They found no one. In the morning the SS

paraded the men of the village on the dockside right there, selected fifty, marched them up to the churchyard and machine-gunned them. Nomikos was amongst them. He alone survived. From that day he has not set foot in the village.”

The old man, still listening, spits noisily and comments again in Greek. Meliades retorts angrily: “He says Nomikos was a traitor and a collaborator. It’s not true. It’s just that he had the bad luck to survive.”

Journey to Bourani

After an uneventful night’s sleep at the taverna, the investigators should breakfast early and meet Meliades at the Mayor’s office. This is situated in the small building which serves as the administrative centre for the island and its two hundred or so inhabitants. Meliades will show them a box room packed with rolled up tents, lanterns, camp stools, folding tables, shovels, picks, trowels, a theodolite, sighting poles, sieving boxes, specimen trays, measuring tapes – all the paraphernalia required for an archaeological dig. The investigators can check and clean the equipment – all appears to be present and correct.

Whilst some pack equipment the others can visit the small general store and pick up supplies for the next week to ten days – tinned food is plentiful, fresh food is limited to the surplus from the kitchen gardens and small farms on the island – seasonal vegetables and fresh goat cheese.

There are two methods of reaching the dig site: one is to accompany the expedition equipment and sail around the island with the Mayor’s cousin Spiros; the other is to hike over the hills to the other side. The first method is easier; the second gives a detailed look at the island and its geography.

By Sea: The investigators can sit back upon their tents and kitbags as the precariously overloaded fishing boat casts off from the dock, and chugs its way around the island at a remarkably slow pace, most of the time seeming to make but little headway against the current.

Slowly Phraxos falls behind, and the passengers can watch the wooded hills and brown sun-scorched pastures of Lethinkos pass by. The investigators will note that cliffs, occasionally interspersed with small beaches of sand or pebbles, surround the island. It takes three hours in the choppy swells (CON x 3 or be

seasick) before a final headland is rounded and the black cliffs of the bay of Bourani are reached. As the boat enters the bay the investigators will see a brown stone villa on the point of the headland, the windows shuttered. Spiros who has remained silent and apparently taciturn – due to the language barrier rather than rudeness – will nod towards the building adding the word: ‘Nomikos’.

A further half hour and the investigators are deposited along with their equipment at the bottom of the cliffs on the small beach of smooth white sand, which hurts the eyes with the glare of reflected sunlight. The path up is not difficult, but carrying the expedition equipment from the beach in the hot Greek summer sun is exhausting work.

By land: The investigators climb the steeply rising hill out of the village, passing the church and its poignant memorial to the victims of the wartime massacre. After this there is a clear path through the rocky fields of sere brown grass and extensive growths of agaves, alive with the incessant chirping of cicadas, passing the occasional herd of goats or small farmstead, until the tree line is reached.

The pine forest is cool and green, and full of the sounds of wild birds, the path winding upwards until, after an hour and a half’s hard walking, the summit is reached. From here there is a clear view down to the distinctive rocky bay which Dorking identified. The path winds down through more pine forest and parched brown pastures until the cliffs overlooking the bay are reached.

The sound of a small chugging engine and the sight of Spiros arriving from across the bay in his boat greet the walkers. The dig site is to the west and the investigators should take the path, which cuts along the lightly wooded cliff tops in that direction. Unloading and carrying the equipment from the beach is hard work, but can be completed in an hour – camp can be set up within a further hour.

The dig site

The site of the dig is easy to determine – the islanders have left the pegged out marking tapes around the trenches, and the remnants of a small camp fire indicates where the original campsite was located.

The campsite is overshadowed by a tall hill, which overlooks the bay, and whose Eastern slope plunges

dramatically down rocky cliffs to meet the sea below. The top of the hill is flattened, giving the entire feature an almost artificial appearance. The landward side of the hill has been cleared of scrub and grass in places and is marked out with measuring tapes, obviously indicating it to be the subject of Dorking's investigation.

Climbing the hill gives a marvellous view of the curving bay – a mile away across the deep blue water it is just possible to make out a small brown stone villa peeking out from amongst the trees which cover the headland – presumably the villa of Mr. Nomikos (if the characters have already heard of him).

The air is still and hot and the maddening buzz of the cicadas seems merely to highlight the profound silence, which hangs over this secluded bay. The oppressive timelessness of Greece seems to settle palpably on the investigators: the realisation of the harsh, cruel beauty of this ancient land, and their own fleeting mortality when compared to its immense weight of history.

Preparing the dig site

The first day at the campsite should be spent setting up tents and familiarising the investigators with the layout of the dig site.

The top of the hill has been cleared and marked out with string. An initial exploration trench has been cut across the hill top about four feet long and four feet deep. The sides of the hill have been cleared of scrub and marked out with string. Again a single trench has been cut along the hillside – this marks the position where the votive statue and disc fragment were found.

Checking the equipment

Cautious investigators may feel the need to check the guy ropes on the tents as they are erected. A successful SPOT HIDDEN reveals that on one guy rope on one tent there is a curious flaky substance – almost as if something mucous like has dried out. It is otherwise unidentifiable.

Packed in amongst the gear are Brunceton and Dorking's notebooks detailing their initial progress. It takes three to four hours to read through **Dorking's notes** – their narrative climaxes with the discovery of the headdress remnants on the top of the hill overlooking camp. Dorking notes that that the remnants were found in strata equating to roughly 2000 years ago, and that they were found within an ash layer. Dorking concludes that this is evidence of the cult's

shrine or temple, burnt and torn down by the Roman Legionaries.

Brunceton's diary notes the finding of the votive statue and the remnant of the disc – although Brunceton circumspectly describes it as a 'bowl fragment incised with Linear A/Linear B markings.' These items were found on the slope leading up to the hilltop. Brunceton notes, 'Found in later Roman strata although both are late Minoan artefacts. D. suggests these were cast down the hillside during the destruction of the shrine.'

A PSYCHOLOGY roll made after reading either of the notebooks reveals that the detail of the original meticulous notes tails off somewhat. It is almost as if the writers are growing distracted or careless, apparently losing interest in the excavations. This is borne out by Brunceton's final, somewhat curious entry:

'D. did not dig again today. Spent the day waiting for her. If he has abandoned this project then I have no qualms attending to my own filial duties. It can and will be different this time....'

The investigators should now decide how they are going to approach this excavation. The Keeper should accept any reasonable plan for, provided it is conducted in a scientific and scholarly manner – requesting ARCHAEOLOGY rolls may assist in developing the excavation plans – failures indicate test trenches hit bedrock or cut across archaeological strata in an unhelpful or confusing manner, resulting in wasted effort and the loss of a day or two's time. Successful rolls indicate that preliminary surveying is accurate and that excavation is cutting through clear layers of useful Archaeological strata, with finds which can be dated and interpreted. The objective for the Keeper is to keep the investigators digging and exploring the site for long enough to develop the mysterious events associated with the site.

Timing of subsequent events

It is possible that the expedition will continue for as long as three weeks to a month before the climax of the adventure. This follows a realistic time scale for uncovering the tomb within the hill, for weekly visits to the villa of Mr. Nomikos, and for a variety of visits from the Island's lost souls. However, the realistic timescale is neither necessary nor set in stone and the Keeper may chose to accelerate events depending on

the needs of the players. For this reason, the sections below are indicated as **phases**. Each phase has three aspects through which the investigators will progress: a) the archaeological dig; b) the weird phenomena associated with the site; and c) the investigator's relationship with Nomikos.

Regarding the latter, Nomikos is disinclined to have the investigators over to the villa every evening. The frequency of his invitations is up to the Keeper though this should be influenced by how well they conduct themselves and how interesting they are to him as conversationalists. Their competition in this regard consists of Nomikos' idolised artists of the Modernist period whom Nomikos can bring to his villa from the past. Emily is a visitor the investigators are likely to catch sight of but, if the Keeper feels confident, the investigators might coincide with luminaries such as James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Nijinsky, or Modigliani. The identities of these mysterious and elusive visitors should be carefully concealed by both Nomikos and the Keeper, with clues determined by the cultural awareness and inclinations of the players.

The structure of the working day

The Keeper should describe the conditions the archaeologists are working in. Greece during the summer months is hot – extremely hot. Hard labour such as digging trenches or gently excavating with trowel and brush is sticky sweaty work. A siesta in the heat of the day is essential.

The archaeologists will find themselves tired, grubby and dehydrated fairly quickly. A swim to cool off at the end of the day will be welcome. The cool of the evenings is the ideal time for cleaning, cataloguing and interpreting finds. All of the above work has to be fitted around the day-to-day tasks of cooking and keeping the campsite clean and shipshape.

Once again, the progress of the dig is really determined by the Keeper. For example, uncovering the entrance to the tomb early on in the dig may keep the investigators on track, but the Keeper should increase the difficulty factors associated with gaining access to its secrets if this happens.

Phase 1

Archaeology

Deepening the trench at the top of the hill reveals that a stone structure once stood on top of the site: ash,

debris, broken roof tiles, stones etc. clearly indicate that the building was burnt to the ground.

Digging beneath this ash layer reveals the presence of a previous structure. Interpretation: A shrine or small temple has stood on this site since at least the time of Alexander the Great.

The lower soil strata are filled with bone fragments. The bones are animal (horse, ox, pig) and are clearly scorched and charred by fire. Interpretation: Burnt offerings have been made here for thousands of years.

Cutting a further trench across the side of the hill reveals the presence of an ancient stairway, carved from the local stone, and meticulously laid. Interpretation: The shrine at the top of the hill was of significant importance to have this impressive pathway leading to its elevated position above the bay.

Phenomena

During this period the first signs of the visitors from the island's past should occur. The Keeper should ask for LISTEN or SPOT HIDDEN rolls from the investigators. Possibilities for successful rolls are:

The sound of Emily's recorder playing plaintively on the night breeze. KNOW: the tune is early 16th Century church devotional music.

The sound of Mrs. Brunceton coughing and hacking in the throes of her illness.

The sound of five steadily spaced gunshots coming from the beach.

The faint sound of cymbals crashing and reed pipes playing accompanied by the terrified lowing of bulls as Elektra carries out her sacrifices. This sound is pagan, discordant, eerie and disturbing.

All the above sounds carry faintly on the still warm breeze in the darkness of the night – any attempt to find the source of these initial sounds should fail. Ideally there should be no more than one of these events per day, and ideally whilst a pair of investigators should hear the same sound over the course of the week, the others should hear a different manifestation, or nothing at all. The trick for the Keeper is to keep these initial manifestations low key.

First Invitation from Nomikos

On the Friday evening at the end of the first period the investigators will return from the excavations to find a large bucket filled with ice and a dozen bottles of beer in their campsite. Attached is a note:

I trust your exertions are proving successful. Please join me for dinner to discuss your progress. Drinks at 8.00

Yours Sincerely, C. Nomikos

There is no sign of whoever entered the camp and left this welcome gift.

First visit to Nomikos

The investigators should make themselves presentable and at around 7.00pm set off on the path which heads through the woods around the edge of the bay. After nearly an hour's gentle stroll through the fragrant pine trees, with the sea murmuring on the pebbled beach beneath the cliffs, the investigators will reach a low dry stone wall, clearly the boundary of the villa's grounds. There are simple stone steps over the wall, as the investigators reach the top of the steps they notice a rusted sign nailed at a haphazard angle to a pine tree. The sign is official looking, obviously pilfered and brought here as a trophy. In faded white letters on a background of light blue the rusting chipped enamel letters read (in French): '*Salle d'Attente*'.

The villa itself is surrounded by a landscaped garden – bougainvillea and buddleia bushes provide sweet fragrance, although as the investigators follow the path up towards the veranda they are suddenly confronted with a small statue of a grinning satyr atop a classical column, his arms flung up in a gesture of warding, a huge phallus protruding from between his legs. There is something primeval and shocking about the representation of this ancient woodland spirit, which is quite discomfoting.

As the investigators approach they can see the villa is a low two storey building constructed from the local brown stone, roofed with local red tiles. There is a classical simplicity and elegance about the villa's architecture, which is both pleasing and restful. The windows have simple white shutters, and there are balconies on the upper floors. Ancient ivy has crawled up one side of the villa. On the other a veranda with vine-draped trellises faces out over the Bay of Bourani – an ideal place for a wealthy man to sit, relax, watch the world go by – or entertain his guests.



Conrad Nomikos

As they reach the veranda the investigators can see that a table is set awaiting their arrival: crystal wine-glasses and silver cutlery glint on a snowy white tablecloth.

Meeting Nomikos

At this point Nomikos steps out from the main house to greet them. He is nearly completely bald, weathered and suntanned to a dark mahogany brown, dressed simply in a crisp white linen suit, and open necked shirt. He resembles Picasso in his later years, with the same piercing intelligent eyes and penetrating gaze. From the first he radiates charm, his conversation is urbane and refined, his accent indefinable.

Nomikos offers the investigators aperitifs, and then engages them in conversation regarding the progress of the dig. The investigators may in their turn attempt to gather information from Nomikos but he will consistently turn their questions, or answer ambiguously.

The previous expedition? Yes, he met the other archaeologists – they came for dinner every weekend, as he hopes the new arrivals will. Dorking was supremely intelligent, Brunceton slightly morose or

pre-occupied, Demetriades was a pleasant enough young man, but perhaps out of his depth when Nomikos and Dorking engaged intellectually.

Nomikos told the police as much as he could after the mysterious tragedy which was not much.

Noises in the night? This side of the island is uninhabited, and he lives alone and quietly, with only his housekeeper daily visits disturbing his perfect solitude. Such things never disturb him – perhaps the investigators have been working too hard in the hot sun?

Salle d'Attente? 'The German troops stationed here brought it – a trophy from the occupation of France. A Waiting Room for the end of the war. My idea of paradise was not to the taste of young men who would have preferred the pleasures of Paris, Amsterdam or Hamburg.'

The War? Nomikos will not hide his bitterness at the murder of the villagers, but he appears equally compassionate regarding the fate of the young German soldiers. 'They were posted here following the fall of France. All young men, all who would rather have been back home in Munich, Hamburg, wherever. They looked after my villa with German efficiency. They deserved a better fate than to die face down on a lonely Greek beach.'

