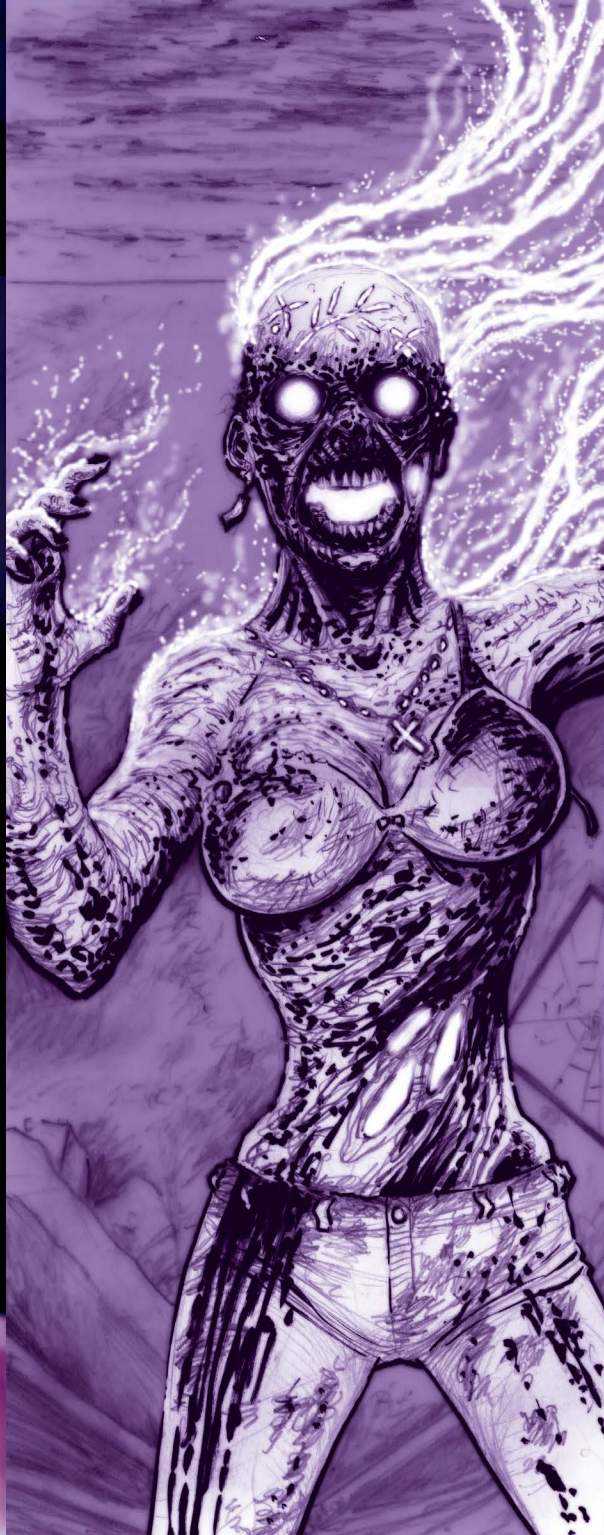


NAMELESS CULTS | VOLUME ONE

LOST IN THE LIGHTS

A CALL OF CTHULHU SOURCEBOOK OF
CULT HORROR BY JEFF MOELLER





VIVA LAS VEGAS!

Angelique Adams was a runaway coming home from Las Vegas. Only she never made it and her last text message said she had been trying to escape some “cult wackos”!

Tracking down the aspiring singer will take you on a journey into the seamy, steamy high-risk and surreal Sin City of today where what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas...

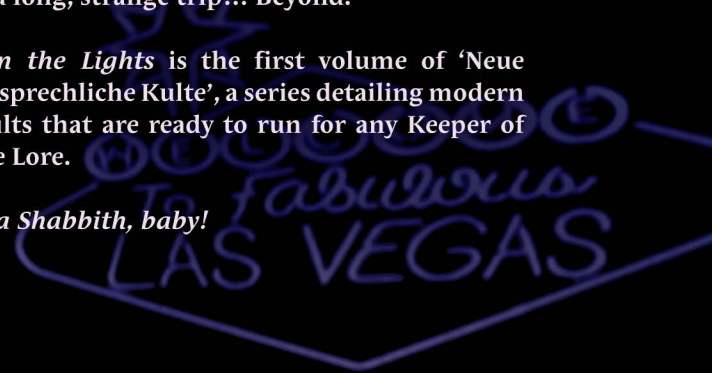
Lost in the Lights presents a full description and history of the Keepers of the Primal Song, and ‘Invisible Sun’, a full-length investigative scenario and thoroughly researched background for *Call of Cthulhu*™...Right Now! Plus add-on plot seeds, suggested viewing & listening, and conversion notes for the Delta Green setting. And Elvises. Lots and lots of Elvises.

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Casino security, cinematic capers, tech-savvy villains, underground night clubs, faded pop stars and celebrity cameos (real and not-so-real) all add up to a long, strange trip... Beyond.

Lost in the Lights is the first volume of ‘Neue Unaussprechliche Kulte’, a series detailing modern day cults that are ready to run for any Keeper of Arcane Lore.

Viva La Shabbith, baby!



CALL OF
HORROR ROLEPLAYING
CTHULHU



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CHAOSIUM INC.
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ISBN 978-1-909095-02-1
60-NUK01-01



neue und aussergewöhnliche kulte
n a m e l e s s c u l t s
volume one

LOST IN THE LIGHTS

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SIXYSTONE PRESS LIMITED

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This book would not have been possible without
THE MYTHOS SEVEN



First Published in 2013 by
SIXTYSTONE PRESS LIMITED
 74 Union Street, Farnborough,
 Hampshire, GU14 7QA,
 United Kingdom

info@sixtystonepress.co.uk
www.sixtystonepress.co.uk

 Copyright © 2012 Jeff Moeller,
 Dean Engelhardt, Steff Worthington,
 David Lee Ingersoll, Chris Huth,
 Adam Crossingham,
 and Sixtystone Press Limited

 ISBN (Sixtystone):
978-1-909095-02-1 (PDF)
978-1-909095-03-8 (PBK)
978-1-909095-04-5 (MOBI)
 SKU (Sixtystone): **60-NUK01-01**

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FAITHFUL FOR NO GOOD REASON

An Examination of the Modern-Day Cult of Shabbith-Ka

'FAITHFUL FOR NO GOOD REASON' REVISITS THE CULT OF THE LESSER Outer God, Shabbith-Ka, sometimes known as the Keepers of the Primal Song, and revives and re-interprets them for the modern day.

The Keepers of the Primal Song initially appeared, in a very obtuse fashion, in 'What Goes Around, Comes Around' (WGACA). WGACA was initially published in Issue 8/9 of Pagan Publishing's *The Unspeakable Oath* and reprinted in *The Resurrected Vol. 3: Out of the Vault* (Pagan Publishing, 2001). In that work, the investigators will likely stumble upon a wrecked temple of the cult, destroyed by prior investigators. Cult trappings abound, but the temple is ultimately a red herring. This time, the investigators go up against them head-on.

Some details on the cult have been revised from WGACA, in the interests of giving it a coherent, full treatment. The only thing that is out and out inconsistent is the language in which the central tome is written.

This essay begins with an OVERVIEW of the cult in historical perspective, including their goals, origin, and typical operations.

Next, it addresses the cult's TRAPPINGS, TEXTS, UNIQUE SPELLS, and other peculiar practices.

The 'DEITY' of the cult, Shabbith-Ka, is discussed and statistics are provided.

The ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY of typical cult members—the central feature of this cult—is explored.

A TIME LINE for how the cult has evolved and occasionally surfaced over the years is provided, for investigators doing their homework or for the Keeper wanting to make broader use of the source material in other eras. As you will see, both Dark Ages and World War II adventure seeds are included for the Keeper's use.

The MODERN DAY ITERATION of the cult is outlined.

Finally, a full-length, detailed SCENARIO pitting the investigators against the cult amidst the surreal indulgences of modern-day Las Vegas ('Invisible Sun') is provided.

SKILL ROLL USAGE IN THIS BOOK

We follow the advice given in *The Keeper's Companion 1*, page 178.

Automatic success	The skill check is waived by the Keeper and the effort automatically succeeds.
Easy	The skill check is doubled by the Keeper. Characters with 90%+ in the skill can automatically succeed by Keeper diktat.
Average	The skill check is rolled normally without modification. Where the difficulty level is not defined it is an Average skill roll.
Hard	The skill check is halved. The Keeper should briefly explain why when imposing the penalty.
Very Hard	The skill check is quartered. The Keeper should explain why when imposing the penalty. Success or failure at this level should be rewarded equally.

THE KEEPERS OF THE PRIMAL SONG, IN HISTORICAL CONTEXT

An organised body that might be referred to as a 'cult' of Shabbith-Ka is of comparatively recent vintage. Before that, knowledge of Shabbith-Ka was mostly limited to one tribe in an extremely remote area of Mali in West Africa, the Shabbiths. Renowned for their ferocity, the Shabbith tribe was cannibalistic, eating their war captives, and had a number of singular rituals.

Much of Shabbith culture was (and still is) devoted to demonstrating individual superiority. Whoever did the bravest (and/or foolhardest) thing and lived to tell about it was the leader and got his or her choice of captives to eat, mates, and other benefits.

Circa 300 BC, an outcast from the Shabbith tribe, looking for something particularly foolish to attempt in an effort to reclaim his status in the tribe, returned from wanderings near the coast of Mauritania. He challenged the current chieftain for leadership by daring to do something that no one had ever done before—summoning a mighty, evil spirit, and living to tell the tale.

The outcast told a story of dwelling among the Broken Columns of Geph and learning many things that would shatter lesser men. He succeeded in his demonstration. His rivals were destroyed by the demon, before the wizard sent it away by holding forth a skull into which curious symbols had been engraved.

From that point on, the outcast and his designated successors—who passed the secrets of the summoning down to one another—ruled the Shabbith tribe. The leader of the tribe is known by the honorific 'Keeper of the Primal Song'. No one could top summoning a Lesser Outer God and surviving the experience for a display of guts, so that became the standard for determining leadership.

The tribe began to refer to the thing that answered the summoning as Shabbith-Ka, or Spirit of the Shabbiths. It would be summoned only when needed to demonstrate one's authority (such as to end a war, or to demonstrate one's right to lead against a challenger), as the spirit was utterly uncontrollable. It did not ask for sacrifices (although it would take them). It simply wreaked havoc against anyone not involved in the summoning, or not displaying the appropriately prepared magic skull when the ritual ended and the spirit exploded and shot off into the sky.

The Shabbith tribe occasionally, over the centuries, encountered outsiders. Rarely, these outsiders learned of the Shabbith tribe and managed to make it back to civilisation with their story. Far more often in these instances, the outsiders were eaten, although sometimes, vague rumours of what had occurred would get back to civilisation.

This pattern changed in the early 14th century. An Icelandic adventurer, Illugi Jarlsson, managed to escape from Shabbith captivity with knowledge of how to both summon Shabbith-Ka and to create the ward that would

cause it to depart. He brought this knowledge back to the Western world, used it to eliminate some enemies, and committed his story to writing in a unique Old Norse manuscript, *Illugi's Saga*.

While the Shabbith tribe continued (and continues) to exist in isolation in the mountains of Mali, the knowledge of how to *Call Shabbith-Ka* had escaped confinement. Since then, it has occasionally bubbled to the surface, resulting in chaos and carnage.

TOMES, TRAPPINGS AND BELIEFS

Many Mythos cults have an intrinsic belief system: propitiate the deity so that it eats us last; worship the deity so that it grants us knowledge; or serve the deity so that we may know its glory to the extent possible.

The Keepers of the Primal Song have no intrinsic belief system. Rather, the cult is more like a mental illness; a self-destructive meme that periodically erupts when some occult-obsessed fool gets a hold of a copy of *Illugi's Saga* and decides to give things a whirl.

The cancer survives in the form of the book and in the practices of a remote tribe in Mali, the Shabbiths, for whom the summoning of their god is a political function, rather than strictly insanity. Periodically, the cult flares up when someone finds the *Saga*, leaves a trail of destruction, and then vanishes—just like Shabbith-Ka itself.

The central transmission mechanism for the meme is *Illugi's Saga*, originally a unique manuscript of which no known copies existed for most of recorded history. The original *Saga* is a musty, crumbling manuscript roughly the size of a dictionary, bound between copper plates set with human bones in a pretty mosaic, and written in saga-era Old Norse. In the past few years however, the book has been translated into modern English, scanned, and saved in a variety of digital formats.

The *Saga* relates the adventures of one Illugi Jarlsson, Icelandic adventurer and soldier of fortune. In 1302, Illugi and his crew of brigands enter the service of one Guillaume de Pont-Voisy, a reputed wizard in Normandy. Illugi engages in a series of tasks for Pont-Voisy around the known world, acquiring tomes, relics, and other rarities. (Guillaume de Pont-Voisy, is given brief treatment in Von Juntz' *Unaussprechlichen Kulden* as a minor wizard slain along with all his followers c.1310 in a strange fire that stained the nearby land purple. At the Keeper's option, *Unaussprechlichen Kulden* might tell the basic outline of the entire story, to the extent that it would be known from the point of view of one of Pont-Voisy's followers).

According to the *Saga*, Pont-Voisy became suspicious that Illugi was developing an inappropriate interest in Pont-Voisy's daughter, for whom he had other, more unconventional 'marriage plans'. As a result and knowing how resourceful Illugi was, Pont-Voisy went to some extreme lengths to get rid of Illugi.



His occult studies had led Pont-Voisly to conclude that there was a tribe of Mythos-worshipping cannibals, the Shabbiths, dwelling south of the Atlas Mountains in what is now Mali. He dispatched Illugi and his crew on a fool's errand to the Shabbith homeland, promising him great riches, land, and a noble title on their return with a certain (non-existent) artefact supposedly in the Shabbiths' possession.

The *Saga* follows the journey of Illugi from Normandy to Africa, to the coast of Mali, across trade routes through Timbuktu, and ultimately into the mountains of Mali, where, as promised, he encountered the Shabbith tribe.

The route taken by Illugi is described in sufficient detail that the *Saga* can be used as a rough guide on how to find the Shabbith homeland.

The Shabbiths welcomed him by eating a couple of his crewmembers on the spot and imprisoning the rest for later.

Over the next several years, Illugi strives to escape from captivity, but eventually 'going native', he takes several Shabbith wives and joins the Shabbith tribe. Illugi writes of many hideous Shabbith rituals, including one involving the sacrifice of his first mate to a horrible monster called Shabbith-Ka.

Illugi likens the fearsome Shabbith-Ka to (in the modern English translation) 'dancing witches' fire, purple in colour, yet possessed of an evil temper'. Illugi relates that after his sacrifice to Shabbith-Ka, his first mate, Erik, was little more than purplish dust.

After spending many years gaining their trust and rising in status through a variety of life-or-death challenges, Illugi was permitted to participate in a ritual summoning of Shabbith-Ka. Illugi finally escaped from the Shabbiths by creating and concealing a strange symbol in his robes, carved into a cannibalised human skull, and thrusting it forward at the ritual.

The 'dancing witches' fire' turned on the Shabbiths, slaying hundreds before shooting into the sky and allowing Illugi to escape in the confusion. He had conveniently arranged for his wives and children to be absent that day, with the result that they were among the few survivors of the tribe.

Illugi returned to Normandy and turned his 'witches' fire' loose on M. de Pont-Voisly and his followers. Proclaiming himself avenged, he sails home to Iceland and receives a hero's welcome.

Apart from the *Saga*, which is always in the possession of an active cult cell outside of the Shabbith homeland, several other trappings or circumstances usually attend cult resurgences:

- ▲ **GRAVE ROBBERIES.** The only known failsafe against Shabbith-Ka is a specialised Elder Sign variant that requires a cannibalised human skull. This, in turn, requires a human head to cannibalise.
- ▲ **CHARISMATIC SINGERS AS LEADERS.** Again, this follows logically from the fact that only those who successfully made an **Art (Sing)** check as part of the **Calling** can contribute Magic Points to the endeavour.
- ▲ **TALENTED SINGERS AS RECRUITS.** Having a decent chance at **Calling Shabbith-Ka** requires a lot of successfully **Sung** Magic Points. And since the whole point is to prove what a powerful person you are big crowds only make sense.
- ▲ **MISSING PERSONS (OFTEN ASPIRING SINGERS).** And in any case, people who do attend a summoning never know if their vocal efforts will be successful. People are regularly killed while casting **Calling Shabbith-Ka**.

- ▲ **ACOUSTIC CHAMBERS.** Good harmonics in the summoning chamber are important. Typical temples are acoustically sound and often lined with marble.
- ▲ **LIGHTS IN THE SKIES AND RADIOACTIVE DEBRIS FIELDS.** Since there is no *Dismissal* spell, Shabbith-Ka is always sent away via presentation of the variant Elder Sign. This results in a brilliant purple pyrotechnics display, carnage and waste to the area, and a radioactive purplish taint to the surrounding land.
- ▲ **SPECIALISED ELDER SIGNS.** All fully-fledged, inner circle members of the cult will have one stashed somewhere—a human skull inlaid with metal etchings and bearing obvious signs of gnawing. Otherwise, they would not have survived the first *Calling* attempt that they attended, since Shabbith-Ka gets in one shot (as detailed below) against anyone without such an artefact on its way out.

SHABBITH-KA, LESSER OUTER GOD

Shabbith-Ka is one of many little known Lesser Outer Gods. Unlike many of its kindred, however, Shabbith-Ka is intelligent and seems to appreciate worship, for whatever alien reason motivates it. The fact that its worshipers supply it with easy prey is one plausible explanation, but no one really knows.

Shabbith-Ka is not specifically mentioned in any standard Mythos tome, although *Unaussprechlichen Kulten* makes an oblique reference to it in its brief reference to the demise of Pont-Voisy. Other suspicious references may occur in other tomes.

The only comprehensive treatment of Shabbith-Ka is found in *Illugi's Saga*. It appears as a shapeless, roughly man-sized purplish aura, spitting and crackling with powerful electric arcs. A sense of power, malignancy, and intelligence accompanies it. It could be that persons able to gaze at its form long enough can see a rudimentary face (or faces) within the glowing, radioactive mass.

Shabbith-Ka does not communicate, period. It attacks by means of 'Engulfing' any one victim at a time. Those Engulfed by Shabbith-Ka take 6D6 points of damage per round from being burned and disintegrated by unearthly energies. Anyone killed by Shabbith-Ka is reduced to a ruined, skeletal, purple husk, which quickly crumbles into radioactive dust. Material weapons are useless against Shabbith-Ka, which attacks anyone present who is not continuing to successfully sing the spell *Call Shabbith-Ka* or prominently displaying the variant Elder Sign (which causes it to flee). For this reason, casting *Call Shabbith-Ka* borders on the suicidal, especially if one is not a very good singer.

MYTHOS TOME—ILLUGI'S SAGA

LANGUAGE: Old Norse (or modern English with the recent translations).

MYTHOS GAIN: +3% to Cthulhu Mythos.

SANITY LOSS: -1/-1D6 SAN.

SPELLS (INT×5) (in order): *Create Elder Sign (variant), Call Shabbith-Ka.* The version of the Elder Sign discussed in the tale requires carving the sign into the skull of a cannibalised human. On an **INT×1** roll, one might also learn the ritual referred to by modern cultists as *Dress Rehearsal*. There is no *Dismissal* spell for Shabbith-Ka.

STUDY TIME: Straightforward and not couched in code or allegory. Study time is 150-(INT×5) hours.

NOTE: If someone goes insane, either from reading the *Saga* or from exposure to Shabbith-Ka, the only appropriate insanity is obsessive mania with safely calling and controlling Shabbith-Ka. While such a person gathers the necessary tools or searches for enough associates, this madness should leak out around the edges as extreme risk-taking and unjustified feelings of invulnerability.

NEW SPELLS:

Call Shabbith-Ka—As per *Call Deity*, but Magic Points can only be contributed by those who have successfully made an **Art (Singing)** check as part of the spell. *Casting time is only 2 minutes.*

Dress Rehearsal—Used to eliminate cult enemies; it costs 15 Magic Points and 1D6 SAN. The caster must also succeed in an **Art (Sing)** roll. This spell summons part of the essence of Shabbith-Ka. On the second round of singing, a purplish, radioactive plasma ball appears and assaults anyone not intoning the spell within 30-feet of the caster. Treat the plasma ball as having 12 MOV flying, an attack of 90%, damage 6D6, and 4 Hit Points (but immune to all attacks except magic). It stays until the caster stops singing or everyone within range has been eliminated; it dissipates if one of the specially prepared Elder Signs is forcefully presented towards it.

Shabbith-Ka can disintegrate its way through any terrestrial barrier with ease. However, Shabbith-Ka cannot be called within 100-feet of an exposed Elder Sign, or into a room sealed by one. (It can be called into a room near a concealed Elder Sign and usually is).

To cast *Call Shabbith-Ka*, the chant must be successfully sung (requiring a successful **Art (Sing)** roll). Only those who succeed in an **Art (Sing)** roll can contribute magic points to the calling. Worshipers of Shabbith-Ka are either accomplished singers or do not worship him for very long.

SHABBITH-KA,

God of the Primal Song

STR 0 **CON** 100 **SIZ** 20 **INT** 20 **POW** 30
DEX 6 **MOV** 50' flying **HP** 60**WEAPONS:** Engulf 90%, damage 6D6. Victims are left as desiccated purplish husks that register as slightly radioactive.**ARMOUR:** None, but material weapons (magical or not), fire, acid, electricity, etc., are useless, passing right through it. Spells work normally.

If Shabbith-Ka is somehow reduced to 0 Hit Points, it blows up and departs, as though the variant Elder Sign had been presented.

SPELLS: Keeper's discretion.**SANITY LOSS:** Viewing Shabbith-Ka costs 1D3/1D20 SAN.

Seeing Shabbith-Ka disintegrate someone, or seeing a disintegrated purplish husk, costs 1/1D6 SAN.

If successfully called, Shabbith-Ka seemingly materialises from thin air. Shabbith-Ka then immediately starts killing everyone present who is not successfully singing its praises (or, even if they were, when their voices give out). It voluntarily takes its leave (by simply fading away, without a violent exit) when it has killed all those close by. (In the past, rival Shabbith wizards would *Call Shabbith-Ka* and see who could hold the summoning song the longest. The loser was disintegrated, the winner got to be chief).

If confronted with the variant Elder Sign, Shabbith-Ka flees, blasting through anything in its way. Anyone nearby (within 50-feet) who is not holding the variant Elder Sign when Shabbith-Ka decides to make an abrupt exit is subject to one Engulf attack. A Hard **Dodge** roll or **Luck** roll should be allowed for half damage (3D6) as they find partial cover.

A purplish residue that never totally fades stains an area blasted by Shabbith-Ka. Plants attempting to grow in such an area will be stunted, wilted, and sickly. The blighted area registers as radioactive, with a high gamma ray signature. Those who somehow survive an Engulf attack often have only bought themselves a little more time on the planet, as the radiation kills them later.

WHAT MAKES THE CULTISTS TICK?

So, what kind of an idiot would 'worship' Shabbith-Ka? What is in it for the cultists? To answer this, we have to examine why people take needlessly risky behaviours in the first place. Then, we have to examine what kind of person would test the absolute outer boundaries of foolhardiness.

There are three basic sorts of people who might be drawn to the Keepers of the Primal Song: foolhardy stotters who have gotten in over their heads; sociopaths; and those whose entire culture revolves around the

worship of a big, sentient purple ball of extra-dimensional radiation.

Stotters indulge in high risk, low-visible-reward behaviour that people (and animals) engage in anyway, for relatively intangible reasons. In humans, the intangible goal is one of social status and fitness advertisement to potential mates. Classic examples include cigarette smoking, drinking to excess, and performing dangerous stunts without proper training or financial incentive. By doing silly, outrageous and/or dangerous things and surviving the consequences, others perceive them as bold, fearless, and possibly more desirable. Some people, of course, do not know when to stop, or are not emotionally in control of themselves enough to draw a line. This kind of person is the sort that might join the Keepers of the Primal Song in its modern context. You get to live a champagne and cocaine lifestyle, plus impress all the counter-culturists and groupies that hang around a celebrity by being someone in his inner circle. Never mind that hanging around someone who plays with sentient radiation is rather dangerous—that is the whole point.

The second sort of potential cultist is a sociopath. Here, 'sociopath' is used in its clinical sense: someone who is numb to normal fear and empathy stimuli. They engage in risky behaviour because they lack consciences and are not afraid of things that normal people are. They

STOTTING

'Stotting' is a term originally applied by biologists to a particular risky behaviour observed in gazelles. Either in play or at the approach of a predator, they may leap straight up into the air, thereby decreasing the time in which they have to flee. This apparently maladaptive behaviour has been theorised to serve as a counterintuitive advertisement of reproductive suitability: "Look at me! I'm so fast that I can do silly things and still get away!"

The term came into broader sociological use, however, when it was borrowed by Richard Dawkins in *The Selfish Gene* (Oxford Press, 1976), to describe maladaptive human behaviours (particularly in young males) that serve to advertise how fearless they are.

The term was further expanded on by Jared Diamond in Chapter 11 of his collection of essays, *The Third Chimpanzee* (Hutchinson Radius, 1991), entitled 'Why Do We Smoke, Drink, And Use Dangerous Drugs?'. Diamond cites as examples of human stotting: tattooing (particularly before effective germ control theory); bungee jumping; potlatches; and recreational substance abuse, all of which he hypothesises are, at their most basic, attention-seeking devices demonstrating one's ability to take risks and sustain punishment. Excerpts of Diamond's chapter are available on Google Books.

are so numb to fear that they seek ever-bigger thrills to avoid boredom and depression. These people tend to fill out the upper ranks of the Keepers of the Primal Song.

Finally, there are those who are involved with the cult for cultural reasons. These are the Shabbiths, a remote (but contrary to prior belief, not quite wiped out) tribe of Shabbith-Ka worshippers from remotest eastern Mali. Status in the tribe (as a form of stotting and proving one's puissance) derives from not shrinking from the danger posed by a *Calling* of their deity. Some of these, in the modern day, have relocated to Las Vegas where they are in the employ, thrall, or loose orbit of the current Keeper of the Primal Song, Todd Christopher.

As a people, modern Shabbiths are very tall, thin and muscular, light-skinned Africans, with a variety of hair colours. Due to their 'founding father'/half-Norse heritage many are blue eyed and blond, contrasting with their darker skin.

A HISTORY OF CULT ACTIVITY

The Keepers of the Primal Song are always a small cult, limited by the difficulty of worshipping their deity; the lack of any tangible benefit to doing so; and the demanding nature of having to successfully sing every ritual that they ever attempt. What is left of the Shabbith tribe, for its part, just keeps on keeping on, in isolation in the remotest interior of eastern Mali.

Throughout its history, the cult has gone through a consistent pattern of one small group forming, followed by a disaster, followed by dormancy, only to re-emerge. In most instances, the new leader, as a particularly outrageous stotting display, has seized upon *Calling Shabbith-Ka*—doing something crazy just to prove that he is far more man (or woman) than everyone else. Illugi Jarlsson was the exception; he used Shabbith-Ka as the 14th century equivalent of a tactical nuclear device.

A rough timetable of known (or ascertainable) cult history follows, for the Keeper's information. Potential sources where nosy investigators might happen upon this information, as well as the difficulty of discovery, accompany each entry.

Classical-era Rome

A historian with dubious qualifications and a penchant for exaggeration, Publius Quintus Perditus, gives mention in his *Travels* (also known as *Africae Peregrinationis*, c.50 BC) to a tribe living south of the province of Africa, beyond the Atlas Mountains, who select their chieftain based on which wizard could summon a spirit of glowing purple fire. (Average **Other Language (Latin)** roll and an average **Library Use** roll, when looking for mentions of purple fire beings).

c. 700 AD

Certain correspondence from missionaries in the area south of the Atlas Mountains reference a violent and resistant tribe, the Xabits, who worship a fearsome fire demon of 'imperial colour'. Only a few of the missionaries managed to escape with their lives. At least one missionary was last seen being eaten alive by the Xabits. (Average **Other Language (Latin)** roll and an easy **Library Use** roll, only at the Vatican Library).

THE KEEPERS OF THE PRIMAL SONG IN DIFFERENT CALL OF CTHULHU SETTINGS

For the Keeper wanting to use the Shabbith tribe in other *Call of Cthulhu* periods, here are some notes for you to extrapolate the state of tribe.

CTHULHU INVICTUS: The Shabbith or Xabits live in relative isolation from the Roman world, which treats their existence as mythical. Unfortunate travellers may fall into their clutches, but none escape, and only the wary and very lucky trader leaves with his life.

CTHULHU DARK AGES: The Xabits resist first Christianity and then Islam, fervent in their worship of Shabbith-Ka. Missionaries of these faiths rarely escape the Xabits' tribal lands.

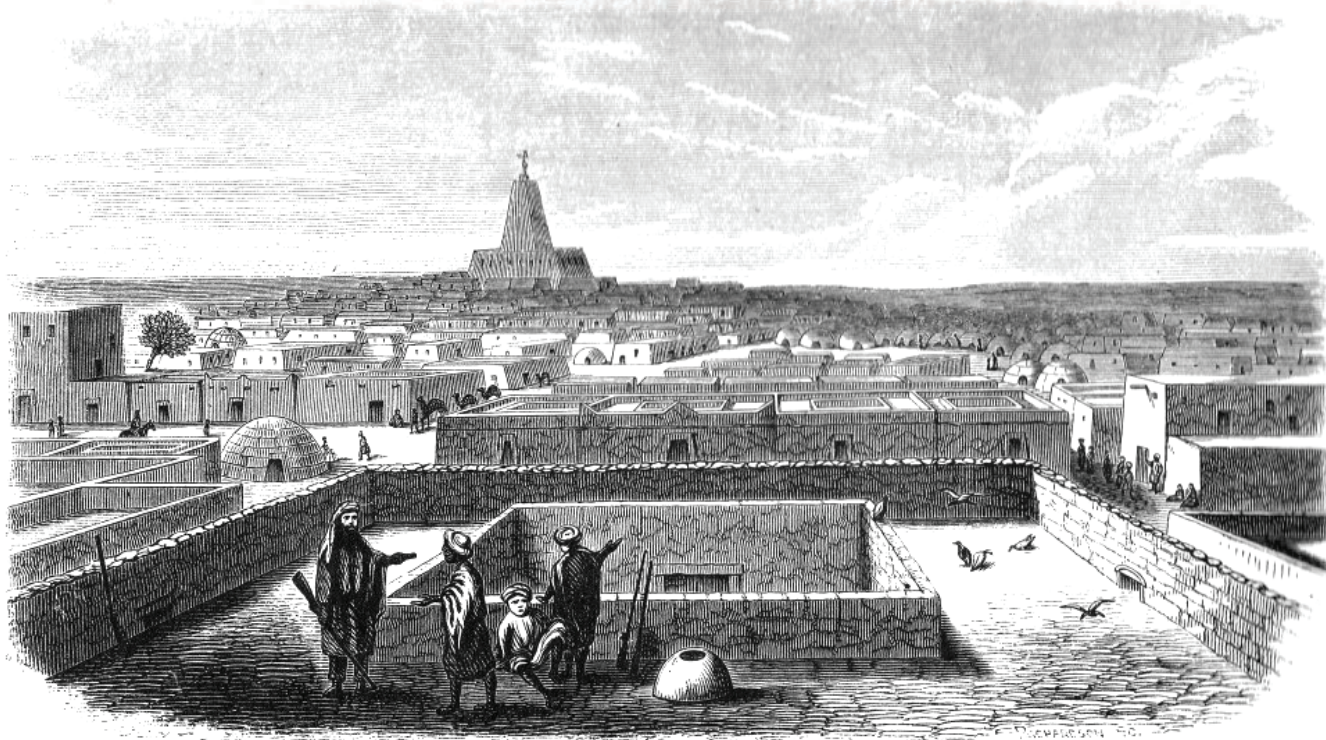
COLONIAL LOVECRAFT COUNTRY: Unlucky investigators might encounter the transplantation of the cult to Spanish Florida, if Mythos hunting takes them down south beyond the Thirteen Colonies. Originally led by an insane Jehan Andersson, the cult of degenerate Spanish settlers and indigent Seminole Indians becomes increasingly desperate, bold, and violent in later years.

Investigators visiting Africa, perhaps following leads from slaves in New England, might encounter rumours of the Shabbith.

Americans in London could get caught up in the Stock Exchange blaze and the illnesses afterwards.

CTHULHU BY GASLIGHT/DOWN DARKER TRAILS: Investigators with French connections might become involved with the search to discover the fates of the missing mapping expeditions. The Shabbith are in their post-Illugi state—half-Scandinavian, cannibalistic, xenophobic, and vicious.

TWENTIES CTHULHU: As they were in the Gaslight period. The Shabbith comfortably eliminate an entire German expedition twenty years later.



TIMBUKTU, FROM THE TERRACE OF THE TRAVELER'S HOUSE

ALL THE WAY TO TIMBUKTU

Timbuktu was once the capital of a series of empires (Ghana, Mali, and Songhai) whose fortunes ebbed and flowed over the course of the Middle Ages. It was founded c. AD1000, thrived until c.1600 and still exists today as both a town and a UNESCO World Heritage Site.

Timbuktu sat at the intersection of two major medieval trade routes. One ran from the west coast of Africa, along the Niger River, through tropical forests, and ultimately through the Sahara Desert in north-central Africa. The other ran north to south. Gold and salt went east and north, while a variety of trade goods went south and west. Timbuktu is where the region's people naturally met and the wide area from which it drew traders offered cultural contact, through North African and Jewish traders, between western Africa and Europe.

Timbuktu has been known for its libraries and schools since its founding. In the 15th and 16th centuries, while under Muslim control, it became a famous and elite (and multicultural) centre of learning, home to numerous madrasas, and even an early university. The city itself remained an important regional capital into the 1800s, when desertification eroded its population.

At its height, Timbuktu had about 120 libraries with approximately 1 million manuscripts, a staggering number for a medieval city. Many still exist. About 100,000 of these manuscripts pre-date the earliest Muslim control of the city c.1200. Most of these are in Arabic or Fulani and they cover a wide variety of subjects, including the liberal arts and the sciences.

In 2006, the US Library of Congress scanned and digitally preserved a sampling of the libraries of Timbuktu. Further preservation efforts are under discussion, as Mali's economy is now in shambles. Timbuktu is a highly fitting place, given its status as a cosmopolitan city with hundreds of libraries, yet not firmly under Muslim control, to have some blasphemous ancient tomes be found in medieval times and since.

When its commercial importance faded, Timbuktu's distance inland, combined with its cultural significance, caused it to become 'the place' for daring European explorers to visit. Few made it and returned to tell the tale prior to 1890 and the French colonisation of Mali. Hence, Timbuktu became synonymous with somewhere as far off the beaten track as one could get.

c. 1100	<p>A chronicler at a madrasa in Timbuktu in the Empire of Ghana reports that a trade caravan along the trade route far to the east was found abandoned, with all of its trade goods still present. The caravan that discovered this oddity instituted a search of the area. A strange purplish stain was found on a rocky plateau about a mile off the trail, at a point about 600 miles northeast of Timbuktu. The bones, cracked and gnawed, of many men were found nearby, minus their skulls.</p> <p>Before the Emperor's cavalry could look into the report, the members of the second trade caravan sickened and died, their hair falling out. The spot that they were describing was in a very remote and inhospitable region, and a patrol was unable to verify their claim. (Average Library Use, Other Language (Arabic) rolls, Library of Congress, while reviewing scanned samples of manuscripts sampled from the libraries of Timbuktu; or research in Timbuktu itself. Manuscripts are in medieval Arabic).</p>
c.1302	<p><i>Illugi's Saga</i>; Illugi Jarlsson is tricked by notorious sorcerer Guillaume de Pont-Voisie into going to the Shabbith homeland in Mali. Brief reference to 'purple witches' fire' being brought down by Illugi on Pont-Voisie several years thereafter can be found in Von Juntz' <i>Unaussprechlichen Kulten</i>. Illugi then returns home to Iceland. (<i>Unaussprechlichen Kulten</i> or <i>Illugi's Saga</i> as a reference).</p>
1664	<p>Famine breaks out in Iceland after the sky is blotted out by a 'volcanic eruption'. Icelandic historians note that the smoke from the 'volcano' was oddly purple. Many Icelandic refugees flee to other countries. (Average or hard Library Use roll depending on using Icelandic or translated English sources, either searching Icelandic history or looking for 'purple fire' references).</p>
1666	<p>The Great Fire of London breaks out in Pudding Lane, supposedly starting at a bakery. Woodcuts of the era fancifully (?) depict the fire as anthropomorphic, with a man in the middle, bearing a book and raining death at fleeing hordes from the sky. [Actually true]. See the <i>Lost in the Lights</i>, papers 1 and 2.</p> <p>'Divers foreigners' from the neighbourhood where the fire started are rounded up and imprisoned by the English authorities. (Library Use roll, searching for instances of anthropomorphised fires).</p> <p>Occult correspondence from the era (Library Use roll, with the appropriate sources at hand) suggests that the Duke of York, in his subsequent investigation of the Great Fire, found and removed 'a parchment of great antiquitie' written in Old Norse from above the baker's shop where the fire supposedly started.</p> <p>The purple stain found in that shop sickened many men and caused their hair to fall out. The residents of the flat above the baker's shop were known to be Icelanders who had fled from the 1664 famine. The Royal Library took custody of the 'parchment'.</p>
1747	<p>Hungry for cash to fund the War of the Austrian Succession and ignored by the largely indifferent George II, Parliament sells a number of volumes from the Royal Library. Included in these are a number of occult works. An Icelandic, Jehan Andersson, buys a large number of these. (Library Use roll, British historical records such as Acts of Parliament, looking for dispositions of occult works from the Royal Library).</p>
1748	<p>After the original London Stock Exchange building (a coffeehouse) burns down under mysterious circumstances in a 'violet-smoked fire', a rash of illness (sores and loss of hair) is reported among the survivors. (Library Use roll, contemporary newspapers).</p> <p>A warrant of arrest issues for one Jehan Andersson, an Icelandic trader, but he flees, reportedly to Spanish Florida.</p>



LOST IN THE LIGHTS, PAPERS #1 & 2
THE LONDONERS' LAMENTATION AND THE LONDON GAZETTE

The LONDONERS Lamentation.

Wherein is contained a forrowfull Description of the dreadfull Fire which happened in Pudding-Lane, next beyond Fish-street-hill on the second of Septemb. 1666. betwixt twelve and one of the clock in the morning, being Sunday, and continued until the Thursday night following: VVith an account of the King and the Duke of York's indefavour, with severall Peers of the Land, for the quenching of the flame: Also the manner of doing it, and the name of every particular place where the fire did stop.

Tuncis, VVhen Troy town, &c.

