

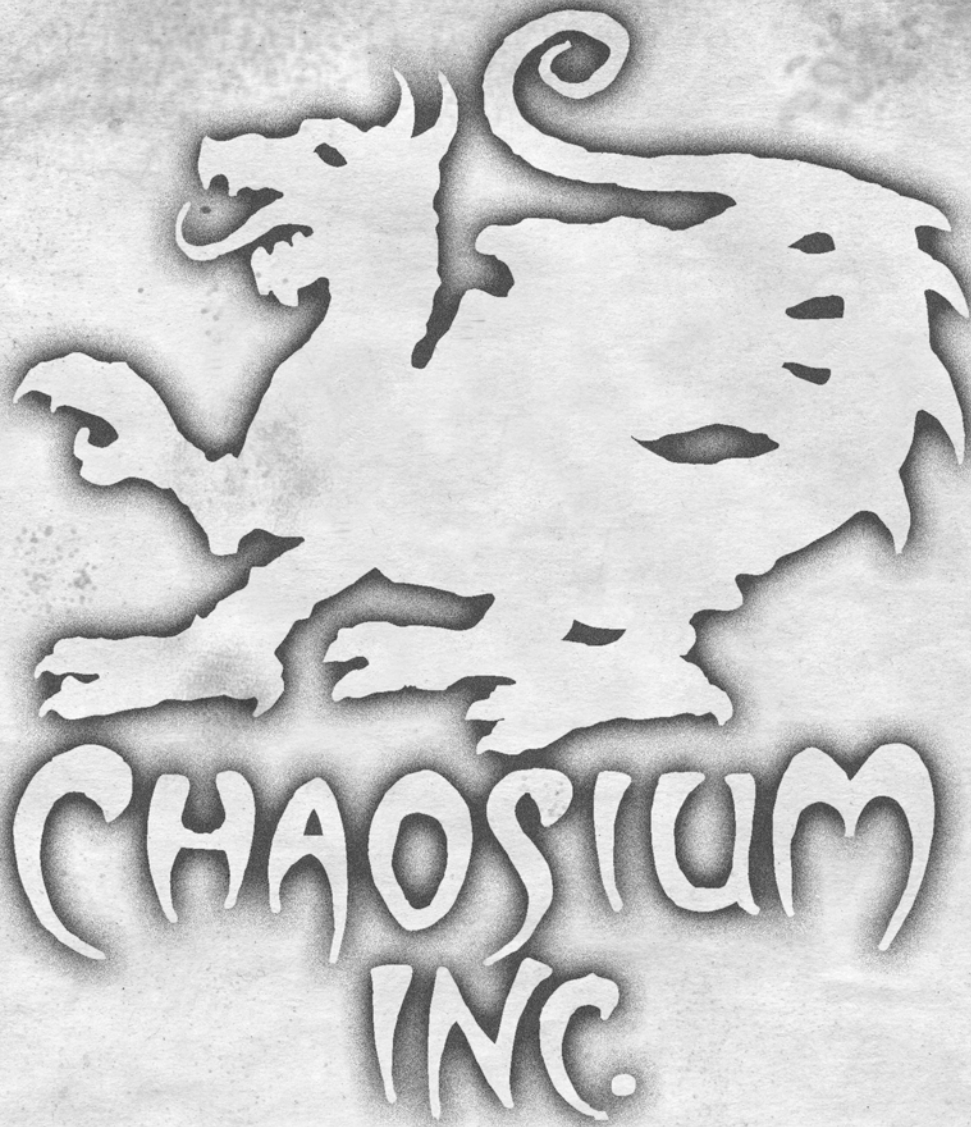
1920s  
& 1930s

# Terrors From Beyond

Nightmares Unraveled  
in Six Scenarios

Sumpter, Courtemanche  
Sammons, Almack,  
White, Conyers





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# TERRORS FROM BEYOND

**Nightmares Unraveled in Six Scenarios**

*By*

**Gary Sumpter  
John Almack  
Glyn White  
Brian Courtemanche  
Brian Sammons  
David Conyers**

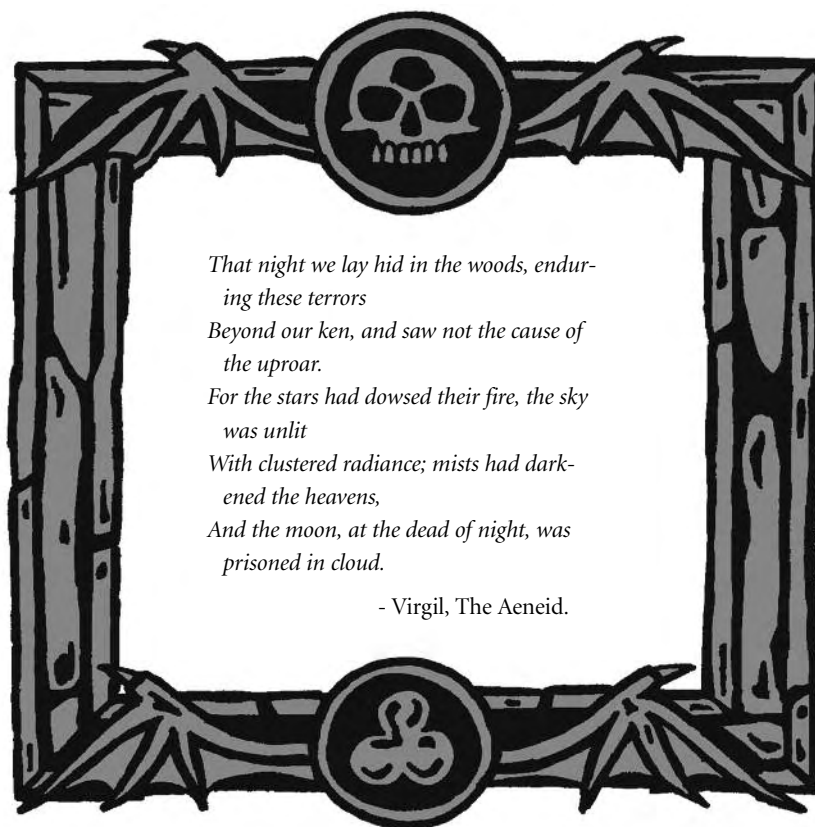
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*That night we lay hid in the woods, enduring these terrors  
Beyond our ken, and saw not the cause of the uproar.  
For the stars had dowsed their fire, the sky was unlit  
With clustered radiance; mists had darkened the heavens,  
And the moon, at the dead of night, was prisoned in cloud.*

- Virgil, The Aeneid.

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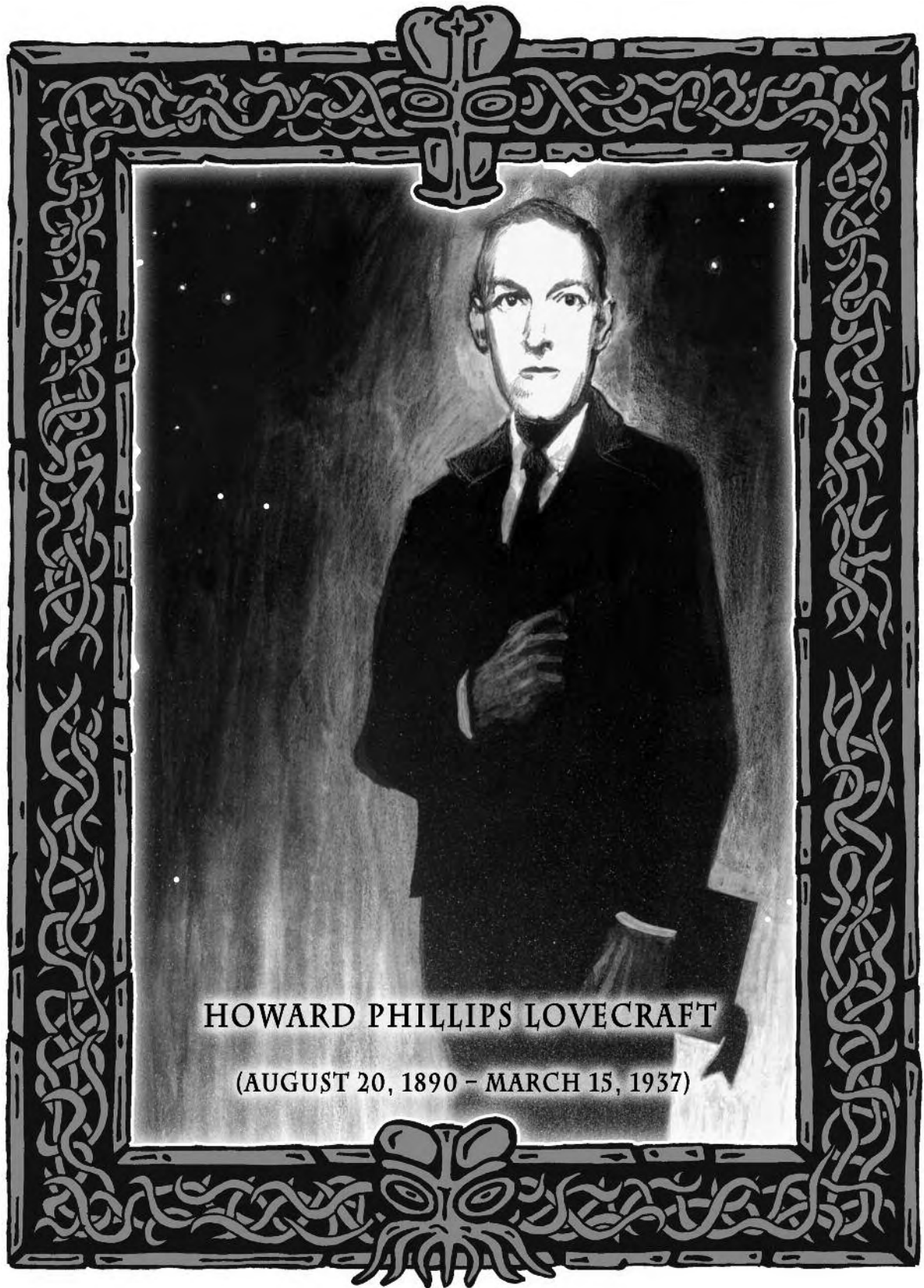




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HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

(AUGUST 20, 1890 - MARCH 15, 1937)

# Ghost Light

by Gary Sumpter

*I prophesy disaster and then I count the cost . . .*

*I shine but, shining, dying,*

*I know that I am almost lost.*

– Peter Hammill, *A Plague of Lighthouse Keepers*

Perched on a bleak and inhospitable rock off the coast of Scotland, the Hallowsay Light has guided sailors for over seventy years. Now its beacon has gone inexplicably dark, imperiling the ships that ply the waters of the North Atlantic. The news has reached the lighthouse tender *Helios*, already steaming toward the island of Hallowsay for its fortnightly relief of the station. A search party, made up of three volunteers from the crew of the *Helios* and a relief keeper, is sent to investigate. What awaits them are horrors from another dimension.

## Game Master Information

To avoid confusion, “keeper” or “keepers” in this scenario refer exclusively to those who attend the lighthouse. The phrase “Game Master” applies otherwise.

Lighthouse keepers, in their isolated towers, are among the loneliest of creatures. Long hours of solitude and routine, punctuated only by infrequent contact with civilization, shackle the body and fetter the spirit of all but the most ingenious of men. Dr. Neil Fordyce is such a man: where his fellows chase solitary peace in music or handicrafts, Fordyce finds solace in knowledge and theorization. His mind wanders where his body cannot follow. From ancient myths and philosophical theories devoured during those long and tedious hours, Dr. Fordyce chanced upon a reference to the Hidden World, a dimension that appeared to offer a respite from unmitigated routine.

The method by which one might enter the Hidden World was said to lie within the hoary pages of Prinn’s blasphemous *De Vermis Mysteriis*, a copy of which exists in the California’s Huntington Library, near Pasadena. Through deceit Dr. Fordyce obtained a typewritten copy of passages from it, providing the formula for manufacturing a drug that opened a door to the Hidden World. It also contains specific precautions to be taken prior to its use. Fordyce’s typescript, while discussing the procedures themselves, unfortunately omitted Prinn’s warnings.

Oblivious to the necessity of the precautions, Fordyce used the drug and attracted the attention of one of the creatures that infest the Hidden World, a *ny’ghan grii*, and gave it entrance to this dimension. Recognizing his terrible error, Fordyce cast the formula and the remaining pellets of the drug into the fire – but it was too late. He and his fellow keepers were hunted down and killed by the creature; these sacrifices further pried open the gate between this world and the dimension of the *ny’ghan grii*, allowing more entities to manifest. New sacrifices, in the form of the player characters, allow even more *ny’ghan grii* to break through.





Upon learning that Dr. Fordyce would be attempting to concoct and use the drug, J. L. Hardy – a librarian at the Huntington – has written his Scottish correspondent to warn him of the great peril he faces (player Aid #1). This letter, bundled with the rest of the keepers' mail, is among the relief provisions that the investigators take with them to Hallowsay; the successful resolution of the scenario largely hinges upon how soon they discover it – if at all.

The adventure begins with the investigators answering the *Helios* captain's call for volunteers to assess the situation on Hallowsay.



### Investigator's Information

It is September 19, 1927. The lighthouse tender *Helios*, steaming its way to the fortnightly relief of the Hallowsay Light, has received word from several merchant vessels that the beacon has been dark for several consecutive nights. Lacking communication with the outside world, the lighthouse keepers could be ill, out of paraffin, or simply derelict in their duties. The lamp itself may be malfunctioning. Regardless of the cause, the absence of the light is a recipe for disaster in the treacherous waters of the North Atlantic. That no ships have floundered or run aground thus far is nothing short of a miracle.





## MOTOR VESSEL

*Motor vessel* is a stout little ship, a splendid steel, twin-screw motor vessel, with a sturdy crew. It is the ship's duty to convey stores to the isolated lighthouses along Scotland's northern coast and to conduct the fortnightly relief of personnel.

- Built 1899 by Paterson & Co Ltd, Glasgow and based at Stromness.
- Length: 168.2' Beam: 26.9' Draft: 13.5'
- Tonnage: 540 Gross, 232 Net
- Machinery: Twin-screw, 6-cylinder triple expansion steam engine, 140 nominal horse power
- Crew: 22 (5 officers, 17 men)

### MEN:

- Boatswain: in charge of all deck hands, directly supervises maintenance operations
- Seaman (6): makes rounds of the ship to insure that all is in order; ties up and unties the vessel to and from the dock and maintains the equipment on deck; keeps facilities clean

### OFFICERS:

- Master: the Captain, oversees all ship operations
- Chief Mate: second in command of the ship; directly responsible for all deck operations; ship's medical officer
- 2nd Mate: assists the Chief Mate; ship's navigation officer, keeps charts up to date; makes sure emergency survival equipment (lifeboats, life rings, etc.) are in order
- Chief Engineer: responsible for the satisfactory working and upkeep of the machinery and boiler plant
- 2nd Engineer: assists the Chief Engineer; has responsibility for the boilers
- Fireman (5): stands watch in the boiler room and insures the oil burning equipment is working properly; cleans engine room
- Telegraphist: maintains and monitors wireless, sends and receives messages
- Steward: in charge of provisions and dining arrangements
- Carpenter: builds, repairs and replaces all temporary and permanent wood construction
- Cook: stews, fries and bakes
- Boy: cleans galley and mess hall, sets tables, cleans officers' quarters



## The Lighthouse Keepers

*Although the investigators do not know the Hallowsay lighthouse keepers personally, the following information is common knowledge among the crew of the Helios.*

**Donald Graham, Principal Lighthouse Keeper:** He is forty-one years of age and married with four children. He resides in Stromness. Graham was formerly the captain of a herring trawler in Aberdeen. He is a melodeon player and possesses a rich baritone.

**Neil Fordyce, Assistant Lighthouse Keeper:** Dr. Fordyce is fifty-seven years of age. Widowed with no children, he resides in Stromness. He is an amateur poet and a retired professor of Scottish Literature – a Burns scholar – at the University of Edinburgh.

**Peter Scott, Assistant Lighthouse Keeper:** Twenty-four years of age and married with two children, Scott resides in Kirkwall. He is a woodcarver who whittles, from driftwood, toys for his two children. Scott is leaving the lighthouse service to emigrate to Canada with his young family: Archie Finlay is scheduled to relieve him upon the Helios' arrival at Hallowsay.

The best of everyone's knowledge, these keepers have spotless records through years of service. None has ever been cited for dereliction of duty.



### Player Aid #1

August 31, 1927

Dr. Neil Fordyce

P.O. Box 470

Stromness

Orkney, Scotland

Dear Dr. Fordyce:

I trust that I am misreading your most recent letter, in which you seem to be expressing an interest in applying the formula I previously supplied.

The author is quite clear in his warnings against attempting to do so without first having taken specific precautions, to wit: the Pnakotic pentagon and the cabalistic signs of protection. Although you did not mention it specifically, I trust you are familiar with the "Book of Iod" and its suggestion that He of the Gray Gulf may aid those who call upon him through use of the time-pellets?

I urge you to exercise all due caution. In the absence of these safeguards, there is not only grave danger to yourself, but you risk raising forces beyond your control.

Very Respectfully,

J. L. Hardy

Special Collections Librarian

•Treasure from a ship of the Spanish Armada is said to have been hidden on the island in 1588.

•In the nineteenth century, a shepherd reportedly found a gold doubloon among the heather.

•Some local fishermen swear that the island is the home of a fairy woman who is often seen by passing boats.

•After the War, some locals claimed that boxes of provisions with German markings were found, proving that a U-boat had visited the island secretly.

•According to Highland folklore, the site of the lighthouse was used as a meeting place for witches' covens and prior to that it used to be a Roman fort.

•Shepherds used to ferry their sheep across to the island to graze on the rich turf, but they themselves would never spend a night there, for the island is said to be haunted by spirits and by the "little folk".

•The island is haunted by the slough – the ghosts of drowned sailors.

•A keeper had to be removed from the island soon after the lighthouse was constructed because the round tower, and its lack of corners, drove him mad.

None of these rumors is relevant to the events at hand; whether there is truth to any of them is a matter for the Game Master to decide.

Now, as the island appears on the horizon – and despite the heavy seas – three sailors have answered the captain's call for volunteers, to go ashore in the jolly boat and investigate the situation. A fourth man, the relief keeper aboard the *Helios*, will accompany them and attempt to light the lamp before nightfall.

### Folklore of Hallowsay

Numerous legends and rumors about Hallowsay exist. The most famous, the White Lady of Hallowsay, is known to all aboard the *Helios*, though none claim to have seen her personally. Passing mariners sometimes see a ghostly female figure dancing around the lighthouse tower at night; this apparition is usually described as an angel in a white gown.

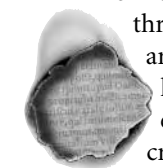
The ghost is literally a trick of the light, an illusion created from by the curved surface of the lighthouse's prism lens. This is not readily apparent to those on the island or in the tower itself. This reflection, in the shape of an hourglass, is cast into the bracken and swept along slowly as the lens revolves. Anyone seeing the White Lady of Hallowsay for the first time loses 0/1 point of Sanity.

Additionally, each player character may attempt a **Know** roll to recall one of the following:

## Running the Adventure

This scenario relies heavily on the Game Master's ability to convey the sense of utter isolation on the island. Apart from the lighthouse tender's visits, there is no communication with the outside world. When the gales are blowing, the surface of the sea is whipped into a demonic frenzy; it froths at the foot of the cliffs with a deafening roar. At times, the fog rises so high that visibility is virtually nil, and there is no hope of venturing out from the lighthouse.

Even the lighthouse itself is not a haven from the elements. When the wind rises, it shrieks past the windows and steals through the cracks in the walls and around the window frames with a high-pitched squeal. The fog inches its misty fingers into every crevice. Footsteps on the spiral stairway echo ominously and, toward the top of the tower, the monotonous tick-tock of the





## Player Aid #2

September 3, 1927

Dr. Neil Fordyce

P.O. Box 470

Stromness

Orkney, Scotland

Dear Dr. Fordyce,

I wish to inform you that, respectfully, the Library can entertain no further correspondence regarding De Vermis Mysteriis.

Assistance in the matter has previously been provided by Mr. Hardy under the mistaken belief that your interest was purely academic. Your recent letters, however, evidence a desire to effect a practical application of certain aspects of the aforementioned volume, which the Library cannot condone nor abet.

Sincerely,

*W. G. Cummings*

Director

mechanism which revolves the lamp has been known to discomfit rather than soothe. Doors and windows have the disturbing habit of opening and closing with no apparent cause. This is because the tower actually breathes – it allows air to move up and down the column to keep the interior dry and ventilated. Anyone climbing the stairs may feel as though someone is breathing down his neck or laying a clammy hand upon his shoulder. Lose Sanity 0/1 the first time this is experienced.

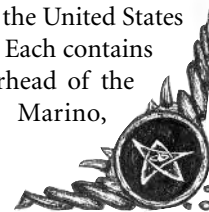
Occasionally, shortly after sunset, screeches and groans can be heard within the tower. Although this phenomenon has a purely scientific explanation – the rapid contraction of metal in the tower when evening brings a sudden drop in temperature – and it ceases shortly after midnight when temperatures moderate, the episode is unnerving enough to warrant a Sanity loss of 0/1 point the first time it is experienced.

## What's in the Bag?

Archie Finlay, one of the player characters, carries a canvas sack destined for the lighthouse keepers. The bag is waterproof and contains provisions, including several tins of Astley's No. 109 Medium Flake pipe tobacco, a tin of Walkers Highland Oatcakes, a bottle of Macallan 10 Years Old single malt whisky and a bundle of letters addressed to the keepers and held together with a rubber band.

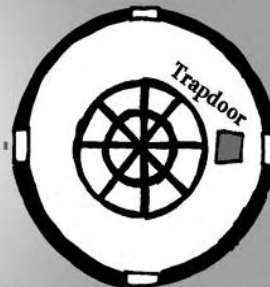
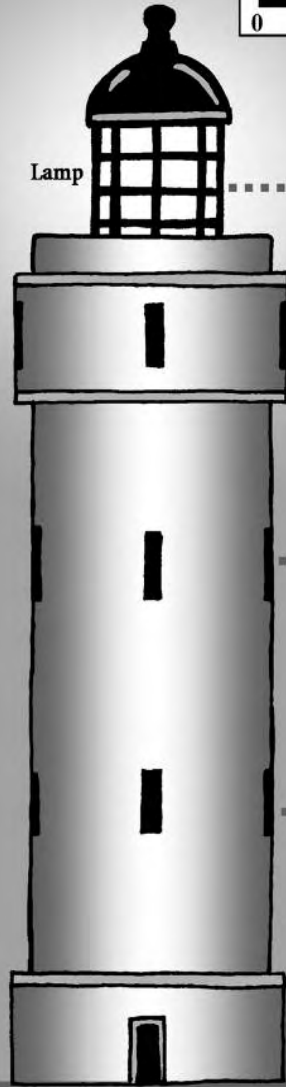
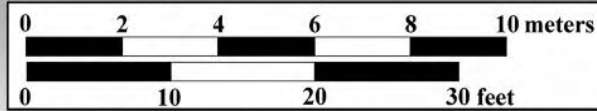


The mail mostly consists of letters and cards from relatives, mailed within the United Kingdom. Two envelopes, however, originated in the United States and are addressed to Dr. Fordyce. Each contains a typewritten letter on the letterhead of the Huntington Library in San Marino, California (Player Aid #2).

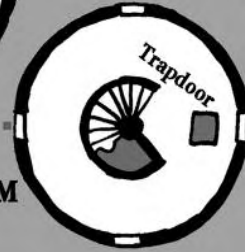




# Hallowsay Lighthouse



5th Floor:  
LAMP ROOM



4th Floor:  
WATCH ROOM



3rd Floor:  
LIVING QUARTERS



2nd Floor:  
COMMON ROOM



1st Floor:  
STORAGE ROOM

David Conyers © 2007



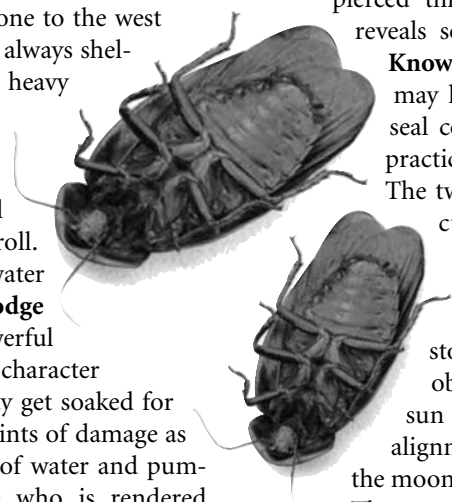
## On Hallowsay

No player character has set foot on Hallowsay, though the three sailor volunteers have, on several occasions, been aboard the *Helios* as it dropped off supplies to the island.

Hallowsay (Old Norse *helga-y*, or holy island) is on the outermost edge of the British Isles. A bleak and inhospitable rock no more than a few hundred yards across, it rears out of the cold waters of the North Atlantic and rises to a single central peak two hundred feet above sea-level. The terrain is heather, rocks, peaty bog-land and bracken. The rough scrub makes walking uncomfortable. Shepherds from the mainland no longer visit with their flocks; the soil, once fertile, has been rendered barren through years of over-grazing.

For most of the year Hallowsay is a gloomy and windswept place. The weather can be so atrocious and the swells so heavy that getting ashore is often impossible. The island is owned by the government, having been purchased by the Lighthouse Commissioners for £400 in 1852. A trio of lighthouse keepers notwithstanding, Hallowsay is home to nothing but nesting seabirds and rats inadvertently brought over on ships.

There are two landing-stages – one to the west and one to the east – so that one is always sheltered from the prevailing wind. In heavy weather the landings are not safe places to linger. Whenever an investigator visits one of the landings (apart from the party's initial arrival), call for a group **Luck** roll. Failure indicates that a surge of water breaks over the rocks. Individual **Dodge** rolls are necessary to escape the powerful wave. Success results in the player character scrambling to safety, though he may get soaked for his efforts; failure results in 3D6 points of damage as the victim is engulfed in the ridge of water and pummeled against the rocks. Anyone who is rendered unconscious by the damage is carried away and lost at



sea; otherwise the wretch may cling desperately to the rocks long enough for the wave to recede.

At the western landing, there is evidence of damage. Splintered wood and a number of ropes are entangled around a crane which has buckled and now leans at a precarious angle. It is clearly no longer safe to operate. A wooden chest containing ropes and lifebelts should be present, but there is no sign of the chest or its contents. An **Idea** roll suggests that the damage is not dissimilar to what might be expected from a rogue wave.

Everything at the eastern landing is in order. All ropes and lifebelts are properly stored in a wooden chest and the crane is in perfect condition. A sturdy handcart facilitates the transport of supplies to and from the lighthouse.

## Features, Natural and Otherwise

Although there is no written record of human habitation on Hallowsay, evidence of early human interest is abundant. Neolithic man lived here, or visited the island for religious purposes: Four standing stones, arranged in a linear setting, remain as evidence near the island's highest point. Nearby is a fallen stone with a hole pierced through it. Examination of the hole

reveals some deposits of cremated bone. A **Know** roll suggests that the holed stone may have been used for hand holding to seal contracts, including marriage, but in practice the hole is too small to allow this. The two middle stones are decorated with cup and cup-and-ring marks, and there is one cup on the southern stone. An **Archaeology** or **Astronomy** roll deduces that the stone alignment may have been for the observation of the declination of the sun at the winter solstice, and that the alignment might also be connected with the moon rising in its most southerly position. The actual use of the alignment is unknown.

Near the eastern landing there is a rock outcrop carved with dozens of cup and cup-and-ring marks. Some of the latter are conjoined and one cup has "rays" linking it to a single ring. At one end of the outcrop several cups have grooves running down slope from them. An **Archaeology** or **Occult** roll suggests that ancient priests could have filled the cups with blood from sacrifices, letting it run over the rock via the connecting gutters. As with the stone alignment, the original purpose is unknown.

Ruins dated at the ninth century by a **Know** roll are found near the center of the island. Sheltered in a hollow, the low, broken walls of what may have been a hermit's monastic cell, a 20 square foot chamber, can still

### Lighthouse Physical Data

The Hallowsay Light was established in 1856 to warn passing ships of treacherous reefs around the island. All stores – including household goods, spare parts and paraffin – are landed once a year by the lighthouse tender *Helios*, whose duty it is to convey stores to the isolated lighthouses along Scotland's northern coast. The *Helios* also conducts the fortnightly relief of personnel. On many occasions, however, the island has been cut off for days by heavy seas which make a landing impossible.



be seen. Within these ruins, a puddle of black ooze glistens. This viscous, tar-like substance defies identification but, on closer inspection, exudes a putrid odor of decay. The ooze is all that remains of an unfortunate lighthouse keeper, hunted down by the ny'ghan grii and destroyed by process of devolution.

The soft sandstone and the faults in the rocks of Hallsays's coastline have resulted in a distinctive and spectacular landscape of caves, arches and sea stacks. Some of the more remarkable examples have been named, and appear on the nautical chart.

- *Castle Rock* – A pinnacle, formerly over a hundred feet high, which has fallen and is now resting against the cliff. The sea makes an unsettling gurgling noise as it churns among the huge boulders.
- *The Deil's Heid* (Devil's Head) – An impressive sea stack vaguely resembling a sphinx-like face. Grass grows on the top of this otherwise bare rock, the base of which may be reached on foot at low tide.

- The Needle's E'e (Needle's Eye) – A sandstone arch connecting a sea stack to the island. The sea bubbles and froths some thirty feet below. The arch will not support more than SIZ 30 without giving way, dumping anyone on it into the sea.
- The Brithers (Brothers) – Three parallel sea stacks that are not connected to the island, or each other. Each is the nesting ground of gulls, which squawk and dive overhead when approached.

## Details of the Lighthouse

Light Established: 1856

Engineers: David and Thomas Stevenson

Position: 59n57, 3w28

Character: Flashing (2) white every 20 seconds

Elevation: 195 feet

Candlepower: 550,000

Nominal Range: 21 miles



Structure: White tower 75 feet high. There are 92 steps to the top of the tower.

The lighthouse has four keepers. At any given time, three are on duty and one is ashore. The station is relieved fortnightly so that the men have six weeks on duty followed by two weeks ashore. Because the lamp is lit at sunset and put out at sunrise, the light generally operates twelve hours each night. There are two six-hour watches, with one of the three keepers being off-duty each night.

With the coming of day, the keeper's work continues. The paraffin for the night must be carried up the tower. A daily log, detailing everything including weather, wind direction and speed, and the amount of fuel consumed by the light has to be kept. The brass in the lighthouse has to be polished and all the windows cleaned. It can take an entire day just to clean and polish the lens. The keepers also do most of the maintenance work on the station, including repairs to the oil lamps themselves.

## The Iron Door

Currently closed but unlocked, it is the only way into and out of the lighthouse. Each floor is connected by narrow, winding iron stairs.

## Storage Room

This area houses several paraffin oil tanks. A dipstick measures levels. There is plenty of oil in each tank. A crowbar rests against the wall near the door.

## Common Room

The common room is divided into two sections: The living room and the kitchen. The former was the location of the keepers' last stand against the ny'ghan grii.

The living room has a peat fire. Although the ashes are cold, the monotonous tick-tock of a clock on the mantel of the hearth can still be heard. A wooden rack is mounted on the wall above the hearth – an **Idea** roll suggests it might once have held a rifle or shotgun.

Scattered on the floor near the fire are a dozen little black pellets. Upon closer inspection, they appear to be peppercorns – but are actually *time-pellets*, described below.

Among the ashes in the fire is a charred piece of paper. While the top half is burned beyond recognition, the lower section is legible. Comparison to any of the letters sent by J. L. Hardy of the Huntington Library suggests a similarity of typeface. The typewritten text is in Latin and provides instructions for drawing a “Pnakotic pentagon” and making other “cabalistic signs

## Cleansing Flame of Vorvados

This potent spell drives back the ny'ghan grii to their own dimension. Known to the ancient priests of Mu, knowledge of this spell is now lost to man. Vorvados himself may teach it to a favored acolyte at a cost to the recipient of one point of POW; subsequently learning this spell from another person has no POW cost but requires twelve hours of time, a roll of INT x4 or less, and 1D3 Sanity points.

The spell takes 3 rounds to intone and costs the caster – and all participants who know the spell – 1D4 Sanity points. The caster and other people who know the spell can expend as many magic points as desired. Other participants who do not know the spell may contribute 1 magic point each, provided they are in physical contact (e.g., holding hands) with the caster. The total number of magic points donated to the spell is matched against the average POW of the creature on the Resistance Table (for the ny'ghan grii, the number is 13). Success forces the ny'ghan grii back to their own dimension in a blinding flash of prismatic light, although it does not prevent them from being summoned forth at a later date.

At the Game Master's discretion, the spell may also be useful against other extra-dimensional creatures.

of protection” although the use of these symbols is not stated.

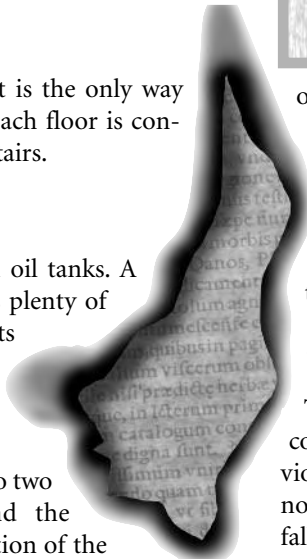
A double-barreled shotgun, its breech open, lies unloaded on the floor. A handful of spent shells lie scattered nearby. Subsequent examination reveals damage to the walls and ceiling commensurate with the discharge, at close range, of a shotgun.

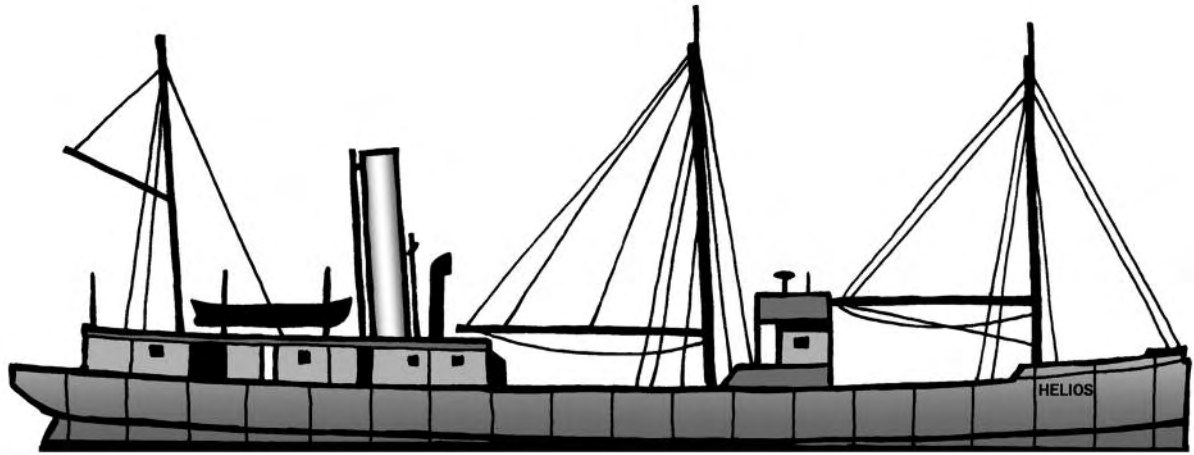
## The Time-Pellets

The time-pellets are similar in appearance to peppercorns. They enable the user to recall past lives and previous incarnations. When ingested, the drug – which is not addictive – makes the user drowsy (POT 20) and he falls into a dream-state for 1D3+1 hours, during which eons of ancestral memories come flooding back. If the user has not taken precautions – the Pnakotic pentagon and cabalistic signs of protection – he runs the risk (with a failed **Luck** roll) of attracting the attention of one of the ny'ghan grii, which will take advantage of the opportunity to accompany the user's mind back to this dimension. Sanity loss is 0/1D3 each time the drug is taken.

The drug stimulates the imagination. Once it wears off, the user feels heightened clarity of thought and a surge of inspiration with +25% to **Art** and related skills and **Idea** rolls, for the next 1D4+1 hours. Conversely, however, the drug reduces all Sanity rolls by -25% while under the drug's influence.

*De Vermis Mysteriis* is rumored to contain a method of manufacturing the time-pellets.





## The Kitchen

The kitchen is neat and tidy. Upon the table, a meal of cold meat, cheese and bread has been prepared but appears not to have been touched. One of the four chairs lies tumbled on the floor. A shelf in the pantry contains a box of forty shotgun shells.

## Living Quarters

There are four small bedrooms here, spartanly furnished with a cot, wardrobe and chair. Each room is tidy and the cots are neatly made. Each wardrobe contains one of the Northern Lighthouse Board's distinctive blue uniforms. Personal effects identify the resident of each room.

## Graham's Quarters

An old melodeon, still functioning, sits on the wardrobe along with a copy of the Presbyterian Hymnal. The lighthouse log – containing notes about weather conditions, visits by the lighthouse tender, the arrival and departure times of relief keepers, and other relevant information – sits on a shelf here. The last entry was dated September 14th, but nothing unusual was recorded.

## Fordyce's Quarters

A number of books, perhaps twenty in all, sit atop the wardrobe. There are several Scottish histories, a couple of biographies of Robert Burns and an anthology of Scottish poetry – all standard volumes. The remainder are esoteric titles dealing with metaphysics, although these too are fairly standard. A number of the books are in Latin or Greek.

Serving as a bookmark inside one of the less mundane books – volume three of William Hamilton's

“Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic” – is an opened envelope mailed from the United States. It contains a typewritten letter on the letterhead of the Huntington Library (player aid #3, to right).

An unlocked chest under the bed contains a rudimentary chemistry lab. There are test tubes, beakers and stirring rods, along with a funnel, an eyedropper and a measuring spoon. (It is with this equipment, in conjunction with the instructions set out in *De Vermis Mysteriis*, that Dr. Fordyce manufactured the time-pellets.)

## Scott's Quarters

A leather pouch hanging on the back of the door contains Scott's woodworking tools and a small birdcage sits upon the wardrobe; if anyone enters the room a starving canary pops its head up and chirps feebly. A bit of food and water nurses it back to health in no time.

A rough wooden table under the window holds one of Scott's recent projects, the outline of a cloaked female figure about eight inches by three inches in size. Judging by the wood shavings and the indistinct features, the carving is unfinished. Is this an effigy of the White Lady of Hallowsay?

## Relief Keeper's Quarters

This room is intended for use by the relief keeper (in this case, Archie Finlay) and currently contains no personal belongings.

## Watch Room

Directly below the lamp room, which is reached through a trapdoor in the ceiling, the watch room contains fuel and other supplies. Lanterns are prepared here and the on-duty keeper often stands watch here.





A grimy deck of playing cards sits neatly stacked on a small table. A small wooden chest below the table contains two neatly-folded square, solid red flags beneath an unloaded flare gun. The flare gun looks like an out-sized Derringer with one barrel. A leather pouch next to the gun contains a dozen flares.

## The Lamp Room

Reached through a trapdoor in the ceiling of the watch room below, the lamp room is at the top of the tower and houses the lamp and the lens. The gallery, an exterior walkway with a waist-high railing, surrounds this glassed-in room. This vantage point offers commanding views of the island and the sea.

A bell on the light platform is used to wake the second watch, and a slate. On it data is recorded in chalk for later transfer to the log. The slate contains the time the light was extinguished on the morning of the 15th and the time it was lit that evening. The last notations are barometer and thermometer readings taken at midnight, the start of the second watch. An **Idea** roll suggests that the data is unusual – both the barometer and the thermometer readings appear to have fallen dramatically, perhaps impossibly, at midnight.

### Player Aid #3

August 19, 1927

Dr. Neil Fordyce,

P.O. Box 470,

Stromness,

Orkney, Scotland

Dear Dr. Fordyce:

Your letter of the 29th ult. received.

It is indeed unfortunate that you have lost the records you prized so much. I can appreciate your disappointment, for I have had similar experiences in the loss of papers, books, etc. that can never be duplicated, or restored.

You are correct in the assumption that this type of data is not available to the general public but as you are preparing a booklet on the life and works of Ludvig Prinn, an exception can be made.

Enclosed please find a typed copy of the essential matter, as you desire.

Yours Respectfully,

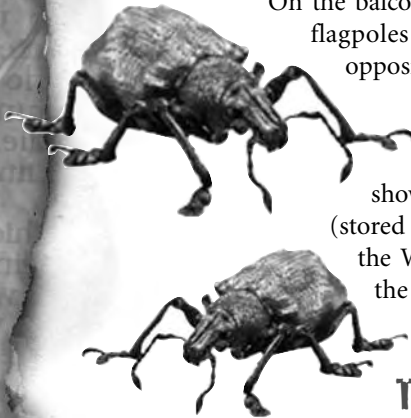
*J. Luther Hardy,*

Special Collections Librarian.





On the balcony of the gallery, two small flagpoles project horizontally in opposite directions. Archie Finlay – or, with an **Idea** roll, one of the other investigators – knows that signals are shown by displaying a red flag (stored in the small wooden chest in the Watch Room) to indicate to the relief vessel which landing is safest to use.



## The Light

The fresnel lens, with its convex lens and many prisms of glass, focuses and intensifies the dioptric light thrown by the paraffin lamp and allows it to be seen at a distance of up to twenty-one miles on a clear night. The oil burns at a rate of 9½ gills an hour and the paraffin cylinder is refilled by a hand pump. The lamp is turned by a weight-operated mechanism that has to be wound by hand. Every forty-five minutes, the keeper on duty must wind the machine and pump the paraffin.

The oil reservoir is full, providing twelve hours of illumination, the wicks have been trimmed, and the reflectors are polished. Archie Finlay or, with a **Know** roll, one of the other player characters can tell that the light is ready to be lit. The readiness of the light coupled with the last notations from the 15th, at midnight, on the slate in the Lamp Room all suggest that the Lamp was not lit on the evening of the 16th. Allow the team an **Idea** roll if they do not draw this conclusion on their own.

A **Mechanical Repair** roll succeeds in lighting it, although Archie Finlay only fails on a fumbled roll.

## The Invaders

Luminous spherical creatures from another dimension, the ny'ghan grii have been called to Earth by Dr. Fordyce's use of the time-pellets. At this point there are three creatures. They only come out at night, but after a few more "sacrifices" they'll be able to materialize at any time.

In these northern latitudes at this time of year the sun begins to set about 4 pm. Then the creatures become active. Near sunset a weird cry can be heard, a high-pitched shriek not unlike that of a seagull, but vaguely unsettling. Odd tracks, as though a thick rope had been dragged a short distance, might be found near the lighthouse. No Sanity rolls are necessary.

With the coming of darkness, the creatures become more bold and the Game Master should convey a gradually increas-

ing sense of foreboding. The presence of the ny'ghan grii is accompanied by thick fog and icy cold. A **Natural History** roll suggests that this fog has not rolled in off the sea as would be expected; it appears to have materialized literally out of the air. The *Helios* disappears behind the fog. The player characters are, in essence, trapped on the island. The otherworldly keening cries increase, clearly no longer mistakable for those of seagulls. The observant might even catch a fleeting glimpse of ropy luminous forms scuttling in the darkness. Such events warrant 0/1 Sanity point losses.

Around midnight, events reach a crescendo. The ny'ghan grii attempt to pick off lone victims outside the lighthouse. Their preferred mode of attack is *devolution*, described below. Even if the group barricades the tower's door from the inside of the tower, they are not safe from the invaders. Keep barricaded investigators on claustrophobic edge with the creaking iron stairs and the howling of the wind through the confines of the tower. Because they can fly, the ny'ghan grii may be waiting for anyone who enters the lamp room to attend the light; the windows are no obstacle to their assault and in an attack, the lamp itself may be damaged beyond repair.

These creatures attack once per round, preferring to use their cold and devolutionary abilities. Alternately, the ny'ghan grii can attack with 1D3 flailing tentacles per round. Their chilling blast attack effects an area five feet in diameter, bathing everything with numbing icy air. Each attack costs them two magic points and does 1D6 points of damage to their victims. The chilling effect has a range of fifteen yards and can be **Dodged**. Devolution is used against a single target and costs the ny'ghan grii 2D6 magic points. The creature must overcome the victim's magic points on the resistance table.

If successful, the victim begins rapidly and painfully devolving through a series of increasingly bestial forms. Once begun, the process is irreversible.

The victim's bones liquefy and his features melt and he assumes a loathsome, flopping pre-human form. Within 2D6 rounds, he has been reduced to an odious puddle of black slime. Witnessing this horrible fate costs 1/1D6 SAN.

The creatures are patient. If the night passes and any investigators are still alive, the ny'ghan grii disappear before dawn and await the coming of night to renew their assault. While the investigators might understandably compliment themselves on surviving the night, all hope of rescue is shattered by continued heavy seas, making any landing from the *Helios* impossible. The jolly boat is useless in this rough weather.



## Into the Hidden World

Defeating the ny'ghan grii is no easy task. Lacking reinforcements from the *Helios*, the best weapon on hand, a shotgun in the lighthouse common room, is unlikely to overcome the creatures with their tough, fleshy hide. The player characters' best (and perhaps only) hope is to use the time-pellets to contact the elder god Vorvados, who can teach them a spell that will force the ny'ghan grii back to their own dimension.

Although Fordyce neglected to take the necessary precautions before using the time-pellets, the player characters might not be so foolhardy. By creating a Pnakotic pentagon and other cabalistic signs, perhaps using chalk from the slate in the lamp room, around the sleeping form of someone who has ingested the drug can be protected from the ny'ghan grii.

Ancestral memories flood into the sleeping investigator's mind like frames of a moving picture, taking the dreamer back in time from the storming of the Bastille to the reign of the Borgias, to the Black Death that swept Europe, to the hordes of Genghis Khan, to Egypt and Babylon . . . and further still, to Atlantis and Cimmeria and finally to the fabulous sunken lands of Mu, where the first human race dwelt. It is here, in the Gray Gulf of Yarnak, that the dreamer encounters Vorvados, the Kindler of the Flame.

Assuming the investigators have taken the proper precautions, Vorvados appears in the investigator's drug-induced dream as a cloaked and hooded figure surrounded by green flames, his face veiled in silver mist and black eyes with tiny flames dancing inside; Sanity loss is 0/1D4. The dreamer may call upon Vorvados for aid against the ny'ghan grii and the Elder God can grant a suitable spell, Cleansing Flame of Vorvados – but not without a price: The dreamer must sacrifice a point of POW to Vorvados.

The acquisition of the spell is a simple affair and, before long, the sleeper awakens. As a result of the drug's effects, the user loses 0/1D3 points of Sanity, receives a bonus of +25% to all **Art**-related skills and **Idea** rolls for the next 1D4+1 hours but -25% to all Sanity rolls.

In campaign play, other useful magicks (unavailable to these investigators) exist, such as Baneful Dust of Hermes Trismegistus, Banishment of Yde Etad, Dust of Suleiman and Prinn's Crux Ansata. An Elder Sign may also prove effective in thwarting the ny'ghan grii.

If the Pnakotic pentagon and other cabalistic signs of protection are not employed, Vorvados does not appear in the investigator's dreams. Instead, the investigator brings an additional 1D3 ny'ghan grii to Earth.

# Final Considerations

Victory and defeat are synonymous with life and death. If the ny'ghan grii are stopped, at least one investigator has survived. If, on the other hand, the entities are not contained, all the player characters surely perish, and the ny'ghan grii are free to swarm upon the earth – at least until a more worthy adversary banishes them.

Investigators who manage to dispel the ny'ghan grii and live to tell about it gain 1D6 Sanity points at the conclusion of the adventure. Those who somehow manage to escape the island without having dealt with the invaders gain nothing – except, perhaps, a permanent fear of the dark and the creeping knowledge that *they* are still out there.



## Statistics

### Three Ny'ghan Grii

*Repeat as necessary*

	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW	DEX	HP
one	21	16	16	09	13	07	16
two	22	17	16	11	13	06	18
three	19	18	18	10	14	07	18

**Damage Bonus:** +1D6.

**Weapons:** Tentacles 35%, damage db

Chilling Blast 65%, damage 1D6 to all in a five-foot diameter.

**Armor:** 4 points of tough, fleshy hide; not affected by cold.

**Spells:** INT x5 or less on D100, knows 1D6 spells (i.e., the first three know three spells).

**Sanity Loss:** 0/1D6.

### Vorvados, Elder God

STR 45	CON 42	SIZ 28	INT 50
POW 75	DEX 20	MOV 10	HP 35

**Damage Bonus:** +4D6.

**Weapons:** First 100%, damage 1D6+db.

**Armor:** Vorvados may armor himself by spending one magic point for every point of armor he desires. He regenerates damage at a rate of 1D3 hit points per magic point expended.

**Spells:** Any desired by the keeper.

**Sanity Loss:** 0/1D4.





## Player Characters

### Angus Milne

As 2nd mate on the *Helios*, your job is to assist the Chief Mate. You are the ship's navigation officer, and it's your job to keep the charts up to date and to make sure all the emergency survival equipment (lifeboats, life rings, etc.) are in order. You've volunteered to go ashore and investigate the situation. As the ranking officer on Hallowsay, you'll be in charge.

You're from Glasgow, and you consider yourself pretty urbane compared to the unsophisticated country lads among the crew. You're not the least bit superstitious and you appreciate the classics (Horace's *Ars Poetica* is a personal favorite). You are known for your quiet, unassuming manner, your competence, seamanship and dedication. You are proud of your work for the Northern Lighthouse Board and proud of your position.

### Angus Milne, age 32, Second Mate

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 14  
DEX 14 APP 13 EDU 13 SAN 70 HP 12

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Weapons:** none.

**Skills:** Astronomy 25%, Boat Handling 30%, Dodge 30%, Electrical Repair 85%, First Aid 40%, Latin 50%, Listen 65%, Mechanical Repair 70%, Natural History 52%, Navigate 70%, Pilot Boat 70%, Ship Handling 45%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 90%.

**Equipment:** Waterproof poncho, wool cap, life jacket, cardigan, boots, pipe, tobacco, waterproof matches (10), pocket watch.

### Willie Ross

As a seaman on the lighthouse tender *Helios* your job is to make sure that all is in order on the ship. You help tie up and untie the vessel to and from the dock, and maintain the equipment on deck. You've volunteered to go ashore and investigate the situation on Hallowsay.

You're from Kilfinan in Argyll originally, but you've a wife and children in Stromness. The long weeks at sea make you miss them dearly and it seems the children have grown another inch each time you see them. You are known as an excellent cook.



### Willie Ross, age 37, Seaman

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

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4.

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+db  
Grapple 50%, damage special.

**Skills:** Boat Handling 45%, Climb 60%, Cookery 55%, Dodge 40%, Fast Talk 35%, First Aid 40%, Hide 20%, Jump 35%, Listen 30%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Navigate 45%, Pilot Boat 35%, Ship Handling 15%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 75%, Throw 65%.

**Equipment:** Waterproof poncho, wool cap, life jacket, cardigan, boots, tobacco, rolling papers, wooden matches (10), flask of whisky, sewing kit with threads, laces and buttons.

### Jock Paterson

As a seaman on the *Helios*, your job is to make sure that all is in order on the ship. You help tie up and untie the vessel to and from the dock and maintain the equipment on deck. You've answered the captain's call for volunteers to go ashore and investigate the situation on Hallowsay.



You're from Roseneath in Dunbarton originally, but now live in Stromness. You are known as a serious-minded man, with a dry sense of humor. You are devoutly religious, a Presbyterian, and you have an ability to listen and reflect before acting.

### Jock Paterson, age 28, Seaman

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

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+db  
Shotgun 50%\*

**Skills:** Astronomy 19%, Boat Handling 45%, Climb 50%, Dodge 60%, Electrical Repair 30%, First Aid 60%, Jump 55%, Listen 30%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Natural History 20%, Navigate 45%, Pilot Boat 35%, Psychology 20%, Ship Handling 15%, Swim 50%, Throw 25%.

**Equipment:** Waterproof poncho, wool cap, life jacket, cardigan, boots, pipe, tobacco, silver crucifix on chain, one pocket-sized box of 12 waterproof matches.

\* has skill but possesses no shotgun

### Archie Finlay

You have recently been hired by the Northern Lighthouse Board and Hallowsay is your first posi-



tion, after a brief apprenticeship at Tarbat Ness on the east coast. You're sailing on board the lighthouse tender Helios and when you arrive at Hallowsay you'll be replacing Peter Scott, who's leaving the lighthouse service.

You're from Kilmarnock in Ayr originally, but you've taken a room at a boarding house in Stromness. You don't know anyone among the crew but you're looking forward to meeting your lighthouse colleagues on Hallowsay. You have with you a gunny sack containing the keepers' mail, pipe tobacco, oatcakes and a bottle of whisky. With these you hope to foster some new friendships on the island.

**Archie Finlay, age 25, Assistant Lighthouse Keeper**

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 4 POW 14  
DEX 15 APP 15 EDU 13 SAN 70 HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Weapons:** Pocket knife 55%, damage 1D4+db.

**Skills:** Astronomy 38%, Boat Handling 25%, Climb 80%,  
Electrical Repair 30%, First Aid 60%, Gaelic 25%, Jump  
55%, Latin 25%, Listen 45%, Mechanical Repair 40%,  
Natural History 20%, Navigate 35%, Psychology 20%,  
Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 50%, Swim 80%, Throw 55%.

**Equipment:** Waterproof poncho, wool cap, life jacket, cardigan, boots, rabbit's foot, pocket knife. ♦





# A Method to Madness

by John Almack

*Wherein the patients attempt to come to terms with their own mental difficulties, while discovering that the cure can sometimes be far worse than the disease.*

“Though this be madness, yet there is method in ‘t.”

- Hamlet (Act II, Scene ii)

## Scenario Considerations

This scenario was originally presented at Necronomicon, Tampa, Florida, in October 2001. It has been substantially revised for this book.

The nominal setting for this adventure is Wormwood, a private mental hospital in New England, sometime in the late 1920s. This adventure is designed to be completed in one or two game sessions by a small group of investigators. The main action unfolds over the span of only a week or so and follows a set timeline of events as the fungi systematically begin to turn patients into hybrids. The fiendish experiment is about half finished when play begins; depending on the players’ experience and abilities, the keeper may alter the timeline to allow more or less time for investigations to be conducted.

## Using the Adventure with Existing Characters

Due to dramatic changes in the treatments of mental illness that have occurred over the years, shifting the scenario to a different era would require major modification; likewise, moving the locale to a less isolated and more urban environment would affect the overall tone and structure.

This adventure is intended for use with the accompanying pre-generated investigators. If a different set of characters is substituted, the keeper may wish to adjust the difficulty correspondingly. As written, the scenario presumes that all of the characters have been confined to an insane asylum with little or no contact with the outside world and limited resources; if instead it is being used as part of an ongoing campaign or with investigators who have greater freedom of movement in and out of the institution, some additional rationale will be required to explain how the player characters become involved with the strange goings on.

## Keeper's Information

This adventure concerns a secret experiment by the fungi from Yuggoth to create mi-go/human hybrids, to infiltrate human society as spies or assassins. In order to accomplish this task without drawing attention, a mi-go scientist impersonated a human nurse and contacted the director and chief physician of Wormwood, a secluded asylum. She showed him how to perform complex neurosurgeries. Using a group of indigent mental patients under the physician’s care, she replaced their deranged brains with those of mi-go volunteers. The fungi have convinced Dr. Marion Shelley that he will gain a deeper under-



standing of the inner workings of the disturbed mind, thus enabling him to develop advanced medical techniques for the benefit of mankind.

Standing in the way of this diabolical mi-go scheme was Dr. Andrew Rice, Wormwood's head alienist. Becoming suspicious after the initial operation, Rice pried into how the procedure was done and discovered the awful truth. Confronting Dr. Shelley and threatening to contact the authorities if the experiment was not immediately stopped, Dr. Rice was assaulted by the fungi disguised as nurse Stephany King. Rice was chased into nearby woods and trapped there by others. They easily overcame him and killed the terrified doctor with a mist projector, at the same time, preserving his brain intact for later interrogation.

Even the shocking fate of his close personal friend and colleague has not shaken the hypnotic influence that the fungi exert over the asylum's director. Dr. Shelley constantly rationalizes each new horror as a small price to pay in the interest of scientific discovery, while his grip on sanity slowly ebbs. He has no way of knowing that once his usefulness to them is at an end, the mi-go intend to sacrifice him along with the rest of the remaining residents and staff in a special ceremony honoring their dark goddess, Shub-Niggurath.

### How to Make a Hybrid

Fungi from Yuggoth, despite obvious biological and anatomical differences, are comparable to human standards for average characteristics, possessing higher DEX and POW, but only normal INT. To make a mi-go/human hybrid, substitute the human's INT, POW and EDU with those of the mi-go, while taking the lower of the two DEX scores. All learned skills and spells come from the mi-go, halved until the transplanted alien mind has had time to adapt to its host body, typically a few hours of bed rest.

The resulting hybrid's personality is one of cold rationality, devoid of any human emotion, and it speaks only in expressionless monotones. It takes the same amount of damage as a human would from most attacks but is virtually immune to being stunned or knocked out — due to the bizarre nature of its central nervous system. The hybrid will not fall unconscious from injuries received, but does die if reduced to zero hit points. A hybrid can ingest terrene food, be photographed and otherwise pass undetectably as human, except via a full autopsy.

### We're All Mad Here

The investigators all suffer from some form of psychological disorder for which they have been institutionalized and are ostensibly undergoing treat-

ment. Technically already indefinitely insane, the player characteristics are still functional most of the time. Their current starting Sanity scores may also be reduced from prior traumatic experiences. Being on the edge, any additional shocks that they receive (such as failing a Sanity roll) will tend to reinforce existing problems and trigger more severe forms of them. The keeper should decide when these episodes occur and how long they last.

While the investigators' various derangements offer the players a unique opportunity for interesting role-playing, it is important for the keeper to remember that these can also color their individual perceptions of events occurring around them. A keeper might tailor scenes for multiple viewpoints, depending on who is witnessing the action, so that alternate and conflicting interpretations are possible: Did the lunatic wield a kitchen knife or a bayonet? Was the doctor wearing a surgical mask or a pallid one? Did it storm last night or was it clear outside? By blurring the lines between reality and delusion, the keeper may cause the players to doubt the validity of experiences happening right before their investigator's own eyes. They will then begin to understand what it truly means to be mad.

### Investigator Information

You have all gone mad, or so some people claim. You currently find yourselves, justly or not, committed to Wormwood, an asylum for the insane. Some of you have been living here for years; others only a few short weeks. All of you have been institutionalized, most by well-meaning family members, for the rehabilitation of a wide assortment of mental problems.

Maybe you are Colonel James Butler, a veteran and decorated war hero, still suffering after effects from the horrors of modern trench warfare; or the talented but temperamental Italian artist Mona di Fabrizio, whose outré and often macabre paintings perfectly reflect her own inner visions and mood swings. You could have once held a position of power and authority on the outside, such as the paranoid and delusional millionaire, Percival Severin III; or, like Elliot Gordon, the shy man-child gifted with amazing mathematical abilities but almost no social skills, you may have never known a greater world beyond this one. You might even be famous, like the actress Alina Dolinski, sent here by her stage manager to recuperate from an apparent nervous breakdown due to stress; or be completely unknown, such as Waldo Hirsch, the secretive and somewhat mysterious German immigrant. Regardless of your personal background or the exact nature of your condition, one thing to you is clear:





Like it or not, this is now your home. Welcome to Wormwood.

## Beginning Play

Before actual play begins, the keeper may want to have each investigator attempt a **Luck** roll; those that succeed can be rewarded with one or more of the following pieces of additional information:

- A disturbing rumor, overheard from some of the hospital staff, is that Dr. Rice was dismissed from Wormwood for improper conduct with one of his female patients.
- Dr. Shelley has been experimenting with some new type of brain surgery, which is supposed to be less invasive and more successful than a standard lobotomy.
- Nurse King has never been seen to eat with the rest of the staff members in the cafeteria.
- A persistent story told by the other patients tells of a ghostly apparition that often haunts the sanitarium's basement late at night.
- It was unusually cold in the morning following Dr. Rice's departure and patches of frost were spotted on the ground in the woods surrounding the asylum.

### A Typical Day at Wormwood

- 6:00 AM - The morning staff arrives to begin their shift
- 7:00 AM - The patients are awoken and dressed
- 8:00 AM - Breakfast is served in the cafeteria
- 9:00 AM - The patients are escorted outside for fresh air and exercise, weather permitting
- Noon - Lunch is served in the cafeteria
- 1:00 PM - The patients are free to engage in various indoor activities
- 3:00 PM - The nursing staff usually meets to discuss patient status
- 5:00 PM - Dinner is served in the cafeteria
- 6:00 PM - The patients are taken back to the wards, cleaned up and prepared for bed
- 8:00 PM - Lights out
- 10:00 PM - The night staff performs their rounds checking on the patients

The cleaning staff normally changes the sheets and cleans the rooms either before or during lunch. All medications are typically given out during meal times. Also, on nights where there is a brain operation scheduled, Doctor Shelley and Nurse King go into the wards around 11:00 PM to collect the previously tranquilized patient, prep and perform the surgery by midnight, and bring the newly-created hybrid back downstairs by 5:00 AM the following morning.

- The cafeteria always serves tapioca pudding on Thursdays but it is not to be trusted.

As paying residents of the private asylum, the investigators are granted a more freedom of movement than those in the indigent wards, and the staff generally tends to tolerate individual eccentric behaviors. The investigators are free to wander most of the first two floors and the sanitarium grounds but are restricted from the third floor and the basement. They are also expected to remain in their own rooms after dark. Those who persist in breaking the rules may have their medications changed to include more powerful tranquilizers and/or discover that their doors have been locked at night.

As much as possible, the keeper should involve the investigators in the daily routine of the mental hospital. Perhaps Nurse Weinberg asks Colonel Butler to lead the others in mid-morning calisthenics; Mona to assist teaching an art class; or Alina to help put together a talent show with some of the other residents. The more normal these mundane activities can be made to seem, the more unreal the chain of events that follow will then become.

In addition to the series of scheduled events listed below, the keeper can insert other minor incidents to either purposely distract the investigators or to provide further clues. For instance, one of the male investigators may be approached by a female patient and engaged in casual conversation, only to realize that she has mistaken him for her deceased husband; when he sees the lady again sometime later, she has undergone the procedure to change her into a hybrid and has no memory of the past encounter. Likewise, the keeper is encouraged to use pathos and humor when describing the other mental patients in the wards, such as a man who thinks he is a chicken and unaccountably still does after his operation.

### Woodworm Asylum

The sanitarium is a three-story red brick building, constructed in the early twentieth century and situated in a densely wooded area a few miles west of Salem, Massachusetts. It is accessible down a long dirt road branching off the main thoroughfare and through a wrought-iron gate in the surrounding stone wall. This fairly modern facility has both electricity and telephone service, while water is piped in through copper plumbing from either a covered cistern full of rainwater or a small pump attached to a well sunk deep underground. Bed linens are exchanged with a laundry in town; groceries and fuel are delivered by truck, twice a week. A pleasant enough place, only the metal bars over the exterior windowpanes suggest its real purpose.

A circular gravel driveway dominates the carefully tended property. One side usually contains several

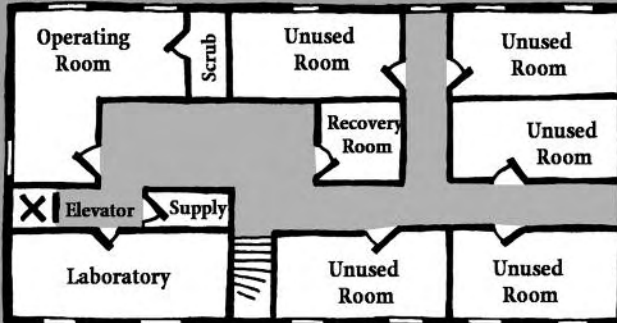




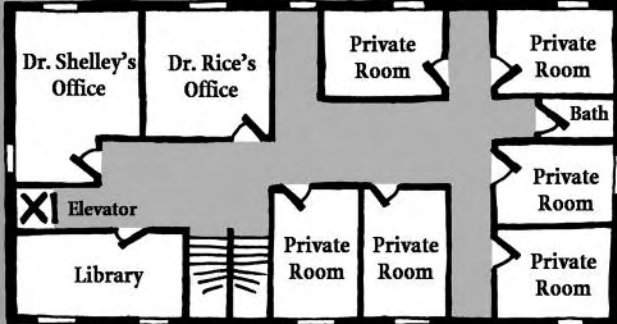
# Wormwood Asylum



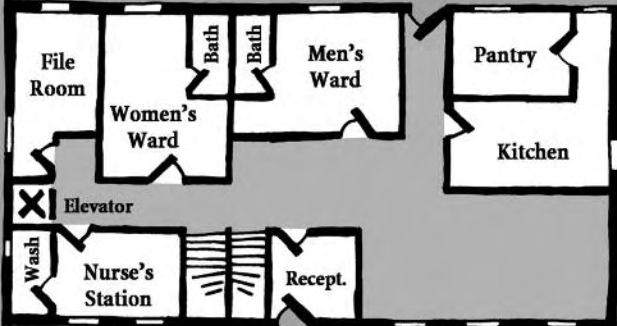
## THIRD FLOOR



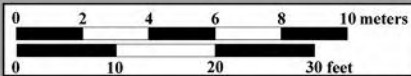
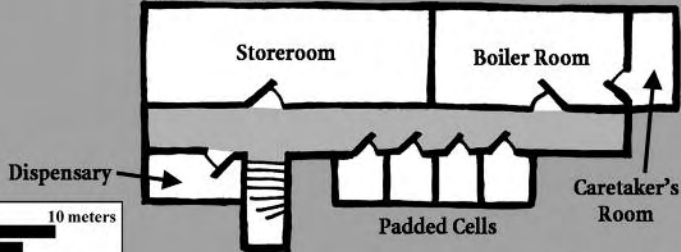
## SECOND FLOOR



## GROUND



## BASEMENT



David Conyers © 2007





parked automobiles belonging to hospital staff. In the rear of the grounds are a small vegetable garden for growing fresh produce, a few benches and classical statuary, and a fishpond.

## Wormwood Staff and Others

The following important persons are found in and around Wormwood and statistics for each appear at the end of the adventure. It is assumed that several more unnamed attendants or nurses are currently employed at the sanitarium, but happen to be off duty or otherwise occupied during the course of the adventure. Other minor characters (such as cleaning staff, cooks, gardeners, etc.) may be encountered but they play no relevant role in the scenario's outcome; the keeper is free to create statistics for them as needed.

### John Aiken

Mr. Aiken is a charming and jovial fellow who is always quick with a joke to help lighten the mood of a troubled patient. Unbeknownst to anyone at the asylum, he has been pilfering pharmaceuticals from the dispensary and selling them privately in town. If this information were to be discovered by the investigators they would be in a position to blackmail him into providing some small service.

### Joan Carpenter

Joan is the beautiful young receptionist at Wormwood. She keeps her blond hair bobbed short, flapper style, and likes to talk about the latest in French fashions. Genuinely warm and friendly with the residents, she hopes to someday become a nurse herself.

### Louis Duncan

One of the sanitarium's burly attendants, Louis is a braggart and bully who does not hesitate to wield his nightstick to intimidate unruly mental patients – at least while none of the other staff members are looking. Not commonly known is his extreme fear of the dead, due in large part to a frightening incident he had as a child. Afraid of the rumored ghost, Louis won't enter the basement alone, even to chase after a patient. A loyal employee of Dr. Shelley, he is among the first to be captured by the hybrids when they take over the hospital.

### Charlie Gilman

Formerly a drifter, Charlie lives in his own fantasy world populated by menacing demons. Despite being totally insane, he sometimes has insights into things

happening around him that others fail to see. He is doomed to soon have his brain replaced by the mi-go.

### Nurse Stephanie King

The woman calling herself Nurse King is not at all what she appears to be. In fact, she is not even human. A fungi from Yuggoth scientist, she (who, like all mi-go, is actually a hermaphrodite) wears a golden amulet of unknown origin beneath her nurse's uniform. The artifact is shaped like the tripod Sign of the Dark Mother, an arcane sigil that can be properly identified with a successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll (or, optionally, mistaken for another symbol, such as the Yellow Sign, on a fumbled roll). By using this magical item, the alien is able to maintain the constant illusion of a woman who slightly reminds viewers of their own mother. Different people will recognize varying similarities: one person might notice the color of her eyes, another the way she styles her hair and so on, but the power of the amulet somehow avoids obvious inconsistencies.

In addition to this magic, the mi-go also possesses a potent form of mental persuasion, allowing her to temporarily control human minds through subliminal intonations in her voice. To judge this, match her POW against the target's on the Resistance Table. The keeper should be careful in describing the effects of such hypnosis, perhaps implying she may have used Fast Talk or some other mundane skill.

Nurse King carries a mi-go electric gun in her pocket to deal with opponents who cannot be controlled. This weapon looks like a lump of black metal covered with wires and shoots a bolt of electricity capable of doing 1D10 damage, plus paralyzing a human being for an equal number of rounds. Require the target to match current hit points against the damage inflicted on the Resistance Table. Those who fail die from heart failure.

It requires two successful **Electrical Repair** rolls (and possibly an **Idea** roll) to reconfigure the weapon for human use, using the same base chance to hit as a handgun. Even then, it only fires correctly on a roll of 1-2 on 1D6. The gun is fully charged with 26 shots.

If things go badly during the summoning ceremony, Nurse King tries to retrieve her mist projector from where it is hidden upstairs. The mi-go can also fly, but doing so in front of witnesses destroys the illusion that she is merely human.





## Laurence Hamilton

Mr. Hamilton is the only staff member who actually lives full-time at the asylum. When not intoxicated, the handyman takes great pride in his work, even if he can be a bit slow in getting around to doing it at times. Although he's a man who values his privacy, Laurence did not fabricate the legend about a specter in the basement – but he does nothing to dissuade others from retelling the factitious tale.

## Edward Nesbit

The newspaper reporter is only following up on a lead for a local interest story when he arrives at Wormwood to interview the director. An intelligent and capable investigator in his own right, Mr. Nesbit's inadvertent encounter with the Mythos will be his undoing.

## Dr. Andrew Rice

Once a skilled psychiatrist of gentle demeanor, the unlucky doctor's brain now floats in a metal cylinder, a victim of the mi-go. Dr. Rice may still be of some assistance to the investigators, but there is very little anyone can do for him.

## Dr. Marion Shelley

Dr. Shelley is normally a compassionate physician, deeply concerned for the general health and wellbeing of those under his care. Like most members of the staff he maintains a separate residence nearby, but rarely ever goes home. A workaholic and lifelong bachelor, the director considers his patients and staff as an extended family, with him as the father figure. However, his dedication to scientific research and the advancement of medical knowledge has recently led him to commit a variety of unspeakable acts. Completely in thrall to the mi-go, and an active participant in the fungi's devious scheme, the director is as surprised as everyone else to learn what the aliens are really like.

## Nurse Roberta Weinberg

A kind caregiver, Roberta was the senior nurse before Nurse King came to the institution several months ago. Secretly jealous of the other woman, Nurse Weinberg is the only one of the hospital staff who thinks that there is something more than just a professional relationship going on between the director and his new assistant. Having previously worked closely with Dr. Rice, she also does not believe the story that he had abused a female patient.

## Ground Floor

The ground floor of the asylum is inlaid with black and white marble tiles, checkerboard fashion, and the plas-

ter and lathe walls are painted an austere white. Interior doorways are of dark-stained oak, with transom windows to provide ventilation. Heat is vented into the rooms from the building's furnace, while lighting is supplied by wire-grill fixtures hung from the high ceilings, with exposed bulbs and insulated electrical wiring connected to a fuse box in the basement below. Access to the other floors and basement can be gained either via the central stairwell or by a noisy caged elevator with a sliding gate that opens onto the first through third stories, but which is kept strictly off limits to patients.

**Reception Area:** Just off to one side of the sanitarium's front entryway is where the young receptionist, Joan Carpenter, can normally be found. She is usually sitting at her desk during the day, when she is not busy filing papers elsewhere or taking dictation from Dr. Shelley. This small waiting room is notable for having the most easily available telephone to the investigators. The line connects to the main town switchboard but the operator knows better than to bother the police with calls about monsters running around loose in a mental hospital.

**Cafeteria:** This open area doubles as an activity room for patients in times of inclement weather. It contains a few long wooden tables, many folding chairs, and a player piano that was donated by the rich family of a former resident. Some artwork, mostly paintings done by the patients in bright watercolors, adorns the walls. Meals are promptly served here three times a day. Staff and patients dine together, with some of the more competent patients occasionally receiving valuable "vocational training" by waiting on staff.

**Kitchen:** The facility's industrial kitchen has several stainless steel counter-tops and sinks, cabinets holding dishes and flatware, and a wood-burning stove for preparing all meals that are served to both patients and staff members in the adjacent cafeteria. A shuttered window in one wall allows the cooks to pass trays to and from attendants in the other room. The adjoining walk-in pantry houses a tall icebox and is well stocked with numerous canned goods and foodstuffs, as well as a supply of candles and sundry items.

**Men's Ward:** A spacious dormitory-style room, the men's ward provides spartan accommodations for the seven or eight indigent male patients currently living in the facility. There are eight beds, each equipped with rarely used leather arm and leg restraints, and portable canvas screens to afford some privacy. One corner of the room offers a communal toilet and shower. An attendant, Louis Duncan, often sits reading a newspaper in the hall beside the door or monitors the residents through a viewing window set into it.





**Women's Ward:** The women's ward is segregated from the men's by a thick interior wall. Two female patients are quartered here at the moment, one of who is already a hybrid. This ward is nearly identical in layout to the men's ward.

**Nurse's Station:** A small office located across from the two wards is typically where Nurse Roberta Weinberg or, if she is off duty or engaged elsewhere, another member of the staff can be found at all hours. A two-section Dutch door closes off the nurse's station. The top half is ordinarily left open. A doorway in the back leads to a private water closet.

Inside the station are a couple of stools and ample counter space, useful for filling out paperwork or readying doses of medicine to be administered in little paper cups. Beneath the counter is a box of bandages and simple first aid supplies. Stronger medications are stored downstairs in the dispensary. Hanging from nails on the wall above, out of view of the hallway, are a clipboard with work schedules for the various employees and a ring of keys that will unlock every door in the building, except those on the third floor.

**File Room:** Near the nurse's station is another doorway leading to a room that has several storage cabinets, holding patient files, receipts for deliveries and other important documents. The file folders contain complete information about every past and present resident of the asylum, including their diagnosis and treatment.

Someone spending many hours cross-referencing medicines prescribed in the files to inventories of drugs stocked (and making a successful **Accounting** roll) notes obvious discrepancies in the total quantities used.

## Second Floor

The second story of the sanitarium is similar to the first, but with hardwood floors instead of marble tile. Individual rooms are carpeted with large woven rugs; the main hall has only polished wood. At one end of the long hallway is the single bathroom that this floor's current inhabitants share.

**Private Rooms:** These quiet rooms house the investigators during their stay at Wormwood. They are almost identically furnished, with simple beds, dressers and chairs – suitable for gazing out the heavy-draped windows at the grassy lawn and forested hills beyond – in addition to any personal effects or belongings the investigators may possess. The doors into the rooms can all be secured from the outside but are generally left unlocked, even after hours.

**Library:** The asylum's reference library also serves as the staff lounge. The wall-mounted bookshelves contain a fair number of volumes, most donated by family estates or other mental institutions, covering such diverse topics as botany, philosophy and English literature. None of the works deal in any occult matters, unless the keeper wants to include a minor Mythos tome (such as Justin Geoffrey's, *The People of the Monolith*) hidden amongst the other titles and found with a successful **Library Use** roll. A patient can sometimes borrow a book and take it back to the room to read at leisure.

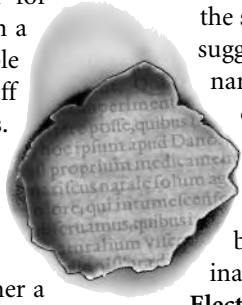
**Dr. Shelly's Office:** This private office is richly appointed with expensive wood paneling, potted plants, a pair of overstuffed chairs and an imposing mahogany desk, behind which Dr. Shelley routinely interviews potential clients. Resting atop the desk are a telephone and electric lamp and a half-sized model of the human brain, used as a paperweight for a stack of still-unsigned requisition forms. Within the desk drawer can be found ink pens, an innocuous appointment book and the surgeon's spare set of room keys, including those for doors on the third floor.

A short filing cabinet to one side of the doorway holds confidential records on all the staff members, including Nurse Stephanie King. Anyone checking into her past employment references, such as by placing a call to the listed mental institution in Vermont and successfully making a **Credit Rating** or **Fast Talk** roll, learns that a woman going by that name had indeed once worked there but apparently died years ago of unspecified natural causes.



Seldom in his office, the director prefers instead to walk the grounds of the sanitarium along with his assistant, Nurse King.

**Dr. Rice's Office:** Dr. Rice's office has been kept locked ever since he disappeared. There is no desk in this room, only a comfortable couch and armchair for conducting psychiatric sessions. Sitting on a small stand beside the chair is a portable dictaphone with which the former staff alienist regularly recorded his observations. A large pinewood cabinet contains these notes, stored on grooved wax cylinders and each in individually dated cardboard tubes.



Operating the dictaphone requires either a successful **Mechanical Repair** or a **Know** roll. Anyone spending time listening to a few of the doctor's sound recordings can gain valuable insights about the other patients absent in their formal written evaluations, such as Dr. Rice's theory that Mona's watery dreams are an example of Carl Jung's theory of the collective unconscious, or his belief that Waldo is faking his mental condition for unknown reasons. A chance comment made by Dr. Rice on the very last cylinder, from the same day he vanished, mentions his intention to look further into Dr. Shelley's remarkable success with a new surgical technique.

### Third Floor

The gloomy third floor has been forbidden to patients and even a majority of the staff is not authorized to enter certain areas. The door at the top of the stairwell is securely bolted shut; only by using the elevator can this level be easily reached. Ladder rungs leading up to a trapdoor provide access to the building's flat roof above. Every window to the outside is shaded by drawn blinds, giving no natural illumination anywhere on this floor, and a strong smell of antiseptic permeates the air. Still partially unused, half of the rooms remain largely vacant of furnishings.



**Supply Closet:** The closet door, directly across the hallway from the elevator shaft, is never locked. Stored inside this cramped compartment are several mops, buckets and miscellaneous cleaning supplies, as well as a spare wheelchair.

**Laboratory:** The locked door to Dr. Shelley's lab is clearly posted as being off limits to all personnel. Found within the laboratory are anatomical charts hung on the walls and small animal cages long since disused. A reflecting microscope sits on a counter and there are

several shelves of glass specimen jars filled with preserved vital organs, mostly human.

In the center of the room, an opaque cloth sheet covers an obvious workbench. Arranged under the sheet is a row of eight shiny cylinders, each made from an exotic metal similar in appearance to silver but with the strength of steel; a successful **Physics** or **Know** roll suggests no earthly origin. Toward the end of the scenario a number of them are already opened and their contents removed. A ninth sealed cylinder, set apart from the rest, is attached via cables to what appears to be some kind of device, a small box which has a pair of lenses on the front and a combination speaker and microphone on top. An examination of the strange apparatus and a successful **Electrical Repair** or **Idea** roll makes it obvious how to switch on the equipment.

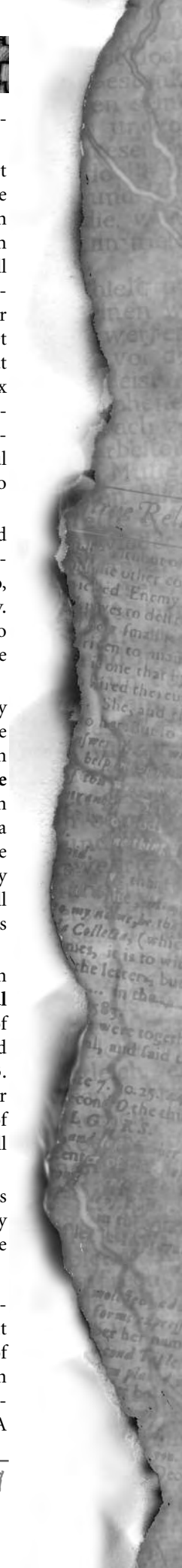
Once it is activated, an electronic moaning sound begins to emanate from the speaker. The barely recognizable voice of Dr. Rice is heard, pleading to be let go, then loudly screaming and finally laughing hysterically. Investigators listening to this mad raving are required to make a SAN roll for 1/1D4 points when they realize who it is that is talking.

The tormented man has gone almost completely insane. However, what is left of his mind may still be reasoned with for short periods, if an investigator can make a **Psychoanalysis** roll (or optionally, a **Persuade** roll to convince the doctor to use Psychoanalysis on himself). If Dr. Rice can be brought to his senses for a moment, he can answer a couple of questions about the fiendish plot and how he came to be imprisoned here by the mi-go. Dr. Rice warns that Nurse King is not at all human and he can describe the appearance and effects of a mist projector.

If the cylinder connected to the communication device is opened by either a successful **Mechanical Repair** or **Locksmith** roll), then the still-living brain of Dr. Rice can be seen floating in a thick, clear liquid and attached to wires; this requires a **Sanity** roll for 0/1D3. Opening any of the remaining cylinders reveals their hideous contents, the slightly glowing ellipsoid head of a fungi from Yuggoth (and requires another SAN roll for 0/1D3).

There is, unfortunately, nothing the investigators can do to help the poor doctor, as his decapitated body now lies moldering in a shallow grave somewhere in the woods.

**Operating Room:** Critical to the fungi's plan, the operating room is where the director and his mi-go assistant carry out the actual task of replacing the brains of human subjects, in order to create the hybrids. An adjustable table for reclining the patient is in the middle of the room, just below a set of bright spotlights. A





wheeled cart next to it holds several trays full of surgical instruments. Some of them are immediately identifiable, like simple scalpels and forceps; others are entirely alien in both design and function, appearing almost organic in nature.

On the bottom shelf of the cart can be discovered a stack of peculiar disks, made of the same material as the brain cylinders in the laboratory. These disks have unknown symbols etched along their edges (recognizable as mi-go runes with a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll or by someone who already understands the language) and can be rotated around a central axis so that different patterns of runes line up with each other. The disks, actually a form of mi-go book, contain a wealth of data about advanced medical procedures, with special attention paid to neurological science, but require weeks of careful study to provide any benefit to an investigator. As an option, the keeper could give Elliot a 50% chance to correctly interpret how to read the runes, but he lacks the proper background himself to make much sense of them.

A waste bin standing in one corner of the room hides the jumbled remains of many human brains, slowly decomposing in a weak solvent solution. Anyone seeing the bin's gruesome contents must make a Sanity roll for 1/1D4 points.

**Scrub Room:** The smaller room adjacent to the operating room is used by Dr. Shelley to scrub up prior to performing surgery. Two green operating gowns and a towel, smeared with dried blood, hang from hooks on the wall. A porcelain sink, some sponges and disinfectant soap are also in plain view.

Tucked away in the back of a cabinet under the sink (and found with a successful **Spot Hidden** or by anyone specifically stating that they are thoroughly searching) is something that resembles a hollow piece of metallic driftwood. This is in reality a mi-go mist projector belonging to Nurse King, which can be identified as a weapon by someone successfully making an **Idea** roll or who has prior knowledge of such a device. Investigators learning how to properly use it have the same chance to hit as their Rifle skill. This mist projector only has half of a full charge left, enough for 10 shots, each causing 1D10 of freezing damage per round in an area thirty feet across. The relatively slow moving streams of mist that it fires can be dodged with a successful DEX x3 or INT x3 roll, if the target is free to do so.

**Recovery Room:** This space is reserved for the temporary observation of patients having undergone an operation, before they are brought back down by wheelchair to the wards. It is presently empty save for a squeaky, movable gurney.

## Basement

The damp, dark basement underneath the building is not as well maintained as the rest of the facility. Leaky steam pipes bringing hot water from the boiler room run along the ceiling of the main corridor, creating dripping pools on the floor, and the bare stone walls are covered in places by mold and mildew. Portions of this area are only dimly lit, as some of the bulbs are in need of replacement.

**Dispensary:** Behind this room's sturdy, padlocked door can be found many labeled bottles of drugs and other chemicals used by John Aiken, the staff pharmacist. A still camera, flash powder and fluids for film development are also present on one of the shelves. Mr. Aiken can occasionally be encountered down here filling prescriptions for patients but he spends most of his time hanging around the nurse's station upstairs chatting with staff or consulting with the director in his office.



**Storeroom:** The large storeroom is cluttered with boxes and crates full of old clothing, extra woolen blankets, stacks of yellowed newspapers and assorted odd pieces of furniture and building materials. There is nothing of particular use or interest to the investigators but they could spend a very long time exploring the room.

**Boiler Room:** The facility's coal-fired furnace and great, cast-iron boiler take up most of the space in this room. Set in the far corner are a chair and card table, where the resident caretaker and handyman, Laurence Hamilton, likes to play solitaire and drink during his off-duty hours. He keeps a flask or two of Canadian whisky stashed behind the boiler (noticed with a successful **Spot Hidden** roll), the only drinkable alcohol on the premises. Laurence also has a sleeping cot, shaving mirror and washbasin in an adjoining chamber. Underneath the cot is a footlocker containing his few meager possessions.

**Padded Cells:** These unlighted cells are completely padded on all four walls. Small sliding panels in the doors allow attendants to check the status of a patient before entering the room. Used to house the asylum's more recalcitrant residents, they are all momentarily unoccupied.



## Things That Go Bump in the Night

All the investigators are lying awake in their rooms after hours. The pharmacist, John Aiken, has recently changed the formulation of their medications to help them relax and sleep. Instead, they find themselves listening to the elevator rattle as the night staff makes their rounds, and disturbed by an occasional shout from one of the patients downstairs in the wards. The investigators are beginning to miss the weekly sessions that they used to enjoy with Dr. Rice, the alienist, who they have been told has left on sabbatical. They are also feeling somewhat lonely and neglected because of his sudden absence.

As the investigators ponder their situation, each should attempt a **Listen** roll. Those who succeed hear an unexplained buzzing noise which seems to come from somewhere far off in the nighttime air. Looking out of a window, a player character can barely discern the shadowy, dark woods in the pale moonlight. Unbeknownst to them, the strange noise comes from the asylum's roof, where a mi-go accomplice is bringing the last of the brain cylinders containing volunteer fungi.

Optionally, investigators who have heard the buzzing may attempt a **Cthulhu Mythos** roll; success identifies the noise as unnatural in origin; Sanity loss is 0/1.

Should they attempt to engage in any nocturnal explorations of the hospital tonight, the investigators are soon discovered by one of the staff, who politely escorts them back to their rooms.

Meanwhile, in the operating room above, Dr. Shelley and the assisting nurse are busy performing surgery on a mental patient. It is their fourth operation to date. Nurse King takes the newly created hybrid, which already has a rudimentary understanding of the English language and of human culture, into the recovery area and instructs the entity in the specific knowledge of the person they are replacing (as is available in the patient's file folder). This process is repeated every couple of nights until all of the cylinders have been utilized.

Anyone who peeks under the bandages of a mi-go/human hybrid sees only a thin red scar vis-

ible at the hairline, miraculously healed without any obvious stitches.

## An Unexpected Visitor

Early the next morning, the asylum unexpectedly receives a visitor. Edward Nesbit, a reporter from one of the local newspapers, arrives to interview Dr. Shelley about his recent accomplishments in the treatment of mental illness. Although a bit surprised and unsure how this supposedly confidential information was leaked to the press, the director nonetheless agrees to discuss the topic with the man, as well as allowing him to tour the hospital grounds and talk with some of the patients.

After inspecting the two indigent wards, Mr. Nesbit approaches the investigators. He attempts to have a friendly chat, sticking to statements about the weather and questions about the quality of the food, while casually mentioning how wonderful it must be to have such a progressive and brilliant physician like Dr. Shelley, working hard on a cure for them. Lacking evidence, any comments to the contrary made by the investigators are met with skepticism and are dismissed by the reporter.