As the evening progresses Nomikos will serve them a superb meal prepared earlier by his housekeeper. When a few glasses of retsina have loosened people's tongues, Nomikos may tell the investigators his own experiences during the First World War (see Keeper's Information, p.187). His description of his time trapped between the lines is vivid and horrifying.

During the course of the meal the Keeper should request a SPOT HIDDEN roll. The investigator with the most successful roll gains a glimpse of sudden quick movement in the darkened garden beyond the veranda – in the darkness it appeared to be a young woman dressed in archaic Edwardian style hobble skirt and high neck collared blouse. It is the merest glimpse and a second glance reveals only the darkened garden. Questioning Nomikos garners a shrug of the shoulders: 'You must be mistaken – I live here alone and Maria, my housekeeper left before dark.'

Inside the villa

As the evening draws on Nomikos will invite them inside the villa itself to escape the insects drawn to the candles on the table. The investigators step through into a simple but comfortable drawing room. Low comfortable couches are arranged to allow easy conversation. The walls are lined with bookcases. In one corner stands a gleaming black Pleydel harpsichord. Standing next to this is an antique wooden music stand, on which rests an open book of sheet music and a pair of wooden recorders – one descant, one treble.

Dominating the room is a large painting, which depicts a young woman, nude, her thighs draped with a beach towel seated on a simple wicker chair. Behind her can be seen blue sea and the rocky curve of a bay. Closer examination of the painting indicates it is an original. There is something familiar about the style. A KNOW or ART roll identifies it as a Modigliani, genuine and therefore worth a fortune. It is unsigned. If anyone comments on the painting Nomikos will admit that he met the artist in 1919 in Paris – the year before his death. This picture is a private commission the artist completed for him.

In one corner of the room stands a small **display cabinet**. If the investigators are curious as to what is inside they will be able to look and see the following items:

An antique silver photograph in an Edwardian style frame. The faded sepia photograph within depicts a young girl of about seventeen years old, her hair styled in the Edwardian fashion, her shoulders bare, dressed in a formal ball gown. Her features are the slightly plump, heavy jawed 'Gibson Girl' type favoured at the time – though she is undoubtedly strikingly beautiful. If asked Nomikos will say she was a childhood friend named Emily Gilbert who died in the Spanish Flu epidemic just after the war.

A carved stone head obviously from antiquity. The head is that of a young man, his hair bound back in a fillet. Although the nose is broken off the head bears an eerie expression – an inscrutable knowing smile which hints that the owner possesses hidden knowledge. An ARCHAEOLOGY or ART roll will identify the sculpture as coming from Asia Minor (if asked Nomikos will confirm Didyma) and dating back to the 6th Century BC.

An ancient Greek Amphora shaped oil vessel about eighteen inches in height. The red earthenware is decorated in black glaze depicting a pornographic scene featuring a man, a woman and a satyr.

An eighteenth century French porcelain snuffbox. The exquisitely hand painted lid depicts the same scene as the amphora.

A dark circular wooden plaque about 12 inches in diameter displayed on a plate stand. The crude hand-turned wood has the same dark brown almost black patina found on Elizabethan or Jacobean oak furniture. The old wood is deeply cut or carved upon its surface, but the angle at which the piece is displayed makes it impossible to distinguish what these carvings may be.

(Keeper's Information: this disc is the one that Nomikos uses, in conjunction with the Chronos Device, to bring Ffoulkes back from limbo. Ffoulkes is capable of using it more powerfully to, for example, bring Emily from the past).

Nomikos will ask if he may be permitted to play the harpsichord for the investigators – he is classically trained and his interpretations of Bach and Tellmann, played from memory are superb.

After an evening of stimulating intellectual conversation, Nomikos will plead tiredness and ask to retire. The investigators will be invited to stay – there are spare rooms upstairs – plain and sparsely furnished, almost monastic in their simplicity – or, should they desire, Nomikos will provide a large storm lantern to guide themselves back through the woods.

Whichever option they choose, whether they sleep in the rooms at the villa or back in their own tents, at around three that morning all the investigators who roll LISTEN will awake with a start.

It will take a moment or two to recognise what is wrong, but eventually their senses will discern a smell – a vile mixture of sewage, mud, and rotting flesh with the acrid stink of cordite overlying it. Straining their ears they will hear a dull rumbling ‘*Crump, crump, crump!*’ The sound of a distant artillery barrage. Then the faint sound of men’s voices singing:

*“It’s a long way to Tipperary,
It’s a long way to go,
It’s a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know...”*

The words are in rhythm to the underlying tramp of marching feet. Before the investigators can determine the sounds and the scents fade into silence leaving only soft murmur of the night wind in the pines. If the Investigators attempt to uncover the source of this noise they cannot pinpoint its location before it fades to nothingness – an eerie end to the first civilised evening on Lethinkos.

Phase 2

Archaeology

The investigators can either continue digging with the trenches already cut or choose to open new trenches around the hill. Digging these is hard work in the hot Greek sun but a depth of at least five feet is required to reach the Minoan strata. The effort is well worth it, however, as rubble foundations are found both in the trenches at the top of the hill and at the base. Interpretation: A structure of some kind stood in this location 1600 years BC.

Finds: a) Pottery fragments incised with both Linear B and the as yet untranslated Linear A. One fragment shows a depiction of a young man vaulting a bull’s back – a clear indication of Minoan culture.

b) A pair of significant finds is made in the Minoan strata in any trench at the base of the hill – a clay model of a bull, and a clay plaque depicting a Minoan Labyrinth. Interpretation: The reference to bulls and the labyrinth are clear indications of a site of religious importance.

c) Fragments of a large block of stone: these are found in the same strata as the finds of the week before – obviously from a very different locale to the brown sandstone typical of the area. The fragments are black, somewhat akin to igneous granite. One rounded corner of the block is found and other fragmented pieces. Interpretation: it is possible that this was an *Omphalos* or Navel Stone – an upright pillar, representing the phallic generative power of the god Apollo. However there are insufficient pieces to be certain. An IDEA roll suggests that the rounded fragment suggests a large rectangular block – more like an altar stone. A successful ARCHEOLOGY roll determines that the stone has been shattered by fire i.e. heated in a large bonfire and then exposed to a mixture of vinegar and water upon the heated rock. This was a favourite mining and siege technique of the Romans.

Interpretation: If an unhallowed altar rested upon the hilltop it would have been natural for the Roman legionaries to cast down and destroy it as part of their extirpation of the witch cult.

Phenomena

It is now that the visits from the Lost Souls begin to take on a more concrete form. Ideally the manifestations should appear to individual investigators and again should be different in each case. The description should indicate that the event is happening in the present, but if the players believe they are witnessing events in the past so much the better. As the scenario continues ideas of *when* events are occurring should grow more and more confusing.

Ask the investigators for a CON x 3 roll: the one who fails most badly, or comes closest to failure is adjudged to have caught too much sun and must return to their tent to rest in the shade. Advise the player that after an hour's fitful sleep the investigator comes awake with a start, with an awful feeling of being watched. Staggering groggily from the tent the investigator sees one of the following apparitions (Keeper's choice).

These apparitions are in no way ethereal or ghost-like – they are physically present in the investigator's time frame, although the visitors do not themselves realise this. They can see and interact with the investigators should they choose, and the window in time opened by the Chronos Device permit, but they will see the investigators as interlopers in their time frame rather than vice versa. Initially the first move should be the investigator's – as he or she struggles from the tent, blinking in the sunlight they find the apparition is gone. SAN loss for each instance is 1/1D4. However these are not simply apparitions: they should leave clues to their presence perhaps to be found later by successful SPOT HIDDEN rolls as indicated under 'Evidence'.

A young German soldier: scruffily dressed and carrying a rifle. He is blond and dressed in grey open necked shirt, grey fatigue pants, and heavy boots. He could be an islander out hunting, but the blond close-cropped hair and military style clothing should give the investigator pause.

Evidence: cigarette end marked with a swastika and the words '*Deutschland Dankt Euch*' ('Germany thanks you').

An old grey-haired lady dressed in a nightgown and dressing gown. This is, though the players won't recognise her, Mrs. Bruncton. Her face is sunken and etched with the agony of her disease and her hands clutching at the throat of her nightgown are little more than withered bony claws. As the investigator struggles to understand who or what he is looking at she is wracked by a spasm of hideous coughing. A thin trickle of blood oozes from her mouth as the fit passes.

Evidence: a blood and spittle stained tissue paper.

A young Minoan priestess. This is Elektra: her breasts protrude from the tight bodice she wears, her legs are covered by the flaring layered skirts of red and blue, fringed with rows of tassels. Her face is stark white, her eyes darkened with a soot-based preparation, her expression wild and tinged with madness. She is beautiful and captivating in a way, which calls to the oldest primeval senses of man.

Evidence: A tassel from her skirts. The tassel is crudely made from sheep's wool fibres and dyed with vegetable dye. It appears archaic and not typical of modern Greek peasant clothing (if that is what the investigators presume it to be.)

A young Greek archaeologist. This is Aristotle Demetriades and is perhaps the most disturbing visitation of all. He stands dressed in an open neck shirt and shorts and stout walking boots. He is examining a piece of ancient pottery with a magnifying glass. He looks completely natural as though he has just left the dig site and for a moment the investigator who first sees him could mistake him for a member of the present expedition. It is only when the realisation sinks in that the dark hair, olive skin and handsome youthful features belong to a man known to be killed in this very spot a little over a month ago that the horror sinks in.

Evidence: footprints from his hiking boots. A TRACK roll may be needed to determine that the imprints do not belong to anybody's footwear in camp. Perhaps they have been undisturbed since the initial expedition, perhaps they are Nomikos' from when he left the iced beers?

As the second phase progresses each of the investigators should receive a visitation from one or more of the above characters – the appearance of the apparition should be made subtly different for each investi-

gator who views the same character, e.g. the German soldier may also appear in full uniform including steel helmet, ready for inspection, Mrs. Brunceton may have a large ugly pad and bandage around her throat, Elektra may be caressing a large venomous looking serpent and so forth.

At this point the investigators should be unable to determine the exact nature of the visitors. Should they run towards them the figures will turn and walk calmly away: as the investigators round the corner of the path or look round the tree or bushes the apparition has stepped behind they will see no sign – and no possible hiding place for a human being (SAN loss 1/1D4).

If possible the Keeper should keep these apparitions private and specific to individual investigators by advising them in private what they have witnessed. The Keeper should try to give the individual PCs the impression that a specific apparition is haunting them for a specific (but as yet undefined) purpose. The PCs may discuss amongst themselves that they are being haunted but since their experiences differ and there appears to be no clear evidence of the supernatural it should be difficult for them to guess what the source of the ‘phenomena’ is.

Noises in the night...and the daytime

Throughout the course of this period the investigators should also be subjected to the aural manifestations of the visitors. The Keeper should now advise that the sounds are audible to all the investigators. For example, the five gunshots start to sound every day at 3 in the afternoon. Then the Keeper should skip a day – and have them sound at three in the morning.

Similarly, Mrs Brunceton’s racking cough could be heard coming from the woods in the night, going on and on, stopping only when someone takes a lamp into the woods to search for the source of the disturbance. It could also sound right behind the investigator as they are kneeling in a trench excavating around a piece of pottery. Turning suddenly they find there is no one there.

The effects of these incidents should be to make the investigators nervy and irritable – the Keeper should advise sleep is disturbed and once woken by the sight or sounds of the visitation the investigators find it virtually impossible to return to sleep as they wait anxiously for the next disturbance.

Second invitation from Nomikos

On one evening the investigators return to the camp to find another bucket of iced beers and a second invitation to dinner. The walk through the woods to Nomikos’ villa is uneventful until they are almost there. At this point a successful SPOT HIDDEN reveals a woman’s long formal glove is lying in the grass just off the path. It is cream coloured, sheer and trimmed with lace. Whilst it is possible to imagine an Edwardian debutante wearing such a thing it seems unlikely a Greek peasant woman would have much use for this item of clothing.

As the investigators step over the wall and into the gardens of the villa they can see the table is set on the veranda as before. There is no sign of Nomikos. As they reach the veranda the sound of harpsichord music is audible from the drawing room.

Any investigator who looks through the doorway into the drawing room should make LUCK roll. He or she will be just in time to see a young woman dressed in an Edwardian evening gown, her hair up in the fashion of the turn of the century, leaving the drawing room through the interior door. She holds a recorder and a wire and crimson bristle cleaning brush for the instrument. Nomikos is concentrating on his music and does not notice that the investigator has seen the young woman. She, however, catches the investigator’s eye and smiles archly; holding the brush to her lips to indicate the investigator should keep silent. Then she turns and is gone.

Further conversations with Nomikos

Nomikos will initially totally deny the presence of the young girl in the house, insisting: “You are mistaken, I live alone here.” If pressed by the investigators or confronted with solid evidence such as the glove he will remain calm and give the following summarised explanation:

He was – and remains – he tells them, a practising psychiatrist. He occasionally takes on particularly difficult cases on a private basis. The calm and seclusion of the island provides the perfect atmosphere for a cure. Between the wars he studied with the Austrian School under Jung. He developed his own therapy – ‘Gestalt Therapy’ – during this time, whereby the patient is encouraged to adopt a persona known to and loved by the therapist – in this case the persona of Emily, Nomikos’ fiancée who died after World War One. This role-play forces the patient to abandon the negative personality traits which have led to their dis-

order and concentrate on ‘becoming’ as much as possible the personality required by the therapist. This positive action is rewarded by the clear and growing affection of the therapist for the subject as the role is adopted to its fullest extent, thus creating a circle of trust and self-reinforcing positive behaviours which allows the patient to move to the next step of the treatment – intensive psychotherapy using more conventional techniques.

With PSYCHOLOGY rolls only an impale would detect that Nomikos is lying. For the investigator who saw the girl, an INT x 5 roll is allowed. With an impale the investigator is certain that the girl in the picture frame in Nomikos display cabinet is the same girl as the one seen leaving the room. With a success and there is an element of uncertainty – it only *could* be the same girl. A fail means that the investigator cannot say at all if they were the same girl or not.

Requests to meet the girl will be declined, with Nomikos stating that her therapy and the role she has adopted are both at a fragile stage – any interaction with outsiders could prove counter productive to her cure.