At Water flow from every eye,
Of all good Librarians in the Land;
Whom that fire have cruelly slain;
Which London's & the City's ornaments;
Waste for those buildings were designed;
And whose eye where London flood.

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THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Published by Authority.

From Monday, Septemb 3, to Monday, Septemb 10, 1666.

Whitehall, Sept. 8.

THE ordinary course of this paper having been interrupted by a sad and lamentable accident of Fire lately happened in the City of London: it hath been thought fit for satisfying the minds of so many of His Majesties Good Subjects who must needs be concerned for the Issue of so great an accident, to give this short, but true Account of it.

On the second instant, at one of the clock in the Morning, there happened to break out, a sad and deplorable Fire in *Pudding-lane*, near *New Fish-street*, which falling out at that hour of the night, and in a quarter of the Town so close built with wooden pitched houses spread itself so far before day, and with such distraction to the inhabitants and Neighbours, that care was not taken for the timely preventing the further diffusion of it, by pulling down houses, as ought to have been; so that this lamentable Fire in a short time became too big to be mastered by any Engines or working near it. It fell out most unhappily too, That a violent Easterly wind fomented it, and kept it burning all that day, and the night following spreading itself up to *Grace-church-street* and downwards from *Canons-street* to the *Water-side*, as far as the *Three Crowns in the Vintry*.

The people in all parts about it, distracted by the vastness of it, and their particular care to carry away their Goods, many attempts were made to prevent the spreading of it by pulling down Houses, and making great Intervals, but all in vain, the Fire eating upon the Timber and Scaffolds, and so continuing it set even through those spaces, and raging in a bright flame all Monday and Tuesday, not withstanding His Majesties own, and His Royal Highness's indefatigable and personal pains to apply all possible remedies to prevent it, calling upon and helping the people with their Guards; and a great number of Nobility and Gentry unweariedly assisting therein, for which they were rewarded with a thousand blessings from the poor distressed people. By the favour of God the Wind slackened a little on Tuesday night & the Flames meeting with brick buildings at the *Temple* by little and little it was observed to lose its force on that side, so that on Wednesday morning we began to hope well, and his Royal Highness never despairing or neglecting his personal care wrought so well that day, assisted in some parts by the Lords of the Council before and behind it that a stop was put to it at the *Temple Church*, near *Holborn-bridge*, *Pico-corner*, *Aldersgate*, *Cripplegate*, near the lower end of *Oldman-street*, at the end of *Levis-hall-street* by the *Postern* at the upper end of *Binnygate-street* and *Leadenhall-street*, at the *Steward's in Cornhill* at the church in *Finchback-street*, near *Cloth-workers Hall* in *Almeing-lane*, at the middle of *Mark-lane*, and at the *Tower-choke*.

On Thursday by the blessing of God it was wholly beat down and extinguished. But so as that Evening it unhappily burnt out again a fresh at the *Temple*, by the falling of some sparks (as it is supposed) upon a Pile of Wooden buildings; but his Royal Highness who watched there that whole night in Person, by the great labours and diligence used, and especially by applying Powder to blow up the Houses about it, before day most happily mastered it.

Divers Strangers, Dutch and French were, during the fire, apprehended, upon suspicion that they contributed inchievously to it, who are all imprisoned, and Informators prepared to make a severe inquisition here upon by my Lord Chief Justice *Keving*, assisted by some of the Lords of the Privy Council; and some principal Members of the City, notwithstanding which suspicion, the manner of the burning all along in a Train, and so blown forwards in all its way by strong Winds, make us conclude the whole was an effect of an unhappy chance, or to speak better, the heavy hand of God upon us for our sins, shewing us the terror of his Judgement in thus raising the Fire, and immediately after his miraculous and never to be acknowledged efficacy, in putting a stop to it when we were in the last despair, and that all attempts for quenching it however industriously pursued seemed insufficient. His Majesty then sat hourly in Council, and ever since hath continued making rounds about the City in all parts of it where the danger and mischief was greatest, till this morning that he hath seen His Grace the Duke of *Albany*, whom he hath called for to assist him in this great occasion, to put his happy and successful hand to the finishing this memorable deliverance.

About the *Tower* the seasonable orders given for plucking down the Houses to secure the Magazine of Powder was more especially successful, that part being up the Wind, notwithstanding which it came almost to the very Gates of it. So early this early provision the general Store of War lodged in the *Tower* were entirely saved; And we have further this intimate cause to give God thanks, that the Fire did not happen where

MALI—WHAT AND WHY

A brief history of what is currently 'Mali' might be of assistance in understanding why the author put the Shabbith tribe there and perhaps give the Keeper some ideas on how to use the source material about the cult in other eras.

The Shabbiths are a very small tribe, clinging to existence in the remotest part of what is now Mali, north of the old trans-Saharan trade routes in sandstone mountains and hills, about 600 miles northeast of Timbuktu. There are not very many of them after c.1310, no more than a couple hundred, and they are pretty much the only thing there. People who wander into their territory simply tend to disappear. These disappearances have typically been attributed to the usual fate of those who wander too far off track at the edges of the Sahara—exposure. Actually, they get eaten by the Shabbiths.

Mali is an artificial state created when France's African colonies regained independence, Mali doing so in 1960. For the preceding balance of the 20th century, the territory now included in Mali was called French Soudan. It includes three distinct regions. The first is a tropical area following the course of the Niger River. This area encompassed a variety of historic, enlightened empires, with legendary trade routes for gold and salt and centres of learning, such as the city of Timbuktu. The Ghana Empire controlled the region from c.700 until c.1203. Although Islamic dynasties to the north meddled in the Empire's affairs, it resisted Islam and in 1203, the Empire was overthrown by a former client state that was decidedly anti-Muslim. The first truly Muslim ruler of this area did not govern until c.1324. Between these dates, it went through a series of fractious kingdoms and transitory empires and lacked much in terms of effective regional government.

The second area is a savannah stretching north of the first. Historically, North African Muslims governed this area, off and on, over the centuries. Third is a vast near desert and mountainous region to the east of Timbuktu. Few people have ever lived there.

From 1389 until 1545, Mali went through a gradual decline. The trade routes through the Sahara to the east lost importance. The territory to the east of the Niger River corridor lost any semblance of government beyond tight-knit clans. By 1625, there were about 100 states along the Niger River corridor. These fought each other over the next few hundred years, often pitting non-Muslims against Muslims. From the 17th Century until 1890, no one (and certainly not the Muslims from the north) held firm control over Mali as a whole. Morocco managed to exercise some control over the savannahs north of the Niger River corridor, but its influence did not extend into the old Mali empire. Neither side cared much about the remote eastern area where the Shabbith homeland is located.

When the French colonised Mali in 1890, they lumped the area east of Timbuktu into French Soudan for administrative purposes. Nevertheless, apart from trade routes not much used since the 16th century, there has never been much there in recorded history. Barren, rocky plateaus support a few nomads. In recent years, archaeological finds of unknown ancient cultures have been made and it has become a popular area for extreme trekking.

Six-hundred miles east of Timbuktu into the fringe of the Sahara, in short, is the end of the Earth. Only a few Europeans even made it as far as Timbuktu prior to 1890. No one has ever imposed effective government on the area, not the French, not the medieval empires, and certainly not the Muslims. People mostly stopped going to the area (until very recently) for any reason after the Age of Sail. What little that was known about the area came from accounts from caravans, likely predating c.1600, or perhaps post-1890 French explorers who managed not to wander too far off the old trade routes, thus avoiding the chance of an encounter with the Shabbiths and being eaten.

Mali is currently in a state of disarray following a rebellion, a coup d'état, and an Islamist insurgency starting from January 2012. The Tuareg of Northern Mali, emboldened by experience and arms from the Libyan Revolution, staged a rebellion against the southern government, and quickly declared a breakaway state they call Azawad.

The Malian military then took control of the remaining country through a coup in March 2012. The military failed to contain the Tuareg rebels in the North, but the rebels have recently been muscled out by Al-Qaeda-affiliated Islamic insurgents who have a fondness for strict Sharia law and destroying cultural artefacts (such as shrines and moderate Islamic texts, which they regard as being influenced by decadent western beliefs—insert a plot device of your choosing here).

The Islamists (including Al-Qaeda in the Islamic Maghreb, and the slightly more moderate Ansar Dine) now control much of the North (including Timbuktu) and there is great international concern that northern Mali will end up as a safe haven for terrorists. Arab, Pakistani, and Nigerian Islamists are reported operating in the area, which African diplomats are calling the 'African Afghanistan'. Meanwhile the brutal repression mediated by the military-backed regime in the South is contributing to a refugee crisis in neighbouring countries as Tuaregs flee the war and Islamist repression.

Shabbith tribal lands are in the northeast of this area, and the remaining Shabbiths would put up a fierce fight if discovered by the Islamists. Should they resort to calling Shabbith-Ka to destroy the Islamists, greater scrutiny from the West seeking to prevent the spread of nuclear technology and Islamic terrorism seeking it would surely follow?

1926	The same farmhouse that was involved in the 1919 raid is completely destroyed by a huge purplish fireball, which is seen for dozens of miles around. (Library Use , purple fire incidents). No bodies were found in the ensuing investigation. (See WGACA for more information).
1927	<i>Illugi's Saga</i> is sold by name at an auction in New York from the estate of noted occult scholar, Elaine Fields. (Critical Library Use roll, New York newspaper listings of estate auctions). It is bought (Library Use roll, auction records from Christie's) by an anonymous German source.
1941	An elite group of German researchers fails to return from an expedition to the mountains of Mali, far to the east and north of Timbuktu. Records seized by the Allies at the end of World War II indicate that they were in search of a remote tribe known for its occult secrets and were following clues in a medieval Norse manuscript obtained at auction in 1927 to locate them. (Library Use roll, US military archives, looking for references to far eastern Mali and/or Norse manuscripts).
World War II	A group of 60 British sailors was imprisoned for the duration of the war in Timbuktu, which fell under German control. They record rumours that, periodically, teams of researchers fresh from Berlin would come through Timbuktu, each better equipped than the last and none ever returned. (Library Use roll, British military archives, looking for references for exploration of this area). [Note: there actually was a group of 60 British sailors held in Timbuktu by the Germans during World War II].
1945	<i>Illugi's Saga</i> is found in the possession of a returning American GI, who claimed that he found it secreted in a Berlin basement, along with an oddly carved human skull and other occult artefacts. Both the manuscript and the skull are returned, as stolen property, to the Library of Congress. (Library Use roll, Library of Congress archives and Smithsonian holdings index).
1946	Yet another break-in at the Library of Congress' closed stacks; <i>Illugi's Saga</i> and the skull are gone with the wind, again. (Library Use roll, 1946 newspaper reports or Library of Congress holdings index).
1976	<p>Haight-Ashbury: A fiery explosion levels an 'artists' commune' in San Francisco belonging to the 'Bountiful Harvest Love Group', which included several Icelandic expatriates.</p> <p>Numerous newspaper articles reference purplish flames and smoke, as well as a weeks-long cleanup effort by Federal officials from the EPA and Nuclear Regulatory Commission. The public is assured that, "the radiation from whatever the group was storing in the building has been contained".</p> <p>All known members of the group (including several rumoured occultists) are believed to have been killed in the explosion. (Library Use roll, contemporary newspapers or purple fire incidents). No criminal charges ensue (Library Use roll, review of state and federal court records).</p> <p>(Note: Critical Library Use roll or interviews with knowledgeable gossipmongers—A chapter in a limited run book, <i>Love in My Tummy: Teen Idol Scandals of the 1960s-1970s</i>, reports a rumour that Todd Christopher was present at the 'Bountiful Harvest Love Group' fire and managed to escape both notice and prosecution. See <i>Invisible Sun</i>, investigator Handout #4).</p> <p>The author of this rock star groupie kiss-and-tell, Cynthia Straub, vanished without a trace in 1979. (Easy Library Use roll).</p>
1979	<i>Memoir re: Studio 54</i> . (Library Use roll, information on Cynthia Straub). An insider's celebrity tell-all about the glory days of Studio 54 recounts the last known sighting of girlfriend to rock stars and detested blabbermouth, Cynthia Straub. Late into a cocaine and PCP fuelled party, Ms. Straub went to the ladies' room to refuel and did not return to the party. She was never seen again. A small pile of purplish dust was later found floating in one of the latrines.

CHARING CROSS TRUMPET

POLICE RAID SECRET RELIGIOUS CEREMONY

Gun Battle Ensues, Many Dead

Local Farmhouse Burnt to the Ground

November 1, 1919—Nick Richards, Local Reporter

Police from Charing Cross and towns throughout the county converged upon a midnight ceremony last evening, resulting in a pitched gun battle that ended with the deaths of all eleven members of a strange religious sect apparently calling itself the Keepers of the Primal Song.

Police, many of whom seemed visibly shaken by the incident, then burnt down the abandoned farmhouse at which the sect had been meeting just outside of town on the North Farm Road.

This fire is the apparent source of the strange purplish smoke noticed by town residents this morning. One officer, later identified by this reporter as Howard Fetz, was hospitalized for treatment. Several other officers were treated for injuries and later released.

Town tax records show the land as being owned by Nils Carlsen, a man whom neighbors described as aloof and unfriendly. Carlsen's body could not be positively identified amongst those recovered after the fire.



LOCAL POLICE AT THE DESTROYED NORTH FARM

1981

Long Island, New York; Fire Island: A beach cabin blows up in a purplish fireball during a particularly debauched weekend in the summer of 1981. Five are believed killed, but there was not enough left to count the bodies accurately. Loud singing had been heard coming from the cabin immediately before the explosion. (Library Use roll, New York or gay oriented newspapers, purple fire incidents).

2012

Las Vegas. A purplish fire breaks out in a women's restroom off the main ticket lobby at the Las Vegas bus terminal. (Library Use roll, Las Vegas newspapers, websites, newscasts, purple fire incidents). Las Vegas CSI and a hazmat/decon team are on the scene for at least two days.

TODAY'S CULT: SAME SONG, SECOND VERSE

The modern-day cult is based in Las Vegas. It is headed by Todd Christopher (his stage name), a former late 1960s-early 1970s teen idol. The rest of the cult consists of a handful of extremely disaffected, sociopathic young artists, plus half-dozen cannibalistic Shabbith tribesmen imported from a remote part of Mali.

Todd Christopher is a charismatic man now at the start of his sixties—though his looks are those of a timeless fifty-something. Of Scottish descent, he was born James Kenneth McDaniel, in North Dakota in 1950. He has no excuses in his childhood for his depravity; rather, he is simply a classic sociopath. He has no conscience and is unusually numb to normal physical and emotional stimuli. He is utterly fearless (pathologically so) and lives only for the next, ideally supervening, thrill.

In fact, his whole life revolves around trying to top the last thrill. Sex, drugs, and crime, there are few lines that he has not (quietly but deliberately) crossed. By way of example, in the early 1980s, he purposefully engaged in casual sex with anyone who was willing, out of curiosity, just to see if he could catch AIDS. He did, but his money has enabled him to keep on going with the best drug cocktails that money can buy—and keep the fact that he has HIV out of the media.

Todd was born with a rare vocal talent. He has the voice of an angel—perfect pitch, radio friendly, wide range, and very mellifluous. Comparisons have been made to Roy Orbison and a young Michael Jackson. His mental illness has consistently gotten in the way of Christopher making the most of it, but he has made something of it despite himself.

At the age of 16, Todd moved to California with the permission of his parents and enrolled in a school for the arts. His voice quickly led to a name change, a recording contract, a small string of bubblegum pop records, national and international tours, and regular mentions in magazines aimed at teenaged girls. His biggest hit single, 'Puppies and Kittens', was a #1 hit for several weeks in 1972. It is an insipid, bouncy, tambourine-heavy ballad, which nonetheless showed off Todd's impressive vocal range and ability to hit sustained high notes.

Todd had a good manager who wisely invested his money and held onto his song rights (unusually for the time—sociopathy has its advantages in contract negotiations). Todd was never fabulously wealthy, but today he is well off and does not want for anything.

By the time that he was 20, his recording contract had ended and he was deemed too old to appeal to his teenaged audience. By that time, he had tried every recreational drug imaginable, slept with every type of girl imaginable (and a few boys), and killed his first hooker just to see what it felt like. His prior recording label covered up these indiscretions (except for the murder, which never came to light), but the music industry did not forget them.

Todd received a few post-teen idol offers from producers looking to remake his image into a more adult one. But the offers stopped coming after he spurned the first few; he had a deserved reputation as 'wild' and people finally quit bothering him (as Todd saw it) with that sort of thing. He had gotten enough thrills from sex, drugs, and pseudo-rock and roll. Now he wanted new, bigger, darker thrills.

His constant quest for fresh, ever-ascending thrills took Todd to many of the dark corners of the Earth. He enlisted in the US Army using his real name (having previously evaded the draft), went through Special Forces training, and performed wet work in Cambodia in the last years of the war.

After being pulled out of Southeast Asia, and discharged from the military, Todd joined a commune of hippies in the San Francisco area, which included a number of Icelandic occultists. The 'Bountiful Harvest Love Group', as they were known, ran a compound in the Haight-Ashbury neighbourhood which engaged in a variety of debauched practices, including bisexual free love networks, experimental drug use, and every sort of religious, pseudo-religious, and magical practice imaginable—some real.

It was here in 1976 that Todd learned of and first participated in a casting of *Call Shabbith-Ka*. He was the only survivor, as the wannabe sorcerers who had stolen the *Saga* from the Smithsonian did not fully comprehend the precautions necessary. They made only

Heart-Throb Issue!

Vol 1., Issue 57 April, 1970

POP! Idols

TODD CHRISTOPHER

**Still
only
25¢**

**Photos!
Interview!
Stickers!
POSTER!!!**

His Favorite First Date!

**Latest
Songs!**

**Win a
Phone
Call
from
Todd!**

**Donny's
Hair Cut
Do You Like It?**



one variant of the Elder Sign and gave it to Todd to hold during the ceremony. Oops. Shabbith-Ka obliterated the rest of the coven and laid waste to the entire building before rocketing into space.

The stark and primal terror that afflicted Todd Christopher at the sight of the Lesser Outer God and the carnage it inflicted on the 'Bountiful Harvest Love Group,' did not break Todd's mind. It was already broken. Rather, for the first time that he could ever remember, Todd was genuinely afraid. He had actually felt something and he devoted his existence to feeling it again.

Todd managed to escape with *Illugi's Saga* in the confusion and began to study it, as well as other Mythos tomes, in earnest. He avoided making contact with other sorcerers, afraid that they would try to horn in on his glory, at least at first. However, time after time, as he tried to cast *Call Shabbith-Ka*, Todd failed (with one unfortunate incident at Fire Island in 1981 being the exception).

He eventually realised that in order to consistently feel something, he needed to find kindred spirits—fearless souls like him, who could sing and would do whatever was necessary to feel alive. And so he began to recruit, slowly, carefully, and in layers. Only those that he is absolutely convinced are like him—emotionally numb sociopaths who only want to feel something and do not give a fig for anyone or anything else—are introduced to the mysteries; something that will actually scare you, if it does not kill you. And whether or not it kills you will depend entirely on your talent and you not losing your focus. What a rush.

Todd only admits a very few people into the innermost circle which performs the actual calling of Shabbith-Ka. Only in the past few months has he recruited enough talented sociopaths and screened them to his satisfaction such that they have been able to reliably cast *Call Shabbith-Ka*.

His innermost circle now numbers ten, including six imported Shabbith cultists, three sociopathic female backing singers, and his after-hours club manager, Helga. He has been recognised by the Shabbiths as their traditional leader through the bestowment of their ritual *Sorcery Mask of the Keeper of the Primal Song* (see page 19).

He has several more layers of followers, employees, and hangers-on, however. Most of these are innocent (at least of Mythos involvement):

- ▲ He has about 100 people working for him in various capacities in connection with his variety entertainment/multimedia stage show, 'Over the Edge,' in residence at the (fictitious, high-end) Tower of Babel Resort & Casino on the Las Vegas Strip. Todd acts as the headliner and MC; artists that he is evaluating for potential cult induction are often performers in the show. The cultists act as a cultural dance troupe, performing during

set changes in the show. Todd has a non-cultist cadre of a dozen or so other Shabbiths that he has (legally) brought into the country through his Las Vegas production company, TC Productions, LLC. These ladies and gentlemen know of Shabbith-Ka as a legend and recognise Todd as the high priest of Shabbith-Ka who (under their culture) is the alpha dog to be feared and obeyed. These folks are innocent of actual Mythos involvement.

- ▲ TC Productions, LLC has a network of completely legitimate talent scouts, both independent and agency-based, constantly on the lookout for potential show performers. They are instructed to focus only on talent and daring, and to overlook issues such as being out-of-control, diva-like, difficult to work with, sassy, too alternative, or even possessing criminal tendencies. Send them to Vegas if their voices are good is the standing order and he will sort out who is worth salvaging.
- ▲ Todd is also 'friends' (through bribery, kickbacks, knowing dirty secrets, and industry connections) with a number of quasi-legitimate businessmen in the Las Vegas area, such as after-hours club operators, high-end outcall services, ticket scalpers, and party drug suppliers.
- ▲ Several of his more devoted followers are permitted to participate in extremely high priced, 'no holds barred' entertainment performances of every sort imaginable (including sexual, violent, exhibitionist, and combinations thereof) at exclusive after-hours establishments in the Las Vegas area. He himself operates one, about 20 miles outside of town, the Ultraviolet Ultralounge.
- ▲ And finally, he has a cadre of out-and-out thugs—paid for their results and deniability.

Todd is fairly skilful at maintaining plausible deniability for the more illegal aspects of his operation, but he does have a weakness in this regard. He likes to kill people who threaten to expose him by doing it himself, if this is at all possible without risking further exposure. He needs the rush.

Toward this end, Todd has managed to come up with a little magic trick. Todd, recreating a lost ritual of ancient Shabbith wizards, has figured out a way to summon a tiny portion of Shabbith-Ka's essence to Earth and to hold it here while he continues to perform an **Art (Sing) check**.

This ability is the functional equivalent of a spell, referred to by Todd as a *Dress Rehearsal*. He turns the summoned, sentient energy loose on the people who need to be eliminated and then stops singing and just walks away. Todd eliminated Cynthia Straub in this fashion in 1979 at Studio 54 and she is far from the only one (although she is among the few whose absences have been publically recorded).

Dress Rehearsal is a fabulously effective tool at eliminating people in a bathroom, since they have no opportunity to get more than 30-feet away from the caster and no line of sight is needed.

The cult controls information and membership quite closely. The members keep their homes free from Mythos-oriented trappings and their other activities above board, but not too above board. Someone breaking into one of their apartments might find some homemade porn videos, recreational drugs, and unpaid parking tickets, but they would not find a Mythos tome lying about in the open, or a sacrificial shrine. Each non-Shabbith member of the inner circle does however have a scanned copy of the *Saga*, translated into modern English, on her home computer, iPad or Kindle.

When the cult decides to cast *Call Shabbith-Ka*, it is done at Todd's after-hours party house, the Ultraviolet Ultralounge. Down a well-concealed vertical shaft in the basement is an acoustically tiled meeting room. It looks more like a recording studio than a temple of darkness. Those who freak out, or do not perform the spell correctly, never emerge. If they have been vetted correctly, those who survive never want to leave the cult because now, they finally feel alive.

The room is rather spartan, although in imitation of prior cult iterations, the words of *Call Shabbith-Ka* can be displayed on a large plasma TV for all to see. About a dozen Elder Sign engraved, cannibalised skulls are kept here for the use of the members, as is a restraint table. The restraint table is only used on those occasions when someone particularly annoying has to be gotten rid of. In addition, a ceiling hatch can be opened to give Shabbith-Ka an exit route that does not unduly trash the party house.

All in all it is a tidy little setup. Todd has noticed an interesting side effect of the successful castings of *Call Shabbith-Ka* in recent months. The Ultraviolet Ultralounge seems not to be quite in tune any longer with the rest of the world. You need to be carrying something from it, or be near someone who is, in order to find it.

Todd has not quite figured out why this is, but truth be told, he does not really care that much. It is something new for him to think about and that is all that matters. He has no idea what the end game for this might be.

TODD CHRISTOPHER,

Former Teen Idol, Age 62

STR 11 **CON** 11 **SIZ** 12 **INT** 15 **POW** 20
DEX 11 **APP** 11 **EDU** 12 **SAN** 0 **HP** 11

DAMAGE PENALTY: None.

EDUCATION: High School; Special Forces military training.

SKILLS: Accounting 35%, Art (Sing) 99%, Computer Use 25%, Credit Rating 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Drive Automobile 25%, Fast Talk 70%, Listen 50%, Martial Arts (Karate) 80%, Occult 70%, Persuade 70%, Pharmacy 25%, Pretend to be Charming 90%, Psychology 70%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 50%.

LANGUAGES: English 80%, Vietnamese 30%, Shabbith 30%, Old Norse 30%.

WEAPONS: Punch 80%, damage 1D3+db
Kick 80%, damage 1D6+db
Beretta Mod 92FS 9mm Semi-automatic pistol 80%, damage 1D10

SPELLS: *Call Shabbith-Ka*; *Elder Sign*; *Dress Rehearsal*; *Voorish Sign*.

NOTES: Whether on stage or off, Todd looks a little scary and a lot wrung out. He dresses immaculately, but wears a lot of makeup. He is thin, wears wigs on all occasions, and is not a pretty sight naked. Visualise an aging music industry celebrity who has lived a very hard, very squalid life, and then add on a thin layer of his former teen idol appeal.

He is positive for HIV, Hepatitis C, and several other diseases associated with a high-risk lifestyle as the Keeper deems appropriate. He takes a lot of medication to keep going.

PERMANENT INSANITIES: Sociopathy.

MAGICAL ITEM: *Sorcery Mask of the Keeper of the Primal Song* (+ 5 MPs once per day, must first be bathed in fresh human blood).



INVISIBLE SUN

A modern day scenario for *Call of Cthulhu*, set in Fabulous Las Vegas, Nevada

This scenario is primarily set in a fictitious luxury hotel/casino, the Tower of Babel, on the Las Vegas Strip. The investigators will be put on the trail of a rebellious 16-year old singer, Angeliqne Adams, who ran away from her home in Northern Indiana roughly six months ago. The local police investigation went nowhere. Angeliqne's known friends were uncooperative and the police would only devote limited resources to the matter.

OVERVIEW

Angeliqne had, in a sense, run away to join the circus. The Tower of Babel has a circus-in-the-round production, 'Over the Edge', in residence at its theatre. A highly rated, multidisciplinary entertainment show (in the vein of a Cirque du Soleil production), 'Over the Edge' features stuntmen, acrobats, stage magicians, and other performers demonstrating not just seemingly dangerous stunts, but actually dangerous stunts.

The show is not shy about its danger level. In fact, the impresario and MC, Todd Christopher, markets it as a revue of the many types of performances that have killed or maimed people over the years when things have gone wrong.

Christopher is himself a largely forgotten, former 1970s bubblegum teen idol who is more than what he seems. In addition to his legitimate enterprises, he engages in some semi-licit ones ('anything goes' after-hours performances) as well as one truly dangerous one. A classic sociopath, numb to most fear stimuli, Christopher has fallen into the worship of the Lesser Outer God, Shabbith-Ka and has foolishly revived the Keepers of the Primal Song cult in modern Las Vegas.

Angeliqne fell into Todd Christopher's orbit when her combination of singing talent and antisocial attitude brought her to the attention of a talent scout who thought that Christopher might be interested. He was and he brought her to Las Vegas to work in the show.

Angeliqne progressed rapidly and Christopher threw his usual caution to the wind and tried to introduce

her to the inner circle of the cult about two weeks ago. She was not prepared at all for the result of the cult's successful casting of *Call Shabbith-Ka* that night.

Although she managed to maintain much of her composure, Angeliqne had seen enough. When he could not find her early the next morning, Todd Christopher realised that he had miscalculated.

Christopher tracked Angeliqne to the Las Vegas bus terminal, waited until she went into the ladies' room and then disintegrated her through sorcerous means, using his self-taught *Dress Rehearsal* spell. This has left a big, trace evidence free, radioactive mess for the Las Vegas CSI crew to sort out.

Angeliqne did manage to get a text message away that morning to one of her friends back home in Indiana, advising that she was coming back home and to meet her bus at the terminal. When Angeliqne did not show up, the friend broke her silence and notified Angeliqne's father. Enter the investigators.

Complicating (or perhaps facilitating) matters is the worldwide WACI convention going on at the Tower of Babel the week that the investigators arrive. 'WACI' stands for World Association of Celebrity Impersonators.

INVOLVING THE INVESTIGATORS

This scenario initially presents itself as a missing person case with interstate morals/Mann Act elements (luring an underage girl across state lines for immoral purposes). The investigators will also learn early on that some kind of religious cult might be involved, but will have little hard evidence of this.

Certainly, private investigators, cult deprogrammers, and federal law enforcement agents and their associates would be appropriate investigators. Investigative reporters might also work with a few adjustments, especially if they go undercover. Law enforcement types will have advantages and disadvantages—legitimate sources will answer their questions without difficulty,

but they will have difficulty infiltrating the extra-legal avenues of pursuit. Investigators with ties to the entertainment industry will be invaluable.

An ideal group would include a Federal law enforcement agent, as well as at least one associate with ties to the underworld or who is something of a celebrity. Computer hacking and security system cracking skills would also be useful.

SCENE 1, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

The scenario starts on a Monday in the current year. South Bend is a college town just south of the University of Notre Dame, located in northern Indiana. An investigator who is either a private eye, a member of Federal law enforcement, or a known expert on cults will be the initial point of contact.

They will be met in South Bend by Prof. Abner Adams, a widower and professor of mathematics at Notre Dame and Molly McIntyre, a 16-year old girl who could best be described as testing the extreme boundaries of emo. Both are worried and upset, although for different reasons.

Adams' demeanour is depressed and sad; it should become rapidly apparent that he had no idea how to control a rebellious teenaged daughter and is frustrated at a search that has, until two weeks ago Sunday, been a dead-end. Molly feels guilty and rightly so.

Abner's daughter, Angelique, is a talented singer. They clashed frequently over her desire to drop out of high school to pursue a singing career. He had begun to forbid her to go to tryouts after catching her with a stash of recreational drugs.

Angelique ran away, without a word to him, about six months ago. She blew out his credit card at local stores and ATMs, took her demo tapes and a bag of clothes and was just gone. She also took her cell phone, but kept it switched off so that neither the local police nor the phone company were able to track her.

Molly, for her part, was Angelique's best friend. She knew that she had run away, but had not heard from Angelique either, until she received a text message from Angelique's Indiana cell phone on Sunday morning about two weeks ago. (See *Invisible Sun*, Investigator Handout #1). Molly can translate the text: a request to pick her up at the Indianapolis bus terminal on a bus in-bound from Las Vegas.

Molly complied, but Angelique was not on the bus and her phone is out of service again. The substance of the rest of the text message is that her new friends have turned out to be "some kind of cult wackos", things are not going well, and "get me out of here".

Abner has been able to get a hold of the passenger manifest from the bus company. One person, a woman named Lil Eresh, bought a ticket and checked in for the trip at the terminal, but never boarded.



ABNER ADAMS

MOLLY MCINTYRE



INVESTIGATOR HANDOUT #1

INVISIBLE SUN, INVESTIGATOR HANDOUT #1

A text message from Angelique's Indiana cell phone, 06:25 Las Vegas time, Sunday 2 weeks ago.



ANGELIQUE AND MOLLY IN BETTER DAYS

Initial Research

A great deal of the background research can be done outside of Las Vegas. This background research can be broken down into the following subcategories:

- ▲ *figuring out why, precisely, Angelique was going to Las Vegas by following her physical trail;*
- ▲ *Angelique's electronic trail;*
- ▲ *what (if anything) newsworthy happened in Las Vegas on the Sunday that Angelique sent her text message;*
- ▲ *background information on Todd Christopher and/or TC Productions; and*
- ▲ *suspicious incidents similar to what they will learn occurred in the bus terminal bathroom.*

A • Angelique's Physical Trail

Molly knows that Angelique had gone to an open talent tryout in Chicago the weekend before she ran away. She does not know the details, other than that they were looking for 'edgy' talent.

Without too much trouble (Library Use roll, not fumbled), the Investigators can find advertisements for a talent agency, Blaze of Glory, based outside of Chicago, which was holding auditions on the weekend in question. Their website is professional and continues to advertise upcoming, open auditions for 'edgy' young talent in any field, as well as providing other forms of entertainment-related representation.

Blaze of Glory is a legitimate, broad-based talent agency with nice suburban offices. Inquiries about represented talent or who showed up for an audition are referred to Maude Sciezki, the general manager. How cooperative Maude is depends on who is doing the asking.

If the investigators are law enforcement, she helps after some initial resistance and completely caves to any threats involving the use of a warrant.

Molly had been staying silent about what she knew, but is now concerned for Angelique's safety. Molly knows that the weekend before Angelique ran away, she had gone to an 'edgy' open talent audition in Chicago. She told Molly afterwards that she was 'headed west' and had gotten a call-back for a stage test. Molly does not know anything further and did not hear from Angelique again, until the text message.

The investigators are asked to find Angelique and bring her home or, failing that, bring anyone responsible for harming her to justice. (Any reasonable and appropriate fee is provided).

RULE VARIANT – CRITICAL CLUES, OR, THE ‘LICENSE PLATE RULE’.

In any investigative game, the problem of the vital clue that cannot be found is always a present danger. There are a few of those in this campaign; the possibility of a missed die roll resulting in an enjoyable game grinding to a screeching halt. As a result, please consider utilising the ‘License Plate Rule,’ so named after a play-testing roll (involving spotting a license plate number) failed and ground an enjoyable scenario to a halt.

1. If an investigator is specifically looking for something in the way of research, is looking in the right place, and has the appropriate skill, let him find it, unless it has been hidden or obscured to prevent location.
2. In terms of other rolls, at character generation, each investigator gets one token, amounting to a ‘Get Out of Jail Free Card’. This token can be used to automatically succeed in any one dice roll where success or failure is the

consequence, and can be used after a failure to change the outcome to a success.

Hence, a **Dodge** roll succeeds, a *minor* **SAN** roll succeeds, or a combat roll succeeds. (Big **SAN** rolls, e.g., exposure to 1D10 or over, are for things so horrible that they really ought to have to be endured).

The token cannot be used to affect the degree to which a roll succeeds (hence, a success cannot be turned into a critical success, nor can the amount of a damage roll be altered). An additional token can be awarded by the Keeper if, in his opinion, an investigator successfully imposes a major setback upon the Mythos.

3. Finally, remember that as Keeper it is your job to keep the game entertaining and moving along at an appropriate pace. If this means giving the investigators a nudge, then you should.

INVESTIGATION TIMELINE

Six months plus four days ago	Angelique Adams attends talent audition in Chicago.
Six months ago	Angelique runs away from South Bend, IN.
Six months minus one day ago	Angelique travels from Chicago to Las Vegas.
Six months minus seven days ago	Nevada driving licence issued to Angelique in the name of Lil Eresh.
Fifteen days ago (a Sunday)	Angelique texts Molly McIntyre requesting a pick-up from Indianapolis.
	Todd Christopher disintegrates Angelique at the Las Vegas bus terminal. Todd and the Shabbiths trash Angelique’s netbook and torture Barb Smith at the Desert Rose apartments.
Today (monday)	The investigators meet Abner Adams and McIntyre.

If they are not, she tries to claim confidentiality, unless and until the investigators bring up the fact that the girl they are looking for was underage. Maude denies that Blaze of Glory hires any underage talent without parental consent. If presented with proof (a picture of Angelique and her birth certificate), her initial instinct is to clam up, unless and until threats of law enforcement involvement are brought up (or a **Persuade** roll is made), at which point, she caves.

Angelique had a (good) fake ID under the name ‘Lil Eresh’, claiming that she was 21. She was exactly what they were looking for—a raw, talented singer with an attitude. Maude put her in contact with TC Productions. Maude knows that TC Productions operates out of Las Vegas and believes that it is somehow connected with a former 1970s teen idol, Todd Christopher.

Maude can advise the investigators that TC Productions wants raw talent and is willing to overlook reputations of being difficult to work with or even criminal pasts. They have a standing order for singers fitting that profile with many reputable talent agencies. Maude has even heard stories of TC Productions staging tryouts at juvenile halfway houses and residential treatment centres.

B • Angelique's Electronic Trail

With Angelique’s ‘Lil Eresh’ false identity in their possession, the investigators can pursue any number of leads by following her electronic trail.

The investigators are, again, going to get cooperation with tracing efforts in one of two ways. If they are law enforcement (i.e., in possession of a badge and a plausible explanation as to why they are investigating within the scope of their office), most legitimate businesses that

they ask will cooperate. There are a few exceptions to this rule; these are noted individually.

Likewise, private investigators armed with a power of attorney from Angelique's father and proof that she was a minor, will (perhaps with a *Persuade* roll) likewise receive cooperation from most legitimate sources. Businesses that dealt with Angelique on the assumption that she was an adult will not want to be sued or exposed to prosecution as the case may be, and will divulge what they know as long as it will not obviously get them into legal trouble (usually, accompanied by protests that she had seemingly proper ID). Exceptions, again, are as noted.

The airlines can reveal (either to law enforcement on request, or to the investigators if they have a power of attorney from her father) that no one using that name flew out to Las Vegas near the time that she ran away. However, bus company records (same parameters) reveal that one 'L. Eresh' bought a one-way bus ticket from North Bend to Chicago on the day that Angelique ran away and from Chicago to Las Vegas the day after Angelique ran away. Sadly, the bus company has not kept surveillance tapes that far back.

The bus company can also reveal (same parameters) that 'Lil Eresh' bought a one-way ticket from Las Vegas to Indianapolis for cash, from the counter, early (06:15) on the morning that Angelique called Molly. More information is available at the Las Vegas bus terminal and from personal interviews.

The name 'Lil Eresh' leads nowhere in checks of most computerised databases that are readily accessible by most people; no credit headers, no addresses on file, and so on. However, a few hits are generated. A Nevada driver's license was issued to 'Lil Eresh' a week after Angelique ran away, listing an address in Henderson, Nevada (a residential suburb of Las Vegas). The address corresponds to an apartment complex named the Desert Rose Apartments, but telephone inquiries to the management come up empty in terms of tenant records for Lil Eresh. (More information is available through in person interviews at the listed apartment complex).

Non-public databases (available to law enforcement or by hacking and cracking) have some additional information. Payroll tax records or state labour department records show that from the date of her arrival in Las Vegas until the day after she disappeared (a Monday), Lil Eresh was an employee of TC Productions, LLC, with an address corresponding to the twenty-ninth floor of the Tower of Babel Hotel & Casino on the Las Vegas Strip.

(The date of her termination is a subtle, but important clue. The 'Over the Edge' show in which Angelique worked is dark on Mondays and Tuesdays, so how exactly did her employer know to cut off her benefits on Monday, unless it already knew that she would not be coming in on Wednesday?)