Before he goes, Edward takes a few photographs of the facility with the camera he carries with him. As he turns to leave, he takes one more snapshot of Nurse King, who up until now has remained partially out of view, silently watching the reporter. Any investigator who is present when this occurs (and makes a success-

**Papers #1**  
(Salem News article)

### Tragic Death in Car Accident

Salem - Essex County officials confirm the bizarre death of Edward Nesbit, age 29, whose car was found yesterday morning crashed beside a woodland road on the outskirts of town. The exact cause of the accident is under investigation, but the unusual condition of the body leads police to speculate that Mr. Nesbit may have been struck by a freak bolt of lightning while driving alone two nights ago. Although there were no witnesses to the accident, a damaged camera was found inside the vehicle with him that appeared to be charred and partially melted.

A long time reporter and photographer for this newspaper, he is survived by his mother and sister.



Faded, illegible text on a torn paper strip on the left side of the page.





ful **Psychology** or **Spot Hidden** roll) notices the nurse flinch and then glare at the photographer. For a moment, her normally stoic face shows a trace of suppressed anger directed towards the newspaperman.

## Going Under the Knife

A few days afterwards, while the investigators are eating their lunch in the cafeteria, one of the residents starts a loud argument with an attendant. The patient keeps insisting that he should have tapioca pudding with his meal, today being Thursday (which it is not). Distracted by all the excitement, none of the staff members witnesses another mental patient, Charlie Gilman, slip quietly into the kitchen area and steal a large knife from an open drawer.

Sometime later, a woman's scream is heard coming from the direction of the main hallway. Charlie has been cornered by Louis Duncan in the hall and is now using a very scared Joan Carpenter as a hostage, threatening to kill the young lady and yelling at the other man to stay back. All the while, the dangerous lunatic keeps babbling something about body snatchers and not wanting to be taken away by them. Investigators who watch this violent scene must make a SAN roll for 0/1D2.

The deranged man attempts to retreat out the front of the building, where he hopes to commandeer a delivery truck parked in the driveway and make good his escape. If the investigators intervene in order to delay him, Laurence Hamilton sneaks up and grapples the wild-eyed madman from behind long enough for Mr. Aiken to inject a strong sedative. Once brought under control, Charlie is bundled into a straitjacket, carried downstairs and locked inside a padded cell. If she is released unharmed, the lucky receptionist is granted some extra time off from work.

Concerned about the potential for discovery, the mi-go reschedule Mr. Gilman's surgery to that night. When the investigators meet him again, he is a new man.

## Some Disturbing News

The following day, someone reading the morning paper spots a news article reporting the death of Mr. Nesbit, the reporter who visited earlier in the week. Brought to the investigators' attention, they can read of the freak mishap that caused him to be struck by lightning while driving alone in his car two nights ago. The article also mentions the camera that was in the seat beside him having been completely destroyed.

Those who learn the details about the reporter's bizarre death note that there had been no signs of thun-

der in the area at the time of the accident (and are required to make another SAN roll for 0/1 Sanity). The fungi from Yuggoth have begun to cover up their tracks.

## Falling Off the Wagon

Later the next evening, player characters who happen to be roaming the halls in the vicinity of the stairwell and who make successful **Listen** rolls hear echoes of loud singing coming from the basement.

If they follow the drone of the baritone voice, the investigators eventually find Laurence, extremely inebriated and dancing in the boiler room. Seeing them there, the alcoholic handyman begins ranting almost incomprehensibly about "brains in cans". Although his previous whereabouts aren't clear, Laurence had just returned from a trip to the supply closet on the third floor when he saw that the door to the laboratory was carelessly left ajar. Understandably curious, the caretaker walked into the lab to have a look around and stumbled across the insane Dr. Rice. Anyone listening to the man's drunken story, who is not already aware of the truth, must make a Sanity roll for 0/1D2.

Mr Hamilton soon collapses in a stupor. Waking tomorrow morning, he has no conscious memories of events of the night before.

## The Doom That Came to Wormwood

Eventually the fungi finish the last of the operations and, unless circumstances have caused a change of plan, they are ready to begin the final phase of their wicked scheme. The ordinarily passive hybrids work in unison. Led by methodical Nurse King, they round up the other residents, starting with the asylum's staff. They attempt to ambush lone player characters in the hallways, taking them by surprise. Those who resist are quickly overpowered and restrained. Others are simply marched a few at a time into one of the basement cells. Keepers should allow the investigators some time to consider their available options before continuing.

After nightfall, the captives are taken outside to the grounds behind the sanitarium. Held there beside the pond, in the dark of a new moon, the investigators can just make out Dr. Shelley, helpless and confused, standing next to Nurse King.

Forming a tight circle around the prisoners, the mi-go nurse and her hybrid associates begin chanting evocations to the outer gods in an ancient tongue.

An investigator who makes a successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll, or who actually knows the incantation, can



correctly identify this ritual as a magical summoning ceremony. As a foetid wind blows down from the starry skies above, the illusion surrounding Nurse King rapidly fades, revealing for the first time the alien's true form. All present roll for 0/1D6 Sanity loss.

Unless the investigators can somehow prevent it, the mi-go formerly known as Nurse King bends Dr. Shelley over a stone bench and deftly slits his throat with one of the surgeon's own scalpels, spilling his blood and killing him to complete the spell. Another Sanity roll, this for 1/1D4+1 SAN, is required from all observers. Within moments of the mi-go's deadly act, rising impossibly up from the depths of a pond seemingly much too shallow to have contained it, a dark young of Shub-Niggurath responds to the call. Ask yet a third SAN roll of 1D3/1D10 SAN, shaking those who view the monster.

## Conclusion

If the mi-go succeed in summoning the dark young, they immediately order it to kill the assembled staff and residents. It tramples prone individuals under deadly cloven hooves or drains the life force — 1D3 STR — from those it grasps with writhing tentacles. The dark young pursues fleeing investigators wherever they run, bellowing from multiple mouths and intelligently casting spells as needed to slow them down.

While this carnage goes on, the fungi remove all incriminating evidence from the property, and then set the building afire. That done, they order the monster to open a gate leading to one of the mi-go secret outposts here on Earth. They leave behind only an unexplained case of mass murder and arson for the authorities to puzzle over in the morning.

However, if the investigators are able to disrupt the sacrificial rites or seriously injure the dark young after it arrives, mounting an effective defense, then the mi-go/human hybrids cut their losses and try to flee, probably by taking remaining vehicles and driving off. Nurse King, being fully mi-go, simply flies into the night, never to be heard from again.

In this eventuality, the keeper should reward surviving player characters with 1D6 points of Sanity (or double the amount, if they fought the dark young), plus 1 additional point for each of the hybrids defeated.

## Statistics

### Player Characters

#### Colonel James Butler, age 52, Retired Military Officer

STR 11    CON 09    SIZ 11    INT 14    POW 09  
DEX 11    APP 10    EDU 19    SAN 40    HP 10

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Derangements:** Shell Shock.

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+db Grapple 55%, damage special Head Butt 20%, damage 1D4+db Kick 35%, damage 1D6+db Handgun\* 50% Rifle\* 55%.

\* *weapon skill only.*

**Skills:** Bargain 45%, Credit Rating 45%, Dodge 42%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 30%, History 50%, Jump 35%, Natural History 20%, Navigate 30%, Persuade 65%, Psychology 45%, Ride 45%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 55%.

**Languages:** English 65%.

**Equipment:** riding crop, service medals.

Colonel Butler was once a cavalry officer and a leader of men on the battlefield, until the shock and awe of fighting in the trenches of France left him shattered mentally and physically. Now a broken man, the colonel is more likely to follow the orders of others than give them himself. He still wears his faded army uniform jacket, pinned with metals over his hospital pajamas. Often living in the past, Butler sometimes mistakes other patients for members of his old unit. For example, he does not fully trust the new recruit, Waldo Hirsch, and considers him a possible German spy.

#### Alina Dolinski, age 27, Stage Actress

STR 10    CON 11    SIZ 11    INT 14    POW 13  
DEX 10    APP 13    EDU 12    SAN 65    HP 11

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Derangements:** Drug Addiction.

**Weapons:** none.

**Skills:** Art (Acting) 55%, Art (Singing) 25%, Bargain 35%, Credit Rating 55%, Disguise 41%, Fast Talk 45%, Spot Hidden 35%, Persuade 65%, Pharmacy 31%, Psychology 25%.

**Languages:** English 80%, Polish 31%.

**Equipment:** makeup kit.

Alina is a noted stage actress from Boston, Ms. Dolinski was committed to Wormwood by her manager/lawyer, an over-possessive lover. She needs to recover from a cocaine habit. Used to the excitement and glamour of working in the limelight, she finds the asylum's tranquil atmosphere much too dull and boring to suit her jaded tastes. A natural-born drama queen, Alina uses almost



any opportunity to garner attention or to showcase her talents before a live audience.

**Mona di Fabrizio, age 18, Manic Painter**

STR 08 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 10  
DEX 13 APP 11 EDU 12 SAN 40 HP 12

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Derangements:** Manic-Depression.

**Weapons:** Kick 55%, damage 1D6+db.

**Skills:** Art (Painting) 65%, Art History 60%, Bargain 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 7%, Dodge 36%, History 40%, Library Use 45%, Listen 65%, Persuade 45%, Photography 50%, Psychology 35%, Throw 55%.

**Languages:** English 41%, Italian 60%.

**Equipment:** painter's palette, brushes.

Mona was committed by her parents, the owners of a prosperous garment business in Salem, several years ago following a strange wave of mass insanity that struck many sensitive people with artistic abilities throughout the world. Still suffering from rapid and occasionally violent mood swings, she spends much of her time painting bizarre underwater landscapes, full of the dark and cyclopean shapes that inhabit her dreams. She was particularly upset recently when Dr. Shelley forbid her from using the sanitarium's camera to take photographs of the other residents, saying only that it was for her own good.

**Elliot Gordon, age 25, Mentally Handicapped Patient**

STR 10 CON 13 SIZ 14 INT 17  
POW 11 DEX 09 APP 12 EDU 10  
SAN 50 HP 14

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Derangements:** Idiot Savant.

**Weapons:** none.

**Skills:** Art (Piano) 30%, Astronomy 51%, Craft (Watch making) 30%, Electrical Repair 55%, Hide 45%, Mathematics 75%, Mechanical Repair 70%, Sneak 25%.

**Languages:** English 70%.

**Equipment:** watchmaker's tool kit.

Born with a severe mental disability, Elliot has lived in one form of institution or another for virtually his entire life. Not having been visited by his own family in years, he has come to think of Mona as a younger sister and Percival as a kind of surrogate dad. Despite having difficulty understanding most human behavior and ordinary social interactions, his mind is capable of great feats of mathematical computation and logic. He keeps a collection of puzzles and clockwork toys in his room with which to amuse himself. Elliot has also developed a keen interest in astronomy and likes to spend hours staring up at the stars at night. However, he is somehow

convinced that there should be nine planets circling the sun, instead of the eight currently known to science.

**Waldo Hirsch, age 30, Private Detective**

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 16 INT 13 POW 08  
DEX 11 APP 09 EDU 15 SAN 40 HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4.

**Derangements:** Hypochondriasis.

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+db, Grapple 35%, Damage special, Head Butt 20%, damage 1D4+db, Knife\* 45%.

\* *weapon skill only*

**Skills:** Accounting 30%, Bargain 25%, Climb 50%, Conceal 35%, Disguise 31%, Drive Auto 40%, Fast Talk 35%, Hide 40%, Jump 35%, Law 25%, Library Use 35%, Locksmith 31%, Persuade 25%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 35%, Track 30%.

**Languages:** English 41%, German 75%.

**Equipment:** notepad, pencil, concealed lockpick set.

Claiming to be just a factory manager wanting to recuperate from exhaustion and stress, the German immigrant named Waldo is actually a private detective working undercover. He was originally hired a few weeks ago by Alina's concerned stage manager to look after the woman during her stay and report back on her recovery. Having voluntarily admitted himself, he is technically free to leave Wormwood whenever he chooses, provided the director signs his release papers. Always a bit nervous, Waldo has spent so much time living with the other residents of the asylum that he is now beginning to wonder if there really is something wrong with him.

**Percival Severin III, age 49, Delusional Millionaire**

STR 11 CON 09 SIZ 15 INT 13 POW 13  
DEX 10 APP 08 EDU 16 SAN 55 HP 12

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4.

**Derangements:** Paranoia.

**Weapons:** none.

**Skills:** Accounting 70%, Anthropology 21%, Bargain 75%, Credit Rating 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Fast Talk 65%, History 40%, Library Use 45%, Occult 45%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 55%.

**Languages:** English 90%, French 31%.

**Equipment:** pocket watch, top hat.

Percival Severin III is a millionaire who owns both a mansion and a yacht – or *would* if greedy relatives had not taken them away from him. Not satisfied with the attainment of mere personal wealth and power, he began explorations into mysteries of the occult, at first dealing with the Freemasons and then other less reputable secret societies. His constant delving into things man was not meant to know eventually brought him to





a rare French edition of *The King in Yellow*. Soon after reading this dread play, his mind was twisted by the terrible implications locked within the cursed text. Percival now sees himself trapped inside the story, with his fellow mental patients playing the roles of other doomed characters as the tragic plot unknowingly unfolds around them. A man who is used to getting his way, Mr. Severin would be a logical choice to lead the rest in an investigation. That is, if he can learn to trust them.

## Non-Player Characters

### Dark Young, Spawn of Shub-Niggurath

STR 42 CON 16 SIZ 43 INT 14  
POW 17 DEX 18 MOV 08 HP 30

**Damage Bonus:** +4D6.

**Weapons:** Tentacles (x4) 80%, damage db+1D3 STR drain; Trample 40%, damage 2D6+db.

**Armor:** Firearms do 1 point of damage, or 2 points on impales, except shotguns, which do minimum damage; heat, blast, acid, electricity and poison have no effect.

**Spells:** Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath, Create Gate, Implant Fear, Power Drain, Reach, Wither Limb, Wrack.

**Skills:** Sneak 60%, Hide 80%.

**Sanity Loss:** 1D3/1D10.

### John Aiken, age 38, Staff Pharmacist

STR 09 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 16 POW 11  
DEX 08 APP 11 EDU 14 SAN 55 HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Weapons:** Hypodermic syringe 45%, damage POT 16 sedative.

**Skills:** Accounting 40%, Bargain 25%, Biology 31%, Chemistry 61%, Conceal 45%, Credit Rating 35%, First Aid 50%, Library Use 35%, Listen 45%, Medicine 35%, Persuade 25%, Pharmacy 71%, Psychology 25%.

**Languages:** English 90 Latin 31%.

### Joan Carpenter, age 19, Pretty Receptionist

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 14  
POW 08 DEX 11 APP 15 EDU 13  
SAN 40 HP 12

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Weapons:** none.

**Skills:** Accounting 30%, Art (Dancing) 65%, Bargain 45%, Credit Rating 35%, English 85%, Fast Talk 55%, French 21%, Persuade 45%, Psychology 45%, Shorthand 51%, Typing 51%.

### Louis Duncan, age 26, Attendant

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

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4.

**Derangements:** Necrophobia.

**Weapons:** Blackjack\* 60%, damage 1D8+db

Fist/Punch 80%, damage 1D3+db

Grapple 45%, damage special

Head Butt 30%, damage 1D4+db

Kick 45%, damage 1D6+db.

\* *does only knock-out damage*

**Skills:** Drive Automobile 40%, Electrical Repair 40%, Fast Talk 25%, First Aid 40%, Hide 50%, Listen 45%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Persuade 35%, Psychology 25%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 45%.

### Charlie Gilman, age 27, Lunatic

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 14 INT09(12)  
POW 11(14) DEX 09 APP 10 EDU08(06)  
SAN 0 HP 12

*Use the statistics in parenthesis after his operation*

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4.

**Derangements:** Schizophrenia.

**Weapons:** Kitchen knife 55%, damage 1D6+db Grapple 30%, damage special.

**Skills:** Climb 60%, Hide 30%, Jump 45%, Listen 45%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 55%.

**Languages:** English 45%.

### Nurse Stephanie King, apparent age 37, Disguised Mi-go Scientist

STR 13 CON 10 SIZ 11 INT 15  
POW 14 DEX 11 APP - (10) EDU 13  
SAN — HP 11  
MOV 7/9 flying

*Use the statistics in parentheses when in disguise*

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Weapons:** Mist Projector 40%, damage 1D10

Electric Gun 40%, damage 1D10+special

Nippers (x2) 30%, damage 1D6+grapple.

**Armor:** None, but impaling weapons do minimum rolled damage.

**Spells:** Contact Human, Mi-go Hypnosis, Summon/Bind Dark Young.

**Skills:** Biology 76%, Credit Rating 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 24%, Disguise 46%, English 71%, Geology 21%, Library Use 35%, Medicine 30%, Mi-go Runes 85%, Physics 76%.

**Artifact:** Amulet with Sign of the Dark Mother, aids in maintaining disguise.

**Sanity Loss:** None while in disguise but 0/1D6 to see the mi-go's true form.





**Laurence Hamilton, age 39, Resident Caretaker**

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

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4.

**Derangements:** Alcoholism.

**Weapons:** Grapple 35%, damage special.

**Skills:** Climb 60%, Conceal 45%, Craft (Plumbing) 55%,  
 Electrical Repair 80%, Fast Talk 65%, First Aid 40%,  
 Hide 60%, Mechanical Repair 80%, Sneak 60%.

**Edward Nesbit, age 29, Investigative Reporter**

STR 11 CON 08 SIZ 13 INT 16  
 POW 10 DEX 12 APP 09 EDU 14  
 SAN 50 HP 11

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Weapons:** none.

**Skills:** Bargain 25%, Climb 50%, Conceal 35%, Disguise  
 21%, Drive Auto 40%, English 80%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide  
 30%, Jump 45%, Library Use 45%, Listen 75%,  
 Mechanical Repair 40%, Persuade 45%, Photography  
 60%, Psychology 35%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 45%,  
 Track 30%.

**Dr. Andrew Rice, age 58, Brain in a can**

STR — CON 01 SIZ 01 INT 15  
 POW 09 DEX — APP — EDU 16  
 SAN 09 HP 01

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Weapons:** none.

**Skills:** Accounting 30%, Bargain 25%, Biology 21%, Cthulhu  
 Mythos 8%, Fast Talk 25%, Library Use 45%, Medicine  
 25%, Persuade 55%, Pharmacy 21%, Psychoanalysis  
 81%, Psychology 45%.

**Languages:** English 85%, Latin 21%.

**Sanity Loss:** 0/1D3 to see his disembodied brain.

**Dr. Marion Shelley, age 51, Neurosurgeon and  
 Director of Wormwood Asylum**

STR 08 CON 10 SIZ 15 INT 13 POW 11  
 DEX 09 APP 09 EDU 18 SAN 35 HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Weapons:** Scalpel 50%, damage 1D4+db.

**Skills:** Accounting 30%, Bargain 35%, Biology 31%, Credit  
 Rating 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 16%, Electrical Repair  
 35%, First Aid 70%, Library Use 55%, Mechanical Repair  
 45%, Medicine 65%, Mi-go Runes 20%, Persuade 45%,  
 Pharmacy 21%, Physics 36%, Psychoanalysis 21%,  
 Psychology 35%.

**Languages:** English 90%, Latin 21%.

**Nurse Roberta Weinberg, age 29, Registered  
 Nurse**

STR 10 CON 08 SIZ 14 INT 12 POW 12  
 DEX 10 APP 13 EDU 14 SAN 60 HP 11

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Weapons:** none.

**Skills:** Biology 41%, Credit Rating 45%, First Aid 90%,  
 Listen 55%, Medicine 55%, Natural History 40%,  
 Persuade 55%, Pharmacy 41%, Psychoanalysis 31%,  
 Psychology 45%.

**Languages:** English 80%, German 21%.

**Seven Mental Patients (Mi-go/human Hybrids)**

These poor, unfortunate people suffer from numerous severe mental psychoses, ranging from catatonia to extreme dementia. Admitted to the hospital as hopeless cases by the State, they are all scheduled to be test subjects in the horrific experiment to make mi-go/human hybrids. Use the characteristics in parenthesis once their brains have been surgically altered.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP	DB
Anna	09	10	15	09	11(14)	13	+1D4
Frank	12	09	14	12	10(13)	12	—
George	11	09	13	12	10(13)	11	—
Harry	11	12	13	11	09(12)	13	+1D4
Joseph	10	12	12	11	09(12)	12	—
Margaret	10	11	12	10	12(15)	12	—
William	09	11	15	10	12(15)	13	+1D4

**Weapons:** Grapple 30%, damage special.

**Sanity Loss:** none ◆

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# Death By Misadventure

*Wherein the investigators visit the house of a wealthy art collector, and find his collection of paintings to be odd but intriguing. Do they offer a hint of things to come?*

**By Glyn White**

It is September of 1927. Charles Stanhope, retired civil servant and amateur archaeologist, is dead. He died at his home in Lincolnshire, killed by the accidental discharge of a faulty shotgun. The coroner's verdict: Death by misadventure. As close friends or relatives of the deceased, the investigators attend his funeral and the reading of the will, and uncover the truth behind this tragic event.

Yankee keepers may puzzle over a few historical references in the text; most definitions are there; as always, read this adventure carefully before presenting it to your players.

## **Player Background**

Three years ago, Charles Stanhope inherited Ravensby Abbey (in the Lincolnshire Fens) from his father. Charles was unmarried, had no children and has no surviving siblings, since his younger brother, the father of Irene and Colin, predeceased him. The income from his father's estate allowed Charles to give up his work in the civil service and retire to Ravensby to pursue his chief hobbies, archaeology and book collecting. Irene, Colin and Ralph, Stanhope's old friend, were all in touch with Charles regularly and, following his inheritance, met him in London at least once a year. To the best of their knowledge he had no enemies and was not suicidal. His sudden death has come as a shock to all who knew him.

## **Keeper Information**

Charles Stanhope did not die accidentally. He was murdered by alien beings – *L'gy'hxians* – acting under the instructions of a human ally, the unnaturally long-lived sorcerer Joseph Crascall of Wisbech. Having come across Crascall's name in the nineteenth century correspondence of Stanhope's ancestors, Charles sought information about him. Charles lunched with Doctor Townsend of the Wisbech Museum, was loaned a bound collection of the Wisbech Literary Society's papers, then visited the castle once owned by Crascall.

Dr. Jessup, the current resident of the castle, invited Stanhope to explore the grounds and cellar at his leisure. During Stanhope's amateur archaeological investigations in the castle dungeons he unwittingly broke the ward on the Gate to *L'gy'hx*, allowing Crascall and two *L'gy'hxians* to come to Earth. Driven temporarily mad by what he saw, Stanhope fled back to Ravensby Abbey and what he thought was safety.

Back in Wisbech, however, Dr. Jessup identified Stanhope for Crascall. Crascall's familiarity with the area allowed him to Gate himself and his allies to the Ravensby barrows and hunt down Stanhope at the Abbey. Stanhope tried to defend himself but was cut down as soon as he appeared with a weapon. The *L'gy'hxians* squatted nearby and watched their victim bleed to death on the study



## About Joseph Crascall

He was born in Wisbech in 1650. He was an intelligent but wayward boy who grew up during the English Civil War and, at the Restoration, had to run away to sea to escape the consequences of his interest in the occult. His travels in Eastern Europe, Africa and the Middle and Far East allowed him to pursue this interest, particularly in the dark arts that would permit the extension of one's natural life or the accumulation of wealth. Crascall sponsored the early pillaging of sites in the Middle East, where he discovered the magical means to defy the aging process. In 1775, he retired to Wisbech, in Cambridgeshire, with a fortune made largely in the slave trade. In the guise of an antiquarian, Crascall plundered sites across East Anglia in search of treasure and occult artifacts. He recorded some of what he found in his book, *Sites of Rare Historical and Supernatural Interest in East Anglia*, published privately in 1802.

When the Reverend Vachell of nearby Littleport visited the author's farm in 1816 he learned more than Crascall intended — from a black slab of meteorite, the Black Stone, about which see further below. This knowledge included Crascall's recent attempts to harness the Black Stone's power. The shocked clergyman gradually let slip his fears to leaders of Wisbech society, including anti-slavery campaigner Thomas Clarkson. By this time Crascall's extraordinarily youthful appearance had been noticed and his seedy past was being investigated. Crascall was willing to wait out his neighbors' suspicions of witchery — he was on the scent of what he imagined to be the biggest treasure of all. He buried incriminating loot such as the Black Stone and Horvald's torc at his farm, where he was finally able to dig into the Norman foundations of Wisbech castle. There he discovered the magical Gate through which an imprisoned warlock, Michel de Valette, had escaped his torturers in 1148.

But time was against Crascall: an armed and determined group of citizens led by Thomas Clarkson and his brother John pursued Crascall into his castle excavations. Trapped, Crascall recklessly broke the Norman seal on the Gate and called for help from beyond. He was seized by the L'gy'hxians who emerged . . . before they were driven back by the blunderbusses of those stalwart Wisbech men who managed to maintain their wits.

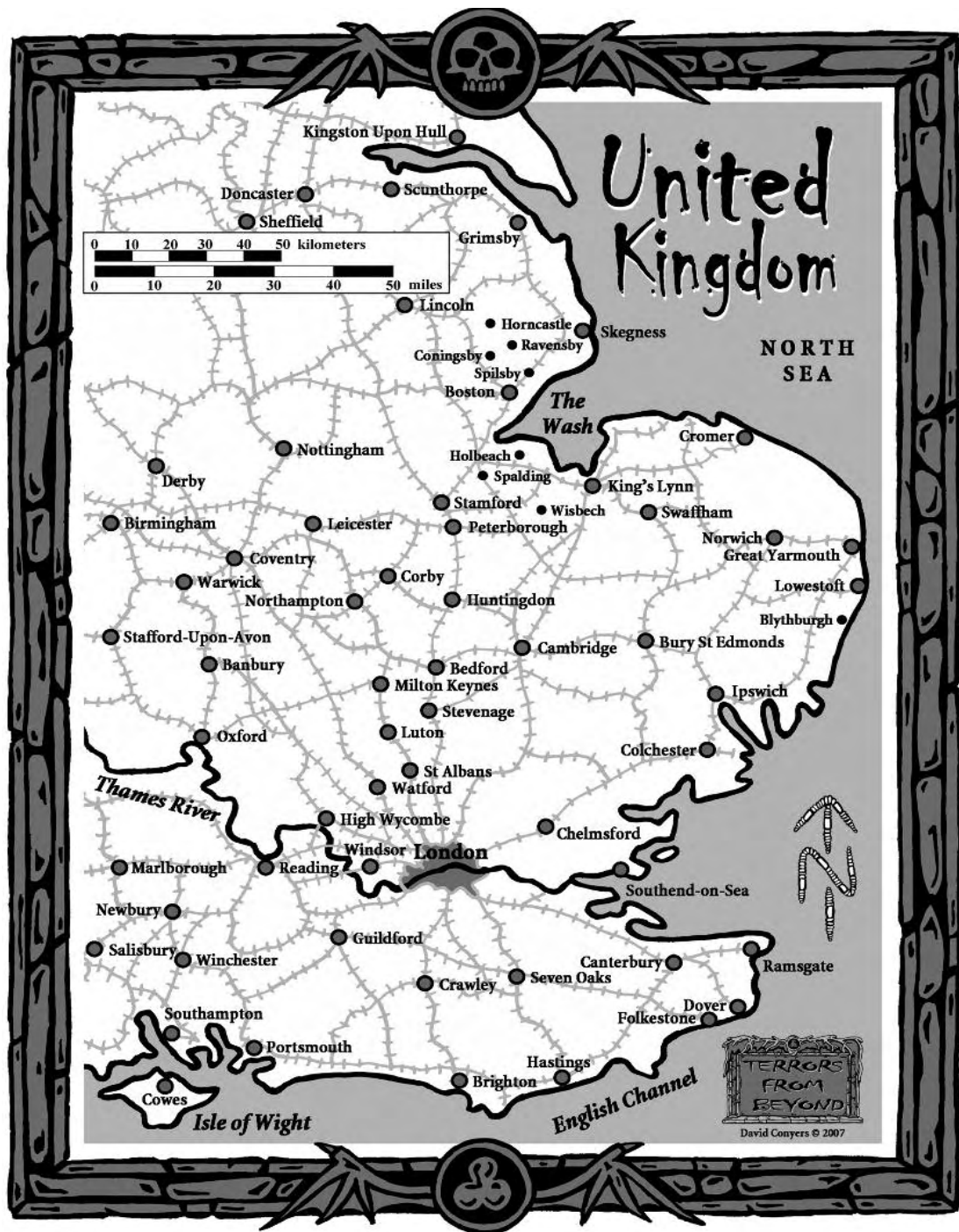
The men who hunted Crascall were able to ward the Gate once again with a new Elder Sign and re-bury the chamber. Crascall's disappearance and the burning of his farm were little noticed during the chaos surrounding the so-called grain riots of 1816, where agricultural laborers protested their low wages.

Having been dragged through the Gate, Crascall found himself at an alien shrine on L'gy'hx. He was virtually crushed by the gravity but found his captors solicitous of his well-being. They supplied him with oxygen and eventually constructed an armature that allowed him to move around and function in the alien environment. The only thing they wouldn't allow him to do was attempt to leave. Though tempted to try to create a return Gate, Crascall was unwilling to surrender his power. Time, he knew, was on his side and the Gate would open again.

Those citizens entrusted with the castle and its grounds grew worried when sewers were put into the crescent streets around it in 1854 but the dungeon was not exposed. The current generation has no idea that the castle deeds contain a prohibition against digging for any purpose other than cultivation in the grounds. No one suspects a collapse of the sewer wall that has exposed the dungeon chamber. Charles Stanhope, discovering this new access, had no idea that his blundering entry would once again open the way for Crascall to return to Earth in the company of his alien allies. The current objectives of Crascall and the L'gy'hxians differ to some degree but they realize they are more effective working together.

Crascall's current existence, as redesigned for the environment that shaped the evolution of the L'gy'hxians, is an agonizing and disgusting form of life now he is back on Earth. Because of the pressure differential his eyes bulge and tears run from them. The armature designed to support him makes his movements jerky and fierce, and his chest balloons frighteningly at every breath. He would gladly exchange his body if a suitable opportunity to use Mind Transfer should present itself. Crascall's intention is to find a healthy victim of good social standing and resume earthly existence; Crascall's alliance with the L'gy'hxians is only valuable to him while it helps him accomplish this goal.





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floor while Crascall went to Stanhope's library and retrieved some reading material about this unfamiliar century. They returned through the Gate to Wisbech, where they plan to extend their access to the unsuspecting world.

## Starting Play

This scenario is set in East Anglia but the action is concentrated at two locations: Ravensby Abbey and the town

of Wisbech. All of the locations are based on real ones and the majority of the historical characters, save Joseph Crascall, existed. The scenario is designed for four players but, in a larger group, superior roleplayers can be assigned lawyer James Bowman and farm manager Frederick Newton.

The scenario presumes that the player characters arrive the day before Charles Stanhope's funeral. They are Stanhope's niece Irene (a writer), nephew Colin (a bookseller), his friend Professor Ralph Singleton and Singleton's research assistant Cedric Mandeville-Plum.





The scenario begins with the player characters arriving at the Abbey and making introductions. They then attend Stanhope's funeral and the reading of his will, but these are the only scheduled events. The non-player characters having their own timetable, the rest of the scenario unfolds according to the investigators' actions.

## Arriving at Ravensby

Madeleine and Ralph arrive by car from Reading, guided to the Abbey by James Bowman's good directions, despite neither of them having visited before. Irene and Colin have traveled up from London together by train and are fetched from the small station at Sibsey by hired carriage, manned by an uncommunicative resident of Coningsby who knows nothing relevant to the matter at hand.

It is a warm September afternoon as the vehicle makes its way across the Fens. The landscape is broad, flat and fertile, the distant horizon only troubled occasionally by hedges, trees and the spires of small village churches. Telephone poles now connect this rural district with the twentieth century but otherwise the landscape looks little different than it must have in previous centuries. In the distance, the village of Ravensby, at the northern edge of the Fens, offers slightly higher ground safe from regular flooding. Two barrows, fenced off in parkland by the road, suggest that this area has been inhabited from pre-history.

The turn through the gates of Ravensby Abbey arrives before the village itself. Past Lodge Farm and up the tree-shaded drive, an imposing and somewhat gloomy-looking building awaits. The air of foreboding, however, may not be in the Gothic architecture as much as in the knowledge that this is where Charles Stanhope died – suddenly, unexpectedly and alone.

The front door swings open and the greeting by Mrs Watts, the homely, red-cheeked housekeeper, is a welcome one indeed. Tea and cakes are offered in the parlor, where James Bowman, Stanhope's solicitor, and Fred Newton, the farm manager, await. Once all are present and acquainted, Mrs Watts sets an agreeable time for supper – any time between 6 and 8 pm – and James Bowman rises to address the assembled group.

## Bowman's Testimony

"I'm glad you're all here," he begins. "In this room we have all those most intimately affected by the death of Charles Stanhope, his most trusted employees – and I include myself immodestly as such – his executors and their assistants. I think it best, for the ease of your minds, that we who were here to see the aftermath share what we know of the fatal night. We know that Charles left here at nine in the morning and did not expect to return in evening. We do not know where he went but he was here again by 9 pm when he telephoned me." Bowman pauses

for a sip of tea before providing further testimony. "On the telephone Charles was agitated and fearful, most unlike himself, and it wasn't clear what the matter was. He wanted to tell the police something, said he didn't know who else to tell and so I said I'd call the constable for him and drive over. I met Constable Dawson at the gates and drove up here. The doors were shut but unlocked. We called and searched and eventually found him on the floor in the study, next door. Mr Newton saw us go up to the house and arrived almost as we found the body."

## Fred Newton's Testimony

Newton attests that Mr Stanhope had announced that he would be staying away on the night of his death. All the house servants were given the night off. Traumatized by news of the death, these servants haven't returned – apart from Mrs Watts, of course. Newton, who lives alone at Lodge Farm, was visiting a lady friend at a nearby farm, on the night in question. He saw a suspicious light near the barrows and came home to see Mr. Bowman's car rushing to the Abbey with the constable on the running board. Newton feels bad that he wasn't there to help Mr. Stanhope.

Both Bowman and Newton can describe Stanhope's terrible wounds – the mangled head, shoulder and arm and the huge loss of blood – and indicate the position of the corpse in the study. Bowman also reveals the document that he found on his client's desk at that time (*Paper #1*). He quietly acknowledges having removed the document before it was found by Constable Dawson, lest it suggest to the coroner that Stanhope was of unsound mind.

## About Mary Watts

A large and matronly woman, she remembers Colin and Irene from her days in their nursery. She has been deeply shocked by the death of Charles Stanhope, for whom she had much admiration, and is vulnerable to further shocks. During the second day Mary is visibly upset, though she insists nothing is wrong. Privately, she is frightened of John Brassic, James Bowman's chauffeur. She begs Frederick Newton, the estate manager, to take temporary lodging at the Abbey. A **Psychology** roll made when Mary is in the presence of Brassic reveals her discomfort.

## About James Bowman

The solicitor for the Stanhope estate, Bowman is a lean, stern-faced gentleman, graying at the temples. Bowman's consuming interest in power drew him to study politics, law and now magic. He has a fair range of occult books – perhaps even a *Mythos* tome or two – but keeps these texts in his townhouse in Horncastle. He has retained





## Timeline (all dates A.D.)

- ca. 720 Norse raider Horvald the Dark is buried with his powerful torc at the northern edge of the Fens; Ravensby, Lincolnshire
- ca. 1075 Following the Norman conquest of Anglo-Saxon Britain a castle is built at Wisbech, Cambridgeshire at the southern edge of the Fens
- ca. 1120 The Black Stone appears in Brittany, northern France, and becomes the center for a heretical cult
- 1135 William de Roumare, a Norman adventurer, steals the Black Stone and takes it with him to England where the new King, Stephen, makes him Earl of Lincoln
- 1139 Stephen's reign crumbles and de Roumare helps defeat Stephen at the Battle of Lincoln
- 1142 Ravensby Abbey founded by Cistercian monks from Rievaulx
- 1146 William de Roumare retreats to Ravensby Abbey to live out his life as a monk
- 1147 French cultists in search of de Roumare and the Black Stone are captured near Wisbech and imprisoned in the castle dungeon
- 1148 Cultist priest Michel De Valette's prayers to Nyarlathotep open a permanent gate from the dungeon to L'gy'hx but he is killed by hostile conditions on the other side; the Bishop of Ely wards the gate with an elder sign and walls up the dungeon
- 1153 William de Roumare dies at Ravensby Abbey and is entombed, as per his instructions, with the Black Stone
- 1154 King Stephen dies without an heir and Henry Plantagenet, as Henry II, succeeds him
- 1216 King John, last of Henry II's sons, loses his treasury attempting to cross the Wash and dies shortly after
- 1535 Subsidence at Ravensby Abbey breaks open de Roumare's tomb and the Black Stone is removed and coveted by certain of the monks
- 1536 The Lincolnshire Rebellion, the first of a series of disturbances across the north of England known as the Pilgrimage of Grace, involves monks from Ravensby
- 1537 **Henry VIII** imposes martial law and mass hangings across the North: The monks of Ravensby are not accounted for because they have already been disposed of by an internal Cistercian inquisition which sealed the Black Stone in a lead box and buried it deep under the lich gate
- 1539 Dissolution of the Monasteries: Henry's collectors find Ravensby much decayed
- 1577 During a massive storm at Blythburgh, Suffolk, a black dog appears in the church and maims and kills parishioners before the spire is destroyed
- 1650 Joseph Crascall born near Wisbech
- 1657 Secretary of state John Thurloe builds a mansion on the site of Wisbech Castle
- 1668 Thurloe is executed for treason and Wisbech Castle reverts to Bishops of Ely
- 1753 Antiquarian William Stukeley visits Ravensby and notes the last stones of the abbey being removed
- 1780 Joseph Crascall, assisting at the excavation at Ravensby barrows, acquires Horvald's torc and buys a farm at Elmeth near Wisbech
- 1790 Joseph Crascall rents land near Sutton Bridge, Lincolnshire and locates the remains of King John's treasure; shortly afterwards Crascall buys Wisbech Castle and grounds and begins to build the crescent
- 1792-1816 Crascall demolishes Thurloe's mansion and excavates the walled up Norman dungeon of the old castle below. During grain riots, the Clarksons burn down Crascall's farm and lead a party into his diggings which traps him on L'gy'hx by replacing the ward on the gate and re-burying the dungeon.
- 1854 New sewers built in Wisbech close to the Norman dungeons
- 1924 Charles Stanhope inherits Ravensby Abbey and excavates at both the barrows and the old abbey sites but finds nothing of importance
- 1927 Stanhope uncovers Reverend Edward Stanhope's letter of 1792 to his sister (*Paper #4*) and begins to research Joseph Crascall
- 6 **September** (Saturday): Charles Stanhope's day away at Wisbech. Stanhope's body is discovered before midnight at Ravensby Abbey by his solicitor, James Bowman and Constable Dawson.
- 7 **September** (Sunday): The investigators are notified of Stanhope's death.
- 9 **September** (Tuesday): The Coroner's verdict is made official; Crascall leads Dr. Jessup and a L'gy'hxian to the site of his old farm at Elmeth to collect the Black Stone and Horvald's torc. Farmer Thomas Marten is killed.
- 10 **September** (Wednesday): Charles Stanhope's death is announced in the Times. The investigators arrive at Ravensby Abbey.
- 11 **September** (Thursday): Charles Stanhope's funeral takes place at 10 AM at St. Lawrence's Church, Ravensby, followed by a wake at the village pub. Mrs Watts demands that Fred Newton move into the Abbey, ostensibly to help her cater for the guests but actually because of the menacing behavior of Brassic, Bowman's chauffeur. In the evening, Stanhope's will is read.
- 12 **September** (Friday): A newspaper article (*Paper #8*) appears about Tuesday's events in Elmeth



some of his Sanity through the cautious use of magic. He does have a lucrative sideline in debt collection in Lincoln: A Shriveling spell – or even the threat of one – encourages the most obstinate debtor to square accounts. The appearance of Bowman's Bentley in some terraced streets is the occasion of much fear. Bowman is adroit at recognizing how to deal with people and identifying their potential usefulness to him.

Having been one of the first to find Stanhope's body, Bowman suspects that powerful magic was involved and he wants a chance to tap it. To this end – but ostensibly to preserve his client's good name – Bowman concealed evidence of what Stanhope had stumbled across. He gladly volunteers this document to the player characters, letting them do the legwork and take the risks.

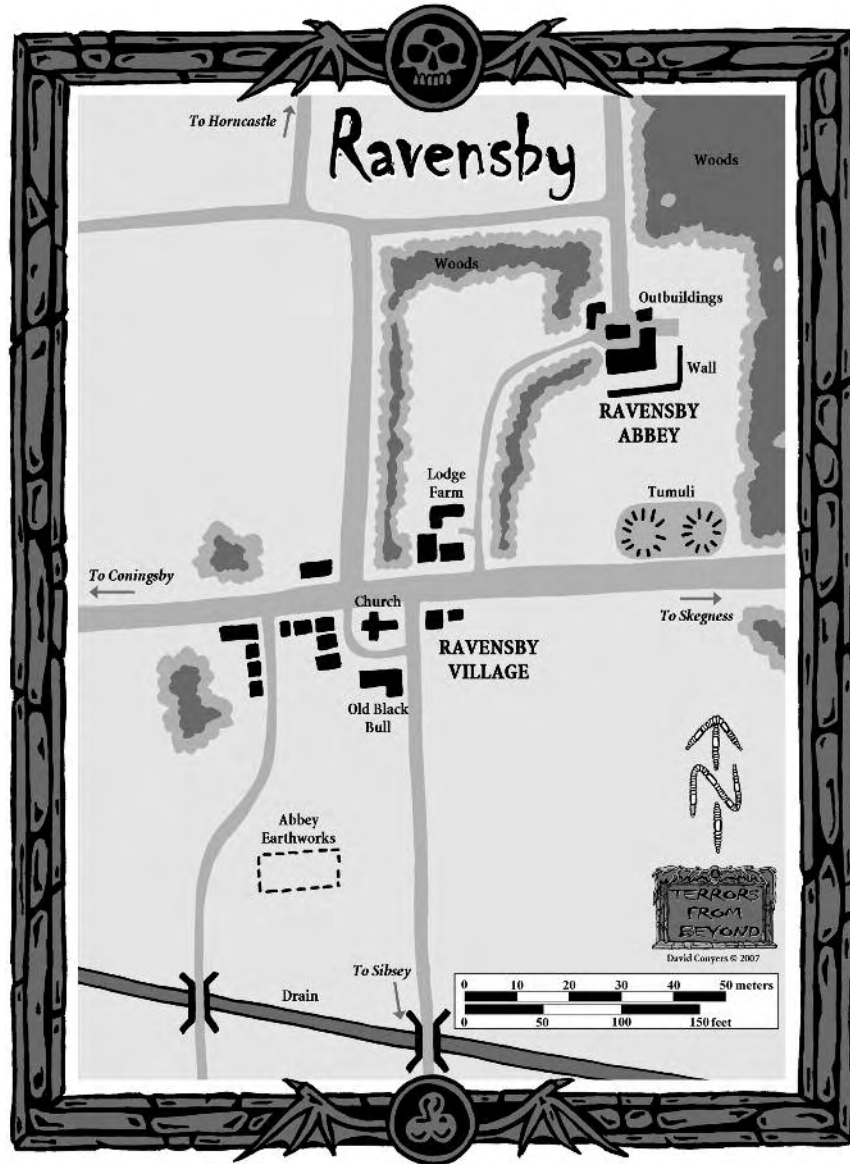
Bowman owns a Bentley three liter and employs burly John Brassic to drive it. He hasn't been able to keep a female servant since Brassic arrived, but he doesn't care: Bowman appreciates having someone in his employ who would kill for him if necessary.

### About Fred Newton

Born and raised in Ravensby, Fred currently lives at Lodge Farm. He is a fit and weathered gentleman farmer who runs the estate and wants a smooth transition of inheritance rather than a disruptive sale. Fred has done well by being honest, reliable and innovative; he is independent rather than servile and expects to be taken on his merits.

### The L'gy'hxians

The L'gy'hxians, on the other hand, see themselves as missionaries. Meddling investigators pose a threat to their plans for converting humanity to worship of their god Llogg. As such, the Gate in the dungeon is sacred to them and they will not abandon it. Humans perceived as hostile – those carrying long-barreled firearms, for instance – are dealt with quickly and harshly. Because the L'gy'hxians know little about human nature and society, they may pause to dedicate to Llogg the expiration of a victim, leaving companions momentarily unmolested.



### John Brassic

Bowman's chauffeur is a stocky but smartly dressed Yorkshireman and a veteran of the Great War. What goes on in Brassic's mind is truly frightening, however. Behind the calm and reasoned facade, Brassic is a psychopath desensitized to pain and suffering by trench warfare; now, in the absence of combat, he makes a game of imagining a gruesome death, each more elaborate than the last, for everyone he meets. Only Bowman – who provides employment and encouragement – does not appear in these savage fantasies.

Brassic applied to Bowman for the chauffeur's job, including a reference to a long-dead couple Bowman had once met at a black magic orgy. Once Bowman deduced that Brassic had murdered the couple and incinerated their bodies, he knew he'd found a servant who would not shrink from the most indelicate tasks.





Brassic poses a danger to women in particular. Each time he chauffeurs a lone woman, Brassic must overcome her APP with his POW on the Resistance Table to avoid acting on his terrible impulses. Failure results in a wrong turn onto a lonely by-road, an imaginary mechanical breakdown, and an attack involving a tire iron and Brassic's blind lust. Afterwards, a can of petrol and a lighted match are used to consume the evidence. Kindly keepers give investigators traveling in other cars on the same route a chance to spot the Bentley – perhaps a **Spot Hidden** roll minus half their vehicle's speed in miles per hour.

## Inspecting the Property

Ravensby Abbey, as the house itself is called, is not built on the site of the original Cistercian Abbey. The present house is an 1845 “Jacobethan” construction. It has three floors in the Victorian style and a more modest servant's wing at the rear.

- On the ground floor is a large hall with a formal staircase and a pair of rooms on either side of it — a library with attached study, and the dining and sitting rooms. These back onto the kitchen and storerooms. There is a small wine cellar under the stairs.
- There are six bedrooms upstairs, with additional accommodations for servants in the rear.
- There is access to the attic but the papers stored there are of little interest. The most interesting already have been removed by Charles.

The only rooms containing information relevant to the investigation are the library (see also “Library Research”, further below) and the study, the site of Charles Stanhope's death. The bloodstained carpet in the latter has been removed and burned by Mr. Newton and Mrs. Watts. It is possible, however, to see the chunk that was taken out of the corner of the desk when Stanhope died, and for its oddly smooth edge to be noted. (The corner of the desk was embedded within Stanhope and has ended up in the coroner's bin). Stanhope's journal and most recent papers are in his unlocked desk drawer and may be freely inspected.

## Charles Stanhope's Research

The player characters know that Charles Stanhope was a keen amateur archaeologist and Fred can further attest that two summers ago Stanhope made his own digs at the Barrows and Abbey sites, though with depressingly little result. Ralph, who was in Egypt at the time, heard about this and, with a successful **Archaeology** roll, is aware of the spuriousness of Stukeley's assertions that the barrows were burial mounds for Dark Age British kings. Stukeley, rumored to be a druid, tended to romanticize historical sites but his early work on Stonehenge (1740) and Avebury (1743) was hugely influential. Since his abortive

digs Stanhope had been more interested in his library, something that Colin can corroborate.

Stanhope's personal papers remain as he left them and reveal his thoughts and activities in the days before to his death. Stanhope's journal (*Papers #3*) relates his reading of a rare book titled *Sites of Rare Historical and Supernatural Interest in East Anglia* by Joseph Crascall, received in the post from his nephew, Colin. An old letter (*Papers #4*) has been used as a bookmark. With an **Idea** roll, Colin remembers acquiring the book and of sending it to his uncle, but he himself had no time to read it. The Crascall book can't be located anywhere in the Abbey.

The old family letter, *Papers #4*, pressed into service as a bookmark, is mentioned in Stanhope's journal and relates to previous archaeology on the Ravensby sites.

Stanhope's “day away” was to Wisbech, some thirty miles from the Abbey. Something there may have caused his unexpected return. The Abbey library can provide considerable help here.

## Summary of Library Research

The Abbey library is fully available to the player characters. With a successful **Library Use** roll they may locate a summary of the development of the town (see Wisbech, below) and the history of its castle, summarized in *Papers #5*, nearby.

If the investigators want to research Ravensby's history, the Abbey library is well-suited to the task. A successful **Library Use** roll (at +10%) produces the information summarized in *Papers #2*. Any critical success while using the library reveals that several apparently random volumes of modern history are missing from the shelves: Colin also notices this when he catalogues the library as requested in his uncle's will.

## The Abbey Stable and Outbuildings

The carriage house is now used as a garage. It contains a decaying carriage and Charles Stanhope's car. The latter contains important evidence: A **Spot Hidden** roll – or a thorough search – locates, in the passenger footwell and partly obscured by the seat, are a flashlight and an old book. This bound collection of early nineteenth century letters relating to Wisbech and its Literary Society was loaned by Dr. Townsend, the curator of Wisbech Museum, to Charles Stanhope on the day of his death. He never had time to read it and a bookmark placed inside by Dr. Townsend was dislodged during Stanhope's flight. Three hours of study, perhaps halved by a **Library Use** roll, are required to find a relevant letter; see (*Papers #6*). If consulted, Dr. Townsend can identify the relevant letter.



## The Estate and Lodge Farm

Ravensby Abbey comprises a thousand acres of land, parkland around the Abbey but mostly farmland, some pasture such as the fields south of the village where the remains of the Abbey are just visible – but mainly arable. Some of the land is rented out but most is farmed by the estate from Lodge Farm, adjacent to the start of the Abbey drive. Fred Newton, who lives alone at Lodge Farm, is happy to show the player characters around the estate and can provide enough horses for everyone. Others can follow on foot, by bicycle or by car. The investigators can ride where they like but Fred offers to show them the main points of interest.

## The Old Abbey Ruins and the Tumuli

The original Abbey lays to the south of the village. There are enough mounds and indentations to suggest the general shape of the place but nothing remains above ground. The stones of the Abbey were removed over generations for the first big house, its outbuildings, the pub and cottages provided for estate laborers in the village. Evidence of this can be seen throughout the village.

The barrows, down the hill from the Abbey and against the road, are enclosed by an ancient ditch and fenced off. The mounds are grassy with clumps of nettles and a fringe of elder bushes. To explore the mound, investigators must dismount and approach on foot. Over-confident riders (Fred is not one of these) can try to jump the fence into the enclosed area, but this is a mistake. Horses invariably balk at the ditch before the fence, throwing for 1D6 points of damage anyone not succeeding in a **Ride** roll. Halve the damage if the rider's **Jump** roll succeeds.

There is nothing unusual to see within the enclosure but a successful **Track** roll on the day of Stanhope's funeral or earlier reveals tracks to and from the easternmost mound and the house. These tracks range from footprints to heavy trampling as if a carthorse had been walked over the area repeatedly. The more the investigators know about the L'gy'hxians, the more meaningful the tracks become; a **Cthulhu Mythos** roll suggests the otherworldly nature of the tracks and costs 0/1D2 points of Sanity.

A **Spot Hidden** roll detects that the fence is severely bent down where it intersects with the track. There is no commensurate crossing of the fence on the roadside of the enclosure, however. For those on top of the easternmost mound, there is a more dangerous remnant of Crascall's visit: He has kept the gate from Wisbech open as an escape route and it still hangs there, just above the ground, an invisible aperture oriented east to west. It isn't perceptible and therefore can be easily missed, but a failed **Luck** roll means the character has walked right through it. The gate delivers the unlucky one to the cellars of

Wisbech castle at a cost of one point of POW and one point of Sanity. Anyone witnessing the sudden disappearance, via a **Spot Hidden** roll, loses 1/1D3 Sanity.

## The Corpse

The investigators, if they act promptly, can see Stanhope's body for themselves at the morgue in Horncastle before it is turned over to the undertaker that evening. The sight of the corpse is certainly disturbing, particularly to those who were well acquainted with Stanhope (SAN loss 1/1D4 for relatives, friends and employees: others, 0/1D3). His head, right arm and side are fatally mangled. The official cause of death was severe trauma and blood loss – but in truth, this was not the result of a firearm: Charles Stanhope was killed with large slicing blades of unearthly sharpness belonging to the L'gy'hxians. There are loose chunks of him in a bag, and also a sliced off corner of his desk. Investigators who succeed in a **Medicine** roll realize that Stanhope's wounds don't fit the official explanation.

If they are too late, the investigators may still be able to pick up some secondhand information from the undertaker, William Turner and Sons of Coningsby. The body has already been prepared and the wounds are considerably less revealing as a result of Mr. Turner's sense of propriety and superior handiwork – even though the coffin is to be closed throughout the funeral and interment.

Either way, the coroner's pathologist is unavailable for comment, having gone to London for a holiday, or so it's said, but only after viewing Stanhope's corpse).

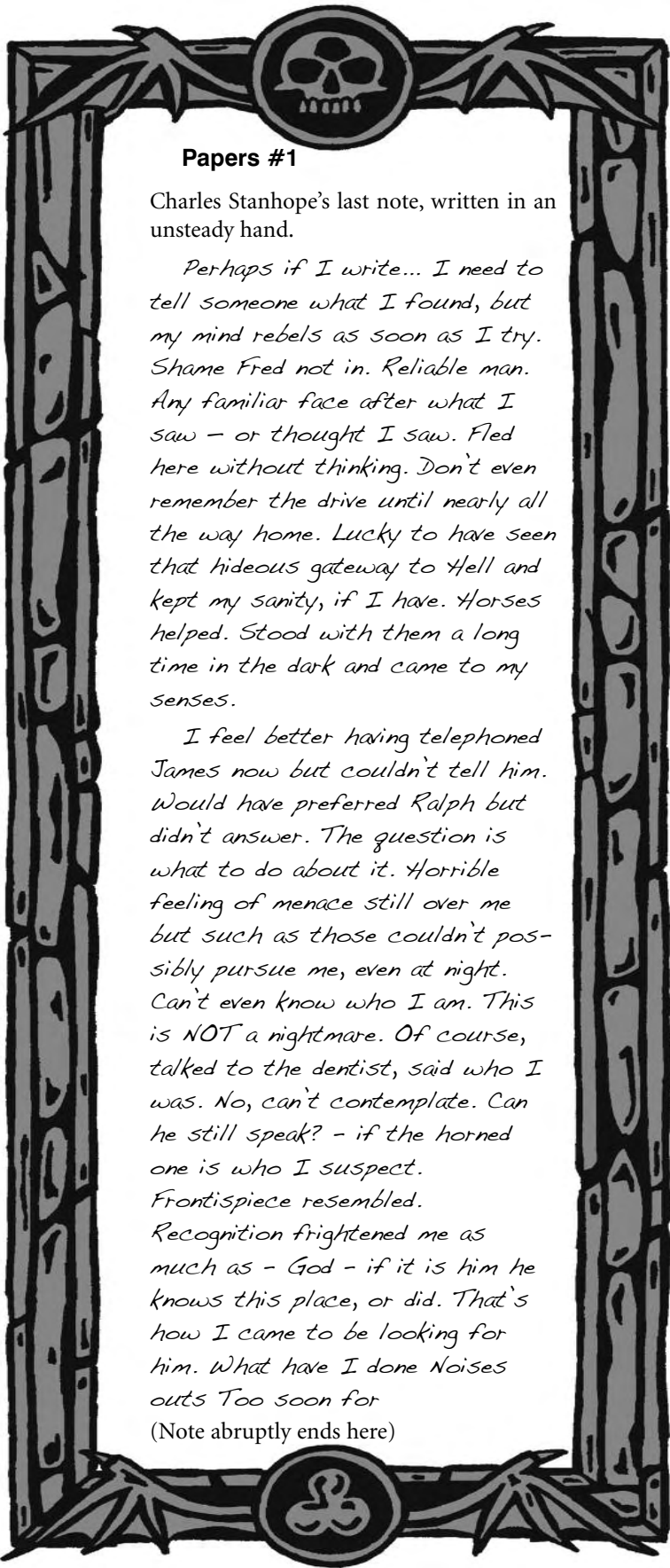
## The Funeral

Charles Stanhope is to be buried in the family plot at the parish church of St. Lawrence in Ravensby. Unless they insist otherwise, all the player characters are seated in pews at the front of the church for the memorial service conducted by Reverend Massey. There are no closer living relatives or friends, and as outsiders the investigators are objects of respectful curiosity. There is much genuine sadness over the fate of the well-regarded Stanhope.

After the service the coffin is interred and the service concludes. Do the investigators wish to look around the village? Ravensby is small and rustic, still lacking electricity, with a village green, a handful of shops – although the butcher, baker, grocer and hardware store are all closed today out of respect for the deceased – and a single pub, where a decorous wake is held. Upper class mourners are ensconced in the saloon while locals gather in the public bar. Crossing this divide is possible and the investigators may talk to Reverend Massey, Constable Dawson, and the landlord.

Constable Dawson discovered the body and is still clearly shaken by events, but he can confirm that he was





called by Mr. Bowman to attend the Abbey, met him near the gate, and rode up to the Abbey with him. He can also confirm all other particulars of Mr. Bowman's statement. If asked about the document Bowman concealed, Dawson has no idea of its existence, is unwilling to think the worst of Bowman and, furthermore, thinks it very inappropriate to raise such allegations at this time.

Charles Stanhope was well liked and it seems that the official version of his death has been universally accepted and no one suspects anything untoward. If the investigators are determined to seek out dissenters, they may encounter Jack Duerden, Ravensby's disreputable alcoholic, who has been banned from the pub because of the wake. Duerden believes the Stanhope family "brung it on themselves, they did, by plowing up the third barrow in Sir Joseph's time." He is convinced that Charles was "the last of the Stanhopes" and if presented with evidence to the contrary, namely Irene and Colin, Duerden grumbles that Charles was "second to last then" and stalks away.

## The Reading of Charles Stanhope's Will

In the evening on the day of the funeral, the investigators learn what they are bequeathed in Charles Stanhope's will. James Bowman reads the will with great ceremony and proclaims that it was written a little over a year ago. Charles sets aside funds to establish a scholarship at Ralph's university; wants Colin to catalogue the library and bequeaths to Irene and Colin equally all property associated with Ravensby Abbey. He recommends that they retain Fred Newton as manager, citing his years of loyal and exceptional service, and leaves his car to Fred "if he does not already own one at the time of my death". There is nothing for Madeleine, of course, who was unknown to Charles.

## Crascall's Second Excursion

It is *Papers #8* that recounts events that occurred two nights ago as a result of Crascall's second excursion from his lair

### Papers #1

Charles Stanhope's last note, written in an unsteady hand.

*Perhaps if I write... I need to tell someone what I found, but my mind rebels as soon as I try. Shame Fred not in. Reliable man. Any familiar face after what I saw - or thought I saw. Fled here without thinking. Don't even remember the drive until nearly all the way home. Lucky to have seen that hideous gateway to Hell and kept my sanity, if I have. Horses helped. Stood with them a long time in the dark and came to my senses.*

*I feel better having telephoned James now but couldn't tell him. Would have preferred Ralph but didn't answer. The question is what to do about it. Horrible feeling of menace still over me but such as those couldn't possibly pursue me, even at night. Can't even know who I am. This is NOT a nightmare. Of course, talked to the dentist, said who I was. No, can't contemplate. Can he still speak? - if the horned one is who I suspect. Frontispiece resembled. Recognition frightened me as much as - God - if it is him he knows this place, or did. That's how I came to be looking for him. What have I done Noises outs Too soon for*  
(Note abruptly ends here)



## Papers #2:

### Archaeology at Ravensby:

The two tumuli or round barrows in the parish were identified by William Stukeley in 1753 as being “the places of sepulture of two British Kings, or places of religious worship” – which encompasses just about everything with a very useful vagueness. He even appears to suggest a third mound in his plan. In his account of his visit to Ravensby, Stukeley also recalled the removal of the last of the abbey’s original above-ground stones. One of the tumuli was excavated by Sir Joseph Banks in 1780 and a dig on the site of the abbey was conducted by his nephew, the Reverend Edward Stanhope, in 1792. Accounts have not been published but information on the digs is apparently to be found in *Crascall* (1802).

Ravensby Abbey was founded in the twelfth century A.D. by William de Roumare, Earl of Lincoln, on the site of an abandoned village on the northern edge of the Fens. William de Roumare ended his days as a monk here and, following his death, was buried within the grounds of the Abbey. Ravensby was colonized by thirteen Cistercian monks from the Rievaulx Abbey in Yorkshire. When the colony arrived in 1142, the existing church of St. Lawrence was used as a temporary church by the monks.

In the thirteenth century, Ravensby Abbey was to become one of the richest houses of the Cistercian order. One of the witnesses of the Lincolnshire rebellion of 1536 asserted that the monks of Ravensby had been seen in the field along side the insurgents but none of them was brought to trial. By the time of Henry VIII’s Dissolution of the monasteries in 1538/9, the abbey was reported to have been in a state of great ruin and decay.

There are no standing remains, although the earthworks define not only the church and cloister but also an extensive precinct. The estate was bought in 1714 by the Banks family and was inherited by Joseph Banks, botanist to Captain Cook and later President of the Royal Society. Thereafter it passed to the Stanhope family, long providers of Members of Parliament for the area. In 1845 the old house was demolished to make way for a new design by William Burn in his trademark “Jacobethan” style, costing £20,000.

— this time in company of one L’gy’hxian and Dr. Jessup.

Crascall wished to retrieve some materials from where they were buried under the kitchen floor of his old farmhouse. The unfortunate present day occupant, Mr. Marten, had been using the ruins of the building as a pigsty. The L’gy’hxian was instructed to dig, but had Crascall’s items by the time Marten emerged. As with Charles Stanhope, the L’gy’hxian did not hesitate in cutting down its armed adversary, fatally mangling the lower half of Mr. Marten and nearly killing him outright. Crascall suggested the body be thrown in the sty, knowing that the attentions of the hungry omnivorous pigs would disguise the true cause of death. The evil trio were glimpsed leaving but are in no danger from an inept police investigation.

This story can only be followed up effectively by traveling to the area and should serve as extra incentive to hurry sluggish investigators toward Wisbech.

### Getting to Wisbech by Auto

The players can detour to any of the sites mentioned in Stanhope’s reading of *Crascall* but nothing other than Wisbech will advance the investigation. There are two ways to get there: Train travel is inconvenient, with several changes and little comfort in what is chiefly an outlying agricultural area; the second option is to travel by car, which offers a fairly direct route across the Fens.

There is only room for two in Ralph’s racing standard Alfa-Romeo, but anyone exceeding half of its maximum speed of 130 mph needs to make a **Drive Auto** roll to avoid a skid and a second roll, if the first is failed, to avoid a crash in which all occupants suffer 1D6 points of damage.

Fred now has a car but has no motor driving experience. The ordinary Austin Seven – maximum speed 45 mph – holds four. If the investigators haven’t already located the bound collection of early nineteenth century letters relating to Wisbech and its Literary Society (*Papers #6*), a **Spot Hidden** roll – or a thorough search – locates it, and a flashlight, in the passenger footwell. If Fred is driving, the rate of travel is slow as he adjusts from agricultural steam-driven engines: A single **Drive Auto** roll is required but the low speed ensures that any ensuing accident is relatively minor, with all occupants suffering 1D3 points of damage.

Two or possibly three investigators may be driven by Brassic, Bowman’s chauffeur, in his Bentley three liter – maximum speed 98 mph. Bowman himself minds the store back at Ravensby, valuing assets. Unfortunately, Brassic is a psychopath and, if required to drive an unescorted female investigator, there may be trouble.

Traveling across the Fens by either route during daytime fully reveals the landscape: Huge expanses of sky and arable farms as far as the eye can see, with orchards becoming more frequent as Wisbech is approached. Less visible but always present are ditches and watercourses, such as the Witham, the Welland, the Nene and the Ouse, that have been straightened and channeled by earth banks. Any of the latter may be dangerous especially when traveling at speed, at night and off the major roads.

### Wisbech and Environs

In and around Wisbech there are several locations of potential interest: The site of the Marten murder three miles west of town (over the county border), the Literary Society Museum in Museum Square and the castle (described in *Papers #5*). The town was founded





## Papers #3

### Extracts from the journal of Charles Stanhope

*An interesting work, to be sure, by a real eccentric. I wonder why the Wisbech Museum doesn't have a copy when it is so locally centered. If Colin could find another I might send it to them. How annoyingly smug Crascall is. On one level he's a great debunker, a man of reason, but at another he almost seems to imply he knows better than the rational explanation. There seems to be something off about his accounts but it is difficult for me to pin down exactly what is wrong.*

*Ch 2 & 3 – I have a letter from Edward Stanhope that tells of Crascall's involvement in the two Ravensby excavations that rendered mine so pointless. My ancestor felt Crascall to be helpful but rather dismissive of his finds on the Abbey site, which were interesting at the very least. During or after the first dig it appears Crascall was suspected of attempting to steal the thunder of his eminent hosts. Crascall's accounts make some rather cutting remarks about thieves ensuring the lack of finds at the first dig. He continues to dismiss the skeletons of the second dig, although he does reveal Edward re-buried the lot in the churchyard. Crascall also speculates about the Abbey's treasures, so conspicuously absent at the Dissolution, but he doesn't say "treasure" exactly, but "items of value". I'm tempted to read a lot into his "'were" there to be found'.*

*Ch 4 – What little I know about silverware tends to support Crascall's view of Kings Lynn's . . . King John cup but there are some more suggestions here. C's confident that no fenmen found and ransacked the lost treasury wagon after it had been abandoned, and implies a modest hoard did remain despite King John's parlous finances. C also suggests that those hoping to find the hoard "should have searched" in the land between Walpole Cross Keys and what is today Sutton Bridge. Does he mean the fenmen and Royal party of the time missed their chance or that his contemporaries can no longer*

*find what was once available? No sources listed and his syntax is damnably ambiguous.*

*Ch 5 – On the 1577 storm at Blythburgh he's most frustratingly opaque, discounting the black dog but treating the basic facts as gospel. He dismisses the local tradition of the dog's claw marks being burned into the interior doors of the church but at the same time includes his own hint of the supernatural with the observation that there are no birds around the church, and states: ". . . but if I were a bird I should not come near where the spire was for fear of crossing over in mid-flight". He also hints that a similar disaster could occur at any similar location in similar conditions. When he mentions St. Peter's Church in Wisbech as an example it almost seems like a threat.*

*Ch 6 – It really strikes me that Crascall's building projects in the center of Wisbech are archeology-inspired rather than genuine development. The implication that he may shortly be excavating on the site of the castle itself, i.e. around the foundations of Thurloe's Mansion, implies he manufactured his disagreement with the town council about extending the approach to his development in order to motivate his destruction of the Interregnum structure. The rather stunted Regency villa that finally replaced it seems like an afterthought. Looking the place up in guide-books finds claims that there is access to the Norman dungeons in the castle grounds in a way that seems to wholly overlook the intermediate building. I'd like to see them for myself. What on earth was Crascall after in Wisbech with his dubiously acquired money and semi-respectability? I'll go and visit the Literary Society's Museum Library for some local accounts of him. What did the other members make of him and where did he go? I must admit I'm intrigued. Ralph will enjoy hearing about this little excursion after a rogue. Museum in the morning, castle in the afternoon. A night in a hotel as a reward.*





## Papers #4

### Extract from Letter, Rev. Edward Stanhope to his sister Mary Stanhope August 1792

My archaeological experiment has been both more and less successful than I had hoped. I knew Uncle Banks believed something of this type was long overdue but I was worried the business of the parish and the head-shaking of the parishioners would conspire to leave my attempts desultory. In this context the interest of Mr. Joseph Crascall of the Wisbech Literary Society appeared an absolute boon. Hearing of my dig he volunteered his time, lodged himself in the village at his own expense and hired a handful of itinerant navvies recently disengaged from digging a drainage channel to supplement the laborers spared to me by the estate. These fellows were a rough bunch not entirely welcomed by the locals but dug as though they were half mole. With their work and Crascall's great understanding of medieval architecture to set us digging at the most productive points our efforts were rapidly rewarded. Pieces of stained glass and floor tiles aplenty quickly bolstered my collection.

Then we discovered the first skeleton. Finding a burial was not initially a surprise but I couldn't understand why he was buried face down. About this Mr. Crascall was little concerned, rather choosing to be more interested in the supposed gatepost for the lichway he had his men chasing in a monstrous deep hole at the other end of the site. By the seventh skeleton he began to nod that I was on the scent of something, and by the fourteenth (and last) he was quite pleased with me. I was quite sure I had discovered something of at least some archaeological interest

though he assured me such instances were not unusual. His explanation of the face down burials was stultifyingly dull, in fact. Since they were all so-found it meant the system of burial, the nature of the coffins and how they were lowered, must have consistently contrived to accidentally plant their occupants upside down. In order to resolve this point I wrote to Uncle Banks, not having done so earlier with the excitement of the dig and wanting to have something impressive to tell him. I was most surprised by his reaction which bade me order Crascall from the property at once. I was relieved the duty of doing so because the first cases of the fever had come on in the interim and Crascall had returned to Wisbech to preserve his health. Three of my diggers are down with it now and four or five others in the village.

In his letter Uncle Banks seemed to think I had been a great fool, and had even less time for my finds than Crascall. It seems when Uncle and Father were digging at the Barrows twelve years ago this same man had joined them then and in the end Father suspected Crascall of digging on his own late at night. Do you remember anything of the sort? All that fuss and they had the third barrow plowed through "in a fit of pique" as mother said. I remembered as soon as I read Uncle's letter and remembered Crascall too, not a hair different, even though I hadn't even recognized for one moment over the last week. I must admit I now wonder what the old man was really trying to excavate while we were busy with the skeletons, but this must go no further, of course; we don't know that he has been prospecting on our property, or has gone away with a thing, but my archaeological aspirations have certainly been chastened by the experience.

on a point of dry land by the Nene and was already a center at the time of the Norman conquest.

After the draining of the Fens in the late seventeenth century Wisbech became increasingly prosperous and populous. In 1781 a Literary Society was formed and helped set Thomas Clarkson on his campaign against slavery (which resulted in a ban on trading in 1807 and abolition in 1834; Clarkson is commemorated by a Gothic monument on Bridge Street). In 1816 there were grain riots in Wisbech and at nearby Littleport which had to be suppressed by the army. In 1835 the Literary Society founded a museum just

off the Crescent, one of the earliest purpose-built museums in the country.

In 1847 rail arrived in the town. Outbreaks of cholera in 1832, 1849 and 1854 caused the building of sewers that appear to have solved the problem. Wisbech's importance as a port and industrial center, however, declined throughout the nineteenth century. This has had the benefit of preserving some marvelous Georgian architecture both in the Crescent and North Brink overlooking the Nene. In 1927 Wisbech is a rural backwater with a minor port and is chiefly known as a center for fruit growing.



## Papers #6:

### Nineteenth Century Letter

8th September 1838

Dear Cousin,

An extraordinary letter has come into my possession that sheds some light on the dark days of 1816 where after certain persons were never seen again. This letter is cryptic - addressed and signed by initials only but comes from the lining of the writing desk Father bought in an auction from the effects of a branch of the Peckover family. I think the correspondents can only be the eminent Thomas Clarkson (who was born and raised here) and Jonathan Peckover from these clues. I copy it as clearly as I can make it out but must hide the thing itself lest Father see it. He would destroy it, I am sure. It begins,

Dear J.P., You must know that Cr. is gone and it has been done so that there is no case to answer. All that is known of his activities and his end are sworn to secrecy. The Grain Riots make a fine cover for our actions and one of deep irony for, as you will remember, twenty years ago Cr. stood against the peasantry in similar circumstances with the gentlemen of the town as a citizen in good standing, a member of the Literary Society and a welcome investor. His archaeology, his Egyptian ornaments and his interest in buried treasure were all taken as the eccentricities and perhaps the business of an antiquarian. That well-circulated letter from Sir Joseph Banks to the society in 1792 set tongues wagging though and, as you know, helped me see through Cr. early on. After a little investigation I knew that he had made his fortune in that most abominable trade, let others know and there were many who cut him. As a result he spent more time at his farm and out of your way and I, on my travels up and down the country, almost forgot him. But the bad tone of his book and the destruction of the Castle set more townsfolk against him. When the Rev'd Vachell at Littleport recounted what he had learned of

the colored men delivered to Cr., and the nature of the artifacts he treasured, all good men set themselves against him. Vachell must still be thanking God that he was away when Cr. took his revenge on his house, but even then apparently there was trouble persuading the whole council it was time to act and that strong measures were needed. Cr. knew there were those set against him and I am certain you did right taking yourself and your family away while at the same time writing to me and my brother for help. When we arrived he knew why we were there and stood toe to toe with me on the marketplace and cursed me in broad daylight. Cr. was not tall nor substantial but even if it were not against my principles I do not believe I could have laid a hand on him, even when he said 'when the storm has broke they will find you with your body drawn up like a purse and your house around your ears.' He spoke calm as you like, mad, certainly, but not mad enough to laugh at, even near the end. His farm at Elmeth was burned down in the disturbances. Frankly I believe brother J. had a hand in this, but Cr. was in town at his diggings trying to make his hungry local navies work. They were angry after one man came out of the hole, as they called it, sick in his mind. The doctor examined the man and his ravings convinced all who heard them that Cr. was up to worse than mischief. We knew Cr. kept the lowest part of the works to himself and the common men said he was afraid that they would steal whatever hoard he was after. That was where our party of gentlemen found him at the height of the trouble. I cannot straight out write what the man said when he saw that he was trapped or what has been done. But let me assure you that Cr. has departed this earth and that what remains is sealed in the chamber by the appropriate measures and correct memorial. The stones he had no further use for showed us what to do. All Wisbech breathes easier with Cr. gone and the arrival of the Dragoons stilled the populous but those of us who went down there find it hard to look one another in the face. I shall retire to Ipswich, not the Isle of Ely,



*and John goes back to his bank with ideas to found a peace society. I am glad you were not there to see it and hope you will visit us soon, Yours, T. C.*

*Do you not think this was the time that Father was called out to attend the fit of Mr. Walton, who was 'never the same again' after the riots? He was Clara's uncle and she told me he never went to church again, just would not go, joining the poorest chapel instead. She said she asked him about it when she was quite grown and him an elderly man. He said he didn't like the stones or the carvings or the bugs they kept inside and was quite ill afterwards.*

## Marten Farm

All of the relevant information pertaining to Marten's murder can be obtained during a single, thorough excursion to Elmeth, Norfolk. Marten's body was buried in Elmeth churchyard on the same day as Charles Stanhope's funeral. At the farm, however, the investigators can talk to Detective Venters, Mary Marten and, by crossing the road, members of the Smith family.

## Detective Venters


Venters is aimlessly revisiting the scene of the crime but can accurately lay out what he has previously found. Beyond this he proves of little use and soon starts looking at his watch. A mediocre policeman, he was partially unhinged by seeing Marten's maimed corpse, so he expedited a quick burial to protect his own ebbing sanity.

Venters has no interest in any crime or event occurring beyond the county boundary and treats anyone from outside Norfolk with disdain; player characters **Persuade** and **Credit Rating** rolls suffer penalties of 15% each. Apart from disposing of evidence the detective is in no hurry; his secondment from Norwich for the case has allowed him to renew acquaintance with a voluptuous divorcee he met during a pre-

vious investigation in Lynn. When the Chief Constable pressures him to resolve the matter, Venters offers a "death by misadventure" theory of his own to explain Marten's murder. He is unwilling to have the investigators poking about at the farm but won't obstruct visitors wishing to pay their respects to Mrs Marten. By the time the investigators return he has gone.

## Mrs Marten

Constable Dobbs from Elmeth is inside, there to protect Mrs Marten rather than the crime scene, and lets investigators




**Papers #5**  
**History of Wisbech Castle**

Wisbech Castle and its grounds occupy the center of the town. The first castle was built at some point during the reign of William the Conqueror, probably between 1072 and 1086. It belonged to the Bishops of Ely and served them as a residence when they visited the town and was used as a prison. Some contagion brought into the dungeons by a French prisoner caused them to be partially walled up in 1148.

During the Civil War the castle was held for Parliament and was later demolished by its new owner, John Thurloe, Principle Secretary of State to the Protectorate. His new house built in 1657 occupied the area of the original castle. After the Restoration, Thurloe was executed for treason and the house reverted to the Bishops of Ely, who leased it to local families.

In 1793 the castle was purchased by Joseph Crascall, reputedly a local boy who made his fortune in colonial trade. Initially he demolished the outbuildings and developed the Crescent, Ely Place and Union Place, leaving Thurloe's Mansion standing. The failure of his plan to extend the estate by a grand approach led him to demolish the seventeenth century house and replace it with the present building, using much of the original materials in the process. The present Regency Villa was completed in 1816, just before Crascall's death. The building was purchased by the Peckover family and has since been leased for a number of different uses including a school and a dental surgery.





explore as they wish as long as they don't annoy Mrs Marten, remove property or expect him to get his uniform dirty. Mrs Marten copes with her grief by feeding Constable Dobbs and extends this largesse to the investigators. Her account of events is virtually identical to the report in the *Times*. She was not confronted with her husband's injuries, only his undamaged face.

"He didn't look at peace," she says. "Can't say that he did. He won't be until those as did such a thing are dead."

"There, there mother," Constable Dobbs interjects. "Don't upset yourself. The gentlemen will be on their way now." He gestures towards the door with his chin, indicating an end to the visit. Female investigators, however, may speak with Mrs Marten without the officer being present. They won't learn any more about the crime but learn much about her marriage, its shortcomings and her fears for the future.



## The Marten Farm, and the Smiths

At the back of the Marten yard, backing onto an unruly and overgrown hedge against the drain bank, is the ruin of Crascall's farmhouse that was burned down in 1816. The remaining internal walls of the old house now form a pigsty. The sty has a partial low roof of corrugated tin and a floor of straw and pig muck to a depth of two feet. Neither the Smiths nor Mrs Marten can supply the name of the former owner but they are vaguely aware that he was "a bad old man" and assume that he was responsible for the fire. The Martens' house has a dated cornerstone from 1896; the farm was a long time unoccupied. Only Mrs Marten knows that her husband acquired the farm from the Peckovers. Land Registry records, housed at Wisbech town hall and located with a **Library Use** roll, show that it was acquired somewhat obscurely – there is no bill of sale – in 1816 and the farm plot itself was untenanted for 80 years.

### Papers #8

Article from today's Times

## Gruesome Murder in Norfolk

*Mr Thomas Marten, of Bank Farm, Elmeth, was found horribly murdered two nights ago. He had apparently been hacked to pieces then partially consumed by his own pigs after he went to confront trespassers in his farm yard.*

*Mr Smith, a neighboring farmer, was alerted to possible trouble by Mrs Marten, and he and his sons went to help. They saw the lights of a medium-sized car, possibly a Morris, leaving the property with two or three persons apparently inside it. Only later did they discover Mr Marten's partially devoured remains in the sty.*

*Of his attackers there was no sign beyond some suspicious tire tracks. Mrs Mary Marten, wife of the deceased, has poor eyesight and saw nothing untoward throughout this series of shocking events. She told police that her husband was looking out of the window when she brought in his supper. He said: "There are two gentlemen in my yard looking at the pigs."*

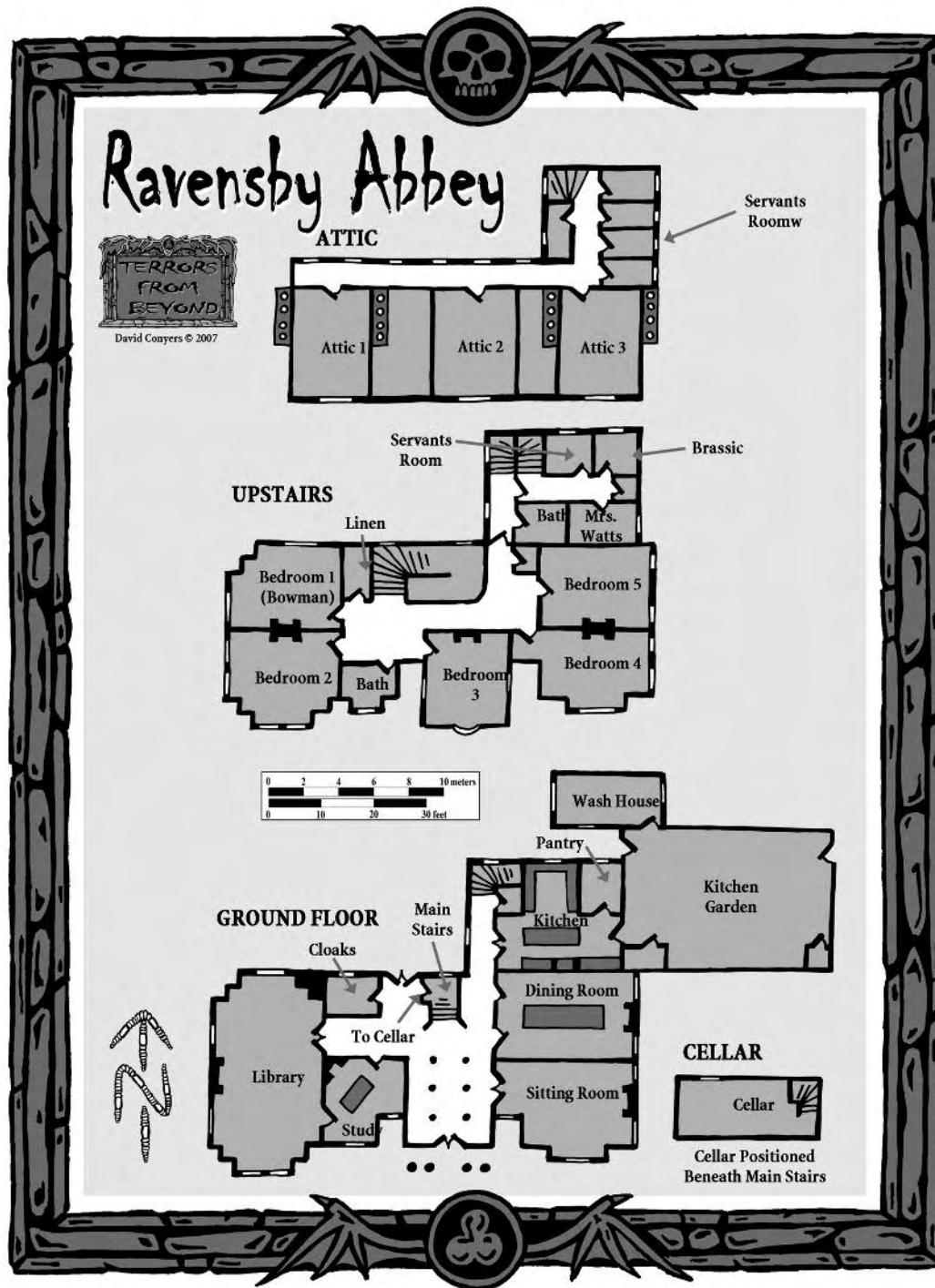
*When she asked if he thought they wanted to buy one, Mr Marten replied: "There is something about those fellows I don't like," and he went to fetch his shotgun. Having looked out of*

*the kitchen window once more he said, in an angry manner: "They have put a big grey dog in with my pigs," and sent Mrs Marten to the neighbors with all due haste, before he went to confront the trespassers.*

*What then happened to Mr Marten is not clear. The lower part of his body was terribly mangled by the time the Smiths made their gruesome discovery. The police were then immediately called. With better light Mr Marten's unused shotgun was found near a pool of blood and, nearby, the victim's severed foot in half a Wellington boot.*

*Police are seeking two or three men, one of large build, the other(s) of average size. It is possible they have a large grey hound. Anyone with information relating to this shocking crime should contact Detective Sergeant Venters of the Norfolk Constabulary via the Kings Lynn station immediately.*

*The police are advising that all those in isolated farmhouses in the Fens, especially pig farmers, are particularly vigilant until the murderers are apprehended.*

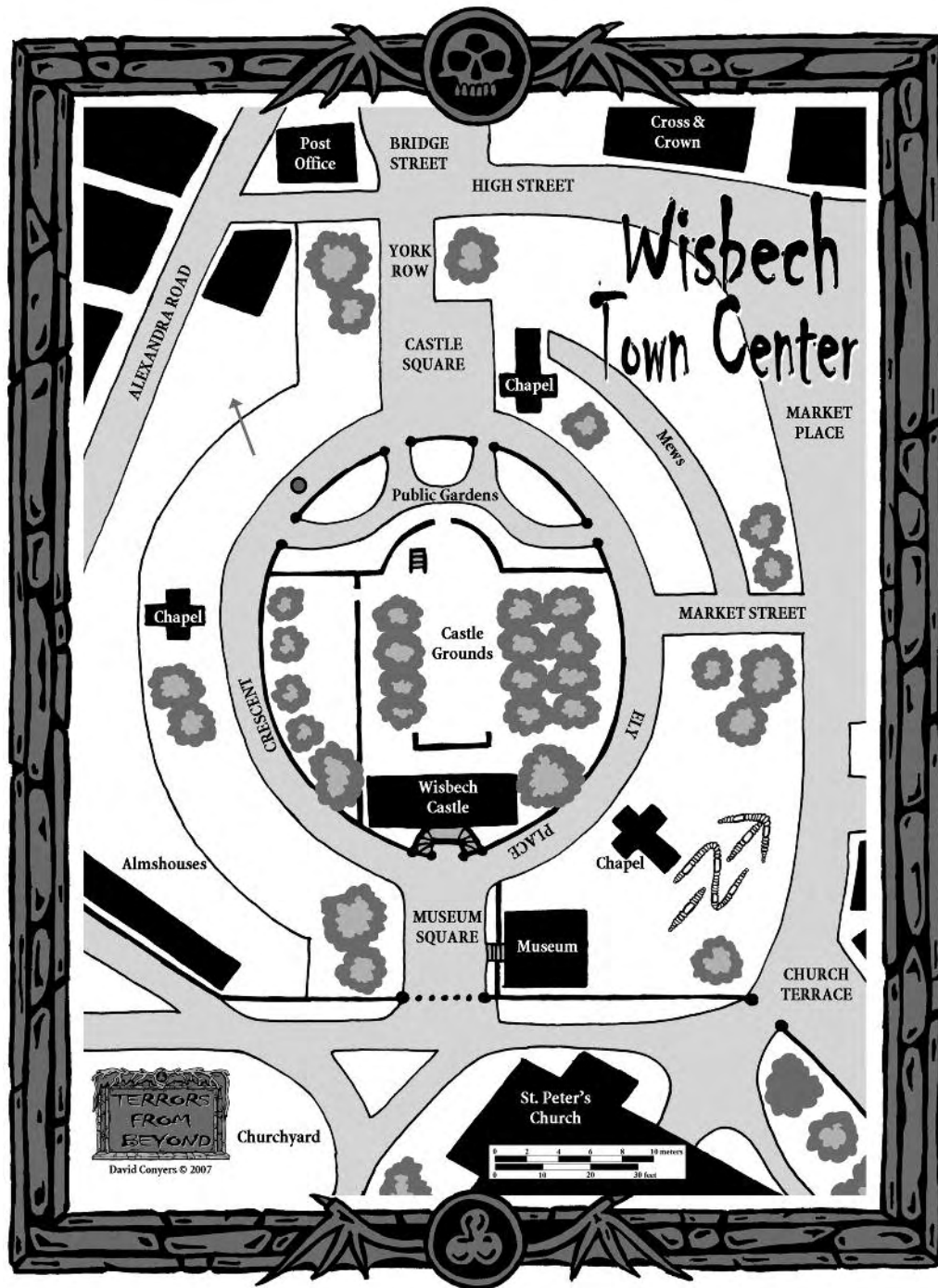


Male investigators get the most out of the Smith men, who otherwise restrain their account in the presence of ladies. These worthies relate that, upon their arrival in Marten's yard, there was nothing untoward except for a Morris Oxford turning on its lights as it left the property. The Smiths are all interested in motor cars – and fascinated by those used by the investigators – and their judgment of the make of the suspicious car is accurate. They also noticed that the car seemed weighted down on one side, too. Investigating the agitated pigs, the Smiths

found the corpse. They can describe it as having been torn apart and cut to bits.