Once this incident is ‘over’, Nomikos will usher his guests out to the veranda for dinner (again superbly cooked). He will soon turn the conversation to other matters such as his life between the wars, the inheritance from his father, the opportunity to travel, to study, to qualify in Psychiatry. Nomikos will blandly state that his fortune allows him to keep other houses around the world (London, Paris, Buenos Aires, Capetown) but he has remained here at Bourani because he could not deny his Greek blood. After the war and the atrocity here he could not face returning to a so-called ‘modern civilised world’ which could bring forth and permit such barbarity:

‘I do not want the future the world offers – industrialisation, rampant capitalism, mindless communism, extremes of wealth and poverty, and casting a shadow over it all the threat of a thousand new Hiroshimas – all mankind has ever strived for gone in a millisecond of white light and heat. I will stay here with my memories... I prefer my past to the world’s future.’

The conversation may move on to other matters such as the progress of the dig, the interpretation of the finds. Nomikos waxes enthusiastic about the time he spent in Paris just after the war. With eyes gleaming he describes the vibrant artistic life, the parties and gatherings of painters, writers, musicians: ‘I was never happier – such exciting times – such an out-

pouring of creativity. Yes, the Great War was terrible –but how much that was old and stale was swept away by that cataclysm. Man dared to express himself against what had gone before – form, structure, tradition – all torn down and replaced by exciting new concepts and ideas!’

Should the investigators mention the noises in the night or the apparitions Nomikos will merely smile and quote Shakespeare’s *The Tempest*:

*‘Be not afeared, the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments will
hum around mine ears...’*

‘Or perhaps you have overindulged in the local fire-water – the Raki here is particularly strong,’ A KNOW roll brings to mind that *The Tempest* portrays a sorcerer exiled on a remote island with only his daughter for human company – although he has spirits and the monstrous Caliban to serve him.

Nomikos will again offer to provide musical entertainment on retiring to the drawing room for after-dinner drinks. Although it is difficult to be too discrete in searching the room under Nomikos’ nose SPOT HIDDEN rolls will reveal the following:

The wooden plaque may be noticed as missing from the display cabinet (that is IF its presence has been previously noted).

There is a pile of handwritten notes on a small occasional table at the end of one of the couches. It appears to be a draft of a story of some kind. Although the writing is crabbed it is possible to make out the title ‘The Racing Society of Listowel’. The author’s name is more clearly visible under the title ‘James Joyce’. Two KNOW rolls are required to realise Listowel is a town in the Irish Republic and that James Joyce died in 1941. If questioned Nomikos will happily confess that the manuscript is original – Joyce gave it to him as a gift in Paris in 1922. It is a draft of a short story that Joyce had intended to publish as part of the *Dubliners* collection. An IDEA roll may hint that both the paper and the ink seem remarkably fresh for a document, which is thirty years old.

Eventually Nomikos will announce his intention to retire and the investigators will again be given the option of returning to camp or staying at the Villa. Whichever option is taken investigators who fail a POW x 5 roll will find themselves waking in the early

hours of the morning staring into the darkness of the pine forest with the awful horror of knowing that something is within the woods; something which hungers with an insatiable longing... something ancient and inhuman, hideously and infinitely malevolent. As the investigator stares into the darkness, either from the Villa balcony or the edge of the campsite, they will become aware of something large pushing through the undergrowth in a way suggestive of a huge prowling animal circling its prey, slowly deciding when to strike.

The investigator will awake in bed drenched in cold sweat, it was a dream, only a dream but SAN loss is still 1/1D4.

Phase 3

Archaeology

A successful ARCHAEOLOGY roll followed by a LUCK roll is required during two successive days of excavation. Failed rolls mean that day's discoveries will be limited to cutting across foundations confirming already known or suspected walls, and finds will be limited to broken pottery and stonework – interesting enough but not providing the breakthrough the team seek. On completion of the fourth roll the Keeper can advise that a carved and shaped stone is revealed. A further day's excavation reveals it to be a massive lintel stone similar to those found at the palaces at Knossos. Curved columns at either side of the lintel suggest that a huge, impressive and probably ceremonial doorway stood at the base of the hill during the height of the Minoan civilisation.

At the centre of the lintel there is a strange carving which shows the stylised bull's horns of Minos intertwined with a pair of twisting snakes. Interpretation of this is difficult. Although bull worship is well recorded in Crete and statuettes of snake-bearing priestesses have been found, this is the first time a clear linking of the religious symbols has been identified. This is truly a most significant find, made more exciting by the discovery of a door or gateway; perhaps the entrance to the tomb that Dorking suspected existed here.

The next step must surely be to excavate beyond the collapsed lintel stone and into the hillside to discover what lies within.

Phenomena

Over the course of this period the visits of the lost souls will last longer and the visitors will grow closer to the investigators.

The young German soldier

Now he threatens the investigator with his rifle and requests to see the investigator's identity papers. Failure or inability to comply will result in the soldier attempting to arrest the investigator and march him at gunpoint to Nomikos' Villa. Attempts to escape will be met with live fire – and the Investigator will see the bullet of the warning shot tear a chunk from the bark of a nearby tree. The next shot will be into the investigator. The investigator may be well advised to raise his hands and walk in the direction indicated. After five minutes walking he will become aware that his captor has simply vanished. SAN loss for this encounter is 1/1D4.

Mrs. Brunceton

This time she appears in the investigator's tent, leaning over the person as they awaken. Her face is a taut skinned skull-like horror, the eyes sunken back in her skull by the ravages of the disease, which is killing her: 'It hurts...it hurts so much...help me...make it stop...' she moans as her bony hands reach helplessly towards the investigator. Her breath carries the stench of rot and decay. The investigator may try to help by getting her to lie down, and make her comfortable by fetching water or painkillers. But on their return Mrs. Brunceton has gone. SAN loss is 1/1D3.

Elektra

Will this time appear either at noonday or midnight on the top of the hill. She is dressed as before, but now wears the golden ceremonial headdress of twisting snakes. Her voice is strident chanting in some archaic primeval tongue, not Greek, far more ancient and primitive – the sound the first men must have made as the sacrificed to the first gods their fears brought forth to explain the forces of nature. As she chants she bears aloft two writhing serpents.

She is not alone. Next to her is a figure from legend. It is a Minotaur (SAN loss 1/1D4). Great sweeping horns crown the bull head, the human body is broad and athletic dressed simply in a crude leather loin cloth and sandals strapped high up the shins. The creature bears a primitive-looking axe (the classic two headed axe of Minoan culture). Although it is dif-

difficult to be sure from this distance, it appears the axe is not metal but fashioned from two great curving arcs of stone.

As Elektra's chanting reaches a high pitched hysterical sounding crescendo the Minotaur brings up the huge axe and smashes it down onto something on the hilltop – the angle prevents the investigators seeing exactly what. Should the investigators run to the hilltop they will find it deserted. Somehow the figures have simply vanished (SAN loss of 1/1D4).

Demetriades

The investigator(s) will hear screaming – terrified mindless screams of horror. As they run to see what the cause of this sound is Demetriades will push past them, running at full pelt, his face a twisted mask of fear and terror. He dashes to the edge of the woods, looks back once and then, his screams growing ever louder, he crashes into the undergrowth and is lost to view. Looking in the direction he looked reveals nothing, looking in the undergrowth where he entered the woods reveals nothing. The young man has simply disappeared (SAN loss 1/1D4).

These incidents may occur once, or be repeated. If they are repeated the investigators should realise (IDEA rolls) that they are repeated *precisely* as they were first witnessed. The Keeper may choose if the same investigator or different investigators witness the events. There is one final visitation seen once by one investigator and then never again:

Robert Ffoulkes

The investigator will see a tall man dressed in archaic Puritan black with the square white collar at the shoulders and two bands. He wears knee breeches, stockings and tall black riding boots. On his head is the broad brimmed black hat with the high crown formed from a flat-topped truncated cone favoured in the mid 17th century by the Puritan brethren. His face is unnaturally pale and he glowers at the investigator with an expression of undisguised hatred and contempt. The shock of seeing this visitor who may have stepped out of a portrait by Rembrandt in the hot Greek sun surrounded by wild thyme and the buzzing of cicadas is surreal and extremely disturbing: SAN loss is 1/1D6.

Noises in the night...and the daytime

These continue as before. The five regularly spaced

gunshots sound every afternoon at three pm to the point that the investigators find themselves waiting for them. Now the sound of Demetriade's terrified screaming also shatters the investigators slumbers.

Third invitation from Nomikos

During this phase the investigators may begin to excavate around the lintel stone, removing backfill from the entrance to a stone walled tunnel into the hill. They may have penetrated as much as four feet into the tunnel when the end of a working day comes and on returning to camp they find the bucket of iced beer and the third invitation to dine at the villa.

Third visit to Nomikos

Arriving at the Villa the investigators find the table set for dinner on the veranda, the sherry glasses and decanter on the silver salver, all as before. Except that hanging in the air is the unpleasant scent of burnt flesh. (This is actually a leg of lamb overcooking in the oven, but may help the Keeper start the players' imaginations working overtime.)

There is no sign of Nomikos in the house. Looking over the edge of the veranda, however, he can be seen down on the jetty below the villa talking to Meliades who is there with Spiros and Spiros' fishing boat. From Nomikos' frequent glances back towards the villa it is obvious that he would rather not be engaged in his conversation with Meliades, but it appears he is trapped. Now would be an excellent time to search the villa.

Searching the villa

The living room appears exactly as before – the wooden plaque is still missing from the display cabinet. The investigators may examine the bookshelves – the works are mostly non-fiction and deal with medicine, psychology and music. One further bookcase is devoted to art and literary criticism and modernist novels.

A SPOT HIDDEN reveals a leather bound portfolio tied with string. Within are the seventeenth century notes made by Robert Ffoulkes describing his experiments with time. The notes are handwritten in faded brown ink and the investigators will not have time to examine them fully (unless they steal the portfolio). A glimpse at one of the pages reveals what appears to be a faded drawing of a Phaistos disc.

The kitchen

There is a small, neat kitchen reminiscent of a farmhouse kitchen. There is a range, a kitchen table, and cupboards for pots, pans and crockery. The overcooked lamb will be discovered as the source of the smell of burnt flesh.

Nomikos' private study

This room is a small retreat where Nomikos apparently attends to his correspondence and business matters. The room contains an old fashioned desk, filing cabinets. There is another Modigliani on the wall – again unsigned, again showing a naked young woman draped in a towel. With one SPOT HIDDEN roll the viewer realises the woman is unmistakably Emily. With a second successful SPOT HIDDEN roll the fact that the paint is still damp can be spotted.

On the desk is a curious looking object. It is about the size of a gramophone base and is constructed of wood. There is a circular hole in the top of it, which on inspection contains a small circular wheel mounted horizontally – something like a potter's wheel. A complicated mechanism of brass gimbals and gearing is visible at the bottom of the axle shaft holding the wheel. The box appears to be handmade and of exquisite craftsmanship. To those succeeding in an IDEA roll, the design of this thing suggests that it could have been constructed in any time period from the middle ages onwards. The execution of this specific box suggests that it is a reconstruction produced sometime in the last twenty years; it has the air of a museum piece specifically reconstructed to demonstrate a principle to the public. Another IDEA roll suggests that the diameter of the hole in the top of the box matches the wooden plaque seen in Nomikos' drawing room display cabinet.

Spinning the wheel within the box produces a faint high-pitched hum as the wheel rotates – as it does so there is a slight yawing as the axle oscillates on the gimbals. For as long as the wheel rotates the investigators present get a horrible sense of dislocation – almost as if they are standing apart from themselves watching other people examine the room and the box. SAN loss for this effect is 1/1D3.

Searching the desk reveals little of interest; bank-books, accounts, correspondence, letters to various psychoanalytic journals. SPOT HIDDEN: there is small black leather bound pocket diary left carelessly on the desktop. It is for the year 1921. Flicking through it reveals neat entries against various dates:

Jan 3rd Lunch with JJ.

April 27th – Met up with Dig. and Nij. at *Hotel du Gare*. Fascinating conversation.

June 3rd Andre's salon – new show by Picasso – excellent.

Scrawled against some dates are red-pencilled comments eg:

“No! Joyce cancelled this – actually happened following week at same time!”

“Eliot was also present at this event!”

Keepers information: these notes are Nomikos' clarifications and notes of the events themselves. He has made these to help him recollect the events thus allowing him to concentrate on the memory as fully as possible during activation of the Chronos device – the box on the desk.

Nomikos' bedroom

Is as sparse and Spartan as the other guest rooms: a bed, a wardrobe, a washstand. The wardrobe contains the minimum clothing a man requires for life in the Mediterranean. Two white linen suits, a handful of shirts, sandals. A SPOT HIDDEN or an IDEA roll suggests the bed appears to have been occupied recently by two people.

The locked room

This room is next door to Nomikos' bedroom and is where Ffoulkes remains meditating and attempting to prevent himself being dragged back into Limbo for as long as possible. The door is sturdy and resists any attempt to open it although a LISTEN roll suggests that someone is in there – low whispered rhythmic chanting is just audible. An IDEA roll suggests it may just be another of Nomikos' patients. Opening the door may well interfere with their host's programme of treatment.

Voices in thin air

As the investigators examine the other guest rooms upstairs they suddenly hear voices from the lower floor of the villa. One voice is Nomikos, the other is unknown to them, but sounds cold, harsh, arrogant.

Should the investigators attempt to hear the conversation more closely they will quickly trace the voices back to Nomikos' study – which they will find to be empty – the words seemingly come from thin air, seeming to emanate from nowhere and everywhere within the room simultaneously (SAN loss 1/1D4). The content of the conversation follows:

Nomikos: I have kept my promise this time. I know I was wrong to show it to the others. God knows they paid the price.

Voice Two: 'Twere well you think on this: The Mother's gift is not for the likes o' they. Their fate can be thine should you betray her again...

Nomikos: I know that now. Blessings be upon the Mother. Have you considered my request?

Voice Two: Aye. 'Twill not do. She is elect. She must be the one.

Nomikos: Again? Is this my reward? To have her back and given time after time to the Mother?

Voice: Aye! And a thousand times a thousand should that be the mother's will. Fool! It is your own desire for the wench that sweetens her to the Mother's taste...none but she will do.