C • Las Vegas News, the Day of Angelique's Disappearance

Time to get out the SAN dice, as this is the first suggestion of the outré that the investigators will encounter.

There are two levels of information that can be obtained through news coverage research, other than in-person interviews: ordinary news sites and conspiracy theory news sites.

The first level of information (regular news) is simple enough to find; it was widely covered that Sunday and the next few days by every Las Vegas news outlet, including television and online newspapers. Video is even available on television station websites, although the readily available video does not go inside the bathroom in question. A typical sample appears below as *Invisible Sun* investigator Handout #2.

No further information is easily available; potentially involved agencies will not discuss the 'sensitive' matter over the phone except with those directly involved in the 'ongoing investigation'.

The investigators might wonder who discovered the 'spill', a good question that has been kept out of the papers. More information along this line depends on getting Las Vegas law enforcement to talk (see below).

Additional information is available on certain conspiracy-theorist blogs (**Library Use** roll, not fumbled). Many speculate that someone set off a 'dirty' micro-bomb in the bathroom and that the CIA and other alphabet-soup agencies are hiding the truth from the public. Other theories include alien disintegration rays (ahem), spontaneous combustion, and pits to Hell being opened in a wicked city as punishment for its sins.



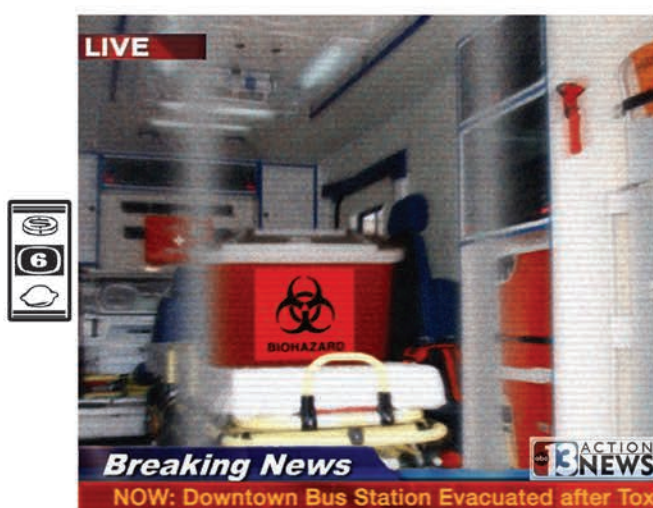
INVISIBLE SUN, INVESTIGATOR HANDOUT #2 TRANSCRIPT OF TV NEWS REPORT ON LAS VEGAS BUS TERMINAL 'BATHROOM INCIDENT', SUNDAY MORNING OF ANGELIQUE'S DISAPPEARANCE.

Fire and hazmat teams were dispatched to the main bus terminal early this morning after a report of a toxic chemical spill in a ladies' bathroom in the public area of the terminal. Metro PD subsequently cordoned off the area around the bathroom, which will remain closed, likely for several days. A spokesman for the fire department said that the spill was contained to the bathroom and that there appeared to be one fatality.

No further comment was offered by law enforcement officials.

[Accompanying video footage shows a swarm of people in hazmat suits, who have erected a pressure tent perimeter at the entrance to a restroom alcove in a bus terminal. After a cut, a cooler-like sealed box bearing biohazard markings can be seen being removed from the pressure tent and loaded into an ambulance. Las Vegas CSI technicians appear to be on scene taking photographs. This footage is all taken from a goodly distance with a zoom lens].

INVISIBLE SUN, INVESTIGATOR HANDOUT #2



Way Outside the Lines

INVISIBLE SUN, INVESTIGATOR HANDOUT #3



Investigating the Unknown

INVISIBLE SUN, INVESTIGATOR HANDOUT #3 CELL PHONE CLIP, TIME-STAMPED 8:30 A.M. ON THE SUNDAY OF ANGELIQUE'S DISAPPEARANCE.

This video clip runs about three minutes and was obviously taken on a concealed cell phone. The picture cuts in and out, as does the sound, as the filmer keeps taking the phone in and out of concealment.

The clip begins in the ticket lobby of the central bus terminal in Las Vegas. The camera moves bouncily toward a restroom alcove, which has had a pressure tent erected around it. There are several uniformed officers holding back a crowd of gawkers. The filmer is wearing a hazmat suit.

The shooter is, after a moment and a display of a set of credentials, allowed to pass by security and into the pressure tent. The camera is muffled for about thirty seconds. It is then brought back out into the light, to reveal an awful sight.

The scene appears to be a bathroom stall, shot from the door. While parts of it are recognisable as such, other parts are burned, melted, and in places, disintegrated.

The bottom half of a bare, burned, and crumbling partial human skeleton, seated as though the toilet had been in use, is on what is left of the toilet seat. The top half of the skeleton has separated, fallen to the side and somehow fused into the floor.

Something appears to be wrong with the camera; everything inside the stall looks purple and the picture looks blurry. The clip ends abruptly amid the sound of muffled etching.

A **Sanity** roll is required for viewing the video (1/1D3 SAN points lost).

However, with a second successful **Library Use** roll while searching gonzo journalism blogs, a purported cell phone video clip of the inside of the bathroom can be found on a site called 'Way Outside The Lines'. This site (operated anonymously and routed through several proxy servers—impossible to trace) brags that it gets the freshest, rawest footage from 'inside sources—and legalities be damned'. See *Invisible Sun* Investigator Handout #3.

Similar search terms disclose listings on several popular free video clip sites, but sadly, these have all been taken down for terms of use violations.

Optionally, the Keeper might require a **Photography** roll to succeed before imposing the **Sanity** point loss, in order to realise that the video footage is not a hoax—although it would be an impressive one to have staged. Regardless, a successful **Photography** roll realises that it is not a fake and that the camera image is blurred because of incorrect ISO settings—not enough light reaching the image sensor.

D • TC Productions

A search of the Nevada Secretary of State's records (available online) reveals that this is a limited liability company, headquartered in a suite corresponding to the twenty-ninth floor of the Tower of Babel Hotel and Casino, on the Las Vegas Strip.

An Internet search leads to a Manta (business summary index) description of TC Productions as being in the entertainment industry. A 'Todd Christopher' is listed as its President. It employs around 100 persons and has its offices on the twenty-ninth floor of the Tower of Babel Hotel and Casino.

Careful research (**Library Use** roll) will reveal the company's name coming up in some reviews as the producer of the 'Over The Edge' stage show in current residence at the Tower of Babel.

Discussions with entertainment industry insiders might reveal several interesting things. There are rumours that, apart from the stage show, TC Productions has its claws in other Las Vegas pies, specifically arranging extreme entertainment outings and planning high-end private parties.

One rumour has it that TC Productions can put on 'made to order' parties for 'A-Listers', at which illegal substances and/or unique entertainment sometimes make an appearance. Generally, though, it is seen as a clean and legitimate business with no known ties to anything grossly illegal.

No one knows the precise ownership or investor details, but it is generally believed that Todd Christopher is the boss of the operation.

E • Todd Christopher:

Todd has a Wikipedia article devoted to him (*Lost in the Lights, Papers #3* in Appendix B) that can be found easily with an Automatic **Library Use** roll, and general information about him can easily be found on the Internet (Automatic or Easy **Library Use** rolls if using standard search parameters).

Most of the recent discussion about Todd Christopher mentions him in connection with the 'Over The Edge' production show. He is the producer and impresario behind the show, as well as the MC and part of the singing segments. He is also the person who is quoted in interviews and reviews about the show.

Most reviews are extremely complimentary of all aspects of the production and make particular mention of the fact that the show is genuinely scary and thrilling, and that the pyrotechnics during the singing interludes are downright novel and weird. Getting a ticket for the show is difficult on short notice.

Other easily accessible information (e.g., Wikipedia) notes that Todd was born in North Dakota in 1950. He is a former late 1960s-early 1970s teen idol who, despite a great deal of actual talent, dropped out of the entertainment

INVISIBLE SUN, INVESTIGATOR HANDOUT #4

AN EXCERPT FROM 'LOVE IN MY TUMMY' BY CYNTHIA STRAUB.



LOVE IN MY TUMMY

even today I still have a pair of his 501's in the back of my wardrobe.

One guy I never got to first base with was Todd Christopher. He dropped out of the music scene and went off the grid, for years—a couple people thought that he might have gotten drafted to 'Nam or something. Given how many people he did—of every shape, size, gender and variety—I never understood why I couldn't go there. But Todd had always been the poster child of the studio smooth over—I even heard a rumour that he was at the Bountiful Harvest fire in '76 and managed to get out. Todd must be made out of Teflon.

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scene for decades. He has only resurfaced recently. He has the voice of an angel—perfect pitch, radio friendly, wide range, and very mellifluous. Comparisons have been made to Roy Orbison and a young Michael Jackson.

At the age of 16, Todd moved to California with the permission of his parents and enrolled in a school for the arts. His vocal talent quickly led to a recording contract, a small string of bubblegum pop records, national and international tours and regular mentions in magazines aimed at teenaged girls.

His biggest single, 'Puppies and Kittens', was a #1 hit for several weeks in 1970. The song is an insipid, bouncy, tambourine-heavy ballad about frustrated young love, which nonetheless showed off Todd's impressive vocal range and ability to hit sustained high notes.

Older pictures of Todd reveal a tall, athletic, pretty boy with long, feathered blond hair and a big, perfect

smile. More recent pictures of Todd are still recognisable as the same person, but he now looks a little scary and a lot wrung out. He dresses immaculately, but wears a lot of makeup. He is thin and wears wigs on all occasions. Visualise Keith Richards, Phil Spector, or other aging music industry persons who look like they have lived very hard lives, and then add on a thin layer of his former boyish, teenybopper appeal.

More sordid, non-public background information about Todd can only be found by sucking up to the right people. This would require talking to an insider who worked for or with Todd Christopher at the right point in time—and likely, the intercession of a *Persuade* or *Fast Talk* roll to get the really juicy stuff:

▲ Everyone agrees that the one 'who knows where the bodies are buried' with Todd Christopher is Marv Blumberg. Marv was his manager during

his bubblegum idol years, stayed in touch with him to the extent that anyone in the industry did thereafter and he is rumoured to be working for him again, managing the Las Vegas show.

- ▲ Insiders from his teen idol days can tell stories of his orgiastic sexual exploits and extremely hard partying habits. He did it all.
- ▲ Recording industry workers who had exposure to Todd in 1970 can talk about efforts to remake his image and how Todd proved not only difficult to work with, but seemingly bored with the whole idea of being an adult recording star.
- ▲ Todd dropped completely out of sight for several years in the early-1970s. Rumours put him everywhere from Vietnam to a San Francisco hippie commune.
- ▲ Particularly knowledgeable celebrity gossipmongers know that Todd Christopher was mentioned in a tell-all book written in the late 1970s, *Love in My Tummy: Teen Idol Scandals of the 1960s-1970s*, by one Cynthia Straub. Ms. Straub was a notorious groupie/rock star girlfriend who made the rounds of many singers and musicians of that era. The book is long out of print, but can be acquired online without difficulty. An excerpt appears on p.28.

F • Similar Incidents:

There have been similar incidents to the one in the bus terminal bathroom ('Bountiful Harvest Love Group', Fire Island, Studio 54, and more), but details of them are not easy to find. The research trail for past cult activity is laid out in the background information on the cult's history (see *Faithful for No Good Reason*, page 9).

SETTING THE TONE IN LAS VEGAS

The author has a specific tone in mind for this scenario and thinks that the scenario will be most enjoyable if the Keeper pays attention to it. The feel should be that of a latter-day Las Vegas caper movie. The investigators will be headed to literary Las Vegas, and Las Vegas literary and pop culture tropes should be on full display. It is in equal parts campy, dangerous, and over the top.

One thing that must be stressed up front is that, except as specifically noted, there is nothing overt or of a forensic nature to link Todd Christopher to the occult or to Angelique's death. (Indeed, at first, there is nothing, but circumstantial evidence that Angelique is even dead). This is important because Las Vegas (both real and literary) is a paradoxically highly regimented town. Many of the usual vices are not against the law (such as drinking in public and gambling) and some other things may escape the law's notice, but other things are virtually certain to result in immediate arrest, incarceration, and conviction. In particular, thou shalt not engage in, or threaten, violence in the casinos.

Security cameras are everywhere in Las Vegas—in the casinos, in the elevators, in the hallways, in the airport, and just about everywhere else except in private places like bathrooms and hotel rooms. Security forces are also everywhere, most of them in plainclothes. Uniformed security is always nearby and the Las Vegas Metropolitan Police are never more than ten minutes away, once they are called. In literary Las Vegas, the *CSI* team is legendary.

People caught committing the slightest infraction of the law in a casino will be kicked out, possibly arrested, and face a very difficult time getting back in for any reason. And there are absolutely no guns allowed in a casino, period. If you are even suspected of packing heat, you will be stopped, confronted, and arrested if found to be carrying, or detained and expelled if you resist being frisked.

Todd Christopher, as a result and for most of the scenario, has the law on his side. Accomplishing all of the research, short of actually finding the ritual room, will in all likelihood only be seen as circumstantial evidence and not enough for either a search warrant or an arrest warrant.

Once the investigators have gotten into the ritual room, they will definitely have enough evidence that law enforcement can use for a search warrant (service of which will panic Todd into a suicidal rampage). If they also realise the significance of the timeline of Angelique being taken off the payroll, or otherwise have developed a very solid case, this will get what they need—the full attention of law enforcement. Having their full attention will move them to pre-emptively arrest Todd with a show of force and, quite possibly, minimise the ensuing body count.

This scenario, in summary, requires an almost Victorian sort of investigation—trailing, research, surveillance, preparation, and relatively non-confrontational interviews, until most of the picture is assembled. The investigators' best bet, at that point, is to score an invitation to the after-hours party at the Ultraviolet Ultralounge and do some snooping for hard evidence.

Once evidence of Todd Christopher's personal involvement in a monster-worshipping cult is demonstrable (i.e., after the Ultraviolet Ultralounge is penetrated) and he finds out about it, then he will pull the plug on his operation and let all hell break loose. Until then, Christopher does not act directly against the investigators, except as specifically noted herein. He might whack a few NPCs, though.

Generally speaking, Todd is smart, but not brilliant, and so numb to fear stimuli that he will do recklessly violent things if he thinks that they cannot be traced back to him. This is one of the reasons that Todd uses magic to eliminate security leaks—ordinary law enforcement cannot wrap its collective head around magic or who might be responsible for it.

While the investigators work their way through the research tree, by all means remind them of where they are. Themes to bring out and emphasise are 'Big Risk', 'Subjective Reward', as is 'Excess in Every Form'.



THE STRIP NEVER SLEEPS

The Keeper should not be at all shy about going over the top: let the investigators meet a celebrity, have them end up at a baccarat table with Todd Christopher for a James Bond-esque stare down, or have them launch some elaborate scheme to break into Todd's room.

In fact, as discussed below, the scenario nudges, but does not force, the investigators into infiltrating the twenty-ninth floor/VIP suite level of the hotel through a variety of artifices.

SCENE 2, ARRIVAL AND THE LAS VEGAS BUS TERMINAL

Las Vegas' McCarran International Airport is easy to get to; flights (including charter flights) are constant and rarely disrupted. One thing to take note of, however, is that flights out of Las Vegas and back to points east often leave very early in the morning. A handy map of McCarran is online at www.mccarran.com/airportguide.asp, should you decide that this would be a suitable place for action to occur, or should this be where Todd Christopher is ultimately cornered. The investigators will probably want to head for the bus terminal quickly.

There are two lines of inquiry that the investigators might want to pursue at the bus terminal. These are direct inspection of the bathroom in question and having a look at the surveillance tapes from the morning in question. How much they get to see depends on how good their law enforcement credentials are, or how reckless they are.

Deputy Swanson

Those with law enforcement credentials and a plausible reason for asking about what happened can have an interview with Karl Swanson, the Las Vegas Metropolitan Police Department's Deputy who is in charge of the bus terminal. He is also the point man and liaison for the many, many agencies (county sheriff, metro police, TSA/Homeland Security, and EPA, among others) who are now interested in whatever happened quite quickly in the lobby bathroom during a rather busy part of the day.

The investigators' interest, particularly if they are open about their suspicions as to the identity of the body, will be passed along and they will be told the general facts. TSA/Homeland Security is not running the investigation into 'the bathroom incident' since no one is sure if it was terrorism related, but they are most definitely interested and involved.

Metro PD is not sure what happened. Whatever it was, no one saw anything or noticed anything, until a woman came screaming and vomiting all at once out of the women's restroom, circa 07:45 that morning. This woman, Claudia Cantarelli, is not a suspect; she was seen on video as entering the bus terminal and had moved immediately for the restroom upon arriving.

Available surveillance footage (no audio) only depicts the entrance to the alcove leading to the bathrooms. A young, emo-dressed woman wearing sunglasses and a headscarf (identifiable with difficulty as Angelique Adams a.k.a. Lil Eresh) enters the bathroom alcove at 07:43. There are people in the terminal, but it is not terribly busy within the camera's range. Neither is it anything

CHEESE IT, THE COPS!

Although the author feels that well planned burglary capers should be dealt with by erring on the side of letting the investigators succeed or escape, the magic words are well planned. As a result, we need to discuss what happens if the investigators get caught breaking and entering into a casino hotel room, either with guns or without. To examine this, it is best refer to an actual, recent case study of Las Vegas hotel burglary—that of O.J. Simpson.

Mr. Simpson is presently serving a minimum 9-year sentence in the Nevada prison system, following a conviction for burglary with a firearm specific tion. The evidence at trial suggested that Mr. Simpson, feeling that he was justified, forced his way into a casino hotel room in an effort to recover property that he contended he owned. Accompanying him were some compatriots who brought guns with them. No one was shot or injured and Mr. Simpson, the witnesses agreed, did not have a firearm himself. Nonetheless, the evidence suggested that the firearms were brandished at the occupant of the room.

The police were involved quickly and it took only a couple of days to track down and arrest the perpetrators. (Of course, they were not wearing any disguises).

Mr. Simpson's defence, in part, was that he was justified in what he did because the victim was allegedly breaking the law himself. The casino, police, and court system, however, were not amused. (Think about it. If the bulk of your city's economy revolved around people coming to your town for a few days and having fun in your hotels, and they are an enormous part of your tax base, how would you, as a police officer, prosecutor, and/or judge feel about it?) Status as law enforcement officers or private investigators will not make any difference once the prosecutor decides to press charges; such people are best off begging for a merciful exercise of prosecutorial discretion not to bring charges in the first place.

The investigators can expect to receive bail in one to two days if they have not killed anyone. Bail for Mr. Simpson was initially set at \$125,000 (upped later because of unauthorised contact with his co-defendants). The offenses (since someone was in the room and therefore technically kidnapped) carried a penalty of up to life in prison. Mr. Simpson was sentenced to 33 years, eligible for parole after no less than nine years. The firearm involvement increased his minimum sentence by several years by itself and the kidnapping charge made things much worse.

The plea bargains given to his various cohorts effectively incarcerated them for much less time, a few years each. The absence of a kidnapping and robbery aspect (no one in the room at the time of the break-in) would shave many years off any potential sentence, putting it in the 3–5 years range, with parole eligibility turning on prior criminal history. If you want an excruciatingly detailed recitation of the various sentences potentially attendant to the simple act of busting down the door to someone's hotel room, with or without guns waving, there is a good Wikipedia article on it at en.wikipedia.org/wiki/O._J._Simpson_Las_Vegas_robbery_case.

Remind the investigators of all this before they go breaking into a celebrity's hotel room looking for Mythos trappings or homicide evidence on a hunch—not that this will stop them. And if they do, keep track of who has any deadly weapons and who knows who has such weapons, since the prosecutor will be very interested in proving these facts.

"Besides, I thought what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas."—quote attributed to Mr. Simpson shortly after the incident by the Los Angeles Times.

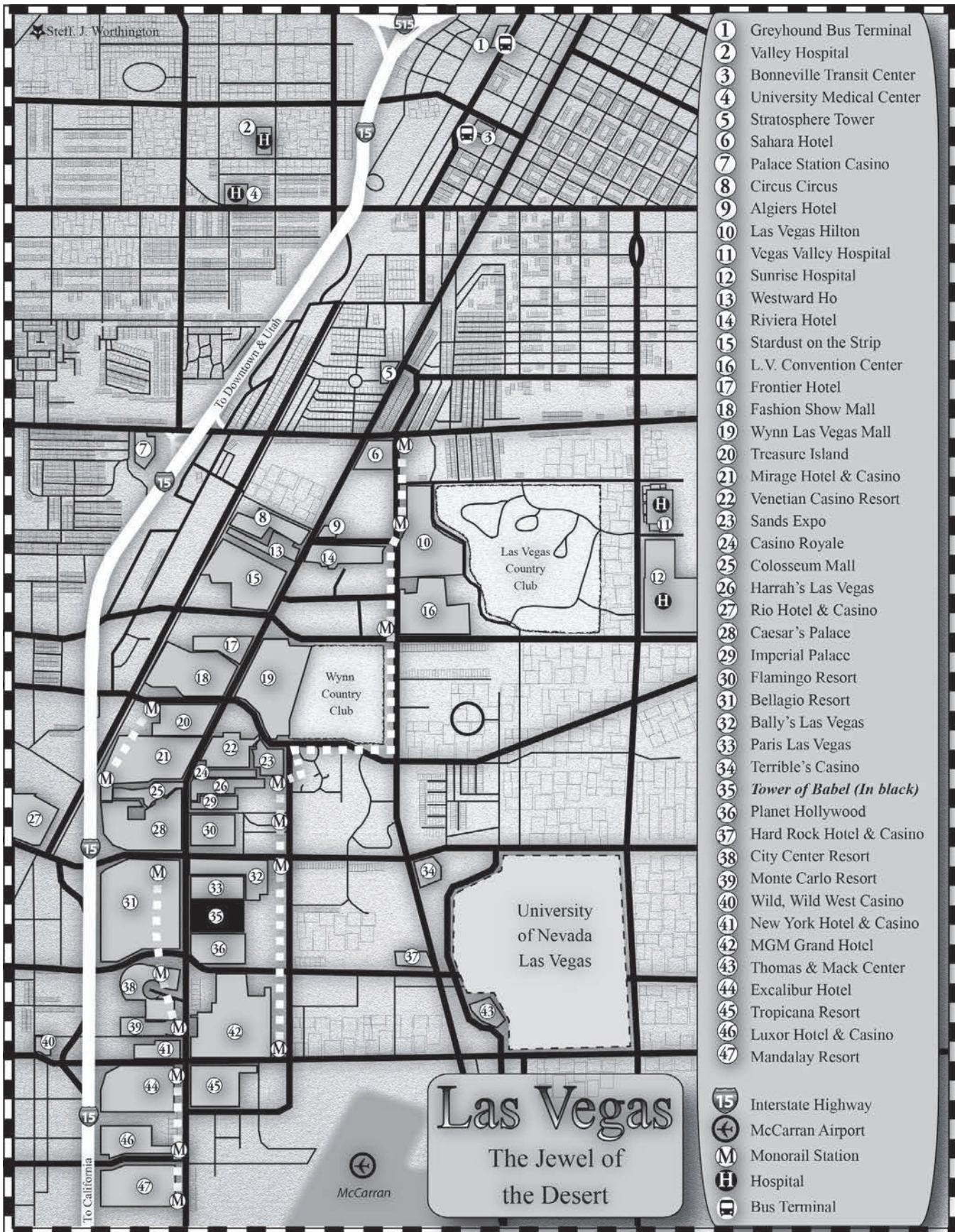
close to being abandoned. Nothing happens for the next two minutes, except for a bright flash from the alcove. The camera's view is briefly fogged. Shortly thereafter, Ms. Cantarelli enters the bathroom alcove and about 15 seconds later, comes staggering out frantically, glowing and smoking, and vomits everywhere.

The camera footage is odd enough that the investigators must make a **Sanity** check (0/1 SAN points lost if failed) even if they have seen the pirate cell phone footage as it gives them further insight into the effects of what went on in the restroom. Ms. Cantarelli is near death at Valley Hospital in the city, but Swanson does not know the details. Unfortunately, he cannot let the investigators into the bathroom. It was highly radioactive for a short while after the incident, although that has since died down a good bit. Nonetheless, until law enforcement is certain that things are safe, it has been sealed off and isolated and is not going to reopen anytime soon.

If the investigators manage to access *all* of the terminal surveillance camera footage from that time span (including from different angles), they will see a slender, casually dressed, possibly Caucasian man walk out of the terminal at 07:45, from the door nearest the bathroom alcove. He seems to have an idea where the cameras are and keeps his face concealed with a newspaper.

On Their Own

Should the investigators lack plausible credentials, or decide not to go through channels, they still might get the inside scoop on the 'bathroom incident' by persuading (**Persuade** roll), bribing (**Fast Talk** roll combined with \$100), or otherwise cajoling one of the janitorial workers. They do not know names or the exact timeline, but can give out the general story about how fast things happened, how there was no apparent explanation, and



- 1 Greyhound Bus Terminal
- 2 Valley Hospital
- 3 Bonneville Transit Center
- 4 University Medical Center
- 5 Stratosphere Tower
- 6 Sahara Hotel
- 7 Palace Station Casino
- 8 Circus Circus
- 9 Algiers Hotel
- 10 Las Vegas Hilton
- 11 Vegas Valley Hospital
- 12 Sunrise Hospital
- 13 Westward Ho
- 14 Riviera Hotel
- 15 Stardust on the Strip
- 16 L. V. Convention Center
- 17 Frontier Hotel
- 18 Fashion Show Mall
- 19 Wynn Las Vegas Mall
- 20 Treasure Island
- 21 Mirage Hotel & Casino
- 22 Venetian Casino Resort
- 23 Sands Expo
- 24 Casino Royale
- 25 Colosseum Mall
- 26 Harrah's Las Vegas
- 27 Rio Hotel & Casino
- 28 Caesar's Palace
- 29 Imperial Palace
- 30 Flamingo Resort
- 31 Bellagio Resort
- 32 Bally's Las Vegas
- 33 Paris Las Vegas
- 34 Terrible's Casino
- 35 *Tower of Babel (In black)*
- 36 Planet Hollywood
- 37 Hard Rock Hotel & Casino
- 38 City Center Resort
- 39 Monte Carlo Resort
- 40 Wild, Wild West Casino
- 41 New York Hotel & Casino
- 42 MGM Grand Hotel
- 43 Thomas & Mack Center
- 44 Excalibur Hotel
- 45 Tropicana Resort
- 46 Luxor Hotel & Casino
- 47 Mandalay Resort

- 15 Interstate Highway
- ⊕ McCarran Airport
- M Monorail Station
- H Hospital
- 🚌 Bus Terminal



LAS VEGAS

how men in hazmat suits took charge of the scene and eventually sealed off the bathroom alcove entirely.

Getting into a hermetically sealed bathroom should be a daunting challenge. In addition to getting through the wooden ‘Under Construction’ barriers, it has literally been sealed off with lead-lined curtains, epoxy, and utility dead-ends.

Nonetheless, even with these precautions and weeks later, a Geiger counter will still pick up elevated (though no longer hazardous) levels of gamma radiation near the barrier. Inside, the radiation (and bizarre, glowing purple staining and destruction) is still potentially unhealthy, in addition to requiring a **Sanity** check (0/1D3 SAN points lost). Strangely, other radiation levels are comparatively normal.

SCENE 3, THE TOWER OF BABEL AND LAS VEGAS INVESTIGATIONS

The Tower of Babel

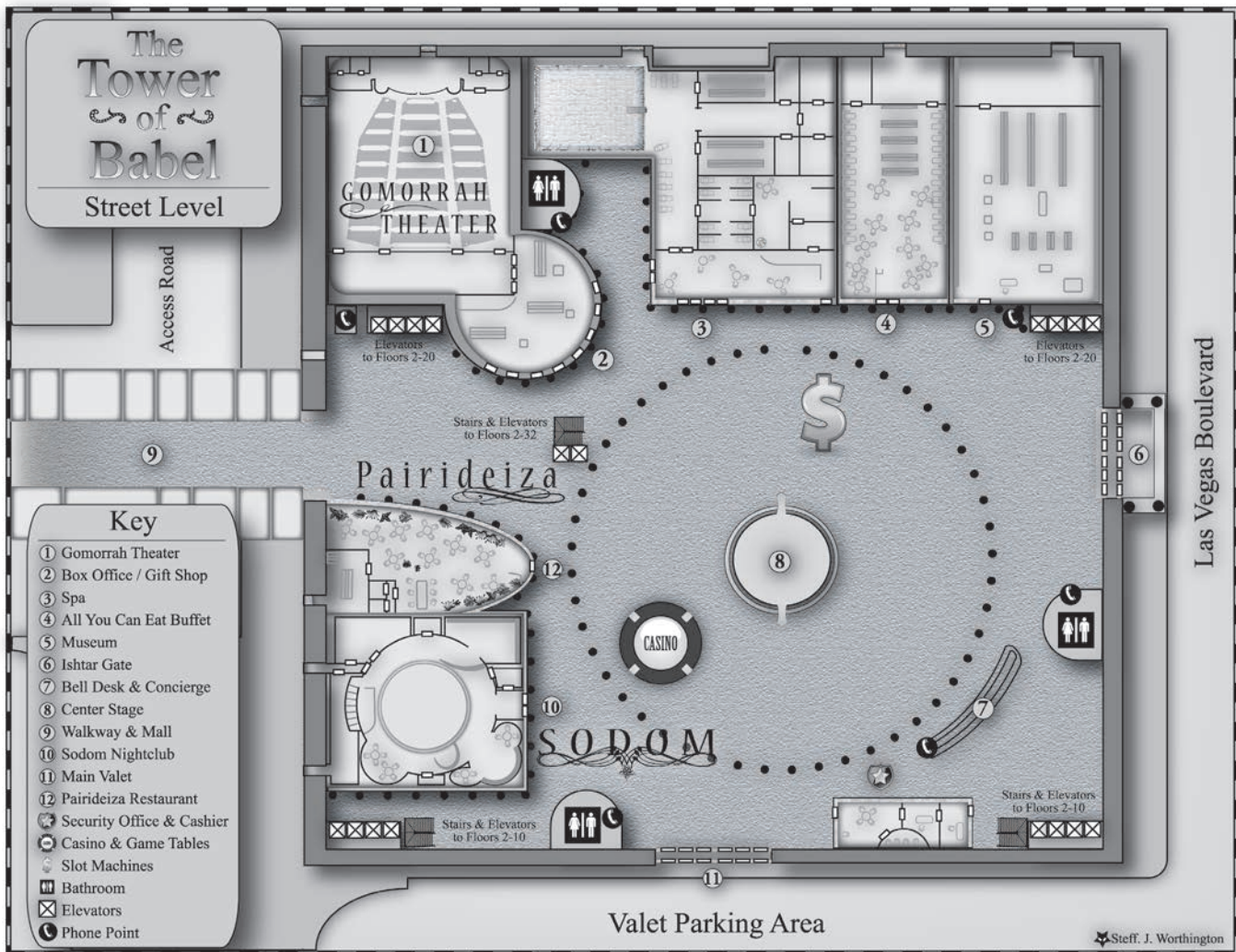
The Tower of Babel Hotel and Casino is the newest megaresort on the Las Vegas Strip. It is a completely legitimate business, without either criminal or Mythos influence (although see the optional note in *Scene 9, Puppies and Kittens*).

The property is opulent. Like most Las Vegas resort properties, this one is built around fusing a kitschy cultural theme (in this case, decadent ancient Babylon) with a five star hotel and then dumping every form of legalised gambling known to man on top of it. Ordinary rooms run to the neighbourhood of \$250/night; suites are twice that or more.

A map and key of the main floor of the property appears below. The building is a modern, pseudo-kitsch take on the Hanging Gardens of Babylon—an immense step pyramid or ziggurat, with each terrace supporting a carefully maintained garden of flowering trees, vines, and perennials (inside what amounts to a wrap-around arboretum/walk circling each floor of the pyramid).

The first two floors are an open lobby and contain the casino, bell desk, restaurants, nightclubs, and other public accommodations. Floors three through twenty-nine are hotel rooms (with floor twenty-nine consisting of just the VIP suites). The thirtieth floor has a lookout restaurant, a themed wedding chapel (‘The Sacred Marriage’), and an observation deck. The honeymoon suite, given the theme, is on the thirtieth floor adjacent to the wedding chapel.

The street approach is a 1:1 scale reproduction of the Ishtar Gate, complete with glazed bricks and fantastic sculptures. The cocktail waitresses are ‘high end’—young, fit, beautiful, and wearing off-the-shoulder togas as their uniforms.



GROUND FLOOR OF THE TOWER OF BABEL HOTEL AND CASINO (30 FLOORS)

When the investigators arrive (and hopefully, decide to check in), apart from the usual Las Vegas patrons there is a sizeable number of celebrity impersonators about. Britney, Elvis, Ol' Blue Eyes, other Rat Packers, Lucille Ball, Angelina, and Michael Jackson are all well represented.

Map Key to the Ground Floor of the Tower of Babel

The ground floor is immense. The first two floors, which form a big, open lobby area, are loud, constantly lit, have no windows except at the front door, and are always busy.

The number of people about ranges from mildly busy (in the wee hours of the morning) to packed and chaotic with throngs of thousands (Friday and weekend evenings). The passage aisles between major areas are deliberately winding and indirect. The areas in between are jammed with noisy, clanging, beeping slot machines, and raucous gaming tables. It is never quiet.

This typical Las Vegas casino layout has three important logistical consequences for the investigators. First, line of sight is very limited. There are numerous

things to hide behind; plenty of ways to creep up on any given position with only limited opportunities to be seen; and they will likely be unaware of anything going on outside of their immediate vicinity.

Second, range of hearing is extremely limited at all times. There is no chance, without listening devices, of hearing anything that is going on outside of your immediate vicinity, unless it is mass destruction and panic. It would take something like a fire alarm, a stampede, gunshots (allow a Listen roll), or security rushing in a particular direction to betray any shenanigans going on more than a few dozen feet away. This is particularly true when the place is busy.

Third, any foot chase through the casino is going to resemble a parkour run. Elderly patrons will be shoved over, gaming tables hurdled, drinks in big souvenir glasses will go flying, and unless someone is wielding a gun and calling attention to that fact, people are going to be slow to get out of the way.

1. GOMORRAH THEATRE—Three stories high (the VIP seats and stage floor are into the floor), this is

dedicated to the 'Over the Edge' residence show. There is advertising everywhere for the show. Todd Christopher is referenced as the MC, but he is not presented as the star.

2. **BOX OFFICE/GIFT SHOP**—Except for emergency fire exits in the theatre and exits backstage; this is the only way in or out of the theatre. Located at the rear of the gift shop, a large bank of doors is kept closed and locked except for between 30 minutes prior to and 30 minutes after a performance. Outside of the doors is a box office and gift shop, with books, T-shirts, souvenir kitsch, and DVDs of the performance. CDs of Todd Christopher's bubblegum albums are also available.
3. **SPA**—The hotel has a full day spa. Todd Christopher uses it frequently, as do the members of his inner circle. They sometimes rent it out and close it when important business occurs, or something particularly debauched strikes their fancy.
4. **BUFFET**—All you can eat for \$20, 24-7-365.
5. **MUSEUM**—For a separate and quite excessive fee, patrons can view a rather small gallery of genuine antiquities from ancient Babylonia. If required by official investigation, the museum can produce satisfactory importation documentation for all of its artefacts; some of the paperwork is actually genuine.
6. **ISHTAR GATE**—The main street entrance off Las Vegas Boulevard, this is a vast wall of baked faience brick adorned with dragons, demons, bearded man-bulls, and other typically Babylonian images. The surrounding gardens are really impressive, much of them in an enormous, climate controlled greenhouse.
7. **BELL DESK**—Self-explanatory, also a place to acquire sundries or get concierge help. It is as huge as depicted on the map and usually busy.
8. **CENTRE STAGE**—In the middle of the casino floor is a circular bar with a smaller lounge stage, where lounge singers and other lesser lights of entertainment perform. Todd Christopher and/or some of his troupe occasionally show up unannounced and do a short demonstration performance or a song or two.

This week, some of the more talented members of WACI are performing their shticks here. Have the investigators' first glimpse of this place be a Michael Jackson impersonator with a gang of zombies performing the *Thriller* music video dance, witnessed and applauded by a horde of other 'celebrities', most of them quite drunk. People wandering around dressed as zombies should be a common sight.
9. **WALKWAY/MALL**—This exit connects to a walkway to a neighbouring casino, about quarter of a mile long, lined with luxury boutiques and outlets.
10. **SODOM**—A deliberately risqué name for a super-exclusive nightclub. It is open from ten o'clock

in the evening until four o'clock in the morning, has a strict dress code, and is often frequented by professional athletes, music industry people, starlets, and wannabes. Only beautiful people or people on the proverbial 'list' get in without question; others are subject to the whim of the doormen. A badge, of course, gets you in.

11. **MAIN VALET**—Most guests or people dining or partying at the hotel use the valet parking. This is also the spot to pick up a tour bus, limo, or taxi.
12. **PAIRIDEIZA**—From the Avestani for 'enclosed garden', and means 'Paradise' in English. This is a fancy restaurant (\$100 per person on average) run by a celebrity chef. Reservations are required and are difficult to get. It is glassed off from the rest of the casino and decorated with many particularly rare plants and flowers, all of which require high maintenance. Todd eats here quite often.

Notes on Casino Security

Casino security is virtually omnipresent and layered. First are the cameras. All public places are monitored by security cameras in the ceilings, watched by guards from a centralised bank of screens in the security office. Their primary attention is focused on the gaming area and it is quite possible that the cameras will miss, or fail to recognise the significance of, something happening quickly elsewhere if it is plausibly innocuous. (The security office is located on the second floor, in an administrative office wing, through a secure door).

There are no cameras in the restrooms, hotel rooms, or 'employee only' areas (except for entrances and exits to the property), but there are in the elevators, stairs, and hallways.

To avoid a particular camera, the Keeper should allow a plausible and technically sound plan to succeed automatically. This is a caper! Let the investigators have their fun! Encourage them to hook up a continuous loop image on a camera to make it look like nothing is going on in a given hallway, or engage in other spy movie tricks. Alternatively, a group **Sneak** or **Luck** roll could be allowed, but make sure that they never forget that they might be being watched.

SECURITY OFFICERS ON THE CASINO FLOOR will respond to a situation in as little as a minute. They are everywhere on the casino levels, primarily plainclothes and unarmed, but also uniformed and armed.

SECURITY OFFICERS ON THE HOTEL FLOORS are a different matter. They are downright difficult to find, unless positioned at a strategic spot (such as coming off the elevator on the VIP level). Off the casino floor, they will arrive in the form of a lone, uniformed rent-a-cop in 1D20 minutes to see what is going on, unless a crime appears to be definitively afoot. If things appear violent or criminal, a security team arrives in 2D4 minutes.