“Only the head, shoulders and arms were all right,” says one. “Poor old bugger, his legs were gone and his guts hanging out. I seen no worse in the war,” volunteers another, who served in the medical corps in Flanders. The Smiths also noted that the muck in the pen had been stirred up, dug out from the back corner. They can point out the exact spot and gladly get themselves dirty digging it up, if the investigators wish. The Smiths are helpful, salt-of-the-earth types, likely to be far more impressed by





an energetic approach by the investigators rather than that of the lackluster Venters.

The excavated point at the back of the sty has been partially leveled by the pigs. About a foot of mixed straw and pig manure must be shifted before the red stone-tiled floor of the original kitchen is reached. Underneath is an area of loose tiles, a slurry-filled compartment is empty save for a muck-covered corroded goblet of silver and enamel.

If the goblet is cleaned up, a **History** or **Archaeology** roll reveals it to be an ornate piece of medieval tableware.

It compares favorably to the “King John cup” held in Lynn, and in fact comes from the remnant of the Royal coffers discovered by Crascall in the 1780s. If this fact is made public – as it surely will if Detective Venters finds out about the goblet – a media circus ensues and within a few days the Marten case generates all manner of inaccurate speculation. The proper person to handle the item, which is legally treasure trove and property of the Crown, is Dr. Townsend at the Wisbech Museum. None of those present, with the possible exception of Venters, has any objection to it being taken there for his inspection.



## Wisbech Literary

### Society Museum

Located at the end Museum Square, between the crescent streets Crascall built and the footpaths around St Peter's church, the Georgian museum is very near the so-called castle. Door to door, the distance is no more than thirty yards. Steps lead up to a small portico.

Inside there is a desk at which visitors are charged a nominal fee to see the exhibits. This can be waived on successful appeal to the curator. A feeble and wheezy Great War veteran, Bill Hankin, is on duty and is helpful in his own time. He asks visitors to sign the guestbook; observant investigators might see an entry for

### Papers #9

## The Clarksons

#### Thomas Clarkson (1760-1846)

Thomas was educated in London and Cambridge. In 1786 his prize-winning essay *Slavery and Commerce of the Human Species, particularly the African* was published. He devoted the rest of his life to the Abolitionist cause. He was one of the first to recognize the attractions of the Lake District, experienced during his tireless cross-country campaigning. Clarkson gathered information, set up boycotts of products and created mass petitions. In 1807 the trade in slaves was banned in Britain and her colonies and the ownership of slaves was abolished throughout the Empire in 1838. His friend Wordsworth called him "a giant with one idea". In later life he lived near Ipswich.

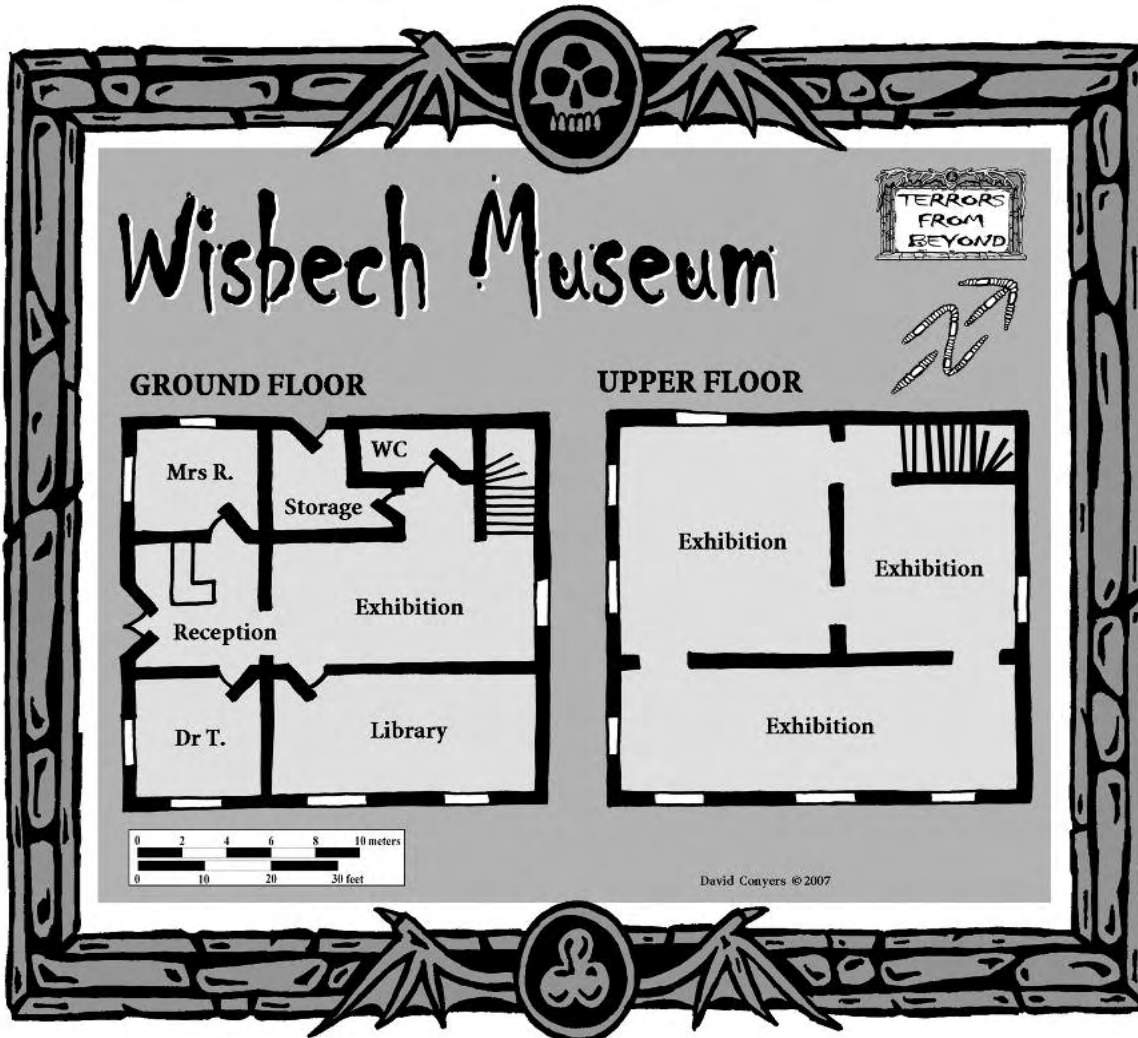
#### John Clarkson (1764-1828)

The younger brother of Thomas Clarkson, he was sent to sea at 13 and eventually joined the navy. He served during the American Revolution and rose to lieutenant. He was appointed leader of an expedition to return ex-slaves who had fought for Britain from Nova Scotia to Africa. He commanded fifteen vessels, and transported 1200 returnees. He became the first Governor of Freetown under the Sierra Leone Company in 1794, where he served for about a year. Upon his return to England he gathered information on the slave trade for his brother's campaign and wrote an account of his adventures. In 1816 he founded the Society for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace.

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## Papers 10#

### Extract from original Latin History of the brotherly order of the Cistercians (1755) by Bro. Francois Debuchet

The Livre D'Ivon fancifully mentions a "black tablet" that was the fetish of these troublesome heretics. They were masterfully defeated by William de Romara, who fought them and took their evil stone in 1135. While the heretics raged he took the stone to England and guarded it many years. While there he won the respect of the English king and eventually he founded an Abbey for the order at a place called Raves-by, a daughter house of Rievaulx, to which he retired in his old age. This was a wealthy house but in its latter years reputedly fell into disorder. There is a record of Brother Theophilus of Ghent being sent to correct matters there but records cease due to the seizure of all properties by the heretical monarch Henry VIII in 1539.

Charles Stanhope, Ravensby Abbey, Lincs dated about a week ago. Bill doesn't remember Stanhope but takes any enquiry as an invitation to summarize the previous week's weather, ending with a worry about the humidity and how "we really want a storm to clear the air."

Dr. Townsend, a friendly grey-bearded scholar, is the curator. Stanhope is recalled by Dr. Townsend, who doesn't realize he was one of the last few to see Stanhope alive. He has not been contacted by the Lincolnshire coroner or anyone else about their meeting and lunch together at the Rose and Crown Hotel.

If Dr. Townsend learns that the investigators are intimates of Stanhope, he politely enquires if they have seen the bound collection of early nineteenth century letters that he loaned Mr Stanhope. Townsend knows that Stanhope was interested in Joseph Crascall and the grain riots and there was some cryptic mention of both in one of the letters in the collection relating to the literary society (see *Papers #6*). Townsend is the best source of information on *Papers #6*) and can, for example, summarize the lives of the Clarkson brothers (*Papers #9*).

According to Dr. Townsend, Stanhope went to the castle after leaving the museum. The curator advised him that Dr. Jessup, the dentist, was very obliging and might permit Stanhope to view the castle grounds if he used Townsend's name as a reference. Townsend did not see Mr Stanhope again but his secretary did; Mrs Richards told him she saw Stanhope get into his car in a rush off like a madman.



### Dr. Townsend

Born at Ely and educated at Cambridge, Dr. Townsend is an amiable antiquarian. This well-respected local figure is an unambitious

## Papers #11

### Handwritten note purporting to be extract from the Livre D'Ivon

*There is a black tablet of the Lemurians reputed to be made from a stone that fell from the sky that is said to bring madness to any man who touches it. Yet it also has great power of conjuring forth and by its presence does destroy the wards and signs of the elder races.*

## Papers #12

### Extract from *The Mythology and Folk Tales of the Norse Peoples* by Thomas Tomasson (1775)

According to the oral history, the tribes north of Bergen reputedly possessed a torc bearing ancient runes. The torc collected the souls of men killed by its wearer and gave him their power to add to his own. The last supposed owner of the torc, Horvald the Dark, did not return from a raid across the sea. Lacking leadership the tribe was destroyed or, subsumed into the larger tribes of the region.

**Spot Hidden** rolls draw the investigators to a number of Egyptian stelae with hieroglyphics upon them. These were removed from Egypt during the craze for egyptiana of the Romantic era and, if the endowment ledger is consulted, notations indicate that the stelae were gifted by Crascall himself in 1790. Dr. Townsend regales interested parties with the knowledge that Thomas Young, one of the most important pre-Champillon decipherers of hieroglyphics, gave a speech to the Literary Society in 1815. Townsend speculates, more accurately than he knows, that these stelae might be among the earliest hieroglyphics read in the country.

and myopic administrator who loves his museum but finds himself with little aptitude for fund-raising and politicking. Outside the museum he has an enthusiasm for game shooting and gardening. Dr. Townsend got on well with Charles Stanhope. He cannot imagine any connection between Stanhope's visit to Wisbech and his death.

## Exploring the Museum

The museum exhibits are of varying appeal but the library is surprisingly well-stocked, the fortuitous result of having Charles Dickens serve as executor to the estate of Dr. Townsend's grandfather. Among less interesting items, the library contains copies of *Malleus Maleficarum*, Fraser's *Golden Bough*, Sir Walter Scott's





*Witchcraft through the Ages* and a draft of Dickens' own *Great Expectations*.

The ledger of endowments – which a **Persuade** or **Fast Talk** roll might encourage Dr. Townsend to retrieve – notes some late-nineteenth-century Peckover bequests which are marked *ex libris Crascall*. These include *A History of the brotherly order of the Cistercians* (1755) by Brother Francois Debuchet in Latin (*Papers #10*) and *Mythology and Folk Tales of the Norse Peoples* (1775) by Thomas Tomasson in English (*Papers #12*). These texts contain heavily marked sections hinting at sites for some of Crascall's eighteenth century treasure hunts and also his most recent, in Elmeth. The Debuchet book also contains on its endpapers a handwritten quotation purporting to be from the *Livre D'Ivon* in English (see *Papers #11*).

A successful **Archaeology** roll identifies the stelae as being funerary. The hieroglyphics provide names, places and surprisingly early dating evidence, all irrelevant to the matter at hand. The largest stelae purports to be “guarding the door of the evil ones.” This stelae is also marked with a curious symbol that has been wrongly identified as an imperfect glyph and turned toward the wall. A Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the symbol as an Elder Sign.

### The Crescent

Thorough investigators watch for automobiles resembling the one seen at the Marten farm in Elmeth just after the murder of Mr Marten. There are few vehicles in and around Wisbech and a possible match can be located on the Crescent's west side. If the investigators do not think to look, a **Spot Hidden** roll may guide them to the parked Morris, which has mud in its wheel arches and pig muck smeared over the rear seat on the passenger side. The vehicle belongs to Dr. Jessup, the dentist, and his ownership can be ascertained by making enquiries with any number of townfolk.

Detective Venters, if notified, investigates in due course. The Wisbech constabulary is reluctant to get involved without evidence of wrongdoing closer to home.

### The Castle

A small Regency villa referred to as “the castle” offers the only legitimate access to the walled garden at the site of the old castle and Thurloe's mansion. A brass plaque indicates that it is a dental surgery and the practice of Dr. Clive Jessup.

The plain and rather spinsterish receptionist, Miss Rose, informs the investigators that the doctor has a patient and would be pleased to talk to the gentlemen at lunch or, if it is the afternoon, after surgery. Her mood is decidedly chilly, but no less efficient than if confronting

by more glamorous women. She politely enquires everyone's name, where they're from and what their business is with Dr. Jessup. Mentioning Dr. Townsend induces her to allow the player characters to wait in the garden rather than the waiting room. Miss Rose does not know whether the dungeons are open but the key is on a hook just inside the back door. With a successful **Credit Rating** roll, they receive permission to take a look: There is nothing of value in the cellar, which is all that might concern Miss Rose.

Before long, it becomes apparent that Dr. Jessup is running late. Miss Rose apologizes and goes off to see what's keeping him. She does not return. If the investigators go looking for Dr. Jessup themselves, they find him in his surgery with a patient (or Miss Rose, if she went to find him) strapped to the chair and gagged. To the player characters' horror, the dentist is in the process of disfiguring the unfortunate soul's face with his instruments, a disturbing sight causing 1/1D4 Sanity loss.

Dr. Jessup has been driven mad by the creatures from the dungeon and is now in their thrall. Although Jessup is quite insane he is not murderous, nor is he very powerful physically. He does, however, have access to ether (CON vs. POT 14) and leather straps with which to subdue victims. If he is disturbed, Jessup stops in the middle of severing his victim's septum and attacks the investigators with a small scalpel, going for the face and hitting on a critical roll. If Miss Rose is not Jessup's victim when a confrontation takes place, she bursts into the room, screaming at the top of her lungs but unable to tear herself away from the horrifying scene.

### Dr. Clive Jessup

Sickly and overworked, Dr. Jessup has been completely corrupted by Crascall and the L'gy'hxians. Although too weak to be a candidate for Mind Transfer, Dr. Jessup, with his access to modern transport, is still useful to Crascall. The dentist is now constantly under the influence of strong painkillers and, as the severe self-mutilation hidden beneath his lab coat attests, is immune to CON rolls for shock. Dr. Jessup barely maintains his practice; he attacks anyone interfering with his activities. His intent is to maim, rather than kill, so his target is usually the face. The results of such an attack are disturbing and may require a SAN loss of 0/1 point for the victim.

### The Cellar

The garden is walled and planted with well-developed trees and shrubs. There is a manicured lawn in the center and sunken steps beside a plaque that states – erroneously – that these are “the dungeons of the Norman castle”; visitors making a **History** or **Archaeology** roll know this to be untrue as soon as they pass through the



### Paper #7

*Sites of Rare Historical and Supernatural Interest in East Anglia*, by Joseph Crascall. Privately published, Wisbech, Cambs 1802 180pp.) Edition is illustrated with a frontispiece of the author and various architectural sketches and diagrams in the body of the text.

#### Chapter 1

A rambling introductory history of the area from the pre-Roman era through to the time of writing. The book then breaks into chapters which deal with specific sites or incidents of interest, though it frequently digresses.

#### Chapter 2

Ravensby barrows, Lincolnshire: records observations on the inconclusive excavations undertaken in 1780 by Joseph Banks and his brother-in-law Rev. William Stanhope. Uses these as an excuse to recount local rumors of the place once being the location for "Witch Sabbaths" and the source of Stukeley's unfounded suppositions about the site.

#### Chapter 3

Ravensby Abbey, Lincolnshire: records observations on the excavations in 1792 by Edward Stanhope, nephew and son of the previous excavators, and tends to dismiss the significance of the discovery of fourteen skeletons found buried face down. Uses the location as an excuse for telling the story of the Pilgrimage of Grace and the Dissolution of the Monasteries.

#### Chapter 4

King John's treasure, Kings Lynn, Norfolk: tells the story of the loss of the Royal baggage train in the marsh on John's last tour of the country in 1216, confidently trotting out the opinion that the loss was a ruse to disguise the emptiness of the Royal coffers. Denies the provenance of "King John's Cup" the artifact from the treasury supposedly given to that town by John on his last visit. This view has growing support but Crascall predicts it will be seen as regional jealousy.

#### Chapter 5

Blythburgh, Suffolk: recounts the fearful events of 1577 when a powerful storm struck, destroyed a tower and killed a number of parishioners. Crascall notes testimony alleging a black dog ("Black Shuck") being responsible for the deaths, leaving victims drawn up like a purse", scoffing at such things but also recounting similar instances in East Anglian legend.

#### Chapter 6

Wisbech Castle, Cambridgeshire: A disquisition on Norman castles in the area, including Norwich, Castle Rising and Castle Acre. Speculates on the nature and purpose of Wisbech Castle with evidence gained during the digging of foundations for the Crescent and anticipates further extensive excavation on the site.

Regency iron gate at the bottom of the steps and into the brick vaulted seventh century cellar.

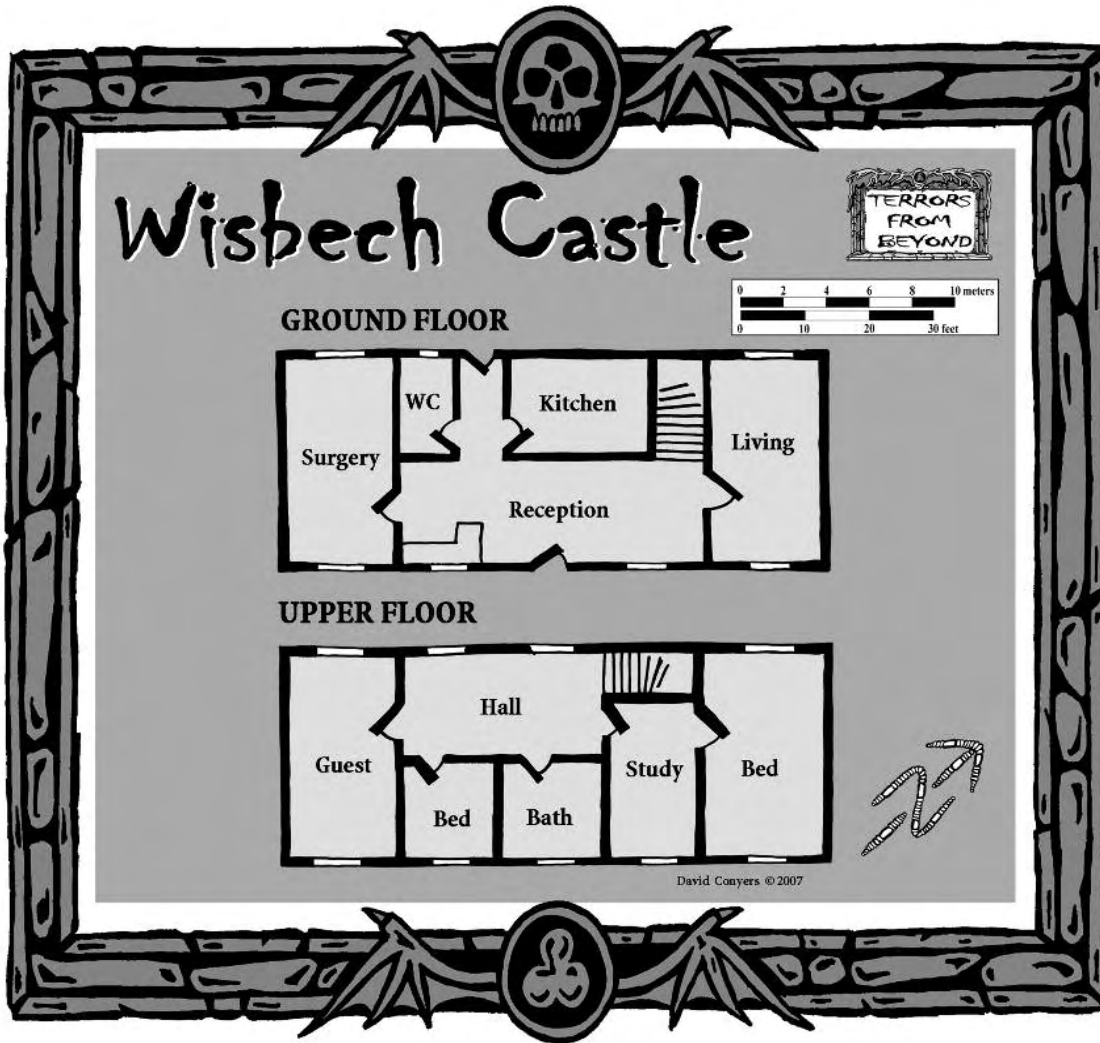
The dark cellar has regular thick columns that obscure the lines of sight. There are candles and holders on the floor near the entrance but no matches; the cellar is otherwise empty. In a back corner another iron gate (this one mid-Victorian) hangs open and leads through

## The Black Stone

A two-inch-thick tablet about ten inches long and eight inches wide, this stone has a faint carving of an amorphous shape on one side. Upon viewing the carving a second time, an observer making an **Idea** roll notes that the shape seems almost imperceptibly different (Sanity loss 0/1 the first time this phenomena is noticed). A **Geology** roll indicates that the stone may be part of a meteorite.

The Black Stone is part of a meteorite that in its interstellar travels passed through Azathoth at the center of the universe. Less Spawn of Azathoth than shrapnel, the stone doesn't possess sentience but memory. Anyone touching the stone directly loses 1D3/1D10 SAN upon initial contact for the ensuing transfer of jumbled fragments of everything that the stone has experienced since its encounter with the blind idiot god millennia ago. The information is imparted in reverse chronologically order but is never exactly the same from one recipient to another. The stone remembers a lot — from monks, to Vikings, to prehistory, Lemuria and outer space. This effect imparts 1D6 points of Cthulhu Mythos knowledge. In addition, anyone touching the stone must make a **Luck** roll. At the keeper's discretion, those succeeding may check one of **Astronomy**, **Anthropology** or **Natural History**; a subsequent failure to improve that ability means that the stone's memories have revealed blasphemous knowledge or disproved established scientific fact at a cost of 1/1D3 Sanity. Anyone failing the **Luck** roll receives a direct vision of Azathoth that costs 1D10/1D100 SAN and provides 1D10 Cthulhu Mythos points.

In addition to the knowledge it imparts, the stone has a rare ability to negate Elder Signs and similar wards. Physically the stone itself is not indestructible but its power is such that to attempt to destroy it only distributes the danger. The effects of a sand-like grain are not measurably diminished from those of the tablet as a whole. Conversely, if the entire original meteorite were to be reassembled its power would not be any greater than one of its parts. Its association with Azathoth provides +30% to the chances of summoning a servitor of the Outer Gods, +20% to summon 1D4 lesser other gods and +10% to summon Azathoth himself. Once the Black Stone's properties become known, anyone having it within arm's reach loses 0/1 SAN per day.



the north wall into a foul-smelling passage to the sewers. Lying on the floor, face down near the open gate, is a small book (Paper #7). Dropped by Stanhope during his flight from the cellar, it takes several hours to read and grants +1D4 points of Occult knowledge. Colin recognizes the book as one he supplied to his uncle.

There is another egress from the cellar, Crascall's recently opened gate to the Ravensby barrows which he has kept open as an escape route. Recognizing it is dependent on the investigators having inspected the north-east corner of the cellar where they may notice, with a **Natural History** roll, a number of dead moths or, with a **Spot Hidden** roll, a fractured pattern of bricks. There is a 5% chance per hour that a moth suddenly appears, as though out of the air, and drops to the floor.

Anyone passing through the Gate to Ravensby loses one point of POW and one point of Sanity. Anyone witnessing the sudden disappearance, via a **Spot Hidden** roll, loses 1/1D3 Sanity.

### The Sewers

An awful odor emanates from the narrow passage in the cellar. Upon exploration, a **History** roll suggests that these sewers were built in the middle of the nineteenth century. This section is mainly curved, with a spur north toward the river which reaches an iron-grated dead end. During construction of the sewer a subterranean passage between the castle's cellar and a basement beneath the crescent built by Crascall was inadvertently bisected. The passage on the north side of the sewer is bricked up but on the south side, to the east of the passage leading from the castle's cellar, about ten yards away some collapsed brickwork can be seen around a breach in the sewer wall.

Once properly inside the sewer the player characters must make **Sneak** rolls or the occupants of the original Norman dungeon beyond the breach are alerted.

### Through the Breach

Approaching the breach with any form of light alerts the occupants to get out of sight; a **Listen** roll at -20% might



catch their scuttling as they do so. Behind the Victorian brick lays some collapsed Norman stonework.

Casting light through the breach reveals a dingy Norman cell below, covered in cobwebs, nitre and dirt. There are two other entrances to the cell, a rotting Norman door to the west and another breach in the stonework in the south side. In the center of the floor a carved slot and decayed lime mortar indicate that something was once fixed there – a beam or a plinth perhaps. In fact, a Norman stone bearing an Elder Sign once stood here, renewed by the Regency gentry in 1816 after Crascall had defaced it. Charles Stanhope's clumsy explorations accidentally dislodged the renewed sigil and opened the way for his killers.

**Sneak** rolls must be made to avoid alerting the lurking villains. A **Track** roll reveals that the dirty, dusty floor has seen recent movement back and forth through the breach in the wall; a subsequent **Cthulhu Mythos** roll suggests that these tracks were made by an alien race – Sanity loss 0/1.

A **Spot Hidden** roll notices symbols carved around the arched alcove on the east wall, under the dust of centuries. A **Cthulhu Mythos** roll identifies these symbols as pertaining to some sort of spatial portal.

### The Side Chambers

The ancient Norman door on the west side of the cell has no handle but appears functional. Beyond it is a small chamber created when the corridor to the gate cell was walled up; an **Archaeology** roll distinguishes the rushed Norman stonework at the back of the closet. Squeezed inside the relatively small space, now saturated with its unearthly metallic odor, is the larger of the two L'gy'hxians, meditating unless it has been disturbed.



The southern breach in the cell wall is five feet high by three feet wide and earth has clearly spilled through it. It was made in 1816 by Crascall's diggers and was hurriedly filled in by his enemies after they had banished him beyond the gate to L'gy'hx. Over the years the fill has settled and the passage has been freshly excavated by the L'gy'hxians. Beyond it there is a trapezoidal chamber that is at its lowest point by the breach, rising as it occupies the upper half of what was once the adjacent cell.

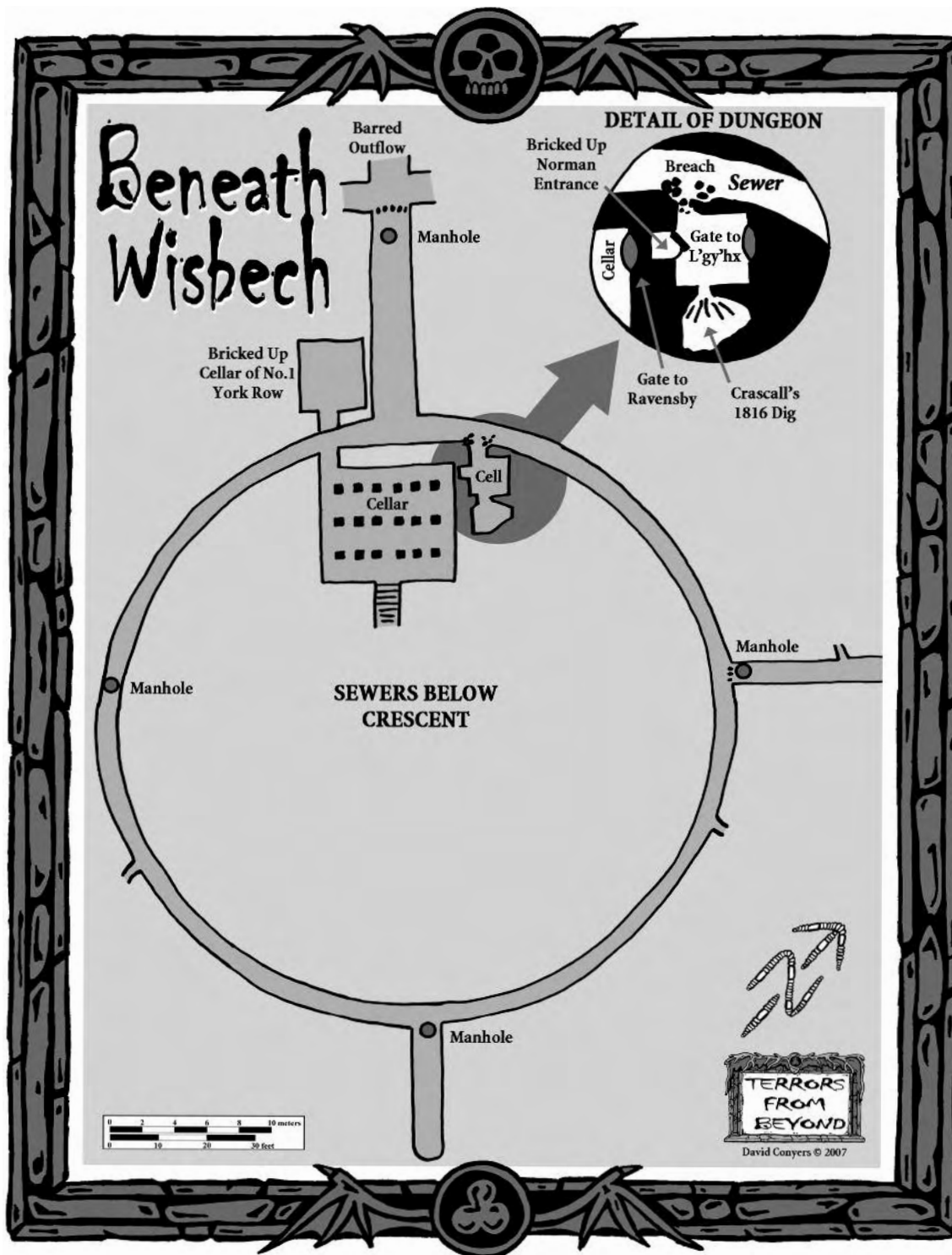
Crascall rests here, trying to assimilate a century while remaining in an environment more familiar to him after a hundred years. He has, nevertheless, clothed himself in the manner of Dr. Jessup and, if surprised here, ask player characters for help.

Seeing his face as he now appears costs 0/1 Sanity, or 1/1D4 if the greatly aged Crascall is recognized from the earlier frontispiece illustration to his book. Understanding this connection takes a successful **Idea** roll.

Beside the modern candelabra, the light by which Crascall uses to read, is a pile of Charles Stanhope's books with titles like *The New Century*, and *Modern Britain*. With an **Idea** roll, Irene recognizes them as gifts she gave to her uncle. Crascall stole them from the Abbey to update his knowledge. Nearby, there is a lead box – empty, and dating from the eighteenth century – which smells of pig manure and once contained both the torc

Crascall now wears on his wrist, and another powerful artifact, the Black Stone. This artifact now lies nearby, attached by a leather belt to the Egyptian stela that once sealed the gate to L'gy'hx. The limestone is decomposing and the sign is now nearly useless.

If the player characters have been noisy or clumsy, Crascall and a L'gy'hxian are lying in wait. Crascall may try to incapacitate an investigator through the Dominate spell, while the L'gy'hxian may simply seize an investiga-



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### Horvald's Torc

This ancient golden item was created by a Lemurian sorcerer and is in the form of a serpent. It siphons all magic points left to any person dying within ten feet of the band and stores them to be used at the wearer's convenience. It can hold up to 50 magic points but they do not regenerate once used and can only be replaced by the same method. While wearing the torc its user must use its stored magic points first, before using his own.

For example, while being worn by Crascall, the torc siphoned 10 magic points from the dying Marten and while he continues to wear the torc, Crascall still has those ten points available to him. This reservoir may be further increased if anyone else dies in his presence.





tor to tempt the others in. Crascall may attempt to negotiate with the other investigators to stall for time while casting Mind Transfer, but the L'gy'hxian soon tires of his inactivity and hobbles his captive with a blow to the leg likely to remove it below the knee. Damage is 1D8 +db but with minimum damage bonus, as the intent is to maim not kill). The creature then lumbers after the other intruders.

### Joseph Crascall

A gaunt figure in a tweed suit, moving stiffly and inhaling violently, Crascall is held together by a close-fitting body sheath with metal supports bonded to the bone. The face of Joseph Crascall, deathly pallid and with bulging bloodshot eyes, is visible through the armature. Crascall wears his torc around his metal-reinforced wrist; see Horvald's Torc nearby.

### Pursuit and Escape

Investigators attempting to flee the sewers through the castle cellar find that Dr. Jessup has locked the gate leading back into the garden. If the gate is somehow unlocked, Dr. Jessup may lurk nearby with his scalpel. If Dr. Jessup has already been dealt with then the second L'gy'hxian may block the way.

A second route of escape is the gate to Ravensby barrows, by which Crascall and his allies visited and killed Stanhope. It doesn't take Crascall and the L'gy'hxians long to figure out where the investigators have gone and pursue them.

Escape through the sewers is also possible. Kindly keepers might provide rusty iron rungs (**Climb** roll to negotiate) leading to a convenient manhole (STR versus 12 on the Resistance Table to shift, or a side passage that leads into a house cellar but which may be a locked dead end — **Locksmith** roll to pick or STR versus 25 to force, all while being chased by Crascall and the L'gy'hxians.

If the investigators manage to summon the authorities in Wisbech, Dr. Jessup proves to be a handful and the cellar is not a priority unless the investigators convince the police otherwise. Attempts at preparing the Wisbech constabulary for what lies below result in the investigators being treated as unhinged, rather like Dr. Jessup. Dr. Townsend can convincingly intervene on the investigators' behalf but may be loathe to do so if their story seems too wild. Depending on the extent of Dr. Jessup's violence, a mob may form; lingering could become very dangerous.

If the team manages to flee on foot or in autos, remember Brassic's predilections if left alone with a woman. For that matter if Crascall still lives — he may be able to track them down with information provided by Miss Rose and/or the museum guest book. And an **Idea**

## Summon Black Dog: new spell

This spell can be cast at any time during a storm. In this scenario one has been brewing all day.

It costs 6 points of Sanity and 10 magic points to cast and has a 50% chance of success. Willing contributors who also know the spell can contribute an additional magic point each, giving an additional 5% chance of success per extra magic point.

The Black Dog is a being from another dimension that the spell traps briefly and unwillingly. The Dog cannot be bound, and is hostile to the people and animals it may encounter.

The only way to safely employ the spell is to cast it into a sealed building from outside and let the Black Dog run rampant, alternately discharging and absorbing energy before a final explosive discharge that frees it from this plane.

## Defeating the Black Dog

There is one surefire way for the player characters to escape the Black Dog: By putting as many doors between themselves and the Dog as possible and letting it expend itself against solid objects. Alternatively, the investigators can flee outside into the open air, which the Black Dog prefers to avoid. Tackling the Black Dog head-on is foolhardy in the extreme, and doomed to almost certain failure.

roll, perhaps a critical, might allow Crascall to recognize a Stanhope family resemblance in Irene or Colin.

If at any point Crascall identifies a building in which the investigators are holing up (such the Museum or Ravensby Abbey) he will cast Summon Black Dog (see box) which he first used in 1816, if possible, and wait outside to mop up afterwards.

## Completing the Adventure

Heavily armed parties entering the sewers with an enchanted Elder Sign such as the one in the museum might once more block the Gate. With the L'gy'hxians now guided by Crascall, though, the task is harder than it was for the stout men of Wisbech in 1816. Exploring what lies on the other side is beyond the scope of this adventure, but using this Gate costs 9 magic points and deposits the traveler into a vast L'gy'hxian edifice with an atmosphere breathable by humans, crushing gravity and disorienting rotation.

For closing the Gate, the investigators gain 1D4 Sanity points. Killing or incarcerating Crascall merits an addi-



### L'gy'hxian Weapons

Because they are metallic themselves the L'gy'hxians have an understanding of metals far superior to our own and are able to fashion weapons of such sharpness that they cut through Earth metals as easily as flesh, especially when wielded by alien beings with superhuman strength. Their knives are responsible for the fatal wounds to Charles Stanhope and Thomas Marten and they brush aside all forms of human armor. The L'gy'hxians also each carry a short metal harpoon – diamond-shape in cross-section throughout – for throwing. These are made of the same metal as the knives and may, on a successful hit, go through the victim and hit whatever is behind him. This may either be a second victim or a solid item into which the harpoon will deeply embed itself. Victims pinned to an object in this manner can only extricate themselves at a cost of half the initial damage again. Humans attempting to use these alien weapons risk injuring themselves (1D4 damage) with an unsuccessful roll over twice the base chance of success. ....

tional 1D8 points; another 1D8 points may be gained for destroying the L'gy'hxians. For putting the Black Stone beyond use, each investigator earns an additional 1D4 points. Burying the artifact in a lead box in a secret location is a temporary measure; sending it to the moon of L'gy'hx before sealing the gate would effectively keep it out of human hands.

If Crascall and/or the L'gy'hxians are still active, their crimes continue in Wisbech. Learning of them costs the investigators 1D3 Sanity points for each occurrence. They are, after all, partly responsible for the ongoing turmoil.

## Statistics: Player Characters

### Ralph Singleton, age 40, Archaeologist

STR 10    CON 11    SIZ 11    INT 17    POW 13  
DEX 10    APP 09    SAN 65    EDU 21    HP 11

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Skills:** Anthropology 20%, Archaeology 70%, Credit Rating 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Drive Auto 60%, Fast Talk 20%, First Aid 40%, Geology 40%, Hieroglyphics 40%, History 80%, Library Use 75%, Listen 45%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Navigate 30%, Occult 15%, Persuade 40%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 45%

**Languages:** English 85%, Latin 60%

Professor Singleton is an executor of Charles Stanhope's estate. Formerly the best friend of the deceased, Singleton expects that he and/or his university will be recognized in Stanhope's will.

Professor Singleton has a doctorate from Oxford and is the chair of Ancient History at Reading. He has worked in Italy and Egypt with steady if unremarkable success. He is young for a professor but remains socially and emotionally unfulfilled and, as a result, his mid-life crisis is becoming acute. Professor Singleton dresses stylishly, runs a

sporty soft-top Alfa-Romeo and likes the company of younger people, even when he doesn't understand them. His driving can be reckless if he is distracted, troubled or trying to impress.

He sees himself as a natural leader and defers only to other gentlemen. He tends to treat rustic types as yokels and is often patronizing and chauvinistic with women.

### Cedric Mandeville, age 24, Graduate Student

STR 08    CON 11    SIZ 11    INT 15    POW 13  
DEX 13    APP 13    SAN 65    EDU 18    HP 11

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Skills:** Archaeology 60%, Art (Draw) 35%, Conceal 40%, Craft (Pottery) 20%, Credit Rating 55%, History 60%, Library Use 65%, Listen 50%, Natural History 50%, Occult 20%, Photography 60%, Ride 55%, Speed Read (English) 90%, Spot Hidden 45%

**Special Ability:** Speed Reading own language only, 90% chance to speed-read English texts in half the time normally required.

**Languages:** English 90%, Latin 30%

As Professor Singleton's assistant, Ralph has been promised an interesting experience at an old country house (and a break from digging another hole in Wales). He knows nothing of Charles Stanhope or the area.

Ralph is a graduate student at Reading. A well-educated and wealthy dilettante, he is a little shy and self-conscious. He is better at reading books than people.

### Irene Stanhope, age 37, Historian

STR 14    CON 15    SIZ 13    INT 16    POW 14  
DEX 14    APP 14    SAN 70    EDU 20    HP 14

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Skills:** Anthropology 20%, Archaeology 10%, Art (Calligraphy) 15%, Bargain 15%, Credit Rating 45%, History 70%, Library Use 75%, Medicine 60%, Occult 25%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 60%, Ride 25%, Spot Hidden 45%, Throw 35%

**Languages:** English 90%, Latin 70%, Greek 65%

The late Charles Stanhope was Irene's favorite uncle. She expects to be mentioned in the will – and possibly to be bequeathed the abbey, which would make a nice country place despite the commitment.

First impression: A striking, muscular country gentlewoman in tweed skirt and walking boots, Irene enjoys tennis and is keen on physical fitness. An historian, author and classical scholar, she has written books on classical texts and agitated for increased female participation in the next Olympic Games. Her energy can be disconcerting but she is too restless to apply it in any one direction. She lives in a flat in Bloomsbury and is on speaking terms with many well-known literary types; her associations with some lady novelists have fostered rumors that she is a les-



bian. Although she is quite capable of landing a man, Irene presently resigns herself to spinsterhood. Practical and level-headed but naturally blunt, Irene tends to ask impertinent questions (“Aren’t you rather young to be a lawyer?” “Yes, but what have you actually dug up, professor?”) that make people squirm.

**Colin Stanhope, age 35, Antiquarian Bookseller**

STR 10    CON 11    SIZ 11    INT 13    POW 13  
DEX 10    APP 09    SAN 65    EDU 20    HP 11

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Skills:** Accounting 60%, Art (Printmaking) 40%, Bargain 50%, Conceal 30%, Craft (Bookbinding) 25%, Credit Rating 35%, Drive 35%, History 60%, Hide 25%, Law 40%, Library 75%, Locksmith 10%, Occult 25%, Psychology 25%, Spot Hidden 70%

**Languages:** English 88%, French 50%, Latin 40%

Charles Stanhope was Colin’s uncle and he has been appointed an executor. He knows nothing about the rural way of life. If part of the estate falls to him, he would prefer to sell it; he certainly can’t imagine living here under the eyes of unsophisticated country folk.

Colin is a slight, bookish man with an elegant and understated dress sense. As a child at Ravensby Abbey Colin had nightmares of a black man with a white face and horns, which he now recognizes as related to the occult. These nightmares scarred Colin mentally and added to his belief that his sister Irene got the best of everything: looks, brains and energy. His success in the book trade is due to relentless hard work and attention to detail.

**Non-Player Characters**

**Fred Newton, age 40, Estate Manager**

STR 15    CON 13    SIZ 12    INT 13    POW 14  
DEX 12    APP 10    EDU 14    SAN 70    HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Shotgun 60%, damage

**Skills:** Accounting 50%, Archaeology 10%, Astronomy 06%, Craft (Landscaping) 20%, Credit Rating 40%, Drive 25%, History 25%, Law 20%, Listen 35%, Locksmith 10%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Natural History 75%, Operate Heavy Machinery 30%, Ride 60%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 50%, Track 35%

**James Bowman, age 43, Solicitor**

STR 11    CON 12    SIZ 11    INT 14    POW 15  
DEX 14    APP 12    EDU 19    SAN 25    HP 12

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Skills:** Astronomy 10%, Bargain 45%, Credit Rating 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Drive Automobile 40%, Fast Talk 55%, Hide 20%, Hieroglyphics 40%, History 40%, Law 75%, Library Use 65%, Listen 35%, Occult 45%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 55% (reduce chance to use Psychology on him by this amount), Ride 15%, Spot Hidden 45%

**Spells:** Dominate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Shriveling

**Languages:** English 79%, French 15%, Latin 25%

**John Brassic, age 30, Chauffeur**

STR13    CON12    SIZ16    INT12    POW11  
DEX10    APP13    EDU12    SAN0    HP14

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+db

Tire Iron 45%, damage 1D8+db

Rifle 40%, damage

**Skills:** Climb 50%, Drive Automobile 80%, Hide 50%, Jump 35%, Listen 50%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Sneak 60%

**Mary Watts, age 56, Housekeeper**

STR 12    CON 09    SIZ 16    INT 14    POW 05  
DEX 15    APP 09    EDU 13    SAN 25    HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Kitchen Knife 45%, damage 1D4+db

**Skills:** Accounting 40%, Art (Interior Decoration) 30%, Climb 50%, Conceal 45%, Craft (Cookery) 65%, Credit Rating 45%, Hide 35%, Listen 45%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Natural History 40%, Persuade 35%, Pharmacy 30%, Psychology 25%

**William Dawson, age 45, Constable**

STR13    CON13    SIZ12    INT10    POW12  
DEX11    APP10    EDU15    SAN60    HP13

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Truncheon 40%, damage 1D6+db

**Skills:** Fast Talk 35%, Fist 65%, Law 35%, Listen 45%, Local Knowledge 75%, Natural History 45%, Spot Hidden 40%, Track 50%

**Dr. William Dawson, age 53, Curator of Wisbech Museum**

STR 10    CON 09    SIZ 12    INT 17    POW 15  
DEX 11    APP 10    EDU 20    SAN 75    HP 11

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Weapons:** Shotgun 55%, damage

**Skills:** Art (Appraise Antiques) 60%, Archaeology 65%, Bargain 55%, Credit Rating 55%, First Aid 40%, History 70%, Law 55%, Library Use 75%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Natural History 35%, Occult 20%, Persuade 30%, Spot Hidden 50%

**Languages:** English 80%, German 60%

**Florence Richards, age 56, Efficient Administrator**

STR 07    CON 13    SIZ 08    INT 15    POW 15  
DEX 13    APP 09    EDU 14    SAN 75    HP 11

**Damage Bonus:** -1D4

**Weapons:** none

**Skills:** Accounting 45%, Dodge 46%, First Aid 60%, Hide 20%, History 55%, Law 75%, Library Use 55%, Listen 55%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 35%, Throw 35%

**Languages:** English 56%, French 50%





### Three Police Officers

Big, handsome Sergeant Ford is charismatic and reassuring but his subordinates, homely Nesbit and sluggish Pratt, are not. Best suited to sorting out rowdy drunkards on a Saturday night, the policemen make it plain that they haven't the resources to deal a real crisis – nor the wherewithal to locate them.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	SAN	HP
<b>Sgt. Ford</b>	12	09	16	12	15	75	13
DB:1D4							
<b>PC Nesbit</b>	13	12	12	10	08	40	12
DB:1D4							
<b>PC Pratt</b>	16	16	10	08	07	35	16
DB:1D4							

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+db, Truncheon 55%, damage 1D6+db, Shotgun 45%, damage

**Skills:** Bargain 40%, First Aid 40%, Law 25%, Police Procedure 35%, Psychology 30%, Ride Bicycle 55%, Spot Hidden 40%

### Clive Jessup, age 45, Dentist

STR 09	CON 07	SIZ 08	INT 13	POW 11
DEX 11	APP 08	EDU 16	SAN 0	HP 08

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Weapons** Scalpel 33%, damage 1D2+db  
Chloroform (POT 14 vs. CON not to succumb)

**Skills:** Biology 65%, Credit Rating 45%, Drive Automobile 50%, First Aid 65%, Medicine 65%, Pharmacy 50%, Psychoanalysis 10%, Psychology 30%

**Languages:** English 65%, Latin 30%

### L'gy'hxians

#### One

STR 14	CON 16	SIZ 18	INT 19	POW 10
DEX 06	MOV 08	HP 17		

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

#### Two

STR 20	CON 20	SIZ 22	INT 15	POW 10
DEX 09	MOV 08	HP 21		

**Damage Bonus** +2d6

**Weapons:** Knife 40 %, 1D8 +db. Cuts through earth metals as easily as through flesh.  
Harpoon (Thrown) 30%, 1D8+2

**Armor:** 19 points

**Spells:** Contact Lrogg, Dominate and Summon Black Dog. (They will contribute to the latter spell but never initiate it.)

**Sanity Loss:** 0/1D8.

### Joseph Crascall, age 175, Revenant Pathfinder for the L'gy'hxians

STR 06	CON 11	SIZ 10	INT 18
POW 18			

DEX 08 APP 03 EDU 28 SAN 0

HP 11(20) MP 18/28

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Weapons:** Claw 50%, damage 1D3+db

**Armor:** For added protection, Crascall routinely casts Flesh Ward on himself, reflected in his parenthesized hit point total

**Spells:** Create Gate, Contact Lrogg (Nyarlathotep), Dominate, Flesh Ward, Mind Transfer, Shriveling, Summon Black Dog\*

**Skills:** Astronomy 80%, Bargain 45%, Biology 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Electrical Repair 50%, Hide 20%, History 60%, L'gy'hxian 50%, Library Use 55%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Natural History 40%, Occult 85%, Medicine 85%, Physics 30%, Spot Hidden 35%, Sneak 30%

**Languages:** English 99%, Latin 40%

**Sanity Loss:** 0/1D2 (1/1D4 if he is recognized from the frontispiece of his book).

### The Black Dog

STR n/a	CON n/a	SIZ 2D6+6	INT 3D6
POW 10D6	DEX 3D6+6	HP n/a	

**Weapons:** Energy discharge 60%, damage 3D6, Energy absorption 60%, damage 1D10 x2 attribute points lost permanently, half from CON and half from SIZ. Half the number rolled is lost from APP, Final Discharge (POW / by 5) x D6 at epicenter, reduced by 1D6 every 10 feet.

**Armor:** the Black Dog cannot be harmed by gunfire, fire, lightning or explosive damage. It may be affected by volcanic heat or huge amounts of magnetic metal, both of which trigger the Final Discharge immediately.

**Sanity Loss:** 1/1D8 Sanity to see a Black Dog

The Black Dog appears as a ball of negative energy which crackles with spikes of black lightning vaguely resembling tentacles. Entirely hostile, it pursues and lashes out at any living creatures it can detect – movement tends to attract it. The Black Dog attacks by alternately absorbing or discharging energy. It can also use these strikes on inanimate objects. Once the number of combined strikes equals its SIZ, a final, explosive discharge frees it from this plane. Where a Black Dog has escaped from Earth, weak points in the fabric of space and time may be left behind. ♦





# Grave Secrets

*In which the investigators search out the secrets of a swamp in the Deep South, and descend into the lair of a being of passive disposition, but exhibiting an insatiable hunger.*

**by Brian Courtemanche**

It is late Spring, 1922. Despite its relatively small geographic area, Rhode Island has thousands of thickly forested acres that grudgingly make way for isolated farming communities. The brick buildings and paved roadways of Providence and Kingston give way to winding dirt roads through shadowed, wooded valleys and travelers often succumb to the isolation and loneliness. Amid the arboreal gloom squat ancient farmhouses, their paint-peeled walls and crooked-shuttered windows resembling wan, spectral faces. Here, free from the mores of modernity and far off the beaten track, the denizens hold to customs long forgotten by those not of the woods. Time wears on – wearing down many of the old traditions; the quaint and the disturbing, the charming and the grotesque – all make way for the encroaching tread of civilization. But tradition dies hard; when modern methods fail to address menace, disquieting olden remedies may be sought.

This is a non-Mythos scenario; there are no Cthulhu Mythos entities to be encountered. The adventure revolves around a tragic case of incest and murder and its supernatural consequences.

## **Keeper's Overview**

Meet Everett Bell, farmer. Of modest means, working the rough soil of his farmstead in remote Stafford, Rhode Island, the man has enjoyed a fertile relationship not only with the land but also with his wife Amy. Together they have produced seven children, aged six to nineteen, and – despite the restrictions of marriage and societal taboos – Everett has also quietly enjoyed a relationship with his own sister, Mercy. It too was a fertile one and has spawned all the woes with which the investigators soon become acquainted.

Despite the incestuous siblings' efforts at discretion, Everett's wife discovered their great transgression. Shocked and shamed, Amy seethed with resentment and hatred towards Mercy. Yet the farmer's wife suffered in furious silence: To acknowledge Mercy and Everett's deep sin would invoke the reproach of the townsfolk upon her family, her home, her children. Some secrets, however, will not suffer silence. Upon learning that Mercy was with child, Amy could tolerate the situation no longer. She confronted her husband, presenting him with a swift and dreadful solution to the family's secret shame. Everett, a weak-willed man, complied. One dark October evening, Mercy slipped into the family barn, expecting Everett's embrace. Instead, she was greeted by a noose. Amy glowered in satisfied silence at the spastically struggling form while Everett cowered deep in the shadows of the barn, rubbing calloused hands against trouser-legs, scrubbing away bits of rope fiber and – much less successfully – guilt.

With her last breath, her head lolling awkwardly and her body jerking, Mercy saw those who had ushered her to this moment. With the last particles of air in her lungs, she pronounced a curse upon those who had brought her to



this moment: “By the Devil, I’ll not rest . . . mine will not die while yours go on . . . you and yours will be as food for the dead.” With a final twitch, Mercy Bell died.

Everett and Amy then summoned Dr. Bert Cunningham, a city doctor newly arrived to town. The couple claimed that Everett went looking for his sister and found, to his horror, that she had hanged herself in the barn. Dr. Cunningham examined Mercy’s corpse and discovered that Mercy was pregnant. The Bells feigned great shock – who had impregnated this innocent young woman and driven her to suicide? Dr. Cunningham and the Bells quickly and quietly decided to neglect reporting the pregnancy, given the unmarried status of the young woman and the unknown identity of her lover.

With only a handful of mourners in attendance – Everett and Amy, their children, Dr. Cunningham, the local pastor and a few neighbors – Mercy’s closed casket was buried in the family cemetery. This small patch of earth lies at the edge of the Bell farmstead, bordering the deep surrounding woodlands. Significantly, this land is also an ancient Indian holy site, a fact long forgotten by the white settlers of the region. Residual shamanic energies still linger. The young woman and her secret were quickly laid to rest but, true to her dying words, Mercy has other plans.

Seething with vengefulness, buried in earth saturated with ancient energies, Mercy’s wronged spirit has transformed into a wraith. In her transformed state, Mercy has a single, burning desire: To enact revenge upon the members of her former family. She knows the best way to do this is by attacking the Bell children. These young souls offer nothing by way of resistance to her predations; killing them off inflicts a premium of suffering upon their parents. Mercy gleefully feeds upon the children’s life energies, bathing in the emotional trauma she causes. The specter is normally invisible to human eyes, perceived only as a chill spot where she hovers, or a slight draft of cold air as she passes by. Being incorporeal, barriers such as walls, locked shutters and doors do not impede her movement. Animals are sensitive to her presence, though, and made uneasy: Dogs will howl and flee and cats will arch their backs, hissing at her unseen location.

## Involving the Player Characters

They are not experienced in the bizarre. The player characters are Stafford residents, former residents, or outsiders summoned to Stafford to investigate the fell goings-on at the Bell farmstead. They are, briefly:

### Thomas Avery

Thomas grew up in Stafford and is returning to the town after service in the Great War. He enjoyed a close

relationship with his cousin, Mercy Bell, before leaving for the military. After the Great War, Thomas spent a couple of aimless years wandering Europe but came to ache for home and those he left behind. Having just returned stateside, Avery is en route back to Stafford to resume his life there, and to impress Mercy with his new status. He hopes their old relationship can be rekindled and he’ll marry the girl.

### Kenneth Cook

This pulp fiction writer is a newcomer to Stafford and is rooming at Widow Herber’s place. He is in town to isolate himself from distractions and soak up local legends and ghost stories to weave into his tales. Some locals aver that this lonely part of Rhode Island was once the settlement of wayward Druids transported across the Atlantic in prehistoric times. Why they came here, and what became of them, no one seems to know but Cook hopes to find some ancient ruins that might corroborate the story. Even without ancient vine and earth-covered ruins, the tale makes for great pulpish fare.

Cook has managed to locate another spot of local legendry, a yawning granite chasm deep in the woods called “Perdition Pit.” This ten-foot-wide, hundred-foot-long, fifty-foot-deep rocky cut in the earth is supposedly an entrance to Hell, evidenced by the strange, hoof like prints in the stone that appear to make their way to the bottom of the chasm. Cook has tentatively explored the chasm but has found no cave or other opening to Satan’s realm. This could be remedied in his next pulp story with a bit of creative license.

### Jane O’Connell

A schoolteacher and a recent transplant to Stafford. Jane has struck up a friendship with Widow Herber, who runs the local boarding house and who often brings cookies and other goodies for the students at the schoolhouse. Jane is a frequent guest at Widow Herber’s table, the old woman delighting in Jane’s educated and sometimes unconventional outlook. In return, Jane enjoys the homey atmosphere and conversation to be found at Widow Herber’s. Young, bright, and idealistic, she is heartbroken at the suffering and deaths in the Bell family. Rachel and Susan, the two remaining Bell children, are her pupils.

### Paul Roach

A colleague and personal friend of Dr. Cunningham, Dr. Roach is summoned to Stafford by a letter from Cunningham nearby: (Handout #1.)





(Handout #1).

#### Letter from a Friend

Dear Paul,

Greetings from Stafford, Rhode Island!

My new practice here is growing steadily since I arrived last summer. You would be amazed to learn that I'm the first professional physician these folks have ever had. For decades, Stafford folk have relied on old folk remedies to cure what ails them. They're isolated people, but friendly and industrious. Just the sort of out-of-the-way place I was looking for to start my practice: Close enough to the Boston establishments, yet truly a place that has not benefited from advances in medical science. Some of the villagers' beliefs, I daresay, have not evolved since the days of their ancestors trading beads, bottles, and superstitions with the Indian tribes that used to claim these woods.

That brings me to the crux of the matter: I've got a family suffering from a malady that I can't pin down. I've been treating it as tuberculosis, but the locals have other ideas, which are very queer indeed. I'm afraid they may do something rash. As I'm relatively new to the village, and my professional treatments have so far proven ineffectual, the villagers seem to be set on another course. I really could use some assistance in bringing the folks of Stafford around to the light of medical science, or at least some help in documenting the queer goings-on around here. Your skills and natural talents - and your friendship - are qualities I could dearly use.

Please come at your earliest opportunity. Telegraph beforehand and I can make arrangements for your stay. I regret to say that my own home is cramped and unsuitable for guests, but there is a fine boarding house in town run by a charming elderly lady. You will find her most agreeable and I will, of course, take care of all financial arrangements connected with your stay.

I remain,

Your faithful friend,

Bert Cunningham

# Beginning Play

## Getting to Town

Kenneth Cook, a recent arrival, resides at Widow Herber's boarding house. Jane O'Connell, another new resident in town, is a frequent guest at Mrs Herber's supper table. Those traveling to Stafford, Rhode Island to begin the scenario (Thomas Avery, Dr. Paul Roach) might become acquainted on the train trip or cab ride to the town.

Investigators traveling by rail are deposited at the Kingston station, where a car and driver from the Falcon Cab company idles at the curb. The ride is perhaps an hour long. The driver knows little about Stafford and nothing relevant to the matter at hand. All newcomers to town stay at Widow Herber's. If the keeper desires an early and convenient method of getting the investigators together, they can all meet over the Widow's dinner table. Her home-cooked meals are delicious, not to be missed.

## Doctor Cunningham's Residence

The taxi pulls up late in the afternoon to a very small but well maintained residence not far from the center of town. A small wooden sign affixed to the clapboards next to the door proclaims "B. Cunningham, Physician." Doctor Cunningham, alert for Dr. Roach's visit, quickly appears and offers to pay for the taxi.

Dr. Cunningham is a youthful 40 years old, affable and urbane. He invites Dr. Roach inside, helping with the luggage and explaining that he'll deliver his guest to Widow Herber's place once a proper welcome has been provided. It appears that half the house is given over to the doctor's medical practice, while the other half is his private residence. Dr. Cunningham offers Dr. Roach a comfortable chair in his private office, a refreshing pitcher of iced tea and good conversation. The doctor's office is beyond the front waiting- and examining-rooms and through a set of interior French doors. It is a comfortable room with leather furniture, dark wood bookcases filled with medical texts and journals and the pervasive aroma of pipe tobacco. There is much reminiscing about "the good old days" at medical school and the name-dropping of old friends and rivals.

Should Roach's player bring up the contents of the letter of invitation, Cunningham politely forestalls discussion of the letter. After some time has



passed, Cunningham sighs, slaps his thigh lightly, and rises from his own chair.

"You've had a long trip and it's getting late," he says. "We'll talk more shop tomorrow. Besides, I've got to get you settled in to old Mrs Herber's boarding house before it gets too late. If we hustle, maybe we can get you over there before supper. Nobody makes a meal like old Widow Herber."

Taking up his friend's luggage, Dr. Cunningham leads the way to his late-model black sedan, motoring Roach to Widow Herber's place in short order. Cunningham introduces Roach to the widow and to the other investigator guests who by keeper arrangement should be just settling in for supper. The widow happily offers Roach a room on the second floor and immediately asks both physicians to supper.

## Old Widow Herber's Place

The meal is a simple but excellent affair of roast chicken with herbs, mashed potatoes, corn and carrots. There is soda pop, iced tea, milk and water to drink, but no alcohol. The Widow dominates conversation. She wants to know all about Dr. Cunningham's visitor, Doctor Roach. Bert Cunningham is frank, telling all at the table that he has called in his friend with an aim to finding out what mysterious ailment is decimating the Bell household.

With no offense intended to the widow, Cunningham says that it's difficult to get objective views of the situation from the townsfolk. Persons with education and worldly perspective would be of value. Perhaps those at the table would be willing to help? In addition to any personal reasons for their involvement, Cunningham would like to document the incident for the medical journals and could use some help in writing it up. In addition, all involved in the investigation would get full credit in the article. Cunningham states that Roach is due to visit him in the morning to further discuss the case, and the other guests would be welcome to join them. Cunningham departs just after supper, politely declining the widow's offer of coffee and rhubarb pie. The investigators, of course, are free to indulge.

The Widow Herber is a kindly, gossipy old woman who ensures that her guests do not remain strangers for long. She does not know the Bells that well: Everett seldom attends church services, and she finds Amy Bell a rather sour individual. Their nearest neighbor, Bob Munson, has let slip to Old Widow Herber that he saw some "powerful odd" happenings around the Bell farm within the last year; Widow Herber has not yet had a chance to ferret out exactly what old Bob means by this ("Darn it but he can be a cryptic old goat!" she exclaims with good humor). She does think it a powerful shame

that within the year young Mercy Bell has passed away, and now some dreadful disease seems to have afflicted the family, especially "those poor children."

Her name is Ruth, but no one in Stafford knows her by anything other than "Old Widow Herber" or "the Widow." Many decades ago when she was young and pretty, her husband Lemuel took up with the Union Army and died in a Virginia skirmish. Childless and devastated by her husband's death, Ruth never remarried. Over the years, she has assumed a motherly role in town, especially to young women and couples. Old Widow Herber is remarkably well-preserved and spry for her age and still possess all of her mental faculties. She makes excellent meals and is particularly renowned for her rhubarb pies. She knows quite a bit about the town and its history, including legends that it was an Indian meeting place before the arrival of white settlers.

Old Widow Herber also remembers that Injun Joe, another resident of Stafford, was a full grown man when she was a child – "he must be ancient," she quips, without a trace of irony. Widow Herber knows in a vague sense that Joe is mystically inclined ("he tells fortunes for the young lovers and such") and refers the investigators to him if they openly discuss supernatural elements of the case.

To make ends meet, Widow Herber rents out rooms in her massive farmhouse, a legacy left her by her late husband's family. Rates are a pittance, though guests do their own housekeeping. Widow Herber's place is the closest thing to a hotel that Stafford has to offer, though it is more of a boarding house. Meals are communal, and hearty. The old farmhouse has the luxury of indoor plumbing and no less than two bathrooms – neither attached to a private room, however. Current guests are Jane O'Connell and Kenneth Cook. Thomas Avery and Paul Roach join them. Having four guests in residence allows Widow Herber to hang the "no vacancy" sign for the first time in years.

## Widow Herber's Reacts to the Investigators

**Paul Roach:** The widow is impressed by Doctor Roach's urbanity and educational background, without being cowed by it. She is well disposed toward Dr. Bert Cunningham and treats his professional colleague with the same kindness and respect she gives him.◦

**Thomas Avery:** Widow Herber fusses over young Thomas, commenting on how he's grown from a "weedy sprout of a teenager into a fine, strapping young man." She pushes food and other homely comforts on Thomas at every opportunity.

**Kenneth Cook:** The widow is not quite sure how to relate to a man who writes stories for a living. She's been listening to and telling stories all her life, and to her it





seems a bit odd to make a living off of “old wives’ tales and campfire yarns,” as she thinks of his fiction. Still, always a kindly old woman, and impressed by Cook’s bright imagination, she finds him a delightful if curious guest.

**Jane O’Connell:** The daughter that Ruth Herber never had, she fusses over the young woman as much as she does young Avery. Secretly the old woman has high hopes that O’Connell and Avery might become a pair, and openly encourages their courtship.

### The Rest of Stafford

An isolated farming village, Stafford’s “downtown” is comprised of a main street and a few dwellings. Apart from Widow Herber’s boarding house, there are the town’s lone church (Free Christian), a tavern and a general store that also serves as the post office and filling station. Constable Chilton’s home and office are also in town, as is Dr. Cunningham’s place. All of these locations are within a few minutes walking distance of one another. Outlying farms require horse-drawn or motorized transport to visit in a timely fashion; on foot, canvassing these farms is time-consuming and arduous.

### Another Visit with Dr. Cunningham

Dr. Cunningham invites his guests to his private office. He especially welcomes the other player characters who have joined Paul Roach, sincerely glad for the opinions and advice of educated and worldly persons in combating this local menace. All present are offered coffee, lemonade or flavored seltzer water. A box of cigars – a decent Cuban blend – is passed around for the men while Cunningham himself lights up a cherry-wood pipe, using the stem to punctuate his story:

### Cunningham’s Statement

“I’ve been in Stafford for about a year. I left my Providence practice to relocate here. I did this thanks to the gradual realization that many rural Rhode Islanders have never benefited from advances in medical science. Here we are in the twentieth century and folks in many isolated, backwoods areas still resort to the remedies of colonial times. Most shocking! I’ve worked hard to establish trust in the community. Many of the old-timers are suspicious of me, the ‘city doctor’ in their midst, but I feel I’m slowly but surely eroding their barrier of mistrust through good medicine and being a good neighbor.

“Even so, there’s this old half-Indian fellow by the name of ‘Injun Joe’ who lives on the outskirts of town. He is something like a self-styled medicine man, selling strange ointments and silly little trinkets to the locals: Love potions, hex amulets, and similar rubbish. A

harmless enough fellow, but dangerous if people go to him for real cures for real medical problems. I’ve nothing against the man, per se, but science must prevail over superstition, you understand.”

Dr. Cunningham coughs, taps some ash out of his pipe into a clay bowl on a side table, and continues: “For the last six months – since last November – I’ve been pitting my medical skills against a disease that has been decimating a local family, the Bells. They’re a good-sized farming family just on the outskirts of town, near the woods. At least, they *were* a good-sized family. You see, the disease seems to be working its way through the family with disturbing regularity, from youngest child to eldest. Every four or five weeks, a new child falls ill and dies. The progression from onset to fatality is shockingly rapid, like nothing I’ve ever experienced. Tentatively, I’ve identified the sickness as tuberculosis, or consumption as it is more commonly known. Even so, I’ve never seen consumption move so quickly through a family. Typically it takes years, not months or weeks, to lose this many family members. Maddeningly, my treatments to date have not worked.”

The doctor frowns as if regarding something distasteful, then goes on: “The townsfolk were at first content to let me try and defeat the disease. As the months have dragged on and more of the Bell children have died, their neighbors and fellow churchgoers are worried. They now openly question my medical expertise and hint that something besides regular sickness is at work. Again, superstitious rubbish, but people need something to blame when things go wrong and are out of their control. As an outsider, I’m not in on the locals’ private gossip, but I fear they plan to do something radical, something dreadful, to stop the spread of the disease. I think they fear that whatever is afflicting the Bells may spread to their own families.

“Oddly, the locals have not ostracized Everett Bell – the family patriarch – and seem to be including him in their meetings. I’ve tried to gently pry information out of Everett as to what is going on with him and the other locals, with no success. Could you help me look into this matter? If you can find out, that would be a boon. I’d hate to see good medical science thrown over for superstitious foolishness.”

### Following Considerations

If, at some point, the investigators indicate that they know Mercy was pregnant at the time of her death, Dr. Cunningham confirms this with a sigh. Alternatively, if the investigators are struggling and miss this key fact, the keeper can have Dr. Cunningham struggle with his conscience and inform Paul Roach that he knew Mercy



was pregnant but collaborated with the Bells to cover it up: “The Bells could not even hazard a guess as to who the father might be,” he says, slightly defensively. “Apparently the girl was not seeing anyone and they seemed anxious not to add further scandal to the suicide and . . . I agreed. What good would come of it?”

Doctor Cunningham has overlooked the fact that Everett Bell was the only man on the farm and that Mercy was not seeing anyone from the village. Putting these facts together forms an unsettling suspicion for the doctor: If presented with this chain of logic, Cunningham is thunderstruck and scandalized. Deeply troubled, he retreats into a cloud of indecision. What to do? Should he tell others in Stafford of Everett and Mercy’s misdeeds? If so, who? And what good would that serve?

## Cunningham Reacts to the Investigators

**Paul Roach:** Old friend and colleague of many years. Trusts the man with his life.

**Thomas Avery:** Cunningham is warm and friendly to the young man, and quietly impressed with his military service. He welcomes Avery back to town with a hearty handshake and an unconsciously patronizing comment that “with fine young men of the world returning home, we’ll civilize these old backwoods yet, eh?”

**Kenneth Cook:** The doctor sees Cook as a fellow man of wit and learning, and laments that the man seems to be in town for only a long visit. Cook may be just the man to help Cunningham and his friend Roach write up the Stafford affair for the medical journals, once all is examined and facts surface.

**Jane O’Connell:** Bert Cunningham has an eye for the ladies, though he is very shy about it and careful always to maintain an air of cheerful, professional confidence. He finds O’Connell’s presence in Stafford delightfully stressful. Any direct conversation with her is punctuated with quite a bit of stammering “ahems” and animated bluster to hide his interest and shyness. He is enthusiastically helpful should she require any assistance in any matter.

## Free Christian Church of Stafford

This plain, wood-framed house of the Lord is typical of many out-of-the-way, autonomous churches dotting the villages of New England’s backwoods. The Church building is a large white clapboard building in decent repair. A thirty-foot steeple juts heavenward from the front of the roof, just over the main entrance. A simple cross adorns its tip. Reverend White harangues enough townsfolk to keep the windows clean, the pews varnished and fresh paint on the walls. A sizeable cemetery

is located just to one side of the church, containing the remains of many of the earlier generations of Stafford folk. Some of the headstones go back two centuries. The Reverend himself lives in a small, simple house just behind the church. A flagstone path leads from his home to a back entrance of the church.

The interior of the church proper is sparse and drafty; polished hardwood pews face the central pulpit, behind which hangs a large, unadorned cross. Woodcut plaques with moral admonishments from the New Testament adorn the walls between the windows, which are large peaked affairs that let in plenty of light. There is no heating or electricity in the church proper; body heat warms the place during cold weather services, and candlelight is used for rare evening uses of the building.

Vaguely Protestant with an unhealthy splash of holdover Puritanism, the Free Christian Church is Stafford’s only religious venue, Christian or otherwise, Injun Joe’s dubious practices notwithstanding. It is fairly well attended by the villagers, more out of a sense of tradition and duty rather than any true zeal. However, what the village folk lack in enthusiasm, their congregation’s pastor, Reverend Daniel White, makes up for.

Reverend White himself is in his early thirties. He’s a short, ruddy-faced, well-fed man with fiery red hair and watery blue eyes that burn with a zealot’s intensity behind wire-rimmed bifocals. His clothing almost suggests the garb of an English vicar of an earlier age. This is intentional: Reverend White’s idols are the Reverends Cotton Mather and Ward Phillips of Puritan-era fame. Anyone who disagrees with Reverend White or who fails to show him proper deference as a man of the cloth is deemed misguided at best, perhaps even downright evil. The man is fond of fiery impromptu sermons, replete with red-faced bluster and uncontrolled flecks of spittle frothing from his lips when he really gets himself into a lather over some real or imagined evil. He is not above taking a wooden switch to youngsters he deems needing immediate correction over some laxity or other, though he is unlikely to lay hands on grown men or the womenfolk.

Reverend White is no friend of Injun Joe, the “red man heathen devil worshiper,” who has proven inscrutable and impervious to the pastor’s conversion efforts. To Reverend White this means that the old Indian must willfully serve dark powers. For all his fiery rhetoric, however, Reverend White would never physically harm the old Indian but that does not stop him from hurling invectives from his pulpit. A holdover from a bygone era, Reverend White is more rhetoric than true danger, though in an earlier age of New England’s pathologically puritanical past he surely would have been the cause of vast suffering.

White is, in fact, the leader of a mob planning to exhume Mercy Bell’s remains. Reverend White is con-





vinced that the Bell family has awoken some monstrous evil – perhaps unknowingly disturbing a heathen burial or worship site with their farming. Despite his aggressive demeanor, Reverend White may prove to be a useful ally to the investigators if they are inclined to believe – as he is – that the root of the Bells’ misfortune is supernatural “not scientific, like that fool doctor would have us believe.”

If the investigators play up to Reverend White’s authority, this impresses him and he is likely to invite them to the next quasi-clandestine evening meeting in the church. The meeting is scheduled according to the keeper’s discretion: it could be that very evening, or a couple of nights away if the keeper wants the investigators to spend more time pursuing other leads. If the investigators rebuke the preacher for his zeal or his skepticism of Dr. Cunningham’s scientific method, however, the fiery-tempered man regards them with ill-concealed enmity. Reverend White could thus prove to be a real thorn in the side of the investigators for the duration of their stay in Stafford.

## Rev. White Reacts to the Investigators

**Paul Roach:** The preacher is initially contemptuous of Roach, hostile as he is to all men of science, whom he sees as posing a direct threat to the True knowledge of the Word. A first meeting between the two likely evokes an unrestrained snide comment from Reverend White, such as “well, another man of *science* come calling, eh? Better to quit wasting your time with microscopes and textbooks and take up with the only *True Book* that matters” (here he produces a small Bible from his person and taps it irritatingly with his finger a few inches from the physician’s face). “I suppose you’re one of those fools who believes in evolution, too, eh?” If Roach plays it cool or makes placating comments, White soon backs off from his initial provocation. He may even come to find the man of science tolerable, if misguided. Should Roach take up the preacher’s thrown gauntlet and rebuff the holy man, uncomfortable scenes could ensue.

**Thomas Avery:** Reverend White is plainly neutral to the returned townsman, though he thinks it vaguely possible he may have rapped Avery’s knuckles once or twice in Sunday School for doodling during a prayer session. Such is the way with foolish young men, so seldom with their mind on the Lord.

**Kenneth Cook:** Why a grown man would squander his God-given gift for prose writing lurid and immature fairy stories Reverend White simply can’t divine. Still, the Lord works in mysterious ways, and this wayward author may yet come around to writing inspirational stories about miracles and martyrs. One can hope.

**Jane O’Connell:** Reverend White reasons that all women are descended from Eve, and everyone knows how that relationship turned out. This schoolteacher is no different from the rest of her sisters. They’re beautiful creatures, women are, if weak of mind and plagued by emotional distemper. White reasons that O’Connell does a good job as a schoolteacher (“a fitting job for a woman”) and his attitude towards her vacillates between neutrality and chauvinism.

## Constable John Chilton

Stafford does not have a police station or even a town hall. Stafford is too small and its population too rural. John Chilton’s granite-walled, windowless root cellar doubles as the town jail.

Chilton, like his father before him, and his father’s father, serves as town constable, essentially having inherited the position. Constable Chilton is uninspired but not incompetent. He does not look for trouble, and trouble seldom comes calling in Stafford. Occasionally the man must put down a local animal that has caught rabies or must lock up a drunkard overnight. Chilton is aware of the local plot to stake Mercy Bell’s remains. He figures as Everett Bell himself is willingly taking part in the proceedings and there aren’t any laws being broken (Chilton has no legal references to consult, anyway), it is best to ignore the whole matter and let his neighbors take care of things. Besides, if there is really a ghost or evil spirit at work, Chilton would rather someone else handle the problem. Should the investigators insist that Chilton act to stop the staking, the bucolic lawman quietly tells the interlopers to mind their own business. The constable owes his job to the community, Everett Bell is not objecting and the community wants to handle things their own way, so that’s that: End of discussion.

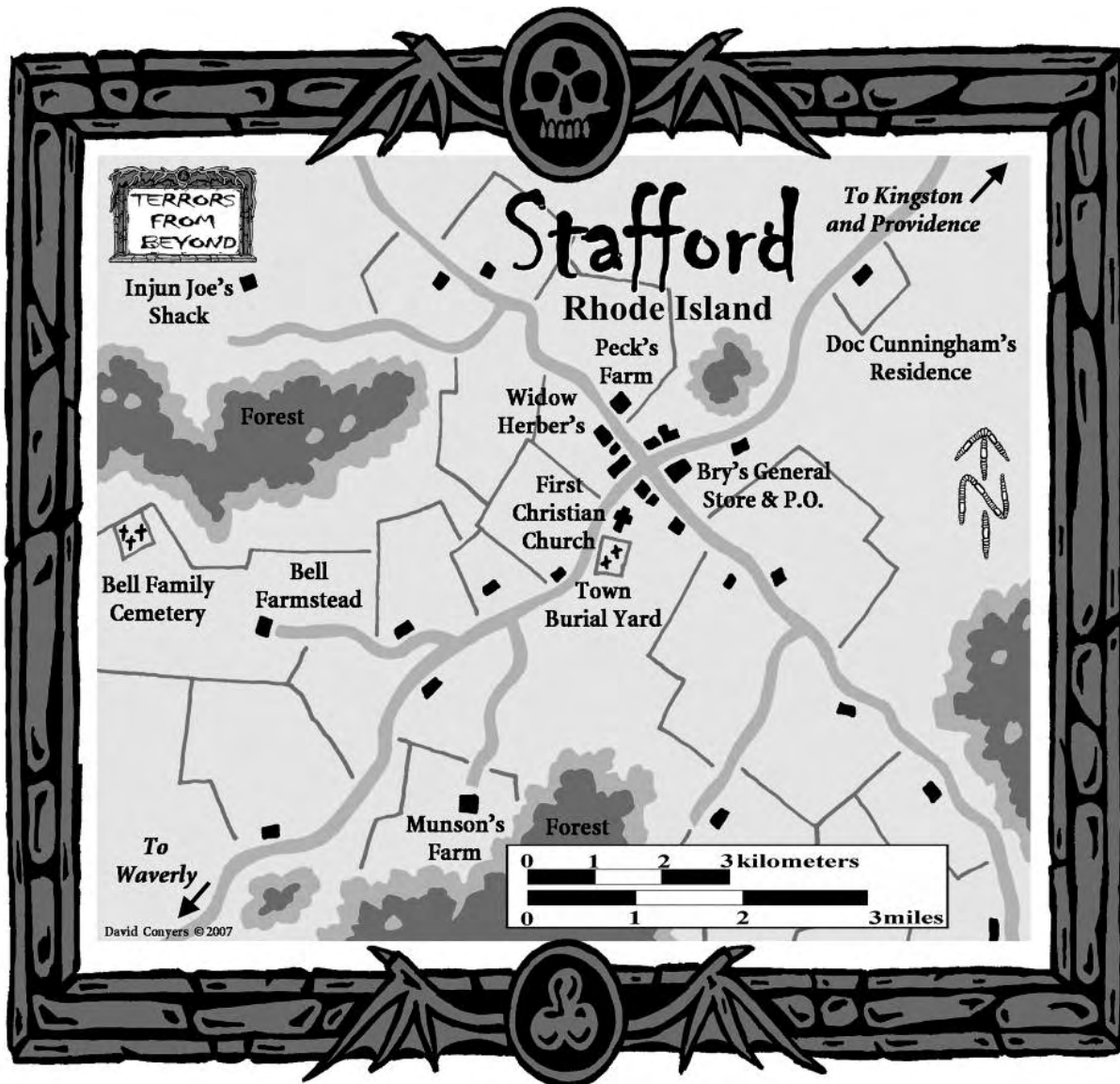
## The Bell Farmstead and Others

The Bell family farmstead lies in the southwest corner of Stafford, bordering thick stands of pine and broadleaf woods and marshland. Covering roughly thirty acres, the farm is self-sufficient with enough stock in apples, hay, hogs and chicken to make a living.

Investigators approaching the farm during the day are greeted with an awful sound, an inhuman squeal of terror and agony. Rounding a corner of the barn, they are treated to the sight of Everett Bell sticking a hog for slaughter.

The animal is hoisted above its pen with a block and tackle, a stout metal chain around one of its hind legs. Dangling upside-down, the panicked animal thrashes the air wildly with its other three legs and screeches loudly. Everett Bell, wielding a long knife, steadies the animal with one hand and jams the knife into the hog’s throat with the other. There is a sickening, gurgling





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sound; a froth of bright red blood sprays downward, splashing the earth and farmer's boots alike. Urban investigators unused to the cold, hard facts of animal slaughter should roll SAN for a potential 0/1 loss.

As the animal spasms and bleeds out, Everett Bell, blood-splashed and still gripping the glistening knife, turns to greet his visitors: "What kin I do fur yew?" he asks dully. Everett Bell is the family patriarch. Years of hard labor have added years to his appearance. He is a weak man and presently very afraid. His misdeeds and the current crisis he has brought down upon his family have worn down his sanity (the same can be said for his wife). He conceals his guilty conscience and deep unease behind a laconic exterior.

### Everett Bell Reacts to the Investigators

**Paul Roach:** While Everett won't say much to any of the investigators for fear of slipping up and giving himself

away, this is particularly so with Paul Roach; the farmer instinctively feels the distance between himself and this intelligent, educated man. Anyone with that much schooling invokes Everett's suspicion and enhances his unease, though he'll try his best not to let on. Should Roach press Everett on any points, Everett will go so far as to huff "well yew kin jus' go ask Doc Cunningham effen you have all these questions" and break conversation by walking away.

**Thomas Avery:** Everett of course remembers Thomas and particularly that Thomas had taken a shine to Mercy. In some sick sense this makes Thomas a rival, even if Mercy is now gone. If Everett is eventually found out and things get physical, it's likely he'll try to take out his aggression on Avery first. Initially, Everett feigns friendship with Thomas ("well look haow yew've grownt up!") and remorse that Mercy is gone, but beneath it all Everett always thought of Thomas as an interloper into Everett's business concerning Mercy.





**Kenneth Cook:** Everett has no interest in books and those who write them. The only book he's ever read was the Bible, and that was long ago.

**Jane O'Connell:** Everett thinks Jane is a pretty gal, but of course she does not live under his roof and therefore is out of his reach. Besides, he's got other serious complications in his life these days. Everett is genuinely appreciative of the concern the schoolteacher has for his children, and this sensibility wars within him as he contemplates what he strongly suspects is his own role in their deaths. In the unlikely event that Everett opens up about his involvement with his children's deaths, it will likely be to the sympathetic Miss O'Connell.

## Amy Bell Reacts to the Investigators

Everett's wife Amy is a dark, scowling woman of indeterminate middle age. She has a habit of crossing her thin arms across the front of her chest and turning away

sharply from anyone who approaches her with social pleasantries. Whenever the investigators interact with her husband near the farmstead, Amy stands sentinel nearby, glaring at the party. Amy sharply curtails any attempts to speak with Susan, her remaining healthy child. She yanks Susan away by the arm, hissing "git to yer chores!" in vicious tones. Investigators must somehow distract Amy Bell if they are to get anywhere meaningful with Everett or daughter Susan.

**Paul Roach:** Just arrived to town, this makes Roach an absolute outsider, and therefore to be ignored whenever possible. Only if the "new doctor" attempts access to her family will Amy rudely acknowledge his existence.

**Thomas Avery:** Amy remembers that young Thomas was sweet on Mercy, and she's resentful of his leaving town for years. Maybe if he'd stuck around, and solidified his relationship with Mercy, that tramp might not have had impure relations with her own brother, Amy's

**Suffer the Bell Children**

Five of Everett and Amy's children have already succumbed to Mercy's curse:

- Adam, aged six. Died five months ago (November 1921).
- Abigail, aged six. Twin of Adam, died four months ago (December 1921).
- Judith, aged seven. Died three months ago (January 1922).
- Thomas, aged ten. Died two months ago (February 1922).
- Luke, aged thirteen. Died one month ago (March 1922).

Two children remain:

- Rachel, aged fifteen. Currently battling consumption-like symptoms.
- Susan, aged seventeen. Healthy but terribly afraid. Knows she's next to catch the dread consumption. Susan also knows of the affair her father had with his sister, and thinks there may now be a curse on the family for their sins. The girl does not suspect, however, that the spirit of her own dead aunt is out for vengeance and causing the children's deaths. Susan also greatly fears her father's unhealthy attentions – with good reason; he is a sick man. Investigators who succeed with a **Psychology** roll while around the girl sense that she is very uncomfortable around her father, that there is an unhealthy tension between them. Everett's eyes linger on his daughter in a manner uncomfortable to witness.
- The Bell family is not suffering from consumption. They are victims of a supernatural attack, as the vengeful spirit of Mercy Bell drains life force (POW) from her victims. A **Medicine** roll by anyone attending the sick Bell children notices their pallor, lethargy, fever, loss of appetite, and weight loss. Most significantly, however, there is no rattling cough, a sure sign of tuberculosis infection. Listening to the victim's lungs with a stethoscope reveals shallow but otherwise sound respiration.



husband Everett. She states accusingly that Mercy was depressed when Thomas left her “high and dry to go runnin’ around overseas,” and maybe that led her to hang herself. The fact that Thomas was in Europe fighting for his country does not impress her. Attacking Thomas is intended to deflect any suspicions of her own involvement in Mercy’s death.

**Kenneth Cook:** Another outsider, frowns Amy. Someone who writes down things. Best not to say much to him. Should investigators voice suspicions about Mercy’s death, Amy might accuse the party of “being influenced by that foolish hack writer and his crazy ideas. Keep your scare stories to the cheap magazines!”

**Jane O’Connell:** Like Everett, Amy is mildly touched that the new schoolteacher would care so for Amy’s children, though the farmer’s wife would never say or show as much. Even so, should Jane’s concern turn to suspicion cast in the direction of the Bells, Amy’s slight self-concealed feelings of appreciation for the young educator will be whisked aside by a vicious response to avoid blame.

## Consumption

Consumption, or the White Plague, is now recognized as tuberculosis (TB), a micro-organic disease that is sometimes contagious and occasionally fatal. Infection typically lodges in the lungs, though other organs may be affected. The malady is spread when a sufferer coughs or sneezes, releasing hundreds of diseased spores into the air; a new victim then breathes in the tainted air and becomes infected. Significantly, tuberculosis cannot be transferred by touching personal items of the afflicted. Because close airborne contact is required to spread the disease, it is very prevalent in urban areas where sanitation is poor and in the close quarters of households, where it can systematically spread among family members. Symptoms of tuberculosis are weight loss, lethargy, loss of appetite, a persistent low-grade fever, night sweats, chest pains, and a persistent cough that becomes more and more ominous-sounding, until blood is also coughed up. Finally, when the bacteria has consumed enough lung tissue, the victim expires from lack of breath capacity and exhaustion. To the onlooker, the victim simply wastes away – “consumed.”

The specter of consumption has dogged humanity since the development of civilization, when humanity began living together in persistently close company. For centuries, consumption was thought to be the result of evil spirits feasting on the living. Records of the disease are to be found in the accounts of the ancient Egyptians as well as the ancient Greeks. The White Plague has historically been the leading cause of death for all age groups in the Western world until the last century, when advances in medicine and sanitation curbed its ravages. Even as late as the nineteenth century the most common treatment for a tuberculosis victim was confinement to a sanitarium, where the disease ran rampant within close quarters.

## Talking with Everett Bell

Getting Everett Bell to own up to any part of what is happening to his family is no easy task. Everett quietly goes about his farm chores while his family sickens and dies. There is a haggard, haunted look about the man’s eyes, and his lanky frame droops with more than the weariness of manual labor. He helplessly shrugs at any reference to the dire straits his family is in, mumbling that “Doc Cunningham’s doin’ what he ken,” and “the Church is prayin’ for our salvation.”