Nomikos: If only there were some other way...

Voice: Think on this – she knows naught before of what awaits, and the ceremony is brief and not without its pleasures for us both...

Nomikos: My God, my god...

Voice: Thou has't the wench for thy use and pleasure between times. You have the conversations and acquaintances of the others you bring back and the gifts they leave thee. Do ye spurn now the gifts of the Mother?

Nomikos: No...No I swear it!

Voice: See what blessings and power stem from the Mother – The one who chose to follow her willingly receives all that he desired. Blessings be upon the Mother!

Nomikos: There must be some other way... I cannot give her again...

Voice: Enough! The Mother will reunite...

At this point the conversation ends abruptly as if a plug has been pulled.

Keeper's information: the act of experimentally spinning the wheel in the box on Nomikos' desk has opened the gate to the past hour in the room – Nomikos' last conversation with Ffoulkes.

If the investigators make the connection and spin the wheel in the box once more the exact conversation bursts from the thin air of the room once more, verbatim in word tone and timing (SAN loss 1/1D3).

Suddenly they investigators hear footsteps on the Veranda. It is Nomikos returning. They just have time to regain the drawing room and sit nonchalantly as if awaiting his return.

A less pleasurable evening

Looking somewhat flustered, and extremely suspicious Nomikos offers drinks and invites the investigators to eat. He explains Meliades had travelled out to see the investigators were all right – he had obviously missed them at the camp as they set off for their evening here at the villa. Satisfied by Nomikos assurances that the investigators are in good health he has returned to Phraxos with Spiros, promising to return in a week or so.

Should they attempt to broach the subject of the box in his study Nomikos will grow extremely angry (PSYCHOLOGY rolls reveal there is a definite undercurrent of fear to his anger) and deny owning such an object. Should the investigators press the issue he will claim that the box is a recording device used in his previous therapy sessions and that in activating it they have breached his doctor/ patient confidentiality. Any further attempts at questions about the box and the conversation will result in Nomikos angrily demanding that the investigators leave the villa.

Should the investigators remain they will notice a definite change in the atmosphere. Nomikos appears nervous and his earlier suspicious attitude does not diminish. Conversation is stilted, awkward and interspersed by long embarrassed silences – both parties know that the investigators have been snooping...

In the end Nomikos begs to be excused claiming a migraine that will last at least 24 hours ('A memento of my precocious childhood,' he will lamely explain) and request that the investigators do not stay at the villa tonight, but rather return to camp – he will provide kerosene lamps to help them find their way. The Keeper may choose a visit from the past to enliven the party's walk back to camp – the unearthly sound of the Dark Young stalking in the undergrowth, following them in the darkness towards the campsite may prove entertaining (SAN loss is 1/1D3).

Keepers information: Nomikos can hide both the device and Ffoulkes in a camouflaged bunker left by the Germans in the grounds of the villa, should he feel the investigators are coming too close to the truth. Access to the bunker is via a manhole cover at the rear of the garden. It takes a SPOT HIDDEN impale to discover. Climbing down a steel ladder the investigators will find a large concrete walled chamber about 15 feet square, containing rusty bunk beds and a 1940s vintage German military radio. The walls have been painted with a Bavarian Beer Hall scene, now faded and flaking in a vain attempt to alleviate the damp claustrophobic atmosphere of the bunker.

The final phase

The Keeper should attempt to synchronise events to reveal the truth about the lost souls, open the tomb, and stage the final showdown. Ideally the desire to uncover the secrets of the tomb within the hill should keep the investigators on the dig site, regardless of the events building around them.

Archaeology

All effort should be expended on the entrance to the passageway leading into the hill. The backfill extends ten feet down the passage before the way is clear. The passage itself is a low curved tunnel about four feet high, built of ancient shaped stone. It leads downwards at a slight angle penetrating under the hill. By the end of the second day of digging the passage has levelled off and is blocked by a huge slab.

The slab is deeply incised with inscriptions in Linear A, Linear B and other symbols not immediately recognisable. (The only other place on earth these symbols can be found is between the covers of the *Necronomicon*). Translation of the inscription (as far

as possible) takes 24 hours and 3 successful Linear A rolls – interruptions from the Lost Souls permitting.

The inscription reads:

Hail Elektra undying Mother of our Band
[Tribe/Coven?]

Servant of the Great Mother [untranslatable] darkness of the night forest
Treader between the Stars
Walker on the Winds of Time
Mistress of the Serpent.

Hail [untranslatable] consort of Elektra
Servant of the Great Mother
Great Bull from Beyond
He who shows the way with sacrifice and
[untranslatable]

Fear not the tomb or the funeral rites
fear not the oblivion of death
Children of the Great Mother
Children of your Band wait patiently
age upon age for your return and
dominion over all the lands of the earth.

A further ARCHAEOLOGY roll is now required to determine how the slab is to be removed. Any plan which ensures the preservation of the inscription is to be allowed. The slab can be manhandled free with ropes and crowbars: Oppose STR 50 on the Resistance Table, or, alternatively, it may be possible to tunnel around the slab.

The beehive tomb

Removal of the slab gives the investigators access to the last few feet of tunnel and to the tomb within the hill. It is a classic Minoan beehive tomb, untouched for nearly 3,000 years. The walls and floor are shaped stone, with the walls arching to form a pointed dome overhead. Should they have light sources the investigators can pick out the following:

1) Two large Earthenware jars: They stand easily four and a half feet tall. The brick red clay is marked in black glaze – one marked with the symbol of two twisting serpents – the other with the horns of the Cretan Bull. ARCHAEOLOGY: in early Minoan culture bodies were wrapped in linen and placed in jars

like these. The wooden sarcophagus was not used until around 1300 BC.

2) A mask, fashioned entirely from bronze. Although it is green with verdigris there is no escaping the power of this beautifully sculpted bull's head. The ancient artist has captured the wide sweep of the massive horns, the powerful broad head and long muzzle, the flaring nostrils, and massive neck. The pectoral cast beneath it incised in ancient markings and symbols, along with the two eyeholes cunningly hidden in the marvellously modelled folds in the flesh of the neck clearly indicate that this was some kind of ceremonial mask, which when worn transformed the wearer into the fearsome Minotaur of legend. This find is unique and, despite the intrinsic value of the base metal being less, equally as valuable as the funerary mask of Tutankhamen in terms of historical and artistic importance.

3) A large stone axe: the wooden haft is miraculously present, intricately bound and strengthened at intervals along its length with bronze wire, though it is the great curves of the twin blades fashioned and smoothed from some grey stone which draw the attention.

4) Smaller Earthenware jars and dishes: These lie around the edge of the tomb – presumably they contained food and drink required in the afterlife.

5) Three stacks of pottery. At first glance they appear to be simple clay bowls. It is only when the investigators examine the top one they will see that they have in fact uncovered a whole trove of Phaistos discs – twenty one in all. A cursory glance at the two uppermost discs is enough to reveal that they are completely different in terms of the symbols, which make up the spiral pattern carefully engraved into the surface of the clay.

Next to the stacks of discs is a pile of wooden boards, the passage of centuries having caused the wood to crumble and fall in upon itself. Closer examination reveals the remnants of the box like frame, the axle, the circular stone like a potter's wheel, the corroded gimbal mechanism.

6) A bronze dagger. It is long and tapered with square shoulders, which rise to a handle formed from the tang of the blade. In a state of miraculous preservation, it lies before the funerary jar marked with the snake symbol.

7) Jewellery: There are carved carnelian seals and seal rings, both bronze and gold necklaces, and a pair of amber necklaces at the base of the large jars.

ARCHAEOLOGY roll: amber was rare in the Minoan culture. In Bronze Age times the only source was the Baltic; these necklaces represent the end of an expensive trading journey from the far north of Europe.

This is a major find and deserves careful observance of archaeological procedures to record and preserve the site, photograph and sketch the finds. There is at least 48 hours worth of (rushed) work here. ARCHAEOLOGY rolls will be required to prevent damage or loss of the finds. The Keeper should punish hurried or careless attempts to shortcut the academic work – up to and including butterfingering dropping of some of the finds.

Inside the large funerary jars

Investigators may wish to open the earthenware jars to examine the bodies therein. Opening each jar reveals a huddled body preserved in a linen shroud grey with the dust of centuries, tied almost like a laundry bag. A few withered flowers are on top of the shroud – later examination might reveal these to be irises and hyacinths. Carefully removing the body and cutting the linen shroud away reveals the skeleton within. There is no mummification, all the flesh has long since decayed and crumbled to dust.

The Snake Jar: The body from the 'Snake' jar is obviously female. The shroud seems somewhat small. This is explained by the fact that the skull is not present on the neck. It has been cut away and placed between the knees of the body. The remnants of a Minoan bodice and flared layered skirt are present around the bones, and golden armlets and bracelets fashioned in the form of twisting serpents entwine the arm bones.

Examination under magnification suggests that the skull was severed with a single blow, although deep cuts into the bones of the forearms suggest defence wounds, and chipped and scored ribs suggest multiple stab wounds to the torso. The woman apparently fought for her life before being finished by a single decapitating blow.

At the bottom of the shroud, between the feet of the body is another skeleton; a child's, a baby certainly no more than nine months old at the most. There are 'anatomical anomalies' about this skeleton. The feet have not developed – there are no discernible toes, rather the bones of the feet appear to have fused and



clubbed into solid masses – perhaps some vestigial formation of the toes is present, indicated by the deep cleft through this bony mass on each appendage. The spine is curved and the finger bones show equal curvature and unnatural length, tapering to points fully seven inches away from the main bones of the hand. The skull is equally deformed with the orbits of the eyes unnaturally small and angled away from the front of the face, leaving a wide muzzle like nasal cavity between them, which extends down the face causing the lower jaw to elongate into an extended point. These deformities are disturbing enough to cause SAN loss of 1/1D3.

Closer examination of the skeleton reveals that the back of the skull has been shattered. Examination under magnification reveals horizontal cut marks in the bone at the edges of the gaping wound. INTERPRETATION: the child was killed by three or four blows to the back of the head with a bladed weapon – a sword or axe (SAN loss 0/1D2).

The bull jar: The body from the bull jar is heavier set, taller, obviously male. The man would have stood over six feet and was in the prime of life when he died. The man's clothing- tattered leather loincloth and plain studded leather sandals still cling to the grey dusty bones.

Examination of the skeleton reveals a massive wound in the chest, which has shattered the ribs and pushed the broken ends into the rib cage. From the position and extent of the wound the lung would have been shredded by both the broken ribs and the weapon used to inflict this grievous wound. The weapon itself can be identified due to it remaining within the ribcage. It is a bronze boar spear, the shaft obviously hacked off post mortem, leaving the blade within the body. Having been brought to his knees by the fatal thrust the man was finished off by a frenzied assault with numerous bladed weapons – the skull, shoulder blades forearms, upper thighbones and ribs are all deeply scored and chipped with literally dozens of axe and sword wounds..

This much is fascinating but closer examination of the body reveals two startling anomalies:

- 1) Three molars and one pre-molar are filled with mercury amalgam; a twentieth century practice.
- 2) On the left wrist, what appeared to be a rusted iron bracelet of some kind turns out to be on closer examination a Rolex steel diver's watch on an expanding link bracelet, circa 1948, severely corroded.

There are engraved initials on the back, still just visible: 'AD'. SAN loss is 1/1D6 for those realising these are the remains of the missing Alan Dorking.

Phenomena

The Keeper should take the gloves off during this phase and reveal the secrets of the lost souls.

The young German soldier

The investigator will hear excited shouts and laughter in German – this time there is more than one voice, and this time the noise is plainly coming from the beach. If the investigator hurries to the cliff top he will see the German soldier he or she has seen previously accompanied by four of his comrades. They are skylarking about in the shallows, some of them naked, others in grey army-issue long johns. The atmosphere as they splash and duck each other is carefree and boisterous, but suddenly changes as one of the young men suddenly catches sight of something at the base of the cliff. All of them freeze, their faces becoming pictures of horrified dismay. Three men walk into view dressed in a mixture of peasant clothes and British military uniform. Two of them carry sten guns with the confident casualness of men who know how to use them. The third, obviously their leader, wears a long black leather jacket crossed with ammunition bandoliers, olive drab trousers and boots. His hair is thick, black and oily. With an IDEA roll, if an investigator who has witnessed the apparition of Demetriades witnesses this they realise this figure is Demetriades' father.

The three men indicate with their gun barrels that the German soldiers are to line up at the edge of the shore, the small waves breaking around their ankles. The leader walks behind them, pushing them to their knees. When the five of them are kneeling in the sea he walks back along the line, deliberately pausing behind each man, pushing the barrel of his pistol into the nape of the neck and pulling the trigger.

Each pistol shot is sudden and shocking, the men fold up like tailor's dummies and collapse face down in the surf. The last man in the line, the young blonde soldier of previous apparitions, is weeping silently as his executioner arrives behind him, his mouth working in silent prayer. He flinches as the gun fires and the bullet tears his face off in a spray of blood and bone. The SAN loss to helplessly watch this callous execution, which will occur again...and again...and again...is 1/1D6.

During this week the gunshots may be also be heard in the middle of the night. If the investigator stumbles through the darkened campsite to look down on the beach they see it in daytime with the exact same scene being played out under the afternoon sun. Looking over the shoulder it is still night but looking down on the beach it is mid afternoon. SAN loss for this version is 3/1D10.

Mrs. Brunceton

She now appears now within the tent of the investigator who will see her bony feet sticking out from under the blankets or bedroll on the camp bed. Bizarrely the camp bed now has a 1930s Art Nouveau headboard and the khaki sleeping bag has become a scarlet eiderdown. A wooden bedside cabinet with a tray of brown medicine bottles stands on one side of the bed, the truncated pole of a decorative standard lamp on the other. The roof of the tent has apparently sliced through the lamp pole cutting it off from this time and space.

Mrs. Brunceton's hands flap feebly as she attempts to push away the other figure in the tent: a balding middle-aged man who holds an embroidered pillow over her shrunken skull like features. Before the investigator's horrified eyes Gerald Brunceton, dressed in striped pyjamas and a nightgown, pushes the pillow down over his mother's face and holds it there, tears running down his cheeks as the invalid kicks and thrashes under the bed clothes. Then, as her struggles cease, with a strangled cry Brunceton dashes away from the bed, brushes past the investigator and runs out of the tent. SAN loss is 1/1D6 (+2 if the investigator passes an IDEA roll and realises Brunceton probably was forced to watch himself commit matricide on repeated occasions).