Perhaps the investigators' biggest nemesis will be the hotel's **ELECTRONIC LOCK/PASSKEY SYSTEM**. The Keeper needs to have a good understanding of how these systems work to run this scenario correctly.

Guests and employees are issued electronic key cards. Each person's electronic swipe card works to let him or her go only where they have prior permission to go. Hence, an ordinary guest's card will admit them to their room and to those service areas (such as the spa or the pool) that they have permission to go. A kitchen employee's card lets him into those employee areas that he has some reason to be and no others.

Different categories of guests (ordinary, suite level, VIP level) have access to different common areas and even in some cases to different floors of the hotel. Each card is (in theory) registered to a particular person, and their comings and goings are transmitted to and recorded in a computerised registry in the security office. To make matters worse, the only visual differentiation between cards is the serial number.

There are also master key cards that let you through every door in the hotel. These are in the possession of the head of uniformed security, as well as the concierge and shift manager. (The manager or security shift boss can also issue them with a card generator in the administrative office).

Of particular concern to the investigators will be the twenty-ninth or VIP floor. The twenty-ninth floor is where the VIP lounge, 'whale suites' (where wealthy or special guests stay), and TC Productions' guest and office suites are located.

There are only a few conventional ways to access the twenty-ninth floor. Only the northeast elevator and a set of fire stairs in the northeast corner of the building reach high enough up the step pyramid to get to this level.

In order to get to this level via elevator, one must have a VIP guest card, the key card of an employee with duties on that floor, or a master key card. (You have to swipe the VIP card in the elevator to get it to go that floor). Alternatively, one has to go to the twenty-eighth floor, out the fire door (triggering an alarm) and then up the stairs to the twenty-ninth floor and through the fire door (triggering another alarm).

The investigators cannot just check into a room on the twenty-ninth floor, even if they are wielding badges. It is full and the concierge is not bumping anyone, nor issuing anyone VIP cards just so that they can poke around. They will need a warrant for that (or a helpful OSHA investigator, whom they will not be permitted to accompany). And again, until they have *concrete* evidence of criminal wrongdoing on the part of Todd Christopher, they will not be getting such a search warrant.

Should the investigators try to bully their way onto the twenty-ninth floor, the concierge will make a note of their descriptions and instruct security to detain them, both immediately and should they show up again.

In sum, in order to get onto the twenty-ninth floor, the investigators will have to do one of the following:

1. Accompany someone with a legitimate VIP card or appropriate employee card (or steal one);
2. Go to the twenty-eighth floor, bypass two alarms on the stairs and sneak past the physical security;
3. Hack the key card system on the elevator, or;
4. Get very creative (such as the use of a *Create Gate* spell or a Mythos artefact, rappelling down the outside of the building, using the window cleaning gantry, coming in through the ceiling or floor, or running a scam).

To hack the key card system, the investigators could either steal an employee's card and hope that the camera cop is not paying minute attention to whomever is using it (**Luck** roll), or hack it without triggering an alarm (a **Hard Electronics** roll or appropriate tradecraft roll). Again, however, keep the tone in mind—this is a Las Vegas caper scenario, so err on the side of allowing carefully orchestrated plans to succeed in the end, albeit perhaps with the investigators nearly getting caught.

More on the twenty-ninth floor (including a detailed floor map) is given in Scene 5, below.

INTERVIEW: THE ROOMMATE

Attempting to interview Angélique's roommate, Barb Smith, requires a drive out to suburban Henderson and the Desert Rose Apartments. Inquiries made at the apartment management office discover that Angélique/Lil was not on the lease and that the apartment given as Angélique/Lil's address is rented to a woman in her early twenties named Barb Smith.

Madge the apartment manager volunteers that Barb Smith and most of her friends were exotic dancers who worked 'off the books' at private parties and after-hours clubs. If shown a picture of Angélique, or asked if she knows one of Barb's friends named 'Lil'; she remembers 'Lil' as 'one of Barb's work friends'.

There is a large pile of mail, about two weeks' worth (and starting on the Monday after Angélique's disappearance), rubber-banded together and sitting at the foot of the apartment door. The manager knows (and the investigators should be able to deduce with an **Idea** roll) that this is what postmen do when an apartment's mail slot overflows.

Almost all of the mail is junk and bills, but one piece is a (handsome) paycheque addressed to Barb Smith, but payable to 'Cash' from 'Ultraviolet LLC', a shell corporation with a dummy address corresponding to a vacant lot in Las Vegas. Still, this is an important clue and the investigators ought to be allowed to find it.

Barb's car is still parked in the parking lot. It is a purple Pontiac Solstice convertible with vanity plates reading 'PURPGRL'. On the front seat is an overnight bag with



THE DESERT SUBURBS

what might be euphemistically described as work clothes: a glittery purple thong, a feathered purple facemask, and a nametag clip reading 'Ultraviolet: My name is Barb'. Todd overlooked this. He is smart, but not brilliant.

Should the apartment manager be queried, she will promptly deduce a tenant subletting violation and stomp off to confront Ms. Smith about her unauthorised roommate, passkey in hand. Barb Smith has no listed number, no driver's license, and lived largely off the grid, so getting to the manager is about the only way that the investigators will find her name.

Alternatively, the investigators might just go knock on the door of Apartment 204 and see who answers; the answer is no one. However with an Easy Listen roll something can be heard moving about in the apartment.

Todd Christopher and a gang of Shabbith cultists were here almost immediately after eliminating Angelique, cleaning up loose ends. They got a bit carried away with extracting information from Ms. Smith as to the whereabouts of Angelique's laptop, got bored, and so did something a little experimental. They chained her to a chair, cannibalised her head (while she was still alive), carved an Elder Sign into it (still alive), and *then* called a *Dress Rehearsal* down on her.

The Elder Sign carved into a living being had a most peculiar and unexpected containing effect on

the energies called down. The result is about as bad as it could be—a mindless, radioactive, undead thing, in terrible, unending, unfocused agony, which will go completely berserk when it sees someone enter the apartment. This 'success' has given Todd some ideas about future experiments, but for now, Barb will just pose a serious threat to any investigators and/or nearby neighbourhoods once disturbed.

Barb is not together enough to use a door, but she comes barrelling out immediately when the front door is opened, howling in pain.

If the investigators use a Geiger counter at the apartment door before they themselves enter or they let the manager enter, good for them. It does not stop the manager from going in anyway, unless she is physically restrained, but it does give the investigators a head start.

After the Carnage Subsides

The investigators probably have very little time to survey the apartment before the police arrive, especially if they do not want to face them and explain the radioactive purplish husk(s) on the floor. The apartment, surprisingly, has not been tossed much beyond the living room. Except for the completely trashed living room, stained from floor to ceiling with purplish blight, it is quite intact. All doors leading off from the living room are closed.

BARB SMITH,

Abused, Glow-in-the-Dark Roommate

STR 24 **CON** 27 **SIZ** 10 **INT** 0 **POW** 1

DEX 9 **MOV** 8 **HP** 19

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6.

WEAPONS: Grapple 50%, damage 2D6/round of crushing, mauling, and flaming ultraviolet radiation. Victims are left as desiccated purplish husks, which register as slightly radioactive.

ARMOUR: Impaling weapons do 1 point only; other physical weapons do ½ damage. Spells work normally. Break out the clubs.

SKILLS: Rampage Berserklly 100%; Listen to Reason 0%; Operate Door 0%.

SANITY LOSS: 1D4/1D10 points. A zombie is bad, but a glowing, purple, semi-skeletal, howling, radioactive zombie? Yikes.

Seeing a purplish husk of Barb's victims costs 1/1D6 SAN. Surviving being reduced to purple husk by Barb 1D10/1D20 **Sanity** points.

If the investigators are apprehended, law enforcement or not, they will be arrested and interrogated, but ultimately released for lack of evidence that they committed any crime. Deputy Swanson and the alphabet soup of federal agencies will expand their investigation to include this second victim (or third, or fourth) and none of them will believe any spook stuff about zombies. They will be inclined to believe that the investigators stumbled onto a radioactive husk, lost control of themselves, and got a fresh dose of radiation when they opened the door.

Anyone injured by Barb Smith has acute radiation syndrome to worry about. Anyone taking any damage from her is exposed to **50-100 rems** of ionising gamma radiation. Anyone brought to 3 hit points or below by Barb Smith is in much more serious trouble. They will have received a dose of between **200-300 rems**. See Radiation Exposure Spot Rules on page 40 for further information. (Because the radiation was contained within Barb in large part, they are not in as much trouble as Ms. Cantarelli, but they do not need to have that clarified for them, except through the passage of time).

There is no usable trace evidence to speak of in the apartment. Darn that radiation.

ANGELIQUE'S ROOM (discernible from the black candles and Bauhaus posters) is intact (thanks to the closed door), but pretty spartan. Her luggage, clothing, and even her iPod are all still here. Anything not on Angelique is still here. The one odd thing is in the waste-paper basket—a low-end netbook that has been effectively wiped beyond any hope of retrieval (with a sledgehammer).

With a first **Idea** roll, the investigators will realise that she did not even take the time to pack a bag before



trying to flee town. With a second **Idea** roll, they will realise that the netbook was the one thing in Angelique's possession that the assailant cared about—eliminating something on that computer.

This should get the investigators thinking about getting a look at other people's personal computers.

INTERVIEW: LAS VEGAS CSI

CSI has what is left of Angelique's body in a lead-lined coffin. Whether or not the Keeper chooses to steal any well-known fictional characters for the investigators to interact with is a matter for his own conscience.

In any event, regardless of whether the investigators are legitimate law enforcement officers or working for Angelique's next of kin, the CSI folks will be interested in speaking with them. They will want a photograph of Angelique and if possible, a DNA sample or dental records (which her father can provide via express courier). They will then be able to positively identify what is left of Angelique in short order.

CSI has no idea what happened to her; they are stumped and found no usable trace evidence. They will want to know what the investigators know. Cooperating with local law enforcement is in the investigators' best interests; because the end of the scenario likely depends on how solid the case against Todd Christopher is and how much backup they can muster when things go to hell.

The most useful bit of information to be gained here comes when they ask to see the body. This request is refused, not because the CSI crew has any objection under normal circumstances, but because the body is still radioactively decaying and giving off potentially dangerous levels of gamma rays. Now the investigators know what to look for with any Geiger counters. If the investigators manage somehow to get to see the body, they need to make a **Sanity** check (1/1D6).

INTERVIEW: FRIENDLY WAGI MEMBERS

The Keeper should continue playing up the idea that there is some kind of celebrity impersonator convention in session at the Tower of Babel. Impersonators are everywhere throughout the hotel. They have many of the meeting rooms booked; are wearing lanyards with nametags; and are performing in the central stage in the middle of the hotel's ground floor. It is surreal and it should be played up as such.

None of the impersonators really knows anything beyond common knowledge about Todd Christopher or the 'bathroom incident' at the bus terminal. However, they are nice, helpful, and always looking for new recruits. Their current new membership officer, **SUSAN GROSVENOR**, is detailed in the nearby box.

And why yes, they'd be happy to sell the Investigators some costuming and have one of their members give some pointers on that particular celebrity's mannerisms. Would you prefer Young Elvis, Fat Elvis, or the Marx Brothers? Obviously, a celebrity disguise in a sea of such disguises is rather useful for hiding in plain sight in a hotel/casino full of surveillance cameras.

SUSAN GROSVENOR,

Semi-Professional Material Girl, age 29



STR 11 **CON** 15 **SIZ** 10 **INT** 13 **POW** 12
DEX 15 **APP** 15 **EDU** 14 **SAN** 60 **HP** 13

DAMAGE PENALTY: None.

EDUCATION: BA, Music, Rutgers.

SKILLS: Accounting 45%; Art (Bump and Grind) 80%; Art (Dance) 80%; Art (Sing) 80%; Computer Use 45%; Credit Rating 45%; Disguise (General) 50%; Disguise (Madonna) 95%; Drive Automobile 35%; Fast Talk 40%; Listen 50%; Occult (Kabballah) 50%; Persuade 40%; Psychology 50%; Spot Hidden 50%; Sneak 50%.

LANGUAGES: English 90%; Fake British Accent 10%.

WEAPONS: None above base.

NOTES: Susan (her real name) is a hardcore (and talented) Madonna fan girl and impersonator. She does every era of Madonna (except for the current era's overly chiselled Madonna) and is very good, down to spot on singing and dancing. She is best at earlier Madonna and has her late 1980s 'naughty Catholic bride' look down pat. She is an invited special guest of the WAGI convention and as a result, has a VIP guest suite on the twenty-ninth floor of the Tower of Babel.

In her day job, she works as a music teacher for a New Jersey high school. On weekends and breaks, she fronts a top Madonna cover band. Susan is a genuinely friendly person, who is also single and looking. She could easily be caught up in some kind of illicit caper, being a big fan of *Desperately Seeking Susan*, *Dick Tracy*, and other such Madonna romp films.

She does not believe, or contend, that she is Madonna (she answers to 'Susan' in or out of character), but she plays her character *to the hilt*. Truth, or dare?

GAMMA RADIATION, GEIGER COUNTERS, AND ACUTE RADIATION SYNDROME

Gamma radiation is the major form of ionising radiation given off by Shabbith-Ka and the *Dress Rehearsal* spell. Unlike other forms of ionising radiation, gamma rays are highly penetrative, only being effectively blocked by materials of increasing density. For example, it takes 1cm of lead, 4cm of granite, or 6cm of concrete to block 50% of gamma rays; human tissue does not stop gamma rays to any large extent.

Gamma radiation can be detected using a Geiger counter, which would be a handy thing for the investigators to have. Modern Geiger counters cost between \$300 and \$900, come small enough to hide in a coat pocket, plug into computers via USB cables, and can filter by type of radiation (alpha, beta, and gamma). They can be purchased at any scientific or mining supply store, as well as online.

The biological effects of gamma radiation on the human body are highly dependent on the dose of radiation absorbed by the body. In the United States, effective radiation doses are measured in units called 'rems' (an acronym for 'Roentgen Equivalent in Man', for the technically minded). Elsewhere in the world, the SI unit for effective radiation dose is the Sievert [Sv], which for gamma radiation is equivalent to the radiation absorbed dose (measured in units called 'Grays' [Gy]). The important correction factor is 100 rems = 1 Sv = 1 Gy.

It is important to note that we are all exposed to a limited amount of radiation all of the time. A general rule is that the average person in the United States receives a dose of 0.62 rems per year (about 50% of this is from natural sources such as radon gas and cosmic rays, the other 50% is from man made sources such as medical devices, luminous watch dials, and air travel). Workers in the nuclear industry receive higher doses; the occupational 'safe' limit is up to 5 rems per year (the per year

part is important, as getting 5 rems all at once is potentially hazardous, but spread across the year a cumulative dose of 5 rems is unproblematic). A little bit of radiation is harmless, but as Paracelsus famously noted, "the dose makes the poison".

When ionising radiation hits the body it can break DNA and RNA causing genetic damage and mutated genes, although this damage takes time to become evident (perhaps manifesting as cancer months or years later). However, most of the immediate damage is caused by the generation of free radicals as the radiation passes through water within cells. These free radicals are highly chemically reactive and interfere with protein function, damaging cells, preventing cell division, and even causing cell death. These effects are most pronounced in the tissues that divide the fastest, such as the lining of the gut, bone marrow, skin, lung, and hair cells.

Acute radiation syndrome results from short-term exposure to high levels of ionising radiation—such as that emitted by Shabbith-Ka. External exposure to high levels of gamma radiation results in skin burns and total body irradiation, among other symptoms. The only relevant question is the effective dose received. These spot rules assume whole body exposure in one concentrated period. On and off exposure, or exposure of only a non-vital part of one's body such as hands or feet, tends to lower the effective dose received (although the exposed part will suffer greatly). Visible effects listed (nausea, hair loss, bleeding, etc.) are, of course, cumulative. There are no effective treatments, except to prevent death (a bone marrow transplant). True treatment was still in early clinical trials as of 2013. In addition, there may be long-term effects, such as cancer, genetic damage, sterility, and premature death.

RADIATION EXPOSURE SPOT RULES

These spot rules were compiled with reference to the Radiation Exposure and Contamination chapter of the Merck Manual, which contains much information that will be useful for this scenario and is conveniently accessible at www.merckmanuals.com/professional/injuries_poisoning/radiation_exposure_and_contamination/radiation_exposure_and_contamination.html

100–200 REMS: Headache and nausea in 2–6 hours (–10% to all skills), lasting 1 day, and lose **1 CON** for 1D3 days. Long term effects can include an increased risk of cancer, months or years later.

EXAMPLE SOURCES: Incidental exposure to the bus terminal bathroom, Barb Smith, or the Beyondscape.

200–600 REMS: Headache, nausea, and vomiting in 1–2 hours (–20% to all skills) lasting 1–2 days; 10% chance of diarrhoea starting in 3–8 hours, lasting 1–2 days; 50% chance of moderate fever starting within 4–24 hours lasting 1–2 days. After 1–4 weeks, lose **1 STR** and **CON** each day for 1D6 days due to bone marrow and immune system damage; lost stats are regained

at a rate of 1 point each per month. Also at this time, total hair loss, skin rash, and bleeding from gums and rectum occur and last days (bleeding) to weeks (hair loss). If less than **4 CON** is lost, the bone marrow is not destroyed, and the patient will survive with medical care. If more than 4 points of **CON** are lost, the patient's bone marrow is severely affected and a survival roll (new **CON×10**) roll is needed—if successful, the patient can be treated with a bone marrow transplant (see below) and will survive. If survival roll is failed, the patient will die in 4–6 weeks. Long term effects for survivors include increased risk of cancer, months to years later, and possible sterility.

EXAMPLE SOURCES: Hospitalised by Barb Smith's attack; prolonged exposure to the Beyondscape.

GAMMA RADIATION, GEIGER COUNTERS, AND ACUTE RADIATION SYNDROME (CONTINUED)

600–800 REMS: Headache, nausea, and vomiting in 10–60 minutes (–20% to all skills), lasting 2–4 days; 10% chance of severe diarrhoea starting in 1–2 hours, lasting 2 days. High fever will develop in 3–4 hours. After 1–2 weeks lose **1 STR** and **1 CON** per day for 1D10 days; lost stats are regained at a rate of 1 point each per month (if the patient lives that long). Total hair loss, skin rash, and severe bleeding from gums and rectum, along with reduced blood pressure, dizziness, and electrolyte imbalances also occur at this time. If more than 4 points of **CON** are lost a survival roll (**CON**×10) is needed; if more than 6 points of **CON** are lost, the survival roll is reduced (**CON**×5). If the survival rolls are successful, the patient can be treated with a bone marrow transplant (see below) and will survive. If the survival rolls fail, the patient will die in 2–4 weeks. Longer term risks for survivors include greatly increased risk of cancer and sterility.

EXAMPLE SOURCES: victims who escaped a *Dress Rehearsal* attack or fled with 5 Hit Points or more.

800–3000 REMS: Victim is a dead man walking. Severe headache, nausea, and vomiting within minutes (–25% to all skills), lasting at least 2 days. 90% chance of severe diarrhoea starting within 1 hour. High fever starting within 1 hour. Confusion and cognitive impairment starting within 1 hour (effective loss of **1D6 INT**). Immediate loss of **2 STR** and **2 CON**, with the further loss of **2 STR** and **2 CON** per day. Death

occurs once either **STR** or **CON** fall below 3 (2 days to 2 weeks later). Despite medical care and bone marrow transplant, the patient cannot be saved by conventional methods (magical means might be possible at the Keeper's discretion). This terminal decline will be accompanied by vomiting, diarrhoea, severe fever, possible hallucinations, electrolyte imbalances, and shock as the internal lining of the gut sloughs off and vital organs fail. With anti-nausea drugs, the victim might remain somewhat functional during this time (the 'walking ghost' phenomenon), but will obviously appear very sick and weak.

EXAMPLE SOURCES: Being reduced to 3 Hit Points or less by Shabbith-Ka or Todd Christopher's *Dress Rehearsal* spell; Claudia Cantarelli has suffered this.

ABOVE 3000 REMS: Victim is a dead man. Severe headache, nausea, and vomiting immediately (–30% to all skills). Severe diarrhoea and high fever within 30 minutes. Severe neurological impairments (seizures, tremors, and inability to walk) within 1 hour. Cognitive impairment within 1 hour (effective **2D6 INT** loss). Immediate loss of **3 CON** and **3 STR**, with a further loss of **2D6 CON** and **STR** per day. Death occurs when either **STR** or **CON** fall below 3 (generally within 1–3 days). The patient cannot be saved by medical science and will suffer the same terminal decline as described for 800–3000 rem, only faster.

EXAMPLE SOURCES: Unfortunately surviving Shabbith-Ka's Engulf attack, somehow.

BONE MARROW TRANSPLANTATION

Many of the lethal effects of radiation result from the destruction of bone marrow, which contains the stem cells that eventually give rise to all of the cells of the blood. Destroying the bone marrow causes a profound immune suppression and eventual death from infections and anaemia. However, if the bone marrow can be replaced these effects can be prevented (provided that other internal organs have not been damaged too badly). Bone marrow can be taken from someone with a healthy immune system (the donor) in one of two ways – the old fashioned version is to drill holes in the large bones (normally in the arm and hip) and suction out the bone marrow itself; the more modern way is to treat the donor with a few days worth of growth factors to make the stem cells leave the bone marrow for the blood and then purify them from the blood stream (this process is called apheresis); generally

either method is safe for the donor. The problem is that for a bone marrow transplant to work, it must be taken from a donor whose immune system matches the recipient (otherwise a variety of bad things related to the new immune system attacking the recipient occur – this is called 'graft versus host disease', or GvHD). This matching is often difficult (especially for patients in ethnic minorities) and complex. The more potential donors there are (family members are a likely match, but unrelated donors might also be a match), the better the chance of finding a suitable match. In game terms, the likelihood of finding a suitable donor can be reduced to either the Keeper's discretion or a simple **Luck** roll.

Bone marrow donations save lives, especially for children with leukaemia, and the process for becoming a bone marrow donor is simple. please consider it.



CLAUDIA CANTARELLI

INTERVIEW: CLAUDIA CANTARELLI

Ms. Cantarelli, a young woman from Los Angeles who was taking a bus back home so that she could drink and not have to drive, is in terrible shape. She is ravaged and burned by gamma radiation poisoning and her condition is terminal. She is expected to survive about another week, maybe less, is confined to the intensive care unit, and is kept in isolation. She is still conscious and coherent, however, and can be questioned.

There is little that Ms. Cantarelli can offer that was not on the surveillance tape. She walked into the bathroom and was blinded by a bright, purplish flare, and then the pain and nausea started. She was minding her own business and does not understand why any of this happened to her.

Ms. Cantarelli can offer one important clue. If she is shown a purchased DVD of the 'Over The Edge' show, she freaks out and becomes incoherent when the purple, glowing light show accompanying the set change singing interludes starts. She shrieks, "a face, it had a face!" and launches into ranting and convulsions.

This might be an occasion for a **Cthulhu Mythos** roll by the investigators with the experience to realise that a major Mythos being is involved. It also provides hard evidence that someone from the show is involved, although, sadly, not the sort of concrete or scientific evidence that will impress the police.

INTERVIEW: TC PRODUCTIONS STAFFERS

TC Productions employs about 100 people, most in connection with the 'Over the Edge' production show. Its offices are on the twenty-ninth floor and generally not accessible to the public. What kind of cooperation the investigators get depends on whether they have the force of the law behind them. **MARV BLUMBERG** (*Fast Talk 60%, Psychology 60%, Law 50%*) will check on their credentials—preferably before talking to them, but definitely after.

Law Enforcement Asking Questions, With Badges

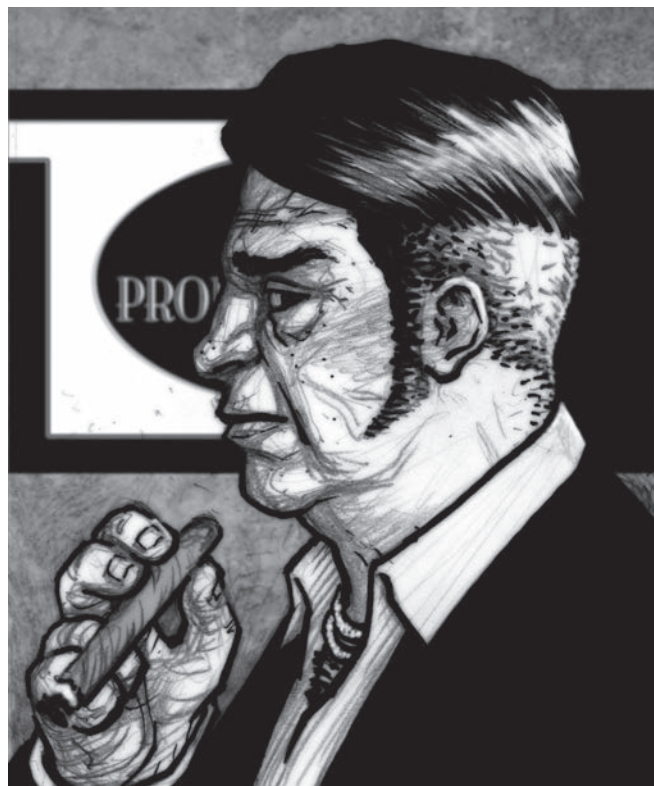
What these people get depends on whom they ask:

ORDINARY STAFFERS AND PERFORMERS will cooperate with reasonable questions from law enforcement. They remember Lil Eresh; she was a good singer and performed during the Shabbith dance interludes. They equate her with a picture of Angelique. They were told that she was let go when she did not show up for work. No one has seen her or heard from her since.

They will not report on any non-malicious illegalities that they may know about (e.g., drugs, drunkenness, or debauchery), but will not deny that Todd Christopher is at least rumoured to engage in all three. They have no information about any cults, violence, or radioactive monsters.

MARV BLUMBERG is a slightly overweight, balding, sixtyish man who acts as general manager, head of HR,

MARV BLUMBERG



and day-to-day factotum. He dresses as if he is much more attractive than he actually is (open shirt, gold chains, bad hairpiece). He is the person who steps forward to deal with any law enforcement requests directed at the company itself.

Marv has been with Todd Christopher since his early 1970s 'Puppies and Kittens' days and has managed every entertainment industry endeavour with which Todd Christopher has ever been involved. He is the closest thing that Todd has to a real friend. Todd treats him with some deference because of their long association and because Marv is very useful to him, but Todd has no real feelings for him or anyone else.

Marv knows a lot about what Todd has done in the past, including many unsavoury and illegal things that are not public knowledge. He literally knows where some bodies are buried. However, he believes that Todd has gotten his act together in recent years and does not believe that Todd is involved in anything too bad at present—certainly no murders or magic. As a result, he will cooperate with the investigators' questions about Lil Eresh, but only up to a point.

Marv suspects that there is something more to the story of why Lil Eresh left TC Productions than her simply having got fed up. She was too talented and too close to Todd, and the fact that he was told, by Todd, to list her as terminated for failure to show up at work was a little odd, since the day on which he was told (the Monday after her disintegration) was a dark day (no show).

If he gets the sense that Lil Eresh is dead, a **Psychology** roll might note that he seems disturbed. At that point, he will lie to the investigators and deny having any paperwork. (The paperwork, as noted above, can be obtained from government sources, which should pique the investigators' suspicions).

He and Todd will talk about it on the phone shortly thereafter (should the investigators happen to leave a recording or listening device behind, or get a wiretap) and Todd will tell him not to worry and not to ask questions.

If the investigators start talking with Marv about radioactive purple fireballs or disintegrated purplish husks, then they have sealed his death warrant. When the coast is clear, Marv will confront Todd about this, in person, somewhere where no one will be listening (unless they have been very stealthy or have a parabolic microphone).

Marv is the one who covered up Todd's presence at the 'Bountiful Harvest Love Group' disaster in the mid-1970s and will guess that Todd must be involved with practicing magic again. After which point, at an appropriately dramatic moment, Marv will disappear, and purplish-radioactive-undead-Marv will be let loose on the investigators with subsequent hilarity and mayhem.

Todd will never say anything incriminating, not even to Marv, other than telling him not to worry or ask questions. Marv though, if anyone is spying on



THE SHABBITHS

them somehow, will be noticeably agitated that people are asking questions about purple fires and might say something like, "you said we were past that kind of stuff".

The Shabbiths

These men and women are remarkable, to say the least. There are two dozen of them in total, most working at various menial jobs for TC Productions with six working as performers in the 'Over the Edge' show. The labourers are not cultists; the six performers are. The non-cultist Shabbiths know what is really going on though, but are too terrified to speak about it.

The Shabbiths are easily recognised. They are tall (even the women are six feet plus), thin, muscular, and very light skinned Africans with (naturally) blonde or brown straight hair and blue eyes. They dress casually, but cleanly.

The cultists, who double as Todd's bodyguards, live in a suite near his on the twenty-ninth floor of the Tower of Babel. None of them speaks a great deal of English. All of the Shabbiths have green cards and were sponsored to immigrate a few years ago by TC Productions in preparation for the show.

An **Anthropology** roll reveals that they are all from the same ethnic group, but not one that anyone has ever heard of. The Keeper might allow a Critical success to note certain North African features, but they seem to have significant European ancestry as well.

SHABBITH CULTISTS,

Worshippers of the Purple Horror



	1	2	3	4	5	6
STR	15	17	17	18	16	17
CON	10	18	10	16	10	12
SIZ	18	17	16	16	17	16
INT	10	12	12	14	17	9
POW	9	12	13	10	13	13
DEX	6	12	16	12	11	10
APP	6	9	11	12	9	14
EDU	4	6	4	5	6	4
SAN	0	0	0	0	0	0
HP	14	18	13	16	14	14
DB	+1D6	+1D6	+1D6	+1D6	+1D6	+1D6

EDUCATION: No formal education.

SKILLS: Art (Sing) 90%; Art (Dance) 80%; Cthulhu Mythos 10%; Listen 50%, Natural History 50%; Occult 30%; Psychology 50%; Spot Hidden 50%; Sneak 80%; Throw 80%.

LANGUAGES: English 10%; Shabbith 80%.

WEAPONS: Punch 80%, 1D3+db.

Kick 80%, 1D6+db.
Grapple 80%, Special.
Hurlbat† 80%, 1D8+½ db.

†This thing (which they love to use) is a large boomerang shaped throwing club with pieces of razor-sharp obsidian along the inside edge. They are deadly with it and can throw it a surprisingly effective distance. They can also slash with it.

	Base Chance	Damage	Base Range	Attacks per round	HP	Impale?
Hurlbat	20%	1D8+db	touch	1/2	8	Yes
Hurlbat, thrown	Throw%	1D8 +½ db	see Throw rule			

SPELLS: *Call Shabbith-Ka*; *Elder Sign*.

NOTES: No qualms about doing anything. Guns are for cowards who fear the raging of the blood, so they do not use them.

The SHABBITH CULTISTS are tough guys (or gals, four men and two women, every bit as mean as the men), and bad to the bone. In fact, their society is basically one big, never-ending stotting contest, seeing who can prove that each one is the toughest and the most fearless, at any cost. They are not intimidated by anything that a mere mortal might have to offer.

They also have nothing to say, even to identified law enforcement (other than, “Go to hell, I have my green card!”), an attitude which, in and of itself says something. They report any inquiries directly to Todd Christopher.

The SHABBITH NON-CULTISTS are frightened by police inquiries and quite frightened by questions about Todd Christopher (a **Psychology** roll to notice). They do not want to talk about him at all and scurry away or pretend not to understand if the topic turns to him.

They will tell anyone who asks politely that they are Shabbiths and their people come from the mountains in far eastern Mali.

If the investigators need a push, or with a successful **Fast Talk** or **Persuade** roll, one of the non-cultist Shabbiths might slip up and mention that it is forbidden to speak of the Keeper of the Primal Song outside of his presence. Anyone who slips up in this regard disappears and a purplish husk might be found ‘eighty-sixed’ in the desert.

Questioning by Private Investigators, Concerned Family Members, and Unidentified Law Enforcement Investigators

Such people get both more and less information than badge-wielding interrogators, depending on to whom they are speaking.

The various staffers will not feel like they have to talk to them, but might be more prone just to chat. The non-cultist Shabbiths might talk about their homeland and why they are here (“the Keeper of the Primal Song brought us”). Questions such as, “who is the Keeper?”, however, make them clam up.

Marv Blumberg will act largely in the same way with private investigators as he will with law enforcement officers.

Todd Christopher will not grant a private interview to non-identified law enforcement investigators. He is simply too busy and full of himself. However, non-identified law enforcement or private parties can infiltrate his hotel room and/or the Ultraviolet Ultralounge if they lead him on and are attractive members of either sex (see below).

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‘Eighty-six’—now used generically to refer to getting rid of someone, the term originated in the early days of modern Las Vegas. People who needed to be gotten rid of would be driven **eighty** miles out into the desert, killed and put **six** feet under the ground. Hence, eighty-six.



EIGHTY MILES OUT, SIX FEET DOWN

SO, YOU WANT STILL MORE SOURCE MATERIAL ON CASINO SECURITY, HUH?

In the wake of the 11th September, 2001 terrorist attacks, a number of rather comprehensive studies were undertaken to evaluate potential security gaps at many different kinds of public places. Major Las Vegas casinos were among these. A great deal of money was appropriated by the US government for purposes of training and educating local law enforcement about these perceived vulnerabilities. Following is a sampling of some of the more pertinent issues identified. This is useful, in 2013, as a Keeper resource for what sort of behaviour, if noticed, might alarm casino security.

The Keeper should see how many of these red flags reflect typical *Call of Cthulhu* investigator behaviour.

SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITIES INDICATING POSSIBLE ONGOING SURVEILLANCE FOR SECURITY WEAKNESSES:

- ▲ Persons discovered with a suspicious collection of casino/hotel maps, photographs, or diagrams with facilities highlighted.
- ▲ Persons parking, standing, or loitering in the same area over a multiple-day period with no apparent, reasonable explanation.
- ▲ Persons using or carrying video/camera/observation equipment over an extended period. (To say nothing of a Geiger counter).
- ▲ Casino/hotel personnel being questioned off-site about practices pertaining to the casino.
- ▲ Casino/hotel employees changing working behaviour or working more irregular hours.

- ▲ Persons observed or reported to be observing casino receipts or deliveries.
- ▲ A noted pattern or series of false alarms requiring a response by law enforcement or emergency services.
- ▲ Unfamiliar cleaning crews or other contract workers.
- ▲ An increase in the number of sensitive areas left unsecured.
- ▲ An increase in threats from unidentified sources.
- ▲ Unusual or unannounced maintenance activities in the vicinity of the casino/hotel.
- ▲ Sudden losses or thefts of guard force or surveillance equipment.
- ▲ Suspicious behaviour of 'patrons' asking for and/or using safety deposit boxes.

SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY INDICATING THE POSSIBILITY OF PREPARATION FOR AN ARMED ASSAULT:

- ▲ Persons in crowded areas (e.g., gambling areas, beverage, or food courts) wearing unusually bulky clothing that might conceal suicide explosives or firearms.
- ▲ Note that bulky clothing in Las Vegas is extremely suspicious, as it is usually quite hot outside, so if someone comes in from outside dressed like this, it is quite odd.
- ▲ Unattended vehicles illegally parked near the casino entrance.
- ▲ Unattended packages (e.g., backpacks, briefcases, boxes) that might contain explosives.
- ▲ Unauthorised access to heating, ventilation, and air-conditioning (HVAC) areas; indications of unusual substances near air intakes.

MUDDYING THE INVESTIGATORY WATERS

Once the investigators learn of the Mali connection to the Shabbith cult, the Keeper can throw any number of curve balls in an attempt to knock them off course. The following points are all actually true...

- ▲ Acting Prime Minister of Mali, Cheick Modibo Diarra, has a PhD in Astrophysics and used to work for NASA. His NASA related work involved the Ulysses solar probe, the Galileo Jupiter mission, and the Mars Observer and Pathfinder missions. He eventually left NASA to become chairman of Microsoft Africa before entering politics.
- ▲ Mali counts uranium as one of its natural resources—but it is not a major producer. However, Mali has a reasonably porous border with Niger... which was the alleged source of the yellowcake uranium powder that the Bush government insisted that Saddam Hussein was trying to buy in the run up to the Iraq war.
- ▲ The US military has run a support operation in West Africa (Mali, Mauritania, and Niger) for several years, via its Africa Command (AFRICOM). This mostly involved counter-terrorism training for the Malian military. Several

of the trainees (allegedly) were leaders in the recent coup. Whether or not AFRICOM (or other American paramilitary organisations) are running other operations in Mali is a matter of speculation.

- ▲ Despite being a landlocked country, Mali is a major transit point for Latin American drug networks smuggling cocaine into Europe. These smuggling gangs have been known to buy old jets, fill them with huge amounts of drugs in Venezuelan staging points and fly them across the Atlantic (where there is almost no radar coverage) to West Africa (Mali, Sierra Leone, Liberia, and Guinea-Bissau) using Russian pilots. Being old jets, they are not the most reliable—in one notorious case, a burned out Boeing 727 was found in the Malian desert after the smugglers unloaded and then just torched it.
- ▲ In June 2012, Ansar Dine islamists broke into the famous Sidi Yahya mosque in Timbuktu, claiming that the site was idolatrous. The islamists broke down the mosque doors which, according to legend, were not to be opened until the End Times.

Playing the 'Underage Worker' Card

If Marv Blumberg's attention is called to the fact that Lil Eresh was really sixteen years old, he gets mildly angry and reports himself to OSHA in an effort to mitigate the damage. The terms of TC Productions' approved safety plan requires that no minors take part in the show. At the Keeper's option, Bob Green from OSHA might contact the investigators.

INTERVIEW: THE OCCUPATIONAL SAFETY AND HEALTH ADMINISTRATION (OSHA)

The head of the local OSHA office, Bob Green, hates TC Productions. They know that what they are doing is dangerous and he knows that someone is going to get hurt eventually, but he cannot get anything to stick. They follow, or at least make a pretence of following, the letter of the law.

Yet Bob Green senses that something is not right, mostly because of the thoroughly condescending tone that the owner, Todd Christopher, takes with him. He insults him, calls him a loser, and then produces immaculate safety procedures as proof that he runs an extremely tight ship.

If Todd Christopher could be persuasively tied, somehow, even in ways that would not hold up in court, to radiation hazards, then Bob Green will become the investigators' ally. He will also be very interested in citing,



BOB GREEN, OSHA

OSHA FOR NON-AMERICANS

The Occupational Safety and Health Agency (OSHA) is a US, Federal-level worksite safety inspection and enforcement agency. It both prescribes and administratively enforces industrial hygiene laws. It does this through citations and fines, and potentially, workplace shutdown orders or referrals for criminal prosecution. It is also charged with investigating and enforcing certain Federal “whistleblower” laws concerning complaints of unsafe or illegal workplace conditions.