Uncomfortable with the attention, Everett turns away, attending to his farm work with renewed vigor. A successful **Psychology** roll reveals that Everett is withholding something, and is deeply afraid. With all the attention currently focused upon his deceased sister, Everett is paranoid that somehow the secret of his sinful relationship with Mercy will surface – perhaps literally. He mourns the loss of his children and feels deep regret that he is the ultimate source of their deaths. Bell has been attending the quasi-clandestine meetings in the church basement, a quiet pawn while Reverend White and other village leaders decide how best to dispatch the evil spirit they believe Mercy has become. Miraculous-seeming to Bell is the fact that no one in the group has questioned why Mercy may have become an evil spirit: They seem to take her new state as a matter of course, for which Bell is grateful. If the investigators pressure Bell or threaten him with what they suspect is the truth, he breaks down, sobbing that he’s a miserable sinner. Everett begs the investigators not to reveal his secret shame. If they do reveal it, Everett’s wife Amy vehemently deflects the newcomers’ “sick perversions.” She openly questions the strangers’ legitimacy, pouring aspersions on them for poking around town and into people’s lives.

## The Bell Family Home

The Bell farmhouse is a large, two-story colonial-era home somewhere between upkeep and mild disrepair. The interior is very dark due to the small-paned, leaded-glass windows, dark pine woodwork and low-beamed ceilings. Worn pine-board floors have creaked under the tread of the Bell family for generations. Furnishings are old and worn yet sturdy. The house is well swept, the linens clean, the corners and windowsills free of cobwebs.

There is an odor of death and sickness in the house; some member of the family has been dying within these walls for the last six months. Keepers may allow the investigators a halved **Idea** roll to instinctively notice this presence of death’s sickly-sweet odor.

The farmhouse cellar is comprised of fieldstone walls and hard-packed dark earth, and runs the length



of the house. It is cool and very dark here even on the lightest of days. Tiny, mud-spattered half-windows of leaded glass let in feeble, murky light – just enough to keep from tripping over barrels and crates of farmwares, ancient tools, sacks of grain, stored jars of fruit preserves, and other staples and discards of rural existence.

The ground floor of the house consists of a large, low-ceilinged kitchen with a brick hearth. Through the kitchen lies the dining room, then a formal parlor and adjoining sitting room. The stairs lead up to four good-sized bedrooms; only two of the four are occupied thanks to the family's crisis. Everett and his wife occupy one bedroom while the sickly Rachel and her sister Susan occupy another. This also used to be Mercy's bedroom, though her bed has been removed. The other two bedrooms once belonged to the late Bell children; their furnishings and belongings remain.

In the girls' room, Rachel lies unconscious with a low-grade fever. She is very pale; sweat soaks her nightclothes and bed linens. Her weight has dropped alarmingly. She does not eat, taking but a few sips of broth. Her body appears emaciated and haggard. At night she writhes and mutters, weakening with every new dawn. Remarkably, Rachel does not exhibit the persistent cough so common to tuberculosis sufferers.

Susan and her mother take care of Rachel's bodily needs while the sufferer sweats, mutters, and gradually succumbs to whatever grips her. During the investigators' visit, Susan Bell is very anxious, to the point of near-hysteria. She hovers in the background, appearing to want to speak to the player characters, but the presence of her mother keeps her in check. A **Psychology** roll recognizes the mother's hold on her daughter.

Getting full access to the house and its occupants proves difficult, thanks to Amy Bell's constant and glowering vigilance. The investigators' best bet is to get the healthy daughter, Susan, alone. If she can be relatively assured that the wrath of her parents will not come crashing down upon her (her teacher Jane O'Connell or cousin Thomas might be most effective at this), she agrees to talk. With every passing night that Rachel gets weaker, Susan becomes proportionally certain that her own doom is next, which further encourages her to speak:

"I know as Doc Cunningham thinks what we got is a regular, scientific disease. But it's something more . . ." (here she shudders) "awful an' secret than that. What we has is a curse, brought down by . . . by . . . by some awful spirit. I woulda gone to Injun Joe myself, but as I ain't got any money, or nothin' he'd trade for, and my parents, they'd, they'd do something right terrible to me if I was caught takin' in any of his heathen magic."

Susan has her own theory to explain why the family suffers under a curse. She shares the theory if pressed, par-

ticularly if Miss O'Connell or cousin Thomas are present and sympathetic:

"See, uh father . . . he, uh, he'd come into our room at night. Quiet-like, thinkin' Rachel an' me was fast asleep. He'd, uh . . . he'd (here she sobs) spend some time, in the dark, with, uh (she sobs again) Auntie Mercy. Things happened . . . you know? Auntie Mercy (a shuddering sob), she . . . she was gonna have a, a . . . (sobbing, Susan's voice trails off). And then, later, I heard Mother and Father talking, alone together, angry-like. Heard talk about Mercy. 'She can't have it,' is all. 'Gotta do something.' I must've made a noise, like, 'cuz they were on me like a whip. Got beat – told to be quiet (here she sobs again). Oh, forgive! Forgive! Auntie Mercy went an' hanged herself not long thereafter . . . I'm afraid, now that Mercy's gone."

Here the girl unconsciously plucks at the shoulder of her farm dress, pulling the garment closer around her form, as if to cover herself. Susan's voice deteriorates into uncontrollable sobs.

*Susan can also tell the investigators about "Injun Joe" if prompted.*

"Ol' Joe is a red man works down at Bryer's place. Pumps gas an' sweeps the floors and such. Been a part of this town forever – his folk probably been 'round these parts forever. He's the only one, though. He don't get along none with Reverend White. The Reverend says Injun Joe's a heathen devil worshiper, and tells good Christian folk to keep away from him. Still though, lot o' folks 'round here go to see old Joe in his shack. Joe sells powders to make folk fall in love, cure warts 'n wrinkles, tells fortunes, all that sort o' thing."

## Bell Family Cemetery

This lonely piece of earth lies at the extremity of the Bell property, where the fields meet a small swath of evergreen trees. The small parcel of land is roughly half an acre, bordered by a waist-high wall of ancient, lichen-covered fieldstone. It lies mostly in shadow from the nearby trees; a carpet of moss and dead pine needles covers the ground. A small rusted but serviceable iron-gate admits entry, although climbing over the low wall requires no real effort. Two dozen headstones poke through the earth like old gray fingers. Many are ancient and weatherworn, dating back to the latter seventeenth century.

A section containing recent interments can be easily spotted, due to the newly turned earth. Six simple granite headstones mark six new graves:

Mercy Bell, b. 1897 d. 1921

Adam Bell, b. 1915 d. 1922

Abigail Bell, b. 1915 d. 1922



Judith Bell, b. 1914 d. 1922

Thomas Bell, b. 1911 d. 1922

Luke Bell, b. 1908, d. 1922

All the new graves show dirt that has been packed down. None of them show signs of being recently disturbed. There are, however, several anomalies in the area:

A successful **Spot Hidden** roll combined with a successful **Idea** roll reveals that new spring grass is sprouting up over all the graves, except Mercy Bell's plot, which shows only bare earth.

A successful **Listen** roll combined with a successful **Idea** roll notes that no woodland animals can be heard within the confines of the cemetery. Instinctively aware that something unnatural dwells within the grounds of the burial place, animals avoid the location.

A halved successful **Spot Hidden** roll combined with a successful **Archaeology** or **Natural History** roll uncovers from the pine needles a small Indian arrowhead, made of granite. Although investigators may attach especial significance to the arrowhead's location within the burial grounds, many such minor artifacts of a vanished native population litter the surrounding woodlands; such curiosities can be found with a few hours of diligent searching (a successful **Spot Hidden** roll combined with a successful **Natural History** roll).

## Bob Munson's Farm

Bob Munson's farm is almost a mile from the Bells'. He is the nearest neighbor. A battered, rusty mailbox with tar-painted letters leans on a post by the road. Beyond it a long, rutted dirt driveway leads to the similarly weather-beaten old farmhouse.

Anyone approaching up the driveway elicits a response from Munson's dogs, three large hounds very protective of their elderly master. The dogs halt any intruder, snarling until old Bob shortly appears on the scene to call off the animals. Any violence done to the dogs brings Bob and his shotgun. He won't hesitate to use it on anyone who has injured his hounds.

Munson is an elderly man in his mid-seventies who walks with a noticeable limp, the product of a gun-cleaning mishap many years ago. The man is approachable enough without being gregarious. He has lived next to the Bell family his entire life but does not consider himself a bosom friend of the family; such is the way of New Englanders. Even so, old Bob may be able to shed some light on matters for the investigators. He's impressed with Paul Roach's urbanity and credentials, and remembers Thomas Avery as a kind young man, one of the town's own. He's more reserved around Kenneth Cook and Jane O'Connell.

When asking after the Bells, a successful **Psychology** roll reveals that something is eating at Bob Munson. Successful **Persuade** or **Credit Rating** rolls (the keeper may grant a 10% bonus to Dr. Roach or a 20% bonus to Thomas Avery's rolls) can be used to elicit the following pieces of information from Munson:

The Bell family is odd. For instance, ("and pardon me, Thomas, for talking about this,") Bob was once on the Bell property looking for one of his hounds. Poking around the barn, he heard queer sounds from within. Looking through a gap in the old wall boards, Munson saw Everett and Mercy Bell engaged in "a deeply sinful act" – upon which he will not elaborate. Munson left hurriedly without being spotted.

Mercy Bell seemed perfectly healthy right up until Munson learned of her death: "Didn't look a bit sick to me." He pauses a moment, then adds: "Wait, there was one time..." Munson relates passing by Mercy in his old truck, maybe three or four weeks before her death. "She was on the side of the road, just come from the fields, sicking up. I slowed up the truck, offered to drive her to town, to Doc Cunningham's place," says Munson. "The gal refused, saying she'd be just fine in a bit." Confused but taking her word for it, Munson drove on. This event took place several months after Munson saw what Everett and Mercy in the Bell's barn.

Squinting out over towards the Bell farm, Munson puts a calloused hand to his age-creased forehead, muttering, "I've gone and said too much. Don't want no trouble with nobody, includin' the Bells. I'm an old fool, and that's the Lord's own truth." With that – and perhaps a hasty "welcome back to Stafford, son" to Thomas Avery – Munson excuses himself to get to his chores.

## Peck's Tavern

This low-roofed, colonial-era building was erected when there were assumptions that Stafford might amount to more than a cluster of farms. Those assumptions never materialized.

The tavern has been in the Peck family for generations, now run by the middle-aged, thoroughly bored Fred Peck. Despite Prohibition being the law of the land, Peck's Tavern is not Dry. Stafford is not even a fly-speck on most state maps and Peck distills his own cheap liquor. A glass of beer costs fifteen cents; a shot of rotgut gin costs a dime. A glass of whiskey runs twenty cents. Constable Chilton is a frequent thirsty patron. Investigators can eat here as well as drink, though the fare is lamentable compared to the wholesome meals served by the Widow Herber. Information from the locals may be had here for a couple of glasses of cheap hooch and some successful **Fast Talk** or **Persuade** rolls. Writer Kenneth Cook is particularly appreciated here, as tavern-goers warm to a fellow storyteller who has had





his name in magazines. The keeper may grant Cook a 20% bonus to his information-gathering rolls, as well as **Credit Rating** (in the tavern). Thomas Avery is welcomed back with some back-slapping and handshakes; some of the local men would enjoy hearing how he's fared overseas. Doctor Roach, being an outsider and an educated man, is treated respectfully if with a hint of suspicion in the tavern (the keeper may penalize Roach's information gathering rolls by as much as 20%). Patronage of the establishment is almost wholly male; conversations are subconsciously subdued and reticent should Jane O'Connell unknowingly invade the place in the company of her peers.

Locals are likely to know:

- The Bell family has been in town for generations. Nothing like their current crisis has ever happened to them before.
- There are secret meetings going on at the Church, led by Reverend White. The cleric is mobilizing townsfolk to "settle the problem at Bell's."
- Townsfolk are nervous that what's occurred at Bell's might spread to their own farms and families.
- If Albert Eddy and Teddy Bryer (owner of Bryer's Store) happen to be at Peck's (keeper's discretion), an inebriated patron might let slip with a sneer that those two "share the love that dare not speak its name." If the keeper wants things to get rough, big Albert Eddy can be present and attempt a **Listen** roll (55%); trouble ensues if he succeeds.
- Injun Joe is unnaturally old. Many of the tavern-goers remember the old Indian looking just the same when they were children.
- The woods around the Bell farmland are haunted by ancient Indian spirits.

## Bryer's Store

Bryer's Store, just down the dirt road from the Free Christian Church, serves as Stafford's general store, post office, and filling station. There are few cars or trucks in Stafford, though they are becoming more numerous every year. Bryer's Store, or simply "Bryer's" to the locals, is a two-story clapboard structure with peeling brown paint and a large bay window in the front by the door, displaying sun-faded house-wares, cheap tin toys, and yellowed pulp paperbacks. There are two sun-faded Mobil Gas fuel pumps outside.

Just inside the door is a cluttered counter where the proprietor, Teddy Bryer, is almost always found. When not behind the battered cash register, Bryer is typically stocking the metal shelves in the store's drab, cramped, ill-lit interior. Behind the counter Bryer also keeps U.S. postal supplies and rents out a small number of postal boxes. Stafford does not have regular postal service – all incoming and outgoing mail deliveries go to Bryer's for pick-up – so the place is naturally a hub of activity. There is no phone service to Stafford, though Bryer's

store does offer telegraph service. With a group **Luck** roll, old Injun Joe can be found leaning up against one of the pumps in dusty denim coveralls, silently waiting to service a passing car. Old Joe does far more leaning than servicing.

At any time during the day, a handful of locals can be found at Bryer's Store, buying groceries, picking up or sending mail, buying gasoline or just plain gossiping. A successful **Psychology** roll reveals that Teddy Bryer does not take part in the townie talk taking place in his establishment. Somewhere in his mid-fifties, Teddy Bryer has the awkward demeanor of a lifelong social misfit; his smile has a yellowed, greasy aspect to it, as does his hair. When he attempts humor, his comments fall flat, or have a warped, perverse double edge to them. He misses social cues, and always seems to wear the same clothing over his dumpy, slouching form. He knows a lot about what goes on in Stafford, but says little – not out of any sense of prudence or decency, but simply because he is too dull or disinterested to speak up when it might count. Teddy Bryer won't warm to strangers, though he is not hostile either. He is oddly immune to monetary bribes for information. Bryer's one motivational vice is the company of other men. Even a small amount of time spent around the man and a successful **Psychology** roll reveals what many locals know but don't talk about – at least not openly. A cunning male investigator could use this knowledge to his advantage in order to interest Bryer enough that he starts talking about what he knows about the townsfolk in general and the Bells in particular. Should this occur – or should any male investigators spend a lot of time around Ted Bryer – a regular at the store, Albert Eddy, takes unkind exception. A successful **Psychology** roll suggests that Bryer and Eddy are intimately acquainted. Eddy shadows and attempts to intimidate anyone he feels might have an interest in Bryer. Albert Eddy is a large, strong man of the woods and fields. He acts on his threats, should an investigator not immediately back off. Derisive comments about Eddy or Bryer's sexual orientation are met with similar action.

Though Teddy never has had occasion to use it, a loaded shotgun is kept behind the counter, hammers on safety.

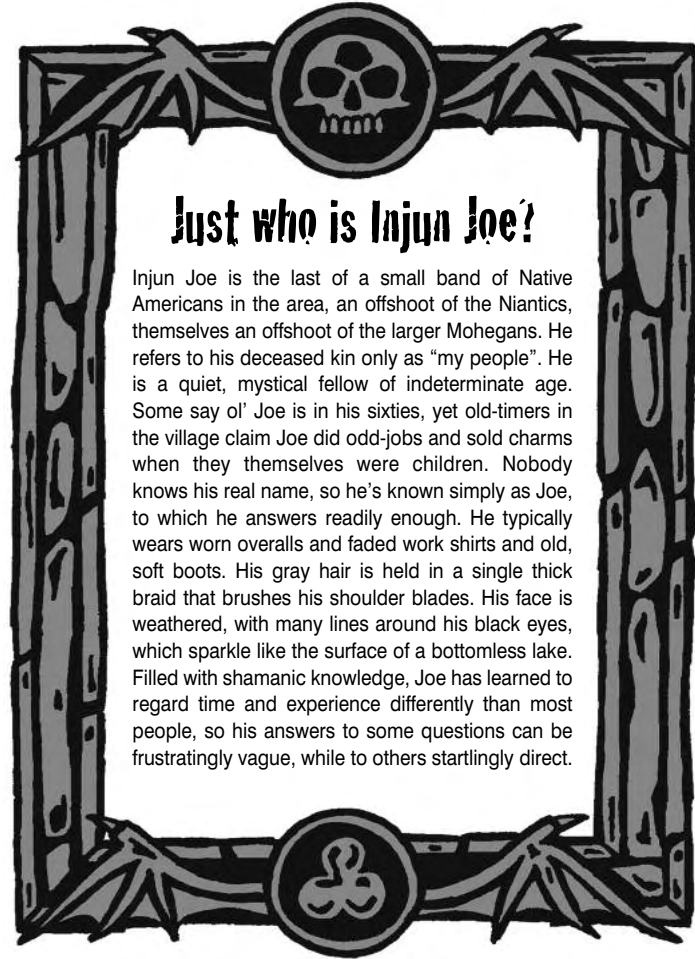
## What Teddy Bryer Knows

- The young doctor in town, Cunningham, seems okay and some of the more progressive-minded folk of Stafford have started going to him – particularly the younger families.
- Injun Joe sometimes works the fuel pumps for Bryer, who pays him a pittance for this duty. The old Indian does a more profitable business on the side, selling "mystical red-man trinkets an' potions," and telling fortunes. A lot of the town's young lovers visit the Indian for potions or fortunes or similar foolishness, as do some of the town's old



women-folk, who hang on the old pagan's every word. Old Joe – nobody knows his real name. He has a little wooden shack, well into the woods past all the farms on the outskirts of town.

- The Bells have been in town for generations. Everything about them seemed fine, though the missus seemed all bent out of shape for weeks – angry as a hornet at everything and no one in particular – even before her kids took sick.
- Some of the locals have spoken about evening gatherings they've been having in the basement of the Free Christian Church, to sort out "the trouble at Bell's." Bryer, a life-long resident of the town, is not particularly welcome at most gatherings; he has avoided an invitation to these few meetings. There's talk of "old remedies" to the "trouble," and keeping the new city doctor out of the business of the town elders.
- Teddy Bryer knows that Stafford was founded by Ezra Stafford, leader of a motley band of Tory settlers who wished to avoid signing up with the Continental Army. Together they founded the little hamlet of Stafford, deep in the woods and marshes of Rhode Island back country, safe from federal conscription efforts. Some townsfolk hint that the land was originally Indian holy land, though it was abandoned by the time Stafford and his followers discovered the area.



## Just who is Injun Joe?

Injun Joe is the last of a small band of Native Americans in the area, an offshoot of the Niantics, themselves an offshoot of the larger Mohegans. He refers to his deceased kin only as "my people". He is a quiet, mystical fellow of indeterminate age. Some say ol' Joe is in his sixties, yet old-timers in the village claim Joe did odd-jobs and sold charms when they themselves were children. Nobody knows his real name, so he's known simply as Joe, to which he answers readily enough. He typically wears worn overalls and faded work shirts and old, soft boots. His gray hair is held in a single thick braid that brushes his shoulder blades. His face is weathered, with many lines around his black eyes, which sparkle like the surface of a bottomless lake. Filled with shamanic knowledge, Joe has learned to regard time and experience differently than most people, so his answers to some questions can be frustratingly vague, while to others startlingly direct.



## Injun Joe's Cave

The tumbledown shack of Injun Joe, the mysterious Indian shaman of Stafford, is built up against the side of an oddly angular hill just into the woods on the outskirts of town. The dwelling is an odd hybrid of log cabin and tin shack.

With a successful group **Luck** roll, Old Joe is present at his shack or perhaps the investigators have already made arrangements to call upon him:

As you approach, you can see smoke coming up out of an old tin chimney and light emanating from the small-paned front window. A gas-powered generator rumbles nearby. Outside, lit camphor torches give off a pungent, smoky odor that keeps the bulk of the mosquitoes at bay.

A large, wolfish dog with glaring yellow eyes stares at the investigators from the shadows of the hut's roof overhang, then disappears around the back of the shack. Moments later old Joe appears in the doorway, beckoning the visitors inside. Old Joe simply shrugs and says nothing if asked about the wolfish dog.

The interior of Joe's cabin is more spacious than the exterior would suggest. Inside, it becomes evident that the Indian's cabin is hewn right into the side of the hill, thus is half cave. Oil lanterns and

ever-burning sagebrush packets give the interior a yellow-lit, smoky, close atmosphere. Strange tribal masks adorn the walls; ancient, hand-woven rugs cover the floor. Animal skins cover much of the furniture. Pulling a number of root-beer bottles from an incongruous, struggling ice box, old Joe sits himself down on an ancient rocking chair also of dubious structural integrity, the center of his civilization.

Then the old man waits for the investigators to explain why they've come to see him. Whether the old shaman knows the specifics of the case is up to the keeper. Joe can provide needed clues to struggling investigators, though care must be taken that he does not become a substitute for firsthand exploration and discovery.

- Injun Joe knows that there is a supernatural cause for the deaths in the Bell family. He knows that the Bell family plot is on Indian sacred land, yet he calmly baits the investigators: "Even if the girl is buried on the sacred land of my ancestors, why do you think it is only she who rises unquiet from the earth?"
- Injun Joe knows that Teddy Bryer and Albert Eddy are lovers.



- Injun Joe shrugs off any reference to Reverend White's conversion attempts and accusations that Joe is some kind of devil worshiper. Old Joe thinks his Great Spirit and the Reverend's God are one and the same, though it's too bad that the pastor is too narrow-minded to realize it. "White-man preachers come and go," old Joe says simply, "but the Spirit is eternal."
- Joe knows that Reverend White is organizing some sort of resistance to the darkness that has befallen the Bell family. Whether he knows the particulars of that plan is only for Joe to know; he shrugs if questioned about it. He suggests that the investigators talk with the preacher if they want to know specifics.
- Injun Joe was approached days before Mercy's death by Amy Bell. She asked to buy a powder or potion "that would stop a man and a woman's seed from growin'." When he raised his eyebrows at this unusual request, she flew into a small rage and left without any potions or powders.

### Injun Joe's Powder

Injun Joe has a powder that can render visible the invisible. Showing a vial of the stuff to the investigators, Joe states that medicine men of his people would use it to "smudge" or fumigate the place where a sick person lay. If demons were at the root of the person's sickness, they would then be seen "and driven out by men of great spirit." A small dose of the powder burns for hours, allowing "second sight" to all who smudge themselves (inhale the vapors). If asked how the "driving out" of demons works, old Joe simply shrugs, saying "When a man must do battle, he instinctively knows how to wield the spear." Injun Joe is willing to sell the powder – a single dose – for the princely sum of \$50. Should anyone remark on the cost, Joe carefully explains that the ingredients and preparation of the mystical substance are very costly.

Should the player characters require a second dose, Joe has one prepared – only parting with it after some grumbling and an additional \$50. Beyond this second dose, extras will take weeks for the old shaman to concoct. This powder is a Native American variant of the fabled Dust of Ibn Ghazi (see the "Call of Cthulhu" rules for a description of this magical dust). The Indian variant of this powder – it has no name that Joe can remember or is willing to reveal – requires that it be burnt as incense in a closed room or hut. It is not a hallucinogenic, but rather a tool to render the normally invisible spirit world visible. Under no circumstances does Injun Joe reveal the secret to making this powerful substance

### We've Canvassed Stafford, Now What?

After visiting numerous sites around town and collecting information from locals, the player characters may realize or strongly suspect that Mercy Bell's unquiet

spirit is attacking her former kinfolk. If they've talked with Bob Munson or Susan Bell, the investigators may also suspect the cause of the haunting.

Medical science cannot not save the two living Bell children, and only two methods of solving the trouble present themselves through investigation — to participate in Reverend White's plans to dig up Mercy's corpse, or to use Injun Joe's mystical powder to materialize and then confront Mercy's vengeful spirit.

### Keeping It Scary

If desired, the keeper may enact any or none of the events below at point of need so that taut pacing is maintained and players worry for the security of their investigators. If things become too prosaic, have Mercy's wraith up the ante in any or all of the following ways:

- If the investigators have been snooping around the Bell family cemetery, Mercy can cause the corpses of the newly-dead Bell children to cry and wail in their coffins. Investigators making a **Listen** roll hear the sound as a sort of continual moan or wail, just above the sounds of their own breathing. A second successful **Listen** roll identifies the source as underground. This event costs 1/1D6 Sanity.
- One evening as he lies abed, Thomas Avery may attempt a **Listen** roll. Success indicates that he hears someone creaking on the floorboards just outside his room; a moment later there is the soft sound of something being slipped underneath the door. Should Avery rush to his door, the hallway is dark and there is no one there (0/1 San). On the floor is a small note. Avery's player does not have to make any **Idea** rolls to recognize the handwriting on the note as that of his dead cousin, Mercy (0/1 San). The note simply reads, "I'm glad you're back."
- Writer Ken Cook opens his journal, and discovers a child's scrawl on every page, with the same message, over and again: "Have Mercy on us." The last page has the only different message: "Have Mercy on you, too." If Cook shows the journal's contents to schoolteacher O'Connell, she'll recognize the childish writing as that of Judith Bell (0/1 San).
- Physician Paul Roach notices that his medical bag is leaking a dark, red fluid from the seams (yes, this is blood). Opening the bag, a small flood of blood pours out, and the contents of the bag are awash in the stuff (1/1d2 San). Mercy's wraith attacks and drains small forest animals near the family burial ground for this blood supply.
- Schoolteacher Jane O'Connell is caught in a freak wind-storm. A section of an old newspaper, caught in the gale, flutters against her legs, then seems to crawl up her body, plastering itself against her face as if to suffocate her. Though it can do no real harm, the sudden wind and paper assault are unnerving (0/1 SAN). The headline of the old section (a tattered *New York Times*) reads "Schoolteacher's Death Ruled a Mercy Killing." The text body of the section has been rendered largely illegible due to tears and weathering; only the header is clear.





- Late one night at Widow Herber's place, everyone is jolted awake with the sound of something crashing down the stairs. At the bottom of the landing is a battered, tarnished child's toy baby carriage. Widow Herber swears it's an old toy that has been in the attic for years. How in the world it got on her stairs is an unsettling mystery.
- Mercy will temporarily possess Bob Munson's farm hounds and set them on the attack. These large animals will menace Paul Roach, Ken Cook, and Jane O'Connell; strangely, Thomas Avery is unmolested unless he directly assaults one of the creatures. After the attack, the dogs are ruled rabid and put down by Constable Chilton. Bob Munson will be inconsolable.
- One morning, player characters leave Widow Herber's place only to find a score of child's dolls hanging from the porch eaves, strung up in little nooses. The perverse display costs 0/1 Sanity. Mercy quietly spirited away all the little children's dolls in town her restless spirit could locate for this spectacle.
- If the investigators opt out of getting involved with Reverend White's mob, the exhumation can be attempted anyway and go terribly wrong. Mercy's blockade tactics are effective, with men screaming and streaming back to town with wild tales of murderous crows, trees come alive, the earth squirming beneath their feet, etc. Mercy is now very angry with the entire town for ganging up on her, and tries her graveside tactics beyond the bounds of the little cemetery: see the Graveside Ritual below, for Mercy's evil stunts. These actions can convey a sense of being hunted and damned, felt by everyone in Stafford. The graveside ritual can be attempted again if the investigators can **Persuade** (not Fast Talk) Reverend White into it. The text must be modified slightly in that case, as none of the local men folk will join the investigators and Reverend White for a second attempt. Alternatively, news of the failed exhumation and subsequent attacks can push the investigators to trying another solution, such as using Injun Joe's powder.
- Writer Ken Cook wakes one night with a great weight atop his bed. Many strong hands hold him down. Reverend White looms close. "I'll give you a story," snarls the cleric, then smashes a spade's edge down across Cook's throat. San loss is 1/1D6. Cook wakes up in bed with a thin red line across his throat. It disappears by mid-day next day.
- One day getting to the schoolhouse early, Jane O'Connell is assaulted by a vision of her former pupils, the Bell children, waiting for her at their old desks. They look awful: pale, damp, skin flaking away, the smell of death heavy around them. "Good morning Miss O'Connell," they exclaim in childish tones. O'Connell faints, is wakened by one of her regular students. On the blackboard, written perhaps 100 times, is the sentence, "I will not scare the teacher."

## The Meeting at the Church

If the player characters have gained Reverend White's confidence, they are asked to attend a quasi-clandestine meeting at the Free Christian Church of Stafford, to deal with the Bells' trouble. It's also a simple matter to

## Thaumaturgical Prodiges in the New-English Canaan

This grim tome by Puritan-descended churchman Reverend Ward Philips is written in English. It describes the fell activities of Colonial-era witches and warlocks, and the demons they conjured. Bound in dark leather with gilt edges, the book includes sections on the unquiet dead – their natures somehow twisted by death – and their ability to prey upon former loved ones. Sanity loss to read is 1D3/1D6; Cthulhu Mythos +4 percentiles; average 8 weeks to study and comprehend. No spells. The book is commonly found in New England's larger academic libraries and historical society collections.

tail a few men going into the Church for the meeting. The investigators can even step right up to the Church, where they'll be asked their interest in the matter; if a suitable response is given, newcomers are welcomed into the assembly. Only those who have run afoul of the Reverend are shooed out. Even then, a convincing declaration of contrition – through a **Fast Talk** roll – allows even these individuals to stay, as long as they don't interrupt the proceedings. Should Jane O'Connell attend, she'll be the only woman present, and will attract many sidelong looks of quiet disapproval.

The meeting begins promptly at nine o'clock in the interior of the church. The front doors are unlocked and attendees slip in quietly, singly or in pairs. All are male farmers and townsfolk.

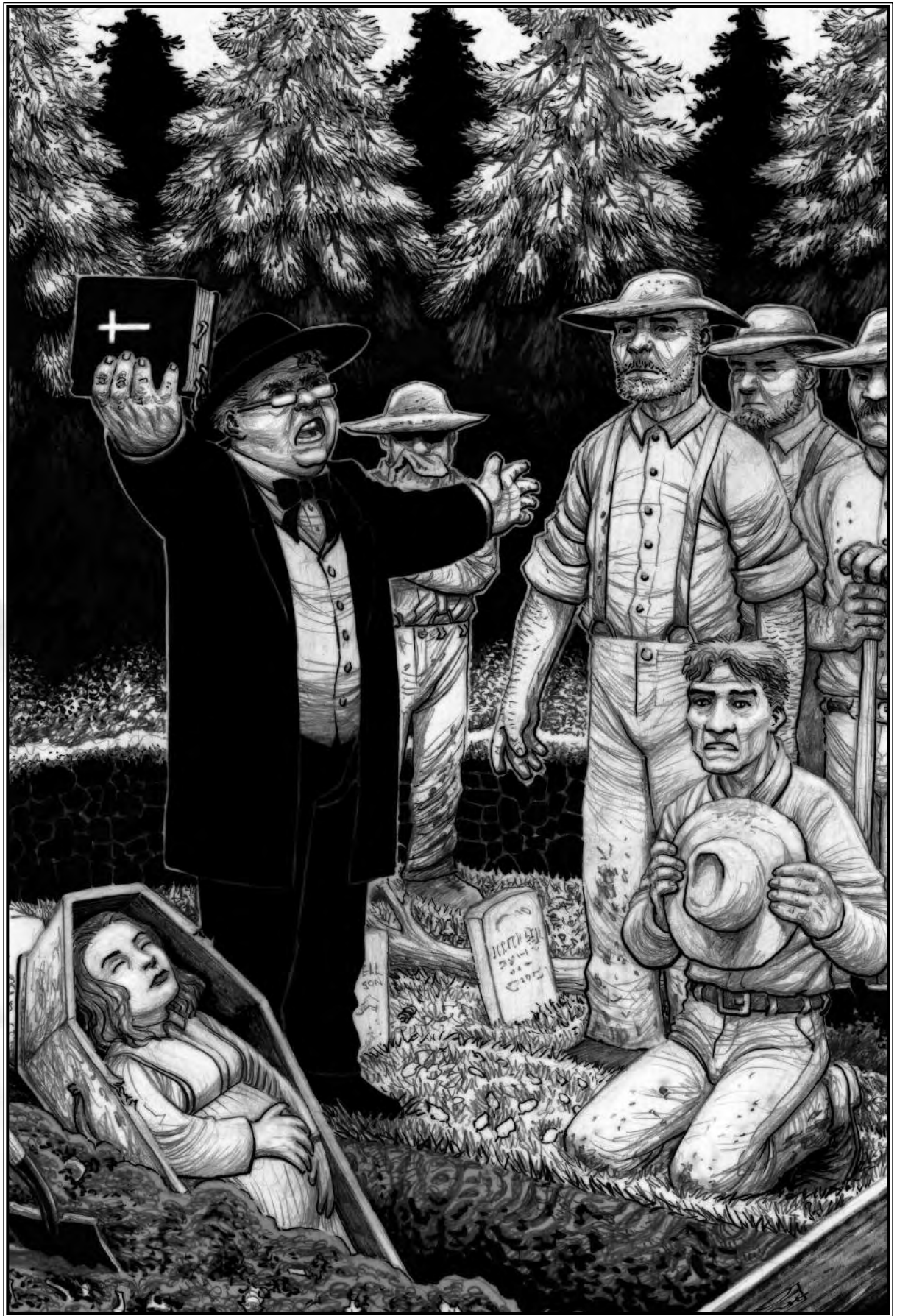
Observant investigators notice that Everett Bell is present. A successful **Psychology** roll reveals that Everett looks nervous, hanging back at the edges of the gathering.

Reverend White, at the head of the assembly, brings the meeting to order with a prayer.

"Graciously rescue me, God! Come quickly to help me, Lord! Confound and put to shame those who seek my life. Turn back in disgrace those who desire my ruin. Let those who say 'Aha' turn back in their shame. But may all who seek you rejoice and be glad in you. May those who long for your help always say, 'God be glorified!' Here I am, afflicted and poor. God, come quickly! You are my help and my deliverer. Lord, do not delay!"

The prayer is Psalms 70, Prayer for Divine Help, from the Old Testament

Concluding the prayer, White addresses the assembly: "Good men of God's flock, you all know why we are here." Thus begins a discussion – mostly a monologue by Reverend White about the dire events at the Bell farm.



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- The Reverend reminds the gathering that in the span of six months, five members of the Bell family have died of a mysterious wasting ailment.
- He reminds the gathering that the services of Dr. Cunningham, well meaning as he may be, have proven ineffective. Reverend White also infers that since the good doctor chooses not to attend his church services, God is not pleased with Dr. Cunningham.
- Therefore, asserts the Reverend, the trouble at the Bell farm is supernatural in origin. White states that part of the Bell's property is on old "heathen red-man devil-worship land." No doubt those primitives summoned many a foul spirit and imp with their olden, godless rites.
- He concludes that Mercy Bell was the first to go. The old lore states that "he who falls first, is the source of the evil." To drive home his point, the preacher proudly holds up an ancient copy of Rev. Ward Phillip's old treatise, *Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New-English Canaan*. "It's all here, brethren!" proclaims the cleric. According to Reverend White, Mercy's remains have been buried on Indian holy land; since these savages worshiped the Devil, it naturally follows that this land is unholy ground. Reverend White has tried to sanctify this ground in the past, but it's obviously not working: "Satan is too strong there." Mercy's spirit has been captured by evil powers and twisted into their evil slave. Perhaps some secret sin or other intangible wrong has perverted Mercy's soul, causing her to rise up and afflict her loved ones, where as her more righteous kinfolk have lain in quiet and peace.

As this last sentiment is expressed, those making a **Psychology** roll notice that Everett Bell looks utterly ashen but soon recovers himself.

White works himself into a holy lather, passionately invoking the Almighty while claiming his job – and the duty of every decent Christian in the room – is to join him in defeating the Satan-wrought powers that have befallen the poor Bell family. Reverend White does a good job of swaying the crowd. The twenty or so attendees respect their preacher's learning, are impressed with his zeal and are frightened by the specter of the devil in their midst. Everett Bell nervously clutches at his hat, eyes cast down at the floor. He rocks ever so slightly on his feet.

A successful **Psychology** roll reveals that Bell is very ill at ease. People are sympathetic to him; several of the folk pat him on the shoulder or give him a nod when the Reverend invokes the Bell family.

### The Reverend's Plan for Mercy

The old way of defeating the unquiet dead is simple and effective, claims Reverend White. Mercy's corpse will be exhumed. A body still fresh after these many months confirms her unnatural life. Now she must be decapitated, and her heart removed and burned to ashes under the watchful eyes of Reverend White and his

helpers. Then Mercy's ashes will be collected and mixed with water.

This foul brew will be served to Everett Bell and the other living members of the family. This grotesque ritual should free Mercy's spirit to go heavenward and restore the afflicted members of the family to health. Several of the oldsters at the meeting nod grimly as Reverend White details the grisly plan, and nobody else objects or questions.

Should a player character object, Reverend White is adamant in his stance: "It's the right way! Given to us by God Himself through his holy agent, the Right Reverend Mather. We must do this God's way or let Satan continue to prey upon us. It must be done!"

Everett simply looks remorseful and says nothing. Should the investigators challenge Everett Bell at the meeting, nearby attendees defend Bell's dignity, asserting that Bell is a good man for going through with this, and that outsiders shouldn't make him feel any worse than the man already must feel.

No matter what church meeting the investigators attend, the exhumation is set for late the next afternoon, a few hours before sundown. As at the church meeting, no women attend the gruesome ceremony, though Jane O'Connell is perhaps an exception. Her presence is tacitly tolerated, if not entirely accepted, by the male gathering. If the player characters need more time to advance their own plans, the keeper can devise a powerful rain and wind storm to delay the exhumation — as long as necessary. The severe weather can last a couple of days, allowing the investigators to pursue their own ends.

### The Graveside Ritual

The ritual to dispatch Mercy Bell's twisted spirit takes place in the dying light of a gloomy April afternoon. The sky is overcast, a carpet of low gray clouds. A chill, moisture-laden wind sweeps through the trees, mussing hair and misting eyeglasses. Reverend White embraces his role as the grim Puritan leader, looking for all the world as someone from an earlier, darker era of New England's history. The body of men-folk, perhaps ten strong, stand about in uneasy silence. Several carry digging implements, ropes and other tools, while two or three carry hunting rifles. The grimness of their leader's bearing is reflected on their faces, if not his confidence. Tired and resigned, Everett Bell is there.

Reverend White clutches his copy of *Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New-English Canaan*, vainly attempting to protect its aged pages from the damp wind. A small murder of crows caw noisily from the branches of a nearby white birch tree. They balefully eye the gathering below. Some invisible signal prompts them to take flight and disappear in a flurry of black feathers and harsh





cries. Reverend White, stepping to the side of Mercy's headstone, addresses the assembly with much the same rhetoric used in the church meeting.

"Men, we are here today in the presence of the Almighty Lord to undertake His work in ridding the land of a manifestation of evil. Our once beloved townswoman Mercy Bell has been taken in death not by the angels, but by Satan. Why this should be, we know not. We do know that these woods and fields were once the unhallowed ground of the heathen red man, godless pagans who worshiped the Devil in ways best left lost to history. It may be that Mercy was too attached to this earth, turning away from her proper place in the divine hands of the Lord. In any case, that kindly soul in life has become a bane in death – an evil that we must dispel by the power of the Lord's instruction and the might of our own hands. Good men, you know what to do!"

With that, a handful of men grimly take up their tools and begin hacking into the springy earth of Mercy's grave.

Should the investigators attempt to stop the exhumation, they are barred from acting by several of the farmer participants. Fear of the unknown and the surety of their pastor steel their purpose. Should anyone threaten to summon the law, Reverend White smiles grimly, stating (truthfully) that Constable Chilton knows what it is they do, and will not interfere. "His is the realm of mortal law. This – " (here a gesture to Mercy's grave) "This is a matter altogether different."

Reverend White steps over to Everett Bell, offering pious words of comfort. Bell listens politely to the preacher although his eyes remain fixed on the diggers' work. Several of the other men seek out a nearby outcropping of granite within the confines of the burial yard, a few paces from Mercy's grave. This small, flat and natural protrusion of stone is perhaps a yard across, likely part of a much larger rock concealed by the earth, left discarded by retreating glaciers ages ago.

Dead wood is gathered and placed atop this flat piece of rock. Though the wood is damp, one of the men produces a large canister of kerosene. A smoky, pine pitch-scented fire is soon lit, kept alive in the damp by additional wood. As the diggers progress, the wind dies down and the mist thickens. The fire atop the rock burns sullenly, producing thick whitish smoke. An eerie stillness pervades the burial yard, the only sounds being shovels striking the earth and the labored breathing of the diggers. Reverend White stands fixedly a few paces away, his attention flickering from the excavation to the gathered assembly and back to the widening, deepening hole.

## Mercy Defends

From the moment the first spade strikes the earth, Mercy's unquiet spirit realizes she and her unborn are in danger. She'll not be murdered again, she reasons. Consequently the wraith takes any or all of the following actions, at the keeper's discretion. As her burial spot is bathed in residual shamanic energies, performing these stunts does not cost her spirit any POW.

- A large branch hanging overhead from a dead tree comes crashing down on the men. The investigators should roll **Luck** x5 or be struck for 1D6 damage. 1D4-2 non-player character bystanders may also be struck. Possibly no one is hit, but it shakes up the assembly.
- A murder of crows is summoned to flurry around and peck at the men. This fearsome display of ebon feathers, raucous caws, shining black eyes, and sharp small talons and beaks costs victims 1/1D4 SAN. One or two non-player characters may run away in fear. The birds have 2 hit points each, a talon or beak strike of 30% and do 1D2 points of damage. They'll keep this up for perhaps two to three combat rounds before flying off like a noisy black cloud.
- Hundreds of earthworms manifest where the shovels are striking the earth, wriggling through the turf in an innumerable hoard filling the hole for a while. They do no physical harm, but the sight and wet sound of them behaving so costs onlookers 0/1D2 Sanity points. Spades and digging tools cut into their bulk with accompanying thick squishes; they are slobbered to the side of the hole in a writhing, bloody mass.
- The investigator with the highest POW has a momentary vision of Mercy's pregnant corpse hanging from a nearby tree. The corpse's eyes are open, and – shockingly – move within the head of the swaying corpse to fix balefully at Everett Bell. **Idea** roll required to discern at whom the hateful corpse stares. The unlucky investigator receiving this vision suffers a loss of 1/1D6 Sanity points before the apparition winks out of existence. Examining the tree yields nothing.
- Thomas Avery clearly hears Mercy's panicked voice shout: "Help me, Thomas!" The voice is inaudible to all others. Avery must make a POW roll against Mercy's POW of 16 on the Resistance Table. Failure results in a momentary possession of Avery's faculties as he surges forward to protect his old flame. Leave it to the player to interpret "protect". This motivation lasts until Avery's player makes a successful Resistance Table roll, which is requested at the start of each round.
- For 1D4 rounds, hundreds of wet leaves and pine needles carpeting the turf will be taken up in a sudden windstorm that tousles hair and pulls at coats and dresses. Whipped by the sudden wind into an eerie cone that almost looks like a writhing person, the wet leaves weave over to Everett Bell, spattering him (and only him) with hundreds of brown leaves and orange pine needles. The frightened man spits them out of his mouth and swats at his face and front. As soon as it started, the freakish wind dies down, leaving the shaken farmer to pat the wet debris from his person. The



man is numb with shock and unable to move, only shudder in his muddy boots.

In all these supernatural attacks, Reverend White bravely keeps his resolve. Indeed, this is further proof that the young woman's spirit has been corrupted by dark powers. "Courage, men!" he cries, guarding his precious book and his person from the various onslaughts.

Finally wood is struck. Reverend White exhorts the men to remain steady in their resolve. Struggling, and with the aid of ropes, they pull Mercy's coffin to the surface, hauling it just to the side of the hole. It is a simple yet stout pine affair, adorned only by clumps of damp soil. The works of worms have not yet assailed the wood.

### Mercy at Bay

Reverend White hands "*Thaumaturgical Prodigies*" to an accomplice and fishes a small Bible from his inner coat pocket. Thumbing to the proper page in the Book of Psalms, White announces a prayer for the Lord's guidance. He motions to the men, who set their tools to the coffin. In moments there is a loud cracking of wood. The lid is pried back. A gasp arises from many throats. There is Mercy Bell, seven months in the grave, yet looking as if she had just now lain down to sleep. Her hair is a dark auburn luster, her face flush with infused life. Her hands cradle her stomach; shockingly, it appears as if the dead woman is in the late months of pregnancy.

Those making a **Spot Hidden** roll actually see her belly shudder as something within shifts position. Seeing Mercy in this unnaturally preserved state and the shifting lump in her swollen belly prompts a Sanity loss of 1/1D6.

Everett Bell dares a look and falls back with a groan, supported by a neighbor before he composes himself once more. Mercy's disquieting appearance confirms Reverend White's suspicions: "See, good neighbors," intones the preacher grimly, "see what has become of our Mercy. A dark power yet holds her in thrall, filling her with life which it steals from her once beloved kin." The preacher pauses, then adds: "Men, remove her from the coffin. Let us do what we must with speed and efficacy." The men, clad in work gloves, set about the unseemly task of removing Mercy's swollen body from the pine coffin and setting it on the damp earth. Someone hands Reverend White the largest, heaviest spade used in the digging.

"Who here shall assist me in this?" the Reverend queries the assembly.

If anyone suggests Everett, he shrinks back from the task, looking quite close to being physically ill. White holds out the spade to Thomas Avery or Kenneth Cook.

If neither player character takes the spade, two townsmen step forward.

Reverend White stoops over the corpse, making a cutting motion with his hand and looking up at the bearer of the spade. "Do it here, a single strong stroke, if you can," the cleric instructs. Straightening up, White thumbs to a passage in his Bible. He invokes the Lord's strength and blessing, and nods to the man with the spade. The spade is brought down on the corpse's neck with a sickening, pulpy crunch.

If an investigator wields the spade, he must make a willpower roll to actually go through with the deed **POW x5**. If the roll fails, the player character's will breaks at the last moment. With a disgusted clicking of his tongue, the preacher snatches the spade from the investigator, raises it on high, and himself brings it crashing down upon the neck of the corpse. No matter who does the deed, all player character witnesses must make a Sanity roll. Successful rolls result in no Sanity loss; failure results in the loss of 1D4 Sanity points.

Everett Bell emits a sob as the head rolls free, trailing gore across the damp earth to stop at his feet, staring up at him. He jumps away as if bitten, looking as pale as a ghost himself.

Investigators who succeed in an **Idea** roll realize that the corpse's eyes were closed before the beheading. This startling realization prompts yet another Sanity roll (0/1D2). Investigators may also make a **Listen** roll. Those who succeed hear the faint sound of a baby crying (Sanity loss 1/1D4). Those who fail hear only the wind. This succession of unsettling events also takes its toll on the farmers present; 1D4 of them flee in fear or stand rooted in horrified fascination, unable to do little else but stare at the awful sight in front of them. Anyone making a **Medicine** roll or a halved **Idea** roll realize that the corpse's blood seems unnaturally plentiful and unnaturally fresh (Sanity loss 0/1).

"All right men, steady now," breathes Reverend White, his face a mask of tense determination. At the preacher's signal, men pick up the headless corpse and gingerly lay it back in the coffin. Blood is everywhere. At another signal from the preacher, one of the men produces several smaller tools, including what appears to be a bone saw. These are handed to Dr. Roach. "You're a doctor," says the preacher grimly; "your skills will be of use now."

He is instructed by Reverend White to work quickly to cut the corpse's heart free of the chest cavity. Should Dr. Roach object, Reverend White will click his tongue in disgust and ask Thomas Avery or Kenneth Cook to perform the task. If these men also demur, White enlists the aid of a townsman. Investigators (excepting physician Roach) who attempt to perform this messy, gruesome task must have the willpower (POW x5 roll) to go





through with it. Failure means the investigator just can't hack into the corpse, and a townsman must take over. Whoever does the work:

There are pulpy sounds of flesh being torn away under the saw's rasp, and then biting through bone. Many of the men look away as this terrible work is done; one man becomes physically ill. When the heart has been extracted from the body, Reverend White directs that the coffin and its mutilated contents be placed back in the burial hole. Taking the head of Mercy Bell by the hair, Reverend White disposes of this burden by placing it atop the torso of the corpse. It immediately rolls with a thud to one side of the coffin. The lid is hastily replaced, covering the sight of the mess that was once Mercy Bell. Shovels are put to use again, throwing dirt atop the pine box and filling in the rude hole.

Mercy's heart is brought over to the fire. It is gingerly placed atop the flames, where it sizzles with the sick aroma of cooking meat. Meanwhile, the earth of Mercy's grave is made whole again with freshly turned soil. After some time, Mercy's heart is reduced to ashes, the fire burned down to glowing embers. It is now almost full dark. The mist has abated some, and the cool wind has picked up again. Reverend White produces a small tin cup and a canteen, filling the cup two-thirds full with water. Using a spoon he has also brought, the man gingerly scrapes up the ashes of Mercy's heart, dropping them into the cup of water. He mixes the contents of the cup, handing it to Everett Bell. The farmer, his face an indescribable mask, solemnly takes the tin cup and swiftly downs its contents.

"Good," intones the preacher, taking back the empty cup. "As it is proscribed by those versed in these matters and here Reverend White lifts *"Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New-English Canaan"*. "You are now free of the curse of the spirit of Mercy Bell. Go in the Lord's grace."

The men in the burial yard begin to disperse quietly into the night in pairs and trios. Many offer Everett Bell final words of comfort before leaving. Reverend White instructs Everett to take the remainder of the ashes and mix them with water, giving the brew to his wife and daughters. Bell dutifully takes up the ashes, and has his remaining kin drink the disgusting mixture that very evening.

This gruesome ritual actually does banish Mercy Bell's vengeful spirit. A product of her community, even in death, her spirit believes in the efficacy of this ritual. The keeper should present the scene carefully, allowing the investigators ample opportunity to take central roles in this grim act – either attempting to halt the proceed-

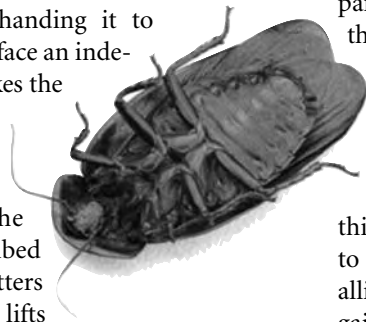
ings or jumping in to help Reverend White with the ritual. Of course, if the investigators have already dealt with Mercy's spirit by some other means, they may skip this cemetery meeting altogether. Reverend White goes through with it anyway, of course, as it's the only way he knows to deal with the supernatural goings-on in Stafford with any certainty. The townsfolk also attend the rite, as it provides a sort of reassurance that they've done what they could.

## Showing Some Mercy

If the investigators purchase a dose of Injun Joe's mystical incense, they must use it indoors. Outdoors, the smoky substance dissipates into the wind. There are two foreseeable methods: build some sort of impractical tent enclosure over Mercy Bell's grave or, more reasonably, use the incense in the Bell farmhouse, in the room where Rachel lies suffering. This is their best bet to see Mercy's spirit preying on the terrified children. But being permitted to light up the stuff in the bedroom is no easy feat.

Everett Bell and his belligerent wife Amy are against letting the investigators into their household, let alone lighting up some of Injun Joe's "devil powder" in the girls' bedroom. Prudent investigators do not reveal that the incense originates with the old shaman. Perhaps the investigators have some leverage when dealing with the parents: Do they know Everett's secret shame, and can they use it to blackmail or bully their way into the home? They might hold out the incense and their plans as the last, best hope for the surviving girls. By this point, Everett and Amy might be just desperate enough to let the investigators try their unorthodox methods. Dr. Roach might convince the parents that this is some new curative, using his medical credentials to sway the parents. If the investigators have become allies of Reverend White, they might use his name to gain a fraction of Everett and Amy's trust.

Rachel Bell is not well. Her face is deathly pale and damped with a sheen of sweat. She runs a low-grade fever. Accepting only sips of broth and water as nourishment, her body has begun to emaciate alarmingly. Though she breathes shallowly, her lungs do not wheeze with the telltale rattle of the true consumptive. The girl flits in and out of consciousness, aware of her visitors but listless to their presence. It's vital that the investigators have a supply of old Injun Joe's mystical powder to smudge (fumigate) the room with. The mystical powder temporarily conjoins the spirit world and the material world; without the otherworldly incense the investigators are treated to the sight of Rachel writhing as if in the clutches of some fell power but themselves see and feel nothing aside from an eerie presence in the room and a coldness in the air directly above Rachel.





Investigators with a supply of Injun Joe's mystical powder find it an easy matter to get the stuff burning steadily in the room by using an ashtray or any heat-resistant surface. The powder burns with an oddly sweet smell, filling the farmhouse bedroom with a slightly phosphorescent glow. It does not have the qualities of tobacco or wood smoke, and is breathable without coughing or discomfort.

As the powder's mystical properties fill the room, so too does it enter lungs and bloodstreams, allowing everyone present to see quite plainly the natural psychic aura surrounding themselves and others; this prompts a 0/1D2 Sanity roll.

Compared with everyone else's psychic aura, Rachel's aura appears unhealthy and discolored. Vibrant reds have smeared to rust brown, blues have soured into blue-black, and lively green to sickly greenish-yellow. The investigators settle in for their vigil. A long night ensues. The powder burns very slowly and steadily, needing only occasional tending, adding an almost dreamy, intoxicating quality to the room. Night sounds of late spring greet the senses, the chirping of peeper frogs and crickets and the occasional lonely call of a night bird. Very far off, a distant thunderstorm rumbles. Lightning shimmers miles away, lighting up distant clouds.

Around two in the morning, the investigators may make a **Listen** roll: Success reveals that the night sounds have ceased.

All is terribly quiet, save for the shallow breathing and barely audible moans of Rachel. In her bed, the girl seems to be suffering the onset of a nightmare, though she is too listless to move much. Despair washes over her haggard features, and she unconsciously clutches at the bedding as if in a feeble attempt to draw the covers over herself. In the gloom, there can be heard a faint fumbling at one of the windows. A wispy shape, roiling like cigarette smoke in the light of the mystical powder, seeps into the room from the window. Their senses immersed in the old shaman's smoke, the player characters notice that the presence stretches far back out the window. In fact, its wispy astral cord stretches back over the fields in the direction of the family burial yard.

The wispy form coalesces into the visage of Mercy Bell. Shockingly, the woman appears to be in the late months of pregnancy. Even though her image is transparent and misty, the investigators will notice an ectoplasmic rope around her neck. With sickening awareness they also see through her ectoplasmic clothing to her swollen belly, where something shadowy stirs in an astral womb. Mercy, intent on the figure on the bed, pays the player characters no mind. The wraith-like thing that was Mercy sidles up to Rachel's prostrate, feebly protesting form. Mercy's spirit drifts atop the bed, pinning the helpless girl beneath her astral bulk.





Mercy's jaw opens wide and distends itself like a constrictor serpent. The wraith lowers its freakishly distorted jaw onto the girl's face, completely covering Rachel's mouth, nose, and eyes. The wraith-thing begins an obscene suckling, feeding that which grows in its swollen belly with the victim's inner essence. Rachel struggles against the violation but is essentially helpless to defend herself.

Witnessing the wraith's manifestation and its unholy attack costs onlookers 1/1D8 Sanity points.

Recovering from the shock of the sight of this obscene spectral visitor, the investigators may attempt to stop the slow murder taking place before their eyes. But how to thwart a creature made of the stuff of mist and nightmares?

Given that the investigators do not possess magical weaponry, the most direct method of confronting Mercy's wraith is a POW against POW struggle, achieved by a physical attempt to remove the dreadful thing from atop Rachel or simply standing nearby and uttering prayers or threats. Only a single investigator at a time can pit his or her POW against Mercy's wraith; if more than one attempts to attack, the player character with the highest POW actually gets to "fight" Mercy. Others who lay hands on the fell specter simply feel an intense chill, as if thrusting their hands into icy cold air.

Mercy's wraith locks in combat with the select challenger, wafting from Rachel's prone form to scrape and claw and clutch at her new foe. While engaged in this astral combat, the investigator receives clear, terrible visions of Mercy's incestuous affair; shockingly, there are mixed feelings of pleasure and shame. Her murder at the hands of Everett and her sister-in-law prompts a wave of terror and hatred. This visceral sensation costs the investigator 1/1D6 Sanity.

As a wraith, Mercy has only the characteristics of INT 12 and POW 16, with magic points equal to her POW (16). These magic points act as Mercy's hit points for purposes of astral combat. Match Mercy's POW of 16 to the POW of her foe on the Resistance Table. If Mercy wins, the investigator suffers a permanent loss of 1D6-1 CON as the specter sucks vital energy from her new foe. The losing investigator needs to roll CON x3 or less; losing this roll, the investigator involuntarily falls away in shock and weakness. As the investigators are not the focus of her hatred, Mercy allows the loser to fall away and she resumes her slow, agonizing feeding upon Rachel.

Succeeding the CON x3 roll, the investigator remains alert; he or she may choose to disengage Mercy's wraith voluntarily or stay locked in combat. If the character willingly stays in

the fight, the process is repeated at that investigator's new CON level. An investigator losing all points of CON dies a withered, soulless husk. Should Mercy lose the POW struggle, the wraith loses 1D6-1 magic points. It continues to pit its magic points against the constitution of its challenger, fixed on regaining the advantage.

Mercy remains locked in struggle until she bests and/or destroys her foe, or her store of magic points are depleted. Should she be bested, Mercy is not gracious in defeat: With an agonizing shriek that shatters all the windowpanes in the bedroom, Mercy's wraith fades from view. Her horrific wail prompts a Sanity loss of 1/1D4. Twice murdered, she will not return.

## Consequences of Success or Failure

Successfully concluding this scenario turns upon dispatching Mercy Bell's unquiet, vampiric spirit, either by participation in the graveyard ceremony or a direct confrontation with Mercy's vengeful spirit using Injun Joe's powder. Investigators may have strong suspicions about Everett's sexual indiscretions with his sister and perhaps suspect her murder as well; direct contact with her wraith — if the investigators confronted her in spiritual battle by Rachel's bedside — makes this knowledge a certainty. If the investigators choose to ignore their knowledge of Everett's sins, he eventually turns his unhealthy attentions on his eldest daughter, Susan. This results in her becoming pregnant and committing suicide, followed by Amy shooting Everett to death. Knowledge of this terrible tragedy eventually reaches the investigators, making for a fitting and grim epilogue.

Should the investigators choose to confront Everett and his wife with their knowledge of what really happened to Mercy, Everett breaks down and blubbers incoherently. A broken man, he is hauled away to the State Hospital for Mental Diseases in Howard, Rhode Island. Alternatively, at the keeper's whim Everett could turn violent when confronted with the truth, even if the evidence is spectral. A big farmer with access to hatchets and a shotgun, this could lead to grave physical harm for the investigators. Amy, made of sterner stuff, does her best to raise her two remaining girls and keep the farm. Should the investigators press for a trial for Amy's part in Mercy's murder, she is quickly acquitted for lack of evidence and the state's distaste in pursuing the matter.

If the investigators directly participated in Reverend White's dispatching of Mercy's wraith, they receive 2D6 Sanity points. If they witnessed the gruesome ceremony but did not significantly participate, reduce the Sanity reward to 1D6. If the investigators took the more haz-





ardous route of employing Injun Joe's mystical powder to confront Mercy's wraith, those brave souls receive 2D10 Sanity points.

But what if the investigators have failed? What if they simply did not participate in the graveside exhumation and similarly did not confront Mercy's wraith using Injun Joe's powder? In this case, the burial yard exhumation does not work, interrupted and foiled by Mercy's supernatural actions to protect herself and her unborn. Perhaps the vengeful spirit decides that Reverend White has now become too much of a direct threat to her, and he is next on her diabolical meal plan. Eventually the investigators should learn about the terrible wasting illness that wiped out the entire small community in the backwoods of Rhode Island. Depending on how much they knew when leaving Stafford, the keeper should feel free to impose Sanity losses of 1D10 to 1D20 per investigator. In addition, Mercy's time draws nigh and something hideous is born of a dead woman's womb beneath the soil of the blighted township. What exactly *is* born is up to diseased minds to conjecture, and yet may lay the foundation for new investigations.

## Statistics

### Player Characters

#### Sergeant Thomas Avery, age 24, United States Army

STR 15    CON 14    SIZ 15    INT 12    POW 13  
DEX 12    APP 13    EDU 11    SAN 65    HP 15

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+db Grapple 30%, damage special Head Butt 10%, damage 1D4+db Kick 30%, damage 1D6+db .30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 75%, damage 2D6+4 Combat Knife 55%, damage 1D4+2+db

**Skills:** Climb 50%, Conceal 40%, Dodge 60%, Drive Automobile 40%, First Aid 44%, Hide 40%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Sneak 45%

**Languages:** English 50%, French 31%

Avery was orphaned in his teens in a terrible fire that befell his family's farmhouse almost a decade ago. The Bells, his cousins, took him in. There he forged a close relationship with his cousin Mercy. Over several years, the two became so close that the family patriarch, Mercy's brother Everett, decided it would be best if Thomas moved on. Accepting his fate, Thomas enlisted in the United States Army in 1915. The military beefed up Thomas's lank frame and trained him in combat and other useful skills. He saw



action in Europe during the Great War and has spent the majority of his service in France, helping to rebuild that shattered nation.

Having served his duty for six years, Thomas Avery has only been out of the service a few weeks and has just now returned stateside. He plans a return to Stafford, having seen enough "adventure" for several lifetimes. He particularly looks forward to catching up with Mercy, whom he imagines must be a beautiful young woman by this time. Thomas hopes their old relationship will bloom once again, and plans to court the girl. It is possible that Avery will meet up with Dr. Paul Roach on the train to Providence.

#### Kenneth Cook, age 31, Writer

STR 12    CON 13    SIZ 14    INT 16    POW 13  
DEX 12    APP 15    EDU 17    SAN 65    HP 14

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** none

**Skills:** Anthropology 30%, Archaeology 30%, Credit Rating 40%, History 50%, Latin 55%, Library Use 62%, Listen 50%, Natural History 27%, Occult 55%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 55%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 50%

**Languages:** English 85%, Greek 55%,

Hoping the remote location will bring him peace of mind and inspiration, struggling writer Kenneth Cook has recently come to Stafford to reclaim his muse. He has one modestly successful novel, a hack romance, to his credit and a string of short stories in pulps like "Amazing Stories". Recently, his sales to the pulps seem to have hit a dry spell, with acceptances few and far between. Cook's wife, unimpressed with his inability to provide a stable income, has recently taken up – and taken off – with a traveling insurance salesman from Florida.

Cook has taken a room at Widow Herber's place, a large, rambling farmhouse. She charges a pittance for the room and unlike his estranged wife, makes large, excellent meals. Cook wanders the lanes and fields of Stafford, soaking up the atmosphere, chatting with the locals, in search of legends or events that he can transform with a wave of his pen into a crackling good tale.

#### Jane O'Connell, age 22,

##### Schoolteacher

STR 11    CON 14    SIZ 12    INT 16  
POW 15

DEX 14    APP 16    EDU 17    SAN 75  
HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Weapons:** none

**Skills:** Art (Sing) 55%, Bargain 55%, Climb 50%, Credit Rating 35%, Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 40%, History 66%, Library Use 55%,



Natural History 55%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 60%,  
Spot Hidden 65%

**Languages:** English 85%, Latin 60%,

Working as an office girl or becoming a nun were not attractive options for young Jane O'Connell, the daughter of Irish immigrants to Boston. Jane chose education as her ticket to better things, studying hard to win scholarships to parish schools, and later, a teaching degree from Simmons College. A city girl growing up in Boston's South End, Jane decided to apply her new degree to teaching in a rural community. The remote community of Stafford, Rhode Island, needed an elementary schoolteacher upon the death of their aged, long-time schoolmistress. Jane, eager for change from the city and a start to her career, eagerly accepted. She is two weeks new to the town. The schoolhouse is of the one-room variety, with children ranging from six to eighteen. Jane does her best to create lesson plans that will engage her students. The teacher stays in a small house owned by the town, adjoining the schoolhouse. Though her stay in Stafford can be measured in days, O'Connell has quickly discovered that life in Stafford is dreadfully dull. To balance this, Jane takes genuine pleasure in her young students, encouraging their intellectual growth and creativity. She has also struck up a friendship with oldster Widow Herber, a veritable fountain of goodwill and homespun wisdom (and gossip). O'Connell is very concerned over the Bell children, Rachel and Susan. Rachel has become very ill and has withdrawn from school. Susan still attends sporadically but seems terrified and withdrawn. Jane has heard from her pupils that other Bell children used to attend school but have recently died. If the young teacher can somehow get to the core of this trouble and help the Bell girls, she'll make the wholehearted effort.

**Dr. Paul Roach, Age 40, Physician and Lecturer**

STR 12    CON 13    SIZ 12    INT 17    POW 13  
DEX 14    APP 11    EDU 17    SAN 65    HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Weapons:** none

**Skills:** Biology 75%, Chemistry 70%, Credit Rating 48%,  
First Aid 75%, Medicine 77%, Pharmacy 65%,  
Psychoanalysis 40%, Psychology 55%

**Languages:** English 85%, Latin 65%

Paul Roach, M.D., teaches human anatomy and physiology at Brown University. Dr. Roach also serves as campus physician, spending much time treating student ailments and sports-related injuries. Dr. Roach is a good friend of Dr. Bert Cunningham; the friendship started in their undergraduate roommate days and continued on through medical school. Bert worked at Rhode Island Hospital in Providence and Roach often invited Cunningham to be a guest lecturer in his class-

es. Recently Bert Cunningham has left his Providence hospital practice to bring his talents to the state's rural poor. He has set up home and office in the isolated town of Stafford, a few miles north of the Connecticut border. Roach regularly corresponds with his old friend and colleague; together they collaborate on medical journal articles and share items of interest. Most recently, Cunningham has sent Roach a letter requesting his presence and assistance in dealing with a peculiar epidemic afflicting a Stafford family. Roach has arranged a leave from his services at Brown to help his longtime friend.

**Non-Player Characters**

**Dr. Bert Cunningham, age 40, Concerned Physician**

STR 11    CON 13    SIZ 14    INT 16    POW 14  
DEX 15    APP 14    EDU 17    SAN 70    HP 14

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** none

**Skills:** Accounting 32%, Bargain 30%, Biology 40%, Credit Rating 40%, First Aid 75%, Latin 54%, Library Use 40%,  
Medicine 60%, Persuade 30%, Pharmacy 50%,  
Psychoanalysis 30%, Psychology 30%

**Old Widow Herber, age 81, Kindly Gossip**

STR 08    CON 13    SIZ 13    INT 14    POW 14  
DEX 11    APP 11    EDU 08    SAN 70    HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** +0

**Weapons:** none

**Skills:** Needlepoint 70%, Homespun Cooking 75%, Credit Rating (Stafford Only) 65%, Local Gossip 89%, Occult 35%, Persuade 65%

**Rev. Daniel White, age 34, Crusader for God**

STR 09    CON 10    SIZ 15    INT 13    POW 14  
DEX 10    APP 10    EDU 13    SAN 70    HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Weapons:** none

**Skills:** Accounting 25%, Bargain 60%, Credit Rating (Stafford Only) 75%, Fast Talk 70%, Persuade 75%,  
Psychology 40%

**Constable John Chilton, age 40, Bucolic Lawman**

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

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+db Grapple 55%,  
damage special Head Butt 10%, damage 1D4+db Kick 40%,  
damage 1D6+db .45 Revolver 55%, damage 1D10+2

**Skills:** Drive Auto 50%, Law 40%, Persuade 40%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 55%, Track 50%



### Everett Bell, age 39, Guilty Farmer

STR 16 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 10 POW 13  
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 09 SAN 20 HP 14

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Hunting rifle 36%, damage 2D6 Pig-sticker Knife 40%, damage 1D6+1+db

**Skills:** Accounting 30%, Bargain 30%, Climb 30%, Credit Rating (Stafford Only) 50%, Drive Tractor 35%, Electrical Repair 30%, First Aid 30%, Jump 30%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Medicine (Veterinary) 50%, Natural History 50%, Operate Heavy Machinery 25%

### Amy Bell, age 47, Shrewish Wife,

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

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Weapons:** Rolling pin 50%, damage 1D6+db

**Skills:** Accounting 40%, Art (Sewing) 60%, Bargain 40%, Credit Rating (Stafford Only) 50%, Fast Talk 53%, First Aid 40%, Jump 30%, Medicine (Veterinary) 25%, Natural History 50%, Persuade 55%, Scowl Furiously 80%

### Albert Eddy, age 46, Jealous Farmer

STR 16 CON 15 SIZ 16 INT 10 POW 11  
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 08 SAN 55 HP 16

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Double-barrel 12-gauge shotgun 50%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

**Skills:** Bully Neighbors 52%, Electrical Repair 43%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Natural History 51%, Operate Heavy Machinery 60%, Track 25%

### Teddy Bryer, age 45, Awkward Store Clerk

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 14 INT 10 POW 07  
DEX 12 APP 08 EDU 08 SAN 35 HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** none.

**Weapons:** .38 Revolver 20%, damage 1D10

**Skills:** Accounting 47%, Bargain 54%, Credit Rating 30%, Electrical Repair 30%, Listen 45%, Spot Hidden 40%, Sneak 30%

### Injun Joe, age unknown, Mysterious Medicine Man

STR 14 CON 16 SIZ 14 INT 17 POW 17  
DEX 14 APP 10 EDU 06 SAN 85 HP 15

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** none.

**Skills:** Astronomy 60%, Bargain 45%, First Aid 45%, Hide 60%, History (Eastern Tribal Lore) 75%, Listen 75%, Natural History 60%, Occult 30%, Persuade 75%, Pharmacy 70%, Psychology 80%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 75%, Swim 40%, Throw 40%, Track 55%

**Spells:** Any or none as the keeper desires.

### Townsmen, Tavern-Goers, Farmers (recycle as needed)

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP	DB
William	16	09	11	10	08	10	+1D4
Daniel	08	14	10	16	06	12	none
Hiram	13	15	11	11	11	13	none
Ben	13	14	10	16	11	12	none
Owen	11	17	13	15	08	15	none
Samuel	10	15	11	11	12	13	none
Luke	13	08	16	09	09	12	+1D4
Adam	13	13	10	7	10	12	none
Malcolm	18	15	16	11	11	16	+1D6
Nate	17	10	14	13	14	12	+1D4

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3+db Grapple 25%, damage special Head Butt 10%, damage 1D4+db Kick 25%, damage 1D6+db Wood Axe 20%, damage 1D8+2+db Small Knife 25%, damage 1D4+db Small Club 25%, damage 1D6+db 20-gauge Shotgun (2B) 30%, damage 2D6/1D6/1D3

### Mercy Bell, Vengeful Wraith

STR — CON — SIZ — INT 12  
POW 16 DEX — APP — EDU —  
SAN — HP —  
MOV 08

magic points 16

Av. Damage Bonus: —

**Weapon:** CON drain; Losing POW:POW combat with Mercy, investigator takes 1D6-1 of permanent loss to CON, and must make a CON x3 roll. Losing this roll, the investigator passes out to shock and weakness.

**Skills:** Float Invisibly 100%

**Sanity Loss:** 1/1D8. ♦

# The Dig

by Brian M. Sammons

## Introduction

This scenario is written under the assumption that the players are running Miskatonic University collage students instead of the usual hardboiled investigative types. If this is not the case, some changes will have to be made in order to accommodate non-student investigators, but this shouldn't be too hard to do.

Why play MU students? Well, this adventure could be used as a nice change of pace for the players or keeper. It could also be used as a challenging diversion if the player characters usually like to carry around arsenals. Remember, college students do not carry guns and that alone should have many keepers jumping with joy. Ideally, this scenario could be used to launch a Miskatonic University themed campaign. After all, MU is a cool and creepy setting, not to mention a great way for keepers to introduce adventures without having to play the overused "dead uncle" card.

The adventure can be set in any year of the Prohibition era. It is written to take place over five days, with the story slowly evolving each day. There is a list of events that could possibly happen, but the keeper should by no means feel bound to this list. He or she can add or subtract the number of days, rearrange events, ignore some elements or add others. If the keeper wants the investigators to meet the mysterious hunter on day three instead of day two that should not be a problem. For that matter the hunter could be removed completely, although he does give some useful information. This outline is meant to be just that, a suggested outline of what events may happen, and when.

## History

About thirty miles west of Arkham is the town of Dunlow. Not much is found in this tiny farming community. It is so small that it is missing on most maps. If the town has any fame at all it is because every so often one of the locals will report seeing a large, hairy man-like monster roaming the nearby woods. This has started a local legend that Dunlow has its own Bigfoot-like beast known as the 'Dunlow Creature'. Thankfully, these tall tales are rarely taken seriously.

From this small village came Stephen Campbell. A bright boy, Stephen enjoyed learning and spent most of his time with his face in a book. As the boy grew he expressed a desire to continue his education into the college level, something his farming family could never afford. Luckily for Stephen he had a rich uncle who liked him. The uncle paid for Stephen's entire education at nearby Miskatonic University.

At Miskatonic University Stephen enrolled in an archaeology class taught by Dr. Adam Carris. Professor and student got along well. One day Stephen told the archaeologist that in the hills behind his father's farm he used to find old stones with strange markings on them that he always thought were Indian markings. When he brought in some of these stones for the professor to look

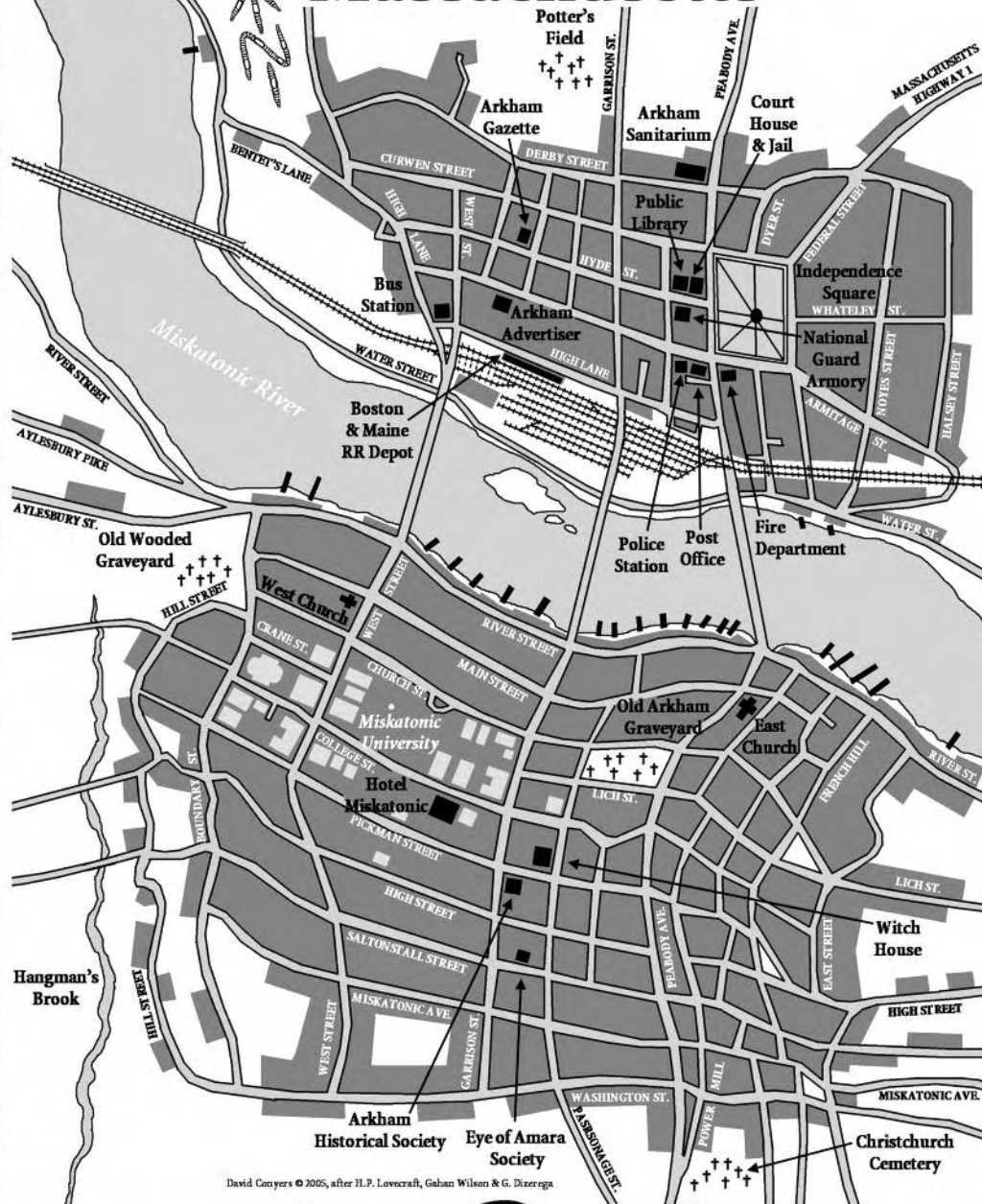




TERRORS FROM BEYOND

# Arkham

## Massachusetts



David Conyers © 2005, after H.P. Lovecraft, Graham Wilson & G. Dizerega

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at, Carris was stunned. He recognized the markings as Tsath-yo, a dead hieroglyphic language from the ancient, near-fabled land of Hyperborea. After visiting the site and finding more small artifacts, the professor convinced the university that an excavation so close would not be too costly and promised startling finds.

An excavation was soon planned to take place during the school's upcoming summer vacation so as to not disrupt other classes. To Professor Carris' surprise, Professor Joseph Burlington from the Anthropology department asked to join the expedition in order to explore how ancient Hyperboreans might have lived in primitive America, and to study a small group of reclusive Indians who lived near Dunlow, called the Wammic, or Wammics. While the inclusion of Dr. Burlington and his junior anthropologists made sense to the archeologist, Carris wasn't prepared for Dr. Amanda Nelson's request to join the outing with some of her botany students. Adam and Amanda have had an on-and-off-again relationship that finally ended badly. When Dr. Nelson heard about her estranged lover's out-

ing, she thought it would be a good opportunity to perhaps rekindle their relationship or, failing that, really get under his skin and make him pay. Appealing, rather forcefully, to the university's board of directors, Amanda demanded that she and some of her botany students be allowed to go on this outing as it would be a good chance for them to study the local foliage first hand. And after all, why should the university always pay large sums of money to advance the field of archeology while all but ignoring the study of botany?

While this field trip sounds a bit unorthodox, there is surely nothing sinister about it, or is there? The real reason Dr. Burlington wanted to join the excavation is not to better his students' education. In truth, the professor has been to Dunlow many times before and wants to make sure that the others don't discover too much.

## Keeper's Information

Dr. Burlington came to Dunlow four years ago because of the 'Dunlow Creature' stories. He wanted to prove that "Bigfoot" monsters did not exist. After writing some papers stating his case, Burlington proved himself wrong when he saw one of the creatures first hand. He later discovered that there were two monsters, a male and a female, and that the two lived together as mates. After spending three years studying the elusive man-beasts and gathering evidence that would make his career, Burlington took a chance and approached them. The bigfeet, who had known for some time that the doctor was watching them, reluctantly accepted him.

Amazing to the anthropologist, the bigfeet proved intelligent and had their own language. Once he was able to pick up the basics of that language, Burlington learned that these hairy beasts had an amazing history, one passed down through countless generations in story and song.

The ancestors of the bigfeet were a smaller, more civilized race called the *voormis*. These furry pre-humans lived in ancient Hyperborea (now called Greenland) and built stone pueblo-style buildings. The *voormis* were a very religious and magical race and their civilization lasted millennia but when glaciation began, the *voormis* reverted to a more primal state. When the dawn of man came, the humans and the now barbarous *voormis* went to war. The humans eventually triumphed. They drove the *voormis* from their homeland; some went west while others found safety in the mountains of the east. Yes, the Yeti, or Abominable Snowmen, of Nepal are also decedents of the *voormis*.

Over the incredibly long stretch of time between the *voormis'* exodus from Hyperborea and the modern day, these furry humanoids have evolved to suit their harsher and more savage lifestyles. Bigfeet are much larger

## What's in a Name?

In this scenario the term bigfoot will be used, as today everyone knows what that word means. This is done for simplicity's sake but it should be noted that the term did not exist in the 1920's or 1930's. In fact "bigfoot" was coined by the *Humboldt Times* newspaper, of Eureka California, in 1958. At that time the newspaper broke a now famous story about big, human-like footprints found around a construction site. This feature story was originally a curiosity piece but it quickly took on a life of its own. Soon the nation was a-buzz with bigfoot fever and an American legend was born.

Before 1958 the creature that everyone now knows as bigfoot would have been called many names by the few non-native Americans and Canadians who knew about them. Names such as "Beast-man", "Wild-man" and many others would have been appropriate to use. However the natives of North America had their own names for this creature which had been a part of many tribes' legends for countless years. While each tribe might have their own name for bigfoot, the most memorable today is "sasquatch", which traces usage back to the Halkomelem people of British Columbia.

*Sasquatch* sometimes designates the bigfoot language in this adventure. Another Native American term for bigfoot comes from the Lakota, or western Sioux, and that is *Chiyetanka*. *Chiyet* means elder brother, and *tanka* means great or big. In English, the Sioux usually called him "the big man".

Bigfoot would have been referred to by countless more regional names by the locals who had seen such creatures. While tales of sasquatch and bigfoot mostly come from the Pacific Northwest, similar creatures have been spotted all over North America and called by many names. Florida has its Skunk Ape, Arkansas has its Fouke Monster (which would later become the basis of the 1973 movie "The Legend of Boggy Creek". In this scenario, Massachusetts names theirs the Dunlow Creature.



and stronger than their ancient ancestors. They have thicker, furrier hides, sharper senses, and more powerful jaws. But, as voormis evolved into bigfeet, they lost the trappings of civilization including written language, the ability to raise buildings, and organized religion.

Burlington was fascinated that these primitive creatures once worshiped an ancient god. The professor wanted to explore that aspect of their history, but he found the bigfeet very reluctant to discuss it. After living so long without their god, the bigfeet did not want the deity back in their lives. The doctor persisted. Then came the night when the female bigfoot gave Burlington a drink made from roots and herbs that the voormis shamans would drink to see their god. The doctor tried it and it worked only too well, placing him in a comatose state and giving him a three-week-long vision of the Sleeper of N'kai, the great old one Tsathoggua. Burlington lost much sanity during this time and this made him very susceptible to the will of Tsathoggua. The great old one told the human that near his body's location were the ancient remains of one of his temples, buried deep in the earth but still largely intact. Tsathoggua commanded Burlington to find that temple and not only to turn his lost children (the bigfeet) back to his worship but to gain new following among some of the humans nearby. To accomplish this, the anthropologist was given a gift of POW, was taught spells and was made high priest of the soon to be rediscovered temple.

In the year following the vision, Burlington searched the woods near Dunlow for the lost temple. The bigfeet reluctantly followed his orders out of a new fear of the human and the magical powers he now controlled. Soon the misguided professor managed to turn the Hynds, a small, eremitic farming family, to the worship of Tsathoggua as well. In time, Burlington found the buried temple and began to dig. But, being just two bigfeet, a small degenerate family, and an insane doctor who tried to keep up the appearance of normality (and still teach full time at Miskatonic University) the unearthing of the temple went slowly.

Now Burlington's plans are jeopardized by Professor Carris' excavation just a mile from the site of the temple. Burlington will not allow a nosy colleague and his students to get in his way when Burlington is so close to pleasing his new god.

### Investigator Information

Players enter this adventure armed only with the knowledge that they are taking part in a nearby minor excavation. The dig is scheduled to begin on the first Monday after Commencement, June 22nd, and run until August 24th, thus giving the students two months of digging and one month of freedom before school starts again on September 20th. Since most students are





loath to give up summer vacation in order to do more school work, this “expedition” is small. Those volunteering for it do so to earn extra credit in their respective fields and accumulate favorable letters of reference from their professors.

The players’ students all participate in one or another of Dr. Carris’ archaeology classes. This is so the dig activities of the other two departments – anthropology and botany — will be unknown. This also makes sense, as this is first and foremost an archaeological outing in which Dr. Carris’ student team is in the majority. In addition to the player students, Carris brings along eleven more budding archaeologists. Dr. Burlington has convinced nine students to accompany him. Dr. Nelson was able to inveigle a group of six.



**Cynthia Douglas**, female, age 21. Curly black hair, dark eyes and olive complexion. Being short, somewhat overweight, and wearing glasses, Cynthia has never relied on her looks to get her places and is always on the Dean’s List. She is also painfully shy so it’s a real wonder that she joined this outing.

**Jeffrey Elgar**, male, age 22. Wavy blond hair and bluish-green eyes. Jeffrey is average in height and weight. He has the annoying habit of complaining about almost everything. Worse yet, he does so in a nasally, whiney, grating voice that brings to mind the sound of fingernails

on chalkboard.

**Davis Johnson**, male, age 20. A rarity at Miskatonic University, being a black man, Davis is slightly over average in height and weight, and well over average in intelligence. Davis is quiet and proud. He doesn’t make friends easily. Attending a nearly all-white school, occasionally he is the butt of jokes, taunts, and even outright hatred, especially off-campus in Arkham.

**Vernon Manson**, male, age 21. A large Texas boy with light brown hair, green eyes, and a thick southwestern drawl. The son of a rich cattle baron, he is always polite and courteous, especially to the ladies. Because of his good looks and charming manner, Vernon is already known around campus as a ladykiller.

**Franklin Marsh**, male, age 19. Black hair and big, blue eyes, occasionally a little dermatitis on his neck. He is small and frail but with an odd charm and, even odder, an exotic look. Frank only joined the outing because Shirley Wilson in the botany department was going — they used to be an item and he desperately wants to win her back. Yes, Franklin is distantly related to the Innsmouth Marshes.

**Albert Matters**, male, age 21. Reddish-brown hair and green eyes. He is tall and mostly thin, but with a noticeable belly. Albert is known as a party animal, and for good reason. He always has a flask or two of bootleg gin, and a willingness to share.

\* **Thomas McCoy**, see at the scenario’s end.

## Summaries of Expedition Members

Because of the many non-player characters the keeper will have to keep track of during this adventure, only their names and brief outlines for them are needed. Most don’t play a big part in the story. The few students who do play a more important part in this scenario, or might, are asterisked (\*) and described in greater detail at the end of this adventure. If the keeper needs statistics for any of the students presently without statistics, feel free to make them up. Incidentally, the most important non-player characters (with notes) are also found near the end of this scenario, as are the six player-characters.

### Dr. Carris’ Young Archaeologists

These eleven are the player-students’ classmates.

**Charles Antune**, male, age 20. Average height but a little underweight. Brownish-blond hair and soft, blue eyes. His father is a semi-famous archaeologist and Charles is following in his father’s footsteps, but not totally at his own desire.

**Eric Ashford**, male, age 20. Brown hair and blue-gray eyes. He has grown a full mustache because he thought it would make him look older and more sophisticated. He is a huge man and a member of the university football team. He is best friends with Thomas McCoy.

**David Burke**, male, age 19. Short and chunky with mousey brown hair and brown eyes. He is quite outgoing, friendly, and often carries with him an old, battered ukulele that he will play at any opportunity. Unfortunately, he’s not very good at playing the tiny guitar.

\* **Stephen Campbell** see at the scenario’s end.

### Dr. Burlington’s Young Anthropologists

**Clifford Carson**, male, age 22. Clifford comes from a very wealthy family and is considered by most students to be both eccentric and cool. He wears his black hair shockingly long and tied in the back, his brown eyes are often covered by glasses with tinted lenses, and Clifford has even grown a thick goatee. He always has with him a flask of expensive Irish whiskey, fine Cuban cigars,





and even sometimes more exotic thrills such as absinthe or opium. Clifford often gets others into deep trouble, but has always avoided it for himself.

**Tom Herber**, male, age 21. Black hair, blue eyes, and very bad teeth. He's taller than most and well muscled. In addition to being an "A" student in Burlington's classes, he's also a rising star in the university track and field team. Because of this, Tom can be quite cocky at times.

**David Jackson** male, age 21. Straight blond hair and hazel eyes. Average in both looks and size. David is minoring in anatomy and has taken classes at St. Mary's Teaching Hospital in first aid. He can tend to most wounds expedition members might have.