When the investigator looks back the camp bed has returned to normal. There is no sign of Brunceton or his mother – until the next time this apparition occurs.

Demetriades

The following apparition can take place at any time of night or day. Like the events on the beach it appears illuminated by its own light, in this case the warm glow of an early Greek summer evening.

Demetriades will be spotted walking past a tent in the campsite. It is one of the expedition tents but its position and orientation have changed; it is overlapping from the previous timeframe into the investigators present.

As Demetriades passes the tent a strange violet light fills the triangular space formed between the guy rope, the tent side and the ground. The light pulses and glows, the triangular space ripples like the surface of a pond, and a strange nebulous mist begins to pour from around the edges of the triangular space. The space seems to warp and bulge and then something begins to push its way into our world.

There is something lithe and muscular about its slinking form, reminiscent of a tiger or other predator, but its form is larger, and it bears no resemblance to any earthly animal. Gobs of blue mucus drip from the massively recurved fangs, which fill its questing muzzle, and its eyes glare a glowing red, fired with an insensate lust to harry and track down its prey regardless of physical distance or uncountable aeons lying between them. As its massive body, glistening with a rubbery shiny black hide like the skin of a killer whale, dripping more vile blue slime, fully emerges into our world, it raises its head and bays with an unearthly howl of triumph.

Demetriades turns and the investigator sees recognition and terror-induced insanity flow in almost instantaneous succession across his features. Demetriades screams once and then runs like a man possessed, whilst the Hound of Tindalos bunches its massive quarters, unsheathes the sabre claws on its huge feet and springs after the victim it has crossed time to devour.

Demetriades just makes the trees before the thing is upon him, its huge serpent like tongue flicking the length of Demetriades' back as it bears him to the ground. The investigators see the white of the spine as the flesh is simply absorbed by the Tindalos, before the beast tears and worries at the screaming helpless human like a greyhound with a rabbit.

As the Tindalos raises its muzzle to bay with hideous triumph the apparition simply clicks out of view. One moment both the beast and the wreckage of Demetriades body at its feet are there – the next they are gone.

SAN loss for this scene is 1D6/1D20 – the increased base loss for witnessing Demetriades' demise under the talons of the Tindalos. As with the other apparitions this one can repeat and replay in exactly the same sequence before the same or different investigator(s) as often as the Keeper sees fit.



Investigator actions during apparitions

The investigators may feel the need (insanely inspired or otherwise) to somehow intervene in these events. The Keeper should gauge carefully how successful such attempts may be – the apparitions are physically present in the investigators' time frame and can do normal damage. In the case of the Tindalos the sacrificial dagger found in the Beehive tomb is the only weapon which could be used against the beast, and the thing will definitely not welcome any attempt to come between it and its prey.

A further proposal could be to have any investigator who attempts to prevent the execution of the German soldiers forced to take their own place at the end of the line. The last thing the investigator feels is the muzzle of the revolver against his neck.

The investigators left alive then hear six shots every day at three pm and witness their friend being executed with the Germans every time the apparition replays (SAN loss 1/1D6).

The ceremony

The climax of the adventure comes at the end of the final phase. The Keeper should have crafted events to have the revelation in the tomb coincide with this event. It is the culmination of Ffoulkes attempts to call the founding Mother of the cult and by carrying out a third dreadful sacrifice he hopes to be granted the gift of a disc for the Chronos Device that will allow him to stay in the present and bring numerous figures from the cult's past into it to join him.

The night is dark and still. The silhouettes of the trees stand outlined darkly against the moonless night sky. The PCs will suddenly become aware of chanting from the hilltop above the tomb. There they can see movement – figures framed against the flickering light of crude torches thrust into the ground. Either binoculars or a cautious approach is required to be able to observe clearly the scene of nightmare on the hilltop.

A large black stone stands in the centre of a small group of figures; Elektra, wearing the golden head-dress of writhing snakes, the Minotaur (or Dorking wearing the great bronze bull's head if the Investigators have made the discovery in the tomb), Ffoulkes, Nomikos and Emily.

Elektra appears to be in some kind of self-induced trance as she rhythmically tosses her body from side

to side chanting wildly and madly as she does so.

Emily is screaming in helpless terror as she is roughly manhandled by Ffoulkes, who pushes Nomikos aside as he ineffectually attempts to prevent what is to happen. Emily's silk ball gown is torn from her body, and she is cast down upon the black altar.

As Elektra's chants reach a crescendo the Minotaur raises his great stone axe and brings it crashing down upon Emily's head. The investigators see that the blow is strong enough to stun, but is not immediately fatal.

Elektra raises her great bronze dagger on high and with a bizarre screeching, slashes at the Emily's kicking and convulsing body. Elektra's screeches are returned by a ghastly hooting and howling from out of the darkened woods. There is the crashing of trees and undergrowth being trampled, the stamping of massive hooves upon the earth and a huge black shape detaches itself from the shadowy woods and stomps towards the hill. The investigators thus hear the approach of the Dark Young before they fully see it, and a vile blast of foetid air stinking like the putrescent remains of a liquefying corpse assails their nostrils before it finally looms out of the darkness behind the four figures on the hilltop, its massive tentacles eagerly reaching towards the altar top, its gaping maws slavering in anticipation as it takes the sacrifice offered to its mistress (SAN loss 1D3/1D10).

Bellowing its inhuman praises to its foul mother it raises Emily's corpse up in a writhing mass of tentacles and lets the blood from a dozen gaping dagger slashes drain into its eager vilely puckered maws as Emily's body flops helplessly in its grasp.

Nomikos is on his knees weeping. Investigators sane enough to comprehend will hear him scream: 'Not again...not again... Forgive me...forgive me!' as he raves and covers his eyes.

Elektra and the Minotaur stand before the abomination, dagger and axe lifted in salute. As the monster flings down the drained lifeless body, Ffoulkes steps before it and raises his voice:

'A boon! I seek a boon from the Mother! The Disc of the Ages! The Great Disc to unite her servants across the Aeons! Fulfil the promise of the Mother that her servants may cross the seas of time to the foundation stones of her sacred cult that it may grow again and spread her mysteries across these lands once more!'

The Dark Young writhes and rocks upon its hooves like some tree in a hurricane, before, with a vile glut-

nous rending the massive trunk of the thing splits apart, rivulets of noxious black ichor flowing from the opening. Ffoulkes thrusts in his hands and withdraws a wooden disc similar to the one seen in Nomikos display cabinet. Raising it on high he shrieks in triumph: 'At last! They shall be brought here! All of them from every age! This very night shall the gathering of the Great Mother's children begin!'

The Dark Young turns and stalks back towards the woods.

Ending the scenario

Even if they have not realised Ffoulkes' intention to reunite the cult in the present the investigators should guess that the disc is important enough to be worth the repeated sacrifice of an innocent young woman from the past. An IDEA roll suggests that the apparent death of Elektra and Dorking and their burial in the past means that they can perhaps succeed in their attempt to thwart Ffoulkes – although perhaps a 2 point SAN loss is the cost of this as the paradoxical implications sink in.

The investigators' task is simple: stop Ffoulkes using the disc just granted to him by the Dark Young. This can be achieved in two ways.

The first way is to deny him access to the Chronos Device and wait until he is returned to Limbo once more. The wooden disc in Nomikos' display case could then be destroyed to prevent his return. There is no doubt that Ffoulkes will use every method at his disposal to prevent this – including appealing to the Minotaur/ Dorking and Elektra to assist him whilst they are still in this time line. (If hand to hand combat occurs and one of the investigators has thought to bring the sacred knife and/or the stone axe from the tomb, the Keeper may rule that explosive/ disintegrating/ local mini-black hole formation/ or any other bizarre effects occur should the two identical weapons come into contact. The same object attempting to co-exist with itself in a single time/space continuum being the cause of this.) The Keeper should roll D10 – this is the maximum number of combat rounds possible before Elektra and her consort blink out of this time line and return to the past.

The second way is less direct. It relies on the realisation that there is only one place the Disc can be used immediately – Nomikos' study (or wherever the Chronos Device currently is). The investigators may attempt to slip away and race to the Villa to destroy

the device on which the discs are rotated. This means that until a new box is made neither Nomikos nor Ffoulkes can open the way to bring the past into the present.

Ffoulkes has limited POW to fight an extended battle with the investigators after the ceremony. He also continually drains POW to remain in this timeframe. Roll 1D20 before the start of combat – this is the total MP which remain available to Ffoulkes. The more magic Ffoulkes uses the more likely it will be that he loses the strength to remain in this timeframe.

Ffoulkes could attempt to re-summon the Dark Young, but this is fraught with danger for him. As he knows only the Summon portion of the spell he himself may very well become the target of the unbound creature's fury. Furthermore, he risks losing valuable POW and MP in casting, raising his chances of being thrust back into Limbo. Should the Keeper wish to attempt this tactic Ffoulkes will need to wrest the enchanted blade from either Elektra if she is still present or from the investigators if they have brought it from the tomb. The investigators or possibly Nomikos will prove useful sacrifices to summon the beast – Nomikos being no further use to Ffoulkes now the One Disc is in his possession.

Should Ffoulkes use magic the Keeper should roll against his remaining MP x 5 each round thereafter – a failure results in Ffoulkes winking out of existence in this time frame as he loses the struggle to remain in the present.

The investigators can now deal with Nomikos and the box at leisure. Nomikos is all but insane having witnessed the love of his life being sacrificed to the Dark Young for a third time, and being almost overwhelmed by conflicting emotions of horror at the spectacle, pity for his lover's suffering and self-disgust at his own pleasure in seeing the woman who turned her back on him years ago meet her fate. He will readily confess as much as he knows about events leading to this juncture, including the vital knowledge that Ffoulkes is periodically trapped in Limbo and dependent on Nomikos to free him. This should be the spur for the investigators to hurry to the Villa find and destroy the box cutting off Ffoulkes from the present forever...perhaps.

Alternatives

Should the Keeper so desire, the box may be present at the ceremony complete with the wooden disc from Nomikos' study. This allows Ffoulkes to attempt to



use the new disc there and then. Should he do so he will bring forth a coven of Shub-Niggurath cultists from 18th century France; at least a dozen of them. This is definitely more than the investigators can handle, but for campaign-minded Keepers the hair-raising escape through the night time woods on the island and a subsequent campaign to destroy the united cult of the Black Goat on the island, might make this option prove attractive.

A further alternative for particularly sadistic-minded keepers is to allow the investigators to triumph over Ffoulkes and destroy the disc and Chronos Device. While sanity points are being handed out and plans being made for news conferences to reveal the contents of the tomb, might be the time to reveal a joint apparition of Demetriades' horrific end beneath the claws of the Hound of the Tindalos. The investigators may as a result need to be incarcerated in the St. Ekaterina asylum along with Brunceton.

Rewards and results

Destruction of the box and Nomikos' assurances that Ffoulkes is trapped forever in Limbo gains the investigators 1D10 SAN as a reward. Destruction of the One Disc with brings a further 1D10 in the knowledge that the members of cult from throughout the ages will remain forever where they belong. When the surviving investigators limp back into Phraxos the sight of the peaceful Greek fishing village and its simple inhabitants they have undoubtedly saved from becoming the first victims of the blasphemous reborn cult gains them all a further 1D10 SAN.

Failure to prevent Ffoulkes implementing his plan will result in the island becoming home to hundreds of cultists brought back from across time. They will quickly fall on the farms and villages of Lethinkos, taking the innocent islanders and their livestock as offerings to the Black Goat of the Woods. Within three months they will have dominated the island completely and will be using the island's fishing boats to spread their vile corruption to neighbouring communities. Surviving investigators who fled the island without resolving the adventure may become aware of reports in the London press in about a year's time detailing mass murders, child kidnappings and villages being mysteriously abandoned throughout the Peloponnese. There should be a SAN loss of 3/1D10 for learning this.

The question of what to do with Nomikos remains. Killing him might seem excessively harsh, and it is uncertain what crimes he could be charged with; the victim of the sacrifice having apparently already died in 1918. He may be persuaded to leave the island forever, or stay and continue his lonely isolation bereft of any chance of being reunited with his beloved Emily, a suitably poignant punishment for the recluse.

The finds from the tomb are eventually proudly displayed in the Museum of Minoan Antiquities in Heraklion, Crete. The Minotaur mask becomes an iconic item in the same way as the mask of Tutankhamen. The stone axe is identified as the oldest ever Minoan double headed axe ever found, pre-dating the Bronze Age culture by thousands of years. The box and the newly discovered Phaistos Discs are currently undergoing interpretation and reconstruction at the University of Athens Department of Antiquities. Progress has been slow, as the discs remain as tantalisingly untranslatable as the original. The work has ceased recently following the unexplained disappearance of the Head of Department, Professor Karitades.

The reputations of the surviving investigators are nevertheless enhanced considerably: +1D10 to the Credit Rating of each investigator, although 1D3 is removed if and when questions are raised over the skeleton found in the 'Bull' jar. The entire expedition will eventually be remembered as much for the controversy generated over the finds and the fate of Professor Dorking as well as the unexplained deaths and madness, which surrounded both expeditions.

Advice for the Keeper

The challenge for the Keeper in this scenario is to synchronise events between discoveries on the dig site, conversations at the Villa and the visitations from the Lost Souls. Ideally the team should be large enough that it can be split between excavating at the dig and working in the campsite, recording and preserving finds. This allows individuals to be haunted initially without other members of the team seeing or experiencing their visitation. The Keeper could also deem that multiple teams working across the dig site make substantially quicker progress than individuals working alone. This accelerates the scenario and allows two or more witnesses to each visitation.

An alternative strategy may be to play up one spe-

cific visitation across all parties initially, making the players believe that, for example, it is the apparition of an old lady, who is haunting all of them, before unleashing the other Lost Souls into the action.