OSHA investigators have the ability to show up at a workplace and conduct unannounced inspections in circumstances where they reasonably believe workers’ health and safety may be at risk. Matters within OSHA’s bailiwick would include things like investigating post-workplace injury accidents; investigating anonymous claims that people are getting sick at a particular place of employment due to environmental hazards; and claims that proper safety gear is not in use.

In the US, employers tend to take OSHA inspectors very seriously, because of OSHA’s ability to not just issue citations and heavy fines, but impose suspensions of workplace activity.



TODD CHRISTOPHER

fining, and/or auditing TC Productions’ hiring forms if he learns that they employed an underage singer.

If Bob Green thinks that something unsavoury is going on, even if it is not completely within his bailiwick of workplace safety, he will bend the law, but not break it. He cannot arrest anyone, but he can search any workplace with or without notice and might ‘accidentally’ drop hints about what he finds out during an ‘investigatory interview’ with his ‘confidential informants’, i.e., the investigators. ‘Workplace’ includes the Gomorrah Theatre, its twenty-ninth floor suite offices, and the Ultraviolet Ultralounge (if he knew about it and where it was).

Unfortunately, OSHA is not somewhere that the investigators are likely to look up on their own, unless they really do an amazing job of investigation. Bob Green is therefore a tool for the Keeper that can be used to nudge the investigators in the right direction if they are hopelessly stuck, but he should be used sparingly. And then, once used, he should be horribly killed to add to the radioactive husk count. If Todd Christopher suspects that Bob Green is actually going to be a threat—i.e., if he seems headed for the Ultraviolet Ultralounge or is after his laptop—Bob will be subject to Todd’s *Dress Rehearsal* spell.

SCENE 4, INTERVIEW: TODD CHRISTOPHER HIMSELF

Todd Christopher himself is not an easy man to see. In keeping with the spirit of a caper movie, Todd has some memorable bodyguards and knows how to act like a Bondesque master villain. He is even prone to monologues before doing something violent. Law enforcement might nonetheless insist on speaking to him, in which case, he will do so for as briefly as possible.

He will admit to knowing Lil Eresh as a singer who worked in the show for a while, but disappeared without explanation after a weekend and had to be let go. He claims to know nothing else and refers law enforcement to Marv Blumberg, who “handles that sort of thing”. He comes across as superficially charming, but also condescending, smarmy and above the fray.

Non-law enforcement will have to stoop to ruses to get to talk to him directly. These might involve cornering him at the spa or another public place (at which point, his bodyguards become involved after the expiration of the few minutes gained with a successful *Fast Talk* roll). It might also include buying a VIP lanyard to the ‘Over the Edge’ and asking to pose with Todd himself. That will get them about two minutes of face time, although investigatory questions in the context of a photo opportunity will put him on his guard.

A better tactic might be to ask him some loaded question to see if a rise can be gotten out of him. A moment of surprise might cross his face if the investigators hint at magical or Mythos knowledge, just



THE VIEW FROM THE 29TH FLOOR

to see how he reacts.

Once he composes himself, he shifts into urbane, Bondesque master villain mode, increases his charm and then tries to have the investigators eliminated in some way that cannot be traced to him. This usually means no Shabbiths and no magic, just a good old-fashioned, hired drive-by shooting arranged through several intermediaries.

Todd swings both ways however, and a reasonably attractive young investigator of either gender who leads him on might get himself (and maybe his friends) invited to a ‘party’ later. (More on how this tactic might play itself out can be found in *Scenes 5 and 7*).

SCENE 5, ‘LUCY’S GOT SOME SPLAININ’ TO DO’

(Or, Various Ways To Try And Sneak Into The TC Productions Office Suite)

The investigators are almost certainly going to want to try to get into the TC Productions office suite, preferably, when no one is there. This effort is one of the main set pieces of the scenario and poses both several obstacles and several different potential solutions.

The office suite is located on the twenty-ninth floor of the hotel, along with a VIP lounge and other suites reserved for important guests. As noted above, elevator access to the twenty-ninth floor is swipe card restricted—if you do not have the right kind of swipe card, the elevator will not stop there.

The investigators can come up the stairs, through the floor, through the ceiling, or shinny their way down the Tower of Babel from the roof in true cat burglar style, but these avenues involve a lot of successful **Climb**, **Sneak**, and/or **Computer Use** hacking oriented rolls. They also need to avoid fire alarms on the doors to the stairs, the concierge at the corridor intersection by the elevator, and a variable number of security cameras.

For the twenty-ninth floor, there is one person in the security office permanently charged with looking for anything that does not belong in camera range. The first line of reaction for the monitoring officer is to ask the concierge to investigate. If the concierge cannot handle it, security is dispatched. A layout map of the twenty-ninth floor follows.

Map Key to Twenty-Ninth Floor

C: This indicates a security camera. They are installed in the ceiling and look like black plastic hemispheres. They are not hidden, since part of the security scheme is to make sure that potential miscreants know that they are being watched. Blind spots exist directly underneath each camera. Otherwise, they can see what goes on in an entire hallway, unless their view is somehow obstructed.

The camera in the southwest corner of the twenty-ninth floor (by room 7) is the investigators’ biggest nemesis; the only other one in that hallway looks north. (In other words, there is only that one camera watching the hallway for rooms 6–7).

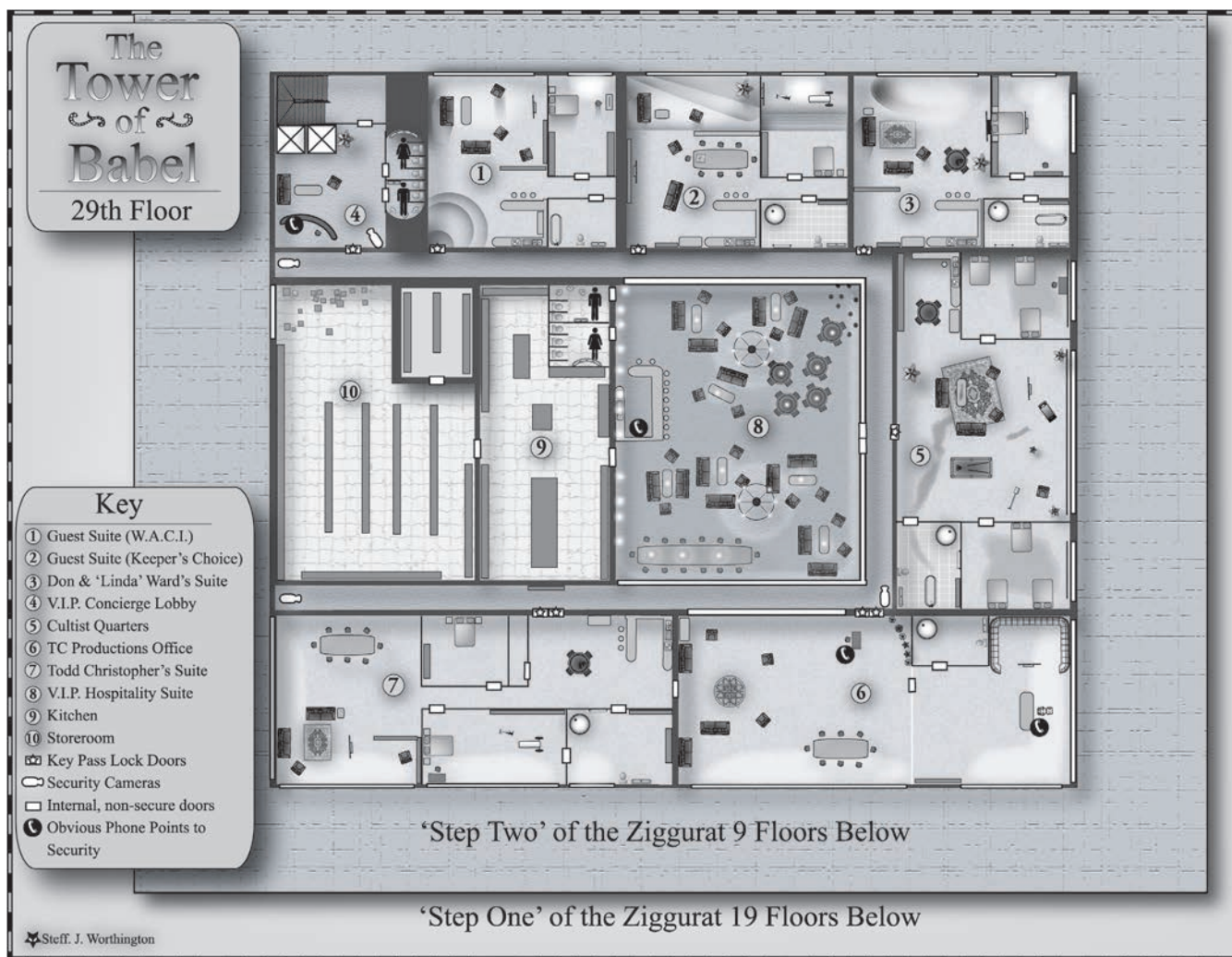
Getting into to either room 6 or room 7 will give access to both rooms, since there is an unlocked access door connecting them.

K: This indicates a swipe card locked door. On the twenty-ninth floor, these doors come in three varieties. People staying in rooms 1–3 (north end) can access their own room, the hallway leading to those rooms, and the door leading to the hospitality suite and beyond. People staying in rooms 5–7 (south end) cannot access the door leading to rooms 1–3. The concierge has a swipe card that can open any door on the floor.

Note that, as a result, the people with key cards to rooms 1–3 can exploit a security hole—they can get into the hallway leading to rooms 5–7 (although the event will still be electronically logged), but not *vice versa*.

D: These are ordinary, unlocked interior doors.

1. **GUEST SUITE (WACI).** Susan Grosvenor (high-end Madonna impersonator and new membership chair for WACI) has this suite to herself. This is where an investigator who gets lucky with Susan ends up for the night.
2. **GUEST SUITE (KEEPER’S CHOICE).** This suite is occupied, but it is left to the Keeper’s discretion as to who occupies it. It could be a notorious celebrity, a recurring villain, a gambling-prone aristocrat, a captain of industry, or whomever else he chooses.
3. **GUEST SUITE (DON AND ‘LINDA’ WARD).** A member of Congress, Rep. Don Ward (D-N.Y.) and his ‘wife’,



TOWER OF BABEL, 29TH FLOOR

'Linda', occupy this suite. They are in and out of their room at all hours of the day and night, and quietly friendly in passing. The concierge bends over backwards to keep these two happy. They avoid long conversations.

In fact, 'Linda' is not actually Linda, who in reality is back home in New York. At the Keeper's option, 'Linda' might not even be actually female. The point is that Rep. Ward is both pleasant and eager to maintain a low profile, making him vulnerable to blackmail.

4. **VIP CONCIERGE LOBBY.** This is a very nicely panelled and furnished lobby, onto which the elevator opens. Restrooms are immediately by the elevators. The fire stairs also open onto the lobby and are located just south of the lobby restrooms. Two doors lead north and south. Each closes by itself and is swipe card locked.

Georges is the concierge every day (except on his days off) from eight o'clock at night until five o'clock in the morning. Someone else is there at all times,

however. His job is to see to the needs of the VIP guests and to make sure that those with no business on the twenty-ninth floor stay off the twenty-ninth floor. The needs of the guests come first and do lure him away from his post as circumstances dictate. He has a silent alarm button in his podium.

Visualise an older David Niven with a Belgian accent, in a butler's uniform. He has very formal manners and is a strict enforcer of the rules. A bribe would have to be large enough for him to risk both losing what is a very cushy, well-paid job, and being blackballed in Las Vegas.

5. **CULTIST QUARTERS.** The six Shabbith cultists, together with three super-alternative cultist female singers (the inner circle of the cult) all live here communally. No one is ever invited into this room (except Todd, who rarely needs an invitation). Any and every sort of debauchery regularly occurs between the roommates. There are no guns or overt cult trappings in the room, however. There is usually at least one cultist in the suite.



JULIE, LIZ AND PJ, BACKING CULTISTS

The Shabbiths are not in possession of any obvious Mythos tomes. The three female singers (JULIE, LIZ, AND PJ) have each read *Illugi's Saga* and are at 0 SAN from the recent castings of *Call Shabbith-Ka* and the various debaucheries that they regularly engage in. Each woman has a digital copy of the *Saga* (translated into modern English) in PDF form on her respective laptop or PDA. Welcome to the 21st Century.

Julie, Liz, and PJ all have *Art (Sing)* at 70%; POW 15; SAN 0; know the spells *Call Shabbith-Ka* and *Elder Sign* (but fortunately not *Dress Rehearsal*); and have no appreciable combat skills. They all also suffer from sociopathy as a permanent insanity. They will flee, shrink, and/or apparently surrender against any serious physical threat, only to suddenly explode in a paroxysm of sneaky violence when one's back is turned.

6. **TC PRODUCTIONS OFFICE.** This is, again, a clean, well-organised, rather spartan affair, all contained in one room that has been remodelled into an executive office. During business hours (14:00–22:00 daily, even on dark days), a (completely innocent) secretary will be here (unless called away), and there is a decent chance that Marv Blumberg will be also.

There is a lot of comfortable leather seating, a wet bar, and a suspicious lack of ordinary office equipment. The office is state-of-the-art paperless and

wireless. There is a printer, a high-end commercial scanner, and laptop ports for both Marv and the secretary. Almost the only paper in the suite is snail mail coming in before it can be scanned and shredded, and snail mail on its way out.

The important (and about the only) exception to this paperless set up is locked in Marv's desk drawer. Here, the investigators might find a very low-tech binder containing the limited liability company organisation paperwork, not for TC Productions, but for some entity called 'Ultraviolet LLC', as well as a handwritten ledger and a chequebook. (This company is used for the operation of the Ultraviolet Ultralounge as well as TC Productions' share of any sleazy private parties thrown 'on the side').

Several **Accounting** rolls should be allowed if the investigators get the opportunity to snoop through this ledger. If the investigator has 50% or more in **Accounting**, allow him to automatically find all of the clues:

- I. Ultraviolet, LLC is run as a cash business as much as possible, but it does pay several 'contractors' by cheque.
- II. It has been in business for about two years.
- III. It grosses about \$1,000,000 per year and has very few expenses, other than paying these unnamed 'contractors' and buying unnamed 'supplies'.
- IV. It does have a bank account, which only holds money and honours cheques to these contractors. All cheques are made out to cash.
- V. There are a few expenses (including one every six months) paid to the Clark County Auditor. There are no corresponding cheques. While this would logically correspond to real estate tax payments and suggest that there is a piece of real estate somewhere, the Auditor's office shows no records of 'Ultraviolet LLC' owning any real property. (The property is held under the name of a different LLC and the taxes are paid in cash).
- VI. It has assiduously paid all of its federal, state, and local taxes. *Assiduously.* (Marv and Todd keep the identities of the contractors and their 'specialties' in their heads).
7. **TODD CHRISTOPHER'S SUITE.** Two Shabbith cultist bodyguards are posted outside this door at all hours if Todd is inside. (This is a good way to tell if he is home). Otherwise, they are with Todd.

The suite itself is not the 1970s kitsch nightmare that the investigators might have expected. It is actually rather spartan and (superficially) clean. A few magazines, a laptop computer, changes of clothes, a variety of sexual aids (but no condoms), and prescription pharmaceuticals in the nightstand

are about all that there is. The refrigerator is empty apart from an expensive bottle of scotch and a bag of marijuana.

Now, if the Las Vegas CSI team got into Todd's suite, it would be able to find all kinds of trace evidence. Copious amounts of blood, fluids, drug residue (of every conceivable sort), and more, are there for the finding. The problem is getting the team in there.

Along the hallway, across from the suite doors, is a large, locked glass display cabinet. This cabinet is full of Todd Christopher memorabilia—a couple of gold albums; many concert pictures; old 1970s performance clothes (sequined jumpsuits with front zippers); and other things of that nature.

There are a few interesting things to be seen in the display cabinet (which is in full view of the hallway's security camera). One is an incongruous row of late Vietnam War-era military medals, including Special Forces insignia.

Another is a photo of Todd Christopher, in a homespun tunic, posing with a group of hippies. (Careful research might identify some of these people as members of the doomed 'Bountiful Harvest Love Group', active in San Francisco in the 1970s and rumoured to be dabblers in the occult).

The critical thing to get at is Todd's laptop computer, which is usually in this room. Todd's laptop is expensive, but unsecured and unencrypted, as Todd lives for the thrills. The only security measure Todd has taken is to install a utility that will e-mail screen captures of the user from the laptop's webcam and the laptop's location should it ever be stolen. Todd is hoping that it is, so that he can torture the thief once the laptop is recovered by the Shabbiths.

Right in his 'recent documents' folder, unencrypted and labelled with its title, is a PDF of *Illugi's Saga*, translated into modern English. (Although he has e-mailed it out to the inner circle, he deleted those e-mails). Of course, there is nothing criminal about possessing a scan of this book, although the original is stolen property belonging to the Library of Congress.

Exporting his e-mail files is also worthwhile. While there is nothing in them constituting overt evidence of any criminal offense, there are numerous e-mails back and forth between Todd Christopher and Lil Eresh. They are mostly routine chitchat about work, rehearsals, and other scheduling matters. He is very complimentary of her voice in several e-mails.

The last e-mail to Lil Eresh is dated the afternoon (Saturday) before Angeliq was disintegrated. This is important evidence. It simply says:

INVISIBLE SUN, INVESTIGATOR HANDOUT #5

INVISIBLE SUN, INVESTIGATOR HANDOUT #5

An e-mail from Todd Christopher to 'Lil Eresh', from the Saturday afternoon before the 'bathroom incident'.

Reminder

Todd Christopher [tchristopher@tcproductions.com]

Sent: Saturday, 14 May 2011 3:09 PM

To: lil-eresh@yahoo.com <Lil Eresh>

Cc: Todd Christopher [tchristopher@tcproductions.com]

Sweetie, don't forget, Ultraviolet @ 2, take it easy on your voice at the show tonight.

Todd's room registers on a Geiger counter as having higher than normal levels of gamma radiation. The radiation is not nearly as bad as it is at the site of a *Dress Rehearsal* casting, but is slightly higher than normal background levels nonetheless. Again, this is suspicious, but not police-friendly concrete, evidence.

8. **VIP HOSPITALITY SUITE.** Staffed by a cook, at least one cocktail waitress, and a bartender at all times. Hors d'oeuvres, desserts, and most drinks are free to VIPs and their invited guests. It is dimly lit, quiet, and subdued, unless it has been reserved for a particular function. It has its own restrooms. It comfortably holds 50, but during parties, it is sometimes packed.
9. **KITCHEN.** Self explanatory and geared to the making of hors d'oeuvres.
10. **STOREROOM.** This room is where the booze, refrigerator, dry goods, etc. are kept for the VIP hospitality suite. It connects to the kitchen. It is chiefly noteworthy for two reasons. First, there are windows facing west which are large enough for a person to fit through, should someone be trying to enter or exit the twenty-ninth floor from outside. Second, there is no camera. From a physical perspective, this is the weakest link in the twenty-ninth floor's security.

Avoiding Security on the Twenty-Ninth Floor

Capers designed at getting a surreptitious look at either the TC Productions office (Room 6) or Todd Christopher's suite (Room 7) can be broken down into three general categories:

1. ***concocting a legitimate reason to be in the offices;***
2. ***bypassing security;*** and
3. ***scamming your way onto the twenty-ninth floor.***

Legitimate Reason

About the only legitimate reason that the investigators might be allowed on the twenty-ninth floor is if they are

invited by someone else. Appropriate law enforcement credentials will get the hotel staff (with a plausible reason) to let them look around in the public areas (not the rooms though), but not to linger there or hang out whenever they want to.

This would include being invited up by TC Productions to ask some questions, although at some point, Marv Blumberg will have had enough of repeated interview requests. When that happens, the investigators will be regretfully told by the hotel's staff that they need a warrant to enter the rooms.

Other legitimate reasons would include being invited up to either Todd's room for a 'party' (but only the investigator(s) that he is interested in) or to Susan Grosvenor's room after a date that went rather well. The Keeper will simply have to role-play out what happens in those rooms, or when whomever the investigators are with, is distracted for some reason.

Bypassing Security

This could be either the literal bypassing of security or through the use of ELECTRONIC SURVEILLANCE DEVICES. Electronic surveillance is of little use; neither religion nor the occult is discussed at the hotel, on the phone, or (with rare exceptions) via e-mail. The exception is Marv Blumberg, who might freak out and confront Todd if he suspects that Todd is dabbling in the occult again, or silencing backup singers.

In terms of the investigators undertaking a CAT BURGLARY, the Keeper has a detailed floor map to play with. The key to success will be to get on the floor somehow, reliably bypass the swipe cards, and fool or avoid the security cameras. (Or, failing that, strike very

quickly and have a very good escape plan involving the roof and windows—30 and 29 floors up, respectively).

An attempted (or successful) blatant, door-kicking break-in, however, almost guarantees a bad ending to the scenario. Todd will suspect that someone is on to him and will prepare himself to go out with a bang if law enforcement closes in. Also see the '*Cheese It, The Cops!*' boxed insert for likely legal complications.

Scamming

The approach that is probably the most fun and the most in keeping with the surreal tone that this scenario is trying to set, is to have the investigators JOIN AND INFILTRATE THE WACI CONVENTION. It is also the most likely tactic to succeed, since it exploits a huge weakness in the twenty-ninth floor's security.

First, WACI has the VIP lounge reserved for a party on the Friday evening after the investigators arrive. The VIP lounge happens to be on the same side of the lobby as the TC Productions suites, defeating one swipe door and the concierge right out of the gate.

Second, the investigators will probably be in disguise (whichever celebrity they are impersonating) and NO ONE (CAMERAS OR LIVE SECURITY) WILL THINK ANYTHING OF IT. This is extremely useful for avoiding apprehension should some breaking and entering occur.

Security will also not even react, necessarily, to people in the south hallway under these circumstances. Note again that there is only one camera trained on that hallway once you round the corner. Since this is where Todd has his wall of memorabilia, people who appear to be (or actually are) checking out the memorabilia will not even garner a reaction. They might plausibly (in a group)

SAMPLE CAPERS ON THE TWENTY-NINTH FLOOR

The following are sample capers that either came up in playtest or are drawn from the scenario's inspiration.

1. The enterprising investigators, wanting to get a look at Todd's laptop to see why Angelique's had been spindled and mutilated, had an attractive female investigator dress provocatively and buy a VIP pass to the show. She successfully flattered Todd Christopher and was invited to dinner and then (ahem) to his room.

Once in his room, she drugged his drink using some of the prescription pharmaceuticals he had in the nightstand. She then dumped his hard drive onto a thumb drive and made a ceremonious exit out of the room about an hour later, winking at the Shabbith door guards on her way out.

The Keeper ruled that Todd just assumed that he had passed out; it happens sometimes.

2. The investigators were, by chance, in the elevator with Susan Grosvenor (in her *Desperately Seeking Susan*-era attire) and noticed that she had a card for the twenty-

ninth floor. They buddied up to her, informed her partly as to what they were doing, and gained her cooperation. Susan signed them up as WACI members and outfitted them in a variety of Elvis costumes. She then invited them to the Friday night WACI party in the VIP lounge.

Some of the 'Elvises' staged an altercation that got them bounced from the casino, but another took advantage of the chaos, quickly hacked the lock to Todd's room and copied his recent documents off his laptop. They later got a surprise when they started looking through the PDFs. The cameras spotted an 'Elvis' going into Todd's room, but immediately available security was busy with the staged bar fight. Hotel security was not able to do much later with that limited information.

3. An *Ocean's Eleven*-style interference with the power system might be staged.



AT THE 'OVER THE EDGE' SHOW

even position themselves to obscure the camera's view of a cohort doing some monkeying around with a door.

If they play their cards right, in fact, all that the investigators have to do is avoid being seen entering the room and get that door open somehow. Even if they force the door, the cameras will only show a bunch of celebrity impersonators. Alternatively, the investigators might impersonate someone with a legitimate reason to be up there and try to bluff their way through.

SCENE 6, AT THE 'OVER THE EDGE' SHOW

Please refer to INVESTIGATOR HANDOUT #6, nearby, for a description of the 'Over the Edge' show's particulars. A few side comments about what the investigators see are appropriate.

Yes, the investigators are in fact watching a Mythos spell being cast during the musical interludes. The dance troupe (the cultists) are casting *Call Shabbith-Ka*, but stopping just short of fully summoning it. An easy **Cthulhu Mythos** roll realises that the participants are participating in the calling of some major Mythos entity—success provokes a **Sanity** roll—1/D4 Sanity points. Persons disrupting the performance are arrested, charged with the appropriate crimes, and banned from the casino. On the other hand, to a certainty they now know who the cultists are. (Sadly, this is not the sort of thing that will impress law enforcement).

With another successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll, the investigators will be able to identify the language that the performers are singing in as Aklo, an ancient Hyperborean language. The lightshow during the interludes also momentarily spikes any Geiger counters smuggled into the Gomorrah Theatre.

SCENE 7, LOOKING FOR TROUBLE & REFERENCES TO 'ULTRAVIOLET'

Eventually, from any number of sources, the investigators will discern that somewhere, there is a club called the 'Ultraviolet Ultralounge'. They may even know that Angelique was scheduled to be there late in the evening, just hours before she disappeared.

The prior clues (dead address for 'Ultraviolet LLC'; lack of any property record in that company's name; cash business records; rumours that TC Productions puts on custom parties for high rollers and celebrities; and accounting records showing cash tax payments for an unidentified bit of real estate *somewhere*) should add up to the realisation as to the existence of an after-hours club being operated somewhere. (If the investigators do not put all of this information together, an **Idea** roll will cover it, if nothing else). The question is where.

The Metro PD and North Las Vegas PD communities have heard rumours of a club called 'Ultraviolet', but it is deeply concealed and they have not been able to get an angle on where it is. The location is a tightly controlled secret, known only by the cultists, by Marv Blumberg, and by a handful of very well paid, on-site employees. Marv is the general manager, but does not go out there in his own car, so tailing him is difficult.

Tailing one of the less sneaky cultists is a direct way of finding out where it is, assuming that they can manage to tail him. Two of the Shabbith cultists stand guard duty (although not very well) when it opens at eleven o'clock nightly; it closes at dawn. They take turns pulling the night shift. The three non-Shabbith female singers in the cult also frequent the place.



INVISIBLE SUN, INVESTIGATOR HANDOUT #6

Vegas > Shows > Over The Edge

Over The Edge



Recommend 108 Tweet +1 0

Hosted by 60's Pop-Idol Todd Christopher, *Over The Edge* delivers two hours of astounding stunts and beautiful singing.

Like no other show. Truly a spectacle that must be seen (and heard) to be believed.

[Read the full review](#)

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Location:
Gomorra Theater
[Tower of Babel Hotel & Casino](#)
3708 S. Las Vegas Blvd.
Las Vegas, NV 89109
[Map It](#)

Show Times: 10:00 p.m.
Wednesday - Sunday.

Prices From:
\$120.00

SALE - [VIP Package Upgrade \(details\)](#)

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Show Review

Breath-taking stunts; Angelic voices

By Patty Hornlea

'*Over the Edge*' shows Wednesday through Sunday (Monday and Tuesday are dark) in the Gomorra Theatre at the Tower of Babel Hotel & Casino. The Theatre is a three-storey high theater in the round, with plasma multimedia screens and state of the art laser displays, lighting, and sound. The show starts at ten o'clock in the evening, as do most adult-oriented shows in Las Vegas. Minors are forbidden, as is all photography. A booth right outside of the theatre entrance sells T-shirts, DVDs of the performance (for \$40), and a variety of other souvenirs.

Tickets are \$120 and no seat is bad. One upgrade is available-the VIP package. VIP tickets are \$300, but this gets you tickets right up front, a free drink (in a glow in the dark purple souvenir glass), and a VIP lanyard. VIPs are instructed to remain in their seats after the performance. Afterwards, they will be lined up and taken backstage for a highly structured meet and greet: shake the performers' hands (after using hand gel), get one thing signed (all of the performers have 8x10-inch publicity photos if you have nothing of your own to sign) and have a digital picture taken with the cast member of your choice (available for pickup 30 minutes later).

It is extremely difficult to get regular tickets on short notice, unless you are a guest of the Tower of Babel. VIP tickets can be obtained with a day's lead-time.

The performance lasts two hours. Alcohol is served by Tower of Babel cocktail waitresses (\$15 per drink). The doors open at 21:30. Before the show officially begins, some of the performers circulate through the crowd performing a variety of slightly dangerous stunts. The performers are quite a sight-each of has driven to the figurative end of Goth Street, turned left, crashed into the house, and beaten the homeowners senseless. Piercings in strange places, tattoos everywhere, body modifications, and hair of every color known to man predominate. All are young, fit and attractive, notwithstanding the outlandishness of their self-expression. Warm-up stunts include juggling knives in a flurry around unsuspecting audience members, doing a tumbling run of back-flips down the stairs to the stage floor, and challenging audience members to hold a high C note longer than they can (a solid minute).

The show itself is an impressive spectacle. Todd Christopher acts as MC and magician's assistant, pleasantly and accurately explaining why each stunt is so dangerous, and how many people have died attempting it. Among the features are tiger trainers; a high-wire act with no apparent net; long distance blade juggling (30-foot separation); apparently catching a live bullet in one's teeth; escaping from a straightjacket while inside a tank of water performed as a stunt, not an illusion; a three-storey parkour run which requires the participant to make a jump three stories up across a wide chasm that she has to catch with her hands; and blindfolded hurlbat throwing at a human target (Todd Christopher, who sings his #1 bubblegum era hit 'Puppies and Kittens' while tied to the target). The grand finale is a quadruple somersault on the flying trapeze, with no apparent net, followed by a human cannonball.

During set changes, a multicultural singing troupe performs a series of dance routines involving amazingly beautiful singing-the thing that all of the reviewers of the show are uniformly appreciative of. Todd participates, often singing the lead part in what are best described as polyphonic chants in the round, accompanied by difficult (and painful) looking acrobatic dances. The singing is accompanied by a musical drone and drums. Six members of the dance troupe are very tall (6' 6" plus), thin, light-skinned Africans with straight or wavy blond hair and blue eyes; the others are three young women and Todd himself. The language in which they sing (if it is a language) cannot readily be identified. The singing interludes are accompanied by oddly beautiful light effects, purple glows and auras surrounding the singers without apparent source.

[Buy Tickets](#)

Show Details & Tips

Show dates:
Daily (Except Mondays & Tuesdays).

Not Showing:
Monday - Tuesday.

Phone Number:
(702) 492-5555
(866) 80-SHOWS

Age restrictions:
Must be 18 years of age or older

Show length:
120 minutes.

Prices From:
\$120.00

Price Note:
Seats located in row A can only be purchased as part of the **VIP Package**, which also includes a free drink, a backstage "Meet & Greet", and a limited edition '*Over The Edge*' souvenir lanyard.

It is extremely difficult to tail anyone from the Las Vegas Strip to the edge of town around midnight, which is when they all leave (after the show is over). Traffic on the Strip is unbelievably heavy all night until very late in the evening, with throngs of pedestrians everywhere and a **Drive Automobile** roll (or more likely, several) should be required not to get separated and maintain the tail.

Should they somehow manage this feat, the investigators will (theoretically) be able to follow the vehicle about 20 miles northwest up the highway and out into the desert, away from all settlement. At which point, the investigators will not be happy at all when the vehicle that they are following swims and blurs in and out of view, before finally vanishing from sight completely. Seeing the tailed vehicle disappear like this entails a **Sanity** roll (0/1D3).

Having a look round the otherwise deserted area, the investigators find a well-maintained, ranch style home that is locked up and empty. Use the map of the Ultralounge in **SCENE 8**, except that the house is completely empty, utterly deserted, and that there are no cars in front. The hatch in the back yard leads to a completely empty basement. There are no signs that the building is inhabited, although the utilities are hooked up and running. The place looks as though it has been empty for several months. With an **Easy Spot Hidden** roll, the investigators will see that there is a purplish blight around the hatch out back, but underneath, it is clean.

Oddly, if the investigators check the electric meter, it is drawing power at a healthy clip.

The Ultraviolet Ultralounge is by invitation only these days. As an unexpected, but pleasant (for now) side effect of the dimensional rifts and eldritch radiation caused by repeated, persistent castings of **Call Shabbith-Ka** in recent months, the immediate area has begun to slide... Beyond.

Indeed, if any of the investigators have been previously exposed to the stimulating radiation of the Tillinghast Resonator, feel free to give them an itchy pineal gland and perhaps even haunt them with ghostly fleeting images, half seen out of the corner of their eye, of a wild, raucous party.

Getting An Invitation

No one, not even the cultists or Marv Blumberg, admits to knowing anything about the Ultralounge. (Marv, poor soul, has never even tried to go out there without his key card, so he is not even aware of the slippage into the Beyond).

However, there are some people who might, for a price, know a number that you can call for information. Such 'wise guys' would tend to be notorious celebrities and partiers; unscrupulous concierges who are given a big bribe; porn or prostitution kingpins; or the Keeper's choice of other seedy underworld characters.

Let investigators who have not been identified as law enforcement agents find somebody who will give them

the number, eventually, after a brief tour of Las Vegas' underbelly. Known Las Vegas PD agents will literally have to beat or plea bargain this information out of an informant. There are stories about people who crossed the operators of the Ultraviolet Ultralounge and just *vanished*, except for a body part or two. Celebrities, wealthy dilettantes, or shady figures with no known connection to the police will have an easier time of scoring an invitation.

Eventually, the investigators get a cell phone number to call. The number changes from time to time and always rings a local number registered to a disposable 'burn' phone. The phone is always answered by a woman with a Scandinavian accent, who identifies herself as Helga, the hostess of the Ultraviolet Ultralounge.

Helga's job is to screen potential partiers. First timers not in their database will be abruptly hung up on if they fail to plausibly answer any of her questions, or indiscreetly indicate that they want something obviously illegal (drugs, prostitution).

Short of that, the Ultralounge is in the business of arranging lavish private parties, unique entertainment, and (the biggest source of their referrals) private 'performances' by some of the outré artists in 'Over the Edge'. Prices start at \$1,000 per head, paid in advance, plus expenses.

Helga will want the callers' full names, Social Security numbers, dates of birth, any aliases that they might have used, a major credit card (for security purposes), and similar information for anyone that they are bringing along. She asks for a phone number that she can use to call them back.

Helga will then go off and run a background check on the applicant and his buddies, aimed at making sure that they are not cops. The shortfall of this system is that Helga has no way of knowing if someone is using someone else's identity, or of penetrating a carefully planned and well-documented fake identity scheme.

If any of the names that Helga is given do not check out, then she simply never calls back. If any of them are law enforcement, Todd Christopher is also notified for appropriate action.

If Helga does call back (and it is suggested that the Keeper err on the side of having her call back), she gives instructions. She quotes a total price for the group and instructs that the full price must be paid in cash and be given to the limo driver at the time of pickup.

The partiers can pick up their Ultralounge swipe cards at the concierge desk of the Tower of Babel. They are cautioned that the swipe cards **must** be kept on their persons *at all times* and that they will be 'bounced from the club' if found without one. In Las Vegas it is all about the plastic cards...

(Actually, as long as any card is in close proximity, the dimensional slippage effect takes place and there are so

many cards present at the Ultralounge that one person simply ditching theirs will have no effect once they are inside the club).

Helga does not call back until after the cards are delivered to the concierge desk, to avoid any law enforcement stakeouts. She delivers the cards herself. Poor Helga is so infused with Tillinghast radiation by this point that she does not appear on ordinary film. Discovering this fact entails a *Sanity* check (0/1 SAN points) upon the part of the investigators. Helga is also in the earliest stages of a number of terminal, radiation related diseases.

Helga can be described by the concierge as, “a tall, attractive, Scandinavian blonde in her mid 30s, who wears gloves and haute couture”. This cannot, of course, be confirmed from any surveillance footage. The concierge appears to be talking to himself on film and the envelope containing the swipe cards mysteriously appears in his hand.

Inside the envelope is a note instructing the investigators to have their entire party at the valet parking entrance of the Tower of Babel at 23:40 sharp. Only persons with Ultraviolet Ultralounge swipe cards will be permitted in the limo when the cash cover charge should be handed to the driver.

The initial limo driver is mostly innocent. His job is to drive the customers around for a while and link up with a second limo in an open parking lot at the edge of town, in order to dissuade pursuit.

On arrival at the rendezvous parking lot, the customers are given cocktails and asked to wait in the parking lot for a few minutes while the second limo driver arrives. They are instructed to please wait patiently and *not* to leave the designated pickup area.

Horror at the Rendezvous Parking Lot

The parking lot itself belongs to an ordinary strip mall, which has been closed and deserted for several hours. A few parking space moochers might have left their vehicles overnight.

Several other people *en route* to the Ultralounge will already be at the parking lot. In keeping with the tone of the scenario, by all means have notorious celebrity bad boys or girls, ‘celebutantes’ or cloying reality show contestants be drunk and/or stoned out of their minds and *en route* to the Ultralounge for a night of high-priced revelry.

Retired boxers with a penchant for unpredictable violence and who live in Las Vegas might be interesting choices. So might minor television network ‘pop tarts’; underwear eschewing, out of control former child stars; or attention-drunk, loud-mouthed hip-hop artists and their posses.

With a big pile of Tillinghast radiation infused swipe cards all in close proximity and everyone out in the open,

WHAT IS A ‘TILLINGHAST RESONATOR’?

Featured in Lovecraft’s short story *From Beyond* and later in the movie of the same name, this device was invented by one Crawford Tillinghast in 1920. The Resonator generated a frequency of radiation that Tillinghast claimed stimulated the pineal gland of the brain. This allowed people to see into a nearby dimension and, at sufficient power levels, cross over into it.

Some accounts describe Tillinghast radiation as being in the ultraviolet or near-ultraviolet part of the radiation spectrum. Hence the various references to purple radiation in this scenario. This near dimension, sadly, is inhabited by all sorts of Mythos thingamabobs and it is a two way street—they can see us and, at sufficient power levels, can step into *our* dimension.