**Howard Landers**, male, age 22. Blond hair that is already starting to recede and blue eyes. He has a pock-marked complexion due to a bad bout with chickenpox. Howard is the typical "yes man". He is Burlington's student aid and enjoys nothing more than snitching on fellow classmates and getting them in trouble.

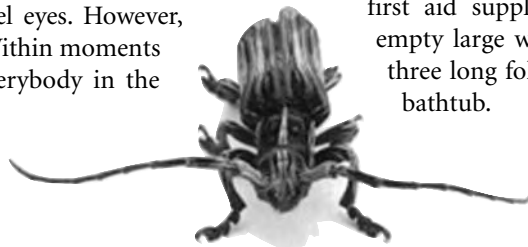
**Louis Newton**, male, age 20. Charming, witty, and funny. Has brown hair and brown eyes. His family is rich but to his credit Louis doesn't act the snob. He does love to gamble, so at camp he'll be looking for fresh suckers to play a card game for money.

**Jim Owens**, male, age 19. Black hair and dark brown eyes, Jim has focused too much time on his chosen avocation, singing in the university choir, and not enough in other more academic areas. He saw this expedition as a great chance to get some extra credit. Jim has a wonderful voice and can and will bust into song at a moment's notice.

**Philip Shirley**, male, age 20. Tall and lean, with curly red hair and blue eyes. He is very pale and covered with freckles. Philip is the quintessential class clown, always looking for a laugh, usually at another's expense.

**Ian Tate**, male, age 20. Average in everything; height, weight, looks, personality, and school grades. He has brown hair and brown eyes. Perhaps the only thing that gets Ian any attention is his amazing ability to mimic the voices of other people. After only a few moments of listening to someone, Ian can deliver an incredibly accurate rendition of his or her voice. This sometimes lands the young man into trouble.

**Beth Thurber**, female, age 22. Average looks and size with long brown hair and hazel eyes. However, Beth's personality is amazing. Within moments she is usually the friend of everybody in the room. Always ready to laugh, have fun, and easy going, Beth is sought after by boys despite her "Plain Jane" looks.



## Dr. Nelson's Young Botanists

**David Baker**, male, age 21. Very short but well built. He has an unruly mop of brown hair and brown eyes. He speaks with a slight stutter that becomes more pronounced the more his excitement. Because of his insecurities, David does not speak unless he must.

**Douglas King**, male, age 23. Wavy blond hair and dark blue eyes, he is handsome and very popular around the campus. Douglas is the oldest student member of the outing. He is only going on this field trip — in fact only took Professor Nelson's classes at all — in order to pursue the lovely but distant Lydia Snyder. Douglas has never met a girl who could resist his charms for long. He is obsessed with the mysterious Lydia.

**Ambrose Nightingale**, male, age 20. A small and wiry young man with whitish-blond hair and pale blue eyes. He is quiet and sensitive. Because of his nature, other boys pick on him and make fun of his manliness. He is sometimes called "Florence", a reference to his last name.

**Richard Parker**, male, age 19. A big, strapping lad with bright red hair and startling green eyes. He's a farm boy from Michigan whose older brother is rapidly climbing the corporate ladder with Henry Ford in Detroit. Because of his brother's wealth, Richard has been able to attend Miskatonic University.

\* **Lydia Snyder**, see at nearly the scenario's end.

**Shirley Wilson**, female, age 19. Petite and pretty with blonde hair cut daringly short in the flapper style. Blue eyes. She knows how attractive she is and uses this to her advantage when dealing with men. She is spiteful and catty with any woman she considers attractive.

## Packing, and the Trip

To transport the excavation team and its equipment, Miskatonic University has provided three large trucks. Driving each truck is a trustworthy student with driving experience (possibly one of the investigators if he has **Drive Auto** over 50%). Professors Carris and Burlington will be taking their own cars with Stephen Campbell riding with Carris and Dr. Nelson riding with Burlington. Equipment is loaded into the trucks along with the students and includes assorted tools, large stores of canned food, cooking and washing supplies, first aid supplies, lanterns and kerosene, two empty large wine barrels, a twelve-foot ladder, three long folding tables, and a folding canvas bathtub.

Aside from general equipment, each member of the dig is given one bed pillow, a wool blanket, a folding cot, and a



canteen, all of which the Bursar expects to be returned to the university in good condition. The students will sleep in army tents, three to a tent, with the sexes naturally being segregated. Each professor has his or her own tent. In addition to the smaller tents there are four larger ones and one really big pavilion-style tent. Because of space constraints each student is allowed to bring only one piece of luggage. Dirty clothes have to be washed at the dig site.

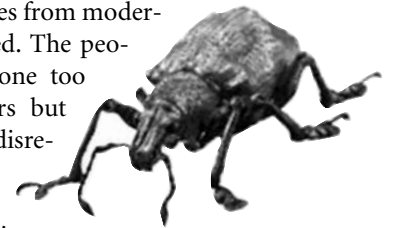
The trip to Dunlow takes a couple of hours, down narrow dirt roads. The river is bridged once or twice. At the keeper's option, fords might also exist, but only after a dry spell. And thunderstorms might just as easily flood the granite gravel riverbed.

### Dunlow, and the Campbell Farm

Not much is to be found in the hamlet of Dunlow other than a few houses, a general store called Kline's Goods, and a small brick building that combines both town hall and a constable's office in a single structure. These

buildings are clustered thinly along and around the single dirt road that passes through town. On the east side of Dunlow the land rises into hills. The whole of the land ranges from moderately to heavily wooded. The people of Dunlow are none too friendly with outsiders but they are not mean or disrespectful to them either. It is more likely that the locals try to ignore the university people than relate helpful information or treat them badly. This will have to be learned later though, because Prof. Carris does not stop here this first day but continues to lead the procession on down the road.

The destination of the expedition is the farm of Stephen Campbell's family, six miles past Dunlow on





the single dirt road. Two miles from town this road begins to run almost parallel to the Wynnaquate River, a tributary of the Miskatonic, which is not very wide but fast moving and surprisingly deep at points. The vehicles have to cross the Wynnaquate via narrow wooden bridges which creek wearily when heavy trucks go over them.

The Campbell farm is large and is surrounded on all sides by large sections of wooded and hilly land owned by the state of Massachusetts. The Campbell's nearest neighbor is the Hynd family about a mile and a half away, closer to town. The road touches the southern edge of the farm and there is found a small house, a barn and stables, some chicken coops, a pigpen, an outhouse at the rear of the house and a well further uphill. In front of the house, all the university and personal vehicles are lined up for duration of the excavation; they can't go on due to the fields of corn, onions, and peas that grow behind the buildings.

Stephen's father, Morris Campbell, is being well paid by the University for the use of his farm. There will be digging at the far northern end of his land, where it is too hilly to plow. Morris is happy for the added income. He is a widower whose wife died of influenza six years back. Beside his oldest son Stephen, the farmer has a beautiful eighteen-year-old daughter, Susan, and a scrappy but respectful fifteen-year-old son, Donald.

About two hundred yards north of the farmhouse is where the dig is to take place and where the university crew is to make camp. The first night Morris Campbell and daughter Susan accompany the University group out to the campsite on. They lead the party through the fields with Susan making idle chit-chat with some of the students and Morris asking the professors what they hope to find out here.

About half way there, **Spot Hidden** rolls can notice that someone is in hiding in the woods on the left, watching them. They won't be able to see this lurker clearly, but just his outline. If the students don't notice this then Morris Campbell will, and he is not happy. The farmer yells at the man, "I see you over there! I told you to stay off of my land. Go on, before I get my shotgun and put some shot in your tail!" Morris then turns to Prof. Carris and says that the man is a poacher who has been stalking on his land for a few weeks. If asked who the man is, Morris doesn't know.

The mysterious man is, in fact, Arnold Lansdale, a big game hunter who has hopes of bagging the Dunlow Creature. The hunter has been tracking the two bigfeet for three months now. The player characters can meet this strange man at a later time.

## The Camp Site

Professor Carris plans to camp fifty yards from the planned sight for the dig. If the dig expands surprisingly, then the camp can be moved with relative ease, but Carris doesn't expect this. First thing first, the professor orders two students to dig latrines a respectable distance away. After that the students set up their tents in a rough circle with the three professor's tents on the outside rim and a large fire pit dug in the center. Next the four larger tents go up. One will be used to store equipment while another stores food. One tent is used to cover the latrines while the last has the portable canvas tub placed in it. The last and largest tent has the three tables placed in it as well as empty packing crates and two gas lanterns. This tent is on the outer rim of the camp, next to Carris' tent, and it will be used to store and study any artifacts the dig uncovers. The two empty wine barrels are used to store water and these are refilled as needed by someone taking a hike back to the Campbell's well with buckets in tow. The trip here and setting up of camp takes most of the day so Dr. Carris tells everyone to enjoy the rest of the evening but to get to bed early as tomorrow will be a busy day.

That night, nothing out of the ordinary happens. The three professors turn in early, leaving the students to their own devices, stating that they know the students will not do anything to bring shame to the good name of Miskatonic University. Soon after the authority figures leave the scene, a large bonfire is started and a few of the students produce small flasks of bootleg gin while another passes out cigars to anyone so inclined. Some of the boys try flirting with the greatly outnumbered female students. Another student (David Burke) retrieves a small ukulele and begins to play it, albeit poorly, and soon the ghost stories begin. Despite Professor Carris' warning of an early rise tomorrow, most of the students stay up very late and heckle any who do not join in the merriment or who try to go to bed early.

The keeper should feel free to use this first night of ghost story fun to introduce any woodland red herrings they've been dying to use. This is a good time to do that because for now the players should not have the slightest idea as to what problems they are about to face and pointing them in the wrong direction and letting them get all worked up over nothing is always fun, at least for the keeper.





## Day One: Start Digging

The excavation crew gets up just after sunrise, many nursing hangovers or suffering from lack of sleep, and after a big breakfast soon gets busy carefully digging and shifting dirt. The botany students go off on their own in a northwesterly direction, into the woods for a nature hike and plant identification. The anthropologists say they are going into town to talk to some of the people about local legends and to find out where the Wammic Indians can be found. So with that, Dr. Burlington loads his students into one of the trucks and drives away. The public plans of the anthropology class are, of course, false. Their insane professor has a busy day of digging in mind for his students at another location (see “Burlington’s Secret Project” below).

As the day goes on, the archaeologists discover more bits of stone with Hyperborean symbols on them. One student finds a piece of a clay bowl with a curious mosaic painted on it. One of the investigators, chosen by the best **Luck** roll, finds a bit of bronze that could have been a knife blade once. Dr. Carris is very happy with these finds and says it’s a good first day’s work.

The botanists spend a pleasant day in the woods and even have a picnic next to the Wynnaquate River. If any of the student botanists are player characters or if they had just tagged along for some reason, then they can try to make both a **Spot Hidden** and a **Botany** or **Biology** roll to notice a strange thing — a thorny, yellowish-green creeping vine that they can’t identify. If none of the players’ students are at this picnic then Lydia Snyder finds the strange plant and all the other students will be told about it, and perhaps shown it, later today at camp.

This plant puzzles Dr. Nelson. She can’t identify it. She is excited by this and says it could either be a hybrid or hopefully a species of plant as yet undiscovered.

**Keeper’s herring:** allow the players to wonder about the vine and vividly describe how it coils tightly around a dying tree as if choking the very life from it. Mention that it has an unpleasant odor about it and feels slightly slimy to the touch. In truth this innocent little creeper has nothing to do with the scenario and is completely natural, albeit a rarity. Never pass up an opportunity to have the players jump to the wrong conclusion and get all worked up over nothing.

After last night’s revelry and today’s labors, most of the students turn in early, dreading the early wake-up time tomorrow. Once the investigators have been in bed for a couple hours, have their players attempt **Listen** rolls. The lowest roll detects a single strange howl coming from the woods, just when the character was about to fall sleep. This eerie, mournful wail is like nothing the character has ever heard before. It sends a chill up the spine. The next day that person can’t find anyone else in camp who heard the howling.

## Burlington’s Secret Project

On the first day, Burlington trucks his students out of the Campbell farm. He only takes them a mile from the camp before pulling off the road and into the woods. He then tells his surprised students that he has a very special project that he wants their help with, one that he doesn’t want Dr. Carris or the others knowing about. He orders his students out of the truck, tells them to cover it up with branches and bushes as best they can, then marches them into the woods. The confused students have no choice but to follow.

After a short hike they come to the ancient temple of Tsathoggua site, still mostly covered in earth. There are enough shovels and picks already here for the students to use without having to borrow any from camp. The professor tells his students that he has been coming to this location now for a few months and has been using hired locals to unearth his find, an ancient Hyperborean burial chamber.

Burlington tells the truth when he says that he had no idea until last week that Carris and his archeologists were going to excavate just a mile from this site. He wants his students to secretly help him unearth the structure without knowledge leaking out, so no academic can steal the credit for this discovery, least of all Carris.

At this point, Burlington offers a story of inter-departmental rivalry between the two professors, and implies that Carris has a habit of being generous with other people’s credit. Burlington promises his students that they will be mentioned in his papers and receive plenty of extra credit hours for their help in this matter. He also makes veiled threats as to how upset he would be if anyone told the other departments at camp about this.

For the next few days, Burlington loads his students into one of the trucks. The cover story is that they are going into town to interview locals, or to follow leads based on that research, or to going back to Miskatonic University to do research in the library, and so on. They will then hide the truck as before, then hike to their dig.

There the students dig while constantly being told to be careful not to get too dirty — coming back to camp caked in filth could raise questions. If an observant investigator notices a dirt-covered anthropology student or two (**Spot Hidden** and **Idea** roll) and asks them about it, the other students come up with half-hearted lies but won’t, for any reason, spill the beans on Burlington’s project for fear of angering the professor.

During this clandestine digging, Burlington has his two bigfoot converts stalking the woods, keeping an eye on the other university people and reporting back to him.



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## Day Two: Interesting Discoveries

The second day starts off pretty much the same. The archaeologists go back to digging, the botanists go back into the woods looking for more of that strange creeping vine, and Burlington loads his group up into a truck, today under the pretense of seeing a farmer some miles away who knows a lot about local Indian legends.

When evening arrives more bits of stone are uncovered, and also a stone axe. More so, the excavation has unearthed what might be remains of a stone building at the edge of their dig. Carris orders nearby trees to be chopped down and uprooted to clear the area above the buried building. This tree clearing goes on until dusk when the botanists come back from the woods, whereupon Burlington drops any notion of secrecy about his dig.

Dr. Norris and her students clearly don't like his wanton destruction of trees but say nothing until a student, Lydia Snyder, finds another of the noxious creeper vines wrapped around a cut down tree. This causes Dr. Nelson to confront Dr. Carris and demand that his crew stops cutting down trees. The archaeologist says that the trees must be removed so that his students can

excavate the buried building. A short but heated conversation continues until Carris firmly reminds the passionate woman that he was placed in charge of this outing and that the trees will be cut down. Nelson and her students walk away in a huff and an uneasy silence falls over the assembled group.

As night begins to fall and the three professors and their students have returned to camp for the night, one of the students (Franklin Marsh) comes running out of the woods screaming. He claims that he was gathering firewood when he saw a big, hairy monster behind a tree watching him. This causes another student (Philip Shirley) to sarcastically say; "Oh no, it's the Dunlow Creature. Better watch out!" That comment causes professor Burlington to say that such a thing is nonsense and there is no Dunlow Creature. Dr. Carris quickly agrees with this and tells everyone to forget about it and that the student probably saw a dead tree and let his imagination run away with him. Either that or the young man is trying to play stupid games that will only get him sent back to the university with no credit for the excavation. If investigators try to speak to Franklin Marsh about what he saw, he hesitantly says he might





have been mistaken and that it probably was a tree or something.

Lastly, late this night while everyone sleeps, Lydia Snyder sneaks out of her tent and into the supply tent. There she gathers up all the axes, hatchets and saws, carries them out into the woods and buries them. Lydia, inspired by tales of nature-worship told by her grandmother, can't sit by and do nothing while stupid men destroy Mother Nature.

### The Hunter

Sometime during the second day, one or more of the investigators has a run-in with the mysterious hunter Arnold Lansdale. This is easily accomplished if the students were sent to gather firewood. While in the woods, the player character feels something wet dripping on his head from above. Yes, it's blood. Looking up they see the gutted carcass of one of the Campbells' pigs, strung up from a tree and hanging from its back legs. Being surprised by this bloody thing costs 0/1 Sanity points. As the investigator no doubt screams or groans with disgust, he hears someone cursing nearby. Out of a carefully concealed hunter's blind comes a large man with an even larger rifle in his hands.

The hunter roughly asks the investigator what in the hell are he doing here and halfway through their explanation he snorts, points at the person who had the blood drip on him, and says that he is lucky not to get a foot taken off. Near that person's foot and at the hunter's gesture, everyone can suddenly make out a once well-hidden and very wicked bear trap. If the hunter is asked any questions, he answers shortly. He laughs if called a poacher. He hints that he is onto something big, a one of a kind animal, but doesn't say more than that. If the Dunlow Creature is mentioned, the hunter looks surprised but will not talk about it. Arnold does say that the students have ruined this hunting spot as they have gotten their scent all over everything and he will have to find another location. With that, Lansdale begins to pull up his traps and take down the dead pig. If investigators persist in pestering the man, he points his gun at one of them and does his best to look crazy enough to shoot. This look is easy for him. Lansdale doesn't intend to shoot anyone, he just wants to be left alone. When he or the investigators are leaving the area, the hunter says the following, but no more:

"You know, if I was you, I wouldn't be trusting that professor that's with you. I've seen that 'un out here before, snooping around and acting strange. I don't like it."

If asked which professor, Arnold Lansdale only gives a quick, snort-like laugh and walks away.

### Young Love

On a trip to the Campbell well to fetch water, one of the investigators sees Thomas McCoy, the local football hero, talking to the very beautiful farm girl, Susan. The two are sitting on a bale of hay behind the barn, whispering and laughing with each other. Tom is holding the young girl's hand and playfully brushing her hair across her face. It takes no psychology skill to know that these two are infatuated and flirting like mad. This would be nice if it wasn't for the Susan's father marching toward the two of them with a look of absolute fury on his face. Morris breaks up the couple and orders his daughter into the house. She goes running to it with tears in her eyes. Thomas tries to explain that nothing was going on, but Morris quickly throws him against the side of the barn and threatens take an axe-handle to McCoy's legs if he ever sees him near his daughter again. After that Morris storms into his house where only Susan's sobs can be heard from an open window.

### Accumulating Information

After meeting the hunter in the woods, the investigators might want to know which professor that Lansdale said he had seen around here before. Asking around among the students eventually leads them to Stephen Campbell, who has been busy helping Dr. Carris all day and unable to talk about the subject until late evening. Stephen tells them that he doesn't know, but remembers from a couple of years ago that his dad told him that their neighbors, the Hynds, had someone from the university out at their place a couple of times. However, Stephen reveals this information too late for the players to go there today. If the investigators ask Morris Campbell for further information, he knows only what his son has already told them.

### Asking About the Dunlow Creature

Questioning the other students or the members of the Campbell family about the creature uncovers that it is a legend that has the locals seeing "big hairy beast-men" in the woods. Just like stories of Ape Men from other parts of the country, no one takes them too seriously. Anthropology students say that Professor Burlington once spent a day talking about the Dunlow Creature and other beast-men in class. He said that the chances of some pre-human race surviving unnoticed in the modern world was one in a million.

### Researching at the University

The time may come when the investigators would like to return to the university in order to do some research at the library. This can be accomplished if they give Dr. Carris a very good excuse, as he is not



likely to allow students he's in charge of go on a thirty mile road trip by themselves.

Subjects of interest to the investigators would include the town of Dunlow, the Dunlow Creature, and possibly the Wammic Indians. Each subject requires successful **Library Use** rolls.

- Researching the town of Dunlow uncovers *Dig Papers #1*, nearby.
- Looking for information on the creature at MU requires two **Library Use** rolls. If only one is successful then they find *Dig Papers #2*. If both rolls succeed, then they also find *Dig Papers #3*.
- Finally, at MU looking up the Wammic Indians uncovers *Dig Papers #4*, in a few minutes. No roll required.

## Day Three: the Plot

### Thickens

The third day starts off with a bang once Professor Carris notices that his axes and saws are missing. He naturally accuses Dr. Nelson of the theft and she of course denies it. After a brief but loud argument, the botanist gathers her students and marches them off into the woods. Carris then assigns some of his students to take a truck into Dunlow and buy some axes from the general store. He chooses two of the investigators and one non-player character, Jeffery Elgar, for this task. The investigators can attempt a **Fast Talk** roll to exchange that non-player character for a third investigator. Doing this makes things a lot easier on the player characters. They might reasonably not fully trust Jeffery, but this little errand gives the investigators excellent chances to snoop around in the village and at the Hynd farm. If Jeffery still accompanies the player characters, he will not want to deviate from the professor's instructions. He also starts his annoying whine if the team goes anywhere except the general store.

\* \* \*

*For the rest of today, events split between the dig and the three investigators in or near Dunlow. The text concerning the trip to Dunlow starts below; the text concerning all the extraordinary events linked to the dig starts further down, just before "A Death in the Family" and the tragic loss of Susan Campbell.*

\* \* \*

## Going to Dunlow

When the investigators sent into town to buy axes and saws they may also wish to question locals about strange

events and mysteries they have encountered. Unfortunately, most townsfolk don't know anything, or at least claim that they don't. To make matters worse, the town is so small that it doesn't have a library for player characters to rummage through. The only break the investigators get comes if they ask about the Dunlow Creature in the general store while purchasing supplies. This will cause owner Mr Kline to peer cautiously at the group as if expecting a punch line for a pointless joke. **Persuade** rolls will get him to admit that he sort of believes in the creature, or at least believes the people who say *they* have seen it. He tells the investigators that they could talk to Jeremiah Eliot, a farmer who has claimed seeing the man-beast first hand. He gives them directions to the farm. Kline also mentions that the Wammic Indians have for years said that the Dunlow Creature was real. If asked, Mr. Kline can also give the investigators directions to where the Wammics stay, a few miles outside of town.

Oh and just in case the students wish to purchase some firearms while they are in town, they will be out of luck. Mr. Kline's store does not carry guns but oddly enough it does carry a small selection of rifle and shotgun shells. While everyone in Dunlow who wants a gun seems already to have one, gun owners always need ammo so the students can purchase a few boxes of ammunition (25 rounds per box) and various calibers as they wish.

## Jeremiah Eliot's Farm

Eliot's farm is found on the opposite side of town from the Campbell farm and is about half the size. Jeremiah lives there with his wife, Matilda, and two sons. He grows mostly potatoes and corn, and a few chickens and hogs. Jeremiah is not very open with strangers. When it comes to the Dunlow Creature, a topic he has been ridiculed about for most of his life, it will take successful **Persuade** rolls at half normal chance to squeeze his story out of the old farmer.

Jeremiah says that when he was fourteen, he and his father were hunting in the woods and they saw the creature. His dad said he was going to shoot it and sell it to Miskatonic University so he took a shot and hit it. The beast fell and his father told Jeremiah to stay put while he advanced on the fallen monster. That is when a second beast came out from behind a tree and attacked his father. The huge hairy creature beat Jeremiah's father with a large club while it howled in rage and bloodlust.

The young boy was so frightened that he dropped his gun and ran, leaving his father to be beaten so bad that, although he lived, he suffered from brain damage. Ever since then Jeremiah has been obsessed with the creature and has kept a kind of chapbook filled with newspaper clippings about the monster. If asked politely, the farmer shows his book of clippings to the inves-



### Dig Papers #1

from THE GAZETTEER OF THE MISKATONIC VALLEY

By Gregory Standall

Brown University Press, 1921

#### Dunlow Village.

BOXED TEXT = Founded in 1751 on hilly, wooded land within the Miskatonic Valley, Dunlow was originally settled by two large families who left the fledgling town of Dunwich and traveled over thirty miles west to settle next to a small tributary of the Miskatonic River known as the Wynnaquate River. In 1782, the village was incorporated and listed a population of 110 due to the addition of other settlers in the area. The village elected its first mayor in 1780, Francis Fuller, and its first sheriff, Edward Hawkins, in 1821.

The primary livelihood for Dunlow residents is farming, followed closely by hunting, trapping, and fishing. There are no industrial operations in Dunlow at present. The latest census listed the population of Dunlow at 360.

### Dig Papers #2

You find scattered reports of the creature in newspapers such as Arkham's own "Advertiser", and even one story in the Boston "Globe". Most of the stories are decades old, and come from secluded (often unnamed) individuals. It's quite clear that the reporters never believed the stories and more often than not, the small articles are slanted to portray the witnesses as uneducated, crackpot, backwoods people. However, you do glean the following information from the newspapers:

The Dunlow Creature is believed to be a bigfoot, a huge, hairy near-human beast with large feet that is more commonly reported in the Pacific Northwest. American natives have many old tales about this creature, whom they call "Sasquatch". It wasn't until the late 1700's that the first white people reported seeing such creatures. The most famous early bigfoot encounter happened in 1884 when a group of men captured such a creature near the Fraser River, just outside Yale, British Columbia. This beast was dubbed Jacko and was reportedly going to be sold to the famous Barnum and Bailey Circus, but Jacko disappeared before that happened and his ultimate fate is a mystery.

The first sighting of the Dunlow creature may have been in 1813 when an elderly widow claimed that she was being terrorized by a hairy demon from hell. The first report to give an accurate description on the Creature occurred in 1847 when a local hunter claimed to have seen a "large hairy man standing almost seven feet tall" near the bank of the Wynnaquate River. Surprisingly, this hunter claimed that the creature wasn't fierce or savage towards him. When the beast saw the hunter, it calmly walked off into the woods. Since 1847, there have been a handful of small articles on the Dunlow Creature, most only glimpses of the beast, while some tell how bigfeet attacked them.

### Dig Papers #3

Arkham "Advertiser", dated two years ago.

A Letter to the Editor

#### "Dunlow Creature is Utter Nonsense"

*Those of you with astute memories may recall that a small village near to us, Dunlow, had a brief moment of fame (or infamy) some weeks ago when an article appeared in this very paper relating a story of a hairy, ape-man who has become known as the "Dunlow Creature". Now mythical creatures such as these, bigfoot or bigfeet, have been reported for years from the western portion of our great nation, and while such tall tales may be expected from westerners, the fact that there are good New Englanders telling the same kind of tripe fills me with contempt.*

*Being a professor of anthropology at Miskatonic University, one may understand how enraged I was when one of my students actually had the gall last month to stand up in my classroom and ask me about this "Dunlow Creature". I quickly informed this misguided youth that I did not teach such poppycock but only facts and the fact of the matter is that there is no Bigfoot living just thirty miles from my very doorstep. If such a fanciful beast did exist, I would most certainly have learned about it sometime during my twenty-five-year career as an anthropologist.*

*To prove this matter, I actually took a month's leave of absence from my beloved university to spend in the dreary little town of Dunlow looking for signs of the "Creature". Well, now that I've returned I can report to you the findings of my quest for the elusive beast. I can now say without a doubt that there is no such creature. After spending weeks in the countryside I have come to the conclusion that reported sightings of this Bigfoot were either one of two things. First and foremost they were simply the tall tales of undereducated people who scared themselves silly by imagining that they saw something when in fact they did not. Secondly, there have been a few of the locals that, for reasons known only to themselves, have faked reports of the Creature.*

*So there you have it, the Dunlow Creature is the result of delusions and hoaxes. Now let us all hope that these embarrassing tales have come to an end for the sake of sound minded New Englanders everywhere.*

*- Professor Joseph Burlington.*

tigators. This book can provide the investigators with *Dig Papers #2* and *Dig Papers #3* in case they did not return to Miskatonic University to conduct research there.

### The Hynd Farm

Investigators may wish to visit the Campbells' neighbors, the Hynds, to learn more about the unnamed university professor who spent some time with them a few years ago. First impressions of the farm are none too flattering and yet fail to do the squalid, rundown, and overall depressing atmosphere justice. The crops of





#### Dig Papers #4

excerpt, *The Original Natives of America*  
by Dr. Ulysses C. Covington  
Hampton Publishers, 1886.

*The Wammic Indians were an old tribe of nomads whose hunting area ranged from Maine in the north to New York in the south. While this large territory overlapped other tribes, the Wammic seldom went to war, largely due to the Wammic's reportedly strong medicine (magic). The long peace was broken last in the late 1700's, when an unnamed tribe, described only as "cave dwellers", attacked the Wammics in Maine. The reason behind this confrontation is unknown, but the majority of the Wammics were slaughtered. Those who survived fled south into Massachusetts where the 1850 census placed them within the Miskatonic Valley. The approximate number of members of this tribe today is not known.*

peas, squash, and melons are pitiful and look to be dying on the vine. The livestock is starving and runty with many showing obvious signs of sickness. The Hynd family itself looks little better. Consisting of a father in his fifties, a mother in her twenties (but looking like she's fifty) two scrawny girls and three stringy boys, everyone is dirty, dressed in filthy clothes and has the same vacant-eyed, drooling, gaped-mouth look that comes from a long history of inbreeding.

Nothing can be learned by talking to these people. Only the father, Jeb, speaks with the investigators. He tolerates no questions and makes threats if the visitors don't leave. If the group doesn't get off his property in a hurry, he promises worse. To make his point perfectly clear, the farmer's three sons suddenly appear without being called, each brandishing a sharp and wicked looking farm implement.

Two possible points of interest exist at this farm for the investigators to see. Both are risky. The first chance they get happens when one of the Hynd daughters is close by. A **Spot Hidden** roll notices that the girl has the front of her filthy dress slightly open and is showing a piece of stone tied around her neck on a string. The stone resembles the fragments that the student archeologists have been uncovering at the dig site.

In the unlikely event that the students manage to search the barn behind the farmhouse without being seen, they are rewarded with a bizarre sight: a shrine to Tsathoggua, although they may not recognize it as such. The shrine is simple enough, a wooden crate with the nubs of unlit candles at its corners. A crude statuette of the great old one (no Sanity loss) sits in the center and a freshly killed dog lies in front of the crate as a sacrifice. Needless to say, if the nosy investigators are discovered snooping around in here by any of the Hynds, they will be attacked.

## The Wammic Indians

The Wammic live in a cluster of about dozen cabins set around the Wynnaquate River and are located ten miles outside of Dunlow. They are totally self sufficient, making their living by fishing, hunting, trapping, and framing. In addition, many of the Wammic tribe brew their own beer and distill moonshine, mostly for their own use but some does find its way into the hands of thirsty white men for a price. Since these people don't really consider themselves part of the U.S. government, they don't feel bound by its laws, especially one as silly as Prohibition.

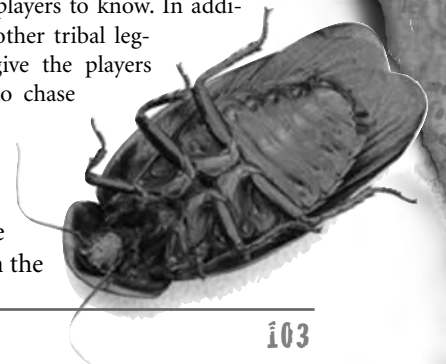
These people keep to themselves and have for many years mistrusted the white man and despised everything he stood for. This means that getting the Indians to talk will be tricky and will require good roleplaying and/or successful **Persuade** rolls. **Bribery** and **Fast Talk** should not work in this instance, but the keeper can decide upon that. If the Wammics talk to them, the investigators are directed to the tribe's medicine man, John Whitedeer.

John Whitedeer is not the stereotypical Indian shaman the players may be expecting. He is only twenty-five years old, having just taken up the role of tribal medicine man from his father who died two years ago. John also dresses in denim trousers and wears flannel shirts, so he looks more like a lumberjack or cowboy than an Indian shaman. The only traditional dress the young Indian wears is a necklace with charms and teeth adorning it and a set of three feathers braided into his long dark hair that hangs from the right side of his head.

Depending on the actions that lead up to this meeting, John is either be very amiable or very aloof with the investigators. If the group gets on his good side he tells them whatever he can.

- The first fact that might interest the players is that Whitedeer states that he was never approached by anyone from the university about the Dunlow Creature or, as he calls it, sasquatch. This strikes them strange if the player characters remember that Dr. Burlington and all of his students said they had visited the Wammic tribe the other day.
- The medicine man can also provide the investigators with stories concerning woodland spirits, ghosts, and the sasquatch (or bigfoot). The keeper can use John to pass on information about the two bigfeet sometimes near town that he wishes the players to know. In addition, with his wealth of other tribal legends, the shaman can give the players numerous red herrings to chase after, if the keeper is so inclined.

As an option, John Whitedeer could teach the college kids a few words in the





bigfoot language. These sacred words have been passed down through John's family for generations and having the investigators learn them could be helpful if the keeper wishes to have the bigfeet aid the students later on in the scenario. However, the shaman will only attempt to do this if the investigators believe in the bigfoot and are not making light of his ancestral beliefs. Simple words such as friend, food, hello, help, and the like could be learned quickly.

### What Happened to Thomas and Susan?

Thomas McCoy and Susan Campbell managed to steal a few precious moments together, away from the watchful eyes of the girl's father. The two took a nice stroll through the woods. Holding hands and making eyes at each other they lost track of time and where they were going and soon were standing in front of the half buried temple to Tsathoggua. This was in the evening after Prof. Burlington took his exhausted students back to the camp. The young couple ventured inside the strange stone structure and after some brief exploring, decide that it would be even more fun to explore each other.

What they could not have known was that Burlington would be returning to the temple with his two bigfoot followers. Earlier that day, Burlington had discovered a strange archway within the temple that he could not examine in detail with all of his students around. However, even with the cursory examination of the arch, the evil professor thought he recognized it from his sanity blasting visions as a magical gateway. Burlington was coming back to the temple to try to discover where the Gate went, and then he discovered the two lovers.

At first he was dismayed, knowing that he would have to do away with the two young people once they saw him with his bigfoot servants, Then Burlington decided he could turn the situation to his advantage. After all, he needed to test the magic portal before he personally used it. Burlington had his bigfeet watch the couple while he read the inscriptions around the archway and learned how to open the Gate. He then had Thomas McCoy thrown into the archway, whereupon McCoy disappeared. After waiting for over an hour and having nothing happen, he decided that he would have to research the Gate further.

In the meantime he had to do something with Susan Campbell. Burlington knew that having her just disappear would raise too many questions, but if it looked like the football star tried having his way with her, killed her, then ran away, everything might work out for the best. So the insane professor ordered the male bigfoot to murder the terrified girl, then carry the body to the Campbell barn where Burlington supervised a staged murder scene.

However, Dr. Burlington doesn't know that the Gate is functioning perfectly. Thomas McCoy made the long journey with ease and safely arrived in the underground cavern of N'kai and at the feet of Tsathoggua. The great old one, pleased with Burlington's progress thus far, decided to alter the professor's plans a bit. To this end, poor Thomas McCoy will soon become a tool of Tsathoggua.

Later in the morning, an investigator who didn't go into Dunlow has the chance to make either a **Spot Hidden** or a **Tracking** roll while on the outskirts of the site, near the woods. A successful roll spots a large bigfoot print in the dirt. The imprint resembles that made by an unshod human foot, except that this footprint is sixteen inches long and seven inches wide. Despite this size, the print is not fresh and hard to make out. If any of the professors are shown the print, they say that it's too smudgy to be certain what it is. Anything could have made it.

About noon, though before lunchtime, Morris Campbell strides to the dig site, looking rather upset and carrying a wooden axe handle. He stomps right up to Dr. Carris and asks him if he has seen his daughter, Susan, today. When the professor tells the farmer no, Morris then wants to know where that "football fella" (Thomas McCoy) is. Carris demands to know what this is about so Campbell tells him that his daughter is missing and he thinks she might be off with McCoy. A quick search of the camp discovers that McCoy is indeed gone and no one remembers seeing him today.

Shouting for Tom or Susan in the woods produces no answer. Carris tells the upset father that there is nothing else they can do, that the two of them are probably out in the woods together taking a walk, "Acting like typical young people". With that, Morris fixes the professor with a steely stare and says, "You'd better hope you find that boy before I do." He storms back to his fields.

### Day Three: Startling Discoveries

Mid-afternoon, the diggers discover a number of strange artifacts in the remains of the recently unearthed stone building. The students had cleared the trees here. The first thing that the archaeologists uncover is a stone tablet covered in Hyperborean Tsath-yo. Next to the tablet is also found a rather large circular item made of metal. Once unearthed, it turned out to be a wooden shield with its front faced in bronze. The shield measures 26 inches in diameter and is so well-preserved that even the leather hand straps used to hold the shield in place are still intact. Finally, etched into the bronze face of the shield is the symbol of a five-pointed star with what looks to be a flaming eye in its center.





Spurred on by their discoveries, the archeologists concentrate their work in this area and, working carefully and shouting out measurements. The whole of expedition photo supplies are exhausted in the first half hour.

Before everyone drops from exhaustion and euphoria, they uncover two discoveries in the late afternoon. The first is a hideous statuette about a foot tall of a monstrous-looking creature. The beast looks to be large and fat with a toad-like head, bat-like ears, a wide mouth filled with teeth, long arms ending in claws and its entire body covered in fur.

Lying next to the statuette is a small and obviously ancient human skeleton roughly five feet tall. Carris carefully moves the statue, shield, and tablet into the large study tent and there he stays, trying to translate the Hyperborean tablet all evening. The professor is angry and scathing with anyone who dares disturb him.

### Stone, Shield, and Statuette

**The Stone:** This slab of rock is roughly two feet high, sixteen inches wide, and two inches thick. Etched into one face of the tablet are many strange symbols of the Tsath-yo language. The tablet was created by Hyperboreans and recounts some of their history. When successfully translated, the tablet states that after Hyperborea froze during the great ice age, a large group of Hyperboreans moved west and discovered new land but also found that a tribe of their old enemies, the savage man-beasts called *voormis*, had arrived there before them and raised a small village of huts around a large stone temple devoted to their god Tsathoggua. The Hyperboreans immediately resumed their war with the *voormis* and with their blessed weapons, magic, and superior numbers they defeated the *voormis*, save for a scattered few who ran off into the woods. The tablet does mention how hard the battle was to fight due both to the savagery of the *voormis* and the vileness of their sorcery. The stone says that during the war the *voormis* would capture Hyperboreans alive in order to later sacrifice them to Tsathoggua, who would bring a dead *voormis* back to life for each Hyperborean so slain. This allowed the *voormis* to bolster their inferior numbers as many of their savage warriors had to be killed over and over again.

Once the war was over, the Hyperboreans took the bodies of fallen *voormis* to the temple of Tsathoggua, threw them into one of the rooms, then sacked and desecrated the building, taking with them the centerpiece of the temple, the statuette of Tsathoggua. Although full of courage after their hard-fought victory, the Hyperboreans still did not dare to tear down the temple of Tsathoggua for they feared that the “curse of the living blackness” might befall them as it had been known

to do so in ages past. Instead, the victors decided to turn the temple into a large tomb and imprison the evil within. They mortared up all possible exits and magically sealed the temple with the aid of “the blazing eye from above”. The Hyperboreans then encased the whole of the building in earth, creating a man-made hill on top of which they raised a statue of their elk-god, Yhoundeh.

### Summary of the Hyperborean Tablet

**Author:** unknown

**Language:** Tsath-Yo.

**Sanity loss:** 1/1D6.

**Cthulhu Mythos:** +4 percentiles.

**Study Time:** to translate 4 weeks. After English translation 8 hours.

**Spells:** Bestow Blessings upon the Sword of the Righteous (Bless Blade), Inscribe the Blazing Eye From Above (Elder Sign).

**The Shield:** this item appears to be an ordinary wooden shield with its face covered in bronze for added protection. However, this shield has been enchanted and thus able to weather countless aeons of burial in damp earth without showing a sign of rot or tarnish. In addition to its ageless quality, the bronze face of the shield has had a five-pointed star with a burning eye in its center etched into the metal. This symbol is the Elder Sign. While this shield has no special effect against *voormis*, because *voormis* are not directly related to the Great Old Ones, it can drive off Tsathoggua’s more powerful servants, his formless spawn. As long as the wielder of the shield keeps the formless spawn to the front, the spawn cannot approach close enough to attack him or a small group.

This doesn’t mean that the spawn cannot use indirect means to kill the shield bearer or that another creature couldn’t attack the individual from the rear and therefore not be affected by the forward facing Elder Sign. Finally, this shield can be used as a regular Elder Sign to seal off rooms or hallways if it is laid face-up on the floor or propped against a door or wall.

**The Statuette:** This foot-tall representation is roughly circular at the base with a diameter of about seven inches and the surprisingly light weight of only three pounds. It is carved out of a substance that resembles stone, but is greasy to the touch and slightly magnetic. It gives off a metallic “ting” when tapped on. The item is nearly all black with slight crimson streaks scattered throughout it. This substance resembles no mineral known to man. The figure depicted in the carving resembles a hideous, bloated creature with toad-like head, bat-like ears, a wide mouth filled with teeth and an entire body covered in fur. Yes, this is a statue of Tsathoggua and it is so unsettling to see that it costs 1D3 SAN to study.



## The Shield

In addition to having an Elder Sign carved on its face, the bronze and wood shield in this adventure was first and foremost a defensive item used to parry attacks in melee combat. While warriors in ancient times were well versed in the use of shields, there is little call for such training in recent history. If an investigator wants to use the shield in its traditional mode, he has a 20% chance to parry any melee attack that he can see. Success means that the shield blocked the attack and took the damage instead of the person wielding it.

Since shields were designed to be bashed and hacked at, they can ignore some of the damage dealt out. While usually sturdy enough, eventually all shields give way. To reflect this, treat this shield as having an Armor Rating of 3 and having 30 hit points. Remember too, that the Elder Sign on the shield's front must still be recognizable as such for it to work. So when the shield has been reduced to half its hit points (15) the Elder Sign upon it will no longer function.

Priests of Tsathoggua enchanted this statuette. It bestows magic points to faithful followers of that great old one. The statue holds 120 magic points that can be drawn upon if the proper incantation is spoken. These magic points don't replenish themselves, but can be replaced through ritual sacrifice.

Neither the spell to draw magic points from the statuette nor how to properly sacrifice victims in order to add magic points to it has ever been written down. These arcane powers are taught to priests of Tsathoggua either by way of the Contact Deity spell or by word of mouth, from one priest to another.

### Day Three: Evening, A Death in the Family,

In the late evening Dr. Burlington and his class come back to camp, as do the botanists, and hopefully everyone who was sent to town for more axes and saws. A late supper is prepared and one of Professor Nelson's students (Lydia Snyder) comments that it will probably rain tomorrow.

After dinner, Burlington begins to examine the small intact human skeleton that was unearthed today, not because he wants to, but for the appearance of normality he has to.

The students begin the nightly routine of cleaning up, sitting around the campfire, and playing cards, and are getting ready for bed when young Donald Campbell comes running into the camp from the fields, looking for his older brother, Stephen. The boy is crying but manages to say through his tears that something bad

has happened and that Stephen needs to come to the barn quick. When asked what happened, Donald blurts out that his sister is dead, then collapses in a heap of sobs. Besides Stephen, Prof. Carris and several students also run to the barn and the investigators most likely go too.

At the old barn, Susan's body is found in the upper loft, lying in a pile of straw. The front of her dress is unbuttoned, the skirt thrown up and her once pretty face has been badly beaten with a heavy object. Her father sits nearby on a bundle of straw silently weeping and clutching something to his chest. When the university people arrive on the scene, Morris Campbell shows them what he is holding, Thomas McCoy's university football jacket. The farmer only says; "Where is he?" and when no one can tell him, the grief stricken father snatches up a double barrel shotgun, points it at Dr. Carris, and says that if they don't tell him where Thomas is hiding, then the professor is going to die. Investigators can try to calm Morris Campbell and get him to lower his weapon with **Psychology** or **Persuade** rolls. **Fast Talk** rolls at this time are not a good idea and will

only worsen the situation. If the players are unable to get through to the temporarily insane farmer, his son Stephen will step up and talk some sense into him.

Once calmed, Morris climbs down the ladder to the stables, gets on his horse and says that he's going into town to fetch the constable. Carris offers to drive the man into Dunlow in his car, but the farmer says he doesn't want any help from the likes of him. Stephen stands pale and shaking next to his dead sister and won't allow anyone to get to close or disturb her body in anyway. If investigators make a **Spot Hidden** then they see a large rock lying next to Susan's head, partially buried in straw and covered in blood. This appears to be the murder weapon, but anyone that makes an **Idea** roll might find it odd that a twenty pound stone would be found in a hayloft inside a barn. If one of the investigators can distract Stephen from his vigil and another takes the opportunity to examine the dead body close up, they can try a **Spot Hidden** roll to notice that underneath Susan's fingernails are a few strands of coarse brown hair. An **Idea** roll reminds an investigator that McCoy has light blond hair.

Morris Campbell and Constable Clancy come back in just over an hour. Both men are on horses and behind them follow two locals from Dunlow in a truck. These two men have volunteered to take Susan's body to Arkham and to deliver it to the Essex County Coroner at St. Mary's Teaching Hospital. After examining the scene, the constable says it looks like Thomas McCoy tried having his way with Susan and when she say no or



threatened to scream he killed her. Constable Clancy then goes back to the campsite to have a look around, search McCoy's tent, and question students. When he is finished, the constable says he's going to ask for a warrant for the boy's arrest. He'll also contact the county police. He'll phone the Arkham police to have them search Miskatonic U. as well as get in touch with the boy's parents. With that, Clancy says there is nothing else he can do, but in leaving he does warn everybody that helping Thomas in any way will now be judged a serious crime.

Once the constable leaves, as well as the two men with Susan's body, things try to get back to normal but fail. Everyone feels drained from the experience, so most go right to bed without any campfire fun. Stephen Campbell says he's going to spend the night with his family, but he comes back to camp within the hour visibly upset and angry. If asked about what happened, Stephen won't comment on it. Around eleven o'clock it starts to rain, light at first but soon turning into a moderate downpour.

The last event of this hectic day happens at one in the morning. Any investigator making a **Listen** roll is wakened by two quick rifle shots coming from the woods. These are soon followed by several short bloodcurdling screams and a loud, long howling. After that, nothing. If player characters seek the source of the sounds they are unable to find it. The woods around the farm are thick and deep, after all.

Other events follow that could happen today.

## Parasitic Spawn of Tsathoggua

These creatures are slightly smaller but much more intelligent than formless spawn, their more common brethren. They have the ability to enter any large animal of SIZ 13 or more, remove all the internal organs and some of the victim's fat, bones, and muscle, then to dwell in the cavity that this removal creates.

Incredibly enough, the brain of the host does not die due to this unholy invasion, as the spawn provides it with whatever nourishment it requires, but in doing so the parasite gains total control over that mind. This is useful as the spawn can then rape the target's brain for knowledge and memories. By doing this the spawn can move its host around in the world of man without drawing undo attention to itself as it can pull off a reasonable act of the host's personality. Further, even though the spawn itself cannot communicate with humans, it can use its host to do so.

Due to these special talents, parasitical spawn are often used as assassins, spies, and hunters looking for specific items of interest to their god. Only two things usually give away the presence of such a creature inside a human host. The first is a great increase in weight. The spawn weighs a lot more than the material it removed from its victim's body, so the weight of the subject jumps up a hundred pounds or more — although the host will not look much bigger or heavier. The second sign of a parasitical spawn infestation is a marked lack of emotions. Human emotions are so alien to the spawn that it cannot act them out well, just strained smiles, forced laughter, or fake sobs sans tears.

When this spawn attacks it tries to surprise its target and to kill as quickly and quietly as possible. To do this, the spawn sends a large amount of its mass out of the host body in the form many tentacles and pseudopods. The appendages can take many forms, perhaps used to slice, strangle, bludgeon, stab or smother the person. These protean weapons can burst forth out of any of the host's bodily orifices, or may rip through some poor devil's skin in any place the spawn desires. However, for the sake of concealment, a spawn usually manifests tentacles out from the host's ears, nose, and mouth.

One general benefit that the parasitical spawn gets for being inside a host body is that host always acts as armor against the few things that can harm a spawn of Tsathoggua, such as fire, acids, and the like. If the host body a parasite inhabits gets too badly damaged, or if the creature just wants to find a new ride, it can easily burst out of the victim's shell-like body and find another suitable living vehicle.



## Parasitic Spawn of Tsathoggua

char.	rolls	averages
STR	4D6+6	18-20
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+6	12-13
INT	3D6+6	15-16
POW	3D6+6	15-16
DEX	4D6+6	18-20
MOV	as host or 12	
HP	11-12	

**Av. Damage Bonus:** +1D4.

**Weapons:** 2D4 tentacle/pseudopod attacks per round. Strangle 50%, damage special\* Stab 50%, damage 1D6+1+db. Slice 60%, damage 1D6. Bludgeon 70%, damage 1D4+db. Grab 80%, damage as Grapple.

\*see drowning, suffocation rules in rule book. Victim may attempt to break free with a successful STR vs. STR roll on the Resistance Table.

**Armor:** The spawn itself has none but it is immune to physical attacks, even enchanted ones. Spells may affect them normally, as do fire, chemicals, or other forces. When a parasitical spawn is within a host body, treat that body as giving the spawn an armor rating equal to half the host body's SIZ round down against fire, acid, explosions, and the like. This armor rating decreases as the host body takes damage and as the keeper sees fit.

**Spells:** A parasitical formless spawn knows 1D6 spells, usually communicating with Tsathoggua, attacking, tracking targets, or allowing it to hunt with minimal amount of effort. The exact spells are left for the keeper to choose.

**Sanity Loss:** 1/1D10 Sanity points for seeing a parasitical formless spawn in action. 1/1D6 Sanity points for seeing the spawn burst out of a human host, either to attack or to flee.

### Steal Life's Blood

a new spell

This spell allows the caster to brutally end one life in order to bring another back from the dead. Each casting of the spell costs a hefty 20 magic points plus 1D10 Sanity points. The caster must then match his or her POW against the POW of the victim to be sacrificed. If this test fails, then the victim is unaffected but the caster takes 1D10 points of reflected damage. If the caster successfully overcomes the victim's POW, then the victim watches as all of his blood pours out, to float above, defy gravity, and collect.

Once all blood has drained from the victim / sacrifice, it streams through the air to cover and enter the dead awaiting resurrection. Within minutes the dead is born new. However there is a side effect: Forevermore will he or she have an unquenchable thirst for living blood.

Witnessing this gruesome ritual costs 1/1D6 Sanity points.

## So What Happened to Thomas and Susan?

Thomas McCoy and Susan Campbell managed to steal a few precious moments together away from the girl's watchful father. The two took a nice stroll through the woods. Holding hands and making eyes at each other they lost track of time and where they were going. Soon they stood in front of the half buried temple to Tsathoggua. This was in the evening after Prof. Burlington took his exhausted students back to the camp. The young couple ventured inside the strange stone structure and after some brief exploring, decide that it would be even more fun to explore each other.

What they could not have known was that Burlington would be returning to the temple with his two bigfoot followers. Earlier that day, Burlington had discovered a strange archway within the temple that he could not examine in great detail with all of his students around. However, even with the cursory examination of the arch, the evil professor thought he recognized it from his sanity blasting visions as a magical gateway. So, Burlington was coming back to the temple to try to discover where the gateway went when he discovered the two lovers.

At first upset, knowing that he would have to do away with the two young people when they saw him with his bigfoot servants, Burlington thought he could turn this situation to his advantage. After all, he would need to test the magic portal before he tried to use it. Burlington had his bigfeet watch the couple while he read the inscriptions around the archway and learned how to open the magic gate. He then had Thomas McCoy thrown into the archway where he disappeared. After waiting for over an hour and having nothing happen, he decided that he would have to research the Gate further. In the meantime he had to do something with Susan Campbell. Burlington knew that having her just disappear would raise too many questions, but if it looked like the football star tried having his way with her, killed her, then ran away, everything may work out for be for the best. So the professor ordered the male bigfoot to murder the terrified girl then carry the body to the Campbell barn were Burlington staged the murder scene.

What Dr. Burlington doesn't know, is that the magical gateway is functioning perfectly. Thomas McCoy made the long journey with ease and safely arrived in the underground cavern of N'kai and at the feet of Tsathoggua. The great old one, pleased with Burlington's progress thus far, has decided to alter the professor's plans a bit. To this end, poor Thomas McCoy will soon become a tool for Tsathoggua to use.



## Day Four: Going Nowhere

After the shocking events of last night, no one feels much like doing anything, so not much is accomplished this day. Professor Carris spends all of his time in the examination tent studying the Hyperborean stone tablet. Around noon Dr. Nelson leads her students on a half-hearted nature hike into the woods but the other students are left to their own devices. Even the anthropologists have nothing to do. Burlington drove into town early this morning by himself to pick up some supplies, mail some letters, and make a few phone calls. In reality, Dr. Burlington has gone to his temple to make preparations of tonight. Later in the afternoon, Constable Clancy rides back to the Campbell farm to check up on things. After snooping around a bit and questioning a few of the students, he rides back to town. Nothing much else happens this day until later in the evening.

### Body Number Two

Around seven in the evening Professor Nelson and her students come running out of the woods shouting that they have found a body in a horrible state. Anyone wanting to investigate are led to the spot by a very calm Lydia Snyder. Dr. Carris is oddly unaffected by this latest news and just returns to the examination tent. The archaeologist is in the beginning stages of a nervous breakdown, due to the death and carnage perpetrated during an expedition in his charge. Visions of the end of his teaching career occupy his thoughts.

About a mile from camp and in the opposite direction of the hidden temple, the investigators come across the savaged body of Arnold Lansdale. The hunter has been brutally bludgeoned and his right arm completely torn off. His rifle lays in splinters and twisted chunks all around him. This gruesome sight costs 1/1D6 SAN. Searching the nearby area finds more bigfoot bait hanging from a tree with a large bear trap beneath it. The trap is closed, smeared with blood and thick brown hair. A **Track** roll at this location uncovers a single bigfoot print but this one is smaller, fourteen inches long by six inches wide, compared to the print noticed the other day. Searching the sticky remains of Mr. Lansdale discovers a canteen of water, a pint of whisky, a large hunting knife, an alligator skin wallet with identification and money inside, a compass, keys to an automobile, and a handmade map of the surrounding area. This map, *Dig Papers #5*, even explains some of the symbols used on it. It shows the spot with the most bigfoot activity, the Campbell and Hynd

### Dig Paper #5 Hunter's map.

If the investigators think of using the map to find the hunter's camp, some 300 yards from their current location, they should move fast, as the sun has already started to set. Arriving there, they find a small tent, bedroll, some canned food, a few pots and pans, and some of the hunter's extra clothes. Inside the hunter's tent are two books. One is a book by Theodore Roosevelt written in 1893 and called *Wilderness Hunter*. This book has a section marked by a slip of paper, which relates the tale of a hunter who was taken from a campsite at the head of Idaho's Wisdom River in the early 1800's. The hunter's abductor was reportedly a hairy monster with a terrible stench. Shortly after the hunter's disappearance his corpse was discovered with a broken neck and his throat savagely torn out. All around the bloody body were found giant manlike footprints.

The second book found in the tent is Arnold's journal. The journal also contains some clippings, including the one that ran in the Arkham "*Advertiser*" about Prof. Burlington's denial of the existence of Bigfoot (*Dig Papers #3*), in case the investigators haven't read it yet. The journal itself chronicles Arnold Lansdale's hunt for the elusive Dunlow Creature. A few interesting passages are highlighted nearby. See *Dig Papers #6*.

If the investigators want to use the map to make their way to the unknown X, they should understand that it's nearly dark now and from their current location (Lansdale's body) it's over a mile and a half away. However, if they are determined to visit the temple tonight, see the section below called "The Temple Tonight".







farms, where the hunter parked his truck off the road, his campsite, and two unexplained X's. Investigators recognize one X as their camp, but they'll know nothing about the other.

The second X represents Dr. Burlington's secret temple.

## Nowhere to Go

Once the investigators make it back to the dig site and inform Dr. Carris and the rest about the new body they found, it will be Dr. Burlington — who had returned to the camp after the others went off in the woods in search of the screams — who suggests that someone should go to Dunlow to get the constable. Burlington says this because he hopes it will throw off any suspicion pointing his way and also because he knows that one of the bridges across the Wynnaquate River is out. The insane anthropologist ordered his two bigfeet to destroy it after receiving new instructions from Tsathoggua today — see “New Plans for the Professor” below. With the bridge out, the expedition vehicles are stranded unless someone wants to try to ford the Wynnaquate.

If someone mentions the down bridge to Morris Campbell, he says that it happens from time to time, but usually during the spring thaw when the river floods. He also states that there is an old hunter's path that winds around the river to the Hynd farm.

When the bridge gets washed out, Morris can go over the trail to his-oh-so-charming neighbors to fetch the constable. However, he says it's too late now, not a good time to be wandering through the woods on a very narrow trail that at times runs directly along the bank of the swift-moving river. The Hynd farm is a mile and a half away but because of the twisting nature of the path, the trail stretches over three miles long. Assuming daylight, negotiating the trail takes about half an hour.

On this point, the farmer and professor Burlington agree. There has already been too much tragedy on this outing to risk anyone else. Going for help can wait till morning. The investigators may want to search out the path on their own but there is little to no chance of them finding it without help. And in case they ask, no, the Campbells never had a telephone line run to their house.

## New Plans for the Professor

Earlier this day when Burlington was alone in the temple, Tsathoggua sent Thomas McCoy back through the Gate from N'Kai, to deliver a message to the professor. Well, it wasn't really Thomas who delivered the message, but the thing that now lived inside him. Inside the body of the college football star dwells one of a special breed of Tsathoggua's formless spawn (see nearby). The

### Dig Papers #6

*“After staying in town for a few days learning what I could about this creature, this is my first day in the woods. I've baited several traps at locations I think such a beast would go to. I don't expect to see anything for awhile, but hell, I've got time. I plan on getting a good lay of the land in these next couple of days and will make a map to help me.”*

*“Found my first track today. The beast is even larger than I thought. It was over 15 inches long and about 7 inches wide! By God I will bag this beast.”*

*“Found lots of tracks a short distance from a farm owned by the Campbell family. Most tracks I have found yet in any one place and I think some of them were only days old! Also, there are definitely two distinct sets of tracks. That means two creatures! My chances of success have just doubled. I don't like being this close to the farm, but I think this will be my prime hunting grounds.”*

*“Saw something strange today. After being chased away from my main hunting spot by Campbell, I decided to check out an area I had not been to before. I found a track, but it looked pretty old. I did see a big stone building almost all buried in the side of a hill. I went closer for a better look and found digging tools laying all around. It looks like someone has been digging the thing out but I saw no one around. Hell, after I become famous for bringing in a Big Foot I might as well become famous for discovering this weird place.”*

*“Seen that university fellow out in the woods again tonight. He saw me too, damn it! He screamed at me like a woman, told me this was private property and that I had to leave. When I told him we were standing on state land the nutty guy tried to pull a pistol on me. Well, he wasn't so nutty not to realize that my .30-06 Winchester outclassed his little .38. He slunk away muttering curses that I will get mine soon. I'll have to keep an eye out for this one.”*

spawn stated that in the next room of this temple lay the remains of many loyal voormis followers of Tsathoggua, slain long ago by Hyperborean warriors. The great old one wants his new high priest to resurrect these dead followers so they may once again worship him. To accomplish this, the messenger has taught Burlington a new spell, Steal Life's Blood (also see nearby). It takes one existing life in exchange for revivifying the remains of a dead person. This spell has a nasty side effect, but nothing that a pack of murderous voormis could not overcome.

The good news is that the evil professor has the entire expedition crew to fuel this spell; the bad news is that it requires a lot of magic points to cast. To help offset this, the parasitical formless spawn also taught Burlington the spell Power Drain. Even with this aid the anthropologist will only be able to bring back a few voormis a day. This is not good enough for Tsathoggua, but being a god-like being and all, he foresaw this slight problem and already had planned to aid his priest and at the same time return a powerful symbol of the great old one's magnificence to his followers.





In ages past this temple had at its center a statuette of Tsathoggua that could bestow magic points upon the faithful during rituals. When the Hyperboreans sacked this temple they stole the statue. Yes, this was the statuette that Carris and the archaeologists found the day before. Tsathoggua wants this artifact back, for such a holy item should not be in the hands of the unworthy. While Professor Burlington organizes the return to life of the voormis, the parasitical formless spawn of Tsathoggua — within the body of Thomas McCoy — will return to the expedition camp tonight to search for the power-laden statuette.

## The Long Night

How the bewildered students spend this long night of fear is up to the players. Professor Carris is now deeply involved in his nervous breakdown. He won't come out of the examination tent or quit studying the Hyperborean tablet. He doesn't care about anything else and is obviously obsessed with the tablet. If pestered by the investigators he screams at them, "Don't you see? This is all I have left!" To be fair, Prof. Carris' worsening mental state is not entirely due to the stress mounting upon him. Also, he has been able to translate most of the tablet, and in doing so has learned some interesting things, gained some Cthulhu Mythos knowledge, and lost some Sanity. Okay, he has lost a lot of Sanity.

Professor Nelson, being the first to have seen the grisly remains of Arnold Lansdale, is also a bit out of it, but is a fair sight better than Carris. She meekly suggests that everyone should do as Dr. Burlington and Mr. Campbell had suggested, and that is to wait until morning to hike over to the Hynd farm for help. If anyone gets close to the botanist, they easily smell whisky on her breath and notice a slight shaking of her hands.

Professor Burlington is the only authority figure still holding it all together. However, he scoffs at any ideas of murderous maniacs or bloodthirsty beast-men stalking the woods. He says that Lansdale probably got on the wrong side of a large bear that took offense when the hunter tried to kill it. But, he assures the player characters, a bear is not likely going to come into a large camp of humans, so he's sure everyone is going to be safe this night. With that, he bids everyone sweet dreams and turns in for the night.

## Evening of Day Four On Guard?

So it's left up to the investigators to take action, if they so desire. Trying to room with the Campbells for added safety won't happen because Morris will never forgive the university folks for his daughter's murder. Perhaps the best thing the player characters could try would be to set up some type of night watch. If they wish to do this they'll find other students willing to lend a hand.

Even if the group decides to always have at least one player character awake at all times, the keeper should have them fall asleep on the job unless they take precautions to avoid this. Yes, this is one time when it's okay for a keeper to fudge the numbers a little bit. Lacking that, the investigator on guard likely dies at the hands of Professor Burlington or the recently returned Thomas McCoy/thing. Both are quite capable of killing quickly and quietly.

Whatever the investigators decide to do, the following two events should always take place. Sometime after midnight Dr. Burlington steals away from the camp and makes his way through the darkness to where the expedition's trucks and automobiles are parked. There he disables each vehicle, taking back with him components, in case he needs an auto after his bloody business is finished.

After taking care of the vehicles, Burlington returns to the camp and awakens all of his students secretly. He tells them that he has a major discovery to show them at the buried temple and it can't wait. If a guard has been set for the camp, the professor waits to do this until one of his own students is on guard, if possible. Burlington and company all silently sneak into the woods, to the temple. The anthropologist has decided the time has come to begin Tsathoggua's grand plan even if he doesn't have the missing statuette yet. What happens in the temple is detailed in the following day's section, "Rebirth".

Later still, Thomas McCoy and the parasitical spawn of Tsathoggua within him sneak into camp and into the tent where all the excavation finds are kept, searching for the missing idol of Tsathoggua, which it doesn't find. Little does the spawn know, but Dr. Carris has become so obsessed with the three artifacts he has moved all of them into his personal tent for the night. Also, if the keeper wishes, the McCoy/Spawn may bump into one of the students during its stealthy search. This could be whoever was watching over the camp at the time, or just someone taking a late night trip to the latrine. Either way, the creature quickly and quietly kills this person, leaving a little surprise for the others come morning, then it returns to the hidden temple to tell Burlington that the statuette is missing and to make further plans.

## The Temple Tonight

If the investigators insist on going to the mysterious second X on the dead hunter's map tonight, the keeper should make the long trip though the dark woods as scary and unpleasant as possible. Remember, there is no trail leading to this place, so the investigators stumble over roots, get scratched by tree branches, and wander into large patches of poison oak. Even with electric



torches or lanterns, very few places are more dark and foreboding than woods at night.

Even though Arnold Lansdale made his map quite well, he wasn't an expert cartographer. The directions are not exact and the distances not to scale. This means that while the investigators could use this map well in the daylight by checking map against landmarks, that task becomes almost impossible at night. Investigators need at least three successful **Navigate** rolls to find the temple at night. If no one brought along a compass then they should have to make six successful rolls. Failure of any of these **Navigate** rolls means that the party has gotten lost in the woods, a predicament that any keeper worth his salt should have no end of fun with.

If the investigators manage to find their way to the hidden temple, they've got a surprise waiting for them. Dr. Burlington ordered the two bigfeet to stay in the woods near the temple and await his return with his anthropology class so they could help guard the young people while the professor slowly sacrificed them. This means that before the investigators get close enough to the temple to see it through the darkness, the bigfeet will have seen them with their superior night vision and be closing in. Keepers may wish to give their players **Listen** rolls to notice stealthy movement that seems to come from all around them. Anyone making a **Spot Hidden** roll at half the normal chance of success sees a pair of luminescent eyes peering out of the darkness at them. Smart investigators will take the chance to beat it back to camp. If so, the bigfeet let them go and don't attack. If the investigators are too thick headed to retreat, the bigfeet have no choice but to defend the temple of their fearsome god. This attack will start out with both bigfeet hurling large rocks at the students from the concealment of tress and darkness. If this is still not enough to deter the player's characters then the huge, hairy savages rush forward to engage in hand-to-hand combat. This will most likely spell doom for a group of unarmed college students, so the keeper should handle this encounter with care.



## Day Five: Death and Rebirth


When everyone wakes up, the first thing they notice is that Burlington and his entire class are gone. All of their stuff is at camp, but the people are nowhere to be found.

The second thing the campers may discover is the bloody body of one of the students — if the parasitical spawn of Tsathoggua bumped into anyone last night during its sneaky search of the campsite. If there is a body to find, it appears that the victim was stabbed several times, strangled, and one arm was broken. Seeing this carnage costs 1/1D6 SAN, more if an investigator was a close friend of the deceased.

As if this wasn't enough, Dr. Carris comes storming out of the examination tent, yelling that someone has been going through his things. The slightly mad archaeologist pays no mind that students are missing or murdered, only that someone entered the examination tent without his permission. It should now be apparent to everyone that this fieldtrip is over and that they all need to return to the university as soon as possible once the bridge is restored. Meantime, whatever will they do?

### Rebirth

Burlington led his bewildered class in a long hike through the woods at night, back to




### Bolas, a new weapon

Bolas are three weights attached to ropes about a yard in length with the ends of each rope tied to the others in a knot, so that when the weapon is lain flat on the ground it resembles the letter Y with one weight on each of the three ends. The wielder of the bolas whirls them overhead by the central knot, then he or she throws them at a target.

The object of the bolas is to wrap around a target and impede the individual in some way, so they are often thrown at a victim's legs, arms or sometimes at a person's neck or head in an attempt to strangle or knock out an individual. When this weapon hits, it quickly wraps around the victim with the three weights smashing painfully into them for 1D4 points of damage.

To remove the bolas requires a D100 roll of DEX x2 or less to unravel the entangled weapon. If a victim cannot free himself or herself on the first try, he can try to do so during following rounds with a cumulative +10% to their chance of success per subsequent round.

As stated above, bolas can also be used to strangle or render a target unconscious. If the keeper wishes to allow the bolas to be used in this capacity they should refer to the sections on taking damage and combat in the CoC rules. The base chance to use bolas is 05%





the mysterious, half-buried temple. He ordered them all inside, then had his two bigfeet emerge from the woods and join them. Just in case these two huge, hairy creatures weren't enough to intimidate the college kids, the McCoy-spawn also waited in the temple for Burlington's return, and the professor had brought along his .38 snub-nose revolver. Once the dumfounded students were securely bound, and the bigfoot guarded the only way out, Burlington used his Drain Power spell on a student (keeper's choice whom), then proceeded to use that weakened individual as the sacrifice for his Steal Life's Blood spell. He successfully brought back a young voormis warrior. Burlington then had the spawn within McCoy's body translate his words into ancient voormis and was thus able to communicate to the once-dead creature the will of the god they shared.

Burlington killed two more of his students and brought back two more voormis before the flux of his magic points rising and falling proved too much for him and he needed rest. This left six living anthropology students, keeper's choice who. The voormis busied themselves by making spears, stone axes, and nets and bolas. With a growing sense of unease, the bigfeet then nervously left the temple, and one of the three remaining students made a break for it. During his flight, the student (Philip Shirley unless the keeper changes things) ran right into the female bigfoot. The huge, brutish beast showed a great sense of compassion and mercy, and let the terrified human flee.

Escapee Philip Shirley hid in the woods for an hour before deciding to find his way back to the expedition campsite. However his going has been slow as his hands are still tied behind his back with thick rope, he's also trying to remain quiet so as not to let Burlington or his savage friends find him, and not to mention that without a map or compass, he's quite lost.

Once Burlington wakes up from his nap and finds one of his captives missing, he uses all of his strength to cast the Steal Life's Blood spell twice more, thus getting rid of two students and giving him two more voormis servants. He then orders his five voormis warriors to capture alive the remaining university members at the camp, as well as the Campbell family, and bring them all back to the temple in order to raise up more of Tsathoggua's slain faithful. After issuing his commands, the depleted anthropologist nearly passes out from exhaustion, for some hours.

### Option: The Big Friends

If he decides that the player characters are too overwhelmed by the combination of voormis, the Hynd family, Professor Burlington, and the formless spawn, the keeper may wish to give the players

new allies — the two bigfeet. These giants are fearful of the events taking place. Having no real desire to worship Tsathoggua and with a growing fear of Burlington and his increasing force of savage voormis, the bigfeet could realize that their best chance to return to their old way of life would be to aid the investigators in fighting the insane anthropologist.

How the two Dunlow Creatures express their desire to help the trembling college students is up to the keeper. Perhaps during a fight between the investigators and the voormis the bigfeet suddenly come running to the aid of the students and dispatch a voormis or two. After the battle is over, the bigfeet could slowly and carefully approach the bewildered investigators with arms outstretched in friendship.

The bigfeet could play a passive part at first, appearing in the woods as the students make their way towards the temple and either following the group quietly or leading them in the right direction by letting themselves be seen and waving the at humans. In this case the bigfeet could make a dramatic entrance during the big battle at the temple if the investigators need their help.

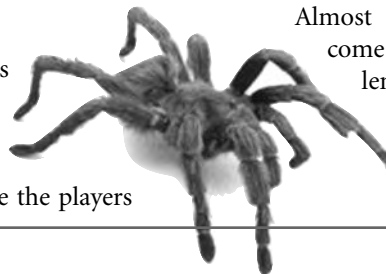
Last but not least, if the investigators had time to visit John Whitedeer of the Wammic tribe and learned some Sasquatch words from him, they may be able to converse in a very basic way with the bigfeet or render other aid.

## The Gathering

Before the player characters have a chance to leave camp find the second X on Lansdale's map (which shows the location of the buried temple), or to take the wooded trail to the Hynd farm as they might have planned to do last night . . . they hear a cry for help from the woods. They see an anthropology student, Philip Shirley most likely, come running toward them, screaming for help at the top of his lungs.

Philip is covered in dirt and bleeding from numerous cuts on his face, also his hands are tied behind his back. As soon as the frightened student makes it into camp he yells "Run, they're right behind me." Before anyone can ask him what he means, they get their answer in the form of two flying bolas which strike two unsuspecting students, neither an investigator. One set of bolas wraps around a student's legs, tripping him, while the other student has the bolas twine about his neck with the heavy weighted ends crashing cruelly against the side of his head, knocking him unconscious.

Almost simultaneously, five howling voormis come charging into camp armed with clubs, lengths of rope and crude but effective nets. The voormis intend to take the humans prisoner but they also carry stone axes to kill anyone who proves





to be too much trouble. Within seconds the campsite descends into chaos.

Panic strikes everyone. While the voormis are outnumbered, they seize the moment of surprise and use it to great effect. Many students, perhaps including an investigator or two, are quickly and easily netted or clubbed into submission. Some may choose to fight the voormis, but these fierce savages are seasoned warriors well versed in hand-to-hand fighting and most likely the college students are not. Running into the woods may seem like an option, but the feral voormis are quick and more suited for wooded pursuit than are their human prey.

If none of the players think of it, Stephen Campbell comes up with the best idea when he yells out “Quick, everyone run to my father’s house.” Then he, Professor Carris, Philip Shirley, and whomever else the keeper has left standing begin to run for the farmhouse. Hopefully the investigators are wise enough to follow.

As the small band runs through the field towards the Campbell home, three voormis will chase them while the other two stay behind at the campsite to finish up things there. Approaching the farmhouse, the group sees Morris Campbell come out of the front door with a double barrel shotgun. The farmer yells, “Everyone get inside.” then fires one of the barrels into the air. This causes the voormis to stop in their tracks. When Morris fires the other barrel, the three creatures jog back in the direction of the campsite. This gives everyone enough time to make it inside the Campbell house and to shut and bolt the door.

### Making a Run for It

When the investigators decide it’s time to take some sort of action, they most likely act on their own. Dr. Carris and Philip Shirley are in no condition to offer assistance. The three Campbells want to stay together as they are all the family they have left and since Carris and Shirley are not up to moving, they will stay at the farmhouse and keep an eye on them.

Furthermore, having his two sons to protect, Morris does not want to relinquish his shotgun to the player characters even though they are likely to be the ones risking their necks outside with the voormis. Perhaps a really good **Persuade** roll might get the farmer to part with his gun, but it had better be good. Of course, if the keeper decided to have other university students run to the Campbell farmhouse with the investigators when the voormis first attacked, then they may be willing to lend a hand.

When the investigators are ready to go they have to decide on what action to take. They could try for the weapons in the barn, they could make a dash for the dig site camp to get Carris’ journal, or as Morris Campbell

will suggest, they can make a run for their closest neighbors, the Hynd farm, to get help. All three of these plans mean that the investigators will have to get past from five to seven voormis surrounding the house.

The best tactic in facing these savage warriors is to hit and run. The voormis are spread out, so attacking one or two of the closest ones in force and quickly overpowering them could allow the group to rush past the others before they can get close. Investigators who wish to stand their ground and fight all the voormis are likely going to die.

### Going for the Barn

Running for the barn, investigators have to cover over thirty yards while being chased by three voormis (two will remain watching the house), not including any they had to waylay to get away from the farmhouse. As if that wasn’t enough, a keeper may have a voormis waiting for the investigators directly in front of the barn, enjoying a meal of dead horseflesh. If the investigators can make it inside the barn, they can bar the doors for a few moments of safety while they look for possible weapons. However, the barn was not designed to keep rampaging bipeds at bay, so within a few rounds the voormis find a weak spot in the barn’s rear wall and make their own door. Hopefully by the time this happens the students inside have something to fight with, are ready to run back to the Campbell house, or ready to run to their next objective.

#### Likely Weapons

Morris Campbell’s Double Barrel 20-gauge Shotgun, damage 1D6/1D3/1. Range: 10/20/50 yards. Ammo: 10 rounds of birdshot.

1 Stick of Dynamite, damage 5D6 in a 5 yard radius. Ammo: 5 sticks in the Campbell barn.

Axe Handle, damage 1D4+db

Hammer, damage 1D4+db

Hatchet, damage 1D6+1+db

Kitchen Knife, damage 1D6+db plus impale.

Pitchfork, damage 1D8+db plus impale.

Scythe, damage 1D8+1+db

Shovel, damage 1D4+db

Pick Axe, damage 1D6+db

Sickle, damage 1D6+1+db

Double Bit Wood Axe, damage 1D8+2+db

### Going to the Hynd Farm

If the investigators decide to go to the Hynds for help, Morris Campbell can tell them where to find the winding trail that runs along the Wynnaquate River. Hiking in daylight along this twisting, three-mile path takes about an hour at a steady pace due to the rough terrain





it covers, perhaps half of that if an athlete at forced speed.

Unfortunately for the investigators, the Hynd clan has had an earlier visitor this day, the Thomas McCoy-spawn thing. This servant of Tsathoggua relayed a message from Prof. Burlington telling the family of cultists that with the nearby bridge damaged, some university people might come to their farm looking for help. He ordered the Hynd family to capture anyone who comes and to deliver them alive to the buried temple. Not wanting to anger a god or such a fierce servant as the parasitical formless spawn, the Hynds try their simple-minded, inbred best to do just that.

When the investigators make it to the Hynd farm, Jeb, the leader of this family, is friendly. This revision of attitude might be the player characters' first clue that something is amiss. Jeb leads the group toward his house with the promise that they can use his telephone to call the constable. Any player character smart enough to question this can attempt either a **Spot Hidden** or an **Idea** roll to notice the lack of phone wires running to the house.

Reaching the dilapidated house finds two of the oldest Hynd boys sitting on the front porch. One is sharpening the long, curved blade of a scythe while the other is absent-mindedly stabbing the tines of a pitchfork into the porch's rotting floorboards.

If Jeb Hynd can get the investigators into his house he quickly grabs his shotgun while his two boys block the group's retreat with their deadly farm tools. The other members of the Hynd clan (including a daughter of seven) then come out of the house's back room, each armed with some sort of knife, cleaver, or hatchet.

This is a bad predicament for the investigators to be in, but that's what happens when you walk into a trap. Unless they can do something, the players will see their characters bound, then led through the woods to the half-buried temple of Tsathoggua. What happens there is up to the keeper to decide, but it won't be pleasant. Torture, murder, or being sacrificed to bring back more voormis are just some of the atrocities possible. If the investigators avoid going into the Hynd farmhouse or put up a fight, they still will have to contend with an insane family armed with many nasty weapons and a shotgun.

If the player characters can avoid the trap and outwit the dimwit Hynds (possible), or somehow defeat them in combat (dubious or costly), they stand to gain a few useful items.

- First and foremost is Jeb's single-shot 12-gauge damage with thirteen shells loaded with buckshot. Damage 4D6/2D6/1D6. Range 10/20/50 yards. Note: must take one round to reload after every shot. This weapon could prove invaluable against the voormis.

- Next is a large array of sharp and deadly farm tools that can be used in hand-to-hand combat. Match the Campbell's cutlery list a little earlier.
- Behind the farmhouse is a little shed housing the family still. The strong alcohol it produces could be used to make seven Molotov cocktails.
- Molotov cocktail, damage 2D6 + Luck roll to burn. Ammo: Jeb Hynd's moonshine still makes seven Molotov cocktails.

The bad news is that the Hynds don't really have a telephone or any means of transportation to town. The family's only living horse is in such a pitiful state that if it had to carry anyone heavier than a small child for more than a mile it would probably drop dead. This means that the students are still about five miles from town. If the investigators try to make the long trek to Dunlow on foot they will be attacked by any voormis in the area — ordered there as a screen by Burlington to keep their cruelties a secret from the outside world. These hairy savages are just as likely to kill humans as to capture them.

## The McCoy-Spawn at the Campsite

When the investigators go back to the campsite, depending on time either looking for Carris' journal or on their way to the buried temple, they notice that it has been ransacked. All the tents have been pulled down, clothes and equipment litter the area, and are empty of the people who were captured by the voormis. Those unfortunates have already been marched back to the temple, to await sacrifice. What the investigators might be surprised to find here is their missing fellow student, Thomas McCoy.

The McCoy-spawn thing is standing near the scattered remains of Carris' tent. The so-called Thomas carries a long tree branch and when the investigators come across the creature, it is using this branch to push away the bronze and wood shield with the strange star carved on its face. Lying next to the shield is both the archaeologist's journal and the ancient statue the university uncovered a few days ago.

Thomas looks dirty, disheveled, and sickly pale, but otherwise normal enough. When the investigators approach or call out to Thomas, the thing inside him will have its human host say; "Come over here and remove this shield." After a two second pause, it adds "please" as an afterthought, then grace the assembled humans with a stiff, humorless smile.

The parasitical formless spawn wants to move the Elder-Sign- inscribed shield away from the statuette of Tsathoggua, so it can return the magically endowed idol to the temple. If the investigators are foolish enough to do this for him, then the thing picks up the statue and runs off into the woods.



The thing will not attack the investigators unless it has to, as it knows they are worth more to Tsathoggua alive than dead. The McCoy-spawn might, however, try to lure the investigators to the temple by one means or another once it has the statue. At the temple, the formless spawn will burst forth from the shell of Thomas McCoy in order to terrify, and hopefully chase, the investigators into the temple where they can be corralled for later use as sacrifices.

If the investigators ask “McCoy” too many questions, or refuse to remove the shield outright, then the spawn within will send a large portion of its mass out of McCoy’s body in the form of dozens of black tentacles. These tentacles burst forth from Thomas-thing’s ears, mouth, nose, and even eyes. Seeing this horrible sight costs 1/1D6 Sanity points.

The spawn threatens and tries to intimidate the investigators either into removing the shield or handing over the Tsathoggua statue. If someone realizes (with a successful **Idea** roll if need be) that the creature has shown that it can’t approach the shield, the player characters may then try to use it against the spawn. However, the Elder Sign on the shield’s front only works if the spawn is directly in front of it and then only protects the person holding the shield and a small group of people within very close proximity to the shield-bearer.

How the investigators get around the formidable obstacle that the formless spawn represents is up to them. They could just give the creature the statue and it would go away, but that would mean that they would still have to face it later at the temple and also that Burlington would have by then killed more innocents and resurrected more voormis.

Trying to fight the formless spawn proves difficult to nearly impossible with the scant few weapons at the investigators’ disposal. If the group has already been to the Campbell barn and are armed with dynamite, this might be their best bet of beating this living nightmare; however, the chaos resulting from a quick and deadly spawn coupled with multiple sticks of exploding dynamite are sure to reap havoc upon the investigators as well.

Also, though their retrieval and application are chancy, there is in the parking area in front of the Campbell farmhouse considerable gasoline and also battery acid – in the vehicles.

One interesting way the group could best the formless spawn could come about if they use the shield to back the creature into someplace where it was trapped. Since this is all taking place outdoors, there isn’t too many places to trap the creature in, except for the earth itself. Backing the McCoy-spawn into the dig site and

into one of the deeper holes with the shield left over the top of the hole would force the spawn to dig its way out via another tunnel. While this creature is quite capable of doing this, with or without McCoy’s body, it would give the investigators hopefully enough time to get Carris’ journal, read its brief entries, and then make a dash for the hidden temple to finish off Burlington before the spawn is freed.

Additionally, trapping the spawn in such a manner then dropping a few sticks of dynamite down the hole might kill the creature outright. Oh, and in case the players ask, yes the nearby latrines would also work out well for this. They just better hope that if they throw explosives down one of those holes they can get away before it explodes, or else they are in for a revolting surprise.

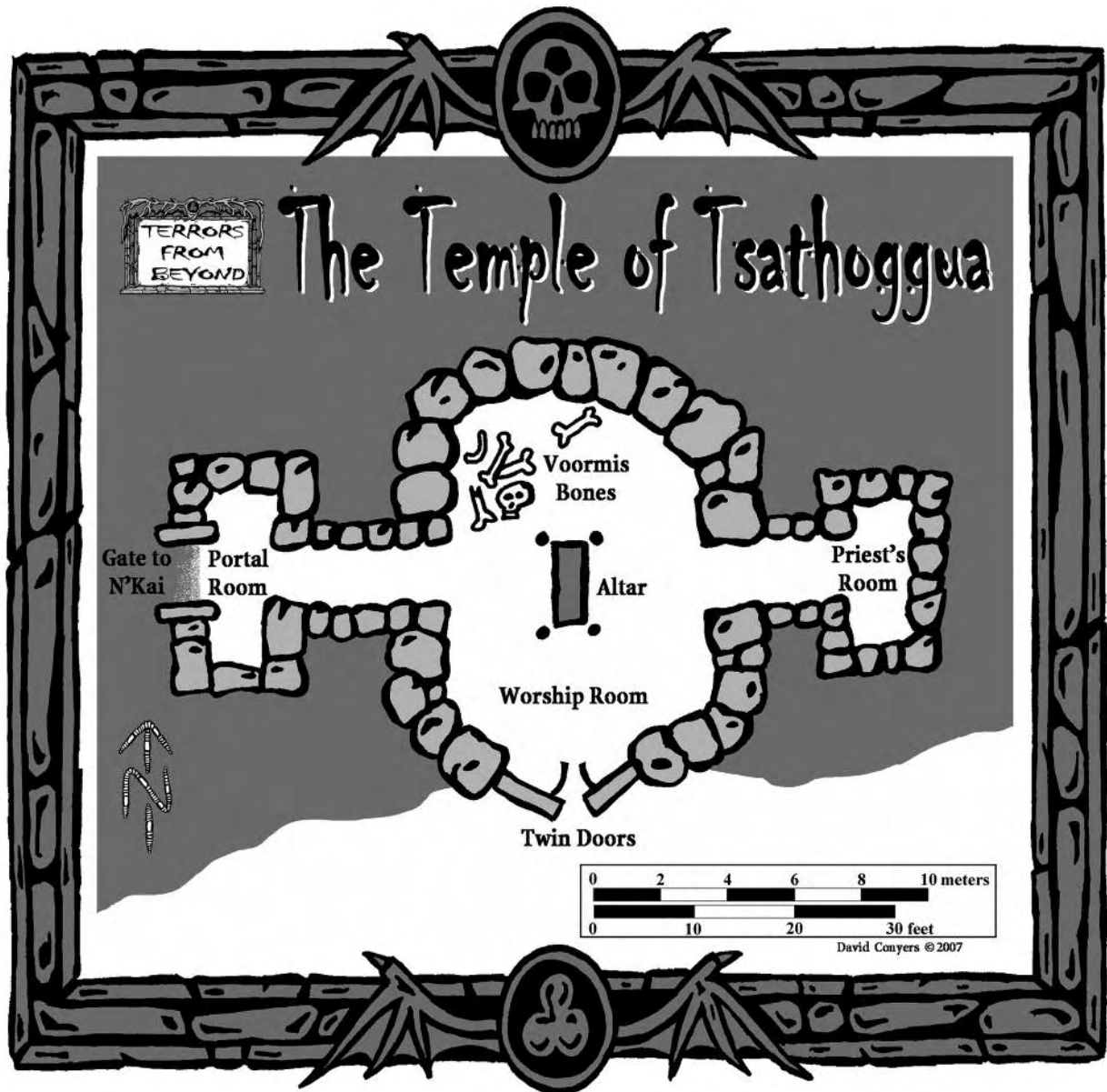
If the formless spawn is defeated, imprisoned, driven away or otherwise vanquished, the investigators can rummage the scattered remains of Carris’ tent to find his journal. This book is largely the man’s private diary and thereby 90% useless to the investigators, but the last two pages (*Dig Papers #7*) do contain the archeologist’s progress in translating the stone tablet. Reading this part of the journal only takes a few moments. If the investigators believe what they read, and after what they’ve seen so far, they should, then they lose 1/1D2 SAN, gain +2% to their Cthulhu Mythos skill, and become able to cast a spell: Inscribe the Blazing Eye From Above (Elder Sign) if they so desire.

Additionally, searching for the reference book mentioned in Carris’ journal, “The Legends of Hyperborea” by Dr. Gilbert Wenton, requires a successful *Spot Hidden* roll to notice the battered tome trampled face down into the mud. This book was printed in 1919 by Golden Throne Press, London, and at the time was widely dismissed as fancy. Now that the investigators know otherwise, reading it costs them 1D2/1D6 SAN, bestow +4% to their Cthulhu Mythos, and while it contains no spells it does have a large section on the Hyperborean language known as Tsath-Yo which imparts the Mythos language skill Tsath-Yo at 20 + 1D10 points. Reading this second book takes two weeks to study and comprehend.

## To the Temple of Tsathoggua

Finding the buried temple can be accomplished by using Arnold Lansdale’s map and if the investigators realize that the second X should be the temple. Failing this, they may have to persuade or coerce Philip Shirley into leading them back to the hell he just escaped. Doing this won’t be easy and even if the young man





agrees, he was running for his life when he escaped the temple so finding his way back will take both luck and time. Finally, if no other options present themselves, the keeper might have the one or both bigfeet lead the investigators to the temple directly or indirectly.