The Keeper should not be worried about running events out of sequence, or accelerating events and discoveries in the interests of keeping the game flowing. There is no harm in developing a theme, which has captured the players' imagination at the expense of emphasis on a different visitor. Interactions between the investigators and the Lost Souls should be encouraged if the Keeper can craft events to allow it. Conversations with Emily, black market negotiations with the German Soldiers, comforting Mrs. Brunceton are all possibilities.

Keepers should be careful not to let the investigators take possession of Nomikos' Chronos Device. After viewing it once and possibly hearing the voices in the empty room have Nomikos remove it from the villa preventing further examination, or even destruction of the device. The old German Bunker is the ideal hiding place. Should the players decide killing Nomikos is the solution to the problem, have him defend himself with statements that the PCs are, in his professional opinion, completely insane – noises in the night, visions, and visitors from the past. Whoever heard such madness? Should appeals to sanity fail and Nomikos is slaughtered, bring forward the final ceremony to that night and have Ffoulkes sacrifice Emily to the Dark Young alone.

Destruction of the Chronos Device by the investigators before the final ceremony should bring the wrath of Ffoulkes down upon them as they have ultimately doomed him to Limbo until a new device is constructed. The players may have succeeded in the scenario objective, but will have to survive Ffoulkes vengeful attacks before he is taken back into the past. In this case have Ffoulkes summon the Dark Young and let it rampage in unbound frenzy after the investigators. Keepers should still feel free to run a replaying of the sacrifice of Emily, which Brunceton witnessed. This sacrifice omits the granting of the One Disc to Ffoulkes.

Sources

The method and results of Brunceton's hideous self-mutilation were directly inspired by the short story 'The man whose eyes beheld the glory' (1980) by John Brunner.

This scenario as a whole is based on the novel *The Magus* (1966) by John Fowles. Keepers familiar with the work should recognise both the setting and the main character. For Keepers unfamiliar with the work, reading it is recommended (although not necessary) prior to presenting the scenario, if for no other reason that the book is a masterpiece of the unexpected, the surreal and the psychological.

The character of Nomikos is based on the villain of the original work, the enigmatic Maurice Conchis. It is worth the effort of researching the book to get the flavour of the character, which this scenario so inadequately attempts to emulate. Although the book is complex in both plot and execution, the key to it lies in the character of the villain. Conchis (and by extension, Nomikos) is wilfully obtuse, mendacious and manipulative, masking each untruth and equivocation he presents with another layer of plausible falsehood, until the screw takes another turn. He is profoundly intellectual, exhibiting the kind of Mephistophelean wit and intelligence which fascinates his audience, seducing them to become actors in his 'Meta theatre,' or playing mind games of such fiendish complexity that his victims struggle helplessly to separate fact from fiction, reality from fantasy.

In terms of this scenario, asking the average Keeper (the author included!) to replicate Fowles' creation is an extremely tall order. Familiarity with the character will, however, allow the Keeper to give full rein to their inventiveness, in devising suitable explanations for Nomikos to give the archaeologists for the mysterious events occurring around them, and the *sangfroid* required to have Nomikos lie convincingly with deadpan assurance and intellectual gravitas while the 'truth' is revealed. If PCs (and players alike) appear to becoming obsessed, frustrated, confused or even angry with Nomikos, the Keeper is probably portraying the character correctly in line with Fowles' original intention.

The Chronos Device

This unusual magical item is used to create a gate, which opens a rift in time between the present and a specified location in the past. The device is based on two components - a disc formed from a material suitable to the culture producing it - clay, wood, metal, and a box containing a turntable mounted on a specially constructed axle. The mounting of the axle within the box is a complex mass of gears, cogs, gimbals and other components whose functions appear uncertain and paradoxical.

The disc is engraved with arcane markings, which form the spell, which opens the gate. This spell is apparently only ever granted by a powerful Mythos deity to some favoured individual.

To use the device the sorcerer concentrates upon the event in the past he wishes to revisit, then sets the disc upon the wheel in the box and spins it. If the user can concentrate on a specific personal memory there is an excellent chance that the gate will open exactly upon the scene so desired. To reflect this in game terms three rolls are required:

Allocated Magic Points x 5: represented by the user performing of a short chant or incantation before the disc is seated on the wheel and spun.

Know roll: modified by the Keeper to reflect the user's knowledge of the event the user is attempting to summon through the gate (e.g. -25 to the roll if the event is a personal memory within the past 10 years, +75 if the event is in earth's pre-history.)

POW x 3: This represents the concentration of the user as they attempt to keep the event they wish to witness at the forefront of their mind.

Successful rolls cause the spinning disc to form a spiralling column of turbulent air that expands and fans open to reveal the desired time, location and the individuals present. For users who are merely experimenting with the disc without knowledge of its powers the Keeper could make a simple LUCK roll to see what event from the past they cause to materialise. This might be a recent memory of the user, or an event from the history of the location where the disc is activated.

Spinning the turntable within the box without a disc present can sometimes cause recent events in the box's location to be called forth - such events are always short lived and limited to sounds and or scents - visual events never occur.

There is no SAN Loss associated with the actual use of the Chronos Device - but horrific, or paradoxical events called forth by the Gate so created may carry heavy SAN penalties at the Keeper's discretion.

The danger in using the device is that if knowledge of the event is second hand, or the event is outside the records of known human history, the gate will open anytime within a few days to a few years (or centuries, or millennia) either side of the desired event. Similarly, if the user is distracted or has other things on his mind when he uses the device, it will open the gate on the object of his thoughts. For this reason use of the Chronos Device by those who do not have the powers of concentration of the trained adept in operative magic can be a dangerous enterprise.

Once the gate is opened the sorcerer can bring through items and persons from the past into the present. Such visitors are physically present in the sorcerer's timeline and can interact physically with him. It is difficult to know how the visitor from the past sees the experience - in many cases they do not seem to realise they have left the physical surroundings of their own time line. Indeed on many occasions the gate seems to overlap the physical environment of the past over that of the present.

The visitors from the past cannot remain in the present for long - most are snatched back into the past within 24 hours as the gate closes, although adepts and sorcerers brought out of the past can remain by expending Magic Points - special chants and meditation techniques are required to achieve this extended stay in the future they visit.

A person can apparently be summoned repeatedly from the past by use of the Chronos Device; even if they should somehow perish in the future they are brought to. Such people have no knowledge of having visited the future before, but in their timeline they may begin to develop strong senses of *déjà vu* or premonitions.

What appears to be impossible is for someone from the past to use a Chronos Device to journey permanently to 'the present', or to retrieve an object from the future and take it back to the past. Some foolhardy individuals have apparently stepped through into the past - to be trapped there when the gate finally closes. Repeated use of the disc at a given location can cause rifts to open in time - sights, sounds and events begin to leak through. These events repeat in an identical fashion time after time, as long as the Disc is used in the locale.

A further risk associated with the Device is the possibility that something outside the normal confines of our space/time continuum can come through the rift created by the gate. Hounds of the Tindalos are one possibility, but other beings may also take the opportunity. In the hands of the skilled magician the Chronos Device is a useful tool to recapture knowledge lost in the mists of time. For the unskilled or unwary its use can lead to madness, and their own destruction.



Conrad Nomikos,

Mysterious Recluse

STR 10 SIZ 11 CON 10 INT 18 POW 09
DEX 07 APP 09 EDU 20 SAN 15 HP 11

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: Hypodermic Syringe 75% -impale result hits vital organ, releases POT14 poison (Strychnine)

Skills: Lie Convincingly 80%, Play Harpsichord 75%, Library Use 70%, Make Intellectual/Sophisticated Conversation 75%, Psychology 85%, Appreciate Art 80%, Persuade 75%, Credit Rating 85%, Other Languages: Greek 70%, French 70%, German 50%, Italian 45%

Spells: Use Chronos Disc 35%

Robert Ffoulkes,

Sorcerer from the Past

STR 14 SIZ 12 CON 14 INT 16 POW 25
DEX 08 APP 09 EDU 13 SAN 0 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: None

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Occult 60%, Other Languages: Latin 70%, Greek 65%, Persuade 80%, Ride 60%

Spells: Summon (Not Bind) Dark Young, Shrivelling, Wrack, Flesh Ward, Create Chronos Disc, Use Chronos Disc 85%

Emily Gilbert,

Long Lost Sweetheart

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

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: None

Skills: Talk Properly 85%, Exhibit Impeccable Manners 90%, Play Recorder 75%

Spells: None



Elektra, Founding Mother of the Cult of the Black Goat

STR 15 SIZ 10 CON 09 INT 12 POW 30
DEX 11 APP 18 EDU 10 SAN 0 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Sacred Dagger (Enchanted blade) 60% 1D4+2+DB

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 45% Infatuate Male 90%, Persuade 80%, Devise Ritual 85%

Spells: Summon/Bind Dark Young, Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath, Enchant Knife, Bless Blade, Create Chronos Disc, Dominate, Shrivelling, Flesh Ward, Implant Fear, Look to the Future, Keeness of Two Alike.



Alan Dorking, One Time Archaeologist and Bull Priest

STR 16 SIZ 16 CON 15 INT 17 POW 13
DEX 16 APP 17 EDU 18 SAN 0 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Neolithic Stone Axe 65%, 1D8 +db

Armour: Minotaur Mask absorbs 5 point damage from attacks to head only

Skills: Archaeology 80%, Anthropology 75%, Stun Victim 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%

Spells: Summon/Bind Dark Young

Mrs. Brunceton, Terminally Ill Old Lady

STR 03 SIZ 08 CON 02 INT 09 POW 10
DEX 04 APP 01 EDU 12 SAN 50 HP 05

Damage Bonus: -1D6

Weapons: None

Skills: Cough up blood 95%, Whimper Piteously 95%

Spells: None



Gerald Brunceton,

Archaeologist and Matricide

STR 12 SIZ 12 CON 11 INT 16 POW 09
DEX 08 APP 08 EDU 16 SAN 45 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: Pillow 70% (Successful sneak followed by STR v STR on Resistance table) Suffocating victim loses 1D3HP +1 STR/Round unless succeed on resistance table in subsequent rounds.)

Skills: Archaeology 65%, Catalogue Finds 70%, Adore Mother 85%, Sneak 65%

Spells: None

Notes –these statistics are for Brunceton when and if he is encountered as an apparition.

Gerald Brunceton,

Insane Survivor

STR 08 SIZ 12 CON 06 INT 16 POW 09
DEX 08 APP 02 EDU 16 SAN 0 HP 09

Damage Bonus: None

Weapons: None

Skills: Mumble disjointedly 90%, Issue dire warnings, 90%, Wait for Mother 99%, Adore Mother 99%

Spells: None

Notes –these statistics are for Brunceton when he is encountered at the Saint Ekaterina Asylum

5 German Soldiers,

(All identical)

STR 12 SIZ 12 CON 14 INT 11 POW 11
DEX 09 APP 10 EDU 10 SAN 55 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Model P08 Luger, 50% 1D10,
Gewehr 41 Rifle 50%, 2D6+4
Bayonet, 25% 1D4+2+db

Skills: Be bored of current posting 85%, Neglect Duties 65%, Fraternise with Locals 55%, Black Market Trading 65%, Electrical Repair (Radio) 65%

Notes: weapons are only encountered when the individual soldier appears – the soldiers seen executed on the beach are naked and unarmed.

Dark Young of Shub Niggurath



STR 51 SIZ 42 CON 19 INT 19 POW 23
DEX 14 Move 8 EDU 0 SAN 0 HP 30

Damage Bonus: +5D6

Weapons: Tentacle 80% damage =db+ strength drain (1D3STR per round),
Trample 40% damage: 2D6+db

Armour: Non terrene body. Firearms do 1 point damage (2 points for impale), shotguns minimum damage. Hand to hand weapons do normal damage. Heat/blast/corrosion/poison/electricity: no effect.

Skills: Sneak 60%, Hide in Woods 80%

Spells: Number = to 50% of INT (Not strictly required in this scenario but Keepers are free to improvise)

SAN Loss: 1D3/1D10

Hound of Tindalos



STR 18 SIZ 18 CON 40 INT 25 POW 23
DEX 10 Move 6/40 Flying SAN 0 HP 29

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Paw 90% damage :1D6+ichor+db, Tongue 90% damage 1D3 POW drained per round + Painless scar which never heals. Attack with only one or the other/round ICHOR: equivalent to POT 2D6 – roll for new damage each round ichor remains on body. Wipe off with towel or rag DEX x 5.
Armour: 2 point hide, regenerates 4 hit points/round unless dead. Mundane weapons have no effect (enchanted weapons and spells do full damage).

Spells: 1D8 spells (Not strictly required in this scenario but Keepers are free to improvise)

SAN Loss: 1D3/1D20

3 Greek Partisans

(All identical)

STR 11 SIZ 14 CON 13 INT 12 POW 15
DEX 11 APP 08 EDU 09 SAN 75 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Webley .38 revolver, 50% 1D10, Sten Gun 45% 1D10+2, Bayonet 45% 1D4+2+db

Skills: Ambush 90%, Hide 70%, Conceal 70%, Persuade 60%, Hate Germans 99%

1950s

Name	Ronald Mason		
Occupation	Archaeologist		
War Occupation	Intelligence Officer RAF		
Residence	Bristol		
Birthplace	York		
Sex	male	Age	46

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS					
STR	15	DEX	11	INT	12
CON	10	APP	16	POW	15
SIZ	16	SAN	75	EDU	18
Idea	60	Luck	75	Know	90
99 Cthulhu Mythos			Damage Bonus +1D4		

SANITY POINTS											
Insane	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43
	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98
	99										

MAGIC POINTS						
Unconscious	0	1	2			
	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30		

HIT POINTS						
Dead	-2	-1	0	1	2	
	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31	

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
ISLE OF LOST SOULS

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS					
Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	25		
Anthropology (20%)	41	Law (05%)	05		
Archaeology	71	Library Use (25%)	40		
Art (05%)	05	Listen (25%)	40		
		Locksmith			
Astronomy		Martial Arts			
Bargain (05%)	05	Mechanical Repair (20%)	20		
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05		
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	10		
Climb (40%)	40	Navigate (10%)	10	Ride (05%)	05
Conceal (15%)	15	Occult (05%)	10	Sneak (10%)	10
Craft (05%)	05	Operate Hvy. Machine		Spot Hidden (25%)	40
		Other Language: Latin	61	Swim (25%)	25
Credit Rating (15%)	25	Ancient Greek	63	Throw (25%)	25
Cthulhu Mythos		Hieroglyphics (Linear B)	69	Track (10%)	10
Dodge (DEXx2)	22	Own Language (EDUx5%)	90		
Drive Auto (20%)	20	Persuade (15%)	30		
Electrical Repair (10%)	10	Pharmacy		Firearms	
Fast Talk (05%)	20	Photography (10%)	40	Handgun (20%)	20
First Aid (30%)	30	Physics		Machine Gun (15%)	15
Geology		Pilot		Rifle (25%)	25
Hide (10%)	10	Psychoanalysis		Shotgun (30%)	30
History (20%)	70	Psychology (05%)	25	Submachine Gun (15%)	15



HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS

Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	60	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a
Knife (25%)	25	1D4+db	5

FIREARMS

Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf.	HPs

Ronald Mason, 46, Archaeologist

Appearance: Ronald is a dour looking middle-aged man, over six feet tall. He has black hair, which is greying rapidly. He is slightly short sighted and wears distinctive black framed glasses. He has a neatly trimmed moustache, and speaks with a strong Yorkshire accent.