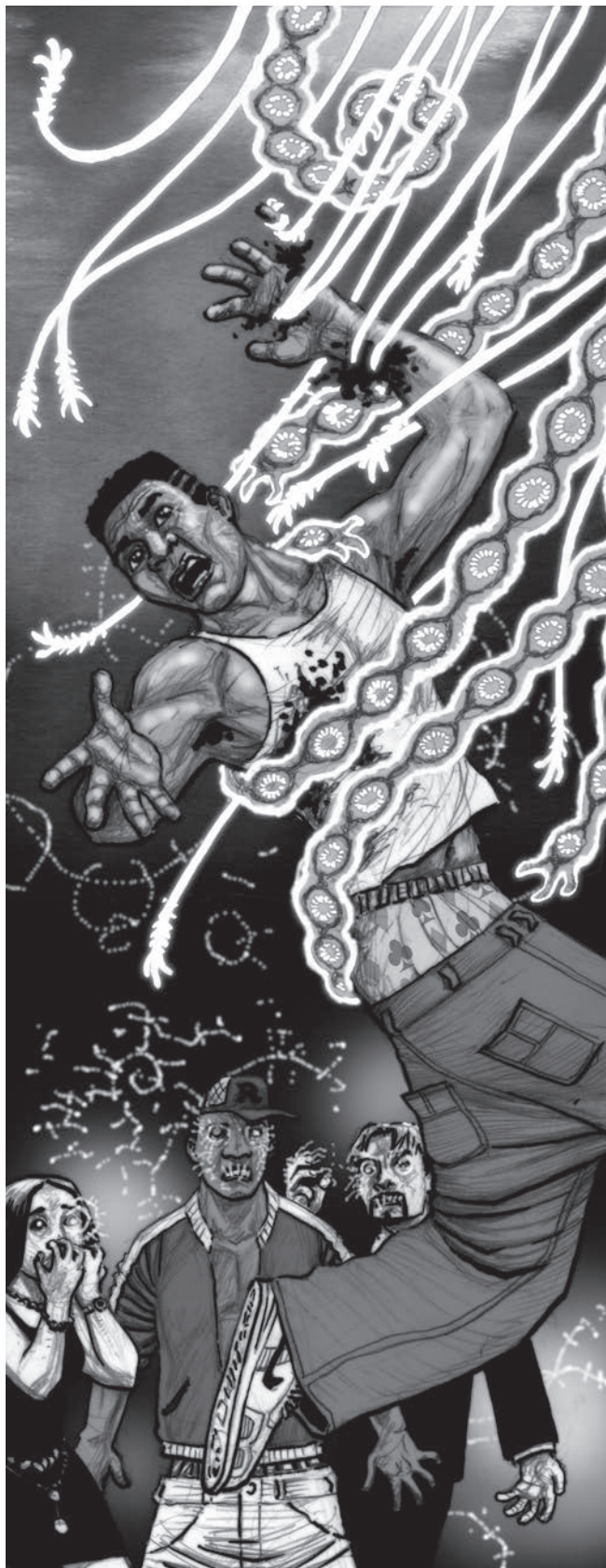
In some *Call of Cthulhu* story lines, this technology was suppressed and eventually appropriated by, the US Navy after Tillinghast’s untimely death. The Navy tried to put it to use during World War II in a misguided effort to create a cloaking device for ships by temporarily shifting them out of phase (the so-called ‘Philadelphia Experiment’). The results were, of course, madness and death.

The important thing is not the device itself, but the type of radiation that it emits. This scenario posits that the *Call Shabbith-Ka* spell actually generates highly exact and focused Tillinghast vibrations and by dint of practice, Todd Christopher and his cultists can generate a Tillinghast radiation field. If the field is active long enough (two minutes or so), a major entity of that dimension can manifest entirely (Shabbith-Ka), or perhaps partially (*Dress Rehearsal*).

Lastly, both the Ultraviolet Ultralounge and the pass cards received by the investigators are infused with residual Tillinghast radiation. Party on!

the investigators are actually in quite a bit of danger here. While the radiation from the swipe cards is not a problem in twos or threes, the dozen or so present approaches critical mass for Tillinghast radiation. The night sky swirls with shadowy, indiscernible shapes. Easy *Astronomy* rolls indicate that this is not a typical Nevadan night sky. No *Sanity* rolls are required, but anyone staring at the night sky can sense foreboding.

The only thing deterring the ‘nearby’ denizens of the Beyond from attacking the group at the rendezvous parking lot is the fact that there is a large group present. Should anyone wander off from the immediate area (even a hapless NPC), it is time to have some fun with them. Such people begin to see and drift, into the Beyond. In fact, the next several minutes are a lot more fun if someone does wander off, so have some hapless, drunken NPC do it if the investigators are too cautious.



FROM BEYOND

THE THING FROM THE ULTRAVIOLET,

Beyondscape Horror

STR n/a **CON** n/a **SIZ** n/a **INT** 12 **POW** 14

DEX n/a (14) **MOV** 28 flying **HP** 14

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

WEAPONS: Tendril, must win a **POW vs. POW** roll to 'hit', 1D8+3.

ARMOUR: 4 points of non-terrene composition. Only those who can see the Thing can affect it. Regenerates 4 points/round.

SPELLS: None.

SANITY LOSS: 1/1D10 to witness the Thing.

Looking back at the rest of the group, they now appear to be distorted, insectoid versions of themselves, roiling and squirming over a huge pile of rotten fruit. 1960s psychedelic music blares loudly from everywhere and nowhere; see Appendix A for a suggested playlist (on iTunes for your convenience).

And then a Thing materialises and hovers above the ones who have wandered off. The Thing from the Ultraviolet is an oozing, shifting bag of tentacles that end in cruel maws with razor sharp teeth.

Only those outside the immediate area of the pickup zone can clearly see all of this. The rest of the partygoers faintly hear the music, faintly see something, faintly smell rotten fruit, and faintly feel like squirming all over each other, but the victim largely seems to be hallucinating or on a really bad acid trip. Anyone within the group who is paying attention must to what is going around them make a **Sanity** check (0/1 SAN points); some of the NPCs may be too drunk or stoned to even notice. At least, that is, until all the violence begins: the **Sanity** loss for the victim, up to this point, is 1/1D6 SAN for the Beyondscape and then 1/1D10 SAN when the Thing is spotted.

Assuming that the victim(s) are not incapacitated by insanity, they have one round to start to run back to the group. The Thing gets in only one attack effort on each of them if they do so. People outside of the pickup zone who are incapacitated by insanity or intoxicants, or who just decide to stay put, find themselves more thoroughly beset by the Thing.

Those in the pickup zone see wounds open up mysteriously on the victim before his arms and legs are impeded by duct tape-like tentacles from Beyond and eventually (should the Thing win), the victim sails up into night sky and vanishes. Hopefully they were wearing underwear. (Yes, this is a little homage to *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*).

The **Sanity** cost for witnessing the sad and bloody demise of a fellow partygoer is 1/1D6 SAN points unless it was an unpleasant celebrity NPC, in which case the degree of loss is at the Keeper's discretion.

A victim who escapes back to the safe zone appears to have suffered very bad sunburn and has stray pieces of duct tape-like tentacle attached to them. All witnesses lose 0/1D3 points of SAN. The victim registers for exposure to high gamma radiation and has burns where the ‘duct tape’ remains. Minor radiation sickness might be imposed on such a person, the equivalent to their being exposed to 100–200 rems.

Exposing an Elder Sign in a forceful fashion ends the Beyondscape abruptly.

The Second Limo Driver

In a few minutes, or almost immediately after combat with the Thing ends, a black stretch Humvee limo with tinted glass pulls into the parking lot and parks at the pickup zone. The Second Limo Driver jumps out and opens the doors for everyone.

If someone is completely freaked out from an unpleasant encounter with the Beyond, the Driver is noticeably nonplussed. He brings out a medical bag, sedates the person, and then throws them in the back of the limo with the rest.

THE SECOND LIMO DRIVER is a tall, slender, athletically built man of unclear, non-Caucasian ethnicity—perhaps Middle Eastern, perhaps South Asian. He is dressed in a formal chauffeur’s uniform (complete with driver’s cap) and wears a purple-enamelled nametag (like the one that the investigators might have found in Barb Smith’s car). It reads: ‘Ultraviolet—My name is Tony’. He speaks formal English with a colonial British accent.

The interior of the limo is ritzy and well equipped with Dom Perignon champagne, single malt scotch, canapés, caviar, and the like. The window between the cabin and the driver’s seat is open as people pile in, but Tony closes it once everyone is aboard. Nosy investigators who take the opportunity to steal a look at his livery license (on display in strict conformance with the law) show the Second Limo Driver’s full name as being ‘PATEL, Anthony R’. Rearrange the letters at your character’s peril, and possibly incur a Sanity loss if the character has had a previous encounter.

Tony greets everyone and makes sure that all of their needs and comforts have been met. It is his job, after all, to ‘make sure that things go exactly like they are supposed to’. He will chat with any curious investigator who buzzes him after he closes off the (bulletproof) glass partition to the front seat and drives off.

Tony is fond of the teasing, cryptic, but friendly hint at impending madness and doom. Sample ‘Tonyisms’ might include:

- ▲ “Sir, you might as well relax and enjoy the ride. We all know where the road ends”.
- ▲ “Sir, please keep your hands in the car. We would not want them to get lost (laughs)”.

▲ “Sir, I just help people to get where they were going anyway. The ‘whys’ are ‘way above my pay grade’, as you Americans say”.

▲ “Ma’am, you really ought to be wearing underwear. You might need them; you never know when your parents might see a picture of you”.

▲ “Where am I from? Well, I have lived many places. But I like it here in Las Vegas. It sets a... *progressive* tone. Things get *done* here”.

▲ “Do I play the horn? Why, yes. It’s a family tradition”. Should the investigators actually assault and manage to kill Tony (use average human statistics), each suffers a 1D10/1D100 Sanity point loss as he changes into a less chatty form and then suffers almost certain death when he starts to wipe them out. They are found exactly 80 miles out in the desert, exactly six feet down.

SCENE 8, THE ULTRAVIOLET ULTRALOUNGE

The building that houses the Ultralounge is located about 20 miles to the northwest of Las Vegas, up US Highway 95 and off a side road stretching about a mile into the desert. It is a large, ranch-style, single storey house.

The Ultralounge itself is physically coterminous with the building, but a step or two into the Beyond. This puts the physical dimensions of the Ultralounge just off the edge of Nellis Air Range—not a coincidence, since it provides a cover story for the occasional bright lights and loud roars that emanate from the hatch behind the house.

Those with Ultraviolet Ultralounge guest cards, or those in the presence of a critical mass of them (a dozen or so), perceive the same house, but with another layer on top. A map and area descriptions follow.

1. PARKING LOT AND MAIN ENTRANCE. Parked in front of the front of the house are several privately owned employee vehicles and a couple of limousines hired by trusted regulars.

Tony parks his limousine there after discharging the passengers at the front door. Tony leaves at four o’clock in the morning. Other limousines leave at two, three, and five o’clock should people wish to leave later or earlier. Swipe cards must be dropped in a box up the driveway on your way out.

From outside, the investigators will hear loud music leaking out, along with the sounds of a raucous party. A purple, neon sign flashes and simply declares ‘Ultraviolet!’ The windows are tinted and polarised; one cannot see either in or out, although some light passes through the windows.

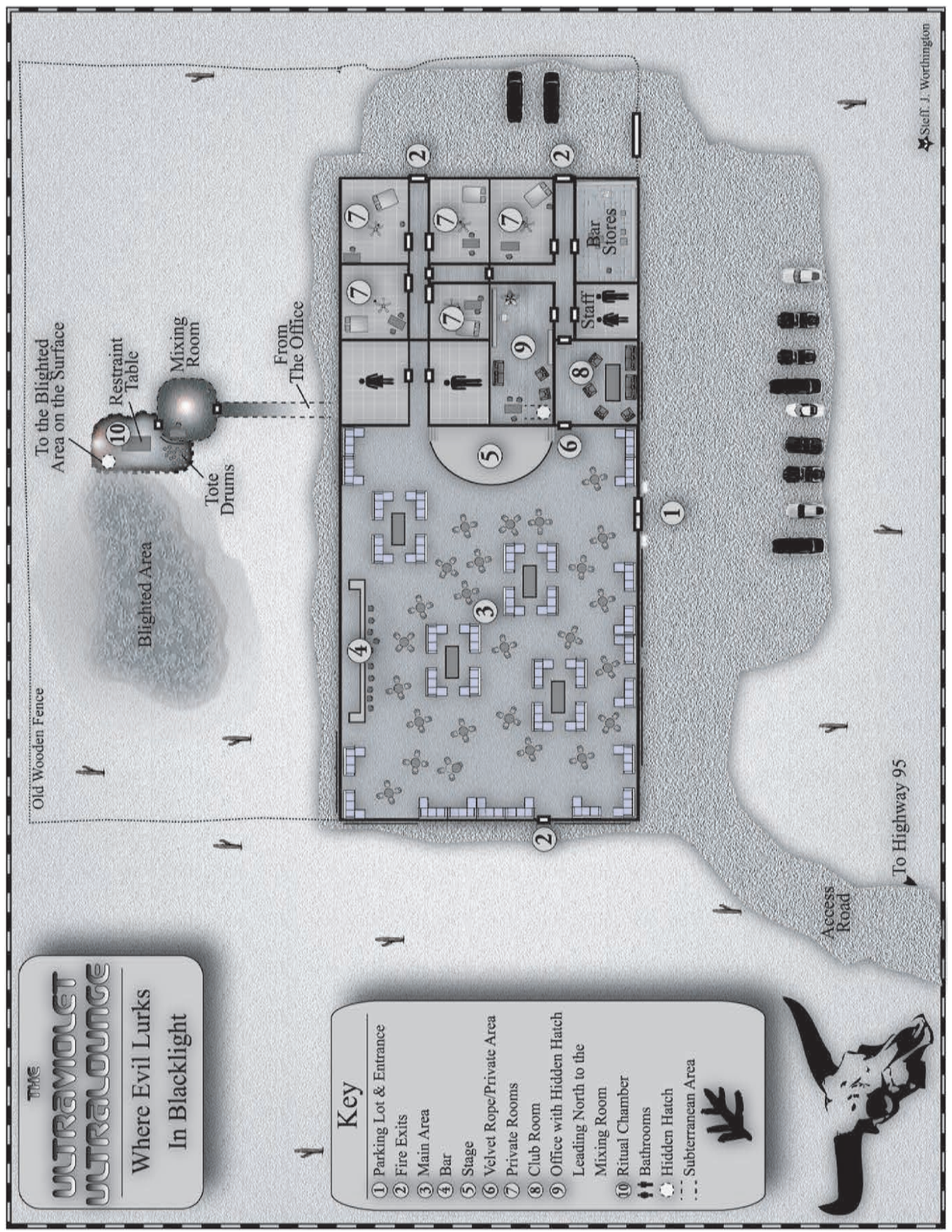
Anyone who has somehow managed to make it this far without a swipe card is asked politely to leave—once. The same thing occurs if he does not have ID that matches a name given when applying for an invitation. If he does not comply, then he is taken away, not so politely, and is either ‘eighty-sixed’, or, if

THE
**ULTRAVIOLET
ULTRALOUNGE**

Where Evil Lurks
In Blacklight

Key

- ① Parking Lot & Entrance
- ② Fire Exits
- ③ Main Area
- ④ Bar
- ⑤ Stage
- ⑥ Velvet Rope/Private Area
- ⑦ Private Rooms
- ⑧ Club Room
- ⑨ Office with Hidden Hatch
- ⑩ Ritual Chamber
- ♣ Bathrooms
- ⬤ Hidden Hatch
- ⋯ Subterranean Area



THE FRANCHI SPAS-12

The *Special Purpose Automatic Shotgun Model 12* (or SPAS-12) made by Italian producer Luigi Franchi is one of the most iconic modern shotguns. It was designed for use by law enforcement and military organisations (although this was downplayed when it was offered for commercial sale in the USA, the designation then being changed to *Sporting Purpose Automatic Shotgun Model 12*). It has a large magazine capacity and a riot-length barrel, resulting in improved Base Chance and reduced Base Range – compare the *1920s Investigator's Companion* (p. 112). Most importantly, the gun can be used either as a semiautomatic or, after pressing a button, as a pump-action weapon. This allows the use of ammunition that would not otherwise reliably cycle the action, such as many

of the less-than-lethal loads developed for police service. The SPAS-12 has a folding shoulder stock, for a minimum length of 79 cm. Loaded weight is a hefty 5 kg; an optional arm hook fitted to the shoulder stock adds support to the gun when firing from the hip or even single-handedly from a car – if the shooter is strong enough (at least STR 15), he might even fire it like a pistol (watch *The Terminator* to see this in action). Due to its intimidating look, the SPAS-12 has seen much screen time in movies, from *3000 Miles to Graceland* to *Jurassic Park*. It is no longer in production, but can still be bought second-hand for the listed price. The game stats found in both *Call of Cthulhu* (p. 64) and *Delta Green* (p. 290) are inaccurate; use the following instead.

Franchi SPAS-12 12G 2.75" calibre shotgun (1979-2000) — \$1,500

SKILL	BASE CHANCE	DAMAGE	BASE RANGE	RATE OF FIRE	CAPACITY	HIT POINTS	MALFUNCTION
Shotgun*	35%	4D6/2D6 /1D6	7/15/35	1(2)	8	10	98
<i>as pump-action</i>				1(3/2)			99

it would not do to have his body possibly found, taken to the ritual chamber for a more complete disposal.

Two black-suited bouncers guard the door and check swipe cards and IDs against the guest list. These ‘gentlemen’ are ordinary hired thugs, not cultists and believe that some sort of technology disguises the club. They also pat people down for weapons. Each bouncer is STR 16, SIZ 16, HP 16, and DEX 12 and is armed, sadly, with a Franchi SPAS-12 auto-shotgun (50% skill chance) as well as pepper spray. The shotguns are kept underneath a bench that they sit on (1 round to retrieve).

In addition, during open hours, two Shabbith cultists are always present, supposedly to keep an eye on things. They do have a tendency to be preoccupied with drink, drugs, and sleazy temptations, and as a result, only become a factor several rounds after violence erupts.

Gunfndlers, please see the accompanying box for SPAS-12 auto-shotgun information.

- 2. FIRE EXITS.** These open only from the inside, but are well marked in strict compliance with local fire codes. An alarm sounds if they are opened. HP 15, armour 8. So it will probably take three or four shots from one of the SPAS-12s to blow one off its hinges.
- 3. MAIN AREA.** All chrome, glass, mirrors, and shades of purple inside, there are usually about 50 guests here during the peak hours of midnight to four o’clock in the morning.

Todd’s chances of partying here after the show versus somewhere else are about 50/50. Marv Blumberg’s chances of showing up to check on things, or do some late night work, are about the same. Again, Marv has not even *noticed* anything odd about the Ultraviolet Ultralounge.

The place is loud and the clientele is uniformly wealthy, pretending to be wealthy, or in the entourage of someone wealthy. Unruly rap stars and their gangs, drug lords and other underworld kingpins, players in high stakes poker games, and spoiled heiresses looking for a discrete place to walk on the wild side, all patronise the place.

Loud electronic or industrial music plays on the sound system. Karaoke contests occasionally break out. The cover charge includes most drinks and party drugs that anyone would care to sample in private (pot, cocaine, ecstasy, etc.).

There are also a number of scantily clad (or, sometimes, unclad) dancers gyrating around poles, in suspended cages, or on people’s laps. The cocktail waitresses are nude, except for elaborate purple carnival masks and thongs.

Usually, some of the patrons will have ordered up some kind of special performance, which may be on the stage. If it is sexual, illegal (including prostitution of any sort), or otherwise desired to be kept private, there are back rooms for that.

4. **BAR.** Helga (if you can ascertain her identity under her carnival mask) tends the bar. Most booze is included in the cover charge, but if a patron wants something special, she can oblige with some prior notice. Helga is the floor boss in Todd and/or Marv's absence; if something weird or violent happens, the staff looks to her for direction. Helga is a cultist, albeit one with no combat skills (INT 15).
5. **STAGE.** This slightly elevated stage is where performances occur, be it command performances of the 'Over the Edge' staff, other specially hired performers, or karaoke contests.
6. **VELVET ROPE.** A third bouncer (with an identical bench, identical stats and an identical SPAS-12 shotgun underneath it) attends this area. His job is to maintain order inside; make sure that only people with 'legitimate' business in one of the back rooms goes back there (no voyeurs or loiterers); and check a separate private room list for anyone who wants to go back to the club room (AREA 8).

This overloaded job description results in a hole in the security. There are no surveillance cameras (for a change) in the Ultralounge; the clientele wants discrete fun and cameras just would not do in such an environment.

There are also no wireless communications devices (such as walkie-talkies or cell phones); they just do not work thanks to the partial phase displacement. There is a landline behind the bar for emergencies only, but its presence is not advertised or acknowledged.

This all means that one bouncer has to keep a physical eye on both hallways and the interior of the club, until a hue and cry is raised and the two exterior bouncers can respond. Again, the Shabbith cultists who might be present are usually not paying much attention; they are usually drunk, high, or 'getting busy' in the back and take some time to respond to a disturbance. (Drunk and/or high Shabbiths suffer a -20% penalty to all skill rolls).

7. **RESTROOMS/PRIVATE ROOMS.** This hallway leads back to the restrooms (first two doors, men's on the right, women's on the left) and four private party rooms. Each party room is soundproofed, has a large bed, a few chairs, a table, and a drain in the floor. The rooms are coated in stain and liquid repellent, and otherwise adapted for ease of cleaning and disinfection. If something illegal, but not physically nasty is going on in one of these rooms (e.g., gang summit, illegal gambling event), then nicer furniture and snacks are brought in.

One such room is reserved for Todd and the other cultists. If they are here, there is a better than average chance that they are in the first room on the left doing Heaven only knows what. It likely involves illegal substances and any number of kinks.

The first room on the right is kept free for spontaneous bookings by that night's patrons. The two rooms at the end of the hall, by the fire door, can be reserved. Feel free to unsettle and disturb the investigators with whatever is going on behind those doors.

8. **CLUB ROOM.** By specific invitation only and usually rented out by a group for a private event, the club room is quite different. It is staid, conservative and quiet, all linen and panelling, and leather relaxing chairs. Typical uses include high-level mob meetings, illicit gambling events, and semi-licit deals in which people want to take no chance that anyone might be eavesdropping. Todd invites corrupt local officials here for 'social events' to ensure that local police departments and agencies hesitate before taking too hard a look at his activities.

The club room is soundproofed and nothing that might go on in here would be heard in the din that is the rest of the Ultralounge.

9. **OFFICE.** As noted, the chances of Marv Blumberg being at the club are about 50/50. If he is here, he is probably either in the quieter club room (AREA 8) or working in this office.

There is no phone service or internet connectivity; Marv works with his laptop and with paper files. There is a safe in the office holding a *large* amount of cash (as much as \$1,000,000) in addition to the club's stock of illegal substances.

Underneath the carpet in the far corner of the room is a very secure, six-inch thick steel hatch set flush into the floor. (Visualise a submarine's conning tower hatch). Marv knows that it is there and knows that it leads down to what he thinks is just a recording studio and private hangout for Todd.

Remember, Marv is not a cultist and is oblivious to the phase shift or cult activity. He just thinks that there is no cell service or wireless connection for security reasons. Todd and the cultists also refrain from having ritual nights whenever Marv is on premises. Marv was not present on the night of Angelique's unsuccessful initiation into the cult proper.

If confronted in the office by the investigators, Marv will not put up a fight of any kind. He will ask how they found the place, what they really want, and who they really are. He is a non-violent dealmaker.

The Keeper might allow a **Persuade** roll to actually gain his assistance, if the investigators come clean and explain to Marv that they believe that Todd is running a cult and that Angelique was the cult's victim. Marv is loyal to Todd, but will not be happy to be confronted with a persuasive story that Todd is involved with a weird cult (again). He might tag along (or not resist being forced to do so) when the investigators head down the chute.



If Marv becomes convinced that the Ultralounge is a front for a cult, he might decide to cut his losses if he is allowed to retreat. If so, he does not call Todd and warn him that the Investigators are onto his activities, nor does he raise an alarm.

10. **RITUAL CHAMBER.** The hatch opens to reveal a narrow shaft leading straight down for about 20-feet. A built in ladder provides access down. The shaft is well lit by arc lamps on the walls; people must proceed down the ladder in a single file. It takes five rounds at a casual pace; it can be scampered up in three or down in two with a **Climb** roll. Failure results in a 10-foot fall.

At the bottom of a shaft is a concrete tunnel, 10' across, leading north. Flooring has been put in to furnish a level walking surface. Electricity is supplied by cables attached to the wall; more arc lamps provide good lighting in the tunnel.

After 100-feet, the tunnel ends in a secure ship's-type bulkhead door, of the sort designed to minimise the spread of fire or flood. It is unlocked, but is unavoidably noisy and grinding to open. Beyond the door is a 40' by 40' recording studio. It consists of a small, soundproofed mixing booth in one corner and one large, mostly empty room that is completely sound baffled.

At the top of the studio is a shaft leading up 10' to a metal hatch. There is an access ladder that can be pulled down. The entire shaft is stained with some purplish, faintly luminescent excrescence when viewed

by someone in synch with the Ultralounge. The ceiling hatch is secured from the inside, but can be opened by a button in the mixing room helpfully labelled 'exit hatch'. The whole room is radioactive to a level that is unhealthy with prolonged exposure. The radiation is of the by now familiar high-gamma sort.

Some features in this room should give the investigators serious pause. These are:

The Storage Containers

Inside a stack of several grey, plastic 10-gallon tote storage containers off to one side are a number of disturbing things:

1. There are about a **DOZEN HUMAN SKULLS**, each showing odd striations. Easy **Archaeology**, **Biology**, or **Natural History** rolls determine this to be gnawing. Each has a strange, branchlike symbol carved into the forehead (an Elder Sign, identifiable on a **Cthulhu Mythos** roll, or from prior experience). Seeing the skulls requires a **Sanity** check (0/1 SAN points or 1/1D3 if cannibalisation is realised as the source of the skulls). Should these be exposed to Luminol or eventually tested for DNA, they will show positive for human blood; prove to be no more than a year removed from their owners; and can be traced to a number of missing person cases throughout the western United States.
2. Also in a storage container by themselves are an **ANCIENT, FLAKED OBSIDIAN SACRIFICIAL DAGGER** (counts

as an enchanted weapon) and the ORIGINAL OLD NORSE MANUSCRIPT OF *Illugi's Saga*. (Sadly, it has been digitised and disseminated throughout the cult. This precludes its effective destruction).

The Restraint Table

A modern surgical tilt table with arm and leg restraints, this appears clean, but tests positive for human blood. In fact, it has been drenched in human blood belonging to as many as ten different people, as DNA analysis might eventually reveal. (Many of the DNA matches will correspond to the skulls).

The Mixing Room

This is a sophisticated sound studio, with the latest in high-end digital technology. It is set up to record, both visually and audibly, whatever goes on in the ritual chamber and then filter and remix it. There are many audio/video digital files stored on a computer system, which is not password protected. A large screen plasma monitor can be queued up to view any of the digital files on the computer.

The Digital Summoning Files

Clicking on any of these digital files is hazardous to one's sanity, but provides plenty of hard evidence of the sort attractive to law enforcement agencies. Treat the conglomeration of the digital files as a Mythos tome,

MYTHOS 'TOME': THE SHABBITH-KA SESSIONS

Twenty hours of digitally recorded footage, showing repeated, successful casting of the spell **Call Shabbith-Ka**, in addition to various sacrifices of cult enemies and remixing technique discussions.

LANGUAGE: Modern English.

MYTHOS GAIN: +3% to Cthulhu Mythos.

SANITY LOSS: 1 SAN/3 SAN. (Although digitised, the investigators will be seeing repeated callings of a Lesser Outer God and ritual killings).

SPELLS: (INT×5) (in order)—**Create Elder Sign (variant); Call Shabbith-Ka; Dress Rehearsal**. The version of the Elder Sign discussed in the tale requires carving the sign into the skull of a cannibalised human.

Call Shabbith-Ka and **Dress Rehearsal** each require a successful **Art (Sing)** roll (or, perhaps, a good enough digital recording). *There is no Dismissal spell for Shabbith-Ka.*

STUDY TIME: 1 hour to skim; 20 hours to fully review; 60 hours to review sufficiently to make spell attainment rolls.

NOTE: If someone goes insane, the only appropriate insanity is the obsessive mania with the safely calling and controlling of Shabbith-Ka. This madness should leak out around the edges as extreme risk-taking and feelings of invulnerability.

in which the participants (Todd Christopher, the six Shabbith cultists, the three backup singers, Helga, and in the last episode only, Angelique Adams) cast **Call Shabbith-Ka** repeatedly over the course of a few months.

Angelique looks decidedly scared in her only episode (time stamped about 02:00 of the morning of her disappearance), but manages to hold it together.

Todd Christopher is clearly identifiable, clearly in charge, and some of the episodes include human sacrifices performed with glee by Todd. He likes to sing 'Puppies and Kittens' to himself, with a wild look in his eyes, during his murders.

In each instance, Shabbith-Ka is allowed to 'vent' out the top hatch as people's voices start to give out; the cannibalised skulls/Elder Signs are produced in unison at this juncture.

After reviewing all of the footage (about 20 hours worth), the investigators should be allowed an **Idea** roll. On a success, the investigators realise that Todd Christopher was methodically attempting to find a way to *digitise* the casting of **Call Shabbith-Ka**, so that he would just have to play it on a good digital sound system to have it succeed. He is close to succeeding and someone who wishes to continue his work would eventually do so. In fact, if someone compares his digital playback process to plans for a Tillinghast Resonator, they bear striking features and similarities. A DVD burner and some blank disks are helpfully on hand.

Capers in the Ultraviolet Ultralounge

Given the lengths to which Todd Christopher has gone to obscure this place, the investigators may rightly surmise that there is a reason why. They may know (from his laptop) or be able to surmise (from the fact that his trusted cultists and inner circle show up regularly) that something that happened here is what caused Angelique to bolt.

No place else in the scenario even smells a little bit of organised cult activity and the Ultralounge is definitely abnormally radioactive. Indeed, if they have a look at the hatch in the back yard and see the unearthly purple blight, regardless of whether they make their **Cthulhu Mythos** rolls, they are going to want to go down that chute.

Since they will have a hard time getting the hatch open from outside without explosives, they are going to want to scout around the non-public areas of the Ultraviolet Ultralounge, looking for what lies under the hatch.

The main problem with getting to the back offices and from there, to the basement, is the third bouncer at **Area 6**. The cocktail waitresses are busy, the two Shabbiths 'always present' are not paying close attention, and Helga is busy mixing drinks. The third bouncer is stretched pretty thin. If he has to respond to a problem in one part of the club, there is opportunity to sneak into the back office/club area and confront Marv if he is present. All that the investigators really need is a distraction.

Following are several traditional ways of starting a bar fight or otherwise creating temporary havoc:

The Drunk and Disorderly

The tried and true drunken (or fake drunken) sucker punch, combined with a feigned insult. While easy to instigate, they are also easy to break up and might get the instigator beaten up (or worse).

The Female Accusation

Involving one member of a couple falsely accusing a third party of untoward groping or suggestiveness, this is similar to the Drunk and Disorderly, but less likely to result in injury and distracts security for a longer period of time (as they try to mediate).

The Liquor Bath

Similar to the Drunk and Disorderly, but more widespread, this involves throwing liquor in someone's face (or at their table). This results in a group on group brawl, or at least a pull-apart.

'Making it Rain'

A favourite—and highly effective—means of distracting everyone in a club, the perpetrator throws a *large* sum of cash into the air and/or at someone. This gets everyone's attention—the bouncers for being disorderly; patrons, because psychologically, people cannot help themselves, but to pick it up; and anyone perceiving themselves challenged, as a supreme insult demanding a response. This is particularly insulting when directed at a self-important figure in the hip-hop culture. 'Making it rain' is by far the best choice for creating a complete distraction and slipping away in the ensuing scramble.

That's What Fire Doors Are For

Or, someone could just duck out a fire door, setting off an alarm. Unfortunately, this will result in an evacuation and head count and the people who are missing will be sought out. If they are found in the basement, said people might be 'eighty-sixed'.

SCENE 9, PUPPIES & KITTENS

At some point, the investigators will have what they think is enough evidence against Todd Christopher to warrant direct action against him. This might be either clandestine action, or a confrontation with the aid of law enforcement. They might, if law enforcement is involved, have enough to persuade someone to call Todd in for questioning and/or obtain a search warrant. Ideally, what they will have is enough evidence to convince the police that he needs to be taken down post-haste, without tipping him off.

PUPPIES AND KITTENS (1969)

Music by: Don Phillips & Sally Wainwright.

Lyrics by: Don Phillips, Sally Wainwright, & Todd Christopher.

Sha sha sha, doo wah wah
 Sha sha sha, doo wah wah
 They tell us that it's wrong,
 But it feels so right when I'm near you.
 Sweet like sugar, candy kisses,
 But I just can't... get on through...

Chorus:

Puppies and Kittens don't go together,
 Cats and dogs are too far apart.
 Puppies and Kittens, one or the other,
 But I just can't... convince my heart.

Sha sha sha, doo wah wah
 Sha sha sha, doo wah wah
 You need a bone to chew on,
 I need some yarn to chase.
 They keep telling us that it's wrong
 But I just can't... forget your face...

(Chorus; Moog & tambourine instrumental, with wordless, impressive sustained high notes by Todd Christopher)

Sha sha sha, doo wah wah
 Sha sha sha, doo wah wah
 Someday I know, we'll be together
 When the world is a better place
 Puppies and Kittens, living together
 And I'll be stayin', at your place...

(Chorus; first verse; chorus; fade).

If the investigators go clandestine (without calling in overt law enforcement backup), matters are fairly straightforward. The Keeper should role-play out what they do. Todd and the rest of the cultists do not go quietly and take as many investigators and civilians out as will be convenient to their efforts to escape. The investigators are probably outnumbered and the Shabbiths are no pushovers.

Remember, the cultists care about nothing and no one (not even each other) and if they have the chance, they will stage the *Curtain Call* for the show discussed below.

Successfully going to law enforcement and rounding up a SWAT team to take him down is going to require a persuasive case *directly* implicating Todd Christopher in a *serious* crime. The video footage of the various castings of *Call Shabbith-Ka* in the basement of the Ultraviolet Ultralounge will clearly suffice, especially the last one (depicting a missing child as a participant). So would hard proof of human blood of many different origins

from the Ultralounge's basement (photography plus a swab, for example). The time anomaly surrounding the removal of Angélique from the books (for not showing up for work when the show was dark for the next few days) is also persuasive on top of the foregoing, as is documentation of the other radiation sites that might have been found (Todd's room, the Ultralounge).

The amount of carnage that ensues, in any event, depends on whether the investigators can surprise Todd with a large amount of armed force. He goes down fighting, but probably does not get to stage a **Curtain Call** if he is surprised and has to fight his way out in a disorganised fashion. Have Todd and any available cultists do everything and anything to try to escape—shooting or throwing hurlbats at innocent bystanders, toppling casino tables, taking compulsive slot players hostage and more. Todd is still probably caught or killed, but with a minimum of collateral damage. This is how you 'win' this adventure.

If Todd and his cultists are so badly outgunned and outnumbered that the denouement would be lopsided, perhaps he and the three ladies smuggled in some SPAS 12s and stashed them in a hidden compartment under Todd's memorabilia display. They only have base chances, but those will still clear a path rather quickly when set to autofire.

Curtain Call

If Todd learns in advance that his arrest is imminent, he will try to gather as many of his Shabbith cultists as he can and the three female singers and stage a **Curtain Call**. This is not in lieu of escape; rather, he realises that his best chance to truly escape is to cause a *huge* amount of carnage, so huge that he can slip away in the chaos. He knows from past experience (Vietnam, San Francisco) that this means causing a stampede big enough that it *completely* overwhelms the security response.

Todd is likely to resort to such extreme measures under three circumstances. One is if he is confronted (or knows that he is about to be confronted) by the investigators and/or the police with something other than a great deal of force. If he thinks that he and the Shabbiths at hand can handle the initial wave of investigators and police before backup arrives, they do (not pausing to kill anyone, just disabling them). He and all available cultists then stage a **Curtain Call**. Overwhelming force causes them to scatter and flee instead and the chase scene ensues.

The second circumstance is if he is served with a search warrant at the hotel. The only really incriminating thing that he has there is his laptop. He will let it go with feigned graciousness (until someone moves to arrest his person) and then proceed with attacking those at hand and staging a **Curtain Call**.

Finally, if he learns that there has been a breach of the underground chamber at the Ultralounge, he pulls the

plug, stages a **Curtain Call** and tries to vanish. The key here is that he has to learn about the security breach. This means that one of the cultists or Ultralounge employees has to call him and relay that specific information. If the Ultralounge personnel are killed or detained long enough to mobilise overwhelming police force (the smart thing to do), then he will not be tipped off.

If Todd is tipped off, the investigators and police have about a half an hour to act—*just barely* long enough to drive recklessly back to the casino, running red lights and dodging traffic, at which point Todd and all available cultists will have taken the stage as the investigators rush into the building.

If Todd gets word of some shenanigans at the Ultraviolet Ultralounge short of the underground chamber being compromised, the Keeper must judge his reactions logically. Is police discovery of the chamber inevitable, or has the problem been attended to? If the former, Todd pulls the plug on his operation; if the latter, he might not. He will take into account everything that has happened and all of the information that he has. That said, the Keeper should remember that he does not equate the elimination of a law enforcement officer in some way that cannot be traced back to him as cause for concern.

Positively the End

If Todd and his gang decide to stage a **Curtain Call**, they make their way as nonchalantly as possible to the performance stage on the ground floor of the Tower of Babel (politely excusing themselves to any WACI members who may be performing). Todd greets the crowd and asks them who wants to see something "...over the edge".

As the crowd cheers its encouragement, Todd produces the Sorcery Mask of the Keeper, dons it and has the cultists grab any celebrity impersonators nearby. They then ruthlessly slaughter them with their hurlbats, while savaging their faces with their teeth. Witnessing this entails a **Sanity** check (1/1D6 SAN points lost, 1D6/2D6 SAN points lost if one of the celebrity impersonators cannibalised this way is Susan Grosvenor and an investigator had a romantic liaison with her).

Spattered with gore, Todd begins to cast **Call Shabbith-Ka** as the cultists join in, carving Elder Signs in the freshly decapitated and cannibalised skulls of the unfortunate WACI members.

For dramatic effect, unless Todd is killed, Shabbith-Ka successfully arrives two minutes onto the main casino floor of the Tower of Babel after he and the cultists begin casting **Call Shabbith-Ka**. Upon their brandishing of the newly chewed Elder Signs, the Lesser Outer God is sent whirling into the panicking crowd, killing hundreds if not thousands in the packed casino.

The **Sanity** point cost if things get this far is a flat, automatic 6 points for those in the midst of the carnage,

TO MOB, OR NOT TO MOB?

Contrary to its occasional portrayal in the media, organised crime does *not* run modern-day Las Vegas. In fact, this lingering perception is seen as being so bad for the casino business that the authorities devote a great deal of resources to rooting it out. This scenario though, is set in *literary* Las Vegas. And even today, some people keep trying to set up organised crime rings there. (A joint state/Federal task force took down an organised crime ring specialising in counterfeiting, identity theft, and fake IDs (ahem) in December 2008).

As a result, the Keeper might wish to use the mob as a potential wild card. *If* the mob is about, their view of Todd Christopher and his operation is likely to change quickly over the course of the scenario. Initially, they are going to like him. He does not compete with them, treats them well at his after-hours club, and has been discreet. They know that one of his prized performers disappeared and would not be surprised to learn that he whacked her.