When the investigators finally reach the second dig site they see a low hill with one side dug away. Within this unearthed section is a wall of ancient stone with a set of double doors in its center. The stonework is still largely caked in dirt but some sections have been brushed clean to reveal gray stone beneath. These cleared sections show symbols carved into the stone that resemble the Tsath-Yo language used by the Hyperboreans to write the tablet, but are slightly different. These symbols are actually the voormis' own degenerate version of Tsath-Yo and therefore have only

allow half the normal chance of success to be translated by any reader who knows only Classical Hyperborean.

The twin doors of the temple are also stone and so are the hinges. This shows that the Voormis had a high degree of engineering skill but lacked metalworking knowledge.

The interior of the temple is not large. Most of its space occupied by the main worship room and two smaller rooms behind it, one being the priest's chambers and the other the portal room. It is only six feet from floor to ceiling as the voormis who built the temple were short. Tall investigators and the two bigfeet have to crouch when inside. Decorating the walls are many carvings depicting the glory of Tsathoggua and his faithful voormis following.





The main worship room is about thirty feet in diameter, and is devoid of furnishings except for the altar at its center. The altar is of strange design, with a thick column rising out of one of the altar's ends and standing two feet above the top of the altar's main body. The altar measures roughly seven feet long, two feet wide, and three feet high. At the four corners of the altar are eight-inch stone posts to which someone has recently tied lengths of new rope, probably to hold a struggling sacrifice secure. To one side of the altar are piles of voormis bones that have recently been collected and arranged for easy resurrection. There are about forty such piles.

Scattered throughout the room are many human bones. They still drip red. Though devoid of flesh, these bones show gnaw marks and some have been cracked open so the marrow within could be sucked out. This is all that remains of those who Burlington has already sacrificed, for the voormis he brings back from the dead all have incredible appetites.

The smaller room to the right of the main chamber is the priest's room and there is found only Burlington's sleeping bag and a few personal items. This is the room where all the dead voormis were once laid to rest by the Hyperboreans. The second room, to the left of the altar area, contains the magic portal to N'Kai and any of the survivors taken in the voormis raid. The captives are bound hand and foot with a length of rope tied around their necks and attached to large wooded pegs embedded into the stone ceiling.

### The Portal

The portal resembles an ornately carved archway with a completely dark room beyond. Shining a light into the archway has no effect on the darkness beyond. No inanimate objects will pass through this arch unless accompanied by something alive, so throwing a rock at the arch will have it appear that the rock hit an invisible wall at the portal's mouth and was deflected away. Anyone curious or foolish enough to walk through, or even place their hand within the portal, loses 3 magic points, 1 Sanity point, and is instantly transported to the dark underground world of N'Kai. There the poor fool will be in total darkness save for the meager light spilling in through the portal he or she just crossed. Yes, looking at the portal from this side shows the temple's gate room and any one who might be in it, although communication through the gateway is impossible. Any investigator who finds their way into N'Kai had better return to his own surface world quickly or else run the risk of encountering one of Tsathoggua's formless spawn it would be nearly invisible in the total darkness of this underworld. Crossing back from N'kai to the temple costs an additional 3 magic points and 1 Sanity point.

### Trouble at the Temple

When the investigators arrive at the temple, it is not empty; Prof. Burlington is there as well as a couple of voormis. Unless dealt with beforehand the McCoy-spawn most is likely also to be there and if so, then chances are the statuette of Tsathoggua has been returned as well, making Burlington a powerhouse of magical energy. Things might look grim for the investigators, but with cleverness and quick action, they might still save the day, not to mention saving their surviving friends imprisoned within the temple.

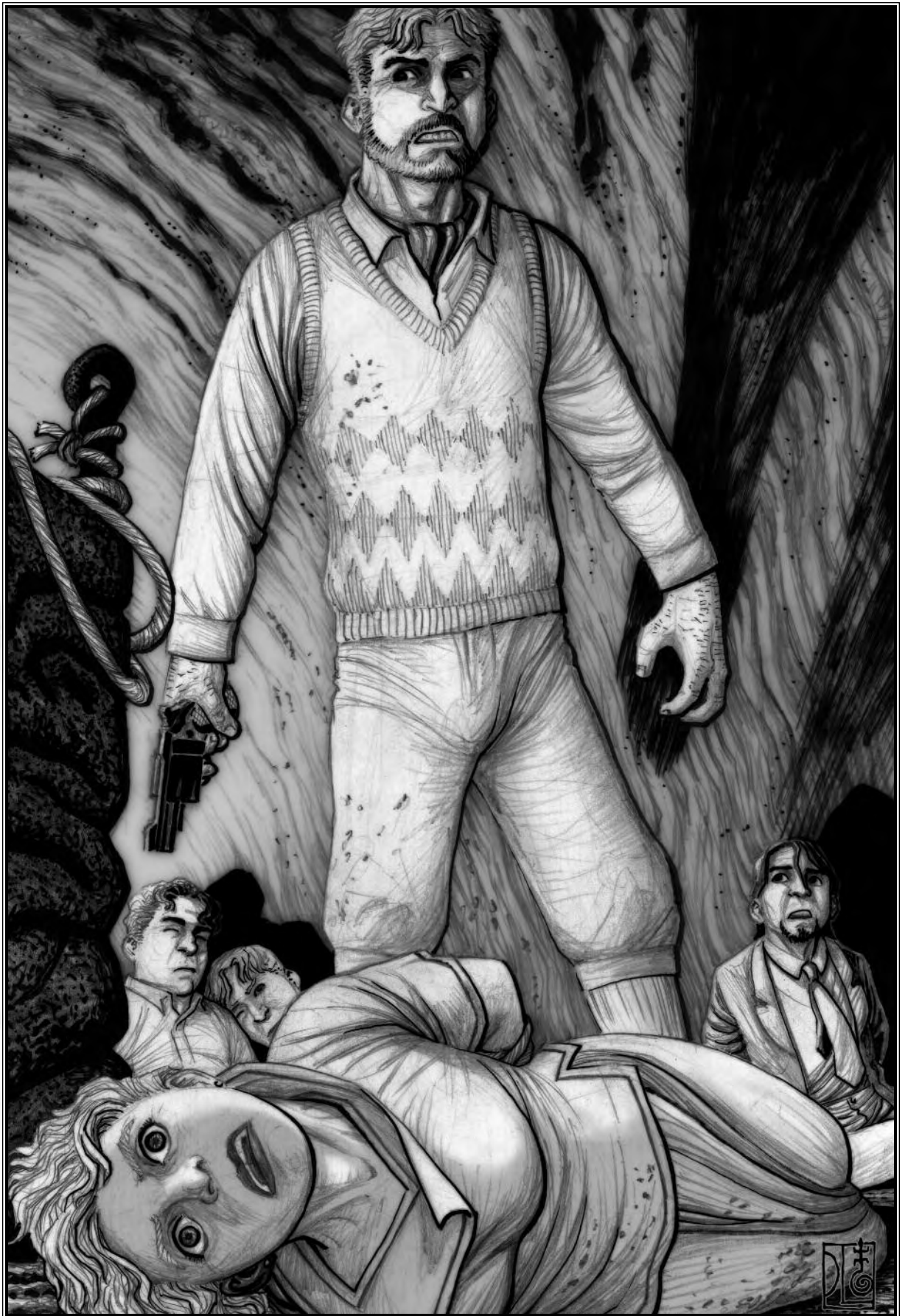
The specifics of this conclusion are left up to the keeper to decide. First, the keeper should figure out the total number of voormis Burlington resurrected, keeping in mind that he needed to kill one human for every reanimated voormis. This determines how many voormis guards will be at the temple, how many were sent to the Campbell farmhouse, and also how many prisoners are still alive. It is highly suggested that there be anywhere from two to five voormis warriors at the temple, but also that there be some remaining living captives for the investigators to rescue.

Another factor to keep in mind when deciding on how many voormis are at the temple is the state of the player characters. If they are badly beaten up and/or poorly armed, then the keeper should have only two or three voormis for them to face. On the other hand, if they're in fine health and loaded for bear, then he should feel free to throw a small hoard of hairy, savage warriors at them.

### Setting Burlington's Actions

A keeper with a flair for the dramatic might have Burlington at the altar getting ready to sacrifice another student to Tsathoggua. This will force the investigators into quick action, unless they want another innocent life lost. Allowing this sacrifice to commence will cost each investigator 1D6 SAN, not to mention 1/1D6 SAN for witnessing this gruesome Steal Life's Blood ritual. Ouch! Once the fight begins, and there will be a fight because the insane anthropologist and his undead savages will not surrender, Burlington has his voormis rush the investigators to keep them busy while he uses his .38 revolver from a safe distance. The professor shoots at the best-armed investigators. The good news is that Burlington wasn't expecting on a shoot-out, so he only has six bullets in his gun and no other ammo. Once his gun is empty, the mad professor employs his one offensive spell, Power Drain, in an attempt to drain enough magic points out of a victim to cause him to fall unconscious.

Remember, if the statue of Tsathoggua has been returned to the temple, then Burlington can draw up to 120 magic points to make sure he wins the magic point





## Dig Papers #7

Excerpts from Adam Carris' journal concerning the translation of the Black Tablet.

"Translation of possible Hyperborean stone tablet. The language is Tsath-Yo as verified by Dr. Gilbert Wenton's *The Legends of Hyperborea*."

"Many years (have passed since?) Hyperborea entered the unending cold death (Ice Age?). Long years did we travel towards where the sun dies (west?) seeking a new home only to find those who we thought to have killed, the (uncertain of word, either vile or dark or both) worshipers of Tsathoggua (speak with Armitage about this name) had come here before us. Readily we made war against the old enemy. Through much death and divine (four symbols here to worn to translate) defeat the followers of the Sleeper (Tsathoggua?) Only a few ran into the woods and escaped death as payment for their evil. Long and (hard, difficult?) the war did rage and many (times?) did we have to slay the enemy over and over again for the foul ones would take prisoners when (three worn symbols) to later sacrifice in their great stone temple to bring (back, return?) those savages we had already killed. (Resurrection mythology?)"

"After victory the village of the (uncertain, translates as VOOR-meez. Could be related to legendary Mt. Voormithadreth in Hyperborea?) was put to the fire all but the stone temple. There no man dared to defile it for fear of the curse of living blackness that had befallen us in times past. Instead, the bodies of the savage ones were laid (within, inside?) the temple and all was mortared close. Of their temple we (made?) a tomb and as such we buried it in a hill of earth with the idol of Yhoundeh upon its crest to guard over it. Further, the old seers (who had?) bestowed blessings upon our spears and swords invoked the power of the blazing eye from above by inscribing a star of five points with an eye of flame within. Greatly did (the seers?) bind their own spirits into this seal while reciting the sacred chant (looks like gobbledygook. Not recognizable as Tsath-Yo. Literally translated as: *Ia Ia N'ggah-kthn-y gerb Nodens vith cthul vith cthul T shrib Ia Ia Kthanid r'lhoh thgup thork*) five times while tracing again and again the blazing eye from above. To further weaken the power of the temple before its burial the idol of Tsathoggua (the statue?) was removed to be...."

vs. magic point match on the Resistance Table that the Power Drain spell requires.

Finally, Burlington is not above running away in the heat of battle if things look to be going poorly for him. Since the investigators will most likely be blocking the temple's only exit, the would-be high priest will run to the gate room and if not stopped will jump through the portal to N'kai. The events that could happen next are many. The investigators may want to follow the murderer no matter where he goes for the pursuit of justice or vengeance. Burlington might hide in N'kai with his dark and sleepy master for some time, only to pop up many months later in his own quest for vengeance. Burlington might reach and rouse Tsathoggua from its slumbers long enough to beseech his god to send some of his formless spawn through the portal to deal with the meddlesome investigators. Then again, Tsathoggua might be hungry and cranky when awakened and could take care of Burlington for the investigators in his own way.

## Things to Think About

What part, if any, do the bigfeet play in the final showdown? They might still be afraid of Burlington and his dark god, enough to follow their orders and attack the investigators or, as suggested before, they might have joined the investigators in an attempt to rid their woodland home of this ancient evil and return to their old, peaceful way of life.

If the investigators start chucking dynamite around inside the temple not only will the run a good chance of killing each other and the prisoners they have come to save, but also the ancient temple might come crumbling down around them.

Also, what about the McCoy-spawn? Is the creature present for this battle?

Once the battle is over and the captives safe, the keeper will have a few loose ends to wrap up. First off, the bigfeet will try to disappear back into the woods to once again become the things of legend. If one of the bigfeet has died then its mate will take it away to be buried in a secret grave. If both bigfeet are dead then the investigators have just made scientific history, so naturally this is not recommended.

Being the product of black magic, any slain voormis dissolves into a puddle of blood and old bits of bone, leaving very little trace. Those voormis not killed run into the woods; if enough of them survive they will band together later. This group could be a serious threat that the investigators will have to deal with someday. Remember, because of the Steal Life's Blood spell used to resurrect them, these hairy beasts now have a troubling thirst for blood.





If the McCoy-spawn survived, what will it do? One possible future adventure could occur if the investigators take the statue of Tsathoggua back to Miskatonic U. The parasitical formless spawn is still bound to return that statue to its god, so a series of ghastly and inexplicable murders might suddenly begin at the University as the thing tries to track down the statue. That this spawn can move from body to body would make things very interesting.

Last but not least is the temple itself. Left standing it is an incredible archaeological discovery, but some keepers don't like having such large and solid proof of the mythos readily at hand. The temple could be done away somehow. The briefly mentioned "Curse of Living Blackness" that the Hyperboreans feared so much would be one way. Imagine Tsathoggua being so mad that his temple was sacked for a second time that he sends a flood of glistening formless spawn through the magic portal. Or worse yet, he's fully awake and decides to make a personal appearance. Let's just say that if that happens the investigators had better have that Elder Sign spell ready. Being students they should take a page from history and follow the Hyperborean example by burying the damnable temple once again.

### Sanity Awards

- For saving the lives of those captured by the voormis: +1D10 SAN.
- For killing or capturing Professor Joseph Burlington: +1D6 SAN.
- For killing the McCoy/spawn: +1D10 SAN.
- Allowing all those captured by the voormis to die: minus 2D6 SAN.

### Statistics

To save time and space, not all characters in this scenario have written statistics. They may play too minor a part in the story, may not be encountered at all or, like Arnold Lansdale, may be doomed not to last very long. If the keeper feels the need for statistics for these individuals, then he or she should feel free to make them up. Below is information for the most important characters found in this adventure.

#### Dr. Joseph Burlington, age 47, Insane and Evil

##### Anthropologist

What more can be said about this deranged and dangerous man that hasn't already been depicted by this scenario? He's an insane anthropologist who's completely devoted to Tsathoggua and will do anything that great old one commands. Dr. Burlington has brown hair, brown eyes, and a neatly trimmed beard. He sometimes smokes a pipe of foul-smelling tobacco. He dresses sharply whenever possible.

STR 08    CON 14    SIZ 13    INT 17    POW 20  
DEX 14    APP 10    EDU 19    SAN 0    HP 14

**Damage Bonus:** +0

**Weapon:** .38 Revolver 30%, damage 1D10

**Skills:** Anthropology 80%,  
Biology 50%, Credit  
Rating 65%, Cthulhu  
Mythos 26%, History  
50%, Library Use 70%,  
Occult 60%, Persuade  
50%, Psychology 50%,  
Spot Hidden 50%.

**Spells:** Contact

Deity/Tsathoggua,  
Deflect Harm, Power  
Drain, Steal Life's Blood,  
Voorish Sign.

**Languages:** English 85%,  
French 55%, German  
54%, Speak Sasquatch  
60%; Voormis 25%



#### Dr. Adam Carris, age 43, Leader of the Excavation.

Dr. Carris was once an athlete and is still in fine physical shape . . . except that his brown hair is rapidly thinning and his blue eyes are usually magnified by thick glasses that he must wear to see anything past ten feet. Additionally, Adam has an oral fixation so when he's not chain-smoking he's chewing on the end of his glasses or biting his fingernails down to the quick.

Dr. Carris is one of Miskatonic's little known professors. He has gone his entire career without ever making a major discovery or distinguishing himself in any way. Everyone knows how envious he is of his colleagues who have had streams of papers accepted by major journals while he has yet to see one of his papers printed even in a minor publication. The Dunlow outing is the first time Adam Carris has been on an archaeological dig since his own days as a student, let alone lead one.

Adam is a man preoccupied with what he sees as a failing career. For the past five years he has been desperately trying to gain some recognition but falls short every time. He is a man who's wound tight and ready to snap. At the dig, as the students he's in charge of begin to disappear or turn up dead, he will start to fall apart. Once the horrors of the mythos pop up a complete breakdown seizes him.

STR 12    CON 15    SIZ 14    INT 16    POW 13  
DEX 09    APP 13    EDU 22    SAN 55    HP 14

**Damage Bonus:** +0

**Weapon:** none

**Skills:** Anthropology 45%, Archaeology 85%, Credit Rating  
70%, First Aid 60%, Geology 55%, History 75%, Library  
Use 80%, Occult 50%, Persuade 50%, Ride 50%, Spot  
Hidden 60%.

**Languages:** English 92%, French 60% Spanish 44%, Tsath-Yo  
30%



### Dr. Amanda Nelson, age 37, Beautiful Botanist.

Tall and slender with shoulder length auburn hair, brown eyes, and flawless complexion. In the classroom Dr. Nelson wears conservative dresses, but in the outdoors she dons men's shirts, pants and shoes. No matter what she's in, Amanda always turns heads. She is one of the most fantasized-about women on campus. Rumors, perhaps wishful thinking, have it that she had to leave her post at near-by Brown University after an affair with one of her students. Thoughts of this happening again keep more than one boy up late at night.

The truth behind the scandalous rumors is that Amanda did have an affair, but with a fellow professor and not a student. Unfortunately, the man was also married. Because of this she wisely changed universities and decided to avoid romantic relationships altogether — then did it all over again by falling in love with Dr. Carris.

STR 13    CON 14    SIZ 14    INT 17    POW 11  
DEX 11    APP 17    EDU 18    SAN 55    HP 14

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapon:** none

**Skills:** Art (sketching) 45%, Biology 60%, Botany 75%, Credit Rating 55%, First Aid 50%, Library Use 50%, Listen 50%, Natural History 70%, Persuade 65%, Spot Hidden 50%  
Swim 55%, Track 65%.

**Languages:** English 90%, French 54%, German 53%

### Stephen Campbell, age 19, Bookish Farm Boy

Stephen is a young man with flat brown hair and hazel eyes. At university not much is known about him but what is said about him is not very kind. The general opinion around school is that he's just a local farm boy who has managed to become Dr. Carris' pet student.

Anyone who has some of the same classes with Stephen and has taken the time to get to know him discovers that he is a friendly, thoughtful boy who happens to be quiet, shy and intimidated by college life, at least so far. Stephen is also very smart and genuinely wants to learn as much as he can about all topics.

STR 13    CON 17    SIZ 14    INT 18    POW 12  
DEX 10    APP 11    EDU 18    SAN 60    HP 16

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapon:** Fist/Punch 65%, 1D3+db

**Skills:** Archaeology 65%, Biology 40%, Chemistry 35%, Farming 65%, History 40%, Library Use 50%, Natural History 55%, Physics 50%, Ride 65%, Spot Hidden 60%, Track 55%.

### Thomas McCoy, age 20, Handsome Football Star

Being one of the university's resident football heroes, Thomas is a Big Man On Campus. Everyone knows him. This combined with his light blond hair, blue eyes, perfect teeth and dimples makes him very popular with the ladies. As typical for many athletes, Thomas focuses most of his time and attention on sports and not enough on his class-

es. As a result, his grades have steadily slipped. When he heard of the extra credit being offered for a hole-digging trip, he jumped at the chance. Besides, he knew a couple of cute girls would be going, so why not?

STR 16    CON 14    SIZ 17    INT 11    POW 08  
DEX 12    APP 15    EDU 16    SAN 70    HP 16

**Damage Bonus:** +1D6

**Weapon:** Baseball Bat 35%, damage +1D4+1D6

**Skills:** Basic Mathematics 15%, Biology 25%, Block and Tackle 30%, Chemistry 25%, History 30%, Library Use 25%, Memorize Play Book or Anything 60%, Throw Football 75%.



### Lydia Snyder, age 19, Would-be Druid

Despite being quite beautiful with long, black hair, piercing green eyes and a stunning figure, Lydia is nevertheless quite odd. In fact, even with her great looks, most boys pick up on her oddness fairly quickly and soon leave her to her own devices. This has garnered the young lady quite a reputation at the university. Some of her classmates swear that she's a witch, but of course she's not a witch. She's a druid. Or at least, she would like to be one.

While Lydia's parents are normal enough, her grandmother was another story. Granny May, being kind, understanding, and a tad insane, instilled in her only granddaughter a love for Gaelic legends, a deep respect for nature, and a fascination about the mysterious druids of ancient times. This fascination has done nothing but grow over the years and now Lydia considers herself a daughter of the Mother Earth.

Unfortunately for her, even if Lydia survives the terrible events in this scenario she could still be great trouble. She has recently learned of Miskatonic's Orne Library's special collection section and of all the wonderful books it has concerning ancient, pre-Christian religions. She has already put plans into motion with an infatuated student librarian to get her a quick peek at one tome that sounded interesting: "Nameless Cults"

STR 08    CON 15    SIZ 09    INT 16    POW 14  
DEX 16    APP 16    EDU 20    SAN 70    HP 12

**Damage Bonus:** +0

**Weapon:** none

**Skills:** Biology 35%, Botany 25%, History 15%, English Literature 25%, Gaelic Folklore 75%, Natural History 25%, Occult 10%, Predict Weather 23%.

**Languages:** English 48%, Gaelic 30%



### Morris Campbell, age 46, Angry or Grief-stricken

#### Farmer

Morris looks just like an older version of his son, Stephen, with the same flat brown hair and hazel eyes. However, where as Stephen is always friendly and happy, albeit quiet, Morris is quick to anger and is frightening to behold once he loses his temper. During such spells, it usually takes his charming daughter, Susan, to calm him down. Once Susan is brutally murdered, Morris becomes a time bomb waiting to explode.

STR 13    CON 11    SIZ 14    INT 11    POW 10  
DEX 11    APP 12    EDU 15    SAN 50    HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapon:** Double Barrel 20-gauge Shotgun 60%; damage 1D6/1D3/1\*

\* damage reflects bird shot.

**Skills:** Bargain 60%, Craft (Carpentry) 55%, Credit Rating 40%, Farming 75%, Natural History 70%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Ride 70%, Track 50%, Veterinary Medicine 55%.

### Jeb Hynd, age 55, Deranged, Inbred, Cultist Farmer

With unwashed black hair, wide-spaced brown eyes, a strange rash covering most of his face and a mouth full of rotting or missing teeth, Jeb is the inbred hillbilly personified. He is also as mean and dumb as he is dirty, which makes him the perfect pawn for Dr. Burlington and an unpredictable and violent adversary for the investigators.



Jeb has the mentality of a bully but not the means. He and his family are the town's joke and he knows it. That is why he was so quick to worship Tsathoggua once Dr. Burlington demonstrated his powers. Jeb hopes to please his dark god so that it will reward him with the power to get back at all those who made fun of him. Needless to say, that's a long list.

STR 15    CON 09    SIZ 12    INT 07    POW 12  
DEX 13    APP 05    EDU 11    SAN 23    HP 11

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapon:** Single-Shot 12-gauge Shotgun 40%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6\*

\*must take one round to reload after every shot.

Jackknife 30%, damage 1D4+1D4

**Skills:** Bargain 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, Distill Moonshine 80%, Farming 25%, Natural History 30%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Ride 30%, Track 20%, Veterinary Medicine 25%.

### The Hynd Clan

**Mother, age 28**    STR 12    CON 13    SIZ 10    INT 10  
POW 13    DEX 14    HP 12    DB 0

**Daughter, age 15**    STR 13    CON 12    SIZ 12    INT 07  
POW 08    DEX 13    HP 12    DB +1D4

**Daughter, age 7**    STR 06    CON 09    SIZ 05    INT 11  
POW 10    DEX 15    HP 07    DB -1D6

**Son, age 14**    STR 12    CON 13    SIZ 13    INT 12  
POW 12    DEX 08    HP 13    DB +1D4

**Son, age 13**    STR 09    CON 09    SIZ 07    INT 09  
POW 09    DEX 11    HP 08    DB -1D4

**Son, age 10**    STR 08    CON 11    SIZ 05    INT 06  
POW 14    DEX 11    HP 08    DB -1D4

**Weapons:** Hatchet 40%, damage 1D6+1+db  
Kitchen Knife 30%, damage 1D6+db plus impale  
Pitchfork 40%, damage 1D8+db plus impale  
Scythe 40%, damage 1D8+2+db  
Sickle 30%, damage 1D6+1+db  
Wood Axe 40%, damage 1D8+2+db

### Two Bigfeet

#### Male

STR 22    CON 19    SIZ 23    INT 11    POW 12  
DEX 16    HP 21

**Damage Bonus:** +2D6

**Weapon:** Fists 65%, 1D3+2B6 Stone Axe 60%, 1D8+2+2B6 Large Hurlled Rocks 50%, 1D8+1D6

**Armor:** 3 points of thick hide and hair

**Skills:** Climb 80%, Cover Trail 80%, Dodge 50%, Hide 70%, Jump 60%, Listen 65%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 60%, Swim 45%, Throw 60%, Track 70%.

**Sanity Loss:** Seeing a bigfoot costs 0/1D6 SAN.

#### Female

STR 18    CON 20    SIZ 19    INT 13    POW 14  
DEX 13    HP 20

**Damage Bonus:** +1D6

**Weapon:** Fists 60%, damage 1D3+1D6 Large Club 50%, damage 1D8+1D6 Large Hurlled Rocks 40%, damage 1D8+1D4

**Armor:** 2-point thick hide and hair

**Spell:** Brew Tsath-kra (Contact Deity/Tsathoggua)

**Skills:** Climb 70%; Cover Trail 80%, Hide 75%; Herbal Medicine 65%; Jump 50%; Listen 75%; Sneak 70%; Spot Hidden 65%; Throw 50%; Track 45%.

**Sanity Loss:** Seeing a bigfoot costs 0/1D6 SAN Reanimated

### Voormis

The voormis are a primitive race of hairy humanoids that, for the most part, became extinct many of thousands of years ago. These shaggy creatures are slightly smaller than humans, but with their habit of walking crouched over and only half erect, they seem smaller



yet. However, they are strong, savage fighters who seem to know no fear. These voormis are resurrected examples of the race as they were thousands of years ago. Because of this they are smarter than any voormis that naturally survived until the 1920's. The ancient voormis civilization boasted a primitive political system, a crude form of written language, the ability to raise stone structures, and an organized religion in their worship of Tsathoggua.

In combat, voormis most often attack with crude spears, stone axes, or even with their clawed hands. Voormis are also quite proficient in the use of bolas and use these exotic weapons when seeking to capture a victim alive — usually to use as a sacrifice to Tsathoggua after sunset.

char.	rolls	averages
STR	2D6+8	14-16
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+3	09-11
INT	3D6	10-11
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6+3	12-14
MOV		08
HP		10-11

**Av. Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Claws 30%, damage 1D4+db Club 50%, damage 1D8+db Stone Axe 45%, damage 1D6+1+db Spear 45%, damage 1D8+db Bolas 50%, damage 1D4 +entangle Net 35%, damage entangle

**Armor:** 1-point tough hide

**Spells:** If a voormis' INT x1 or less is rolled on D100 it knows 1D3 spells.

## Six Player Characters

Here are six characters for the players to use for this adventure:

- Each has specific ties to other characters or fills a vital roll that the investigators will need, to solve and survive this mystery.
- Each character description should be photocopied and given to the person who will play him or her.
- Keepers should not let players read about characters they are not going to play.
- Lastly, even if a student character is listed with a weapon skill, none of them is carrying weapons on this outing unless it specifically says so in their character description.

### William "Bill" Balin, age 20, local boy makes good

You are sort of out of place with most of the students going on this trip. They come from far-away cities while you are a born and raised Arkham boy who happened to win a scholarship to the prestigious university. You are hyper-sensitive to this fact and take exception to anyone

treating you like a "Local Yokel." However, because of your rural upbringing you are far more at home on farms and in the woods than your classmates, so maybe on this trip you can show them a thing or two.

STR 13	CON 13	SIZ 13	INT 17	POW 12
DEX 11	APP 12	EDU 15	SAN 60	HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapon:** Fist 60%, damage 1D3 Shotgun 50%, damage depends upon weapon caliber.

**Skills:** Archaeology 50%, Dodge 45%, Library Use 45%, Listen 50%, Natural History 55%, Navigate 50%, Ride 40%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 50%, Track 60%.

### Betty Harris, age 19, a student with a terrible secret!

You are bright, cheerful, and charming. You make friends fast and master classes just as quick. There's only one problem: all of this is just a façade. Your laughs are often forced and you are incredibly lonely. Even your friends don't know the real you. This is because of the one thing about yourself that you despise. You're gay. You've tried to be like other, normal girls but you just can't help it. You're attracted to women.

No one knows this about you, not anyone at school and certainly not any of your family. The shame of it would just be too much . . . or would it? You would desperately love to find someone to share your life with, to be happy with, and that is why you have come on this outing. You have heard some of the other girls at school say bitter, catty things about Lydia Snyder. How she's never had a boyfriend. How she's not even interested in boys. You know this is a long shot but perhaps, just perhaps, if it is true. So you have come on this fieldtrip to covertly watch and study Lydia and see for yourself if she might be like you.

STR 11	CON 15	SIZ 09	INT 17	POW 14
DEX 10	APP 14	EDU 16	SAN 70	HP 12

**Damage Bonus:** 0

**Weapon:** Fist 50%, damage 1D3

**Skills:** Archaeology 60%, Dodge 40%, First Aid 50%, Geology 50%, Hide 50%, History 55%, Library Use 50%, Listen 60%, Persuade 75%, Spot Hidden 45%.

### Ben Henderson, age 19, a student of the strange

You are the odd duck, so to speak, of this outing. In later years you would be considered a nerd or the like. You'd much rather curl up with a new copy of *Weird Tales* magazine than go traipsing through the woods. In fact, the only reason you went on this expedition is because of your love for the strange and the weird. You have heard a rumor that Professor Carris is looking for Hyperborean artifacts. You know of the legendary Hyperborean age and lands from your huge collection of pulp magazines and if such a place really existed . . . well, you'd just have to see it for yourself.



STR 10    CON 12    SIZ 12    INT 18    POW 13  
 DEX 16    APP 10    EDU 17    SAN 65    HP 12

**Damage Bonus:** 0

**Weapon:** Fist 50%, damage 1D3

**Skills:** Archaeology 50%, Astronomy 45%, Dodge 35%, History 50%, Library Use 55%, Listen 40%, Occult 50%, Open Minded\* 70%, Spot Hidden 40%.

*\*Because of your lengthy background in reading strange and bizarre stories, you are less affected when confronted by things that shouldn't be! A successful roll in this skill means you loose only half the normal amount of Sanity points lost for seeing creatures, magic being cast, or reading mythos tomes. You still loose the normal amount of Sanity points for witnessing gory spectacles and for casting spells should you ever learn any.*

**Joseph Nateleone, age 21, a bad boy trying to change**

You come from the mean streets of Chicago. You and your family are not mixed up with the mob, much to your teenage dismay. You grew up admiring the local wise guys and wanted nothing more than to be like them, so your early teens saw you getting into lots of fights and assorted trouble. You parents were aware of this, wanted you to do something better with your life, and so your father worked his fingers to the bone to get enough money to send you to a good school.

Neither dumb nor ungrateful, you realize all that your family has sacrificed to send you to college

so at last you are outgrowing your idolization of gangsters and are trying to make your mama and papa proud. Yet some things are hard to let go of, like your pearl handled switchblade knife that you always carry. Hey, that was given to you by Johnny "Eight Fingers" Zatieb himself, so no way you're going to give that up.

STR 14    CON 15    SIZ 14    INT 15    POW 11  
 DEX 12    APP 16    EDU 14    SAN 65    HP 15

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapon:** Fist 65%, damage 1D3+1D4 Switchblade Knife 45%, damage 1D4+1D4, can impale Kick When Target Down 45%, damage 1D6+1D4

**Skills:** Archaeology 40%, Dodge 60%, Fast Talk 65%, Library Use 40%, Listen 50%, Locksmith 45%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 40%.

**Nicholas Parker, age 20, a student with a secret**

You are intelligent, a competent student, but you have a secret none of your classmates know: your uncle is Professor Carris. While both you and he know this, you don't want others to find out because then they might think that your good grades are due more to favoritism than to your long hours of study. Yet you are not ashamed of your uncle. In fact you love the man and will do your best to make sure no harm comes to him.

STR 12    CON 11    SIZ 12    INT 16    POW 14  
 DEX 13    APP 09    EDU 16    SAN 70    HP 12

**Damage Bonus:** 0

**Weapon:** Fist 50%, damage 1D3

**Skills:** Archaeology 65%, Chemistry 50%, Dodge 40%, History 60%, Library Use 75%, Listen 55%, Persuade 50%, Speed Read\* 70%, Spot Hidden 55%.

*\*This special skill allows you to read books in half the normal time.*

**Brian Skipp, age 20, budding baseball star**

You are one of the best athletes on Miskatonic's baseball team. You have even been scouted by some of the majors. You would much rather be spending this time with your friends or on the field playing ball but because you have spent so much of your time already doing that your grades have started to slip. This is the reason you went on this boring, but thankfully short, fieldtrip; to get some extra credit in Professor Carris' class. You don't have much in common with anyone else going on this trip except for Thomas McCoy and Eric Ashford, two of the university's football players. You get along very well with these guys as you can always discuss sports when things get dull.

STR 14    CON 16    SIZ 13    INT 12    POW 11  
 DEX 15    APP 12    EDU 14    SAN 55    HP 15

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapon:** Fist 55%, damage 1D3+1D4 Club 50%, damage 1D8+1D4

**Skills:** Archaeology 45%; Climb 50%; Dodge 55%; History 40%; Jump 50%; Library Use 45%; Spot Hidden 70%; Sprint\* 60%; Throw 65%.

*\*This special skill allows you greatly outpace anyone you are likely to encounter in this scenario. In game turns this increases your movement from 8 to 12. You can sprint for a maximum number of rounds equal to your CON score but afterwards you must spend an equal number of rounds doing nothing but catching your breath. ♦*

**Voormis**

	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW	DEX	HP	DB
1*	15	16	10	09	13	16	13	+1D4
2	13	15	08	12	09	11	12	0
3*	16	14	09	08	11	12	12	+1D4
4	15	13	08	11	08	13	11	0
5	14	17	10	10	12	15	14	0
6*	16	13	11	06	14	10	12	+1D4



# The Burning Stars

*In which a haunting disorientation eventually comes to pass.*

by David Conyers

The investigators come into consciousness in a United States military hospital, suffering from ongoing and prolonged blackouts. The previous seven days of their lives have vanished from their minds – not because they can't remember what they saw, but because remembering what they saw brings more pain than they can endure.

What happens to investigators when they're driven insane? What happens when they become so crazy they don't even know they've lost their minds? What happens when all but a single investigator are killed in the most gruesome and bloody manner by the very cause of that insanity? This adventure explores these questions.

The time is late 1930; the locale is Haiti, the Caribbean island famous for Voodoo, African magic, corruption, violence, and for the last decade, United States occupation. A group of investigators has been in Haiti for seven days on a case. The trail of clues they have come across thus far has led them into the heart of a fringe voodoo cult worshipping Nyarlathotep in the form of an avatar, the Floating Horror.

The holy site of this cult is a clearing in the mountainous interior called the Star Pools. It was here that all but one investigator was slaughtered by the creature that dwells in the Pools. The single surviving investigator fled screaming, terrified for his life. His mind was seared with the undeniable knowledge that the cult and its monstrous gods must be stopped, but because his enemies were so powerful such a task seemed hopeless and impossible. Because what the investigator saw – and because of what he knows he must do – he has developed the dual symptoms of amnesia (erasing the last seven days from his mind so that its pain is easier to handle) and a multiple personality disorder (so he has help to complete what must be done).

His other selves are his dead friends; he doesn't want to remember that they're gone, or that they've all been slaughtered, so he still sees them, keeping them around to encourage him when his own courage fails. He has convinced himself that they're still alive and he knows he has to go back to the Star Pools to put an end to what has already begun.

When this sole surviving investigator awakens in a military hospital in Port-au-Prince, with the last seven days erased from his mind, he is very alone. He just doesn't see it that way. His friends are there with him, and they encourage him to finish what they started, even if they're nothing more than ghosts of his own imagination.

## Keeper's Introduction

"The Burning Stars" presents a new challenge for Call of Cthulhu gaming, a scenario where half the action has already occurred, and where the second half is spent backtracking to rediscover what has gone on before. One player takes on the

The Burning Stars





role of the surviving investigator while all the other players take on the roles of his dead friends. The keeper is asked to present the adventure so that this is not obvious until the climax. No player should know that all of the other investigators are figments of the main character's imagination.

The scenario is deadlier than many published. Each investigator is likely to lose fifty or more points of Sanity during the course of play, and fatality rates are almost guaranteed to be 100% — since all but one investigator is already dead before the game even begins. Success is only likely through an act of self-sacrifice. Although this scenario can be adapted to ongoing campaign play, some players may resent having a favorite investigator die due to predetermined circumstances. Only individual keepers, assessing the style and personality of their players and their campaign, will know if such an approach is warranted.

“The Burning Stars” is based on the fine Mythos tale “The Star Pools” by A.A. Attanasio. It originally appeared in *New Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos* edited by Ramsey Campbell and has been reprinted in a revised format in a collection of A.A. Attanasio's short fiction, *Twice Dead Things* published by Elder Signs Press. The tale also draws background from the “The Faceless Watchers” written by David Conyers and appearing in Issue 10 of *Lovecraft's Weird Mysteries* published by Arkham Press. Although not necessary, if keepers can obtain a copy of either tale they are referred to them for inspiration and as an aid in presenting this scenario.

Wes Craven's movie *The Serpent and the Rainbow*, set in Haiti during the 1980's, is recommended as a good source of background and as a visual aid for presenting the scenario.

## Background to the Scenario

“The Burning Stars” introduces the investigators to the rather dangerous and powerful Cult of the Floating Horror, a sinister organization with loose associations to fringe Voodoo cults. This cult was transplanted to Haiti almost five hundred years ago with African slaves shipped to the Caribbean by the Spanish and French. Cult members are of both sexes who worship a noxious bloated aspect of Nyarlathotep. They are one of the many associated cults of Nyarlathotep worshiped across the globe (see the sidebar for more information on this cult).

Calling forth the Floating Horror is a difficult and complicated process. He cannot be simply summoned, rather a human Host must be found; this Host becomes possessed by a far less powerful aspect of Nyarlathotep, slowly transforming into a monstrous parody of a human being. Such Hosts are selected when they are cut by special sacred rocks called the Sharp Stones. These

are razor-edged, palm-sized green rocks decorated with cuneiform-like designs.

At first the victim falls into a deep coma which lasts a week or more; during that time his mind becomes lost in a nightmarish, labyrinthine, dream-like world where he eventually comes face-to-face with a human aspect of Nyarlathotep. The outer god mockingly tells the victim that together they will become one, and then awakens the victim from his coma. From that moment onward the victim of the Sharp Stone begins his transformation into the creature known as the Host. After many weeks, as the transformation nears completion, the Host is taken to the cult's sacred site, to the Star Pools in the mountains beyond Port-au-Prince. A special ritual is performed where the Host is sacrificed, and from his body the Floating Horror emerges.

The return of the outer god inspires bloody massacres and lends magical powers to sorcerers and cultists. Meanwhile other worldly intrusions of the Mythos increase, madness becomes commonplace, the Floating Horror ravages the land for many weeks, slaughtering indiscriminately, and the island nation sinks further into misery and despair. It has been more than a decade since a Host has been selected by the Sharp Stones, since such stones became lost through theft and, occasionally, by the inscrutable will of Nyarlathotep, but that is all about to change.

A few weeks before the scenario commences, a young American man landed in Port-au-Prince. He was Jack Sterling, son and heir of a rich industrial family that for many years has been manufacturing and selling munitions to the United States government as well as foreign powers in Europe and Central America. Business dealings did not stop there, however, for Jack's father James was not above selling weapons to both sides of a conflict. With the ever-increasing tension between the Haitians and the occupying US forces, James hoped to sell his guns to the local *Cacos* rebels, and thus sent his son to Haiti to begin the negotiations.

The situation turned sour when, after a few days when in Port-au-Prince, Jack discovered quite by accident a lost Sharp Stone in a gutter, in one of the more dangerous quarters of town. It cut him almost immediately. When Jack fell into a coma, the Haitian people who saw him in the street knew what he had become. Quickly word spread and soon King Kaliko, high priest and leader of the Cult of the Floating Horror, found Jack and locked him away in a sacred hut at the Star Pools so his transformation could continue uninterrupted.

King Kaliko plans to sacrifice Jack at the Star Pools on the evening of November 2nd, to coincide with the local Voodoo festival of *Gede*, or Fet Gede, dedicated to the voodoo spirit Baron Samedi. It is no coincidence that Baron Samedi is another aspect of Nyarlathotep.



When days turned into weeks, and still James Sterling had not heard from his son, he decided that the task of finding Jack required his personal attention. With his bodyguard Sean O'Neil and two hired private investigators, Dirk Kessler and Guy Randal, James headed for Port-au-Prince. Accompanying them were James' daughter Donna and her friend Amy Lachlan, both equally concerned for James' safety. Their arrival in Haiti was seven days before the scenario's commencement.

Once in Haiti a trail of clues eventually led into the hills behind Port-au-Prince and on to the Star Pools. There they discovered Jack Sterling, now more a black-skinned reptilian beast than human; he did not even recognize his father and sister. The group was soon spotted by King Kaliko and his cult, who set the Lurker of the Pools on them.

They all died except one of the private investigators, Dirk Kessler, who fled into the wilderness and lost his mind. The next morning Kessler was found by local farmers and taken to a US military hospital. For two days he suffered continual blackouts and memory loss. In those two days his subconscious realized that he could not cope with what he had seen, and so to compensate Kessler recreated all of his dead companions as other personalities of himself. These companions now accompany him everywhere he goes. He sees his friends as if they are real, but in reality they are figments of his

own imagination, ghosts that no one else can witness. Kessler needs all the encouragement and support he can muster, even if it isn't real, to return to the Star Pools and kill what was once Jack Sterling — before it transforms into a far more malignant and devastating aspect of Nyarlathotep. Deep in his subconscious he knows this.

In this scenario the players take up the roles of Dirk Kessler and his ghosts. Like Kessler, they won't know that Kessler is the only survivor and that the rest of them are already dead. What they will quickly discover, however, is that they are in Haiti — a long way from home and anyone who even remotely knows who they are. Or that they have been in this country for seven days and that they cannot remember a single moment of their whole time in Haiti.

What happened those last seven days, and what caused their amnesia becomes the focus of this adventure.

### Cult of the Floating Horror

Nyarlathotep is the god of a thousand different aspects. His various forms are worshipped by different cults in different regions of the world: In Australia he is the



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Sand Bat; in China, the Bloated Woman; in Egypt, the Black Pharaoh; in Kenya, the Bloody Tongue; in Morocco, the Masked Messenger; in the Congo, the Spiraling Worm; and in Nigeria, the Floating Horror. All of these cults are of ancient origin and well known in their homelands. A few, such as the Bloody Tongue and Black Pharaoh, have transplanted members to new locations, particularly into modern cities such as New York and London. For more information on some of these cults, see Chaosium's *The Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep* or *Secrets of Kenya*.

Particular to this scenario is the Cult of the Floating Horror. Although active in Haiti it has its origins in West Africa, in Nigeria. In the New World the center of the cult's activity occurs in the Haitian mountains, just outside Port-au-Prince in a sacred site known as the Star Pools, where a particularly gruesome servitor of Nyarlathotep has resided for many millions of years. Cult rituals are performed at the Star Pools and occasionally at other lesser sacred sites across the island. The cult leader King Kaliko leads ritual ceremonies involving the worship of an undersea island. These dark rites involve frenzied dancing and conclude with elderly devotees gouging themselves to death with sharp rocks constructed as representations of the sharp stones themselves.

Cult assassins favor sabers as their weapon of choice. The cult symbol is of a human skull with three eye sockets – the third being centered above the usual two. Cult members often paint eyes on their foreheads, believing that when they die their soul escapes through this eye, joining Nyarlathotep on his world of Sharnoth where they will serve him forever. Use the following statistics for cult members wherever and whenever they are encountered during the scenario.



#### Average Floating Horror Member (Haiti)

STR 15    CON 14    SIZ 14    INT 08    POW 13  
DEX 13    APP 09    EDU 03    SAN 00    HP 14

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist 55%, damage 1D3+1D4

Saber 45%, damage 1D8+1+1D4

Knife 35%, damage 1D4+2+1D4

**Skills:** Art (Drumming) 55%, Art (Ritual Dance) 45%, Creole 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, Dodge 40%, French 35%,

Hide 35%, Jump 50%, Listen 40%, Occult 35%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 45%

## The Investigators

Six pre-generated investigators are presented for this scenario. Not all are required for play, but keepers should have at least three players. When players are choosing investigators, limit the number of choices available to the number of players. For example, with

### Keeper's Timeline of Recent Events

This scenario nominally takes place in late October 1930 in the week leading up to the Haitian *Fet Gede* festival. This festival sees Voodoo practitioners performing ceremonies in honor of Baron Samedi, Master of the Dead and Keeper of Cemeteries.

**Thursday, October 23:** The player characters arrive in Port-au-Prince and begin their investigations. James Sterling and Sean O'Neil meet with a man named Francis Metraux of Labadie Imports/Exports, who is shipping illegal arms for them, and ask him to hold the crates for a few days.

**Friday, October 24:** The whole team meets with an Australian anthropologist, Bruce Northeast, and researches *Africa's Dark Sects* at the National Library.

**Saturday, October 25:** Kessler and Randall meet with tarot reader Marie Jerome. The rest of the team searches the hills hoping to find the Star Pools, with no luck.

**Sunday, October 26:** Bruce Northeast discovers the Star Pools, but he is seen by cult members as he flees after glimpsing what lurks in the water. The investigators meet with Mama Josephine, a voodoo priestess, who asks them to bring her a dead moth in exchange for her aid and protection against the cult. James Sterling bribes reluctant local farmers to reveal the location of the Star Pools.

**Monday, October 27:** The investigators hike up to the Star Pools where they find the transformed Jack. The Lurker in the Star Pools kills all but one investigator, Dirk Kessler, who flees into the wilderness, insane.

**Tuesday, October 28:** Dirk Kessler is found wandering on the outskirts of Port-au-Prince suffering from amnesia and blackouts. He is taken to Elmwood Military Hospital for treatment. He starts to see his dead friends as ghosts. Bruce Northeast is murdered by the cult.

**Wednesday, October 29:** Kessler is diagnosed with amnesia, brought about by a shocking experience he cannot recall. A party of foreigners is reported in the press as missing on the outskirts of Port-au-Prince.

**Thursday, October 30:** Kessler recovers in hospital. Although he starts remembering the present (and any ensuing event) and everything before he arrived in Haiti. He still cannot remember the previous seven days. He is now accompanied by the ghosts of his dead companions. The scenario commences.

**Friday, October 31:** Halloween.

**Saturday, November 1:** Beginning of the *Fet Gede*.

**Sunday, November 2:** Conclusion of the *Fet Gede*. That night a ceremony is conducted at the Star Pools. What remains of Jack Sterling is sacrificed at the Star Pools and the Floating Horror is summoned.



four players allow them to choose only from Investigators 1 through 4.

At least one player needs to take Investigator: 1, Dirk Kessler, the only survivor, and another should play Investigator 2, James Sterling, who has his own mystery to be resolved in the course of play).

Don't let players study the various investigators before choosing: Offer them only a brief descriptive choice between a male private investigator, a male wealthy industrialist, a female anthropology student, and so on.

Keepers may notice that all six investigators have very similar skills and characteristics. This is because they are essentially the same person. Dirk Kessler is now suffering from multiple personality disorder, and his deceased companions are those personalities.

If presenting "The Burning Stars" using player-created investigators, the keeper must secretly decide which investigator is the only survivor of the events leading to the scenario's commencement, and presume that the rest are already dead. James Sterling then becomes an important and similarly-deceased keeper controlled character, the man who sent the investigators to Haiti in the first place. Accompanying them on their investigations, James died in the Star Pools, although in this case he did not return as one of the personalities. All other pre-generated investigators vanish from the narrative.

### Investigator 1: Dirk Kessler

Born in Sydney, Australia, you joined the Merchant Navy at a very young age, partly to see the world but mostly to escape an angry drunken father who used to beat you. You've never spoken to your old man since, never came to terms with his behavior, and inherited many of his despicable traits. You created your own problems, befriending too many loose women, drinking too much liquor, and picking fights with too many fellow seamen. It was only many years later when you broke a woman's jaw that you realized you had become just like the man you despised.



In response you quit the Merchant Navy, emigrated to New York, smartened yourself up and joined Shaw's Investigations and Security Services as a private investigator. Somehow that did the trick. In the new job you

found compassion and responsibility, particularly when it came to missing children. You found a constructive outlet to heal the pain of your own troubled upbringing.

Being a private eye suits you. You've always had a knack for problem solving, talking the tough talk, and uncovering the dirt that wants to stay hidden. You even have a good partner, a young fellow by the name of Guy Randall who is keen to learn the ropes from you, so to speak. But you knew such skills wouldn't be enough to keep you on the straight and narrow forever, you had to give up the drink as well. For ten years now you've been a successful private investigator, but that's only because you've stayed off the booze. You know that if you are tempted again, the violent ways you inherited might raise their ugly heads once more.

**CURRENT MENTAL STATE:** Something really terrifies you. Something you saw, only you can't – or don't want to – remember it. What you do know is that it's real, and if you start looking into what happened to you, whatever it was that you saw might come back. If it does, it's going to tear you limb from limb, and nothing you can do will stop it. Keep your friends around you always, as they are the only salvation between you and certain painful death.

### Dirk Kessler, Age 31, Private Investigator

STR 14    CON 16    SIZ 13    INT 13  
POW 15    DEX 14    APP 13    EDU 12  
SAN 54    HP 15

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist 65%, damage 1D3+1D4

Grapple 50%, damage special

Switchblade 45%, damage 1D4+1D3

.38 Automatic 60%, damage 1D10

.45 Revolver 60%, damage 1D10+2

Shotgun 12-gauge 45%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

**Skills:** Accounting 25%, Bargain 40%, Cantonese 10%, Climb 55%, Conceal 25%, Credit Rating 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Dodge 50%, Drive Auto 55%, Fast Talk 60%, First Aid 40%, Hide 50%, Jump 40%, Law 40%, Library Use 65%, Listen 65%, Locksmith 50%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Occult 35%, Operate Heavy Machinery 40%, Persuade 40%, Psychology 50%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 70%

**Languages:** English 70%, French 10%, Spanish 15%

### Investigator 2: James Sterling

You are the head of a wealthy New York family, hailing from six generations of old Rhode Island money. Your father before you built up the fortune with strong stocks in shipping, manufacturing, rubber and petroleum, but it was you who really created the overflowing riches when you added munitions to the Sterling Industries investments. You made a huge windfall during the Great





War and in the last decade you've sold weapons all over the world, particularly in Europe and Central America. You understand money and what it can buy, and that's why you're rich.

In life you are a leader, managing and controlling all men who are lesser mortals than yourself. Of your most loyal underlings you trust your bodyguard Sean O'Neil above all others, confiding in him secrets that you would share with no one else.

Since your father's death many years ago, you only return to the family mansion on those occasions when work does not call you away from your wife Janet and your two lovely children, Jack and Donna. Jack has completed his college degree at Columbia University and is ready to join you in running the business, while Donna is busy completing her degree in anthropology at a lesser-known university. If anything happened to either your wife or children, you don't know what you'd do, but it wouldn't be pleasant for those responsible. You'll do anything to keep them safe, and extract any level of revenge if they're brought to harm. No one buys you, you buy *them*. If they can't be bought, you'll get your way by whatever means necessary.

**CURRENT MENTAL STATE:** Something really worries you. You're not sure what's giving you headaches, but you believe your concerns are connected to your son. If only you could remember what those concerns are! You'll move heaven and earth to find out what happened to Jack and then bring him back home, because you're worried he might be in mortal danger. He needs to be rescued and if he can't be rescued, someone needs to pay.

### James Sterling, Age 48, Wealthy Industrialist

STR 13    CON 15    SIZ 14    INT 14    POW 16  
DEX 15    APP 15    EDU 18    SAN 51    HP 15

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist 60%, damage 1D3+1D4

Grapple 45%, damage special

.38 Automatic 55%, damage 1D10

**Skills:** Accounting 35%, Bargain 50%, Business 70%, Climb 50%, Credit Rating 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, Dodge 45%, Drive Auto 60%, Fast Talk 65%, First Aid 45%, Hide 55%, Jump 40%, Law 50%, Library Use 70%, Listen 60%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 60%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 60%

**Languages:** English 90%, French 25%

### Investigator 3: Sean O'Neil

You're a man who makes his own luck, although looking back on your life an outsider would say luck was never your companion. When you were six your family emigrated from Dublin to New York where you knew no one. Two years later your parents were run down and killed by a drunken motorist who was never caught.

Moving from one orphanage to the next, you were quickly separated from your sister and never saw her again. When you were sixteen you signed up to fight in the Great War, witnessing the slaughter of dozens of your comrades in the trenches of France. It was only towards the end of the War that your luck turned, when you met James Sterling. You'd just discharged from the army and he was looking for someone with good military contacts to conduct a little business for him.



Mr Sterling was in the market to sell munitions and you were just the man to introduce him to the right people, who were willing to put their money where their mouth was. Eventually he signed you on as a full time employee, and from there your work took you to the world's conflict zones including Mexico, Italy, Ireland, and Nicaragua. All that time you maintained your combat skills. In recognition of these skills, Mr Sterling eventually made you his personal assistant and unofficial bodyguard. Now you travel the world at his side, protecting and aiding the man you respect most in this world.

**CURRENT MENTAL STATE:** Something really angers you. Something dark and festering that is hidden in the depths of a murky pit. It wants to kill you. The only thing is, you can't remember what that thing is, so you're going to be prepared; you're going to make sure you're armed with every weapon you can find, and then you're going to go back this thing's lair, and destroy it. You know that if you fail, many more people are going to die.

### Sean O'Neil, Age 32, Bodyguard

STR 16    CON 15    SIZ 14    INT 12    POW 14  
DEX 13    APP 10    EDU 08    SAN 58    HP 15

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist 70%, damage 1D3+1D4 Grapple 60%, damage special Switchblade 55%, damage 1D4+1D3 .45

Revolver 70%, damage 1D10+2 Shotgun 12-gauge 50%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

**Skills:** Accounting 15%, Bargain 50%, Climb 60%, Conceal 45%, Credit Rating 20%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, Dodge 60%, Drive Auto 50%, Fast Talk 50%, First Aid 50%, Hide 60%, Jump 50%, Law 20%, Listen 55%, Mechanical Repair 60%, Operate Heavy Machine 60%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 30%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 60%

**Languages:** English 60%, French 15%, Spanish 20%

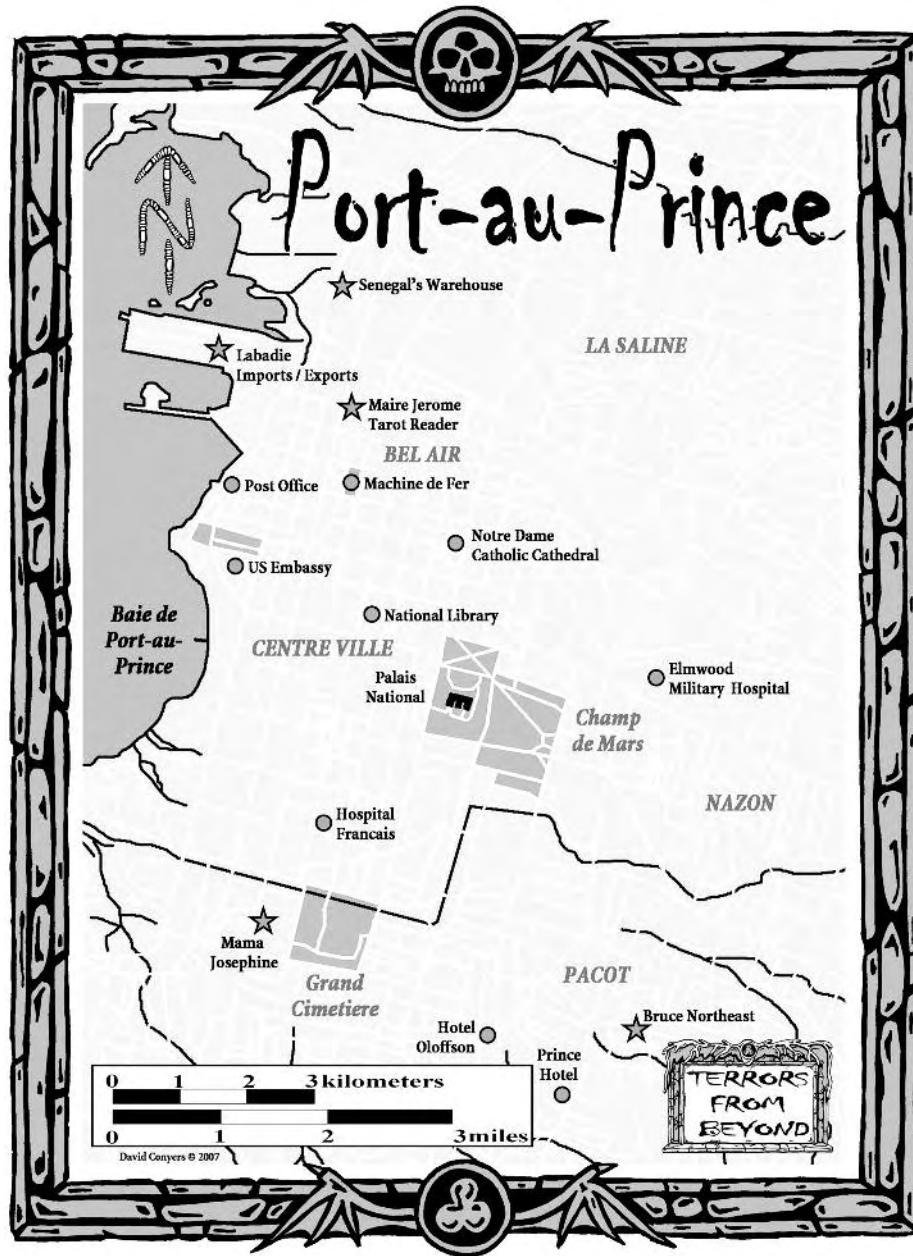


#### Investigator 4:

##### Donna Sterling

Your whole life you have been raised to believe that you have a most enviable position in society. You are the daughter of a rich New York family, rich enough to rival the Rothschilds and the Carlyles, with a stately manor home on Rhode Island with vast grounds and dozens of servants. These trappings once made you believe that your life was enviable, but not now. You love your mother and brother Jack dearly, but your father spends so much time traveling and working that you feel he is a stranger to you now. You feel that creating wealth and dining with world leaders and industrialists is far more important to him than spending time with his only daughter. And to make matters worse, now that Jack has finished his studies and is working for your father, he too has suddenly found business distractions which keep him away. It seems the only people who are there for you now are your mother and your best friend, Amy Lachlan, a socialite reporter with the NY *Pillar/Riposte*.

As you grew older, your contempt for the family business inspired you to study in a totally unrelated field. You are now completing a degree in Anthropology at Miskatonic University. Your father and brother both believe you're wasting your life, but to get back at them is partly why you persist. You also know they want to marry you off like some medieval bride, to strengthen one of their business relationships with another wealthy Rhode Island family. You want nothing to do with this; when you're of age and you've completed your studies, you're going to move far away from home and find yourself a job in your chosen field; maybe even find someone who wants to marry you because he loves you.



#### CURRENT MENTAL STATE:

Something really upsets you. Something close to your heart has been forever taken away from you. You feel at a loss, as though it doesn't matter what you do – your closeness to the lost thing can never be restored. But you don't know any of this for certain, you still want to be loved and so you will move heaven and earth to ensure that love is returned to you. Finding that lost love might be





more painful than you can imagine, however, yet you must persist.

### Donna Sterling, Age 20, Anthropology Student

STR 12    CON 15    SIZ 11    INT 15    POW 16  
DEX 11    APP 16    EDU 14    SAN 57    HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Weapons:** Fist 65%, damage 1D3

Grapple 40%, damage special

.38 Automatic 50%, damage 1D10

**Skills:** Accounting 35%, Anthropology 40%, Archaeology 25%, Bargain 30%, Climb 45%, Credit Rating 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 14%, Dodge 40%, Drive Auto 45%, Fast Talk 70%, First Aid 50%, Hide 45%, Jump 45%, Law 30%, Library Use 65%, Listen 55%, Occult 40%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 30%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 60%

**Languages:** English 70%, French 20%

### Investigator 5: Guy Randall

Formerly a New York beat cop, you left the force at an early age for a more lucrative position with Shaw's Investigations and Security Services. Although the work – and the pay – was better, you quickly realized that you were young and inexperienced compared to most of the private eyes with the firm. No one wanted to work with you, believing that your hiring was a boss's mistake. The word went around that you were good for nothing but filing and writing client reports for senior investigators.

Disillusioned, you almost quit until for some reason that is still a mystery to you, you opened up to one of your colleagues. You told him that when you were really young, you witnessed your mother's mugging, and saw how that forever changed her driving her into depression. You didn't want that to happen to anyone else, and that's why you chose to be a cop and then a private investigator.

The private investigator who listened to you was an Australian immigrant, Dirk Kessler, and since then he's let you partner up with him on every case your boss will allow. From Kessler you've learned much, and you feel you owe him a lot. Without him you'd still be back in the New York office, scribbling and filing papers.

**CURRENT MENTAL STATE:** Something really troubles you. Something you saw, something terrible, made you realize that the only person holding you back is yourself. Recently you learned that the world is a horrible, uncaring, pointless place to live, and that no one cares about you except yourself. Whatever terrible thing you saw, it's still out there, and it needs to be destroyed. If there's a chance you can re-discover what you once valued and respected in yourself, you need to destroy this thing to find that self-respect once again.

### Guy Randall, Age 25, Young Private Investigator

STR 15    CON 15    SIZ 14    INT 11  
POW 14  
DEX 13    APP 15    EDU 13    SAN 61    HP 15

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist 70%, damage 1D3+1D4

Grapple 40%, damage special

Switchblade 35%, damage 1D4+1D3

.45 Revolver 70%, damage 1D10+2

**Skills:** Accounting 45%, Bargain 20%, Climb 35%, Conceal 35%, Credit Rating 20%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dodge 40%, Drive Auto 35%, Fast Talk 40%, First Aid 50%, Hide 60%, Jump 50%, Law 20%, Library Use 45%, Listen 45%, Locksmith 40%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 30%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 40%

**Languages:** English 65%

### Investigator 6: Amy Lachlan

Your family was never rich, but your father was butler to the wealthy Sterling family of Rhode Island and your mother was a housemaid to that family. You saw firsthand what money could do. Growing up with at the Sterling manor, you became friends with the Sterlings' daughter Donna.

Now both in your twenties, you are unable to spend much time together. Donna is studying anthropology at Miskatonic University, and you landed a position as a reporter with the NY *Pillar/Riposte*, keeping the populace up to date with the latest announcements and scandals in the world of Manhattan's rich and famous. It's a role you enjoy and cherish. Now all you need is for one of those rich and famous people to notice you, and propose!

**CURRENT MENTAL STATE:** Something really concerns you, something that happened to you – only you can't remember what it was. Something horrible attacked you and now you're concerned that whatever it was, it has made you feel physically unwell and prone to headaches and nausea. You need to remember what happened to you and learn the truth so you can put it behind you. You need to face your fear, and learn the truth of the sickness that you carry.

### Amy Lachlan, Age 21, Pillar/Riposte Reporter

STR 13    CON 15    SIZ 12    INT 14    POW 17  
DEX 13    APP 15    EDU 11    SAN 57    HP 14

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist 55%, damage 1D3+1D4 .38 Automatic 50%, damage 1D10

**Skills:** Art (Write Columns 65%), Bargain 50%, Climb 35%, Credit Rating 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 17%, Dodge 30%, Drive Auto 35%, Fast Talk 70%, First Aid 35%, Hide 40%, Jump 50%, Library Use 55%, Listen 55%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 40%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 60%

**Languages:** English 65%, French 25%





## Multiple Personality Disorder

In the 1920's and 1930's, Multiple Personality Disorder (or Dissociative Identity Disorder) was not really understood and the terminology was almost never used. Until the 1950's there were less than a hundred diagnosed cases; most victims were regarded as nothing more than a rare medical curiosity.

People with MPD appear to harbor more than one personality, each of which is dominant at different times and has its own distinct behavior and even different social relationships. Today, many psychological and medical professionals are skeptical that MPD is real, but those who believe otherwise are convinced that MPD is caused by traumatic and continual abuse as a child, which is often sexual and, on occasion, artificially induced by rituals performed by satanic cults. The victims of such extreme abuse create alternate personalities, who take it in turns to endure the pain, thus the victim dissociates himself from the horrific experiences.

Different personalities in the one body often take on distinct roles. For example, there might be one personality who has to be beautiful, because the others are too traumatized to behave in this way; another might be destructive to express the anger that other personalities cannot. Another might be the confident face that is created to deal with strangers, and so on. Victims of MPD might not even be aware that they have the condition, and this is particularly true of the original personality. Early signs that all is not right include the original personality experiencing lost time, the appearance of new possessions that the victim cannot recall purchasing, bank account withdrawals signed in a strange handwriting, and friends and family referring to past events of which they are not aware.

## The Investigators' Symptoms of Insanity

Dirk Kessler is insane – so insane in fact that he has convinced himself that his friends are not dead and that he can still see them. He has recreated them as other personalities of himself, and sees these people accompanying him almost everywhere he goes. In summary, Kessler suffers from Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD).

But this is not all: Because of the monstrosities encountered at the Star Pools that slaughtered all of Kessler's companions, he now has psychogenic amnesia of the last seven days. His subconscious does not want to remember what he saw and what happened to his friends; if they're dead, they can't be with him now. Logic like that only scares him further.

## Dirk Kessler's Disorder

In the context of this scenario, Dirk has a peculiar form of MPD somewhat different than the condition already described. For him more than one personality can be active at any one time. He sees these other personalities as real people – that is, the other investigators – in the room interacting with him. Sometimes some of those people are with him, other times they are off on an

errand or their own line of investigation. This of course leads to interesting and confused perceptions of Kessler and his companions (referred to as ghosts in this scenario) from the other people they encounter in this scenario:

- When Kessler is talking to one or more of his ghosts, other real people in the room see Kessler having a conversation with himself. He will appear to be behaving in a truly strange way. Almost everyone in this scenario will say nothing about this behavior but, when this type of conversation occurs, Kessler and the ghosts get **Psychology** rolls, noticing that their onlookers appear confused and terrified of something. Do not elaborate beyond this.
- In Haiti no one knows Kessler personally nor any of his ghosts, so when Kessler introduces himself as Sterling, O'Neil or even Donna, this on the most part will be accepted. It's only when he starts referring to himself by different names to the same person that the observers become confused, exhibiting frustration and fear as above — especially when Kessler says he's one of the women. Some characters encountered during the game have already met the investigators before the insanity, which will provide an additional challenge for the keeper.
- In the English language the word for “you” is the same in the plural or single form; while many keeper-controlled characters may refer to the investigators using the word “you” (singular), the meaning will be confused in Kessler's mind to mean plural. “So you've come back to bother me again, have you?” might be what a keeper-controlled character might say to Kessler, who'll think it refers to his “companions” as well.
- To maintain the illusion of Multiple Personality Disorder in the game, keeper-controlled characters should not refer to any of the investigators (except Kessler) by his or her name.
- The investigators may split the party to conduct investigations, but the keeper should remember “they” have only one body, which can only be in one place at one time. This is where the blackouts and memory loss still occurs; James Sterling and O'Neil might be off at the library conducting research there, while Kessler and Donna try to strike up conversations with Haitian street kids. Run each event separately, then have both groups wake back together again, realizing that they have just suffered another blackout and each has missed several hours out of their day. (This is where some of the investigators' blackouts come from; the rest occur because Kessler doesn't want to remember what he saw in the hills).
- Despite internal perceptions, Dirk Kessler is insane, and only hears what he wants to hear. If the keeper finds that any particular encounter wouldn't work in the “real” gaming world, Kessler's subconscious adjusts his memory of events to fit in with his delusions.





Kessler has created his personalities because he knows he does not have the courage or conviction to return to the Star Pools alone, but another part of him believes he must, the other personalities or ghosts. Perhaps Kessler has always been an MPD: His father, after all, was a drunk who beat him throughout his childhood, perhaps even sexually abused him, and Dirk repressed this memory. Whatever the case, MPD has now manifested itself in him.

Keepers seeking ideas on how to present Kessler's insanity in game play are referred to the films *Fight Club*, *The Sixth Sense*, *Angel Heart*, *Identity* and, to some extent, the character of Golem in *Lord of the Rings* for ideas on concealing the truth from the players for as long as possible.

If this scenario is presented using the players' own investigators, then the "Current Mental States" listed under each pre-generated investigator should be divided among the characters at the beginning of the session, so that each is aware of the repressed feelings he has manifested. The investigator standing in for Dirk Kessler should get Kessler's "Current Mental State".

### Haiti in the 1920's and 1930's

HAITI, *République de Haiti*, is a small Caribbean country covering the western third of the island of San Domingo. The eastern two-thirds of the island is home to the nation of the Dominican Republic. Haiti is famous as being the world's first black-led republic and the New World's home of voodoo. Haiti's name is derived from the word for "mountainous land" used by the indigenous Arawak people, who are now unfortunately no more.

**GEOGRAPHY:** Haiti is 10,200 sq miles (27,750 sq km) of mostly mountainous terrain with tropical coast. More than half of the country has gradients greater than 20%. The country is subject to violent earthquakes, and it is not uncommon to feel an earth tremor at least every second day. Major ranges include the Massif de la Hotte in the southern Peninsula, reaching 7,700 feet (2,350m) at Pic Macaya, and the Massif de la Selle running west to east- southeast of Port-au-Prince with its highest peak at Pic La Selle, reaching 8,770 feet (2,674m). Streams from the mountains flow everywhere, but only one river is navigable by any form of boat, running from the Dominican Republic border to St Marc.

The lowlands are fertile producing coffee, cotton, tobacco and sugar for export. Mountains support pines, hardwoods and other tree cover, which is steadily being cut back by farmers for firewood and building material. Highland vegetation includes West Indian cedar, pasture fiddlewood, sierra palms, wild avocado, tree ferns, and thick bamboo. The lowlands consist of Monte

Cristi sage, poisonwood, West Indian boxwood, sweat acacia and wild frangipani. Mangrove forests cover some parts of the coast while subtropical forests support royal palms, ferns, orchids, mahoganies, cashews, jaguar palms, ground oaks and yellowwood trees.

Haiti has never had any big cats, nor are there poisonous snakes, but the country is home to various exotic creatures. Thousands of American crocodiles thrive in swamps and coastal mangroves. Rhinoceros iguanas, more than three feet long with red eyes and spiky black faces, are found all across the island. The forests are home to hundreds of tarantulas, whose bite while painful is thankfully not deadly (POT 6). On the other hand, scorpions, which are just as prevalent in the drier lowlands, can kill (POT 14). Domesticated animals include cocks, pigs, dogs, cats, goats, donkeys and bulls.

**CLIMATE:** The climate is typically equatorial: hot with high humidity. Temperatures are fairly constant year-round with average highs of 95F (34C) in the summer and 85F (30C) in the winter. Nighttime temperatures rarely drop below 65F (20C). The island is subjected to hurricanes, which normally hit the coast between June and September. Investigators will find their clothes constantly drenched, both from their own sweat and from the heavy downpours that occur almost daily.

**PEOPLE AND POLITICS:** By the end of the 1920's Haiti's population has reached approximately 2.5 million people. Ninety-five percent of the country's inhabitants are descendants of African slaves brought over from West Africa and the Congo between 1518 and 1801. The other five percent are mulattos (mixed African and European ancestry) and Europeans, the latter numbering around 3,000. In this era local inhabitants are referred to as Negro and Creoles, while Europeans are called Whites. There are no indigenous people of Haiti; the Taínos were quickly wiped out thirty years after Spain's occupation. In the nineteenth century a small population of Middle Easterners settled in Haiti looking for business opportunities, and by the 1920's they constitute a large portion of the merchant class.

The majority of Haitians are subsistence farmers who rent or own small plots of land, growing beans, sweet potatoes and other crops. Most families live in one or two bedroom homes without running water or electricity, so light and heat are generated through small fires. Poverty is everywhere and shantytowns (currently in their infant stages) are spreading on the outskirts of all major cities. Besides the general hatred of foreigners, particularly Americans, there is a deep and bitter division between blacks and mulattos. The latter comprise the upper classes of Haiti who have access to education, government jobs and nice homes. The middle class is virtually non-existent in Haiti.



Roman Catholicism is the official religion, but in reality most citizens combine their beliefs in voodoo with Catholicism and see the two as indistinguishable. More on the voodoo faith is described later.

**LANGUAGE:** The official language of Haiti is French, spoken predominately by the mulatto class. However, most of the black population speaks Creole, and only a few have a smattering of French. Almost no one speaks English, although the number of those that do is growing in the larger cities, mostly because of the American occupation.

**CURRENCY:** Currency is the *Gourde*, which is divided into 100 centimes. 1 US dollar is worth 5 Gourde. Investigators are better off hanging onto their US dollars, which will be accepted at most establishments across the country – especially since the United States is currently managing Haiti’s economy.

**US OCCUPATION:** During the 1920’s and early 1930’s Haiti is a country under siege by a foreign power – none other than the United States. Strategically Haiti is in the Windward Passage, which has been an important shipping route ever since the official opening of the Panama Canal in 1920. A growing population of Germans in Haiti was also causing the American government to become nervous because of the rumblings in Europe at the time.

Concurrently Haiti was enduring one corrupt government toppled by another. Between 1843 and 1915 there were 22 heads of state and only one who served his full term. All the others were assassinated or forced into exile. When President Vilbrun Guillaume Sam was killed by an angry civilian mob, the United States used this opportunity to invade Haiti. They said their aims were to bring stability, but their occupation also resulted in furthering their economic interests in this small country, culminating in their eventual control of three-quarters of the Haitian economy.

US troops seized all of Haiti’s gold deposits and revamped the constitution, allowing foreign ownership of property while forcing its implementation. They also disbanded the local army replacing it with an American training police force under their own control. Most importantly, administrative posts were taken by Americans. They would only deal with the mulatto upper classes, effectively ignoring the rest of the populace who were trapped in an over-populated country faced with ever-increasing poverty.

On the positive side the Americans implemented numerous public works, built hospitals and clinics, modernized the sewage system, collected garbage and constructed numerous roads. This was often achieved with forced prison labor. This did not sit well with the Haitians, spurring the Cacos Rebellions between 1918

### Haiti at a Glance

Ruled by a president, the head of the administration. He is supported by an elective legislature consisting of a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies. The United States of America is effectively an occupying force in Haiti, and has controlled much of the government since 1915.

Major Towns: Port-au-Prince (capital), Cap Haitien, Aux Cayes, Jacmel

Black Population: 2,400,000

Mulatto Population: 125,000

European Population: 3,000

Area: 10,200 square miles (27,600 square kilometers)

Languages: Creole, French, English

Imports: Manufactured goods and textiles

Exports: Coffee, mangoes, sugarcane, rice, corn, sorghum, wood, bauxite, copper

Railways: none

Navigable Waterways: none

and 1920. The US managed to squash the uprising with expensive reinforcements and brutal tactics, which resulted in the death of about 2,000 Haitians. The Americans will pull out of Haiti in 1934, primarily because occupation is proving costly and because Haiti’s strategic position in the Caribbean has diminished. In the meantime investigators are going to find themselves in a country on the verge of civil war. But occupation had a positive effect; during this time the black population took pride in their much-maligned voodoo religion and, finding inspiration in their beliefs and cultural identity, they fostered semi-peaceful resistence around the country.

During their stay in Haiti, investigators are likely to encounter US-controlled roadblocks, protest marches, and small-scale rioting and curfews, all of which come with their own brand of dangers and terror.

### Port-au-Prince

Port-au-Prince is Haiti’s capital and the country’s largest city. Ninety-five percent of the city’s population of 125,000 are of African decent. The city is also Haiti’s chief port; container ships packed with coffee, cotton, sugar and tobacco depart daily, mostly bound for the United States. The city itself lies in a valley surrounded by steep mountains covered in lush green foliage.

Parts of Port-au-Prince are beautiful and vibrant. The center of the city, known as *Centre Ville* or downtown, is compact and easily accessible by foot. Because there has been no real city planning, it is easy to become disorientated (investigators need to make a **Navigate**





skill roll each day or become lost for 1D3 hours, but once a successful Navigate roll is made, they never become lost again). Most of the buildings are of colonial style, with the Gingerbread architecture commonly seen throughout the Caribbean. Graceful balconies, detailed wooden latticework and neo-Gothic designs characterize this popular style.

Buses, mules, bicycles and foot are common forms of transportation, with cars owned almost exclusively by non-blacks and foreigners. A common source of accidents, especially at night, are the numerous open manholes and sewer channels found throughout the city. Investigators in a hurry will need to make **Spot Hidden** rolls or fall into one, taking 1D6 points of damage and a possible broken leg.

It won't take long for investigators to realize that Port-au-Prince is a dangerous city, with muggings, arsons and robberies occurring daily – and if that isn't enough warning, locals will eye the investigators wherever they go. Slums continue to grow, concentrated on the waters edge away from the docks and to the north in the marshy lands of La Saline. Street kids, beggars and pickpockets prowl the streets, stealing to survive. Gun laws are liberal, and many men wear guns openly. Security guards protecting building fronts are often armed with shotguns or rifles. Investigators will have no problems carrying handguns openly, although larger firearms may be questioned.

### Points of Interest

*Grand Cimetiere de Port-au-Prince:* The city's main cemetery is a vast necropolis of pastel-colored tombs and elevated burial chambers. Open coffins seen scattered about the cemetery are the work of grave robbers, mostly stealing bones (considered to have great magical properties) for use in voodoo ceremonies. There are no ghouls in this cemetery.

*Elmwood Military Hospital:* Run by the US Marines, this facility is restricted to US citizens and maintains high security. See also a little below.

*Haitian National Library:* With a range of works in French and Creole, this is the best library in all of Haiti. Unfortunately it is not as comprehensive as many European or northern American collections, and **Library Use** rolls here are restricted to a maximum of 50%, reflecting the size of the collection.

*Hospital Francaise:* If investigators become ill or wounded, they are referred to this hospital run by western doctors and staff. Hospital stays are not cheap, costing an investigator \$20 per day while he recovers.

*Hotel Oloffson:* This white gingerbread building with turrets and lace grillwork is Haiti's most famous hotel. Set within a beautiful walled garden, it was once a hospital. The Oloffson's restaurant serves international cui-

sine, popular with western expatriates. Rooms range from \$5 a night for a basic room and up to \$25 for the most luxurious suites.

*Mache de Fer (Iron Market):* This large indoor market was built from pre-cast iron in 1889, and resembles an Arabian style mosque complete with minarets. Open every day, the market and its aroma (or stench) of spices, rotting fruit, raw meat and urine assault the nasal senses, and it is always crowded. Stalls sell strange fruit, grey salt, dried mushrooms, caged animals, kitchen implements and voodoo paraphernalia. Investigators need to succeed in a **Luck** roll to avoid being pick-pocketed each time they visit, and a CON x5 roll not to feel queasy in this intoxicating, hot and claustrophobic environment.

*Notre Dame Catholic Cathedral:* Completed in 1915, this pink-and-yellow stone building is dominated by two domed towers on its west face. It is the largest religious building in the city and is prominent on the skyline.

*Palais National:* Completed in 1918 on the ruins of its two predecessors (both destroyed during political unrest in 1869 and 1912), this three-domed pristine building looks remarkably like the White House in Washington DC because it has been modeled after it. Armed guards prevent the public from entering. Statues outside are of the founders of independent Haiti.

*Prince Hotel:* Recently constructed, this hotel commands elegant views of the city and its rooms are comfortable. A cheaper alternative to Hotel Oloffson, rooms range from \$3 to \$15 per night. It has a restaurant with a more limited but still satisfying range of dishes.

*United States Embassy:* Located inside a rather impressive colonial-style building, the Embassy provides visas, work permits and otherwise aids American investment in the country. American nationals who find themselves in serious trouble can make a **Credit Rating** roll to obtain legal aid from Embassy staff. The Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI) is based at the Embassy, and this is known by whomever wants to know.

## Elmwood Military Hospital

Keepers should commence the scenario immediately after character sheets are handed out. The scenario begins with the investigators, waking in the same room, sitting or lying on beds in a wing of a hospital. Give the players a moment to absorb their investigator information and settle into character. As they ask questions, the keeper should describe the surroundings. It is hot, overhead fans barely keep the tropical heat at bay, and through the windows tropical trees can be seen. Player characters succeeding in a **Natural History** skill roll recognize this as Caribbean vegetation.



Each investigator is dressed in pajamas. Each wears a medical wristband bearing name and patient ID number, and the date of admission — Tuesday October 28, 1930. They have no other possessions.

After a few minutes of wondering where they are, and why they are in a hospital, the investigators receive a visitor. A doctor materializes from nowhere, saying “You’ve been suffering from a series of blackouts, that’s why.” He has not materialized from nowhere; the investigators have just come out of another blackout and he has been answering their questions. When they start asking more, he becomes excited. This is the first time the investigators have responded with such vigor.

The medical doctor, who has a Texas accent, introduces himself as Doctor Alan Kelly. He can tell the investigators the following points, but he’ll only reveal the information as he is asked. Like every other keeper-controlled character in this scenario, Doctor Kelly always refers to the investigators as “you” meaning singular, although the investigators will be hearing “you” as in plural. He will only ever use Dirk Kessler’s name directly because, as far as Dr. Kelly is concerned, he has only one patient. He can tell them the following:

- The investigators are in Elmwood Military Hospital, a US Military facility in Port-au-Prince in Haiti. They were found wandering in the western hills just outside the city around sunrise two days ago.

- When found, they were suffering from shock and exposure, but apart from a few cuts and scratches were physically unharmed. Wherever they had spent the night, it was very dirty because there was mud all over their clothes.

- Later the investigators were diagnosed as suffering from short-term memory loss and blackouts. Doctor Kelly believes they were exposed to some violent situation that they have blocked from their minds. If asked, he suspects that they saw Negro blood rituals (voodoo), or else witnessed a brutal killing.
- This is not the first time Dr. Kelly has had this conversation with the investigators, in fact this is the eighth such conversation. He wants to see if they can remember it later. Remembering is what will get them discharged.
- They seem to have a good memory of prior experiences up until the last seven days. According to their passports, seven days ago was when they first set foot in Port-au-Prince.
- He knows they are staying at the Hotel Oloffson, where their luggage and other possessions still wait in rooms that they paid for in advance.

If the investigators want to examine their possessions or discharge themselves from the hospital, Doctor Kelly says that has to be cleared with his superiors first. His superior is Major Lloyd Medwin, from the Office of Naval Intelligence – this is a military hospital after all. Kelly won’t say why Medwin wants to speak to them, although a **Psychology** roll suggests that he might know but isn’t revealing the reason. Kelly makes it very clear that his only interest is in their physical and mental well-being, and that once they start recalling events, such as this conversation, he will be more inclined to sign discharge papers.

### Doctor Alan Kelly

A young Texan man with a full head of hair and thick round glasses, Kelly has an honest face and a caring demeanor. Although mostly humorless, his expression is true to his nature, and Alan Kelly really does care about his patients. Years ago Kelly practiced surgery in a hospital in Houston, but wasn’t happy so he responded to a government advertisement for doctors to aid in the development of Haiti. He was not sure why he went, perhaps because he wanted some excitement and adventure in his life; now he has been in Port-au-Prince for five years and has no plans to leave. Despite the unrest and alienation he sometimes feels, he has made many diverse friends. Investigators will find him to be a personable and charitable character who will come to their aid, no questions asked, if they are injured again.

### Alan Kelly, Military Medical Doctor, age 31

STR 11    CON 13    SIZ 11    INT 14  
 POW 11    DEX 15    APP 12    EDU 18  
 SAN 55    HP 12

**Damage Penalty:** none

**Weapons:** Fist 50%, damage 1D3

**Skills:** Biology 30%, Creole 10%, Drive Auto 40%, First Aid 60%, Medicine 65%, Persuade 40%, Psychoanalysis 35%, Psychology 45%, Surgery 50%, Spot Hidden 50%

**Languages:** English 90%, French 20%, Spanish 20%

### Exploring the Hospital

The investigators soon find that they are restricted to their room, a bathroom and a small external garden area. Armed US Marines ensure that they do not venture anywhere else. The hospital is a two-story colonial building surrounded by ten-foot-high stone walls with glass embedded in the concrete along the upper rim of the walls. The courtyard consists of well-maintained lawns beneath tall shady trees. The outside world is accessible through two equally high gates, also guarded, through which the sounds of street traffic can be heard. Escaping over the walls requires a **Climb** roll on each side. Failure results in either a fall for 1D6 points of



damage, or a cut hand or foot for 1D6 points of damage and a temporary reduction in DEX by the same amount until the wound heals.

The hospital staff consists of American doctors and nurses aided by mulatto orderlies, aides and cleaners. For the most part they are friendly, encouraged that the “patient” is starting to remember who “he” is. Something terrible must have occurred when the investigators got lost in the hills; they’ll be released when their memory is better, and that shouldn’t be long because they’re doing so well.

The US Marines do not speak to investigators, except to order them away from anywhere they should not be.



### Incident at the Hospital

At one point, a portly middle-aged Haitian cleaner enters the investigators’ room. She gasps, dropping the bedpan she was carrying, and spilling the contents. She then crosses herself as though she has just seen a ghost, and mumbles something in French before fleeing past the Marines and beyond the investigators’ grasp. Investigators who succeed in **French** language and **Listen** rolls hear her say “Baron La Croix has you marked, sir”. An **Occult** skill roll identifies Baron La Croix as another name for Baron Samedi, the voodoo master of the dead and keeper of cemeteries.

Even if the investigators somehow manage to corner this poor woman, she refuses to say any more and becomes extremely terrified and worried. On a spiritual level she senses that the one surviving investigator has surrounded himself with the ghosts of the dead. She saw them all for a fleeting moment – only she didn’t see

the other investigators as normal people, but as walking bloody and mangled corpses. She takes the rest of the day off and is never seen by the investigators again.

### Questioned by ONI

Later, the investigators are again assessed by Doctor Kelly who, convinced that their mental state is starting to stabilize, places a call to Major Lloyd Medwin, the ONI agent stationed at the US Embassy in Port-au-Prince. Medwin arrives around lunchtime, accompanied by an unnamed young male aide who transcribes the entire conversation on a Remington portable typewriter. Medwin tells the investigators that this is purely a formality; they have to be interviewed before they are discharged.

Medwin wants to know many things. Why they are in Haiti? Why they were in the hills outside Port-au-Prince two nights ago? Who hired them to come to Haiti in the first place? Medwin already has answers to some of these questions himself, so he’s seeing how readily they will lie. As Medwin is only talking to Kessler, he’s following a new lead he recently uncovered in that he suspects Kessler and Shaw’s Investigations and Security Services were hired by James Sterling to find Sterling’s missing son Jack. He suspects Kessler knows where the Sterlings are now hiding, and Medwin hopes Kessler will lead him to them.

Medwin is highly suspicious of James Sterling and his son; he believes they are selling arms illegally to the Haitian resistance and, although the investigators may not realize it yet, Medwin is correct. Even though the investigators think James Sterling is here, Medwin sees only Dirk Kessler. None of this he will reveal to the investigators at this point of his investigations.