Family and Friends: Both George's parents still live in York. He has a younger brother who runs a Post Office in Leeds. He is well known and respected within the faculty at Bristol University, and has been a keynote speaker at academic conferences in both Europe and America.

Income: £8000 pa

Personal Property:

Lecturing:: Smart shirt and tie, jacket with leather patches on the elbows, brown corduroy trousers.

Fieldwork: stout boots, work trousers, army surplus shirts, battered cloth cap.

Personal trowel, magnifying glass, tape measure. Notebook and self-propelling pencil.

Diary and notebooks.

Leica camera and tripod. Photography case with wide angle and telephoto lenses as well as macro slides to allow close up shots of finds. Extra film of different speeds.

Tobacco pouch and three well-worn pipes. Matches and lighter.

Investigator History

Ronald was born in York, the son of a railway engineer. He was Grammar School educated and showed an aptitude for the classics and history. The discovery of the tomb of Tutankhamen fired his youthful imagination and he resolved to become an archaeologist.

He gained a joint honours degree in History and archaeology from Durham University and joined the faculty as a junior field archaeologist following his graduation. He has worked on digs in both the UK and Europe, including excavations on Crete. Here he got first hand experience of transcribing Linear B Minoan script.

When the war came he joined the RAF as an intelligence officer working on image interpretation from reconnaissance flight photographs.

After the war he took a post as lecturer in History and Archaeology at Bristol University. He has led field trips to The Orkneys, France and Germany investigating tribal migrations in Northern Europe during the Bronze Age.

He is an excellent teacher and good all round archaeologist, although his unsmiling gruff exterior can be off putting and intimidating sometimes. He has written a well received book, *From the Indus to the Rhine: The Movement of Peoples in the Early Bronze Age*, which is now a recognised source for anyone studying the history of the Celtic peoples. He would be the natural successor as Head of Department were it not for the presence in the Department of the brilliant Professor Alan Dorking.

Outside of work Ronald has the true passion of the Yorkshireman – cricket. He is an enthusiastic follower of Yorkshire County Cricket club, and is an excellent middle order batsman and wicket keeper for the University Lecturers Gentlemen's XI.

1950s

Name George Ballard
Occupation Archaeologist
War Occupation Logistics Officer (N. Africa)
Residence Bristol
Birthplace Wollamaroo, Australia
Sex male **Age** 37

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS

STR 14 **DEX** 13 **INT** 15
CON 13 **APP** 08 **POW** 07
SIZ 13 **SAN** 35 **EDU** 15

Idea 75 **Luck** 35 **Know** 75

99 Cthulhu Mythos **Damage Bonus** +1D4

SANITY POINTS

Insane 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25
 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40
 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55
 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70
 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85
 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

MAGIC POINTS

Unconscious 0 1 2
 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 20 21 22 23
 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

HIT POINTS

Dead -2 -1 0 1 2
 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
 17 18 19 21 22 23 24
 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

**CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
 ISLE OF LOST SOULS**

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	25
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05
Archaeology	61	Library Use (25%)	50
Art (05%)		Listen (25%)	55
		Locksmith	
Astronomy		Martial Arts	
Bargain (05%)	05	Mechanical Repair (20%)	35
Biology	51	Medicine (05%)	05
Chemistry	26	Natural History (10%)	50
Climb (40%)	40	Navigate (10%)	10
Conceal (15%)	15	Occult (05%)	05
Craft (05%) Preservation	55	Operate Hvy. Machine	
Archae. Reconstruction	55	Other Language: Arabic	16
Credit Rating (15%)	15	Ancient Hebrew	16
Cthulhu Mythos		Hieroglyphics (Egyptian)	16
Dodge (DEXx2)	24	Own Language (EDUx5%)	75
Drive Auto (20%)	35	Persuade (15%)	15
Electrical Repair (10%)	10	Pharmacy	
Fast Talk (05%)	30	Photography (10%)	30
First Aid (30%)	30	Physics	
Geology		Pilot	
Hide (10%)	10	Psychoanalysis	
History (20%)	65	Psychology (05%)	10



Ride (05%)	05
Sneak (10%)	10
Spot Hidden (25%)	60
Swim (25%)	25
Throw (25%)	25
Track (10%)	10
Firearms	
Handgun (20%)	20
Machine Gun (15%)	15
Rifle (25%)	25
Shotgun (30%)	30
Submachine Gun (15%)	15

HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS

Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	60	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a
Hatchet (25%)	25	1D6+1+db	5

FIREARMS

Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf.	HPs
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George Ballard, 37, Archaeologist

Appearance: George is medium height with a stocky farm labourer's build. He gives the appearance of being able to carry out hard manual labour for hours without rest. He is deeply suntanned, with sandy coloured hair, bright blue eyes, and has a broad Australian accent.

Family and Friends: George's family own a sheep farm near Wollamaroo in the Australian outback of the Northern territories. He is a senior lecturer at Canberra University and is well known to the faculty and staff there. He has academic contacts around the globe and is the life and soul of late night drinking sessions at archaeological conventions.

Income: AU\$15000 pa

Personal Property:

Lecturing: shabby tweed suit, shirts with frayed collars and cuffs, mismatched cufflinks.

Fieldwork: stout boots, knee length khaki shorts, army surplus shirts and vests, bush hat complete with dangling corks.

Personal trowel, magnifying glass, tape measure. Notebook and self-propelling pencil.

Small wooden case containing glass bottles of cleaning, fixing and preserving chemicals, sable hair brushes and other specialised cleaning equipment, labels, tags etc.

Capstan full strength non-filter cigarettes, Ronson lighter.

Investigator History

George was born in the outback of Australia on a huge sheep farm and lived a solitary childhood, which he enlivened by roaming the countryside studying the wildlife and befriending the local Aborigine people. They showed him the ancient places of their culture, fascinating George with their ancient culture, and sparking in him a desire to discover all he could about mankind's history.

George attended Sydney University and gained a first class degree in history. The war interrupted his academic career and he was posted to North Africa as a Logistics officer. His office job in Alexandria allowed him plenty of spare time to study the Archaeology of Ancient Egypt, and he became an amateur practitioner, studying techniques under the guidance of Professor Aziz of Cairo University who took the keen Australian on impromptu field trips and excavations whenever George could wangle the leave.

George returned to Australia after the war and changed disciplines for his post graduate work, joining the Archaeology Department of Canberra University in 1947. George has been on numerous field trips into the Outback studying the pre-historic remnants of Aboriginal culture – he was somewhat frustrated by these journeys as the finds, whilst fascinating, were stone age, and did not require the preservation and restoration skills he had learned from Professor Aziz, skills which grew rusty with lack of use.

In 1950 George volunteered for an academic exchange with Bristol University where he is now an associate Lecturer in the Archaeology department. Unfortunately he has been assigned to Stone Age excavations in Wales and Somerset, again precluding the use of the skills he learnt in Egypt.

His time in the army and his independent childhood in the bush make him practical and resourceful and a good man to have along on field trips. On the other hand, George is a loud, tactless 'man's man', who likes nothing better than a few beers with the boys and a good rugby or cricket game to watch and discuss afterwards in the pub. He smokes heavily. He has a large repertoire of dirty jokes and rugby songs, which require only a few cold beers to be brought to the surface, regardless of the company.

1950s

Name	Julie Holmes		
Occupation	Archaeologist		
War Occupation	As above		
Residence	Bristol		
Birthplace	Nottingham		
Sex	female	Age	26

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS					
STR	12	DEX	12	INT	16
CON	14	APP	10	POW	13
SIZ	14	SAN	65	EDU	17
Idea	80	Luck	65	Know	85
99 Cthulhu Mythos			Damage Bonus +1D4		

SANITY POINTS											
Insane	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43
	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98
	99										

MAGIC POINTS										
Unconscious	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30									

HIT POINTS										
Dead	-2	-1	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31						

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
ISLE OF LOST SOULS

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS			
Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	25
Anthropology (20%)	26	Law (05%)	05
Archaeology	66	Library Use (25%)	40
Art (05%) Drawing	70	Listen (25%)	45
Technical Drawing	70	Locksmith	
Astronomy		Martial Arts	
Bargain (05%)	05	Mechanical Repair (20%)	20
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	10
Climb (40%)	40	Navigate (10%)	10
Conceal (15%)	15	Occult (05%)	05
Craft (05%)	05	Operate Hvy. Machine	
		Other Language: Latin	39
		Ancient Greek	41
Credit Rating (15%)	15		
Cthulhu Mythos			
Dodge (DEXx2)	24	Own Language (EDUx5%)	85
Drive Auto (20%)	35	Persuade (15%)	35
Electrical Repair (10%)	10	Pharmacy	
Fast Talk (05%)	05	Photography (10%)	30
First Aid (30%)	30	Physics	
Geology		Pilot	
Hide (10%)	10	Psychoanalysis	
History (20%)	62	Psychology (05%)	25
		Ride (05%)	05
		Sneak (10%)	10
		Spot Hidden (25%)	75
		Swim (25%)	45
		Throw (25%)	25
		Track (10%)	10
		Firearms	
		Handgun (20%)	20
		Machine Gun (15%)	15
		Rifle (25%)	25
		Shotgun (30%)	30
		Submachine Gun (15%)	15



HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS			
Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	60	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a
Knife (25%)	25	1D4+db	5

FIREARMS					
Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load Malf. HPs

Julie Holmes, 26, Archaeologist

Appearance: Julie is a tall willowy young woman, with long blond hair and brown eyes. She is somewhat scruffy in appearance preferring comfort to style.

Family and Friends: Julie's parents still live in Nottingham, where most of her school friends remain. She has numerous friends amongst the faculty at Bristol University – she is never without a date for the weekly dinner dance – and is a member of the University Amateur Dramatics Society.

Income: £4000.00 pa

Personal Property:

Lecturing: - Informal skirt and blouse, sensible shoes

Fieldwork: – stout boots, jeans, checked work shirts, headscarf.

Notebook and self-propelling pencil.

Small wooden case containing paints, and brushes.

Palette and easel.

Technical Drawing set:pencils, compasses, dividers, rulers, set square, protractor.

Drawing paper, Graph paper.

Set of coloured pencils and pastels.

Magnifying glass.

Investigator History

Julie is the only child of middle class parents and was born and brought up in a quiet street in the suburbs of Nottingham. She had a precocious talent for drawing, which her parents encouraged. She attended the local Girls' Grammar School where she was a popular though somewhat 'swotty' pupil. Her artistic skills developed as she grew older, and she also developed a fascination for Ancient History. She was a member of the schools History Club and she spent a fortnight on a school field trip to an archaeological dig on a Bronze Age settlement in East Anglia. She was delighted to discover that her two passions could be combined in the depiction of how the finds uncovered were sketched and recorded and she resolved to become an Archaeological artist.

She attended the University of Hull where she gained a BA in History, and continued her postgraduate studies at Bristol University. Julie has become a valued member of the Department and she is often called on to sketch, paint and draw finds from excavations other than those she has been personally involved in. Some of her paintings of Stone Age life have been used in school textbooks.

She is a good field archaeologist, and whilst she can totally immerse herself in her work and her art, she can be scatter-brained and forgetful on occasions. She is cheerful and intelligent, and enjoys both live theatre and her own Am/Dram forays onto the stage.

1950s

Name	Leslie Meade		
Occupation	Archaeology Student		
War Occupation	(Exempt) As above		
Residence	Bristol		
Birthplace	Guildford		
Sex	male	Age	20

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS					
STR	09	DEX	12	INT	16
CON	09	APP	11	POW	13
SIZ	13	SAN	65	EDU	12
Idea	80	Luck	65	Know	60
99 Cthulhu Mythos			Damage Bonus		

SANITY POINTS											
Insane	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43
	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98
	99										

MAGIC POINTS						
Unconscious	0	1	2			
	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30		

HIT POINTS						
Dead	-2	-1	0	1	2	
	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31	

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
ISLE OF LOST SOULS

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS					
Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	25		
Anthropology (20%)	56	Law (05%)	05		
Archaeology	46	Library Use (25%)	35		
Art (05%)	05	Listen (25%)	60		
		Locksmith			
Astronomy		Martial Arts			
Bargain (05%)	05	Mechanical Repair (20%)	20		
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05		
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	10		
Climb (40%)	40	Navigate (10%)	10	Ride (05%)	05
Conceal (15%)	15	Occult (05%)	10	Sneak (10%)	10
Craft (05%)	05	Operate Hvy. Machine		Spot Hidden (25%)	55
		Other Language: Norse	21	Swim (25%)	25
Credit Rating (15%)	15	Anglo Saxon	16	Throw (25%)	25
Cthulhu Mythos		Hieroglyphics (Runes)	16	Track (10%)	10
Dodge (DEXx2)	24	Own Language (EDUx5%)	60		
Drive Auto (20%)	50	Persuade (15%)	15		
Electrical Repair (10%)	10	Pharmacy		Firearms	
Fast Talk (05%)	30	Photography (10%)	10	Handgun (20%)	20
First Aid (30%)	40	Physics		Machine Gun (15%)	15
Geology	56	Pilot		Rifle (25%)	25
Hide (10%)	20	Psychoanalysis		Shotgun (30%)	30
History (20%)	55	Psychology (05%)	10	Submachine Gun (15%)	15



HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS			
Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	60	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a
Knife (25%)	25	1D4+db	5

FIREARMS					
Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load Malf. HPs

Leslie Meade, 20, Archaeology Student

Appearance: Leslie is a tall handsome young man with sandy brown hair and blue eyes. He has a wide easy smile. He is somewhat pale and gets breathless easily.