The mob will quickly become uneasy, however, as news of further ‘whackings’ hits the street. The victims—Barb Smith (a dancer who also abruptly stopped showing up at the club), possibly investigators rumoured to be poking into Todd Christopher’s business, possibly an OSHA investigator who conducted a surprise inspection of TC Productions, and possibly Marv Blumberg himself—all have Todd Christopher in common, and all but Barb were messing with him. This means that Todd is getting sloppy, has brought the heat down, and that is bad for business. If it goes too far, they might decide that Todd needs to get whacked. They might try, albeit not in a casino. They are not so foolish as to bring guns into a casino, unless things are truly desperate.

If, after due diligence, the mob concludes that they are not law enforcement official (rightly or wrongly), someone might casually and very carefully, approach the investigators. They will vaguely describe themselves as ‘former business associates’

of Mr. Christopher. They do not like the way that he has been acting lately and agree with the investigators that he has become “a problem in need of a solution”. They might try to find out whatever the investigators are planning. If the investigators are seriously stuck in their attempts to find the Ultraviolet Ultralounge, the mob mouthpiece might hook them up with both the phone number to call and some fake IDs.

They will not be so careless as to agree to work with the investigators, but a parallel ‘investigation’ of sorts might begin and the investigators might keep bumping into a pair of freelance hit men, brought in from ‘out of town’. If the hit men are reminiscent of familiar fictional characters, then shame on you. Stats follow in **SCENE 10** (page 67).

The ‘two guys from out of town’ will be tasked with confirming that Todd Christopher is responsible and ‘eighty-sixing’ him. They will not mess with the investigators as long as the investigators do not mess with them and might offer some advice about trying to lure Todd Christopher out of the casino to avoid needless exposure.

Of course, if this scenario is being run as a *Delta Green* operation, there might also be MJ-12 operatives about who are looking to *prevent* Todd Christopher from being killed, preferring that he be arrested, put through a show trial, and then given over to their custody.

If the Keeper wants a truly wild scene in the casino to end things (a la *Mars Attacks!*), he could have everybody converge at a **Curtain Call**; the investigators, the hit men, MJ-12 operatives, brave celebrity impersonators, and heck, maybe an actual celebrity or two. All of these factions might decide, if they see a casino stampede beginning, that they can slip in with firearms and not be caught. If this is the chosen option, the Keeper just needs to remember who the stars of the show are and keep the game focused *on* them while chaos erupts *around* them.

as they will eventually fail 6 **Sanity** rolls and incur the maximum of 6 **SAN** from seeing that many wrecked purplish husks. Plus, of course, the 1D3/1D20 **Sanity** points for seeing Shabbith-Ka.

Most of the people who are not killed—because they had enough cover between them and Shabbith-Ka’s eruption—are nonetheless possibly burned and most definitely temporarily panicked. Many more people are killed in the ensuing stampede for the exits.

Todd and his posse then try to disappear in the chaos, which overwhelms the Las Vegas police, fire, and rescue infrastructure. Local news crews arrive quickly, followed by national and international news crews. The entire sordid affair dominates cable news channels for months, as it—and everyone involved in it—is picked apart by yellow journalists in morbid detail.

Any investigators inside the casino and without cover between them and Todd Christopher are probably killed unless they, too, are wielding cannibalised skull-style Elder Signs. Nevertheless, the Keeper should roll out the 6D6 damage from the departing Engulf attack and give each investigator either a **Hard Dodge** or **Luck** roll, to duck behind a row of slot machines for half damage. Maybe they are just burned and irradiated for 3D6 damage. *Just*.

This of course, assumes that the investigators fail to stop Todd. Todd will focus on casting **Call Shabbith-Ka**; the Shabbiths and backup singers will focus on protecting his efforts, launching themselves and their hurlbats against gunfire with glee. Assuming that the investigators take action in conjunction with Metro PD or the Feds, or at least, wait until after the cannibalism

starts, the legal complications from their involvement will be kept to a happy minimum.

Remember that the investigators are the stars of the show at all times, however, and that there should be a show at the end. It is suggested that the Keeper view any number of James Bond movies for pointers on how to have a busy place erupt in chaos while the heroes nonetheless stay the focus of the action, making their way through the chaos to confront the master villain and his chief henchmen, just in time to (maybe) prevent a catastrophe.

SCENE 10, REWARDS, REPERCUSSIONS & TWO GUYS FROM OUT OF TOWN

No additional **Sanity** loss is imposed on the investigators if Todd Christopher escapes. They will, in all likelihood, be at the casino when something bad happens and the **Sanity** losses that occur at that point (1D3/1D20 plus a flat 6 SAN points) are probably punishment enough.

If the investigators manage to eliminate Todd Christopher, award 2D4 SAN points to each. If he is trying to trigger a catastrophe when they do so and they prevent it, award each another 1D6 SAN.

Todd does not really care if he lives or dies, but if he is somehow taken alive, he will, eventually, escape, unless custody of him is given over to some black-ops prison that lobotomises him or just makes him disappear. (Or worse, calms him down, gets him to go through a show trial, and then puts him to work in a research capacity). Same song, third verse.

This last possibility is extremely likely if the Keeper is running this as a *Delta Green* adventure and MJ-12 manages to apprehend him. In fact, MJ-12's allies might be able to work a little magic with Todd's deteriorating physical condition.

The investigators, if successful, are going to be famous and have many people grateful to them. This includes a Congressman, the owners of a very expensive casino, any number of wealthy and not-so-wealthy casino patrons, and numerous adoring, pro-law enforcement, talk show hosts. They might even get their own reality show. In any case, what happens in Vegas definitely does not stay in Vegas.

If Todd Christopher gets away, he relocates somewhere with less intrusive law enforcement to resume his studies and resume them he does, with the help of a digitally archived and stored copy of *Illugi's Saga*. He has absorbed so much ionising radiation in the past few months that his life expectancy is rather limited, but he has more than enough time to seed the meme elsewhere, so that the cycle can repeat itself someday.

Illugi's Saga is sitting, in digital form, on any number of servers. Bored and/or nosy systems administrators may well snoop through people's accounts, or stumble across a PDF of the tome while data mining. It goes viral and

TWO GUYS 'FROM OUT OF TOWN',

age 40ish



STR 15	CON 15	SIZ 15	INT 11	POW 13
DEX 15	APP 14	EDU 14	SAN 55	HP 15
STR 15	CON 15	SIZ 15	INT 11	POW 13
DEX 15	APP 11	EDU 12	SAN 55	HP 15

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4.

EDUCATION: Dropped out of high school, but learned things on the street and well travelled.

SKILLS: Climb 60%; Computer Use 30%; Dodge 60%; Drive 60%; Fast Talk 35%; First Aid 55%; Hide 40%; Listen 50%; Martial Arts (Street Fighting) 60%; Persuade 60%; Psychology 45%*; Sneak 60%; Spot Hidden 55%.

LANGUAGES: English 60%*.

WEAPONS: Punch 80%, damage 1D3+db.

Kick 65%, damage 1D6+db.

Grapple 80%, damage Special.

#1: .45ACP Auto Ordnance 1911A1 pistol 80%, damage 1D10+2

#2: 9mm Star Model B pistol 80%, damage 1D10

ARMOUR: Kevlar weave black executive protection suits, 70% chance of absorbing 4 points of firearm or impaling damage.

NOTES: #1 is Caucasian, has an APP of 14 and **Art (Dance)** at 50%.

#2 is African American and has **Psychology** at 55%, **Knowledge (Europe)** at 10%, **Other Language (French)** at 10%, and **Quote Scripture** at 30%.

eventually, some sociopath starts the cycle all over again.

If Susan Grosvenor survives, she parlays her media exposure into a recording contract. ■

LAST WORD

Howdy and welcome to *Lost in the Lights*. This marks my return to the 'name brand' *Call of Cthulhu* publishing gig, after an absence of about a decade, barring a monograph a couple of years ago. I expect to be active for a while and I've even created an imprint—Swefna Cyst Publishing. The imprint has a Facebook page; come be a friend and discuss this or other projects, past or future. The imprint name derives from the first line of an Anglo-Saxon poem, *The Dream of the Rood*. Swefna Cyst means 'The Best of Dreams' and given my penchant for allegory and dreamscapes, it seemed appropriate.

My mission statement for *Lost in the Lights* was threefold. First, I wanted to write a truly modern, investigation-oriented scenario. By this, I mean one in which the investigators have to do some actual sleuthing and the clue tree makes sense in light of modern contrivances. (Thanks to the *Yog-Sothoth.com* forum for kibitzing on the content of the 'Over the Edge' show and especially to Jason Williams for the info on post-9/11 casino security arrangements).

Second, I wanted to dabble in art, mostly for the challenge. As of the time I write this, I'm not certain how much of my original art will remain, but hopefully some will. I'll put up a gallery of whatever didn't make the editorial cut on the Facebook page.

Third—and I'll be right up front about this—I wanted to write a scenario that was campy and fun. This is not what people sometimes expect when they sit down to play a Classic-era *Call of Cthulhu* game. That is a dark era of loose law enforcement and people righting wrongs on their own. Modern society is one of electronic surveillance; extreme interconnectivity; and one in which people who act like typical *Call of Cthulhu* investigators rapidly end up in prison. How are you going to get that shotgun through airport security? Unless you're in a big, shadowy conspiracy, of course; *Delta Green* conversion notes are included.

Setting aside those with badges, modern-day *Call of Cthulhu*, in my view, should be about tiptoeing around the edges of legality, sanity, and reality and that is what I have striven for here.

This scenario should play out almost like a *Cthulhu by Gaslight*-era game—good manners, investigation, more manners, more investigation, and finally, you have to decide how best to handle the blackguards.

Even so, *Lost in the Lights* is a particularly and deliberately campy adventure. Don't worry; there is SAN to lose, monsters to kill, crazed cannibal cultists, a Mythos tome gone digital, an avatar of Nyarlathotep, and plenty of nasty set pieces, including the Calling of a Lesser Outer God into a crowded Las Vegas casino. On the other hand, this scenario is set in literary Las Vegas. That means casino burglary capers, celebrity impersonators, cheesy lounge acts, amazing production shows, champagne wishes, caviar dreams, limousine rides, and maybe even some celebrity cameo appearances. Loosen up and have some fun, at least until the big Sanity loss comes crashing down at the end.

While I offer a brief review of weird Las Vegas in an Appendix, to serve as a jumping off point for later adventures, this is not a travel guide to 2013 Nevada—Frommer's sells those. This is a full treatment of the Keepers of the Primal Song cult, from early history through the present. This is followed by a fifty plus page scenario, 'Invisible Sun', in which the investigators delve into the Las Vegas underworld. They will not like what they find.

Finally, a big thanks goes out to Sixtystone, Adam, and Dan, for giving me a place to vent (pun intended) and to David for bringing the NPCs to life.

Jeff Moeller



APPENDIX A

RECOMMENDED MEDIA

Viewing:

The Night Stalker (1972) (Made-for-TV movie introducing Carl Kolchak and leading to the later TV series; vampires in Vegas and still the best source material for how to run a horror investigation game in latter-day Las Vegas).

Diamonds are Forever (1971) (James Bond goes Vegas caper movie; one of the campiest of Bond films).

From Beyond (1986) (Tillinghast Resonator meets creepy villain fetishes).

The Hangover (2009) (the latest good, campy Las Vegas caper movie).

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (1998) (bizarre hallucinations intrude on romp through the seamy side of Las Vegas).

Ocean's Eleven (1960) (Rat Pack robs Las Vegas casinos with help of staged power outage).

Ocean's Eleven (2001) ('A-Listers' rob Las Vegas casinos and foil more modern security with help of staged power outage).

Rat Race (2001) (bus full of Lucille Ball impersonators complicates Nevada caper movie).

Mars Attacks! (1996) (campy Martians lay waste to the Luxor; Tom Jones, as himself, helps fight them).

Honeymoon in Vegas (1992) (protagonist infiltrates the Flying Elvises).

3000 Miles to Graceland (2001) (group of robbers disguised as Elvis descend, literally, on Las Vegas).

Desperately Seeking Susan (1985) (must viewing if you intend to make serious use of Susan Grosvenor).

Reading:

From Beyond (1920), Lovecraft's original short story about the Tillinghast Resonator.

Tiger Beat magazine (still being published!) www.bopandtigerbeat.com.

Delta Green Eyes Only, Vol. 3: Project Rainbow, Dennis Detwiler (a lengthy canon on the Tillinghast Resonator and what uses the Navy tried to put it to).

Void Moon, Michael Connelley (protagonist 'makes it rain' in Las Vegas casino to stage her final escape).

Mood Music (Selected Psychedelia)

(iTunes playlist at 'LostintheLights');

Viva Las Vegas, *Dead Kennedys*.

White Rabbit, *Jefferson Airplane*.

Eight Miles High, *The Byrds*.

I Had Too Much to Dream Last Night, *The Electric Prunes*.

Astronomy Domine, *Pink Floyd*.

Time of the Season, *The Zombies*.

Venus in Furs, *Velvet Underground*.

Crimson and Clover, *Tommy James & the Shondells*.

Crystal Blue Persuasion, *Tommy James & the Shondells*.

Just Dropped In, *Kenny Rogers & the First Edition*. (Yes, that Kenny Rogers).

She Comes in Colours, *Love*.

Journey to the Centre of Your Mind, *Ted Nugent*.

2000 Light Years from Home, *The Rolling Stones* (seriously).

Sybil Green (Of the In Between), *The Blues Magoos*.

APPENDIX B

STATS, MAPS AND HANDOUTS

B1 • Stats

BARB SMITH, Abused, Glow-in-the-Dark roommate

STR 24 **CON** 27 **SIZ** 10 **INT** 0 **POW** 1
DEX 9 **MOV** 8 **HP** 19

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6.

WEAPONS: Grapple 50%, damage 2D6/round of crushing, mauling, and flaming ultraviolet radiation. Victims are left as desiccated purplish husks, which register as slightly radioactive.

ARMOUR: Impaling weapons do 1 point only; other physical weapons do ½ damage. Spells work normally. Break out the clubs.

SKILLS: Rampage Berserkly 100%; Listen to Reason 0%; Operate Door 0%.

SANITY LOSS: 1D4/1D10 points. A zombie is bad, but a glowing, purple, semi-skeletal, howling, radioactive zombie? Yikes.

Seeing a purplish husk of Barb's victims costs 1/1D6 SAN. Surviving being reduced to purple husk by Barb 1D10/1D20 **Sanity** points.

TODD CHRISTOPHER, Former Teen Idol, Age 62

STR 11 **CON** 11 **SIZ** 12 **INT** 15 **POW** 20
DEX 11 **APP** 11 **EDU** 12 **SAN** 0 **HP** 11

DAMAGE PENALTY: None.

EDUCATION: High School; Special Forces military training.

SKILLS: Accounting 35%; Art (Sing) 99%; Computer Use 25%; Credit Rating 75%; Cthulhu Mythos 10%; Drive Automobile 25%; Fast Talk 70%; Listen 50%; Martial Arts (Karate) 80%; Occult 70%; Persuade 70%; Pharmacy 25%; Pretend to be Charming 90%; Psychology 70%; Sneak 60%; Spot Hidden 50%.

LANGUAGES: English 80%; Vietnamese 30%; Shabbith 30%; Old Norse 30%.

WEAPONS: Punch 80%, damage 1D3+db

Kick 80%, damage 1D6+db

Beretta Mod 92FS 9mm Semi-automatic pistol 80%, damage 1D10

SPELLS: *Call Shabbith-Ka*; *Elder Sign*; *Dress Rehearsal*; *Voorish Sign*.

NOTES: Whether on stage or off, Todd looks a little scary and a lot wrung out. He dresses immaculately, but wears a lot of makeup. He is thin, wears wigs on all occasions, and is not a pretty sight naked. Visualise an aging music industry celebrity who has lived a very hard and very squalid life, and then add on a thin layer of his former teen idol appeal.

He is positive for HIV, Hepatitis C, and several other diseases associated with a high-risk lifestyle that the Keeper deems appropriate. He takes a lot of medication to keep going.

PERMANENT INSANITIES: Sociopathy.

MAGICAL ITEM: *Sorcery Mask of the Keeper of the Primal Song* (+ 5 MPs once per day, must first be bathed in fresh human blood).

THE THING FROM THE ULTRAVIOLET, Beyondscape Horror

STR n/a **CON** n/a **SIZ** n/a **INT** 12 **POW** 14
DEX n/a (14) **MOV** 28 flying **HP** 14

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

WEAPONS: Tendril, must win a **POW vs. POW** roll to 'hit', damage 1D8+3.

ARMOUR: 4 points of non-terrene composition. Only those who can see the Thing can affect it. Regenerates 4 points/round.

SPELLS: None.

SANITY LOSS: 1/1D10 to witness the Thing.

SUSAN GROSVENOR, Semi-professional material Girl, age 29

STR 11 **CON** 15 **SIZ** 10 **INT** 13 **POW** 12
DEX 15 **APP** 15 **EDU** 14 **SAN** 60 **HP** 13

DAMAGE PENALTY: None.

EDUCATION: BA, Music, Rutgers.

SKILLS: Accounting 45%; Art (Bump and Grind) 80%; Art (Dance) 80%; Art (Sing) 80%; Computer Use 45%; Credit Rating 45%; Disguise (General) 50%; Disguise (Madonna) 95%; Drive Automobile 35%; Fast Talk 40%; Listen 50%; Occult (Kabbalah) 50%; Persuade 40%; Psychology 50%; Spot Hidden 50%; Sneak 50%.

LANGUAGES: English 90%; Fake British Accent 10%.

WEAPONS: None above base.

NOTES: Susan (her real name) is a hardcore (and talented) Madonna fan girl and impersonator. She does every era of Madonna (except for the current era's overly chiselled Madonna) and is very good, down to spot on singing and dancing. She is best at earlier Madonna and has her late 1980s 'naughty Catholic bride' look down pat. She is an invited special guest of the WACI convention and as a result, has a VIP guest suite on the twenty-ninth floor of the Tower of Babel.

In her day job, she works as a music teacher for a New Jersey high school. On weekends and breaks, she fronts a top Madonna cover band. Susan is a genuinely friendly person, who is also single and looking. She could easily be caught up in some kind of illicit caper, being a big fan of *Desperately Seeking Susan*, *Dick Tracy*, and other such Madonna romp films.

She does not believe, or contend, that she is Madonna (she answers to 'Susan' in or out of character), but she plays her character *to the hilt*. Truth, or dare?

SHABBITH CULTISTS, worshippers of the purple Horror

	1	2	3	4	5	6
STR	15	17	17	18	16	17
CON	10	18	10	16	10	12
SIZ	18	17	16	16	17	16
INT	10	12	12	14	17	9
POW	9	12	13	10	13	13
DEX	6	12	16	12	11	10
APP	6	9	11	12	9	14
EDU	4	6	4	5	6	4
SAN	0	0	0	0	0	0
HP	14	18	13	16	14	14
DB	+1D6	+1D6	+1D6	+1D6	+1D6	+1D6

EDUCATION: No formal education.

SKILLS: Art (Sing) 90%; Art (Dance) 80%; Cthulhu Mythos 10%; Listen 50%, Natural History 50%; Occult 30%; Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 50%, Sneak 80%; Throw 80%.

LANGUAGES: English 10%; Shabbith 80%.

WEAPONS: Punch 80%, damage 1D3+db
Kick 80%, damage 1D6+db
Grapple 80%, damage Special
Hurlbat 80%, damage 1D8+½ db

SPELLS: *Call Shabbith-Ka*; *Elder Sign*.

NOTES: No qualms about doing anything. Guns are for cowards who fear the raging of the blood, so they do not use them.

BOUNCERS, Non-cultists, ages various. r reuse as necessary.

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

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4

SKILLS: Listen 50%; Psychology 50%; Spot Hidden 50%.

WEAPONS: Punch 60%, damage 1D3+db

Kick 60%, damage 1D6+db

Grapple 60%, damage Special

SPAS-12 auto-shotgun 50%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

Pepper spray 60%, damage stun 2D10 mins

SHABBITH-KA, God of the primal Song

STR 0 **CON** 100 **SIZ** 20 **INT** 20 **POW** 30
DEX 6 **MOV** 50' flying **HP** 60

WEAPONS: Engulf 90%, damage 6D6. Victims are left as desiccated purplish husks, which register as slightly radioactive.

ARMOUR: None, but material weapons (magical or not), fire, acid, electricity, etc. are useless, passing right through it. Spells work normally.

If Shabbith-Ka is somehow reduced to 0 Hit Points, it blows up and departs, as though the variant Elder Sign had been presented.

SPELLS: Keeper's discretion.

SANITY LOSS: Viewing Shabbith-Ka costs 1D3/1D20 SAN.

Seeing Shabbith-Ka disintegrate someone, or seeing a disintegrated purplish husk, costs 1/1D6 SAN.

TWO GUYS 'FROM OUT OF TOWN', age 40ish

STR 15 **CON** 15 **SIZ** 15 **INT** 11 **POW** 13
DEX 15 **APP** 14 **EDU** 14 **SAN** 55 **HP** 15
STR 15 **CON** 15 **SIZ** 15 **INT** 11 **POW** 13
DEX 15 **APP** 11 **EDU** 12 **SAN** 55 **HP** 15

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4.

EDUCATION: Dropped out of high school, but learned things on the street and well travelled.

SKILLS: Climb 60%; Computer Use 30%; Dodge 60%; Drive 60%; Fast Talk 35%; First Aid 55%; Hide 40%; Listen 50%; Martial Arts (Street Fighting) 60%; Persuade 60%; Psychology 45%; Sneak 60%; Spot Hidden 55%.

LANGUAGES: English 60%*.

WEAPONS: Punch 80%, damage 1D3+db.

Kick 65%, damage 1D6+db.

Grapple 80%, damage Special.

#1: .45ACP Auto Ordnance 1911A1 pistol 80%, damage 1D10+2

#2: 9mm Star Model B pistol 80%, damage 1D10

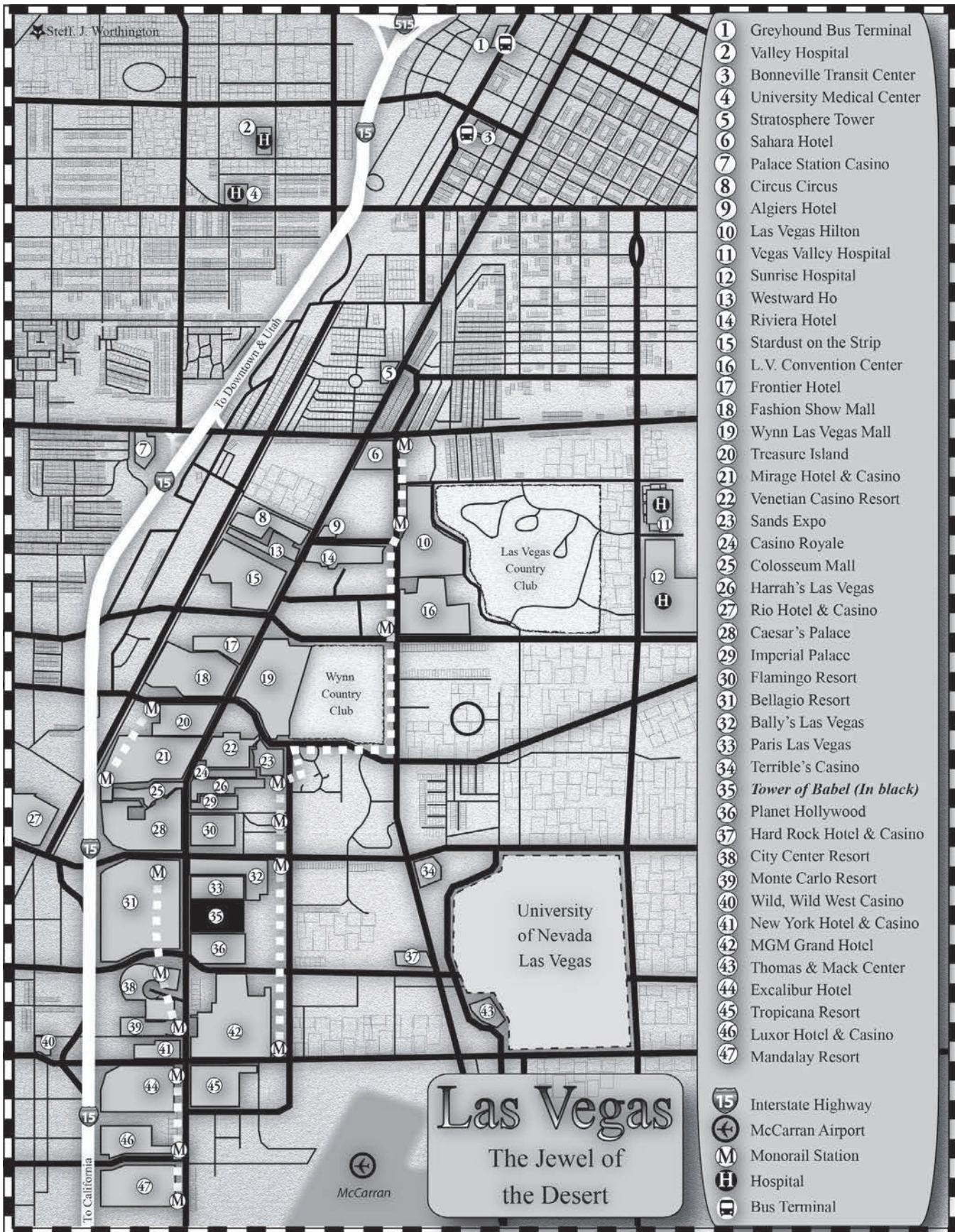
ARMOUR: Kevlar weave black executive protection suits, 70% chance of absorbing 4 points of firearm or impaling damage.

NOTES: #1 is Caucasian, has an APP of 14 and **Art (Dance)** at 50%.

#2 is African American and has **Psychology** at 55%,

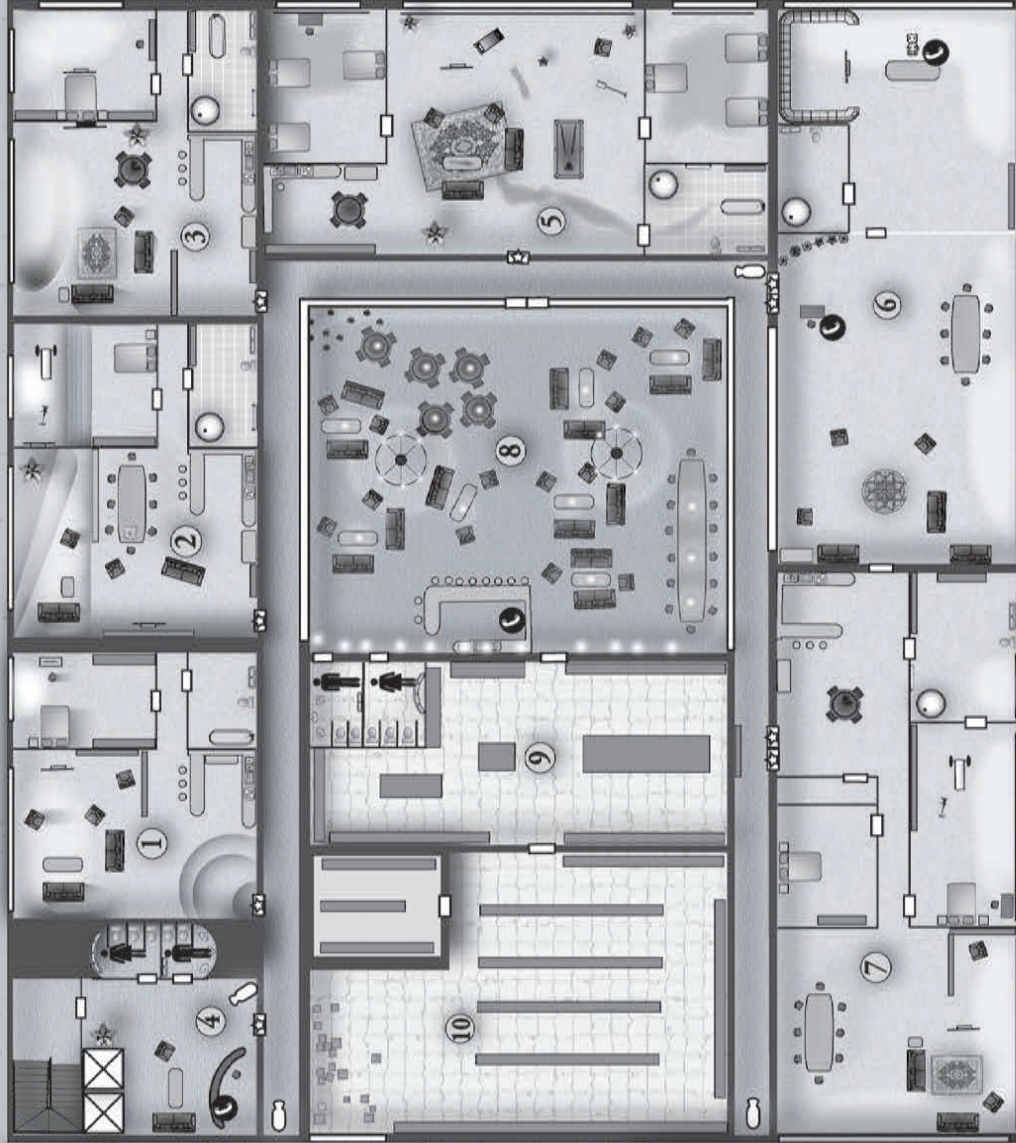
Knowledge (Europe) at 10%, **Other Language (French)**

at 10%, and **Quote Scripture** at 30%.



The Tower of Babel

29th Floor

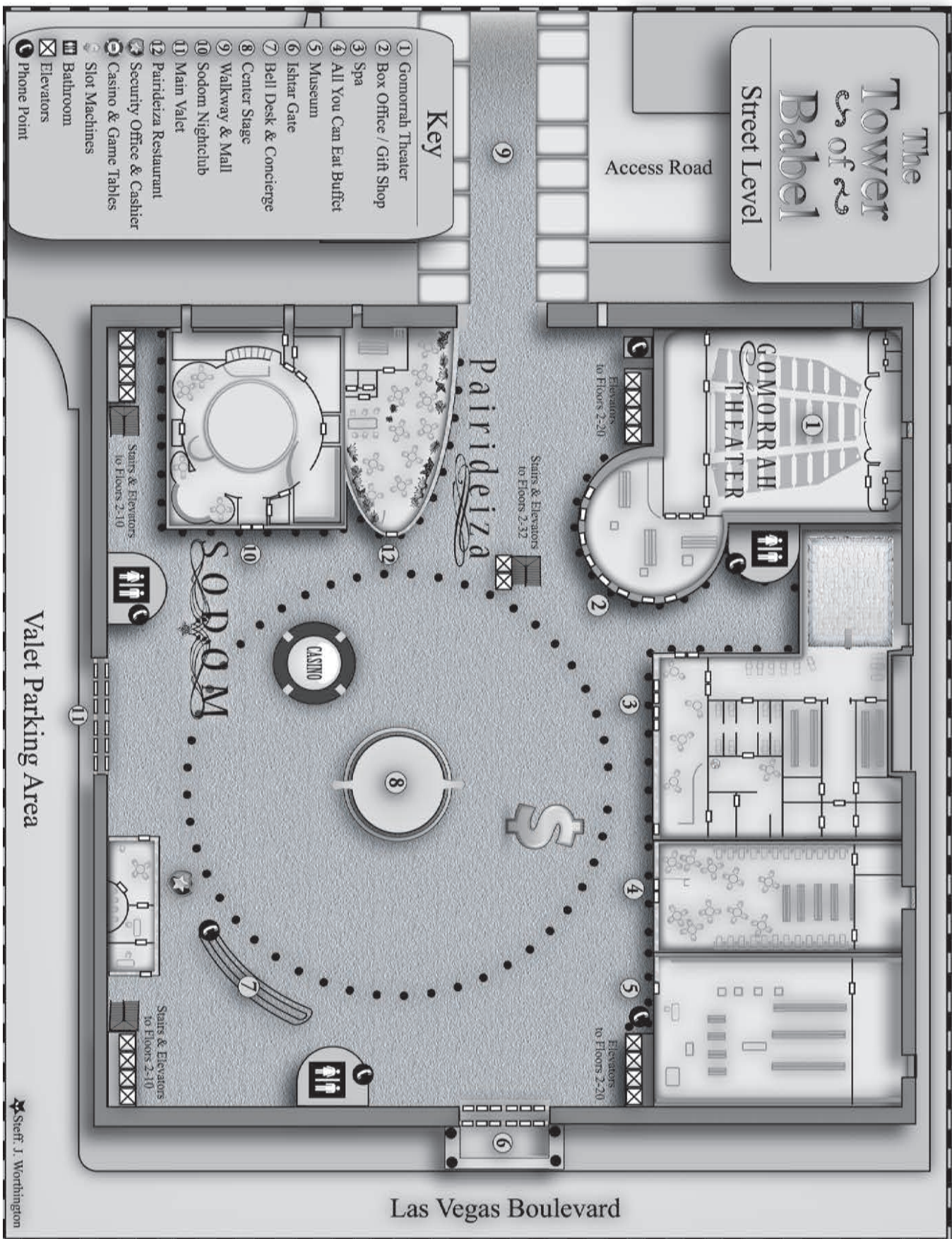


Key

- ① Guest Suite (W.A.C.I.)
- ② Guest Suite (Keeper's Choice)
- ③ Don & Linda's Ward's Suite
- ④ V.I.P. Concierge Lobby
- ⑤ Cultist Quarters
- ⑥ TC Productions Office
- ⑦ Todd Christopher's Suite
- ⑧ V.I.P. Hospitality Suite
- ⑨ Kitchen
- ⑩ Storeroom
- 🔑 Key Pass Lock Doors
- 📷 Security Cameras
- 🚪 Internal, non-secure doors
- 📞 Obvious Phone Points to Security

'Step Two' of the Ziggurat 9 Floors Below

'Step One' of the Ziggurat 19 Floors Below



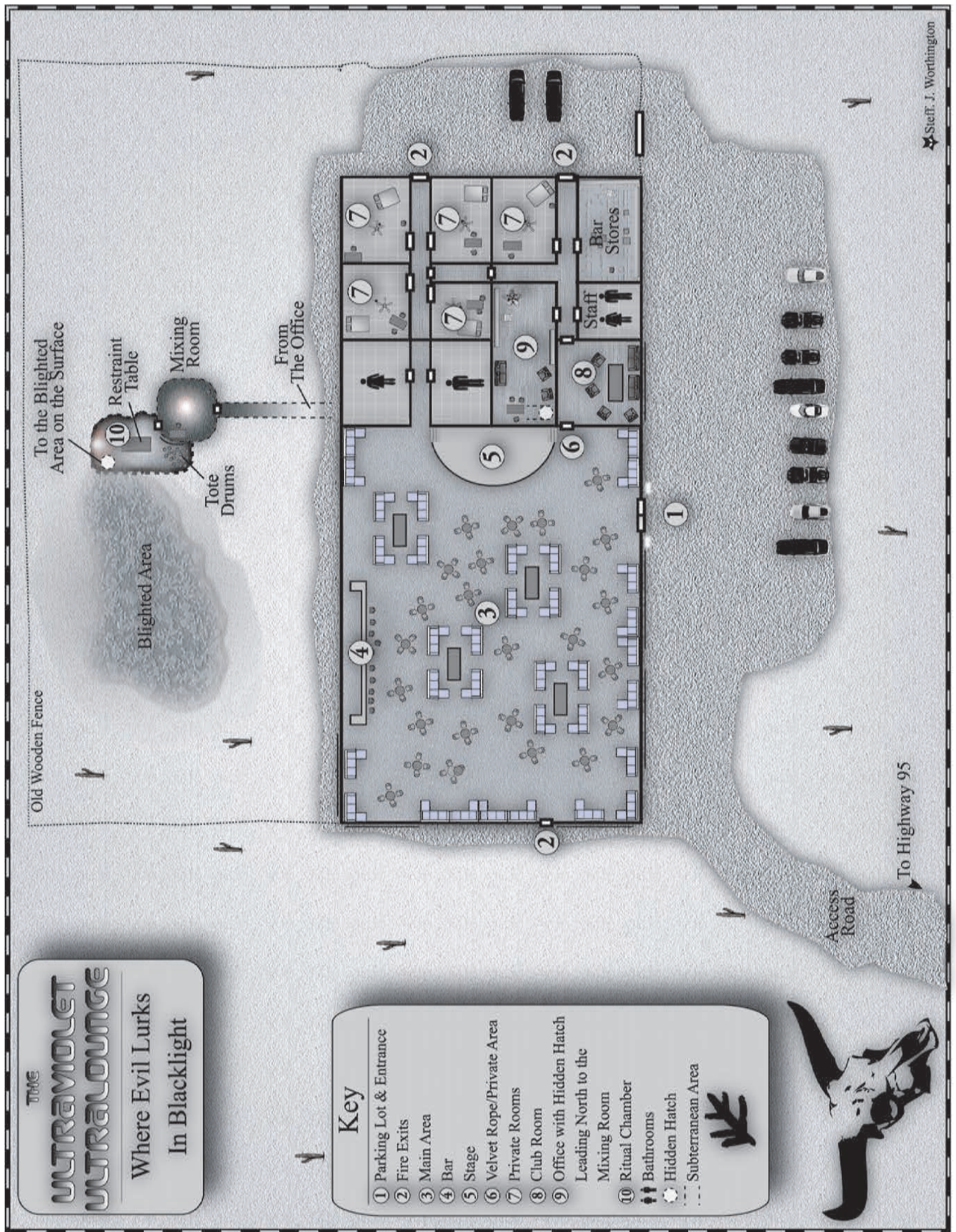
★ Steff J. Worthington

TIME
ULTRAVIOLET
ULTRALOUNGE

Where Evil Lurks
 In Blacklight

Key

- ① Parking Lot & Entrance
- ② Fire Exits
- ③ Main Area
- ④ Bar
- ⑤ Stage
- ⑥ Velvet Rope/Private Area
- ⑦ Private Rooms
- ⑧ Club Room
- ⑨ Office with Hidden Hatch
- Leading North to the
 Mixing Room
- ⑩ Ritual Chamber
- ♣ Bathrooms
- ⊙ Hidden Hatch
- Subterranean Area



★ Sheriff J. Worthington

Published by Authority.

From Saturday, September 3, to Saturday, September 10, 1666.

Printed, Sept. 8.