**Burning Papers #7 – Tarot Card XIII. Death**



**Burning Papers #10 Tarot Card XII. The Hanged Man**



Medwin becomes frustrated with the investigators for not remembering anything. He has been fully briefed by Doctor Kelly on their amnesic condition, but he really isn’t convinced that they’re not lying. He will, however, fill them in on the political situation in Haiti. Keepers should adapt Medwin’s responses from the previous section on the country and the US occupation. There have been many uprisings, insurgencies and killings, and they are on the rise.

When the investigators first went missing, Medwin was concerned that they would turn out to be more victims of the violence. Medwin informs them that he has unconfirmed reports that a small group of US citizens were murdered in the



hills the same night in the vicinity where the investigators were found: Do the investigators know anything about that? Medwin's current theory is that James Sterling, wanting people to think that he and his family were the murdered people, staged a fake crime scene to cover his tracks while he made his escape from the country.

At the end of the interview Medwin gives the investigators his business card with contact details at the US Embassy (*Burning Papers #1*), and tells the investigators that they have been cleared to leave the hospital, but not cleared to leave Haiti just yet. He believes they were staying at the Hotel Oloffson, and he can drive them back there if they like. In truth, Doctor Kelly wanted to keep the investigators under his care until they were fully recovered but Medwin, being more senior, got his own way. He is letting the investigators go so he can see what they get up to, and who they talk to. Medwin is convinced they will lead him to James Sterling and the evidence he needs to arrest the man.

### Major Lloyd Medwin

Originally from San Francisco, Medwin joined the Navy straight out of college. He witnessed some action in Europe during the Great War. Later he successfully applied to ONI. His first assignment was in Guatemala during the civil unrest plaguing the country during the 1920's. Medwin excelled in counter-intelligence role, but was transferred to Haiti when too many of his enemies discovered his real identity. He is short for a military man, stocky with bright red hair that he keeps trimmed close to his skull. He wears his uniform proudly on those rare occasions he dons military garb, otherwise he is most often found in a panama hat and a white cotton two-piece suit.

### Burning Papers #1

Medwin's Business Card below:

**Major Lloyd Medwin**  
Office of Naval Intelligence  
United States Embassy  
Bicentenaire, Blvd Alex Hamilton  
Port-au-Prince  
Telephone P-0220

### Lloyd Medwin, Patriotic ONI Agent, age 34

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

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist 75%, damage 1D3+1D4

.45 Automatic 60%, damage 1D10+2

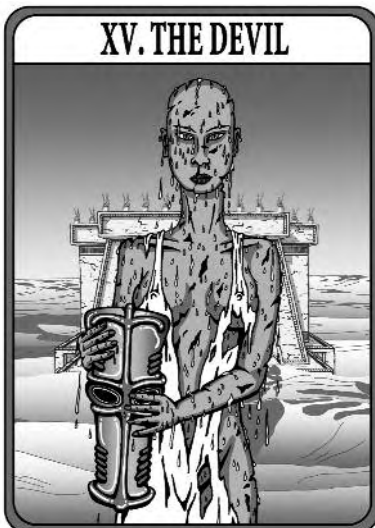
**Skills:** Accounting 40%, Bargain 40%, Climb 55%, Conceal 35%, Credit Rating 30%, Creole 40%, Dodge 40%, Drive Automobile 50%, First Aid 40%, Hide 45%, Listen 60%, Psychology 40%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 55%, Track 30%

**Languages:** English 75%, French 50%, Spanish 40%

### Office of Naval Intelligence

Since its establishment in 1882, the Office of Naval Intelligence has provided information to maintain United States naval dominance. During the Great War, the ONI expanded its operations, venturing into counter-intelligence, ferreting out foreign spies and saboteurs who might attempt to destroy military production facilities. After the war, the ONI's role was expanded again, creating one of the country's first military foreign

Burning Papers #14



Burning Papers #16 Tarot Card: Ten of Swords



Burning Papers #15 Tarot Card Ten of Wands



intelligence-gathering agencies. While the original directives were maintained, the ONI in the 1920's attempted to infiltrate foreign countries to gather intelligence for the US Navy and Army to determine military capabilities. Very few foreign powers were excluded from this espionage, including the United States' own allies.

Throughout the 1920's, the ONI worked with the Army's Military Intelligence Division (MID), producing countless classified documents for Congress and the President.

**UNDER OBSERVATION:** ONI agents follow the investigators continually as they explore Port-au-Prince, waiting for the investigators to take them to Sebastian Senegal, the Haiti rebel leader who purchased weapons from Jack Sterling. They tail in two groups of pairs, swapping over every six hours or so with a fresh team. For each location that the investigators visit, give the ONI agents a **Sneak** roll (50%): If they fail, allow the investigators a **Spot Hidden** to realize they are being tailed. Otherwise the ONI agents remain unnoticed. It is up to the investigators' ingenuity to lose the tail, if they so desire. Multiple **Hide** and **Sneak** rolls are sure to come into play. If the investigators return to a place that is known to the ONI, such as the Hotel Oloffson, the tail is automatically re-established.

ONI agents are designed as wild cards for keepers, either to provide investigators with a hard time if they're doing well, to come to their rescue if they get really stuck, or as a source of information and support if players are cunning enough to enlist their aid.

### Typical ONI Agent

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

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist 55%, damage 1D3+1D4

.45 Automatic 45%, damage 1D10+2

12-gauge pump-action shotgun 40%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6\*

\* These "Trench Guns" are kept in the trunks of the agents' cars and are only used if the investigators turn out to be a serious threat, or if they head into territory where Sebastian Senegal hides out.

**Skills:** Dodge 30%, Drive Auto 50%, First Aid 30%, Hide 50%, Listen 40%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 65%, Track 40%

**Languages:** Creole 10%, English 60%, French 10%

### Hotel Oloffson

This is likely to be the first place that the investigators visit since it is the only concrete lead they have. Asking at reception, they find that they have booked three

#### Burning Papers #2

a List of Names:

Marie Jerome – Tarot Reader

87 Rue Macajoux

Bel Air

Dr. Bruce Northeast – Anthropologist

50 Rue Pacot

Pacot

ADS – National Library

Cult of the Floating Horror? Star Pools?

Voodoo?

#### Burning Papers #3

A Letter of Engagement

### Shaw's Investigations and Security Services

Sammons Building, 212 E 38th Street, New York CITY

Wednesday, 15 October 1930

Mr James Sterling

Sterling Industries

Sunseri Towers

81 William Street

New York City

Dear Mr Sterling,

Thank you for engaging Shaw Investigations. The two detectives I would like to assign to your case are Dirk Kessler who, from his time in the Merchant Navy, has experience in Caribbean nations. Assisting him will be Guy Randall, a former police officer with the New York City Police. Both have considerable success in finding missing persons, and we are confident that they will assist you in finding your son, Jack Sterling, in Haiti.

Our fees are \$80 per day for both detectives, plus expenses. They are both booked on the Cunard liner Goodfellow matching your travel itinerary, departing New York Saturday 18th and arriving in Port-au-Prince on the 23rd.

Yours respectfully,

Roger Shaw

rooms (or fewer if there are fewer than six players), one for James Sterling and his bodyguard Sean O'Neil, one for Dirk Kessler and Guy Randall, and one for Donna Sterling and Amy Lachlan. A sign above the reception says in French that "Staff Recommend That Valuables Be Kept in the Hotel Safe". The investigators are given keys to Kessler's and Randall's room, but the other two require **Fast Talks** or a bribe (\$5 should do it) to access the other rooms. If questioned why they can't get into their own rooms, the man at reception – whose name is Nathaniel – will only say that "it is not appropriate."





### Burning Papers #4

Shaw's Investigation Report on Sterling Industries

### Shaw's Investigations and Security Services

Sammons Building, 212 E 38th Street, New York City

REPORT ON STERLING INDUSTRIES

Client Undisclosed

Compiled by Harrison Zamsky, P.I.

Friday July 5, 1929

Sterling Industries is a New York firm controlled by the Sterling family. The Chairman and owner is James Sterling, a wealth industrialist hailing from six generations of old Rhode Island money. His business is diverse investment in shipping, manufacturing, and rubber and petroleum. During the Great War Sterling Industries purchased a munitions factory in Mott Haven in West Bronx and made a fortune selling arms to Allied forces in Europe. After the war, munitions became their biggest business. They have since sold weapons around the globe, mostly into Europe and Central America, particularly Mexico, Italy, Ireland and Nicaragua.

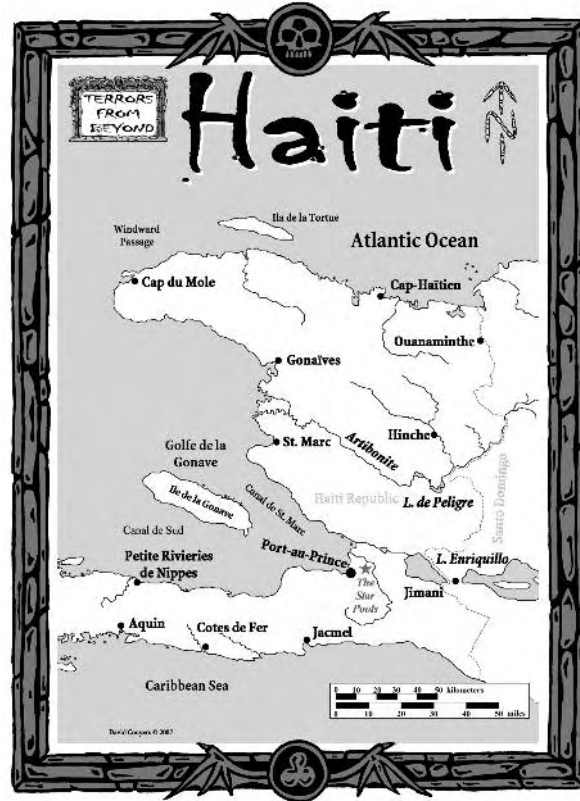
James' son Jack, upon recently completing a college degree at Columbia University, then joined the firm. Other than his son, James Sterling's bodyguard Sean O'Neil is his only other truly trusted employee, who never leaves his boss's side as he travels the world doing business. Several high ranking staff members have expressed dissatisfaction with Sterling and one even questioned the legality of his methods.

What is not publicly known is that Sterling Industries has been investigated more than once by the Office of Naval Intelligence for suspected collaboration with armed forces opposed to the interests of the government of the United States. No actions were taken and no prosecutions were brought forth against Sterling, most likely because of lack of evidence.

It was also reported that New World Incorporated, the Chicago based corporation, was close to buying out Sterling Industries in early 1928, to effectively eliminate competition in the market of global arms sales.

Lastly, Sterling Industries has been supplying the US government with arms for their soldiers in Haiti, but there are rumors that Sterling is also negotiating secret deals to sell weapons to Haitian rebels. Haitian gun-runner Sebastian Senegal is believed to be an associate. This act would be seen as treasonous if convictions were brought to bear by the United States government.

### Burning Papers #5 – Haiti Map



### Burning Papers #6

Haiti Progrés news clipping

Tuesday, October 28, 1930

American Foreigners Feared Dead

(PORT-AU-PRINCE) Residents in the foothills on the eastern outskirts of Port-au-Prince reported a group of American foreigners marching into the hills late last night, shortly before screams were heard. Later bloody murdered bodies of the Americans were reported found by locals. Police investigations found blood-stained grass and bushes at the supposed murder sites, and these were later confirmed as human blood. Although the bodies are still missing, locals insist that the foreigners were assaulted and killed, but by whom, they would not say.

The US Embassy has had no reports regarding any missing citizens in or around Port-au-Prince, but they did say they were investigating the matter.

Remember he's only seeing one investigator, Kessler, not all six.

If the investigators request to access any valuables they might have left in the safe, Nathaniel obliges. The package they receive contains enough .38 automatic pistols and .45 revolvers to outfit all the investigators but in reality there is only one of each weapon. Among the possessions is \$300 dollars US, a list of names and addresses (Burning Papers #2), a letter of engagement for Kessler and Randall (Burning Papers #3), a report on

Sterling Industries prepared by Shaw's Investigations and Security Services (Burning Papers #4), a map of Haiti (Burning Papers #5), and two unused tickets to New York on the liner Louisiana Queen in the names of Dirk Kessler and Guy Randall. If Guy Randall is not part of the group, have a note attached to Burning Papers #3 stating that Randall was called away for a personal matter at the last minute, and Shaw most humbly apologizes for this inconvenience.





The other tickets for the other investigators are not present, because the receptionist only gave them Kessler's possessions. The investigators are unable to acquire what any of the others left in the hotel safe, because these have already been commandeered by Medwin and the ONI.

While in the lobby or in their room, investigators will notice a complimentary copy of *Haiti Progrés*. This is a local weekly newspaper written in French with a sizable section in English, and the main headlines scream "American Foreigners Feared Dead". The article is provided as a handout (*Burning Papers #6*).

### Kessler and Randall's Room

Acquiring keys from reception for this room is easy, since Kessler is the one who booked this room. Inside are two single beds with mosquito nets and an overhead fan. Two suitcases contain clothes, toiletries, a set of lock picks, boxes with many rounds of bullets for a .45 revolver and a .38 automatic, and another box of shells for a 12-gauge shotgun (approximately 50 rounds for each weapon). Distributed between Kessler and Randall's luggage are the broken-down components of a 12-gauge pump action shotgun. It requires a **Mechanical Repair** roll and 2D10 minutes to put it back together. Other equipment includes flashlights, hiking boots, a Remington typewriter and paper for preparing reports, and rucksacks for hiking.

The last item the investigators find is a matchbox with the imprint of a New York speakeasy, *The Sugar Cane* at 5th Avenue and West 135th Street. Inside the box is a dead moth. For the moment its purpose remains a mystery to the investigators, until they meet with Mama Josephine.

### Sterling and O'Neil's Room

If the investigators did not acquire a key to this room, a **Locksmith** skill roll gains access. The layout is similar to Kessler and Randall's room. Although everything appears neat, investigators who succeed in a **Spot Hidden** roll suspect that the room has been searched. There was a briefcase with a whole lot of papers but they are now missing. There are no weapons in this room.

A **Spot Hidden** roll turns up a shipping manifest which was missed by the searchers. It is for farming machinery delivered from the Sterling factory in Mott Haven, the Bronx, to Labadie Imports / Exports at the Port-au-Prince docks. A **Know** roll confirms that Sterling Industries does not manufacture farming machinery. The date for

the expected arrival of the goods was Monday 6th October, around the same time James Sterling's son arrived in Haiti.

If investigators explore the bathroom, they find a mirrored cabinet. Opening discovers nothing unusual, but closing it again finds an upside down tarot card mysteriously pinned to the mirror's edge where there was nothing before. This costs 0/1 point of Sanity. This is the Death card (*Burning Papers #7*), and a successful **Occult** skill roll reveals that Death relates to change and corruption, that as one door closes another opens and the old has to make way for the new. However, a third **Occult** roll notes that the card was found inverted, which gives the card a new meaning relating to a lack of hope, and inertia. It is better to accept the inevitable than to be paralyzed by not doing so. A **Cthulhu Mythos** roll reveals that the card representing Baron Samedi also portrays him as an aspect of the deity Nyarlathotep, the god of a thousand forms. There are no clues to how this card appeared here. This is the first of many tarot cards left by Nyarlathotep as subtle reminders that all is not as the investigators think it is; he is subtly telling the investigators that the two people who last stayed here are now dead.

### The Nyarlathotep Tarot Deck

In this magic tarot deck, each of the seventy-eight cards represents one of the thousand forms of Nyarlathotep, the Crawling Chaos. The Major Arcana are of Nyarlathotep's human or semi-human forms, such as the Masked Messenger, Baron Samedi, the Black Man, the Skinless One, Nyarlathotep and so on, while the Minor Arcana represent his monstrous forms such as Ahtu, the Spiraling Worm, the Haunter of the Dark, the Faceless God and others.

The origin of this deck is unknown, and may have been created by Nyarlathotep himself as a gift to humanity. Rumor has it that the cards have been destroyed in the past, and yet they turn up again and again.

A rarer rumor is that if all 78 cards are acquired, the owner can then command Nyarlathotep to do his bidding, effectively binding the Outer God to the owner's will. This rumor is a lie, one cultivated by Nyarlathotep. If all the cards are collected, the owner finds himself magically transported to the outer god's world, Sharnoth, to become Nyarlathotep's slave for eternity.

Each individual card adds +1% chance of summoning Nyarlathotep if the Contact Nyarlathotep spell is known, and +10% if the card is used to summon the aspect of Nyarlathotep represented on the card. Similarly, each card provides 1 magic point for use in casting a spell related to Nyarlathotep. For example, investigators with three Nyarlathotep tarot cards have a +3% chance of succeeding the Contact Nyarlathotep spell, and have 3 additional magic points at their disposal. If one of those cards was *XV. The Devil* which represents the Masked Messenger, the person holding the cards would have a 12% chance of summoning this particular aspect (10% for the Masked Messenger card, plus 2% for the additional two cards).



### Burning Papers #8

Telegram from Shaw's Investigations

GLAD TO HEAR YOU ARE SAFE AND WELL STOP FEARED THE WORST CONSIDERING RECENT EVENTS REPORTED IN THE NEWS STOP PRIORITY REMAINS TO FIND JAMES STERLING IF STILL MISSING AND THEN FIND HIS SON STOP GOVERNMENT AGENTS ASKING QUESTIONS ABOUT YOU QUERY STOP DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS ABOUT STOP ROGER SHAW END

### Donna and Amy's Room

Similar in size and layout to the other two rooms, this room also requires a **Spot Hidden** roll suggests that this room has been searched, and anything of value or interest has been taken.

### Lines of Investigation

Some initial lines of investigations follow. Most of these leads end up as dead ends, but they can provide investigators with further insights into the problems they now face.

**SHAW'S INVESTIGATIONS AND SECURITY:** This firm of private investigators was established in 1919 by former police detectives Roger Shaw and his silent partner Harrison Zamsky. They specialize in missing persons cases, fraud investigations, race fixing and the bread and butter staple, adultery. They have about twenty private investigators on the payroll. Although they are doing well now, by 1936 they will be out of business. See Pagan Publishing's *Devil's Children* for further background on this small firm.

The only way the investigators can contact their employers at Shaw's is via a telegram. Doing so, investigators receive a response within twenty-four hours (*Burning Papers #8*). Investigators can respond to this telegram, but regardless of what they say they do not receive another answer until the scenario's conclusion. The government agents mentioned in the telegram are Medwin's ONI men who are performing a background check on the detectives James Sterling hired to take with him to Haiti, Kessler and Randall.

### Haiti Progrés

If investigators attempt to contact the newspaper to reach the author of the "American Foreigners Feared Dead" article (*Burning Papers #6*), a **French** and **Persuade** roll allows them to discover that journalist Eugene Vallier is on a week's leave, and cannot be contacted.

No one else in the newspaper knows his sources; they cannot (or will not) recall who in the police force investigated the crime. This lead turns out to be a dead end.

### The American Embassy

The player characters might return to the American Embassy. They might be in legal trouble and require assistance, for instance, or they might want answers to mysteries they can't resolve any other way.

If investigators try to leave the country using legal arrangements, they find that passage is refused to them. Medwin wants them in the country until his investigation is complete. No amount of **Fast Talk**, **Persuade** or **Law** rolls change the minds of embassy officials about this.

Investigators might try to learn more about the missing foreigners reported in the news. If they do as they are told to, to wait for Major Medwin, he shows up ready to talk to the investigators half an hour later. He won't deny that the ONI is looking into the case, but without names and bodies, it is hard to know for sure what happened – or if anyone is actually dead.

If the investigators are struggling for clues, Medwin can ask them what they know about a man named Sebastian Senegal. He checks their responses. If the investigators have already uncovered this name and lie to him, give Medwin a **Psychology** skill roll to detect the lie. Depending on their response, Medwin may tell them that Senegal is a rebel leader who has just received a shipment of small arms. Medwin's informants tells him that the weapons are planned to be used against innocent American men, women and children, and the mulattos who work in the US government offices in Port-au-Prince. Medwin is adamant that Senegal is an evil man, and that he has to be stopped at all costs. He hints that the investigators should aid him against Senegal.

Investigators who shook their ONI tails now find that they pick up again if they return to the Embassy.

### Haitian National Library

Investigators might decide to do some good old-fashioned library research, to provide further background for their situation. Most of the books in the Haitian National Library are in Creole, and only a few are in English. Because the library is not as comprehensive as many European or American collections, **Library Use** rolls here are restricted to a maximum of 50%, reflecting the small size and narrow scope of the collection.

Investigators must choose topics to research if they are to find the following information. Each is found after half an hour or searching and then only with a





**Library Use** roll and **Luck** roll at half (for the reference to be in English; otherwise a **French** roll is required:

**Voodoo:** A mixture of superstition, magic, witchcraft, serpent worship and the like, derived from African religions and combined with Christian beliefs. Investigators may wish to delve further into voodoo; research provides them with information adapted from the side text on voodoo.

**Tarot:** A pack of Italian playing cards first used in the fourteenth century, more commonly used today as media for fortune telling. The original pack contained 78 cards — the Minor Arcana with suits of numerical cards with four court cards, the king, queen, knight and page, and the Major Arcana of 22 cards; these have individual figures.

**note penciled in margin:**

*Same ritual as described by BN  
Same cult active in P-au-P  
Sacred site - the SP? S. Senegal  
knows something about this cult*

The most popular deck in use in America is the Rider-Waite tarot deck, first published by Rider & Company in London in 1910. A listing of the Major Arcana is provided as a handout (*Burning Paper #9*).

**Floating Horror:** The investigators find a rare copy of *Africa's Dark Sects*. When they open it to the book-marked chapter on the Floating Horror cult, they find another inverted tarot card, this one of *XII. The Hanged Man* (*Burning Papers #10*) which is from the same deck as the Death card found previously. An **Occult** roll translates the card's meaning as selfishness and egotism; a **Cthulhu Mythos** skill roll identifies this creature as an aspect of the god Nyarlathotep. The text on the book-marked page describes a ceremony of the Floating Horror performed by the Nigerian branch of this cult (*Burning Papers #11*). There is also a note in the margin; it is in the investigator's own handwriting.

**The Star Pools:** The investigators find nothing on this topic.

**Africa's Dark Sects:** A new mythos tome. This book is based on the experiences of American explorer Nigel Blackwell compiled from notes taken during his travels in Africa in 1916, and was written and published in 1924. Subject matter covers the Cult of the Bloody Tongue in East Africa, the Cult of the Screaming Crawler in the Congo Basin and the Cult of the Floating

**Burning Papers #9: Tarot Major Arcana**

- |                        |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| I. The Magician        | XII. The Hanged Man |
| II. The High Priestess | XIII. Death         |
| III. The Empress       | XIV. Temperance     |
| IV. The Emperor        | XV. The Devil       |
| V. The Hierophant      | XVI. The Tower      |
| VI. The Lovers         | XVII. The Star      |
| VII. The Chariot       | XVIII. The Moon     |
| VIII. Strength         | XIX. The Sun        |
| IX. The Hermit         | XX. Judgment        |
| X. Wheel of Fortune    | XXI. The World      |
| XI. Justice            | XXII. The Fool      |

Horror in Nigeria, but does not connect these cults as worshipping the same god, nor does Blackwell seem to realize that all these gods are aspects of Nyarlathotep.

In English, only thirteen copies of the book survived past six months in print. Authorities incinerated the rest. One copy was held at the Widener Library in New York City but vanished in 1924, while two other copies are known held in the McMillan Library in Nairobi and the Zebulon Pharr collection in San Francisco. This tome provides a skill check to Occult. *Sanity Loss 1D5/1D10; Cthulhu Mythos +6 percentiles; average 1 week to study and comprehend 12 hours to skim.* Spells: Create Zombie.

## Voodoo

*The way we tell it, hoodoo started way back before everything. Six days of magic spells and mighty words and the world with its elements above and below was made. And now, God is leaning back taking a seventh day rest. When the eighth day comes around, He'll start to making new again.*

*Man wasn't made until half-past five on the sixth day, so he can't know how anything was done...*

— Zora Neale Hurston, *Mules and Men*

Voodoo, or hoodoo, or vaudou, voodoo, or vodun, is an African-derived religion influenced by Roman Catholicism. It has been practiced in the United States



## Burning Papers #11

Passage from Africa's Dark Sects

*I had been warned earlier that the ceremony I now witnessed, although it had trappings of Voodoo from the Congo, was in fact derived from rituals that were far older and ancient. The witchdoctor, dressed in a grass suit that fully enclosed his body, and his face hidden behind a grotesque mask depicting a face with three eyes, called forth demons from an undersea island. The frenzied dancers around him, his possessed followers, moved with impossible rhythms. The elder amongst them shocked me when they gouged themselves to death with sharp stones.*

*Into the fray stepped what was once a man, and something else. His skin covered in black scales and his face not unlike that of an iguana, he sent shivers through my skin. It was not the unnatural angles that his body could achieve as he danced, rather his eyes — still human, still seeing as a human sees. And then an eye opened in his forehead, although it was not an eye, and I could see that the lizard man was Host to something else, something that desired to be free of the vessel that was once a man's forehead. His third eye was the gateway to the unknown realms.*

*I'm not sure that my mind would have accepted what was to occur next. My guide, Joma, thankfully dragged me from that awful, savage place. And yet in the dark hours, in my hotel or in a bedroll under the stars, I image what I might have seen, if I waited to witness what the Host might have become.*

— Nigel Blackwell, *Africa's Dark Sects* —

(mostly in Louisiana), the Caribbean (mostly in Haiti and the Dominican Republic), Mexico, and South America for centuries by the descendants of African slaves.

Focusing on the intimate relationship between the realm of humankind and the realm of the loa, a group of divine spirits related to Catholic saints and African tribal gods, voodoo is in all its aspects a living faith, in which its believers are in constant contact and conflict with the supernatural. Voodoo has been subjected to much sensationalism and distortion; the following rules hope to remain as respectful to faith and legend as pos-

sible, while still providing *Call of Cthulhu* gamers playable rules and background.

Although no precise date for the conception of voodoo is available, scholars generally agree that the religion began in the mid-seventeenth century, when Africans from the Congo, Guinea, and Dahomey were brought to the French West Indies as slaves. Hoping to preserve their native beliefs in the face of aggressive conversion attempts by French Catholic missionaries, the slaves (at first clandestinely) incorporated Christian doctrine into tribal tradition.

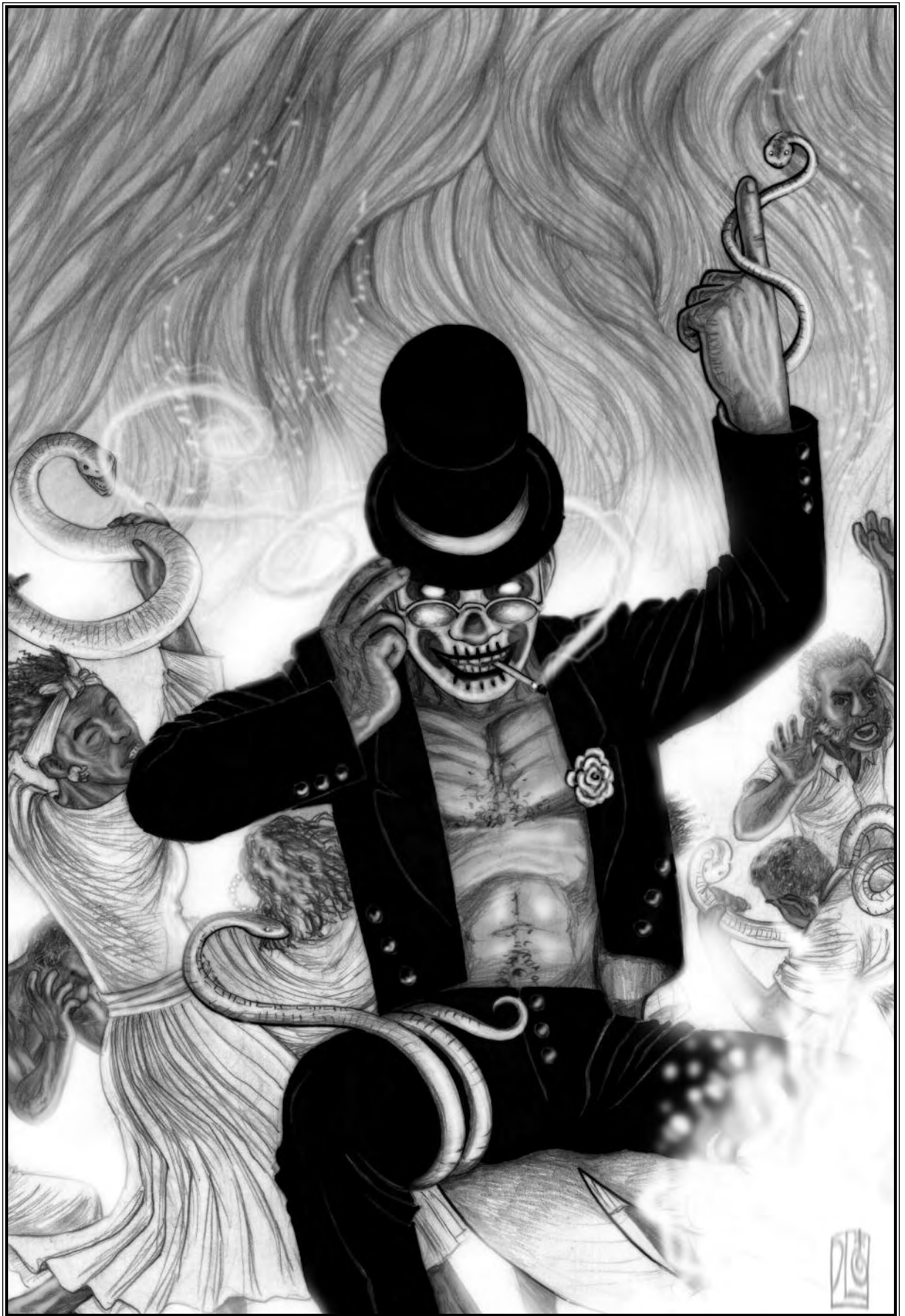
With the passing of generations, the dichotomy between Catholicism and African polytheism disappeared, replaced by the single faith of voodoo. Most voodooists consider themselves Catholics, seeing no distinction or contradiction between voodoo and the teachings of the Church.

While all voodooists profess belief in a supreme, neo-Christian God who influences all things, the loa (also known as the *Mysteres*, *Mysteries* or the *Invisibles*) remain at the center of the voodoo tradition. Like many deities, the loa possess specific spheres of influence (the sea, snakes, love, and so forth), and many myths detail their intrigues with one another; unlike many deities, however, the loa are palpably human, possessing the same petty jealousies, grand passions, and impulsive schemes as their worshippers. Furthermore, the loa are exceedingly accessible, and voodooists consult them about the most commonplace activities: The loa assist humans in love affairs, advise them on investments in the stock market, influence trials in their favor, and appear in their dreams to provide vital advice. The loa are as much a part of the voodoo community as the humans, and are referred to as respected (albeit unseen) elders.

While the precise practice of voodoo may vary from nation to region to village, all voodooists agree that there are two distinct tribes or families of loa. The Rada tribe are the gods most unchanged from their African origins, originating in the ancient practices of Dahomey. Rada loa are the good spirits, the ones most friendly to humankind and the deities most often invoked by the voodooist.

The other tribe of loa, the Petro, have hazy origins. Some claim these are the gods of the Congo, some claim they did not arise until the slaves came to Haiti, and others merely say they are “not of Africa.” Although not all Petro loa are baka, or evil spirits, they are certainly more violent and Hostile to humans than the Rada loa. All Rada loa have Petro counterparts, darker halves, so to speak, which few honest voodooists summon for fear of provoking their malignant wrath. The bloody 1804 slave revolt that threw the French out of Haiti was incited by a Petro loa ceremony.







## Humfor

The voodoo worship-place, or humfor, may be a room in the mambo's house, an open-air lean-to, an abandoned building, or a shack built especially for this purpose. If the humfor is indoors, there is a small antechamber just outside it, where supplicants may wait for the ceremony to begin.

Drawn on the ground in the doorway leading to the humfor's interior is a series of lines and whorls designed to block the entrance of baka: Theoretically, the evil spirits will try to follow the pattern of circles and become forever lost in the design.

The interior of the humfor is held up, metaphorically, by two poles – one for the women to congregate around, and another for the men. The walls are usually painted with designs of serpents or dancers, and necklaces of snake vertebrae are hung for decoration. The Catholic background of voodoo is not forgotten in humfor design: Icons, crucifixes, and images of the Virgin Mary abound. The altar is at the front of the room, covered by a white lace tablecloth upon which lie jugs of wine or fruit, and plates of fancy cakes and cigars for the loa. The design on the floor in front of the altar is the invisible path by which the gods enter the humfor: The northernmost circle represents earth, the western one sky, and the southern one sea. The pattern is usually surrounded by a circle of cornmeal. Drummers – who accompany the ceremony's dances – sit on the right of the altar, and the mambo sits to the left of the altar on a stool.

## Mambos and Hungans

In America, voodoo is primarily a matrilineal religion. A congregation is led by a priestess known as a mambo, or Voodoo Queen, whose mantle is handed down from daughter to daughter. Typically, a mambo will choose a male assistant as an apprentice, or hunzi, who eventually rises to the post of hungan, or Voodoo King. The hungan is the man hand-picked by the mambo to lead ceremonies and rituals, while the mambo watches intently from the sidelines, occasionally giving commands or lending advice (in Haiti, the hungan is more often the head of the congregation). Often the mambo will be given the title “Mother” or “Mama” (e.g., Mother Smith, Mama Jones).

In game terms, mambos and hungans should have high INT, CON, and POW. They have high skill levels in **Art** (Dancing, Drums, and Singing), **Bargain**, **First Aid**, **Natural History**, **Occult**, **Persuade**, **Pharmacy**, and **Psychology**. If a mambo (or hungan) has any Cthulhu Mythos knowledge at all, it is just enough to know what to warn her followers away from. It is possible that powerful mambos possess one or two of the more benign spells from the Lesser Grimoire.

## Baron Samedi

Also called Baron Saturday, is a part of the pantheon of deities of traditional voodoo. He is the Lord of the Dead, and master of necromantic magic and all things dead. He is generally depicted as a tall black man with his face painted like a grinning skull. He wears a black top hat and black coat with long tails. Few followers of voodoo suspect that the true and alien identity of the Baron is in fact Nyarlathotep, the Crawling Chaos. Baron Samedi is worshipped alongside the other loa or spirits of the voodoo religion. Murders and necromantic magic, such as the creation of zombies, must be cleared by Baron Samedi before such acts can be performed. The Baron prefers black roosters, rum and tobacco as offerings, and may only be summoned in a cemetery.

## The Tarot Reader

Marie Jerome is a black woman of slave descent. She is a large woman yet with a pretty face, and she wears gold jewelry. Investigators find her reading room at the back of a shop front that sells bread. Walking through the bakery, the investigators find themselves in a small curtained room decorated with richly colored hanging sheets, and cane furniture. Housed within wire-framed cages hanging from the ceiling are several parrots, which flutter into furious activity whenever strangers enter. Candles burn throughout the room and a pentagram etched in wood adorns the reading table.

Marie smiles at the investigators when they enter. She has met with Dirk Kessler and Guy Randall previously. She comments that they have returned so soon – or have they changed their minds about having their fortune read? She also asks where their friend is, but she will not elaborate on who that friend was, only that he was an American man, an official man who did not give his name. She means Guy Randall, but the investigators might be forgiven if they think Marie refers to Medwin.

If they ask what they spoke about last time she becomes confused, but does say that they came to her wanting to know about voodoo. She referred them to a man named Bruce Northeast, an anthropologist who has immersed himself in the ways of the Haitian people, to write a paper, she believes. She asks if they have spoken to him. If investigators are really stuck, she sends them to Mama Josephine. As to their last visit, they wanted to know about voodoo ceremonies performed in Port-au-Prince, and she advised that *Fet Gede*, or All Soul's Day is only a few days away, on the 1st and 2nd of November. If asked where the ceremonies are performed, she mentions the Grand Cemetery; the festival is, after all, dedicated to Baron Samedi. Investigators who miss the clue leading them to Marie may find an





advertisement for her tarot reading services in one of the local newspapers.

### The Investigator's Reading at Marie's

The investigators did not get a card reading last time they visited, because they told Marie that they were cynical that their fortunes could be read. However, if they have changed their minds she gladly performs a reading today. It costs 5 *Gourde* (\$1 US). She can only do one reading, and the loa spirits tell her the best reading is a five-card spread. She asks the investigators to voice a question while they shuffle the deck, to help them understand and interpret the findings. The cards drawn will tell them their past, their present, their future, the obstacle they must face, and the outcome if their obstacle is overcome.

Keepers should note it doesn't matter who has the reading done. It will always be about Dirk Kessler, regardless of which "ghost" sits for the reading. Marie uses the Rider-Waite Tarot desk. If keepers own a deck of Tarot Cards they might wish to prepare the cards in advance, and lay them out for the players as their investigators undertake the reading.

**First Card – The Past:** Marie explains this card is where the investigators are coming from, what they have already learnt and what they have already experienced. When she turns this card over it is *XIII Death*, inverted. The meaning of this card is inertia and lack of hope. She interprets this card to mean that the investigators came

to an impasse; they literally lost their minds and did not know what to do. She feels that something very important to them was lost, but they found a means by which to cope with this loss.

**Second Card – The Present:** This card is where the investigators are right now, both physically and in their state of mind. Turning this card over reveals another inverted card, in this case *XV the Devil*, which inverted is a good thing, meaning that the investigators now have clarity and insight, and that their intellect wants to dominate their intuition and feelings. Marie says she is confused by this card. In one sense intellect gives them great power, the spiritual energy of several people. However if they trust their intuition and feelings, that energy and inner power might be lost. She is unable to elaborate further.

**Third Card – The Future:** This card is where the investigators will soon find themselves, where they will have to make a decision of great importance with profound consequences. Turning this card over reveals card *XII, The Hanged Man*, once again inverted. Marie says this represents selfishness and egotism. To succeed they must ignore false prophets, let go of their fears and not be afraid to sacrifice, even self-sacrifice for the greater good. She senses that the investigators are seeking someone, and that this person is the cause of their current predicament. He may have to be let go – in what sense she cannot say – if they are to achieve what they came to Haiti to accomplish. They may have to give up something about themselves too if they are to succeed.

**Fourth Card – The Obstacle:** To achieve their objectives, the investigators must overcome the obstacle presented in this card. Success is only guaranteed if this obstacle is properly dealt with. The card revealed now is the *Ten of Wands*, also inverted. Marie says this means that the investigators face treachery and loss. She says they have deceived themselves, and this deceit will bring about their downfall. Marie senses that if the investigators are to defeat their enemy, they must first come to terms with their own lies.

**Fifth Card – The Outcome:** If they overcome their obstacle, the investigators will receive this outcome. The last card to be turned over is *Ten of Swords* but this one is not inverted. This card troubles Marie. To overcome their obstacle the investigators will feel pain and anguish, and they will reach an extremely low point in their affairs. However, the worst has already passed, and great good can be accomplished. There will be a desertion, but the desertion brings truth, and the truth opens the possibility for success.

Investigators who have already collected one or more of the Nyarlathotep cards recognize that the same pattern is being played out as per Marie's reading. If

**Incident on the Street**

As the investigators are traveling from one location to another, preferably in a dirtier, poorer section of town, they find themselves watched by a group of young black boys, street children who are kicking a soccer ball to each other. As the investigators walk past, the boys stop and stare at them. At this point one of the investigators steps into muddy earth, soiling his shoes and pants. If the boys are approached they run, fleeing into the back streets disappearing. Any that are restrained speak no other language other than Creole, and beg to be released. Investigators soon find themselves threatened by dozens of black men and women of the street, who don't take kindly to their sons being assaulted.

Later, as the investigators pass through this section of town returning whence they came, they find that several of the boys now have large five inch nails and are pounding them into the footprints left behind by the investigators. They flee again as per the situation above if approached.

Investigators who succeed in an **Occult** roll, or who consult a library, learn that pounding a nail into the footprint left behind by a ghost binds that ghost to that particular spot, so that they cannot travel to haunt other people or places. However, keeping the nail in place or removing it has no affect on the investigators. People in the scenario who could also interpret the meaning behind the action include Marie Jerome, Mama Josephine and Sebastian Senegal.





## Burning Papers #12

Last Entry in Doctor Northeast's Journal *Monday, October 27*

*After meeting with James Sterling and his team of investigators, I was surprised at how much of what they told me related to what I had believed, until last night, to be myths. The Star Pools they say is real, and that Mr. Sterling's son has been kidnapped and taken there, to be a victim of a ritual of blood sacrifice. At first I did not believe them, and said as much, but now that I have witnessed the Star Pools for myself, I cannot even begin to imagine what else of the Floating Horror Cult prophecies are true, and what the ultimate fate of this island nation will be if they succeed in their plans.*

*The Star Pools, located in a hidden valley in the hills east of Port-au-Prince defy rational explanation. I saw Jack Sterling, James Sterling's son. I dare not commit to paper what they had done to him, lest my mind fails me as I remember too clearly in my prose, and I lose my mind altogether. What I will say is that I recognized his undoing, because I can now see they match too closely the descriptions of beings described so clearly in The Masked Messenger, especially the tale of the Ashanti Warrior and the Sharp Stone.*

*They have plans for the younger Sterling, this I know. It is tied to the ceremonies of the Fet Gede, which begin on the first of next month, and conclude in the following day. Will the real followers of the Floating Horror reveal themselves, and lead Jack Sterling into the hills, where he will be sacrificed as his father predicted. Can he still be saved? One can only hope.*

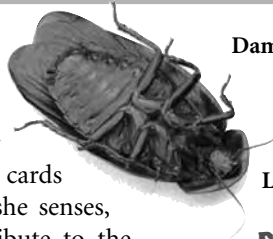
*Probably not, because I saw what lurked in the green waters of the Star Pools. It was that shape which banished my courage, and sent me fleeing screaming into the night*

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Marie is shown any of the Nyarlathotep tarot cards she is wary of them, refusing to touch them and crossing herself when she first lays eyes upon them. She is neither impressed nor surprised they are the same cards that have been revealed in this reading; she senses, these cards are evil, and can only contribute to the investigators' downfall. She advises that the cards be destroyed, and that the investigators do not touch any more that they might find. The investigators must deal with their dark shadows before they come to her again.



**Damage Penalty:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist 35%, damage 1D3+1D4

**Skills:** Art (Tarot Reading) 85%, Listen 40%, Psychology 60%, Spot Hidden 45%

**Languages:** Creole 60%, English 55%, French 50%

### Marie Jerome

Although Marie is an accomplished tarot reader and a voodoo practitioner with strong psychic abilities, she is not a *mambo*. She has some knowledge of the Cthulhu Mythos, and has heard rumors of the fringe voodoo cult who worship a being called the Floating Horror. Each tarot reading costs her 1 magic point.

#### Marie Jerome, Tarot Reader, age 42

STR 08    CON 08    SIZ 16    INT 14    POW 16  
DEX 07    APP 12    EDU 10    SAN 80    HP 12

### Dr. Bruce Northeast and His Home

Bruce Northeast is an Australian anthropologist from Adelaide University here in Haiti to study voodoo rituals. He met with the investigators on Friday, October 24 to discuss Haitian voodoo, referring them to the *Africa's Dark Sects* text in the Haitian National Library, and offering to introduce them to mambo Mama Josephine. The investigators told Bruce Northeast some of what they had learned about a place called the Star Pools in the hills outside of Port-au-Prince. Northeast became interested, and set out to find the place himself. There he discovered the pools, witnessing the Star Pool lurker which nearly drove him insane. He fled, but not before being spotted by the cult, who decided that he had seen too much. Northeast locked himself in his house, afraid to go outside. Two days later, on Tuesday on October 28th, cult assassins found him, and hacked him to





### **Burning Papers #13**

Fable from *The Masked Messenger*

*The Ashanti Warrior Bargains Poorly with the Keeper of the Sharp Stone*

*I do not know why I took possession of the sharp stone, found discarded on the shores of the dank river, as I traveled home from a great war from the north. It caught my attention, palm-sized and green with an oily shine. It made me sick in the stomach just to hold it, but its engravings captivated me, sharp cuneiform-like designs similar to those adorning the great statues of Clulu and Tsadogwa that are scattered across this continent. As I felt along its fine cutting edge it drew blood, and the pain shot through me like flame burning the belly. I dropped the stone, cursed it and returned to the path, only to fall into oblivion.*

*I found myself in a dank, dark labyrinth with the stench of death and cooking fires. The air was filled with the sounds of running water and distant voices, and I knew not where I was. Onwards I marched, lost, confused, until terror finally gripped my soul and my heart bled from a wound that was not made in flesh. In time I forgot who I was, and from where I had come. In time I found my way to freedom, to a great shore of a still sea. Although the sky was as dark as night there were no stars and its brightness burnt my eyes. I looked up, to the black sphere that was the sun, casting its unnatural light.*

*On the shores I saw three circular mud-brick houses of my people. The black light that shone from within burnt my eyes as well, only the glare was obscured by a man. Tall and thin, he walked toward me, with a grace and poise unknown amongst mortal men. When he reached my side, I saw that his face was a skull, with three human eyes. His unnatural glare spilt from a socket in his forehead, the source of his power.*

*“Shut your ears, my Ashanti Warrior,” his voice echoed inside my head. “I am the Keeper of the Sharp Stone, and you are here now to bargain with me.”*

*My mouth opened, desiring above all other desires to answer this man, this guise of the Masked Messenger, and yet I found no words to speak, and no answer worthy of his reverence.*

*“Shut your mouth, my Ashanti Warrior.” His lipless jaw did not move, and yet his words were as clear as my own hands if they were held up now to my face. “I know what you want. You wish to return to your world. Even if in your world you are still mine.”*

*I nodded, aware that the Keeper of the Sharp Stone knew my thoughts deeper than I knew them myself. My two wives, three sons, five daughters, eighteen cattle, forty-eight goats and three hundred chickens needed the head of their house to return to provide for them, and I owed them as much. So I would make the bargain, knowing that the price would be dreadful, even if only to touch the skin of my beloveds once again.*

*“Shut your eyes my Ashanti Warrior.” And I did what I was commanded. And he touched me upon the forehead and I knew that was where it would begin. Where he would return again, to rule and destroy, and bring chaos to the land and to all people. “We shall meet again, soon enough.”*

*And I woke, upon the shores of the dank river, with the Sharp Stone still clutched greedily in my hand where it had cut. Already black scales were forming around the scab of the wound. It had begun, and I knew I must flee, back to my family until the time of the end comes for me.*

*I bargained poorly, but the Masked Messenger would have it no other way.*



pieces with sabers. His body has yet to be discovered. It is in his house, discussed not far below.

If Medwin and the ONI follow the investigators to Northeast's bungalow and discover the body, they may suspect that Kessler had a hand in it, but they immediately jump to the wrong conclusion that this killing is somehow related to Sterling Industries' illegal arms deals with the Haitian rebels; Medwin tries to pin the murder on Sebastian Senegal. He may pull the investigators in to interrogate them on this matter, but in the end he is unlikely to gather enough evidence to make anything stick, and lets them go.

Doctor Bruce Northeast's home is a small bungalow at 50 Rue Pacot in the Pacot district, rented for the duration of Northeast's stay in Haiti. He had funding for twelve months, of which ten are already used. The bungalow is surrounded by palms, bamboo and thick tropical growths which provide seclusion from neighbors, and are the reason that his body has gone undiscovered.

**Veranda:** This wooden veranda commands a pleasant view of the street through the thick foliage. Hanging from a string noose on the door is a decapitated rooster.

Its blood has dribbled down the side of the door. An **Occult** roll identifies the rooster as a traditional offering to the voodoo deity Baron Samedi, while a **Cthulhu Mythos** identifies the Baron as an aspect of Nyarlathotep.

Investigators who make a **Spot Hidden** realize there is a symbol carved into the door behind the rooster. Clearing the dead animal away reveals a stylized symbol of a human skull with a third eye socket in its forehead. This is the sigil of the Cult of the Floating Horror, as investigators may have already discovered.

It is also obvious that the door has been forced open; it is slightly ajar and the lock has been smashed. The muddy (but dried) barefoot prints of several men arriving and leaving are also easy to spot. A **Track** roll identifies three large men, who arrived and left in a hurry. The footprints are lost on the street.

**Living Area:** A combination living area, study, library and kitchen. The room has been trashed, with shelves toppled, furniture broken and the contents of drawers and cupboards upturned and smashed. Investigators who inspect the damage and succeed in a **Spot Hidden** roll conclude that many of the broken items have been



### New Mythos Tome

*Wherever we walk, Nyarlathotep has walked that path long before we were conceived, and he will walk that same path long after our memories are forgotten and our bodies are nothing more than corrupted dust.*

Sharinza, — *The Masked Messenger*, 1726 AD

This is an English translation of the original, written in eighteenth century Morocco by a woman called Sharinza. The text is in the style of Arabian Nights. The original manuscript contains five hundred fables centered upon a deity known as the Masked Messenger, an aspect of Nyarlathotep. Each tale is beautifully decorated with disturbing illustrations. The tales are frightening enough without their visual aids, containing apocalyptic themes, and none of the protagonists ever seem to find satisfactory outcomes to their predicaments.

The Masked Messenger – whose form often switches between male and female – pretends to aid and assist men and women from across all nations of the Middle East and Africa, only to corrupt, humiliate and finally defile the narrators. Some of the protagonists include the Egyptian Pharaoh Nephren-Ka, the ghoulish queen Nitocris, the tribal chief of Congo cannibal cult, Skunga-Zu, and Abdul Alhazred — the Damascan sorcerer who wrote the Al-Azif a thousand years before. Other aspects of Nyarlathotep mentioned by name are Ahtu or the Spiraling Worm, the Floating Horror, the Bloody Tongue, the Black Pharaoh, and Nyarlathophis.

A woman known only as Sharinza wrote the book. Preliminary research reveals she was a concubine of Moulay Ismail, once sul-

tan of Morocco. She led a double life – the other being that of high priestess of a secretive cult open only to Islamic women, the Sisterhood of the Masked Messenger. She was said to be heavily influenced by the Al-Azif. That Arabic manuscript spawned two English language Necronomicons and translations in at least six other languages.

The English language edition found in Northeast's bungalow was translated by Professor Samuel Colbridge, once curator of the British Museum. After Colbridge's mysterious death in Arkham Massachusetts, the missing portions of the manuscript were completed and annotated by Rudolph Pearson, Professor of Medieval Literature at Columbia, and finally published in 1930. See *Secrets of New York* for further background on Professor Pearson.

*The Masked Messenger* is the most comprehensive guide to the Cthulhu Mythos in Africa. Tales are set mostly in North Africa, the Sahara, Egypt, the Middle East, West Africa, the land of the Maasai, the Swahili Coast, and the Congo. The stories discuss many lost and fabled places such as the Temple of the Masked Messenger situated in western Sahara, Nyhargo in the Ituri forests near Uganda, and Irem in Arabia. A peculiar aspect of this manuscript is its numerous references to cities and locations found in Earth's Dreamlands, written as if they are real places in the waking world.

The Sisterhood of the Masked Messenger is evidently connected with the global cults of Nyarlathotep, for the cults of the Spiraling Worm, Bloody Tongue, Floating Horror and Black Pharaoh are often mentioned.

THE MASKED MESSENGER – *English translation from the Arabic by Coleridge and Pearson. Columbia University Press, 1930. Sanity Loss 1D2/1D4; Cthulhu Mythos +3 percentiles; average six weeks to study and comprehend/12 hours to skim.* The text also provides checks in History and Occult. Spells: Contact Deity/The Masked Messenger (Nyarlathotep), Contact Ghoul, Enchant Elder Sign.



attacked with a large bladed weapon, such as a sword. A smell of decay wafts from the bedroom.

Searching through the mess takes several hours. Player characters who succeed in a **Spot Hidden** find what is left of Northeast's journal. It takes three hours to read, and provides an Occult check and +1% to Cthulhu Mythos skill, at the cost of 1D3 Sanity points. The journal relates to Northeast's study of the voodoo religion. Recently he has been studying a fringe branch which worships a loa spirit called the Floating Horror who comes forth into the world through a special individual who is prepared in advance to be possessed. Northeast asks his various voodoo practitioner contacts if he might attend this ceremony, but none acknowledges that he knows anything about the ceremony. The only person who knows of the cult is Madame Josephine, but she refuses to comply. It was only when the investigators visited Northeast on Friday, October 24th that the anthropologist became convinced that there was more to this cult than he had suspected. Although there is no exact location given for the Star Pools in the journal, Northeast's last entry describes it (*Burning Papers #12*). An address for Madame Josephine is also found in the journal.

Investigators who keep searching and succeed in a **Spot Hidden** find Northeast's copy of *The Masked Messenger*. This is a much condensed version of the original Arabic manuscript. If they search for the fable on the Ashanti Warrior and the Sharp Stone, provide the investigators with the tale (*Burning Papers #13*).

Other titles include *Ghosts of the Living* and *Created Worlds of the Insane Mind*. Keepers should give these titles out seemingly at random as if to demonstrate Northeast's former reading habits, however their discovery is not an accident; the unconscious minds of the investigators found these to provide themselves clues. Reading each title requires 2 weeks time and a successful **English** skill roll, too much time to provide any useful information to the investigators.

If they were to have been read, the first book provides an Occult check and the second, Psychology.

**Bedroom:** This room is torn to pieces like the rest of the bungalow. The bed is thrown against the wall, and the smell of decay is worse here. Give investigators CON x5 rolls otherwise they gag or vomit at the stench, and are unable to approach. If the bed is removed, Northeast's corpse is discovered, hacked to pieces and rotting in the



tropical heat. The scene prompts a Sanity loss of 0/1D4 points.

Investigators can check his body for clues. Unfortunately this is a trap. The investigator who does so needs both a **Spot Hidden** and a DEX x5 roll, otherwise he or she is surprised by a dozen tarantulas who have been left here by the Floating Horror cult assassins to make a nest in the corpse. The victim is bitten by a tarantula (POT 6 with hit point loss applied at 1 hit point per ten minutes.) The bite is painful but not fatal. If the player characters clear the tarantulas they find nothing of value on Northeast's corpse.

**Bathroom:** Like the rest of the house, this room has had a thorough working over. There is nothing of value to find in here.

## Labadie Imports/Exports

At the busy docks northeast of central Port-au-Prince the warehouses of Labadie Import/Exports can be found. Within, bags of sugar, coffee and rice wait for loading into ships' holds, and thereafter heading to America. Meanwhile numerous crates are off-loaded from return ships, bringing textiles and machine parts for distribution across the island. The warehouse and docks are busy, with dozens of mulattos loading or unloading dozens of ships and trucks.

The owner, a mulatto named Francis Metraux, is a cigar-smoking, singlet-wearing middle-aged man who knows time is money, and so keeps a careful eye on his workers from sun-up to sundown, six days a week. He refuses to divulge any information to the investigators unless they show him the shipping manifest found in Sterling and O'Neil's hotel room — proving to him that they have business in asking questions. There is no handout for this manifest, just a verbal reference for the players about farm machine parts.

When he sees that manifest he opens up, saying he has held onto that shipment longer than the few days Sterling requested. He says the player characters are lucky: considering what Metraux read in the paper recently, he thought Sterling was dead, and that he would have began to plan to unload the goods for himself. The Yanks (that is, the ONI) have sniffed around his warehouse before. He doesn't want them doing so again. He has to get rid of this consignment soon, with or without the investigators.

The investigators are given permission to check the consignment. There are sixty wooden crates according to the manifest, each crate loaded with ten .30-06 rifles and fifty rounds of ammunition for each rifle, as it proves. There is more than enough firepower in this truckload to start a small war. Nothing has to do with any farming equipment, at least as listed on the manifest.

Regardless of whether more crates are opened or not, the investigators discover another upside-down Tarot card wedged between the edges of two wooden boards (*Burning Papers #15*). An **Occult** roll identifies the card as representing clarity and insight. A **Cthulhu Mythos** roll identifies the card as an aspect of the Nyarlathotep from North Africa. If the investigators have skimmed *The Masked Messenger* then they recognize this female aspect of Nyarlathotep to be the Masked Messenger, whose purpose is to reveals secrets about her victim's own self which will bring about his own downfall. Metraux has no idea where the card came from.

Metraux knew the true contents of the crates before any were opened; he has smuggled goods for Sterling Industries before. If asked where they are destined he does not know, but suspects Sebastian Senegal is the recipient. He won't give Senegal's address but is willing to pass on a message that the investigators are looking for him. If Metraux doesn't get rid of the guns in the next twenty-four hours, he'll either sell them to someone else or dump them at sea. Regardless, he wants a \$300 storage payment for holding onto the guns for so long, and at considerable risk to himself. A successful **Bargain** roll talks him down to \$150. Without payment, he refuses to hand over any of the weapons.

The investigators might decide to break into Labadie's Imports/Exports. One worker doubles as a guard inside each night. The locks on all the doors can be picked with a successful **Locksmith** skill roll or STR versus STR 15 against the doors. Metraux's office contains a safe that can also be broken into with a **Locksmith** roll (or STR versus STR 35). Failing that, investigators can carry the safe away (SIZ 6) and try to break into it using force (assume it has 40 hit points and 20 points of armor). Inside the investigators find \$US 500 in cash and, among numerous other contact and business details of no relevance, the address of Sebastian Senegal's warehouse hideout on the outskirts of La Saline. If anything goes missing from Metraux's office, he lets Senegal know. Senegal then sends his men after the investigators.

## Low Politics

If Medwin and the ONI find out about the rifles, the Marines quickly post a guard over them, then in a few more days they move in and destroy every weapon. (Metraux may have tipped off the Americans, having decided that he was perilously near prison.) Or he may have given Senegal most of the shipment, but disclosed the remainder to the authorities, offering them an apparent victory.

Without the proper papers, shipping arms into Haiti is a crime in that country, but shipping arms to Haiti is not illegal in the United States. The American ambassa-





dor sends a plaintive message to Washington concerning Sterling's inability to observe the rules, and asking that Sterling Industries be advised not to undercut Department of State policies. Sterling agrees to write off the rifles. Nothing else happens for a year, then the Great Depression swallows Sterling Industries, still rudderless without the father or the son, and the company disappears.

### Francis Metraux

While Francis Metraux is a mulatto who knows he has to work hard to ensure that he and his workers can support their families, he is also a patriot who opposes the US occupation of his country. Yes, Metraux receives sizeable kickbacks for smuggling goods to and from the rebels, but he doesn't see himself as a criminal. He is a liberator.

Physically he is a tall man with a muscular frame and dark complexion. Many would say under his unshaven chin and dirty clothes he is a handsome man, although he has a criminals mind, and is not above roughing someone up to ensure that his business ventures are not compromised.

#### Incident in a Hotel Room

This incident occurs during a period in which the player characters suffer another blackout. If possible, keepers should arrange this while the group has split up to conduct separate investigations. It should be played out for those who are not part of Dirk Kessler's team.

Have this group conclude an encounter near the first day of their investigation. They are walking away from that encounter. It is getting dark. Black Haitians watch them suspiciously from the side of the road. Mongrel dogs howl at them. Dark open doorways reflect the eyes of otherwise silhouetted strangers who watch with more interest than they should.

As the investigators hurry on, they find that their pockets are sticky and wet. Close examination reveals that their pockets are full of blood, and that they are bleeding. Feeling around their bodies for the source of their injuries, they find their shirts saturated with blood, but with no sign of wounds. Assign a Sanity loss of 0/1D3 points.

Then the investigators discover paper in their pockets. These are their passports, smeared with blood. The passport pictures are blank; nothing more than a black silhouette stares back at them where their photographs should be. If the investigators attempt to look at their reflection – in a puddle, a mirror, a darkened window – all they can see is a black face. Again, keepers are encouraged to engineer this scene so that it does not occur to Kessler. Sanity loss at this stage is 1/1D4 points.

Before the investigators can act on this discovery, they all awaken with a start in their Oloffson Hotel rooms – including Kessler. The knock on the door waking them is room service, delivering the breakfast they ordered half an hour ago. It is seven o'clock in the morning. They are not covered in blood, have no injuries, and their passports have reverted to normal. No one remembers how they got back to the hotel last night.

### Francis Metraux, Owner of Labadie

#### Imports/Exports, age 29

STR 15    CON 16    SIZ 13    INT 11    POW 10  
DEX 11    APP 14    EDU 07    SAN 50    HP 14

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist 65%, damage 1D3+1D4 Knife 45%, damage 1D4+2+1D4 .38 Revolver 30%, damage 1D10

**Skills:** Accounting 30%, Bargain 60%, Conceal 65%, Credit Rating 20%, Dodge 30%, Drive Auto 40%, Listen 50%, Psychology 30%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 65%

**Languages:** Creole 60%, English 55%, French 75%

Typical Labadie Dock Worker

STR 14    CON 15    SIZ 14    INT 09    POW 11  
DEX 10    APP 10    EDU 05    SAN 55    HP 15

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist 60%, damage 1D3+1D4 Knife 20%, damage 1D4+1D4 Steel Pry bar 15%, damage 1D6+1D4

**Skills:** Dodge 25%, Hide 25%, Listen 30%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 35%

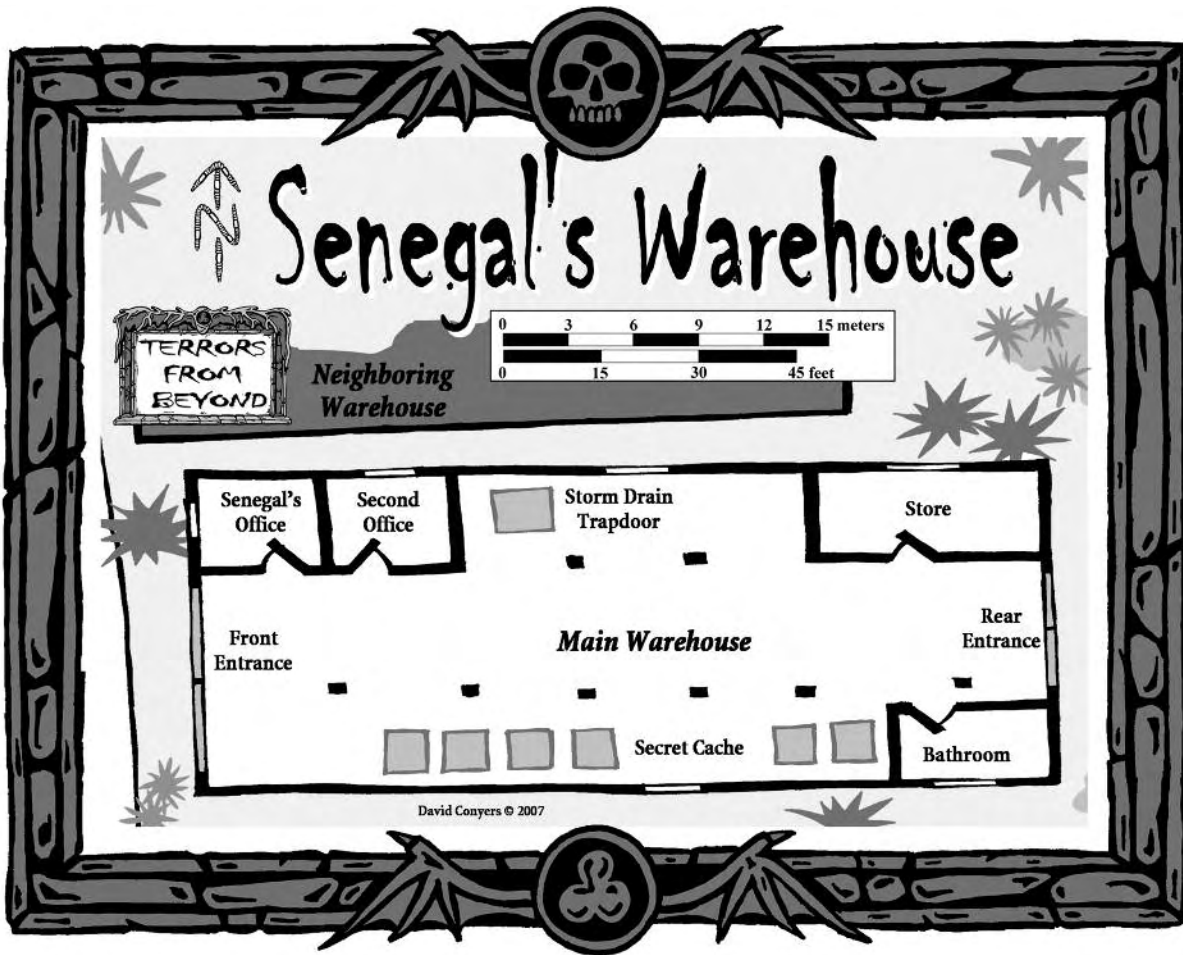
**Languages:** Creole 65%, English 10%, French 20%

### Sebastian Senegal and the Cacos

Haiti is a country with a long history of internal conflict and struggle. For most of Haiti's history, the fighting to control the country was conducted between the mulattos and the wealthy blacks, while the peasants remained relatively politically inactive. However in recent decades a new class of peasant emerged, armed rebels who grew powerful enough to organize capital and form fighting groups against the occupying US forces. These peasants were known as the **picquet** or **Cacos**. Between 1918 and 1920 they led the Cacos Rebellion which, while it wasn't successful in throwing the Americans out of the country, certainly became expensive for the US government to combat. At the same time the Cacos reunited the Haitian people, fueled their pride, strengthened their beliefs in their African heritage and helped to reclaim the voodoo beliefs.

Sebastian Senegal is one such Cacos leader, who plans to lead new struggles against the American occupiers. He needs weapons to do so; under orders from his superiors, he has purchased arms from Sterling Industries. Unfortunately, with the problems currently facing the Sterling family, those weapons have not yet been delivered. The investigators then, perhaps even against their will, are drawn into the political conflict. Do they trade weapons (which can be used against American citizens) to Senegal for information on the Star Pools, or do they stay out of the conflict by striking out on their own?

The investigators can be lead to Senegal via various routes. At Labadie Imports/Exports, Metraux has the warehouse details in his safe. Major Lloyd Medwin might also provide this information to the investigators



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if they are stumbling (although the narrative presumes it is the investigators who lead Medwin and the ONI to Senegal, not the other way around). Lastly, the investigators might spend half a day on the streets putting out the word that they wish to contact Senegal. This last option is risky. Let investigators make **Fast Talk** and **French** or **Creole** rolls. If they succeed in both rolls, word gets back to Senegal and a meeting is arranged that night (a message is delivered to their hotel giving the time and place); if either roll fails, Senegal still hears about the investigators, only he gets the wrong message and believes that the investigators are FBI agents out to arrest him. He still comes after them, only this time he plans to kidnap them and interrogate them back at his warehouse.

### The Cacos Warehouse

Sebastian Senegal's warehouse is an unmarked building on the Boulevard La Saline on the edge of the La Saline district. On the outside it is unremarkable and no different from the dozens of other warehouses on this stretch of road. The warehouse appears to store flour, but it has not been used for this purpose for some time. Day and night, at least two Cacos rebels guard the exterior. All exterior doors have a uniform STR of 30,

although Locksmith attempts to gain entry are possible. Iron bars on all the windows have a STR of 40.

**Main Warehouse:** Numerous empty crates and barrels provide plenty of cover should a shootout occur inside the warehouse. Light is poor through only a few grime-stained windows. There are also two Model-T Fords and a small truck parked near the main entrance.

Investigators who make **Spot Hidden** skill rolls notices that many of the wooden floorboards are false, and can be opened to reveal secret caches for weapon storage or, perhaps, for hiding people. Apart from .30-06 rifles there are several dozen .38 revolvers, plenty of knives and machetes, and three Thompson submachine guns.

One false floorboard opens up into a storm drain leading to the ocean. Senegal is fond of depositing therein the bodies of intruders caught snooping around the warehouse, or traitors to the Cacos organization. Because of the steady supply of corpses, a crocodile has made its home in this drain. Senegal threatens to feed his prisoners to this creature if they do not cooperate with him, by binding them and lowering them via a winch into the drain. If the entrance to the drain is left





open, there is a 10% chance per minute that the crocodile enters the warehouse looking for food.

### Storm Drain Crocodile

STR 30 CON 22 SIZ 28 POW 12  
DEX 09 HP 25 MOV 6/8 swim

Damage Bonus: +3D6

Weapons: Bite 50%, damage 1D10+3D6

Armor: 5-point hide

Skills: Glide Silently  
Through Water 75%,  
Hide 70%, Sneak 60%



**Senegal's Office:** This office contains a desk, filing cabinets and a safe (STR 50) which has a modifier to Locksmith skill of -30%. The safe contains \$US 200 in cash, some gold ornaments worth approximately \$US 100 and contact details for various Cacos members across the country. The list is coded, however, and requires a **Cryptography** skill to crack. Medwin and the ONI would pay good money for this information. Checking the desk reveals accounts which are bogus – as **Accounting** and **French** rolls show. The books suggest that goods (mostly sugar and flour) pass through the warehouse, but they disguise the real transactions of weapon shipments for the Cacos. Keys in the drawers open all the warehouse doors and windows.

Perhaps the most interesting in this room is an adult human skull – with a socket in the forehead for a third eye. A **Biology**, **Medicine** or **Natural History** roll shows that it is not a fake, although the jaw line resembles a creature more akin to a lizard. Keepers may charge investigators 1 point of Sanity for witnessing the skull if a Sanity roll is failed.

**Second Office:** This office is mostly empty, and is now used as a break room for the workers, where they drink coffee and rum and eat their packed lunches.

**Bath Room:** Functional and unpleasant.

**Store:** This is where kidnapped investigators are held, chained to the wall with STR 20 manacles. They can also be interrogated in this room, which could include the infliction of 1D3 hit points worth of pain. Investigators who refuse to cooperate with Senegal are threatened to be fed to the storm drain crocodile, although it is unlikely Senegal will go that far.

### What Senegal Knows

Sebastian Senegal wants to talk to the investigators one way or the other, with the primary objective of receiving his weapons. Until he has those weapons safely secured in his warehouse, he is unwilling to discuss other matters. Sebastian doesn't know that Metraux has the guns — he needs to consult with the investigators to make the connection — but when he does find out, he avoids going to the port out of fear of being spotted by U.S. government agents.

If the investigators bring up the Floating Horror cult, or if Senegal finds evidence suggesting that the investigators have been looking into this cult, he might come clean. He can tell them that the cult is extremely dangerous and although they claim to be voodoo, they are not. He crossed them once, but he'll never do it again. His brother Miguel paid the price for that mistake. At this point he shows them the skull with three eyes. This, he says, was his brother. Long ago Miguel found an object of value to the cult, and then that object changed him into a monster. Sebastian tried to rescue his brother but the cult came after him and took Miguel back – but not before they broke both Sebastian's arms and warned him never to interfere again. By this stage however, Miguel was a changed man. His skin had turned black and scaly, and he looked more like a lizard than a man. The cult considered him to be some kind of messiah. Sebastian managed to put Miguel out of his misery. That was seven years ago. As for the stone that cut his brother, he threw it away.

If the investigators ask for Sebastian's personal assistance he refuses, saying that crossing the cult again is not worth his life. He does know that the cult is scheming, and there is talk around town that if the cult succeeds in their plans, Haiti will fall into a deep pit of dark despair. Seeking Cacos help, a **Persuade** roll (and some pleading) convinces Sebastian to provide the investigators with two men. These men will lead the investigators to the edge of the Star Pools (about half a mile before the actual site), but no closer. Sebastian may even be convinced to provide investigators with extra weapons if warranted.

If the investigators ask for additional assistance or information about the cult, Senegal refers them to both the tarot reader Marie Jerome and to the mambo Mama Josephine. He has addresses for both.

### Sebastian Senegal

Senegal is a middle-aged mulatto with weathered skin, graying hair and a sour expression. He doesn't sleep much at night; he has nightmares about what happened to his brother Miguel. He drinks too much sugar rum to keep such thoughts at bay, yet despite his fear of the Floating Horror cult, Senegal is a competent soldier and





is respected by his men. He is passionate in his belief for a Haiti run by Haitians, and fair and equitable work conditions for all the country's peasants.

**Sebastian Senegal, Cacos Rebel Leader, age 36**

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 14  
DEX 14 APP 10 EDU 06 SAN 61 HP 14

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist 75%, damage 1D3+1D4 Knife 55%, damage 1D4+2+1D4 .45 Revolver 30%, damage 1D10+2 .30-06 Rifle 40%, damage 2D6+3

**Skills:** Accounting 40%, Bargain 40%, Conceal 75%, Credit Rating 10%, Cthulhu Mythos 03%, Dodge 40%, Drive Auto 50%, Listen 40%, Occult 40%, Psychology 40%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 45%.

**Languages:** Creole 70%, English 35%, French 35%

**Typical Cacos Rebel**

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 08 POW 12  
DEX 13 APP 11 EDU 05 SAN 60 HP 14

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist 70%, damage 1D3+1D4 Knife 35%, damage 1D4+1D4 .30-06 Rifle 30%, damage 2D6+3 Thompson Submachine Gun 30%, damage 1D10+2 with burst attack\*

\*only three of these weapons are on hand

**Skills:** Dodge 40%, Hide 35%, Listen 40%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 35%

**Languages:** Creole 65%, English 10%, French 20%,

**Mama Josephine**

Mama Josephine is a respected voodoo priestess, or mambo, well known throughout Port-au-Prince. It is likely she knows more of Haiti's mythos secrets than anyone else, and is the only person in town who people visit if they run into trouble with Mythos entities. Investigators will do well to consult her, although what she tells them is perhaps not what they wish to hear.

Her rooms are behind a laundry service, where perhaps a dozen young ladies work cleaning the clothes and linens of their well-off patrons. The security guard, a big beefy man called Jim, reads the newspaper to the women while they work. Use the statistics of a Cacos rebel if Jim's skills come into play.

Mama Josephine's room is tight and cramped. Parrots flutter in their cages upon the investigators' entrance; snake vertebrae rattle at the end of cords tied to the ceiling. Serpent motifs, Catholic crosses and other religious icons decorate the room. Drawn on the ground around the entrance are several whorls and lines, to keep out evil spirits. Dried blowfish and jars of powders line the shelves.

Mama Josephine welcomes the investigators as they enter, saying she was expecting them. She quickly asks if they brought what she asked for. If they need prompt-

**The Sharp Stone**

*It came away from the ground easily, and the dry dirt crumbled revealing a palm-sized green rock. When he had first seen it, wet, he thought that the color was moss. But the green and the oily shine were its own strange attributes, and when he saw them again, the dizziness and the nausea returned. Henley moved to heave it away, but something about the patterning on the rock stopped him. Looking closely, he saw that it was engraved with sharp cuneiform like designs. He ran his fingers over them, studied again the fine cutting edge, and turned to take it back with him.*

A.A. Attanasio, "The Star Pools"

This is a powerful magical item. Only a few exist. All were cut from ancient stone statues of Cthulhu and Tsathoggua still standing in Africa. Several Stones are known in West Africa and one other was lost in a stream just outside New York City. This Sharp Stone is the only one of its kind in Haiti. The cult of the Floating Horror will kill to regain the one in Haiti, for a Sharp Stone is the only means by which they might summon their god, the Floating Horror.

This stone has a hole in one end through which it is possible to tie a cord and hang as an amulet, although a reasonably heavy one. The writing is identifiable by a Cthulhu Mythos roll as R'lyeh glyphs. Translated, it reads *Cthulhu's brother Nyarlath come forth, free us all from this Unearthly Tomb*. Anyone handling the stone must make a DEX x5 roll, otherwise it cuts the handler for 1 point of damage. From that moment on, the cut person finds that his POW has increased to 30. If the person should then be parted from the Sharp Stone, he finds that his POW drops to half of what it originally was, until the stone is back in his possession again.

Unfortunately, a victim cut by the stone also begins the transformation into the avatar of Nyarlathotep known as the Host. See this monster's description for complete details. In 1D10 hours the victim falls into a coma; no way to reverse the process is known. Mama Josephine's potion delays this process by several days, but by no more.

This particular Sharp Stone, which had been lost to the cult for many decades, cut Jack Sterling. While the cult found the transforming Junior Sterling, they did not recover the Stone, much to their disgust. Mama Josephine got to the Stone first and, knowing what it is, hides it among her possessions. She would destroy it, but the Stone is impervious to all known forces.



ing, she requests the dead moth they found, which they have inside a matchbox. She is very pleased to see the matchbox, but does not explain its purpose when she takes it from the investigators. Since Mama Josephine wishes to use the moth as an ingredient for a spell unrelated to this scenario, let its purpose remain a mystery.

Sitting the investigators down and offering them coffee, she asks how they have been. Then she asks if they have ventured to the Star Pools yet, because she heard stories of a group of foreigners dying out there a few days ago, and was worried it might have been them. But now that they have brought her gift, she is willing to aid them in defeating the cult and dispatching their *bokor* King Kaliko.

If the investigators ask why the cult needs to be defeated, Mama Josephine explains that for as long as anyone can remember this cult has terrorized Haiti and will continue to do so for centuries to come. If the cult manages to summon its god, Nyarlathotep the Crawling Chaos of a Thousand Faces, then it shall take control of the country and the previous reign of terror will seem inconsequential in comparison. No one has offered to go against this cult before, so she blesses them and thanks them for their effort. It will not be easy; in fact it will be a very dangerous venture. To aid them on this noble quest, she has voodoo charms that will protect them.

From a wooden box protected by an Elder Sign (knowledge of the enchantment identifies the sigil). Josephine shows them the Sharp Stone. She does not touch it herself, but she says that she recently recovered it and the cult does not yet know she has it in her possession. They would not hesitate to kill her if they did. She says that without the stone, they cannot obtain access to the powers they hope to command — this is the Sharp Stone that cut Jack Sterling, although she keeps this fact to herself.)



To defeat the cult, the investigators will only succeed if they manage to get past the cult's darkest servant, the Star Pool Lurker. Mama Josephine is convinced it was this creature that killed the foreigners in the hills east of Port-au-Prince. The only way she knows of bypassing the monster — because it is too powerful to kill outright — is to trick it. That is achieved by an investigator cutting himself on the Stone. Doing so shares blood with Nyarlathotep, and the Star Pool Lurker and the cult now sees the investigator as friend rather than foe. With a successful **Luck** roll, the investigator may even be able to command the Lurker to perform useful actions. With the Star Pool Lurker dealt with, cultist foes will step aside because they see no reason for action



Mama Josephine mentions nothing about the cut inducing a transformation into another Host. However, investigators who have read *The Masked Messenger* might guess that by cutting themselves on the Sharp Stone they will become vessels for the Crawling Chaos. Mama Josephine does not disagree, but she knows of no other way around the problem. If the investigators succeed, she will do all she can to reverse the process. Secretly she knows there is no way to reverse it, and will arrange with Sebastian Senegal to have the player character killed after the mission is complete and before the transformation progresses too far. Remember, it doesn't matter which investigator volunteers to cut himself – it affects them all as they are all one body, but only the ghost who cut himself perceives that he has a higher POW score. See the nearby box, “The Sharp Stone”.

Mama Josephine can, however, provide a potion that delays the effects of the transformation. The potion she offers them is a clear liquid in a stoppered container preserving dead scorpions and it tastes revolting, but it stops the investigator from falling into a coma, the first step toward his transformation, occurring after several days more.

Perhaps the investigators hesitate; Mama Josephine is asking them to sacrifice themselves for the greater good. She points out that they might succeed without cutting themselves, but this is an extremely unlikely outcome considering how powerful the Star Pool Lurker is. She has never known anyone with the courage to go against this cult and to do what is right. She hopes they hold onto that courage.

Mama Josephine can direct the investigators to the Star Pools, but she advises that they leave on the afternoon of November 2nd, because that is when the cult will perform their next ceremony with the Host present. The Host was once James Sterling's son, Josephine acknowledges, but he is now a vessel from which the Floating Horror will emerge. On the night of the November 2nd, during the special ceremony the cult will kill the Host, freeing Nyarlathotep. The only way to defeat the Host is to kill him by shooting or stabbing him in the forehead, where lies the seed that links the Host and the Floating Horror. Destroy the head, and the Floating Horror remains trapped in its realm. Haiti and her people will be saved.

Whether the investigators believe Mama Josephine or not is up to them. A **Psychology** roll suggests that she is terrified of the cult, and that she is hiding something from them, yet a successful **Luck** roll recognizes that there is wisdom to her words, that what she says might even work out for the best.

If the Floating Horror cult discovers that Mama Josephine aided the investigators or that she is in possession of a Sharp Stone, they slaughter her like they did Bruce Northeast. With the Stone in their possession,

they become a nearly invincible cult, summoning their god as they choose, bringing a never-ending reign of terror to the island.

Before the investigators leave, Mama Josephine says she has one last item for them, and hands over a tarot card. It is the *Ten of Wands*, inverted. An **Occult** roll identifies its meaning as treachery and loss. A **Cthulhu Mythos** roll identifies the depiction as Nyarlathotep in his guise as the Bloody Tongue or Howler in Darkness. He is worshipped by a cult in East Africa whose members hide their faces behind horrific masks. Mama Josephine says that the card was delivered to her shortly before the investigators arrived. He who delivered it asked that she pass it on to them. His name was Nyarlathotep.

### More About Mama Josephine

A large woman with graying hairs and wrinkled skin, she commands a vibrant personality and an energy greater than her years. Almost every voodoo practitioner in Haiti has at least heard of her, and people from as far away as New Orleans travel to Haiti to consult her wisdom.

She is a good woman who knows that sometimes sacrifices must be made for the greater good. Mama Josephine does not send the investigators to their deaths lightly, and not without it burdening her heart heavily. She prays for the investigators every night for the rest of her life if they do what she asks of them.

Mama Josephine has strong connections to Sebastian Senegal and the Cacos, and will call upon their support if she feels threatened or when surviving investigators need to be dealt with.

### Mama Josephine, Respected Voodoo Mambo, age 55

STR 11    CON 10    SIZ 16    INT 17    POW 21  
DEX 13    APP 11    EDU 12    SAN 75    HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist 50%, damage 1D3+1D4

**Armor:** Mama Josephine wears a golden amulet of a cat about her neck. This is an enhanced item that protects her from harm while inside her home, her *humfor* or consulting room, effectively reducing all attacks against her by half normal chance of success.

**Spells:** Contact Deity / Loa, Contact Spirits of the Dead, Elder Sign, Enchant Candle, Enchant Doll, Enchant Gris-Gris, Enchant Ju-Ju, Enchant Wanga, Healing, Journey to the Other Side, Power of Nyambe, Sending of the Dead, Soul Extraction, Summon/Bind Baka

**Skills:** Art (Dancing) 45%, Art (Drumming) 65%, Art (Singing) 65%, Bargain 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 24%,





First Aid 55%, Natural History 60%, Occult 80%, Persuade 85%, Pharmacy 45%, Psychology 60%,

**Languages:** Creole 70%, English 70%, French 70%, Spanish 40%

## Fet Gede

This voodoo festival takes place on November 1st and 2nd, and occurs while the investigators are rediscovering their missing past in Port-au-Prince. During the two days and one night, celebrants pour into the cemeteries to offer libations for Baron Samedi and his wife, Maman Brigitte, onto blackened crosses decorated with candles, skulls and marigolds. The celebrants pour white rum and black coffee onto the ceremonial crosses dedicated to these two voodoo deities.

The *Gede* are a family of spirits who are both the guardians of cemeteries and the lords of the erotic. People possessed by a *gede* whiten their faces with powder so they represent a corpse. They will act in a lewd and lustful manner toward onlookers and other participants. Participants dress in the colors of black and purple and wear top hats. *Clairin* or white sugarcane rum is consumed in vast quantities and can be smelled in the air wherever participants gather. Many participants attend Catholic mass in the morning, changing into their black and purple clothes as they amble to the cemeteries for the evening.

Inside the cemeteries, and particularly inside the largest burial ground, *Grand Cimetiere de Port-au-Prince*, the tombs are all lavish and colorful, and some are as large as small houses. Some graves are open – these either await their new occupants or, more likely, have been desecrated by grave robbers who have made off with bones of the deceased.

Player characters who attend the ceremonies find themselves accosted by beggars asking for money. Other sights include individuals repairing tombstones and crypts, or conducting conversations with the unseen dead. Women wail for the recently departed, both men and women dance to the beat of drums, and lewd dancers pester investigators for cash. The investigators witness a *hungan* or *mambo* sacrifice a chicken which, when bled, is distributed to the beggars to eat.

They may also witness Mama Josephine at the ceremony. She does not recognize them. She is possessed by a *Gede* spirit, and behaves in a lustful manner toward each and every person she encounters. She is of no help to the player characters anymore, at least not in this dimension.

## Strange Encounters

Investigators who spend a couple of hours watching the ceremony on the second day and succeed in a **Spot**

**Hidden** roll notice a group of a half-dozen worshippers with a third eye painted on the center of their foreheads. A second **Spot Hidden** roll tells that the sabers they carry are very real, unlike many of the wood or papier mâché weapons paraded during the ceremony. These are members of the cult of the Floating Horror, and they attack with the purpose of murder if they themselves are attacked or challenged – see the typical cult member statistics nearby. Investigators who succeed in a **Track** and **Hide** roll manage to follow this group after *Fet Gede* concludes, marching east into the hills, reaching the Star Pools at sunset that evening.

As the investigators are about to depart the festivals, a vibrant *Hungan* looking not at all unlike Baron Samedi dances his way into the path of the investigators – preferably into Dirk Kessler – and blows dust into his face. This attack cannot be avoided and, although the investigator may think he's just had poison blown into his face, he finds that he now holds in his hand a final Tarot card, the *Ten of Swords* held upright (*Burning Papers* #16). An **Occult** roll identifies that this card represents pain and anguish. A **Cthulhu Mythos** roll recognizes this deity as the African god Ahtu or the Spiraling Worm, worshipped by people of the Congo who have no hope.

If the investigators look back at the *hungan*, they see Nyarlathotep for the briefest moment in the guise of Baron Samedi, only his skull is a real skull and he has a third eye peering at them from his forehead. Witnessing Nyarlathotep costs the investigators 0/1D4 Sanity points, but before they can do anything, the Baron throws dust at his feet and vanishes with the cloud of smoke that materializes around him. Perhaps now the investigators really come to understand who exactly has been leaving the tarot cards for them to find if they have not already learned the truth from Mama Josephine.

## Baron Samedi, Avatar of Nyarlathotep

*The amoral personification of death, the Baron is a tall, sinister man in sunglasses and top hat, always smoking a cigarette.*

Fred Van Lente, *The New Orleans Guidebook*.

Baron Samedi is a part of the pantheon of deities of traditional voodoo. He is the Lord of the Dead and the master of necromantic magic. He is generally depicted as a tall black man with his face painted like a grinning skull. He wears a black top hat and a black coat with long tails. Few followers of voodoo suspect the true and alien identity of the Baron Samedi.

**CULT:** Baron Samedi is worshiped alongside the other loa or spirits of the voodoo religion. All murders and necromantic magic such as the creation of zombies,



must be cleared by Baron Samedi before it can be performed. The Baron prefers rum and tobacco as offerings, and may only be summoned in a cemetery.

**OTHER CHARACTERISTICS:** It is not uncommon for the loa of voodoo to possess zealous believers during rituals, and Baron Samedi is no exception. Those possessed by the Baron first take on a glazed, stupefied look, but soon become very animated, their mouths cracking into wide, mad grins, and their speech punctuated with deep, chilling laughs. Through his Host body, Baron Samedi commands his loyal followers. Those possessed by Samedi have his INT, POW, and spells – all other characteristics remain their own. If a Host body is killed, the Baron is driven out and either departs or possesses a new willing Host. If there are no willing Hosts available, Samedi must overcome a victim's POW with his own in order to take possession of the new body.

Baron Samedi may also appear in person if he so chooses.

**ATTACKS and SPECIAL EFFECTS:** The Baron's touch is deadly. Anyone touched by Baron Samedi and overcome by his POW instantly dies.

Baron Samedi also has total control of everything dead, and may create and control zombies at will from any corpses within a 30 yard radius.