Family and Friends: Leslie's parents live in a small council house in Guildford. He has lots of friends amongst his teammates in the University football club, and is well known in the bars and cafes in Bristol where the 'jazz crowd' meet. He has a firm friendship with Ronnie – owner of the best record shop in Bristol for rare and imported recordings.

Income: <£1000 pa

Personal Property:

Lectures: slacks, open neck shirt corduroy pants.

Fieldwork: stout boots, work pants, army surplus shirts, t-shirts, beret

Notebook and pencil

'Crib' books on archaeology and archaeological techniques.

Rolling tobacco, papers, lighter

Investigator History

Leslie was born in Guildford in 1932. His parents are both factory workers. He had an impoverished childhood and poor diet and unhealthy living conditions meant he was often ill. He had a severe bout of bronchitis when he was nine years old, which meant he had to have major surgery on his left lung. His extended convalescence meant that reading was his sole escape from his sickbed. He became enthralled by historical fiction in the same way his friends were obsessed with Cowboy stories from the Old West.

Despite his illness Leslie was a bright child and passed the entrance exam to the local Grammar School, where he had to endure bullying in the first years due to his working class background and lack of physical skills to defend himself. Leslie, however, persevered with his studies and gained excellent results in his chosen subjects of History and English.

His ill health meant that there was no possibility of him being accepted for National Service and Leslie therefore became the first member of his family to ever attend university. Despite having the academic capability he did not opt for Cambridge or Oxford, realising that he did not have the money to support studies there. Instead he chose Bristol, where he is generally acknowledged by both staff and students alike to be one of the finest students in his year.

Leslie has had little practical experience of Field archaeology – a couple of extended digs during the holidays of his first two terms in Viking settlements in the Orkneys are the limit of his experience. Leslie is fascinated by the waves of invasions and settlement into Britain carried out by the Scandinavian peoples and he is hoping to carry out postgraduate work on some private theories he is currently developing on the subject if (and it's a big if) he can convince the University to fund it.

Leslie is cheerful and hardworking and can often be found with his fellow aficionados in the 'Smokey Blue' jazz club above the Red Lion pub in the St. Paul's district of the city. Despite his childhood ill health Leslie is an inveterate smoker and has a shocking smoker's cough first thing in the morning, and following any extended physical activity.

1950s

Name Cressida Monterieff
Occupation Art Historian
War Occupation Academic
Residence Oxford
Birthplace Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk
Sex female **Age** 58

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS

STR 08 **DEX** 11 **INT** 15
CON 10 **APP** 10 **POW** 15
SIZ 09 **SAN** 75 **EDU** 18

Idea 75 **Luck** 75 **Know** 90

99 Cthulhu Mythos Damage Bonus

SANITY POINTS

Insane 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25
26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40
41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55
56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70
71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85
86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

MAGIC POINTS

Unconscious 0 1 2
3 4 5 6 7 8 9
10 11 12 13 14 15 16
17 18 19 20 21 22 23
24 25 26 27 28 29 30

HIT POINTS

Dead -2 -1 0 1 2
3 4 5 6 7 8 9
10 11 12 13 14 15 16
17 18 19 21 22 23 24
25 26 27 28 29 30 31

**CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
ISLE OF LOST SOULS**

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	25
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05
Archaeology		Library Use (25%)	60
Art (05%) Fine Art	70	Listen (25%)	40
Fine Art Criticism	70	Locksmith	
Astronomy		Martial Arts	
Bargain (05%)	55	Mechanical Repair (20%)	20
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	10
Climb (40%)	40	Navigate (10%)	10
Conceal (15%)	15	Occult (05%)	05
Craft (05%) Knitting	15	Operate Hvy. Machine	
		Other Language: Latin	35
		Italian	40
Credit Rating (15%)	70	French	40
Cthulhu Mythos		Own Language (EDUx5%)	90
Dodge (DEXx2)	22	Persuade (15%)	15
Drive Auto (20%)	20	Pharmacy	
Electrical Repair (10%)	10	Photography (10%)	10
Fast Talk (05%)	05	Physics	
First Aid (30%)	30	Pilot	
Geology		Psychoanalysis	
Hide (10%)	10	Psychology (05%)	05
History (20%)	60		



Ride (05%)	05
Sneak (10%)	10
Spot Hidden (25%)	55
Swim (25%)	25
Throw (25%)	25
Track (10%)	10
Firearms	
Handgun (20%)	20
Machine Gun (15%)	15
Rifle (25%)	25
Shotgun (30%)	30
Submachine Gun (15%)	15

HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS

Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	60	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a
Knitting Needle	25	1D4+db	3

FIREARMS

Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf.	HPs

Cressida Montcrieff, 58, Art Historian

Appearance: Cressida is a thin woman of late middle age, who habitually wears her greying hair in a tight bun. Her face is often set in a sour disdainful expression. She wears round rimless glasses, which do nothing to detract from her schoolmarm-ish appearance. She talks in a crisp upper class accent and normally wears sensible tailored tweed skirts and jackets, or knitted twin sets and pearls.

Family and Friends: Cressida's family are landed gentry in Suffolk, where they maintain the family estate. Cressida is the youngest of the family, her brothers Reginald and Malcolm run the estate. She has a large circle of friends in amongst the gentry in Suffolk, as well as her academic colleagues and contacts. Cressida is the Chairlady of her local Women's Institute Committee as well as a stalwart member of the church choir.

Income: £15000 pa

Personal Property:

Handbag containing a chequebook, ample English and Greek currency and the following 4 items;

Glasses case

Hip flask of Gin

Magnifying Glass

Copy of Beckworth's *Field Guide to Antiquities*

Knitting Bag: wool, knitting needles, patterns for sensible cardigans.

Investigator History

Cressida was brought up on the family estate by her beloved Governess, surrounded by her adoring family and a host of servants. At eight years old she was sent to Public School, where she excelled in all subjects.

A natural blue stocking, she went up to Oxford to study History and Fine Arts. She went on to lecture at both the Sorbonne and the University of Milan, where she gained a reputation as an expert in classical influences on modern art. A valued old-school Don at her college in Oxford, Cressida is a well-known figure amongst the artistic and intellectual elite of Europe.

In the 1930s she wrote two volumes of criticism, which are now widely regarded as the definitive guide to Graeco Roman influences on western European sculpture since the nineteenth century. She has shamelessly used her family's wealth and reputation to build her own collection of both Greek and Roman sculptures and bronzes, and it is rumoured she has not been above receiving items of dubious provenance from suspicious sources into her private collection – certainly her collection grew considerably after WWII ended. Cressida herself genuinely believes such items are better off in the hands of someone who appreciates their true artistic value, rather than locked away in a museum to be gawked at by ill-educated and uncomprehending members of the lower orders.

Cressida is a perfect example of a dying breed of English upper class ladies, who resolutely believe the world and all in it has been ordered for her convenience. She can be a real tartar with her hapless undergraduates (some would use the expression 'battle axe'), and her prim demeanour can quickly turn waspish if people and things fail to meet her extremely high standards. She insists on good manners, talking properly and deference and respect to the established order.

Cressida enjoys visiting art galleries and collections, ballet and the opera. She enjoys her lecture tours, and the hospitality offered by the University's and Art Colleges she visits, where she frequently gets 'squiffy' on one too many 'chota-pegs' before, during and after dinner.

Cressida is a more enthusiastic than competent knitter, a hobby she took up during the war with members of her Women's Institute to send warm winter socks to the boys at the front. She spends weeks creating awful cardigans and sweaters for friends and colleagues, as she has to frequently unravel the tangled mess and begin again.

Cressida has caught wind of both the fate of the Dorking expedition and the new one Professor Crane is forming. She has pulled strings to get herself invited along, ostensibly as a 'working holiday' in the sun and to offer the team the benefits of her knowledge and experience. However, the prospect of being present when antiquities are unearthed and not fully catalogued is equally irresistible to Cressida.

1950s

Name	Mike Stanshall		
Occupation	Journalist		
War Occupation	Flight Sergeant RAF		
Residence	Bristol		
Birthplace	Tupholme, Lincs		
Sex	male	Age	29

CHARACTERISTICS & ROLLS					
STR	14	DEX	11	INT	12
CON	09	APP	15	POW	12
SIZ	14	SAN	60	EDU	12
Idea	60	Luck	60	Know	60
99 Cthulhu Mythos			Damage Bonus +1D4		

SANITY POINTS											
Insane	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43
	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98
	99										

MAGIC POINTS						
Unconscious	0	1	2			
	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30		

HIT POINTS						
Dead	-2	-1	0	1	2	
	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31	

CALL OF CTHULHU: SHADOWS OF WAR
ISLE OF LOST SOULS

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS					
Accounting (10%)	10	Jump (25%)	25		
Anthropology (20%)	20	Law (05%)	05		
Archaeology		Library Use (25%)	25		
Art (05%)	05	Listen (25%)	50		
		Locksmith			
Astronomy		Martial Arts			
Bargain (05%)	40	Mechanical Repair (20%)	40		
Biology		Medicine (05%)	05		
Chemistry		Natural History (10%)	10		
Climb (40%)	40	Navigate (10%)	10	Ride (05%)	05
Conceal (15%)	15	Occult (05%)	05	Sneak (10%)	10
Craft (05%)	05	Operate Hvy. Machine		Spot Hidden (25%)	45
		Other Language		Swim (25%)	25
Credit Rating (15%)	25	German	55	Throw (25%)	25
Cthulhu Mythos		French	25	Track (10%)	10
Dodge (DEXx2)	22	Own Language (EDUx5%)	60		
Drive Auto (20%)	45	Persuade (15%)	65		
Electrical Repair (10%)	10	Pharmacy		Firearms	
Fast Talk (05%)	60	Photography (10%)	40	Handgun (20%)	20
First Aid (30%)	30	Physics		Machine Gun (15%)	15
Geology		Pilot		Rifle (25%)	25
Hide (10%)	10	Psychoanalysis		Shotgun (30%)	30
History (20%)	20	Psychology (05%)	30	Submachine Gun (15%)	15



HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS

Attack	Skill	Damage	HPs
Fist/Punch (50%)	60	1D3+db	n/a
Head Butt (10%)	10	1D4+db	n/a
Kick (25%)	25	1D6+db	n/a
Grapple (25%)	25	special	n/a
Knife (25%)	25	1D4+db	5

FIREARMS

Firearm	Skill	Damage	Range	#Att.	Load	Malf.	HPs
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Mike Stanshall, 29, Journalist

Appearance: Mike is a stocky, handsome young man, whose face seems set in a perpetual scowl of suspicion or mistrust. He is of medium build and has steely blue eyes. He walks with a slight limp due to his wartime injury. He is normally dressed in slightly shabby clothes, which often look like they need cleaning or ironing.

Family and Friends: Mike's parents run a pub in a village outside Lincoln. His elder brother, a flight Sergeant in the RAF was shot down and killed during a bombing mission over Hamburg. Mike has close colleagues at the offices of the *Bristol Evening Post*, and a wide circle of contacts in Bristol formed over his years as a journalist

Wounds/injuries: Deep scar in the calf of his left leg, and a slightly twisted ankle, caused by the broken bone not setting properly during the war.

Income: £5000 pa

Personal Property:

Raincoat, old Demob suit, shirts with worn collars and cuffs, worn leather shoes; Mike's wardrobe is suited to Bristol; he will need to buy (or have his editor fund) suitable clothing for the Greek summer.

Notebook and Pencil.

Small Leica camera.

Packet of cigarettes, box of matches.

Investigator History

Mike was born in a small Lincolnshire village, and spent a happy childhood living at his parent's pub until he reached eleven years old. He failed the entrance exam to the local Grammar school and was sent instead to the local Secondary. Mike never lost the sense of failure he felt at this early age and became bitterly resentful of those who received a better education. Mike had always enjoyed writing and making up stories, but his fledging talent was not encouraged in an environment geared towards vocational education.

He left school at fourteen, apprenticed to a local Engineering Works. He keenly felt and resented leaving education as well as his lowly his position in the hierarchy within the factory, despising the trainee designers and other office staff. When the war came he was conscripted into the Royal Engineers where, as a humble sapper, he dug trenches and laid barbed wire at the orders of University-educated public schoolboys.

His hatred for these people intensified when he was wounded on the beaches of Dunkirk, and left to fend for himself when the Major commanding his company decided who would be evacuated to the boats, and who would be left behind. Mike spent the war in a German POW camp, losing the best years of his life as a result of what he saw as a betrayal.

After the war, Mike felt no compunction to rejoin the Engineering firm. Instead he pestered the editors of various provincial newspapers until he was taken on as a printer by the *Bristol Evening Post*. Mike continued his pestering in work until he was given the opportunity to become a cub reporter, initially covering cases at the local courts. Mike has remained with the paper for over five years and is a well-established journalist with the *Bristol Evening Post*.

Mike particularly enjoys investigating and exposing the shortcomings and failings of those in authority: the corrupt councillor, the adulterous magistrate, the embezzling bank manager. He relishes any opportunity to get his own back on the 'stuck up toffs' who he feels have done him down throughout his life.

Mike is surly, cynical and suspicious. Pessimistic in nature, he always looks for the ulterior motive for any action, and puts the worst possible complexion on events. He can exercise a surface charm if he is trying to persuade someone to give him information, but this soon fades when he has what he wants. He is a fanatical football fan, and most Saturday afternoons will find him at the Bristol Rovers match. Like most of his colleagues he drinks too much, keeping a bottle of scotch in his desk drawer, and meeting up with colleagues for boozy sessions once the paper has been put to bed. Mike is in danger of becoming a moody, isolated alcoholic.

Mike's editor has convinced Professor Crane that special feature by a local journalist covering this second expedition may do much to offset the bad publicity the University experienced following the tragedy of Dorking's expedition. Whether Mike is the right man for this particular job remains to be seen...



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