The ordinary course of this paper having been interrupted by a sad and memorable accident of Fire lately happened in the City of London: it hath been thought fit for satisfying the minds of so many of His Majesties good Subjects who must needs be concerned for the issue of so great an accident to give this short, but true Account, of the Morning there happened to break out a sad and memorable Fire in *Parish-church-lane*, near *New Fish-street*, which falling out at that hour of the night, and in a quarter of the Town so close built with wooden pitched houses spread itself so far before day, and with such distraction to the inhabitants and Neighbourhood, that care was not taken for the timely preventing the further diffusion of it, by pulling down houses as ought to have been; so that this lamentable Fire in a short time became so large, that it fell out most unparalelly too. That a violent Easterly wind fomented it, and kept it burning all that day, and the night following spreading itself up to *Greenwich-street* and downwards from *Greenwich-street* to the *Water-side*, as far as the *Zwey-Gates in the Vintry*.

The people in all parts about it distracted by the vastness of it, and their particular care to carry away their Goods, many attempts were made to prevent the spreading of it, by pulling down houses, and so continuing it, set even through those spaces, and arising in a bright flame all Monday and Tuesday, notwithstanding His Majesties own, and His Royal Highness's indefatigable and personal pains to apply all possible remedies to prevent it, calling upon and helping the people with their Guards; and a great number of Nobility and Gentry, unparalelly assisting therein, for which they were rewarded with a liberal donation of Money by the King: but all these endeavours by the favour of God the Wind abating a little on Tuesday night, & the Flames meeting with brick buildings at the *Temple*, by little and little it was observed to lose its force on that side, so that on Wednesday morning we began to hope well, and His Royal Highness never desisting or slackening his personal care wrought so well that day, assisted in some parts by the Lords of the Council before and behind it, that a stop was put to it at the *Temple*.

Church, near *Thoburn-hill*, *Pine-row*, *Allington*, *Crypt-church*, near the lower end of *Colman-street*, at the end of *Moine-hill-street* by the *Palace* at the upper end of *Blindwyke-street* and *London-hill-street*, at the *Standard* in *Cornhill* at the church in *Parish-church-street*, near *Quill-workers Hall* in *Mansion-house*, at the middle of *Mark-lane*, and at the *Tower-bridge*.

On Thursday by the blessing of God it was wholly beat down and burnt out again a fire at the *Zwey-gate* by the falling of some sparks (as it is supposed) upon a *Pile* of *Wooden* buildings; but His Royal Highness who watched there that whole night, and especially by applying Powder to blow up the Houses about it, before day most happily succeeded it.

Divers Strangers, Dutch and French were, during the fire apprehended, upon suspicion that they contained instructions to it, so that a severe prohibition here upon by my Lord Chief Justice *Keeble*, assisted by some of the Lords of the Privy Council; and some principal Members of the City, notwithstanding which suspicion, the manner of the burning all along in a Train, and so blown forwards in all his way by strong Winds, makes us conclude the whole was an effect of an unhappy chance, or to speak better, the heavy hand of God upon us for our sins, since we have seen of His Majesty's singular goodness, never to be acknowledged Hearty, in putting a stop to it when we were in the last depth, and that all attempts for quenching it however industriously pursued seemed ineffectual. His Majesty then sat hourly in Council, and ever since hath continued making rounds about the City in all parts of it where the danger and mischief was greatest, till this morning that he had sent his Grace the *Bishop of Exeter*, whom he hath called to his own and ban in all kind to the finishing this memorable deliverance.

About the *Zwey-gate* the reasonable orders given for shutting down the Houses to secure the Magazines of Powder was more especially successful, that part being up the Wind, notwithstanding which it came almost to the very Gates of it. So as by this early provision the general Stores of War lodged in the *Zwey-gate* were entirely saved: And we have further His Majesty's infinite goodness God has so, that the Fire did not happen where

The LONDONERS Lamentation.

Wherein is contained a forewarnfull Description of the dreadful Fire which happened in Pudding-Lane, near beyond Fish-street-hill on the second of September, 1666, betwixt twelve and one of the clock in the morning, being Sunday, and continued until the Thursday next following: VVith an account of the King and the Duke of York's endeavors, with several Peers of the Land, for the quenching of the flame; Also the manner of doing it, and the name of every particular place where the fire did stop.

Tune is, VVhen Troy town, &c.



Of water flow from every eye,
Of all good Soldiers in the Land;
Of all good Soldiers in the Land;
Of all good Soldiers in the Land;
Of all good Soldiers in the Land;
Of all good Soldiers in the Land;
Of all good Soldiers in the Land;
Of all good Soldiers in the Land;
Of all good Soldiers in the Land;
Of all good Soldiers in the Land;

The second of September, at
the fatal hours that twelve and one;
At mid-night, by the fire that
in Pudding-Lane and bright there;
Our Engines all could do no good;
Till Atlas lay where London stood.

At ever-flow'd down Fish-street-hill,
and then gave fire to Cannon-street;
The houses on the East, about the bridge;
until it burnt the flames into night;
As if it would have dy'd in the Flood,
And left death where the river floods.

RING CROSS TRUNPET

POLICE RAID SECRET RELIGIOUS CEREMONY

Gun Battle Ensues, Many Dead

Local Farmhouse Burnt to the Ground

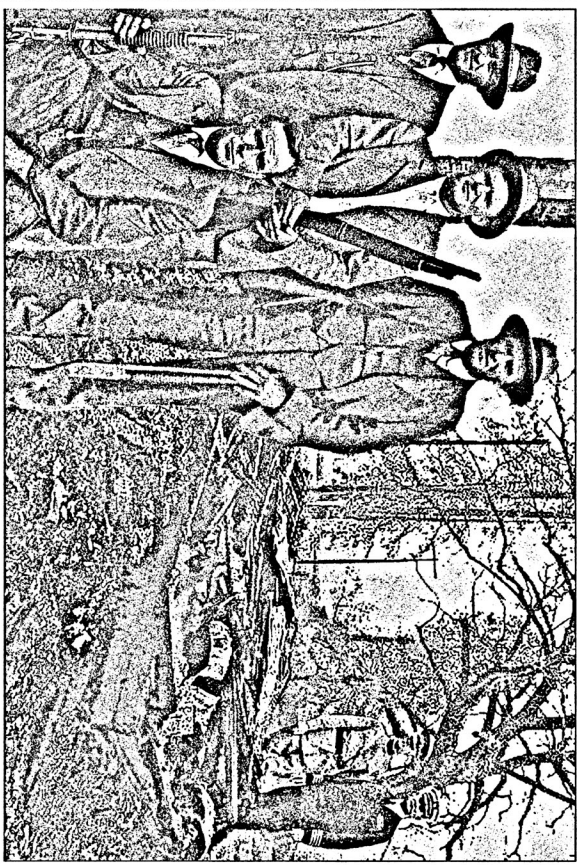
November 1, 1919.—Nick Richards, Local Reporter

Police from Charing Cross and towns throughout the county converged upon a midnight ceremony last evening, resulting in a pitched gun battle that ended with the deaths of all eleven members of a strange religious sect apparently calling itself the Keepers of the Primal Song.

Police, many of whom seemed visibly shaken by the incident, then burnt down the abandoned farmhouse at which the sect had been meeting just outside of town on the North Farm Road.

This fire is the apparent source of the strange purplish smoke noticed by town residents this morning. One officer, later identified by this reporter as Howard Petz, was hospitalized for treatment. Several other officers were treated for injuries and later released.

Town tax records show the land as being owned by Nils Carlsen, a man whom neighbors described as aloof and unfriendly. Carlsen's body could not be positively identified amongst those recovered after the fire.



LOCAL POLICE AT THE DESTROYED NORTH FARM



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Todd Christopher

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia



This biographical article needs additional citations for verification. It includes attribution to IMDb, which may not be a reliable source for biographical information. Please help by adding additional, reliable sources for verification. Contentious material about living persons that is unsourced or poorly sourced **must be removed immediately, especially if potentially libelous or harmful.**

Todd Christopher (born September 27, 1950) is an American actor, singer and producer. He is best known for his bubble-gum pop singing career in the late 1960s and early 1970s.

After decades away from show business, Todd recently resurfaced as the master of ceremonies in a Las Vegas production show, *Over the Edge*.

 Contents [hide]

- Personal life
- Career
- Discography
 - 1 Solo albums
 - 3 Singles
- Filmography
- Acting
- References
- External links

Personal life

[edit]

Todd was born in 1950 in Bismarck, North Dakota to James, an accountant and Dorothy, a homemaker and church choir leader. He is of Scottish descent. At the age of 16, Todd moved to California with the permission of his parents and enrolled in a school for the arts. His vocal talent and boyish good looks quickly led to a recording contract, a string of bubble-gum pop hits, national and international tours and regular mentions in teen idol magazines.

His biggest single, "Puppies and Kittens", was a #1 hit for several weeks in 1969. "Puppies and Kittens" showed off Todd's impressive vocal range and ability to hit and hold sustained high notes. By the time that Todd turned 20 in 1970, his recording contract had ended. Todd re-entered the recording studio in 1970 to record a more adult contemporary album, under the working title 'Never Say You're Sorry', but the project was abandoned in mid-production.

Todd dropped completely out of the public eye for decades, only being seen occasionally at nightclubs or industry functions.

Todd has never married and has no children; he was linked to a number of young models and actresses in his heyday.

Career

[edit]

Todd released his eponymous debut album in 1967. This was followed by the psychedelic-influenced *Sunshine In My Toaster* (1968); *The Love Closet* (1968); *Go Away, You're Too Old For Me* (1968); *Sneaking In Through The Back Door* (1968) (the controversial cover pictured a scantily clad Todd sneaking into the rear entrance of a studio, chased by screaming teenaged girls); *Apple of My Cry* (1968) (a ballad album); *Live at the BBC* (1968); *Three Short Breaths, One Long* (1969); *Nyah, Nyah, Can't Prove It* (1969); and finally, the critically-acclaimed *Boy Eats Girl* (1969).

All of Todd's albums were marketed at the teeny-bopper set and heavily promoted in teen idol magazines. All of his albums made charted in the US Top 100, although none advanced past number 89 until *Boy Eats Girl*.

Criticism

[edit]

Todd was occasionally criticised by music reviewers for squandering his obvious vocal talent on teeny-bopper albums. A review for *Boy Eats Girl* wondered why Todd, "who sounds like a radio-friendly cross between Roy Orbison and Michael Jackson", did not have bigger ambitions given how good his voice was. Todd was later quoted as saying "Hey, the chicks dig that kind of music".

Boy Eats Girl netted Todd his only charting single, 1969's "Puppies and Kittens" (#1, US). The same critic wrote that "the first single from the album, the cloying and syrupy 'Puppies and Kittens, both shows what Christopher could do with his voice if he put his mind to it, as it is destined to hit number one on the strength of his virtuoso performance and firmly places Christopher's picture in the dictionary next to the word 'wasted'".

Todd was a mainstay on late 1960s US variety hour programs, but his last appearance was in 1970.

In 2008, Todd resurfaced unexpectedly as the master of ceremonies for *Over the Edge*, a Las Vegas floor and variety show.

Discography

[edit]

Filmography

[edit]

Solo albums

- 1967: *Todd Christopher*
- 1968: *Sunshine In My Toaster*
- 1968: *The Love Closet*
- 1968: *Go Away, You're Too Old For Me*
- 1968: *Sneaking In Through The Back Door*
- 1968: *Apple Of My Cry*
- 1968: *Live at the BBC*
- 1969: *Three Short Breaths, One Long One*
- 1969: *Nyah, Nyah, Can't Prove It*
- 1969: *Boy Eats Girl*

Singles

- 1969: "Puppies and Kittens" (US #1)

References

[edit]



This article needs additional citations for verification. Please help improve this article by adding citations to reliable sources. Unsourced material may be challenged and removed. *(April 2007)*

External links

[edit]

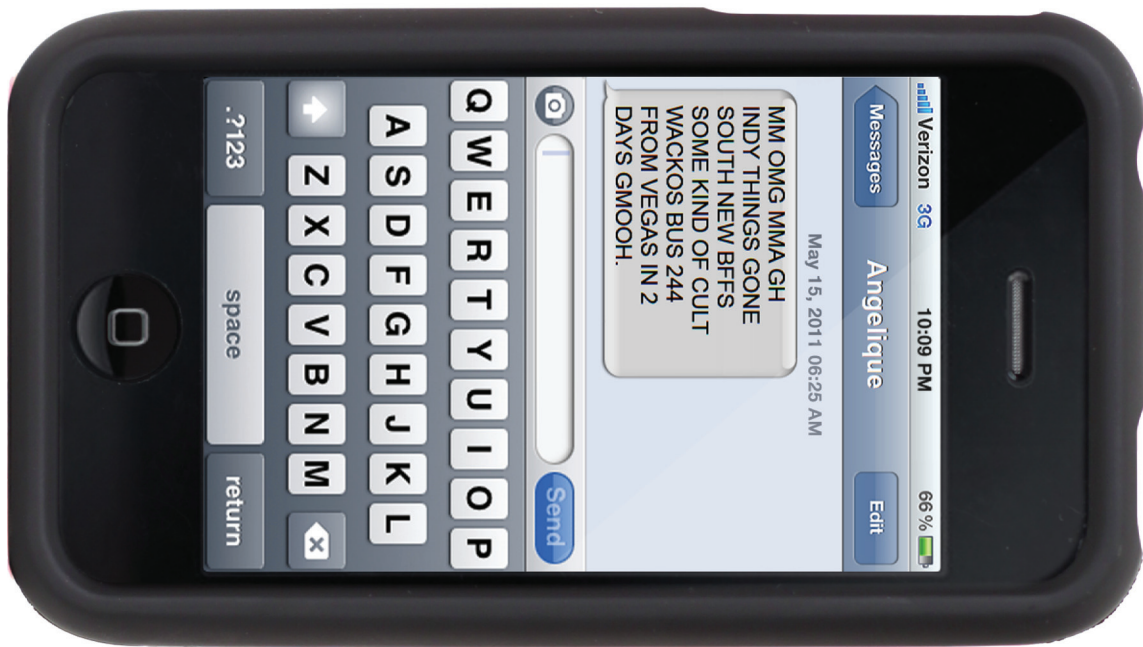
- Todd Christopher at the Internet Movie Database
- Number 1 Todd Fan's Unofficial Puppies and Kittens Site

Categories: American television actors | American male singers | Scottish-Americans | Residents of Las Vegas, Nevada | 1950 births | Living people

Todd Christopher

Cover of Todd Christopher's acclaimed 1969 Album, *Boy Eats Girl*.

Background information	
Birth name	James Kenneth McDaniel
Born	September 27, 1950
Origin	Bismarck, North Dakota, United States
Genres	Poprock
Instruments	Tambourine, Vocals
Years active	1967–1970, 2008–present



LOVE IN MY TUMMY

even today I still have a pair of his 501's in the back of my wardrobe.

One guy I never got to first base with was Todd Christopher. He dropped out of the music scene and went off the grid, for years—a couple people thought that he might have gotten drafted to 'Nam or something. Given how many people he did—of every shape, size, gender and variety—I never understood why I couldn't go there. But Todd had always been the poster child of the studio smooth over—I even heard a rumour that he was at the Bountiful Harvest fire in '76 and managed to get out. Todd must be made out of Teflon.

Heart-Throb Issue!

Vol 1., Issue 57 April, 1970

POP! Idols

TODD CHRISTOPHER

**Still
only
25¢**

**Photos!
Interview!
Stickers!
POSTER!!!**

His Favorite First Date!

**Latest
Songs!**

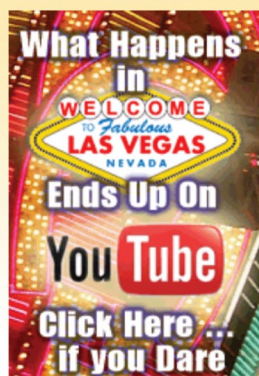
**Win a
Phone
Call
from
Todd!**

**Donny's
Hair Cut
Do You Like It?**



Vegas > Shows > Over The Edge

Over The Edge



[f Recommend](#) 108
 [Tweet](#)
[+1](#) 0

Hosted by 60's Pop-Idol Todd Christopher, *Over The Edge* delivers two hours of astounding stunts and beautiful singing.

Like no other show. Truly a spectacle that must be seen (and heard) to be believed.

[Read the full review](#)

[More show details & tips](#)

[Buy Tickets](#)

Location:
Gomorrah Theater
[Tower of Babel Hotel & Casino](#)
3708 S. Las Vegas Blvd.
Las Vegas, NV 89109
[Map It](#)

Show Times: 10:00 p.m.
Wednesday - Sunday.

Prices From:
\$120.00

SALE [VIP Package Upgrade \(details\)](#)

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Show Review

Breath-taking stunts; Angelic voices

By Patty Hornlea

'*Over the Edge*' shows Wednesday through Sunday (Monday and Tuesday are dark) in the Gomorrah Theatre at the Tower of Babel Hotel & Casino. The Theatre is a three-storey high theater in the round, with plasma multimedia screens and state of the art laser displays, lighting, and sound. The show starts at ten o'clock in the evening, as do most adult-oriented shows in Las Vegas. Minors are forbidden, as is all photography. A booth right outside of the theatre entrance sells T-shirts, DVDs of the performance (for \$40), and a variety of other souvenirs.

Tickets are \$120 and no seat is bad. One upgrade is available-the VIP package. VIP tickets are \$300, but this gets you tickets right up front, a free drink (in a glow in the dark purple souvenir glass), and a VIP lanyard. VIPs are instructed to remain in their seats after the performance. Afterwards, they will be lined up and taken backstage for a highly structured meet and greet: shake the performers' hands (after using hand gel), get one thing signed (all of the performers have 8x10-inch publicity photos if you have nothing of your own to sign) and have a digital picture taken with the cast member of your choice (available for pickup 30 minutes later).

It is extremely difficult to get regular tickets on short notice, unless you are a guest of the Tower of Babel. VIP tickets can be obtained with a day's lead-time.

The performance lasts two hours. Alcohol is served by Tower of Babel cocktail waitresses (\$15 per drink). The doors open at 21:30. Before the show officially begins, some of the performers circulate through the crowd performing a variety of slightly dangerous stunts. The performers are quite a sight-each of has driven to the figurative end of Goth Street, turned left, crashed into the house, and beaten the homeowners senseless. Piercings in strange places, tattoos everywhere, body modifications, and hair of every color known to man predominate. All are young, fit and attractive, notwithstanding the outlandishness of their self-expression. Warm-up stunts include juggling knives in a flurry around unsuspecting audience members, doing a tumbling run of back-flips down the stairs to the stage floor, and challenging audience members to hold a high C note longer than they can (a solid minute).

The show itself is an impressive spectacle. Todd Christopher acts as MC and magician's assistant, pleasantly and accurately explaining why each stunt is so dangerous, and how many people have died attempting it. Among the features are tiger trainers; a high-wire act with no apparent net; long distance blade juggling (30-foot separation); apparently catching a live bullet in one's teeth; escaping from a straightjacket while inside a tank of water performed as a stunt, not an illusion; a three-storey parkour run which requires the participant to make a jump three stories up across a wide chasm that she has to catch with her hands; and blindfolded hurlbat throwing at a human target (Todd Christopher, who sings his #1 bubblegum era hit 'Puppies and Kittens' while tied to the target). The grand finale is a quadruple somersault on the flying trapeze, with no apparent net, followed by a human cannonball.

During set changes, a multicultural singing troupe performs a series of dance routines involving amazingly beautiful singing-the thing that all of the reviewers of the show are uniformly appreciative of. Todd participates, often singing the lead part in what are best described as polyphonic chants in the round, accompanied by difficult (and painful) looking acrobatic dances. The singing is accompanied by a musical drone and drums. Six members of the dance troupe are very tall (6' 6" plus), thin, light-skinned Africans with straight or wavy blond hair and blue eyes; the others are three young women and Todd himself. The language in which they sing (if it is a language) cannot readily be identified. The singing interludes are accompanied by oddly beautiful light effects, purple glows and auras surrounding the singers without apparent source.

[Buy Tickets](#)

Show Details & Tips

Show dates:
Daily (Except Mondays & Tuesdays).

Not Showing:
Monday - Tuesday.

Phone Number:
(702) 492-5555
(866) 80-SHOWS

Age restrictions:
Must be 18 years of age or older

Show length:
120 minutes.

Prices From:
\$120.00

Price Note:
Seats located in row A can only be purchased as part of the **VIP Package**, which also includes a free drink, a backstage "Meet & Greet", and a limited edition '*Over The Edge*' souvenir lanyard.





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Quick Steps Move Tags Find

Reminder

Todd Christopher [tchristopher@tcproductions.com]

Sent: Saturday, 14 May 2011 3:09 PM
To: lil-eresh@yahoo.com <Lil Eresh>
Cc: Todd Christopher [tchristopher@tcproductions.com]

Sweetie, don't forget, Ultraviolet @ 2, take it easy on your voice at the show tonight.

See more about: Todd Christopher

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APPENDIX C

A BRIEF DISCUSSION OF OTHER LAS VEGAS WEIRDNESS

Following are a few tidbits intended as thought provokers for follow up or side adventures in and around Las Vegas. As I said in the foreword, I'm not holding this out as 'Secrets of Las Vegas' or a travel guide. Still, I would feel remiss if I did not briefly touch on some other local weirdness.

Area 51

'Area 51' is the nickname for an Air Force base located roughly 80 miles north-northwest of Las Vegas. Actually, it is only one (Area 51) out of many numbered 'Areas' of the much larger Nellis Air Force Range, which includes a variety of restricted access government sites.

Area 51's existence was, for a long time, officially denied and classified. However, as the result of a workplace injury lawsuit involving hazardous chemicals, the US Government had to impose an after-the-fact exemption from federal hazardous waste disposal laws, to keep the activities there from becoming public through the lawsuit.

As a result, it is now officially known in US Government records as 'The Air Force's Operating Location Near Groom Lake, Nevada', with a special environmental law exemption all its own. Some people do work there periodically; they are bussed in and out, but what they do is classified.

Well, what they do there is at least as classified as it can be in this era of satellite photography, Google Earth, and the Internet. By way of example, here is a satellite photography map and 'educated guesses' at each building's function: www.dreamlandresort.com/area51/area51map.html.

It is generally believed that the function of Area 51 is as a beta testing facility for new aircraft. Over the years, satellite photography has revealed increasing numbers of runways being installed and the facility is currently home to the longest runway in the world (23,270-feet, or roughly 4 miles).

It also received, a few years ago, an airport designation (KXTA) which popped up on aircraft navigation databases. This was quickly followed by a warning to pilots not to go anywhere near KXTA.

Area 51 is, of course, the subject of many, many UFO conspiracy theories. Two of the big ones, for *Call of Cthulhu* purposes, are that it is the home to reverse engineering efforts aimed at alien spacecraft (or other-dimensional thingies), as well as the headquarters of the black ops government UFO agency, MAJESTIC-12. Kindly refer to Pagan Publishing's *Delta Green* sourcebooks for a workup of these conspiracy theories into the modern day Mythos.

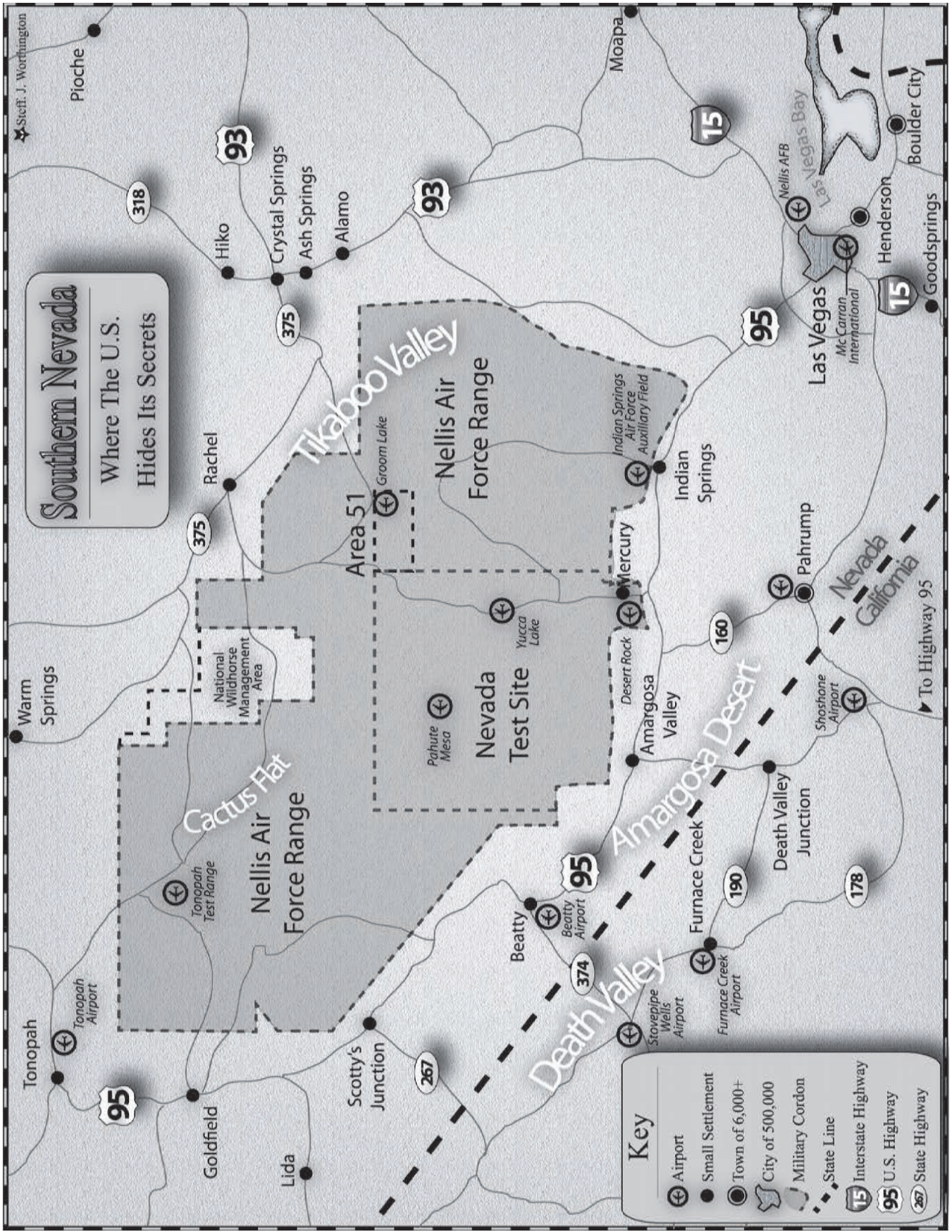
A better question might be the reason underlying one of the code names for the area—'Dreamland'.

The road passing closest to an entrance to the reservation, Nevada State Highway 375, is known as the 'Extraterrestrial Highway'. A number of businesses along the highway in the small town of Rachel cater to the UFO tourist crowd.

Atomic Testing Range/Nevada Test Site

Area 51 is hardly the only fun government installation in Southern Nevada and to my way of thinking, it is not even the most interesting. Far more interesting is the Nevada Test Site. This area, which adjoins Area 51 to the southwest, is home to both the Yucca Flats nuclear waste depository (underground vaults of spent reactor fuel) as well as the Nevada Test Range (where some 739 US nuclear test blasts were conducted after the invention of the atomic bomb—out of a total of 928 tests to date). It is an immense piece of territory 1,375 square miles in size. At least, radioactive waste is what they want you to think is being stored deep under the desert. Who knows what is really being stored down there?

The test site itself is largely unoccupied nowadays, although there is a sizeable, moth-balled base present. One can, by prior appointment, even take guided tours (!) of some areas. These are offered monthly and can be a hard ticket to acquire. No cameras are allowed and no 'souvenirs' can be removed. However, if you want to see faux villages built in order to see how they would survive an atomic blast at various distances, this is the place.



AREA 51 AND SOUTHERN NEVADA

If you are interested in going, here is the US Dept. of Energy site that you can apply to www.nv.doe.gov/outreach/tours.aspx (The tour is already full until early 2013, as of this book goes to layout). There is actually a town, Mercury, within the boundaries of the test range that is still manned by a (now) skeleton crew. During the 1980s and 1990s, several thousand people lived there in what amounted to a civilian military base. There are still dining facilities and a bar, although apart from the guided tours, the town is not accessible to the general public.

One wonders if atomic tests were the only ‘survivability’ experiments being carried out there. This is particular noteworthy with respect to the Sedan area on the testing grounds. Sedan was (supposedly) an experiment to explore the ‘peaceful’ use of nuclear devices for civil engineering projects such as harbour creation. In 1962, an underground test (supposedly) left behind a quarter mile in diameter, 320-foot deep hole in the ground. Unless that’s just a cover story for what really happened, of course.

Lost Cities and Other Things Under Lake Mead

Lake Mead is actually a reservoir, located about 30 miles south of Las Vegas. It was created by diversion flooding from the construction of the Hoover Dam in the 1920s–1930s.

There are all kinds of fun things under Lake Mead. Prior to the dam’s construction, there was a huge archaeological site of the Anasazi pueblo-dwelling culture, with ruins stretching for several miles. Lake Mead submerged most of it. One almost wonders if, perhaps, the diversion path was not deliberate. Some of the Anasazi ruins remain above water and relatively unexplored.

The remnants of one fairly well populated former town, St. Thomas, can also be seen when lake levels are low. St. Thomas was founded by Mormon settlers in 1865, but it was abandoned by them in 1871, supposedly because the territorial line between Utah and Nevada was shifted. Others moved in. St. Thomas was finally completely abandoned in 1938 due to the rising waters. Perhaps the nearby ancient, mammoth, ruined Anasazi city had more to do with the 1871 evacuation. (climate.weather.com/articles/lakemead.html?page=1).

In 1948, a B-29 bomber crashed into Lake Mead while conducting classified experiments. The bomber is still there. Supposedly, it was carrying novel scientific equipment, code-named ‘Suntracker’, whose purpose was to track solar variation (shifts in the frequency content of solar radiation). This, at least, is the latter-year declassified version of the story. What was it really carrying? Did it have some connection to the now-submerged Anasazi city? Some enterprising folks have organised dive expeditions to investigate this wreck in the past decade: www.indepthconsulting.com/B29/B29Lost.htm.

Liberace Museum

No visit to weird Nevada is complete without a trip to Liberace Museum in Las Vegas. This post-modern, neon-decorated pair of buildings houses the late pianist and showman Walter Liberace’s collection of ostentatious belongings. They fall into four general categories: jewellery, stage outfits, automobiles, and pianos. Many of the holdings are glitzy to the point of kitsch and beyond—gemstone encrusted capes, ostentatious candelabras, highly customised cars (e.g., a mirror-covered Rolls-Royce), and the like.

However, Liberace also collected antiques, such as rare pianos from the 18th century, cabinetry, and the like. The museum also serves as a performance venue for local musicians and might be a fun alternate place for a final showdown with Todd Christopher *et al*. In addition, who knows what the provenance of some of the antique pianos and furniture might be? (www.liberace.org/index.php/the-museum/fees-hours-groups).

Urban Legends

A couple of highly popular urban legends also got their start in Las Vegas. One is the kidney snatcher: a hotel patron staying in Las Vegas is said to have awakened after a night of partying in a tub full of ice, minus a surgically removed kidney. A nearby note advises the victim to call 911 for assistance.

Another is the hidden body in the honeymoon suite. (This one, actually, makes a great set piece for *Lost in the Lights* if you can logically work it in). A couple is staying in a honeymoon suite at a Las Vegas hotel. One of the couple drops something under the bed and as they are looking, notices that something seems to be inside the box of springs. When they lift the mattress, they discover that part of the box of springs had been removed and that in the hollowed out space was a mummified body.

The body belongs to someone who ran afoul of organised crime inside the room and it had to be hidden, as it could not be snuck out of the hotel due to all the cameras.

Ghosts

A small sampling of the ghosts endemic to the Las Vegas area:

- ▲ Elvis Presley—said to haunt the Las Vegas Hilton;
- ▲ Redd Foxx—said to haunt his former home on South Eastern Avenue;
- ▲ Bugsy Siegel—said to haunt the Flamingo Hotel & Casino;
- ▲ Liberace—said to haunt the Tivoli Gardens bar, next door to the Liberace Museum;
- ▲ Actress Carol Lombard—said to haunt the area around Mt. Petosi, Nevada, about thirty miles southwest of Las Vegas, where she was killed in a plane crash in 1942;
- ▲ Tupac Shakur, gunned down at the intersection of Koval and Flamingo near the Las Vegas Strip.

Finally, I would truly be remiss if I did not, in the context of this scenario, mention the murder trial of one Samuel Marquez. Mr. Marquez is serving a 100-year sentence for the baseball bat murder of a Las Vegas bartender in 2001. At trial, he sought to plead insanity, but the judge refused to allow it, finding that his claims failed to meet the threshold for insanity under Nevada law.

Mr. Marquez, originally from El Salvador, claimed that the ghost of a dead woman had haunted him since

childhood. The ghost had killed his sister and, he claimed, would kill him unless he did as it commanded. Following her commands, he killed the bartender and cleaned out the cash register.

This was all caught on videotape, of course, except for the ghost part. The ghost was invisible, he claimed.

On appeal, a divided panel of the Nevada Supreme Court found that Mr. Marquez was not entitled to a jury instruction on insanity. ■

APPENDIX D

DELTA GREEN CONVERSION NOTES

Delta Green (for those not in the know) is a setting for modern-day *Call of Cthulhu*. It belongs to the Delta Green Limited Partnership and is published by Pagan Publishing.

The setting posits, briefly, opposing quasi-governmental conspiracies, some in league with the Mythos (primarily MJ-12) and some (Delta Green) opposed. *Delta Green* follows a classic cell structure to limit damage in the event of compromise. Agents are typically a mix of government employees who have been exposed to the Mythos and their 'read in' associates.

If running *Invisible Sun* as a *Delta Green* scenario, few adjustments are needed. In fact, the scenario was written with the possibility in mind. A few things to highlight and staging notes are appropriate, however.

Scene 1, South Bend, IN:

The cell likely to be activated would ideally have both legitimate government investigators and non-government personnel. Employees of the EPA, CDC, Homeland Security, or the Dept. of Justice would be good selections. So would someone who knows his way around radiation hazards. These people will open up the 'legitimate law enforcement' lines of investigation.

If someone else in the cell has underworld connections, is a celebrity, or is otherwise notoriously wealthy, then the rest of the lines of investigation are open. A security systems expert would also be very valuable.

The referring cell will have made a tentative connection between the 'bathroom incident' and Angelique (since she was supposed to come in on a bus leaving the same morning and one passenger is unaccounted for). The investigators should be encouraged to confirm this and to figure out why she might have gone to Las Vegas in the first place.

Possibilities for Delta Green involvement might include Abner Adams being a 'friendly', or general concern about the preternatural way in which a bathroom was rendered a radioactive nightmare, with no one other than the victim going in or out, in the space of two minutes. That, plus the suggestion of some kind of cult involvement, should be more than enough to get someone's attention.

The problem is that it will also get someone else's attention and MJ-12 will be watching to see if anyone who looks a little 'green' starts poking around. They will be running a parallel operation.

Reasonable research requests might be allowed to find some of the cult's history and prior incidents.

Scene 2, Arrival and the Bus Terminal:

The investigators still will not get into the bathroom, since no one wants to expose the public to any residual radiation.

A 'green box' might be available. It would certainly include a small, concealable Geiger counter and the name of the best doctor in the area at treating radiation sickness. That should get a rise out of them. Reliable firearms and a warning note about not taking guns into casinos should also be included.

The investigators should be careful when dealing with Federal agents, who might decide to check up on any stories that they give to explain their presence in Las Vegas and why they are investigating the radiation occurrence. Bob Green from OSHA might be a 'friendly', if the agents are horribly stuck.

Scene 3, Tower of Babel Hotel & Casino and Las Vegas Investigations:

A 'friendly' can get them tickets to the 'Over the Edge' show, including VIP lanyards, for any night they wish.

Scene 4: Interview: Todd Christopher himself:

No help will be forthcoming here; Todd will not talk to anyone that he does not have to.

Scene 5, 'Lucy's Got Some 'Splainin To Do':

No help will be forthcoming here, either. Delta Green cannot clear out the 'whales' from the twenty-ninth floor and do not have any 'friendlies' positioned to help without attracting undue attention. The agents will have to handle excursions onto the twenty-ninth floor on their own.

If the agents manage to get their mitts on a copy of *Illugi's Saga* and get it back to A-Cell, the Keeper might give them some cult history and prior incident feedback given A-Cell's access to the stacks of the Library of Congress.

If the investigators are arrested for breaking and entering, whether or not someone within the Las Vegas law enforcement community is positioned to help them and how far they are willing to go in doing so, is a matter for the Keeper's discretion.

Susan Grosvenor loves hard-boiled, desperate secret agents.

Scene 6, The 'Over the Edge' Show:

Whether to allow an upstream research request into the contents of the 'Over the Edge' DVD is in the Keeper's discretion. The author recommends allowing it if Claudia Cantarelli is shown the DVD of the show and freaks out, as that would be cause for serious concern.

Scene 7, Looking for Trouble & 'Ultraviolet':

Someone in some cell somewhere might know someone, who might have a cousin who knows about a number that someone might call for a good time. But where Delta Green really shines is when it comes to cooking up a fake identity that will withstand Helga's rather casual scrutiny. They definitely know somebody in Las Vegas who can whip up any necessary fake identities for people who have no business partying at the Ultraviolet Ultralounge, on 24 hours' notice.

Scene 8, The Ultraviolet Ultralounge:

No help will be forthcoming in terms of getting into the ritual room. (In fact, any MJ-12 agents who have tried to tail them out to the club are going to be both frustrated and extremely curious about how they disappeared).

Scene 9, Puppies and Kittens:

The big showdown will almost certainly be impacted by the fact that the investigators are part of a shadowy, Mythos-busting conspiracy.

Things are going to happen very quickly, depending on whether they report back and what they do with the sound studio/ritual room. If they send back a disk of the video sessions, then about 30 hours after it arrives, favours are called in, and reinforcements for some wet work directed at Todd Christopher arrive. This will only be timely if Todd Christopher remains unaware of the investigators' incursion into the basement of the Ultralounge.

If Todd Christopher does become aware the investigators' incursions and enquiries he will become very 'proactive' in his response. He had heard rumours of the existence of Delta Green whilst in Vietnam. Todd can play 'possum' or rampaging rattlesnake according to the investigators' approach.

If MJ-12 gets an inkling that Todd Christopher is in 'control' of something as weapon-ready as Shabbith-Ka, they are going to move extremely quickly to apprehend him alive and 'sanitise' those who know too much, triggering the end game. This would include all cultists (erring on the side of caution) and everyone who happens to be in the Ultraviolet Ultralounge at the time (once they manage to figure out how to get in). It also includes the Investigators.

Alternatively, MJ-12 might try to get Todd in on their plans. Given the way Todd is, he might decide that it sounds thrilling, or decide that killing the MJ-12 agents and staging a *Curtain Call* sounds more thrilling, especially if they try to bully him.

Scene 10, Repercussions:

Any meaningful involvement in a violent showdown at the casino will make the investigators media targets. They will probably need new identities in order to continue working as Delta Green agents. ■