**Baron Samedi, Lord of the Cemetery**

STR 28 CON 41 SIZ 19 INT 18  
POW 30 DEX 18 MOV 08 HP 30

**Damage Bonus:** +2D6.

**Weapon:** Touch 80%, damage death

**Armor:** May not be harmed by any non-enchanted weapons. Magical weapons and spells harm him normally.

**Spells:** Any as desired by the keeper, but generally those dealing with death and the dead.

**Sanity Loss:** 0/1D4 Sanity points to see Baron Samedi.

**The Star Pools**

On the edge of Port-au-Prince are a series of hills with one path that leads into them. It is a four-hour march up this path over four miles of winding trail through cypress groves and fern-matted glens. Later the path passes through granite outcrops hung with Spanish moss, and larger thick-boled old trees so massive that almost no light from above reaches the ground. This terrain extends for approximately half a mile. A **Listen** roll at this point determines that there are no animal sounds to be heard anywhere, not even insects.

**Memory Recall in the Jungle**

As the investigators approach the Star Pools they start to remember things. Their memories are coming back to them – flashbacks of fleeing this place, racing through the jungle, and being chased by the horror that lives in the Star Pools. An **Idea** roll for each investigator, except Kessler, recognizes a path into the undergrowth which each should follow, leading to their own corpses. Each exhumation requires 1D10 minutes and a **Spot Hidden** roll for unearthing.

Keepers should run the encounters in the order presented by this section, so that the realization of what happened here can dawn on the players slowly.

Only those encounters for investigators present in the scenario are to be presented. For example, if no one was playing Amy Lachlan, her murder site is not discovered. If player-generated investigators are being used in this adventure, keepers will need to plan ahead to prepare death scenes specific to each investigator. In this situation James Sterling would have accompanied the investigators, and his murder site will still be found.

**AMY LACHLAN:** She is drawn to a small clearing where several trees have been torn from the earth and thrown into the sky. A **Spot Hidden** reveals that some trees have landed at a distance that would have required unheard-of strength. The center of the recently-disturbed earth is covered in dried blood. A **Medicine** or **First Aid** skill roll confirms that this amount of blood lost by an individual would be fatal.

Scattered about are the remains of modern clothing for a young lady, and a torn blood-soaked copy of the NY *Pillar/Riposte* dated several weeks ago. There is also a pen and paper, containing notes for an article on Haiti for the same newspaper. Sanity loss 0/1D3 points to witness this site.



Keeper's note: Amy Lachlan was attacked here by the Star Pool Lurker as it flew down from the skies, tearing out trees and undergrowth to reach her. There is no body, because it consumed her.

**GUY RANDALL:** This site smells of decaying flesh, rotten in the tropical heat. The undergrowth has been trampled by something large and heavy. Blood is splattered on the undergrowth, and the remains of a man's left boot are found. It is the same make of shoes that Guy Randall wears, and it has a foot inside it. Beneath the pool of blood, perhaps ten feet high, a man's right arm hangs from a tree. Both the foot and the limb appear to have been severed by a sharp cutting implement. Upon examining the injuries, a **Biology of Natural History** roll suggests that the body parts were severed with something resembling a gigantic crab's claw. Witnessing this scene costs 1/1D6 points of Sanity.



Exploring the site turns up a private investigators license issued in New York in 1928, a business card from Shaw's Investigations and Security Services and a .45 Revolver with all the ammunition spent. Because of the blood on the card and license, it is impossible to make out the name. A **Spot Hidden** roll, however, reveals that the first name started with G.

Keeper's note: Guy Randall, fleeing into the jungle, was chased by the Star Pool Lurker. With its giant pinchers it severed Randall's foot. Randall fired all the ammunition in his gun, to no avail, then the creature took its victim by the arm and flew into the sky. While Randall was being devoured the creature's pincher snapped off an arm, which fell unnoticed into the tree.

**DONNA STERLING:** This murder site reveals the skinless, burnt body of a young woman. Features are dissolved away, black welts and sores have sprouted everywhere, and the contortions of her frame suggest that she thrashed with intense pain before death overcame her. This death scene costs 1/1D8 points of Sanity to witness.

Upon searching the area, a **Track** or **Spot Hidden** roll reveals a crushed path through the undergrowth leading directly to the Star Pools. Another **Spot Hidden** roll turns up tools – a small brush, a level plumb, cloth

tapes and a bent spoon. A successful **Archaeology** skill roll identifies these as an archaeologist's tools.

Keepers note: Donna was one of the first victims of the Star Pool Lurker. She was smothered with its glob attack. The acids the monster secreted onto Donna killed her while she was inside its gut, but it regurgitated her so it could more effectively pursue the other investigators. It never came back to finish her off.

**SEAN O'NEIL:** A rather unremarkable death site, the corpse here is of a man who blew his own brains out with his own .45 revolver, dropped at his side with three shots still in the chambers. The corpse is face down, wearing the same clothes as Sean O'Neil. Although most of his face is little more than pulped flesh, a wallet with a few Yankee dollars also contains a drivers' license for Sean O'Neil of New York City. It even has Sean's home address printed so there can be no mistake. Witnessing this death scene costs 0/1D3 points of Sanity.

Keepers note: The last to survive other than Kessler, O'Neil saw what the Lurker did to the others, and that drove him to insanity. When he was certain that the Star Pool Lurker was almost upon him, he took his own life rather than suffer at its maws. The Star Pool Lurker ignored O'Neil when it sensed that the man no longer lived.

**JAMES STERLING:** This body has been torn to shreds with limbs and organs distributed widely. The head, still attached by sinews to the upper half of a right arm, is readily identifiable as that of James Sterling. The expression on Sterling's face is of the utmost terror. A **Biology** roll identifies that he was mauled by an animal of improbably immense size. Witnessing this death scene costs 1/1D6 points of Sanity.

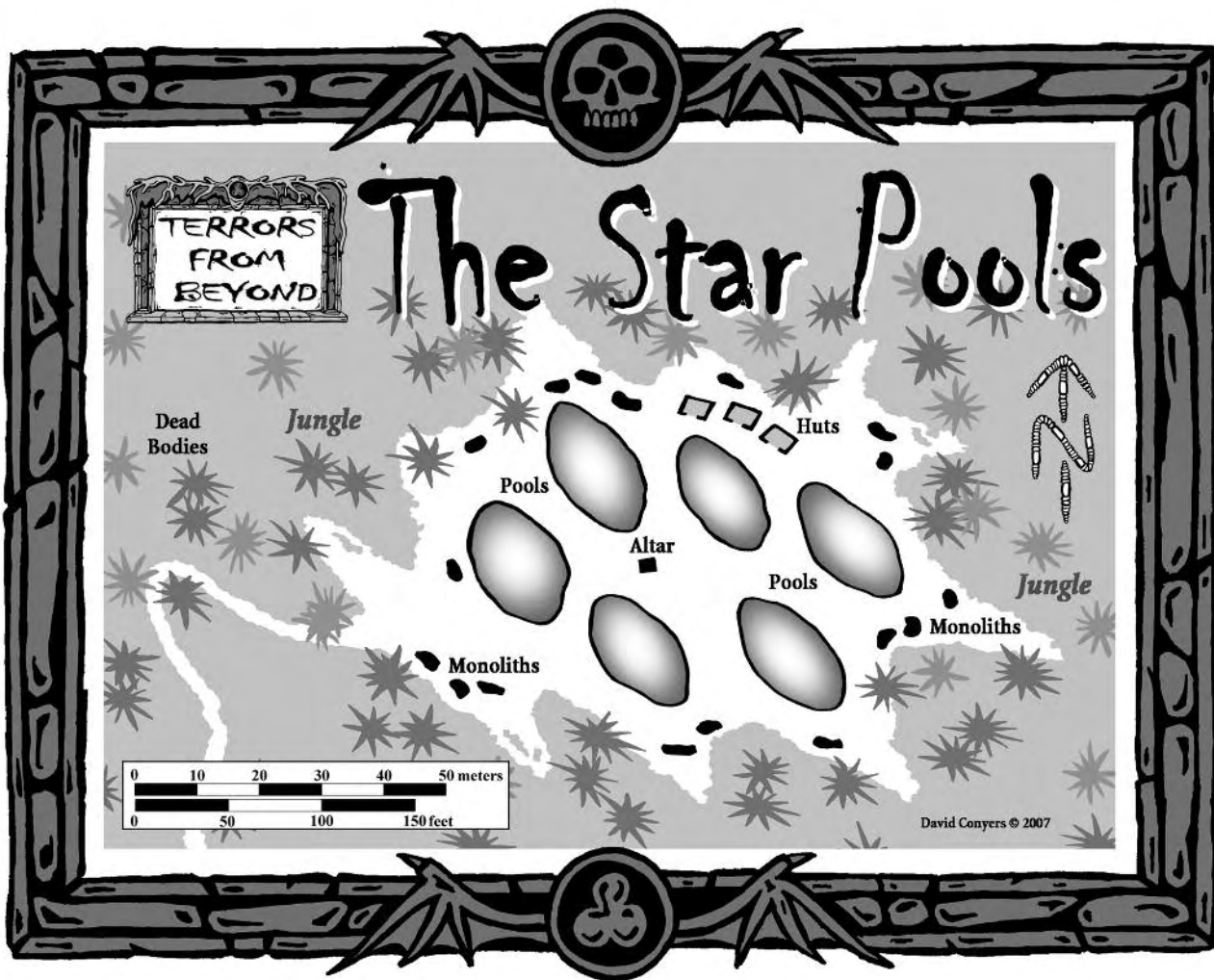
Keepers note: Sterling, fleeing through the jungle, came face to face with the Star Pool Lurker. He had no chance of escape, and was torn to pieces in seconds.

All the sites have trails leading through the undergrowth back to the Star Pools, followed easily by a **Track** roll. None of the death scenes have deteriorated very much, due to the malignant influences of the outer God and his minions, which keep terrestrial life from causing decay, as a **Cthulhu Mythos** roll confirms.

### Realizing That They're Dead

At some point the players start to realize that their investigators are actually dead. Keepers are encouraged not to prompt this thought with Idea rolls, Know rolls or the like. Allow the players to come to this understanding on their own. This will heighten the moment of revelation in the players' minds.

The clues – the news reports of a group of foreigners dying in the hills, the death tarot cards, the strange



dreams, the blackouts when the part is split, people they encounter never referring to them by their names or being confused, the encounters with Haitian people who treat them like ghosts – should come together eventually. Discovering their dead bodies should be the clincher. When a player realizes the truth, jolt his investigator with a Sanity loss of 1/1D8 points.

Once a player character realizes that he is a figment of another investigator's imagination, he doesn't just vanish – he becomes a true ghost, unable to interact with the real world. Such ghosts can talk to the other investigators, but can no longer touch anything or affect their environment. Because they have suddenly lost the ability to possess Kessler's body, they can no longer be heard by keeper-controlled characters. Similarly, because their skills are someone else's skills, they cannot even use those.

The only characteristic that now matters is Sanity. This is the one time when a player can reach zero Sanity in one persona, and still function with a positive Sanity in another persona. Ghost investigators now also find that they cannot flee from the group, or more precisely,

they cannot flee from Kessler. They are bound to him now for the rest of his life.

Sooner or later the other investigators deduce that Kessler is the only one alive, and that it is Kessler alone who must defeat the Floating Horror. If one of the other investigators cut himself on the Sharp Stone, he finds that he is now unaffected, and that it is Kessler who transforms.

If no one understands what is going on, keepers should engineer that Nyarlathotep, in either his guise as the Host or as Baron Samedi, tells them. After all, it was he who left behind the tarot cards for the investigators to find. He wanted them to learn the truth.

## The Star Pools

*On the other side, they stopped and looked out across an expanse of pools with water green as fire. There were half a dozen of them, ellipsoid, mirror flat, separated by huge mammoocked trees and grasslands*





*swaying in a fummy and spirituous mist. Beyond them, the horizon jazed into jungle. A green glow hung in the sky, waving over the rim of the world.*

— A.A. Attanasio, “The Star Pools”

Eventually the path opens to a clearing, and the Star Pools. Comprised of six elliptical-shaped ponds of still green water in a clearing surrounded by jungle, this is the most sacred site for the cult of the Floating Horror in Haiti and in all the Americas. If the investigators arrive at night, the sky is clear and the stars appear to be in greater numbers than usual, as if the whole sky is on fire – the burning stars. An **Idea** roll suggests that there are far too many stars than it should be possible to see from the earth, but there is nothing the investigators can do to confirm this.

If the investigators managed to be accompanied by ONI agents, Medwin or, alternatively, Sebastian Senegal and his Cacos rebels, then keepers should feel free to generate encounters with Floating Horror cultists to reduce party numbers. This may seem a little unfair, but it does serve to enhance the realization that there is only one living investigator, that the rest of the party are just ghosts, and that “they” really are all alone.

**Jungle:** Surrounding the entire site, the jungle is so thick around the edges that Hide and Sneak rolls in the undergrowth are at half normal chance. Huge mam-mocked trees on the edge of the Star Pools suggest alien ancestry.

**Dead Bodies:** This is the general area where the investigators died the first time they visited the Star Pools. Descriptions of the corpses are provided earlier.

**POOLS:** There are six of these pools of green water. At night they reflect the stars with a brilliant light. All the pools are interlinked by tunnels in which the Star Pool Lurker lives. Investigators can swim between pools, requiring 1D6 rounds to do so. Normal drowning rules are applied. Investigators must make a **Luck** roll or **Navigate** to successfully swim between each pool, otherwise they become lost and are required to make another **Luck** or **Swim** roll after 1D6 more rounds of searching. Anyone who makes a **Spot Hidden** while swimming here notice that the caves go very deep.

**MONOLITHS:** On the shores of the pools are monoliths of black rock carved with ancient inscriptions. A **Cthulhu Mythos** roll identifies the inscriptions as R’lyeh glyphs, while a **Geology** roll identifies the rock as being billions of years old and not of this earth. If investigators can read the coral-shaped R’lyeh glyphs, make their skill roll and an INT x3 roll, and allow themselves 1D6+ 4 hours of study, they gain +3% Cthulhu Mythos, lose 1D10 Sanity and learn in intricate detail the whole

process required to summon forth the Floating Horror and details of the nature of the Star Pool Lurker.

**HUTS:** Three single-roomed wooden huts face out across the pools. Each hut is unremarkable, with little in the way of possessions or items of interest. The first two huts have bedrolls made of woven bamboo, cooking pots, and a collection of dried herbs, many of which are poisonous (POT 3D6).

The first is home to King Kaliko, the High Priest and ultimate leader of the Haitian Floating Horror cult. The second hut is occupied by the Host during his transformation. This hut is considered sacred, and anyone other than the Host who enters is murdered for their heresy. The third hut is reserved for Nyarlathotep when he visits the cult in one of his human guises; most commonly he appears as Baron Samedi. Like the second hut it is a crime punishable by death if anyone enters this place. The third hut also has a magical gateway to Sharnoth. The gate is not visible, but investigators who spend more than a few minutes within must make a **Luck** roll or be magically transported to Nyarlathotep’s world of Sharnoth. Likely they will never be seen again, although enterprising keepers might design an adventure to bring investigators back.

**ALTAR:** This simple alter is fashioned from hundreds of human skulls tied together with rope and twine around a ten-foot-high wooden pole. Each skull has had its forehead either crushed or the bone cut away. It is from here that King Kaliko conducts his ceremonies, and it is here that the Host will be ritually murdered, releasing the Floating Horror.

## King Kaliko

King Kaliko is a big black man with rippling muscles and a harsh face. He dresses in long dirty white robes and carries an enchanted knife in a sheath on his belt. He has been a devout worshipper of the Floating Horror since he was a child, taking over the rule of the cult when his father, the previous king, died during the Cacos Rebellions in 1920. All his worshippers fear him, because he holds command over the Star Pool Lurker, the creature which does his bidding whenever he calls for it.

King Kaliko wears an amulet around his neck similar to the Sharp Stone, but subtly different. Investigators who make a **Spot Hidden** roll may notice that every time King Kaliko commands the Star Pool Lurker he does so while touching the stone. If investigators can somehow snatch the Stone from Kaliko’s possession, the Lurker is free of Kaliko’s control, and turns on everyone at the ceremony, rather than just those who Kaliko commands it to kill. The investigators are unable to discover how to use the amulet themselves or how to destroy it, but they could hide it somewhere. Without this





amulet, Kaliko is not a particularly powerful cult leader or sorcerer, and proves to be far easier to defeat.

### King Kaliko, High Priest of the Floating Horror Cult, age 33

STR 16 CON 15 SIZ 14 INT 16 POW 17  
DEX 14 APP 10 EDU 05 SAN 00 HP 15

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist 60%, damage 1D3+1D4 Enchanted Knife 60%, damage 1D4+2+1D4

**Spells:** Contact Baron Samedi, Contact Floating Horror, Clutch of Nyogtha, Create Zombie, Deflect Harm, Enchant Gris-Gris, Enchant Ju-Ju, Enchant Knife, Journey to the Other Side, Power of Nyambe

**Skills:** Art (Dancing) 65%, Art (Drumming) 45%, Art (Singing) 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 36%, First Aid 30%, Natural History 50%, Occult 70%, Persuade 65%, Pharmacy 55%, Psychology 30%, R'lyeh glyphs 40%

**Languages:** Creole 60%, English 40%, %, French 40%,

### Host, Avatar of Nyarlathotep

*Henley's face was darkened with scales. The ears, cheeks, forehead, and scalp were still clear, but he had the mouth of an iguana, and his eyes were ringed with black circles... Henley watched on in horror as his body danced its insane, impossible movements. His fingers were gradually becoming webbed, and his joints rearranged so that he could move his body as could no other human.*

A.A. Attanasio, "The Star Pools"

The Host is a human vessel Nyarlathotep sometimes uses to manifest on Earth – in this case it is Jack Sterling, who is completely and irreversibly mad from the transformation process. The chosen Host is cut by a sharp palm-sized green rock decorated with cuneiform-like designs. The odd rock inflicts a black wound that does not bleed. Hours later the victim falls into a coma lasting for 1D10 days. While in the coma the victim dreams of mazes, monsters, and finally of encountering Nyarlathotep in one of his human forms. The Crawling Chaos tells the victim that he is the chosen one and then he wakes. This dream costs the victim 1D10 Sanity points.

From the wound a black scaly growth slowly spreads across the victim's body. It always itches and emits a thick putrefying odor. Within a week, limbs are rubbery and fingers become webbed. Meanwhile, the victim loses complete control of his body as Nyarlathotep takes full possession and controls his victim's every action. The possessed often are fully aware of the horrible situation, yet totally helpless to fight it. The human Host loses 1D10 Sanity points each day thereafter until completely insane.

**CULT:** The Host is worshiped in Haiti by fringe voodoo cults. Cult leaders seek out the chosen Host, bringing him or her to a secret place in Haiti called the Star Pools. There, they wait for Nyarlathotep to free himself from the humanoid body and transform into the Floating Horror. This process is normally accelerated by ceremonially killing the Host, releasing the Floating Horror. However, if the Host is killed by a wound to the forehead (quarter normal chance to hit if the attacker is deliberately attempting to inflict this type of wound), the Floating Horror's gateway into this dimension is blocked and the Horror cannot be released.

**Attacks and Special Effects:** The Host normally uses spells to protect itself from harm, but can use any human weapon as necessary. The Host also has a horrible scream which leaves any who hear it permanently deaf. Victims of the Host's scream may attempt to cover their ears but must make successful **Dodge** rolls each time to do so.

### The Host, Chosen of the Sharp Stone

STR 22 CON 20 SIZ 14 INT 30 POW 50  
DEX 20 MOV 09 HP 17

**Damage Bonus:** +1D6

**Weapons:** Weapon 80%, damage as per weapon Scream 100%, damage 1D2 hit points plus permanent deafness if a Dodge roll (to cover the ears in time) is failed

**Armor:** 2 points of scaly skin. If killed before the transformation is complete, the Host dies normally, but if brought to zero hit points after this time, he or she collapses on the ground and changes into the Floating Horror.

**Spells:** the Host knows all mythos spells.

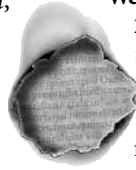
**Sanity Loss:** 1/1D10 Sanity points to see the Host. Star Pool Lurker, Unique Entity

*The pond was churning. Dense forms were rising to their shadows and breaking the surface. Webbed appendages lashed among the foaming waters – flat faces, lizard-eyed shark maws splashed towards the shore... The forms that were bobbling towards the bank were soaked black with the leakage*



*and seepings of a putrid hell... A humped, bubbling gob lurched out of the pool and sprawled over a victim. For an instant, Rapf thought he could see [the victim's] shocked, screaming face in the milky translucence, then there was only a red cloud in the midst of a throbbing amoebic thing... A beaked, squid-headed maunder slobbered to shore and with gangling limbs pursued him... The creature was on him, all the seams and pleats of its throat fibrillating insanely as it hoisted him up with one pincer, blotched arm. Even after the green-scaled beak crushed him, he was kicking spastically, swiveling his arms.*

— A.A. Attanasio, "The Star Pools"



**Weapons:** Maws 30%, damage 1D6 Pincers 50%, damage 2D8+6D6 plus grapple Glob 40%, damage 1D6 per round plus consumption of 1D20 points of SIZ Beak 30%, damage 1D10+6D6

**Armor:** none, but takes minimum possible damage from all non-magical attacks and cannot be impaled.

**Spells:** Contact Nyarlathotep and others, as desired by the keeper.

**Sanity Loss:** 1D10/1D100 Sanity points to see the Star Pool Lurker.

## The Summoning Ceremony

On the night of November 2nd King Kaliko calls forth the Floating Horror. The ritual begins at sunset. Hundreds of cultists gather at the Star Pools to witness the spectacle. Lit only by the burning stars above and the eerie light rising from the Star Pools, these believers dance to the beat of drumming which lasts for many hours. King Kaliko leads the ritual dancing, calling upon invisible deities throughout the performance in a language that is not of this earth. Investigators witnessing this dance and succeed in an **Occult** roll notice some similarity to voodoo, but this is definitely not a voodoo ceremony. A **Cthulhu Mythos** roll identifies an appeal to various great old ones and outer gods, most particularly Cthulhu in sleeping R'lyeh, and Nyarlathotep in various guises. During the dancing several of the elderly devotees gouge themselves to death with sharp-edged rocks representing the Sharp Stones themselves, costing 0/1D4 points to witness.

After the dancing has been underway for several hours, the Host is called forth from his hut to dance near the altar. His body moves in unnatural rhythms and angles, and there is little that resembles a human anymore. It costs 1/1D10 Sanity Points to witness the Host. Investigators who study him closely and succeed in a **Spot Hidden** roll identify that the features of Jack Sterling are still discernable, prompting an additional Sanity loss of 1/1D6 points. Many women and even some men dance suggestively with the Host, as though he might impregnate them here and now. He does not.

Around midnight King Kaliko and the Host begin dancing together, until Kaliko draws forth his knife and cuts open the stomach of the Host. Almost immediately the Floating Horror spews forth out of the Host's corpse, filling the air like a huge, bloated balloon with the skin of putrid flesh. Investigators now lose 1D10/1D100 points for witnessing the Floating Horror, which begins to kill and maim indiscriminately. Once it has fed on approximately fifty worshippers, it then disappears into the jungle, heading west towards Port-au-Prince.

The Star Pool Lurker is one of the Million Favored Ones of Nyarlathotep (for more information see *The Creatures Companion* page 33 or *Malleus Monstrorum*), and may even be one of the Outer God's offspring. For aeons it has lived in the Star Pools and today is in the servitude of the Floating Horror cult. Highly mobile, the Star Pool Lurker has large membranous wings and webbed appendages which enable it to fly, swim or to walk upon the land. When seen clearly, the creature's appearance becomes confusing because it appears to be a mass of multiple independent wriggling and squirming monstrosities.

**Other Characteristics:** If reduced to zero or fewer hit points the Star Pool Lurker is dispelled back to its original dimension.

**Attacks and Special Effects:** The Star Pool Lurker can attack several opponents simultaneously with up to six maw and pincer appendages directed against any one individual in any given round. While attacking with a pincer the creature attempts to grapple victims with a STR versus STR roll and, if holding them fast, feeds them into its beak.

The Star Pool Lurker also attacks with a glob attack that consumes a victim in a translucent jelly-like mass. Victims are consumed by the glob at the rate of 1D20 SIZ points per round. They can attempt a STR versus STR each round to break free. Once fully consumed, the victim is crushed and dies instantly at the end of the next round.

### Star Pool Lurker, A Million Favored One

STR 55    CON 40    SIZ 50    INT 10    POW 35  
DEX 25    MOV Swim/Fly 10/12/14    HP 45

**Damage Bonus:** +6D6



## Interrupting the Ceremony

Investigators can interrupt the ceremony at any time. If they wait until the Host is killed and the Floating Horror is released, they have almost no chance of stopping it. The Horror begins an assault on the fringes of Port-au-Prince lasting for several weeks, slaying hundreds, before disappearing inland on a wave of bloodshed and mayhem. Riots flare up all over the country, people are robbed, mugged, raped and murdered at alarming rates, and rebel fighting erupts across the country. Only massive firepower can stop it now, and even that may not be enough.

However, investigators should have plenty of time to act before the Floating Horror is released. The investigators are likely to be white skinned if they are pre-generated as provided in this scenario, so they probably will stand out among the cultists. A **Spot Hidden** roll does identify that there are a few whites joining the ceremonies. However, if player characters of any color succeed in an **Art (Acting)**, **Art (Dancing)** or **Persuade** roll, onlookers can be convinced that they are crazed cultists like everyone else. If the investigators are exposed, they are assaulted by 1D6 cultists per round until killed.

Shooting the Host in the head is the most effective means of stopping the summoning. Their chances of using a weapon skill are at normal success if investigators set themselves up in a sniper positions and spend ten rounds mentally preparing themselves for the task. Other chances to perform a head shot are either at half or quarter normal chance, at the keeper's discretion. If no other options present themselves, investigators will have to get close. Unfortunately if the Host is killed without a head shot, the Floating Horror is still released.

King Kaliko does not call forth the Star Pool Lurker unless the investigators intervene, sending it after them to destroy them. Seeing the Lurker is as horrific as gazing upon the Floating Horror, costing 1D10/1D100 Sanity points. If the investigators have cut themselves on the Sharp Stone at Mama Josephine's place, then the Lurker refuses to attack them, confusing King Kaliko.

Killing Kaliko does not stop the summoning, as there are many cultists willing to release the Floating Horror from the Host. If Kaliko or the Host is killed, hundreds of murderous cultists turn on the investigators.

## Floating Horror, Avatar of Nyarlathotep

*The body was peeling away, cracking open like a pod, droozing a quivering cheesy bladder the delirious gelatinous body of Nyarlathotep. It was massive. By some*

*abominable infusion, it swelled to twice the size of the body it hatched from. Its surface was covered with something sticky, a black sap, bubbling, running off at the sides, carrying with it a bed of pearls, shiny curdled clods of milk, thick clusters of eggs. Something like pinworms needled over the gummy black silk, glimmering with a rabid bacterial fire. The body it pulled from was reduced to a cake of filaments that crumbled and lapsed with blue volts to dusty embers cooking in a soft camarine light. Then the thick singed-grease odors wafted across the field, and Pantucci began to retch... It was hovering a few meters off the ground, its jelly sac bloated with webs of blue-pulsing veins. Tendrils, lion-red, flayed open around mouthlike gaping seams that writhed below the bulbed body. The tentacles were pushing it off, into the air, and it was lifting, its hideous rippled hulk was rising up over the puddling mess of its cocoon.*

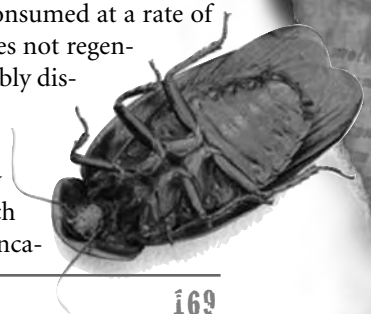
A.A. Attanasio, "The Star Pools"

This jelly-like floating mass is one of the more obscure forms of Nyarlathotep. It is summoned to Earth through a specially chosen and prepared human vessel called the Host. When ritually killed, the Host transforms into the Floating Horror.

**CULT:** This deity is connected to fringe voodoo cults, particularly in Haiti and other Caribbean islands. Cult leaders lead ritual ceremonies involving the worship of an undersea island. The dark rite involves frenzied dancing and concludes with elderly devotees gouging themselves to death with sharp stones.

**ATTACKS and SPECIAL EFFECTS:** Its main attack is the hundreds of barbed tendrils that flay and wriggle across the surface of the Horror. The Floating Horror lashes out with its tendrils, striking as many opponents as it desires each round. Each victim may be struck with 1D6 tendrils. Each tendril has a STR of 5 and may combine to grapple a victim. Held victims are drawn into one of the Horror's mouths and consumed at a rate of 1D10 SIZ each round. Lost SIZ does not regenerate, and victims may be left horribly disfigured or otherwise crippled.

The Floating Horror also produces a horrible odor which may cause victims to vomit or dry retch uncontrollably: such victims are inca-





pacitated for 1D6 rounds. To avoid the effects of the Horror's noxious odor, each investigator must roll his CON x5 or less on 1D100.

### Floating Horror, Haitian Manifestation

STR 75    CON 60    SIZ 40    INT 86    POW 100  
DEX 25    MOV 10    HP 50

**Damage Bonus:** +6D6

**Weapons:** Tendrils 70%, damage 1D8 plus grapple

**Mouths** 50%, damage 3D6 plus Swallows 1D10 points of SIZ of a victim each round. Once consumed, victims are dead. **Odor** 100%, victim must make a CON x5 roll or vomit for 1D6 rounds.

**Armor:** All weapons do minimum possible damage and cannot impale. If brought to 0 hit points, the Floating Horror changes form (always into a more monstrous one, which causes onlookers to lose Sanity points), and then flies into interstellar space.

**Spells:** the Floating Horror knows all Mythos spells. It can summon monsters at the rate of 1 magic point per POW point the monster has; it may summon a shantak, hunting horror or servitor of the Outer Gods at the cost of a single magic point.

**Sanity Loss:** 1D10/1D100 Sanity points to see the Floating Horror.

## Conclusion

Full success in this scenario is, by the nature of the narrative, almost impossible. That said, some good can be achieved. If the investigators do manage to kill the Host and escape, and if they did so by cutting themselves on the Sharp Stone, the next foes they must face are Mama Josephine and Sebastian Senegal with about a dozen of his Cacos in hand. Mama Josephine explains sadly to the investigators what had to be done — stopping the

Floating Horror from entering earth's dimension by disguising the investigator as the next Host — and before the investigator transforms into the next Host, he must be killed so the gateway cannot be opened. If Senegal trusts the investigator, a revolver might be offered for this purpose.

If the investigators refuse and try to escape from their execution, they find that the transformation begins soon afterwards. At first the victim falls into a coma, becoming lost in a labyrinth and finally meeting Nyarlathotep, who says that he now owns the investigator. Upon waking, black scales spread from the victim's wound, and they are spreading. Shortly after, he finds his body is no longer his to command, because it walks itself straight to the Star Pools to be the Host for the next summoning.

If the investigators escape without becoming the next Host, they likely perceive that only one of them is alive and that the rest are figments of his imagination, ghosts who follow wherever he goes. While it might be possible for these investigators to play in future scenarios, as ghosts they can provide advice and lose or gain Sanity, but are otherwise powerless to interact with the world. Many years of therapy might erase these personalities, or they might just stay with the living investigator forever.

Investigators who complete this adventure successfully and survive should be rewarded with 4D10 Sanity points. It's not every day that someone can call upon his dead friends to help him go back and finish a hopeless job that he knew he couldn't accomplish alone.



# Player Handouts

## Handouts:Ghost Light

### Player Aid #1

August 31, 1927

Dr. Neil Fordyce

P.O. Box 470

Stromness

Orkney, Scotland

Dear Dr. Fordyce:

I trust that I am misreading your most recent letter, in which you seem to be expressing an interest in applying the formula I previously supplied.

The author is quite clear in his warnings against attempting to do so without first having taken specific precautions, to wit: the Pnakotic pentagon and the cabalistic signs of protection. Although you did not mention it specifically, I trust you are familiar with the "Book of Iod" and its suggestion that He of the Gray Gulf may aid those who call upon him through use of the time-pellets?

I urge you to exercise all due caution. In the absence of these safeguards, there is not only grave danger to yourself, but you risk raising forces beyond your control.

Very Respectfully,

*J. L. Hardy*

Special Collections Librarian

### Player Aid #2

September 3, 1927

Dr. Neil Fordyce

P.O. Box 470

Stromness

Orkney, Scotland

Dear Dr. Fordyce,

I wish to inform you that, respectfully, the Library can entertain no further correspondence regarding De Vermis Mysteriis.

Assistance in the matter has previously been provided by Mr. Hardy under the mistaken belief that your interest was purely academic. Your recent letters, however, evidence a desire to effect a practical application of certain aspects of the aforementioned volume, which the Library cannot condone nor abet.

Sincerely,

*W. G. Cummings*

Director

player Handouts





### Player Aid #3

August 19, 1927

Dr. Neil Fordyce,

P.O. Box 470,

Stromness,

Orkney, Scotland

Dear Dr. Fordyce:

Your letter of the 29th ult. received.

It is indeed unfortunate that you have lost the records you prized so much. I can appreciate your disappointment, for I have had similar experiences in the loss of papers, books, etc. that can never be duplicated, or restored.

You are correct in the assumption that this type of data is not available to the general public but as you are preparing a booklet on the life and works of Ludvig Prinn, an exception can be made.

Enclosed please find a typed copy of the essential matter, as you desire.

Yours Respectfully,

*J. Luther Hardy,*

Special Collections Librarian.

### Jock Paterson

As a seaman on the *Helios*, your job is to make sure that all is in order on the ship. You help tie up and untie the vessel to and from the dock and maintain the equipment on deck. You've answered the captain's call for volunteers to go ashore and investigate the situation on Hallowsay.

You're from Roseneath in Dunbarton originally, but now live in Stromness. You are known as a serious-minded man, with a dry sense of humor. You are devoutly religious, a Presbyterian, and you have an ability to listen and reflect before acting.

#### Jock Paterson, age 28, Seaman

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

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+db  
Shotgun 50%\*

**Skills:** Astronomy 19%, Boat Handling 45%, Climb 50%, Dodge 60%, Electrical Repair 30%, First Aid 60%, Jump 55%, Listen 30%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Natural History 20%, Navigate 45%, Pilot Boat 35%, Psychology 20%, Ship Handling 15%, Swim 50%, Throw 25%.

**Equipment:** Waterproof poncho, wool cap, life jacket, cardigan, boots, pipe, tobacco, silver crucifix on chain, one pocket-sized box of 12 waterproof matches.

\* has skill but possesses no shotgun

### Angus Milne

As 2nd mate on the *Helios*, your job is to assist the Chief Mate. You are the ship's navigation officer, and it's your job to keep the charts up to date and to make sure all the emergency survival equipment (lifeboats, life rings, etc.) are in order. You've volunteered to go ashore and investigate the situation. As the ranking officer on Hallowsay, you'll be in charge.

You're from Glasgow, and you consider yourself pretty urbane compared to the unsophisticated country lads among the crew. You're not the least bit superstitious and you appreciate the classics (Horace's *Ars Poetica* is a personal favorite). You are known for your quiet, unassuming manner, your competence, seamanship and dedication. You are

proud of your work for the Northern Lighthouse Board and proud of your position.

#### Angus Milne, age 32, Second Mate

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 14  
DEX 14 APP 13 EDU 13 SAN 70 HP 12

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Weapons:** none

**Skills:** Astronomy 25%, Boat Handling 30%, Dodge 30%, Electrical Repair 85%, First Aid 40%, Latin 50%, Listen 65%, Mechanical Repair 70%, Natural History 52%, Navigate 70%, Pilot Boat 70%, Ship Handling 45%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 90%.

**Equipment:** Waterproof poncho, wool cap, life jacket, cardigan, boots, pipe, tobacco, waterproof matches (10), pocket watch.



### Willie Ross

As a seaman on the lighthouse tender *Helios* your job is to make sure that all is in order on the ship. You help tie up and untie the vessel to and from the dock, and maintain the equipment on deck. You've volunteered to go ashore and investigate the situation on Hallowsay.

You're from Kilfinan in Argyll originally, but you've a wife and children in Stromness. The long weeks at sea make you miss them dearly and it seems the children have grown another inch each time you see them. You are known as an excellent cook.

#### Willie Ross, age 37, Seaman

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

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+db

Grapple 50%, damage special

**Skills:** Boat Handling 45%, Climb 60%, Cookery 55%, Dodge 40%, Fast Talk 35%, First Aid 40%, Hide 20%, Jump 35%, Listen 30%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Navigate 45%, Pilot Boat 35%, Ship Handling 15%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 75%, Throw 65%.

**Equipment:** Waterproof poncho, wool cap, life jacket, cardigan, boots, tobacco, rolling papers, wooden matches (10), flask of whisky, sewing kit with threads, laces and buttons.

### Archie Finlay

You have recently been hired by the Northern Lighthouse Board and Hallowsay is your first position, after a brief apprenticeship at Tarbat Ness on the east coast. You're sailing on board the lighthouse tender *Helios* and when you arrive at Hallowsay you'll be replacing Peter Scott, who's leaving the lighthouse service.

You're from Kilmarnock in Ayr originally, but you've taken a room at a boarding house in Stromness. You don't know anyone among the crew but you're looking forward to meeting your lighthouse colleagues on Hallowsay. You have with you a gunny sack containing the keepers' mail, pipe tobacco, oatcakes and a bottle of whisky. With these you hope to foster some new friendships on the island.

#### Archie Finlay, age 25, Assistant Lighthouse Keeper

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 4 POW 14  
DEX 15 APP 15 EDU 13 SAN 70 HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Weapons:** Pocket knife 55%, damage 1D4+db

**Skills:** Astronomy 38%, Boat Handling 25%, Climb 80%, Electrical Repair 30%, First Aid 60%, Gaelic 25%, Jump 55%, Latin 25%, Listen 45%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Natural History 20%, Navigate 35%, Psychology 20%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 50%, Swim 80%, Throw 55%.

**Equipment:** Waterproof poncho, wool cap, life jacket, cardigan, boots, rabbit's foot, pocket knife.





# Handouts: A Method to Madness

## Elliot Gordon, age 25, Mentally Handicapped Patient

STR 10    CON 13    SIZ 14    INT 17  
POW 11    DEX 09    APP 12    EDU 10  
SAN 50    HP 14

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Derangements:** Idiot Savant

**Weapons:** none

**Skills:** Art (Piano) 30%, Astronomy 51%, Craft (Watch making) 30%, Electrical Repair 55%, Hide 45%, Mathematics 75%, Mechanical Repair 70%, Sneak 25%

**Languages:** English 70%

**Equipment:** watchmaker's tool kit

Born with a severe mental disability, Elliot has lived in one form of institution or another for virtually his entire life. Not having been visited by his own family in years, he has come to think of Mona as a younger sister and Percival as a kind of surrogate dad. Despite having difficulty understanding most human behavior and ordinary social interactions, his mind is capable of great feats of mathematical computation and logic. He keeps a collection of puzzles and clockwork toys in his room with which to amuse himself. Elliot has also developed a keen interest in astronomy and likes to spend hours staring up at the stars at night. However, he is somehow convinced that there should be nine planets circling the sun, instead of the eight currently known to science.

## Alina Dolinski, age 27, Stage Actress

STR 10    CON 11    SIZ 11    INT 14  
POW 13  
DEX 10    APP 13    EDU 12    SAN 65    HP  
11

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Derangements:** Drug Addiction

**Weapons:** none

**Skills:** Art (Acting) 55%, Art (Singing) 25%, Bargain 35%, Credit Rating 55%, Disguise 41%, Fast Talk 45%, Spot Hidden 35%, Persuade 65%, Pharmacy 31%, Psychology 25%

**Languages:** English 80%, Polish 31%

**Equipment:** makeup kit

Alina is a noted stage actress from Boston. Ms. Dolinski was committed to Wormwood by her manager/lawyer, an over-possessive lover. She needs to recover from a cocaine habit. Used to the excitement and glamour of working in the lime-light, she finds the asylum's tranquil atmosphere much too dull and boring to suit her jaded tastes. A natural-born drama queen, Alina uses almost any opportunity to garner attention or to showcase her talents before a live audience.





### Percival Severin III, age 49, Delusional Millionaire

STR 11    CON 09    SIZ 15    INT 13    POW 13  
DEX 10    APP 08    EDU 16    SAN 55    HP 12

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Derangements:** Paranoia

**Weapons:** none

**Skills:** Accounting 70%, Anthropology 21%, Bargain 75%, Credit Rating 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Fast Talk 65%, History 40%, Library Use 45%, Occult 45%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 55%

**Languages:** English 90%, French 31%

**Equipment:** pocket watch, top hat

Percival Severin III is a millionaire who owns both a mansion and a yacht – or *would* if greedy relatives had not taken them away from him. Not satisfied with the attainment of mere personal wealth and power, he began explorations into mysteries of the occult, at first dealing with the Freemasons and then other less reputable secret societies. His constant delving into things man was not meant to know eventually brought him to a rare French edition of *The King in Yellow*. Soon after reading this dread play, his mind was twisted by the terrible implications locked within the cursed text. Percival now sees himself trapped inside the story, with his fellow mental patients playing the roles of other doomed characters as the tragic plot unknowingly unfolds around them. A man who is used to getting his way, Mr. Severin would be a logical choice to lead the rest in an investigation. That is, if he can learn to trust them.

### Colonel James Butler, age 52, Retired Military Officer

STR 11    CON 09    SIZ 11    INT 14    POW 09  
DEX 11    APP 10    EDU 19    SAN 40    HP 10

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Derangements:** Shell Shock

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+db Grapple 55%, damage special Head Butt 20%, damage 1D4+db Kick 35%, damage 1D6+db Handgun\* 50% Rifle\* 55%

\* *weapon skill only.*

**Skills:** Bargain 45%, Credit Rating 45%, Dodge 42%, Fast Talk 45%, Hide 30%, History 50%, Jump 35%, Natural History 20%, Navigate 30%, Persuade 65%, Psychology 45%, Ride 45%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 55%

**Languages:** English 65%

**Equipment:** riding crop, service medals

Colonel Butler was once a cavalry officer and a leader of men on the battlefield, until the shock and awe of fighting in the trenches of France left him shattered mentally and physically. Now a broken man, the colonel is more likely to follow the orders of others than give them himself. He still wears his faded army uniform jacket, pinned with metals over his hospital pajamas. Often living in the past, Butler sometimes mistakes other patients for members of his old unit. For example, he does not fully trust the new recruit, Waldo Hirsch, and considers him a possible German spy.





### Waldo Hirsch, age 30, Private Detective

STR 11    CON 10    SIZ 16    INT 13    POW 08  
DEX 11    APP 09    EDU 15    SAN 40    HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Derangements:** Hypochondriasis

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+db, Grapple 35%, Damage special, Head Butt 20%, damage 1D4+db, Knife\* 45%

\* *weapon skill only*

**Skills:** Accounting 30%, Bargain 25%, Climb 50%, Conceal 35%, Disguise 31%, Drive Auto 40%, Fast Talk 35%, Hide 40%, Jump 35%, Law 25%, Library Use 35%, Locksmith 31%, Persuade 25%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 35%, Track 30%

**Languages:** English 41%, German 75%,

**Equipment:** notepad, pencil, concealed lockpick set

Claiming to be just a factory manager wanting to recuperate from exhaustion and stress, the German immigrant named Waldo is actually a private detective working undercover. He was originally hired a few weeks ago by Alina's concerned stage manager to look after the woman during her stay and report back on her recovery. Having voluntarily admitted himself, he is technically free to leave Wormwood whenever he chooses, provided the director signs his release papers. Always a bit nervous, Waldo has spent so much time living with the other residents of the asylum that he is now beginning to wonder if there really is something wrong with him.

### Mona di Fabrizio, age 18, Manic Painter

STR 08    CON 11    SIZ 13    INT 15    POW 10  
DEX 13    APP 11    EDU 12    SAN 40    HP 12

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Derangements:** Manic-Depression

**Weapons:** Kick 55%, damage 1D6+db

**Skills:** Art (Painting) 65%, Art History 60%, Bargain 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 7%, Dodge 36%, History 40%, Library Use 45%, Listen 65%, Persuade 45%, Photography 50%, Psychology 35%, Throw 55%

**Languages:** English 41%, Italian 60%,

**Equipment:** painter's palette, brushes

Mona was committed by her parents, the owners of a prosperous garment business in Salem, several years ago following a strange wave of mass insanity that struck many sensitive people with artistic abilities throughout the world. Still suffering from rapid and occasionally violent mood swings, she spends much of her time painting bizarre underwater landscapes, full of the dark and cyclopean shapes that inhabit her dreams. She was particularly upset recently when Dr. Shelley forbid her from using the sanitarium's camera to take photographs of the other residents, saying only that it was for her own good.



# Handouts: Death By Misadventure

## Papers #1

Charles Stanhope's last note, written in an unsteady hand.

*Perhaps if I write... I need to tell someone what I found, but my mind rebels as soon as I try. Shame Fred not in. Reliable man. Any familiar face after what I saw - or thought I saw. Fled here without thinking. Don't even remember the drive until nearly all the way home. Lucky to have seen that hideous gateway to Hell and kept my sanity, if I have. Horses helped. Stood with them a long time in the dark and came to my senses.*

*I feel better having telephoned James now but couldn't tell him. Would have preferred Ralph but didn't answer. The question is what to do about it. Horrible feeling of menace still over me but such as those couldn't possibly pursue me, even at night. Can't even know who I am. This is NOT a nightmare. Of course, talked to the dentist, said who I was. No, can't contemplate. Can he still speak? - if the horned one is who I suspect. Frontispiece resembled. Recognition frightened me as much as - God - if it is him he knows this place, or did. That's how I came to be looking for him. What have I done Noises outs Too soon for  
(Note abruptly ends here)*

## Papers #2:

### Archaeology at Ravensby:

The two tumuli or round barrows in the parish were identified by William Stukeley in 1753 as being "the places of sepulture of two British Kings, or places of religious worship" - which encompasses just about everything with a very useful vagueness. He even appears to suggest a third mound in his plan. In his account of his visit to Ravensby, Stukeley also recalled the removal of the last of the abbey's original above-ground stones. One of the tumuli was excavated by Sir Joseph Banks in 1780 and a dig on the site of the abbey was conducted by his nephew, the Reverend Edward Stanhope, in 1792. Accounts have not been published but information on the digs is apparently to be found in Crascall (1802).

Ravensby Abbey was founded in the twelfth century A.D. by William de Roumare, Earl of Lincoln, on the site of an abandoned village on the northern edge of the Fens. William de Roumare ended his days as a monk here and, following his death, was buried within the grounds of the Abbey. Ravensby was colonized by thirteen Cistercian monks from the Rievaulx Abbey in Yorkshire. When the colony arrived in 1142, the existing church of St. Lawrence was used as a temporary church by the monks.

In the thirteenth century, Ravensby Abbey was to become one of the richest houses of the Cistercian order. One of the witnesses of the Lincolnshire rebellion of 1536 asserted that the monks of Ravensby had been seen in the field along side the insurgents but none of them was brought to trial. By the time of Henry VIII's Dissolution of the monasteries in 1538/9, the abbey was reported to have been in a state of great ruin and decay.

There are no standing remains, although the earthworks define not only the church and cloister but also an extensive precinct. The estate was bought in 1714 by the Banks family and was inherited by Joseph Banks, botanist to Captain Cook and later President of the Royal Society. Thereafter it passed to the Stanhope family, long providers of Members of Parliament for the area. In 1845 the old house was demolished to make way for a new design by William Burn in his trademark "Jacobethan" style, costing £20,000.





Papers #3

**Extracts from the journal of Charles Stanhope**

*An interesting work, to be sure, by a real eccentric. I wonder why the Wisbech Museum doesn't have a copy when it is so locally centered. If Colin could find another I might send it to them. How annoyingly smug Crascall is. On one level he's a great debunker, a man of reason, but at another he almost seems to imply he knows better than the rational explanation. There seems to be something off about his accounts but it is difficult for me to pin down exactly what is wrong.*

*Ch 2 & 3 – I have a letter from Edward Stanhope that tells of Crascall's involvement in the two Ravensby excavations that rendered mine so pointless. My ancestor felt Crascall to be helpful but rather dismissive of his finds on the Abbey site, which were interesting at the very least. During or after the first dig it appears Crascall was suspected of attempting to steal the thunder of his eminent hosts. Crascall's accounts make some rather cutting remarks about thieves ensuring the lack of finds at the first dig. He continues to dismiss the skeletons of the second dig, although he does reveal Edward re-buried the lot in the churchyard. Crascall also speculates about the Abbey's treasures, so conspicuously absent at the Dissolution, but he doesn't say "treasure" exactly, but "items of value". I'm tempted to read a lot into his "were" there to be found'.*

*Ch 4 – What little I know about silverware tends to support Crascall's view of Kings Lynn's . . . King John cup but there are some more suggestions here. C's confident that no fenmen found and ransacked the lost treasury wagon after it had been abandoned, and implies a modest hoard did remain despite King John's parlous finances. C also suggests that those hoping to find the hoard "should have searched" in the land between Walpole Cross Keys and what is today Sutton Bridge. Does he mean the fen-*

*men and Royal party of the time missed their chance or that his contemporaries can no longer find what was once available? No sources listed and his syntax is damnably ambiguous.*

*Ch 5 – On the 1577 storm at Blythburgh he's most frustratingly opaque, discounting the black dog but treating the basic facts as gospel. He dismisses the local tradition of the dog's claw marks being burned into the interior doors of the church but at the same time includes his own hint of the supernatural with the observation that there are no birds around the church, and states: ". . . but if I were a bird I should not come near where the spire was for fear of crossing over in mid-flight". He also hints that a similar disaster could occur at any similar location in similar conditions. When he mentions St. Peter's Church in Wisbech as an example it almost seems like a threat.*

*Ch 6 – It really strikes me that Crascall's building projects in the center of Wisbech are archeology-inspired rather than genuine development. The implication that he may shortly be excavating on the site of the castle itself, i.e. around the foundations of Thurloe's Mansion, implies he manufactured his disagreement with the town council about extending the approach to his development in order to motivate his destruction of the Interregnum structure. The rather stunted Regency villa that finally replaced it seems like an afterthought. Looking the place up in guide-books finds claims that there is access to the Norman dungeons in the castle grounds in a way that seems to wholly overlook the intermediate building. I'd like to see them for myself. What on earth was Crascall after in Wisbech with his dubiously acquired money and semi-respectability? I'll go and visit the Literary Society's Museum Library for some local accounts of him. What did the other members make of him and where did he go? I must admit I'm intrigued. Ralph will enjoy hearing about this little excursion after a rogue. Museum in the morning, castle in the afternoon. A night in a hotel as a reward.*



Papers #4

**Extract from Letter, Rev. Edward Stanhope to his sister Mary Stanhope August 1792**

My archaeological experiment has been both more and less successful than I had hoped. I knew Uncle Banks believed something of this type was long overdue but I was worried the business of the parish and the head-shaking of the parishioners would conspire to leave my attempts desultory. In this context the interest of Mr. Joseph Crascall of the Wisbech Literary Society appeared an absolute boon. Hearing of my dig he volunteered his time, lodged himself in the village at his own expense and hired a handful of itinerant navvies recently disengaged from digging a drainage channel to supplement the laborers spared to me by the estate. These fellows were a rough bunch not entirely welcomed by the locals but dug as though they were half mole. With their work and Crascall's great understanding of medieval architecture to set us digging at the most productive points our efforts were rapidly rewarded. Pieces of stained glass and floor tiles aplenty quickly bolstered my collection.

Then we discovered the first skeleton. Finding a burial was not initially a surprise but I couldn't understand why he was buried face down. About this Mr. Crascall was little concerned, rather choosing to be more interested in the supposed gatepost for the lichway he had his men chasing in a monstrous deep hole at the other end of the site. By the seventh skeleton he began to nod that I was on the scent of something, and by the fourteenth (and last) he was quite pleased with me. I was quite sure I had discovered something of at least some archaeological interest

though he assured me such instances were not unusual. His explanation of the face down burials was stultifyingly dull, in fact. Since they were all so-found it meant the system of burial, the nature of the coffins and how they were lowered, must have consistently contrived to accidentally plant their occupants upside down. In order to resolve this point I wrote to Uncle Banks, not having done so earlier with the excitement of the dig and wanting to have something impressive to tell him. I was most surprised by his reaction which bade me order Crascall from the property at once. I was relieved the duty of doing so because the first cases of the fever had come on in the interim and Crascall had returned to Wisbech to preserve his health. Three of my diggers are down with it now and four or five others in the village.

In his letter Uncle Banks seemed to think I had been a great fool, and had even less time for my finds than Crascall. It seems when Uncle and Father were digging at the Barrows twelve years ago this same man had joined them then and in the end Father suspected Crascall of digging on his own late at night. Do you remember anything of the sort? All that fuss and they had the third barrow ploughed through "in a fit of pique" as mother said. I remembered as soon as I read Uncle's letter and remembered Crascall too, not a hair different, even though I hadn't even recognized for one moment over the last week. I must admit I now wonder what the old man was really trying to excavate while we were busy with the skeletons, but this must go no further, of course; we don't know that he has been prospecting on our property, or has gone away with a thing, but my archaeological aspirations have certainly been chastened by the experience.





Papers #6:

### Nineteenth Century Letter

8th September 1838

Dear Cousin,

An extraordinary letter has come into my possession that sheds some light on the dark days of 1816 whereafter certain persons were never seen again. This letter is cryptic - addressed and signed by initials only but comes from the lining of the writing desk Father bought in an auction from the effects of a branch of the Peckover family. I think the correspondents can only be the eminent Thomas Clarkson (who was born and raised here) and Jonathan Peckover from these clues. I copy it as clearly as I can make it out but must hide the thing itself lest Father see it. He would destroy it, I am sure. It begins,

Dear J.P., You must know that Cr. is gone and it has been done so that there is no case to answer. All that know of his activities and his end are sworn to secrecy. The Grain Riots make a fine cover for our actions and one of deep irony for, as you will remember, twenty years ago Cr. stood against the peasantry in similar circumstances with the gentlemen of the town as a citizen in good standing, a member of the Literary Society and a welcome investor. His archaeology, his Egyptian ornaments and his interest in buried treasure were all taken as the eccentricities and perhaps the business of an antiquarian. That well-circulated letter from Sir Joseph Banks to the society in 1792 set tongues wagging though and, as you know, helped me see through Cr. early on. After a little investigation I knew that he had made his fortune in that most abominable trade, let others know and there were many who cut him. As a result he spent more time at his farm and out of your way and I, on my travels up and down the country, almost forgot him. But the bad tone of his book and the destruction of the Castle set more townsfolk against him. When the Rev'd Vachell at Littleport recounted what he had learned of the colored men delivered to Cr., and the nature of the artifacts he treasured, all good men set themselves against him. Vachell must still be thanking God that he was away when Cr.

took his revenge on his house, but even then apparently there was trouble persuading the whole council it was time to act and that strong measures were needed. Cr. knew there were those set against him and I am certain you did right taking yourself and your family away while at the same time writing to me and my brother for help. When we arrived he knew why we were there and stood toe to toe with me on the marketplace and cursed me in broad daylight. Cr. was not tall nor substantial but even if it were not against my principles I do not believe I could have laid a hand on him, even when he said 'when the storm has broke they will find you with your body drawn up like a purse and your house around your ears.' He spoke calm as you like, mad, certainly, but not mad enough to laugh at, even near the end. His farm at Elmeth was burned down in the disturbances. Frankly I believe brother J. had a hand in this, but Cr. was in town at his diggings trying to make his hungry local navies work. They were angry after one man came out of 'the hole', as they called it, sick in his mind. The doctor examined the man and his ravings convinced all who heard them that Cr. was up to worse than mischief. We knew Cr. kept the lowest part of the works to himself and the common men said he was afraid that they would steal whatever hoard he was after. That was where our party of gentlemen found him at the height of the trouble. I cannot straight out write what the man said when he saw that he was trapped or what has been done. But let me assure you that Cr. has departed this earth and that what remains is sealed in the chamber by the appropriate measures and correct memorial. The stones he had no further use for showed us what to do. All Wisbech breathes easier with Cr. gone and the arrival of the Dragoons stilled the populous but those of us who went down there find it hard to look one another in the face. I shall retire to Ipswich, not the Isle of Ely, and John goes back to his bank with ideas to found a peace society. I am glad you were not there to see it and hope you will visit us



soon, Yours, T. C.

*Do you not think this was the time that Father was called out to attend the fit of Mr. Walton, who was 'never the same again' after the riots? He was Clara's uncle and she told me he never went to church again, just would not go, joining the poorest chapel instead. She said she asked him about it when she was quite grown and him an elderly man. He said he didn't like the stones or the carvings or the bugs they kept inside and was quite ill afterwards.*

Papers #11

**Handwritten note purporting to be extract from the Livre D'Ivon**

*There is a black tablet of the Lemurians reputed to be made from a stone that fell from the sky that is said to bring madness to any man who touches it. Yet it also has great power of conjuring forth and by its presence does destroy the wards and signs of the elder races.*

Papers #5

## History of Wisbech Castle

Wisbech Castle and its grounds occupy the center of the town. The first castle was built at some point during the reign of William the Conqueror, probably between 1072 and 1086. It belonged to the Bishops of Ely and served them as a residence when they visited the town and as used as a prison. Some contagion brought into the dungeons by a French prisoner caused them to be partially walled up in 1148.

During the Civil War the castle was held for Parliament and was later demolished by its new owner, John Thurloe, Principle Secretary of State to the Protectorate. His new house built in 1657 occupied the area of the original castle. After the Restoration, Thurloe was executed for treason and the house reverted to the Bishops of Ely, who leased it to local families.

In 1793 the castle was purchased by Joseph Crascall, reputedly a local boy who made his fortune in colonial trade. Initially he demolished the outbuildings and developed the Crescent, Ely Place and Union Place, leaving Thurloe's Mansion standing. The failure of his plan to extend the estate by a grand approach led him to demolish the seventeenth century house and replace it with the present building, using much of the original materials in the process. The present Regency Villa was completed in 1816, just before Crascall's death. The building was purchased by the Peckover family and has since been leased for a number of different uses including a school and a dental surgery.

### Paper #7

*Sites of Rare Historical and Supernatural Interest in East Anglia*, by Joseph Crascall. Privately published, Wisbech, Cambs 1802 (180pp.) Edition is illustrated with a frontispiece of the author and various architectural sketches and diagrams in the body of the text.

#### Chapter 1

A rambling introductory history of the area from the pre-Roman era through to the time of writing. The book then breaks into chapters which deal with specific sites or incidents of interest, though it frequently digresses.

#### Chapter 2

Ravensby barrows, Lincolnshire: records observations on the inconclusive excavations undertaken in 1780 by Joseph Banks and his brother-in-law Rev. William Stanhope. Uses these as an excuse to recount local rumors of the place once being the location for "Witch Sabbaths" and the source of Stukeley's unfounded suppositions about the site.

#### Chapter 3

Ravensby Abbey, Lincolnshire: records observations on the excavations in 1792 by Edward Stanhope, nephew and son of the previous excavators, and tends to dismiss the significance of the discovery of fourteen skeletons found buried face down. Uses the location as an excuse for telling the story of the Pilgrimage of Grace and the Dissolution of the Monasteries.

#### Chapter 4

King John's treasure, Kings Lynn, Norfolk: tells the story of the loss of the Royal baggage train in the marsh on John's last tour of the country in 1216, confidently trotting out the opinion that the loss was a ruse to disguise the emptiness of the Royal coffers. Denies the provenance of "King John's Cup" the artifact from the treasury supposedly given to that town by John on his last visit. This view has growing support but Crascall predicts it will be seen as regional jealousy.

#### Chapter 5

Blythburgh, Suffolk: recounts the fearful events of 1577 when a powerful storm struck, destroyed a tower and killed a number of parishioners. Crascall notes testimony alleging a black dog ("Black Shuck") being responsible for the deaths, leaving victims drawn up like a purse", scoffing at such things but also recounting similar instances in East Anglian legend.

#### Chapter 6

Wisbech Castle, Cambridgeshire: A disquisition on Norman castles in the area, including Norwich, Castle Rising and Castle Acre. Speculates on the nature and purpose of Wisbech Castle with evidence gained during the digging of foundations for the Crescent and anticipates further extensive excavation on the site.

### Papers #9

## The Clarksons

### Thomas Clarkson (1760-1846)

Thomas was educated in London and Cambridge. In 1786 his prize-winning essay *Slavery and Commerce of the Human Species, particularly the African* was published. He devoted the rest of his life to the Abolitionist cause. He was one of the first to recognize the attractions of the Lake District, experienced during his tireless cross-country campaigning. Clarkson gathered information, set up boycotts of products and created mass petitions. In 1807 the trade in slaves was banned in Britain and her colonies and the ownership of slaves was abolished throughout the Empire in 1838. His friend Wordsworth called him "a giant with one idea". In later life he lived near Ipswich.

### John Clarkson (1764-1828)

The younger brother of Thomas Clarkson, he was sent to sea at 13 and eventually joined the navy. He served during the American Revolution and rose to lieutenant. He was appointed leader of an expedition to return ex-slaves who had fought for Britain from Nova Scotia to Africa. He commanded fifteen vessels, and transported 1200 returnees. He became the first Governor of Freetown under the Sierra Leone Company in 1794, where he served for about a year. Upon his return to England he gathered information on the slave trade for his brother's campaign and wrote an account of his adventures. In 1816 he founded the Society for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace.

### Papers 10#

### Extract from original Latin History of the brotherly order of the Cistercians (1755) by Bro. Francois Debuchet

The Livre D'Ivon fancifully mentions a "black tablet" that was the fetish of these troublesome heretics. They were masterfully defeated by William de Romara, who fought them and took their evil stone in 1135. While the heretics raged he took the stone to England and guarded it many years. While there he won the respect of the English king and eventually he founded an Abbey for the order at a place called Raves-by, a daughter house of Rievaulx, to which he retired in his old age. This was a wealthy house but in its latter years reputedly fell into disorder. There is a record of Brother Theophilus of Ghent being sent to correct matters there but records cease due to the seizure of all properties by the heretical monarch Henry VIII in 1539.





Papers #8

Article from today's Times

## Gruesome Murder in Norfolk

Mr Thomas Marten, of Bank Farm, Elmeth, was found horribly murdered two nights ago. He had apparently been hacked to pieces then partially consumed by his own pigs after he went to confront trespassers in his farm yard.

Mr Smith, a neighboring farmer, was alerted to possible trouble by Mrs Marten, and he and his sons went to help. They saw the lights of a medium-sized car, possibly a Morris, leaving the property with two or three persons apparently inside it. Only later did they discover Mr Marten's partially devoured remains in the sty.

Of his attackers there was no sign beyond some suspicious tire tracks. Mrs Mary Marten, wife of the deceased, has poor eyesight and saw nothing untoward throughout this series of shocking events. She told police that her husband was looking out of the window when she brought in his supper. He said: "There are two gentlemen in my yard looking at the pigs."

When she asked if he thought they wanted to buy one, Mr Marten replied: "There is something about those fellows I don't like," and he went to fetch his shotgun. Having looked out of

the kitchen window once more he said, in an angry manner: "They have put a big grey dog in with my pigs," and sent Mrs Marten to the neighbors with all due haste, before he went to confront the trespassers.

What then happened to Mr Marten is not clear. The lower part of his body was terribly mangled by the time the Smiths made their gruesome discovery. The police were then immediately called. With better light Mr Marten's unused shotgun was found near a pool of blood and, nearby, the victim's severed foot in half a Wellington boot.

Police are seeking two or three men, one of large build, the other(s) of average size. It is possible they have a large grey hound. Anyone with information relating to this shocking crime should contact Detective Sergeant Venters of the Norfolk Constabulary via the Kings Lynn station immediately.

The police are advising that all those in isolated farmhouses in the Fens, especially pig farmers, are particularly vigilant until the murderers are apprehended.

Papers #12

### Extract from *The Mythology and Folk Tales of the Norse Peoples* by Thomas Tomasson (1775)

According to the oral history, the tribes north of Bergen reputedly possessed a torc bearing ancient runes. The torc collected the souls of men killed by its wearer and gave him their power to add to his own. The last supposed owner of the torc, Horvald the Dark, did not return from a raid across the sea. Lacking leadership the tribe was destroyed or, subsumed into the larger tribes of the region.

**Spot Hidden** rolls draw the investigators to a number of Egyptian stela<sup>e</sup> with hieroglyphics upon them. These were removed from Egypt during the craze for egyptiana of the Romantic era and, if the endowment ledger is consulted, notations indicate that the stela<sup>e</sup> were gifted by Crascall himself in 1790. Dr. Townsend regales interested parties with the knowledge that Thomas Young, one of the most important pre-Champillon decipherers of hieroglyphics, gave a speech to the Literary Society in 1815. Townsend speculates, more accurately than he knows, that these stela<sup>e</sup> might be among the earliest hieroglyphics read in the country.





### **Ralph Singleton, age 40, Archaeologist**

STR 10    CON 11    SIZ 11    INT 17    POW 13  
DEX 10    APP 09    SAN 65    EDU 21    HP 11

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Skills:** Anthropology 20%, Archaeology 70%, Credit Rating 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Drive Auto 60%, Fast Talk 20%, First Aid 40%, Geology 40%, Hieroglyphics 40%, History 80%, Library Use 75%, Listen 45%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Navigate 30%, Occult 15%, Persuade 40%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 45%

**Languages:** English 85%, Latin 60%

Professor Singleton is an executor of Charles Stanhope's estate. Formerly the best friend of the deceased, Singleton expects that he and/or his university will be recognized in Stanhope's will.

Professor Singleton has a doctorate from Oxford and is the chair of Ancient History at Reading. He has worked in Italy and Egypt with steady if unremarkable success. He is young for a professor but remains socially and emotionally unfulfilled and, as a result, his mid-life crisis is becoming acute. Professor Singleton dresses stylishly, runs a sporty soft-top Alfa-Romeo and likes the company of younger people, even when he doesn't understand them. His driving can be reckless if he is distracted, troubled or trying to impress.

He sees himself as a natural leader and defers only to other gentlemen. He tends to treat rustic types as yokels and is often patronizing and chauvinistic with women.

### **Irene Stanhope, age 37, Historian**

STR 14    CON 15    SIZ 13    INT 16    POW 14  
DEX 14    APP 14    SAN 70    EDU 20    HP 14

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Skills:** Anthropology 20%, Archaeology 10%, Art (Calligraphy) 15%, Bargain 15%, Credit Rating 45%, History 70%, Library Use 75%, Medicine 60%, Occult 25%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 60%, Ride 25%, Spot Hidden 45%, Throw 35%

**Languages:** English 90%, Latin 70%, Greek 65%

The late Charles Stanhope was Irene's favorite uncle. She expects to be mentioned in the will – and possibly to be bequeathed the abbey, which would make a nice country place despite the commitment.

First impression: A striking, muscular country gentlewoman in tweed skirt and walking boots, Irene enjoys tennis and is keen on physical fitness. An historian, author and classical scholar, she has written books on classical texts and agitated for increased female participation in the next Olympic Games. Her energy can be disconcerting but she is too restless to apply it in any one direction. She lives in a flat in Bloomsbury and is on speaking terms with many well-known literary types; her associations with some lady novelists have fostered rumors that she is a lesbian. Although she is quite capable of landing a man, Irene presently resigns herself to spinsterhood.

Practical and level-headed but naturally blunt, Irene tends to ask impertinent questions ("Aren't you rather young to be a lawyer?" "Yes, but what have you actually dug up, professor?") that make people squirm.



**Colin Stanhope, age 35, Antiquarian Bookseller**

STR 10    CON 11    SIZ 11    INT 13    POW 13  
DEX 10    APP 09    SAN 65    EDU 20    HP 11

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Skills:** Accounting 60%, Art (Printmaking) 40%, Bargain 50%, Conceal 30%, Craft (Bookbinding) 25%, Credit Rating 35%, Drive 35%, History 60%, Hide 25%, Law 40%, Library 75%, Locksmith 10%, Occult 25%, Psychology 25%, Spot Hidden 70%

**Languages:** English 88%, French 50%, Latin 40%

Charles Stanhope was Colin's uncle and he has been appointed an executor. He knows nothing about the rural way of life. If part of the estate falls to him, he would prefer to sell it; he certainly can't imagine living here under the eyes of unsophisticated country folk.

Colin is a slight, bookish man with an elegant and understated dress sense. As a child at Ravensby Abbey Colin had nightmares of a black man with a white face and horns, which he now recognizes as related to the occult. These nightmares scarred Colin mentally and added to his belief that his sister Irene got the best of everything: looks, brains and energy. His success in the book trade is due to relentless hard work and attention to detail.

**Cedric Mandeville, age 24, Graduate Student**

STR 08    CON 11    SIZ 11    INT 15    POW 13  
DEX 13    APP 13    SAN 65    EDU 18    HP 11

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Skills:** Archaeology 60%, Art (Draw) 35%, Conceal 40%, Craft (Pottery) 20%, Credit Rating 55%, History 60%, Library Use 65%, Listen 50%, Natural History 50%, Occult 20%, Photography 60%, Ride 55%, Speed Read (English) 90%, Spot Hidden 45%

**Special Ability:** Speed Reading own language only, 90% chance to speed-read English texts in half the time normally required.

**Languages:** English 90%, Latin 30%

As Professor Singleton's assistant, Ralph has been promised an interesting experience at an old country house (and a break from digging another hole in Wales). He knows nothing of Charles Stanhope or the area.

Ralph is a graduate student at Reading. A well-educated and wealthy dilettante, he is a little shy and self-conscious. He is better at reading books than people.





# Handouts: Grave Secrets

## (Handout #1)

### Letter from a Friend

Dear Paul,

Greetings from Stafford, Rhode Island!

My new practice here is growing steadily since I arrived last summer. You would be amazed to learn that I'm the first professional physician these folks have ever had. For decades, Stafford folk have relied on old folk remedies to cure what ails them. They're isolated people, but friendly and industrious. Just the sort of out-of-the-way place I was looking for to start my practice: Close enough to the Boston establishments, yet truly a place that has not benefited from advances in medical science. Some of the villagers' beliefs, I daresay, have not evolved since the days of their ancestors trading beads, bottles, and superstitions with the Indian tribes that used to claim these woods.

That brings me to the crux of the matter: I've got a family suffering from a malady that I can't pin down. I've been treating it as tuberculosis, but the locals have other ideas, which are very queer indeed. I'm afraid they may do something rash. As I'm relatively new to the village, and my professional treatments have so far proven ineffectual, the villagers seem to be set on another course. I really could use some assistance in bringing the folks of Stafford around to the light of medical science, or at least some help in documenting the queer goings-on around here. Your skills and natural talents - and your friendship - are qualities I could dearly use.

Please come at your earliest opportunity. Telegraph beforehand and I can make arrangements for your stay. I regret to say that my own home is cramped and unsuitable for guests, but there is a fine boarding house in town run by a charming elderly lady. You will find her most agreeable and I will, of course, take care of all financial arrangements connected with your stay.

I remain,

Your faithful friend,

Bert Cunningham



**Sergeant Thomas Avery, age 24, United States Army**

STR 15 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 12  
POW 13  
DEX 12 APP 13 EDU 11 SAN 65 HP 15

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+db Grapple 30%, damage special Head Butt 10%, damage 1D4+db Kick 30%, damage 1D6+db .30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 75%, damage 2D6+4 Combat Knife 55%, damage 1D4+2+db

**Skills:** Climb 50%, Conceal 40%, Dodge 60%, Drive Automobile 40%, First Aid 44%, Hide 40%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Sneak 45%

**Languages:** English 50%, French 31%

Avery was orphaned in his teens in a terrible fire that befell his family's farmhouse almost a decade ago. The Bells, his cousins, took him in. There he forged a close relationship with his cousin Mercy. Over several years, the two became so close that the family patriarch, Mercy's brother Everett, decided it would be best if Thomas moved on. Accepting his fate, Thomas enlisted in the United States Army in 1915. The military beefed up Thomas's lank frame and trained him in combat and other useful skills. He saw action in Europe during the Great War and has spent the majority of his service in France, helping to rebuild that shattered nation.

Having served his duty for six years, Thomas Avery has only been out of the service a few weeks and has just now returned stateside. He plans a return to Stafford, having seen enough "adventure" for several lifetimes. He particularly looks forward to catching up with Mercy, whom he imagines must be a beautiful young woman by this time. Thomas hopes their old relationship will bloom once again, and plans to court the girl. It is possible that Avery will meet up with Dr. Paul Roach on the train to Providence.

**Dr. Paul Roach, Age 40, Physician and Lecturer**

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 17  
POW 13  
DEX 14 APP 11 EDU 17 SAN 65  
HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Weapons:** none

**Skills:** Biology 75%, Chemistry 70%, Credit Rating 48%, First Aid 75%, Medicine 77%, Pharmacy 65%, Psychoanalysis 40%, Psychology 55%

**Languages:** English 85%, Latin 65%

Paul Roach, M.D., teaches human anatomy and physiology at Brown University. Dr. Roach also serves as campus physician, spending much time treating student ailments and sports-related injuries. Dr. Roach is a good friend of Dr. Bert Cunningham; the friendship started in their undergraduate roommate days and continued on through medical school. Bert worked at Rhode Island Hospital in Providence and Roach often invited Cunningham to be a guest lecturer in his classes. Recently Bert Cunningham has left his Providence hospital practice to bring his talents to the state's rural poor. He has set up home and office in the isolated town of Stafford, a few miles north of the Connecticut border. Roach regularly corresponds with his old friend and colleague; together they collaborate on medical journal articles and share items of interest. Most recently, Cunningham has sent Roach a letter requesting his presence and assistance in dealing with a peculiar epidemic afflicting a Stafford family. Roach has arranged a leave from his services at Brown to help his long-time friend.





### Jane O'Connell, age 22, Schoolteacher

STR 11    CON 14    SIZ 12    INT 16    POW 15  
DEX 14    APP 16    EDU 17    SAN 75    HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Weapons:** none

**Skills:** Art (Sing) 55%, Bargain 55%, Climb 50%, Credit Rating 35%, Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 40%, History 66%, Library Use 55%, Natural History 55%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 60%, Spot Hidden 65%

**Languages:** English 85%, Latin 60%,

Working as an office girl or becoming a nun were not attractive options for young Jane O'Connell, the daughter of Irish immigrants to Boston. Jane chose education as her ticket to better things, studying hard to win scholarships to parish schools, and later, a teaching degree from Simmons College. A city girl growing up in Boston's South End, Jane decided to apply her new degree to teaching in a rural community. The remote community of Stafford, Rhode Island, needed an elementary schoolteacher upon the death of their aged, long-time schoolmistress. Jane, eager for change from the city and a start to her career, eagerly accepted. She is two weeks new to the town. The schoolhouse is of the one-room variety, with children ranging from six to eighteen. Jane does her best to create lesson plans that will engage her students. The teacher stays in a small house owned by the town, adjoining the schoolhouse. Though her stay in Stafford can be measured in days, O'Connell has quickly discovered that life in Stafford is dreadfully dull. To balance this, Jane takes genuine pleasure in her young students, encouraging their intellectual growth and creativity. She has also struck up a friendship with oldster Widow Herber, a veritable fountain of goodwill and homespun wisdom (and gossip). O'Connell is very concerned over the Bell children, Rachel and Susan. Rachel has become very ill and has withdrawn from school. Susan still attends sporadically but seems terrified and withdrawn. Jane has heard from her pupils that other Bell children used to attend school but have recently died. If the young teacher can somehow get to the core of this trouble and help the Bell girls, she'll make the wholehearted effort.

### Kenneth Cook, age 31, Writer

STR 12    CON 13    SIZ 14    INT 16    POW 13  
DEX 12    APP 15    EDU 17    SAN 65    HP 14

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** none

**Skills:** Anthropology 30%, Archaeology 30%, Credit Rating 40%, History 50%, Latin 55%, Library Use 62%, Listen 50%, Natural History 27%, Occult 55%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 55%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 50%

**Languages:** English 85%, Greek 55%,

Hoping the remote location will bring him peace of mind and inspiration, struggling writer Kenneth Cook has recently come to Stafford to reclaim his muse. He has one modestly successful novel, a hack romance, to his credit and a string of short stories in pulps like "Amazing Stories". Recently, his sales to the pulps seem to have hit a dry spell, with acceptances few and far between. Cook's wife, unimpressed with his inability to provide a stable income, has recently taken up – and taken off – with a traveling insurance salesman from Florida.

Cook has taken a room at Widow Herber's place, a large, rambling farmhouse. She charges a pittance for the room and unlike his estranged wife, makes large, excellent meals. Cook wanders the lanes and fields of Stafford, soaking up the atmosphere, chatting with the locals, in search of legends or events that he can transform with a wave of his pen into a cracking good tale.



### Dig Papers #1

from THE GAZETTEER OF THE MISKATONIC VALLEY  
By Gregory Standall  
Brown University Press, 1921

#### Dunlow Village.

BOXED TEXT = Founded in 1751 on hilly, wooded land within the Miskatonic Valley, Dunlow was originally settled by two large families who left the fledgling town of Dunwich and traveled over thirty miles west to settle next to a small tributary of the Miskatonic River known as the Wynnaquate River. In 1782, the village was incorporated and listed a population of 110 due to the addition of other settlers in the area. The village elected its first mayor in 1780, Francis Fuller, and its first sheriff, Edward Hawkins, in 1821.

The primary livelihood for Dunlow residents is farming, followed closely by hunting, trapping, and fishing. There are no industrial operations in Dunlow at present. The latest census listed the population of Dunlow at 360.

### Dig Papers #2

You find scattered reports of the creature in newspapers such as Arkham's own "Advertiser", and even one story in the Boston "Globe". Most of the stories are decades old, and come from secluded (often unnamed) individuals. It's quite clear that the reporters never believed the stories and more often than not, the small articles are slanted to portray the witnesses as uneducated, crackpot, backwoods people. However, you do glean the following information from the newspapers:

The Dunlow Creature is believed to be a bigfoot, a huge, hairy near-human beast with large feet that is more commonly reported in the Pacific Northwest. American natives have many old tales about this creature, whom they call "Sasquatch". It wasn't until the late 1700's that the first white people reported seeing such creatures. The most famous early bigfoot encounter happened in 1884 when a group of men captured such a creature near the Fraser River, just outside Yale, British Columbia. This beast was dubbed Jacko and was reportedly going to be sold to the famous Barnum and Bailey Circus, but Jacko disappeared before that happened and his ultimate fate is a mystery.

The first sighting of the Dunlow creature may have been in 1813 when an elderly widow claimed that she was being terrorized by a hairy demon from hell. The first report to give an accurate description on the Creature occurred in 1847 when a local hunter claimed to have seen a "large hairy man standing almost seven feet tall" near the bank of the Wynnaquate River. Surprisingly, this hunter claimed that the creature wasn't fierce or savage towards him. When the beast saw the hunter, it calmly walked off into the woods. Since 1847, there have been a handful of small articles on the Dunlow Creature, most only glimpses of the beast, while some tell how bigfeet attacked them.

### Dig Papers #3

Arkham "Advertiser", dated two years ago.  
A Letter to the Editor

#### "Dunlow Creature is Utter Nonsense"

Those of you with astute memories may recall that a small village near to us, Dunlow, had a brief moment of fame (or infamy) some weeks ago when an article appeared in this very paper relating a story of a hairy, ape-man who has become known as the "Dunlow Creature". Now mythical creatures such as these, bigfoot or bigfeet, have been reported for years from the western portion of our great nation, and while such tall tales may be expected from westerners, the fact that there are good New Englanders telling the same kind of tripe fills me with contempt.

Being a professor of anthropology at Miskatonic University, one may understand how enraged I was when one of my students actually had the gall last month to stand up in my classroom and ask me about this "Dunlow Creature". I quickly informed this misguided youth that I did not teach such poppycock but only facts and the fact of the matter is that there is no Bigfoot living just thirty miles from my very doorstep. If such a fanciful beast did exist, I would most certainly have learned about it sometime during my twenty-five-year career as an anthropologist.

To prove this matter, I actually took a month's leave of absence from my beloved university to spend in the dreary little town of Dunlow looking for signs of the "Creature". Well, now that I've returned I can report to you the findings of my quest for the elusive beast. I can now say without a doubt that there is no such creature. After spending weeks in the countryside I have come to the conclusion that reported sightings of this Bigfoot were either one of two things. First and foremost they were simply the tall tales of undereducated people who scared themselves silly by imagining that they saw something when in fact they did not. Secondly, there have been a few of the locals that, for reasons known only to themselves, have faked reports of the Creature.

So there you have it, the Dunlow Creature is the result of delusions and hoaxes. Now let us all hope that these embarrassing tales have come to an end for the sake of sound minded New Englanders everywhere.

- Professor Joseph Burlington.

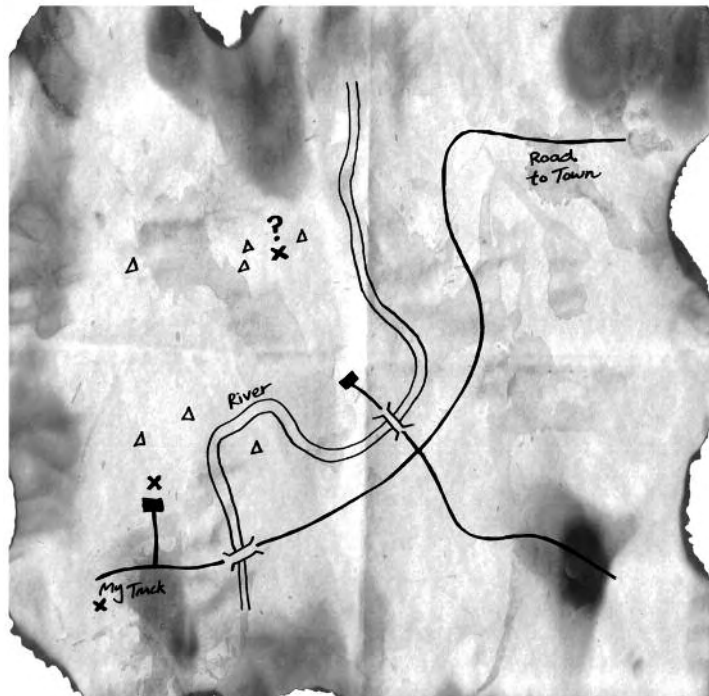




#### Dig Papers #4

excerpt, *The Original Natives of America*  
by Dr. Ulysses C. Covington  
Hampton Publishers, 1886.

The Wammic Indians were an old tribe of nomads whose hunting area ranged from Maine in the north to New York in the south. While this large territory overlapped other tribes, the Wammic seldom went to war, largely due to the Wammic's reportedly strong medicine (magic). The long peace was broken last in the late 1700's, when an unnamed tribe, described only as "cave dwellers", attacked the Wammics in Maine. The reason behind this confrontation is unknown, but the majority of the Wammics were slaughtered. Those who survived fled south into Massachusetts where the 1850 census placed them within the Miskatonic Valley. The approximate number of members of this tribe today is not known.



#### Dig Paper #5

*Hunter's map.*

If the investigators think of using the map to find the hunter's camp, some 300 yards from their current location, they should move fast, as the sun has already started to set. Arriving there, they find a small tent, bedroll, some canned food, a few pots and pans, and some of the hunter's extra clothes. Inside the hunter's tent are two books. One is a book by Theodore Roosevelt written in 1893 and called *Wilderness Hunter*. This book has a section marked by a slip of paper, which relates the tale of a hunter who was taken from a campsite at the head of Idaho's Wisdom River in the early 1800's. The hunter's abductor was reportedly a hairy monster with a terrible stench. Shortly after the hunter's disappearance his corpse was discovered with a broken neck and his throat savagely torn out. All around the bloody body were found giant manlike footprints.

The second book found in the tent is Arnold's journal. The journal also contains some clippings, including the one that ran in the Arkham "*Advertiser*" about Prof. Burlington's denial of the existence of Bigfoot (*Dig Papers #3*), in case the investigators haven't read it yet. The journal itself chronicles Arnold Lansdale's hunt for the elusive Dunlow Creature. A few interesting passages are highlighted nearby. See *Dig Papers #6*.

If the investigators want to use the map to make their way to the unknown X, they should understand that it's nearly dark now and from their current location (Lansdale's body) it's over a mile and a half away. However, if they are determined to visit the temple tonight, see the section below called "The Temple Tonight".





### Dig Papers #6

"After staying in town for a few days learning what I could about this creature, this is my first day in the woods. I've baited several traps at locations I think such a beast would go to. I don't expect to see anything for awhile, but hell, I've got time. I plan on getting a good lay of the land in these next couple of days and will make a map to help me."

"Found my first track today. The beast is even larger then I thought. It was over 15 inches long and about 7 inches wide! By God I will bag this beast."

"Found lots of tracks a short distance from a farm owned by the Campbell family. Most tracks I have found yet in any one place and I think some of them were only days old! Also, there are definitely two distinct sets of tracks. That means two creatures! My chances of success have just doubled. I don't like being this close to the farm, but I think this will be my prime hunting grounds."

"Saw something strange today. After being chased away from my main hunting spot by Campbell, I decided to check out an area I had not been to before. I found a track, but it looked pretty old. I did see a big stone building almost all buried in the side of a hill. I went closer for a better look and found digging tools laying all around. It looks like someone has been digging the thing out but I saw no one around. Hell, after I become famous for bringing in a Big Foot I might as well become famous for discovering this weird place."

"Seen that university fellow out in the woods again tonight. He saw me too, damn it! He screamed at me like a woman, told me this was private property and that I had to leave. When I told him we were standing on state land the nutty guy tried to pull a pistol on me. Well, he wasn't so nutty not to realize that my .30-06 Winchester outclassed his little .38. He slunk away muttering curses that I will get mine soon. I'll have to keep an eye out for this one."

### Dig Papers #7

Excerpts from Adam Carris' journal concerning the translation of the Black Tablet.

*"Translation of possible Hyperborean stone tablet. The language is Tsath-Yo as verified by Dr. Gilbert Winton's The Legends of Hyperborea."*

*"Many years (have passed since?) Hyperborea entered the unending cold death (Ice Age?). Long years did we travel towards where the sun dies (west?) seeking a new home only to find those who we thought to have killed, the (uncertain of word, either vile or dark or both) worshipers of Tsathoggua (speak with Armitage about this name) had come here before us. Readily we made war against the old enemy. Through much death and divine (four symbols here to worn to translate) defeat the followers of the Sleeper (Tsathoggua?) Only a few ran into the woods and escaped death as payment for their evil. Long and (hard, difficult?) the war did rage and many (times?) did we have to slay the enemy over and over again for the foul ones would take prisoners when (three worn symbols) to later sacrifice in their great stone temple to bring (back, return?) those savages we had already killed. (Resurrection mythology?)"*

*"After victory the village of the (uncertain, translates as VOOR-meez. Could be related to legendary Mt. Voormithadreth in Hyperborea?) was put to the fire all but the stone temple. There no man dared to defile it for fear of the curse of living blackness that had befell us in times past. Instead, the bodies of the savage ones were laid (within, inside?) the temple and all was mortared close. Of their temple we (made?) a tomb and as such we buried it in a hill of earth with the idol of Yhoundeh upon its crest to guard over it. Further, the old seers (who had?) bestowed blessings upon our spears and swords invoked the power of the blazing eye from above by inscribing a star of five points with an eye of flame within. Greatly did (the seers?) bind their own spirits into this seal while reciting the sacred chant (looks like gobbledygook. Not recognizable as Tsath-Yo. Literally translated as: Ia Ia N'ggah-kthn-y gerb Nodens vith cthul vith cthul Tshrib Ia Ia Kthanid r'lhoh thgup thork) five times while tracing again and again the blazing eye from above. To further weaken the power of the temple before its burial the idol of Tsathoggua (the statue?) was removed to be..."*





**William "Bill" Balin, age 20, local boy makes good**

You are sort of out of place with most of the students going on this trip. They come from far-away cities while you are a born and raised Arkham boy who happened to win a scholarship to the prestigious university. You are hyper-sensitive to this fact and take exception to anyone treating you like a "Local Yokel." However, because of your rural upbringing you are far more at home on farms and in the woods than your classmates, so maybe on this trip you can show them a thing or two.

STR 13    CON 13    SIZ 13    INT 17    POW 12  
DEX 11    APP 12    EDU 15    SAN 60    HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapon:** Fist 60%, damage 1D3 Shotgun 50%, damage depends upon weapon caliber.

**Skills:** Archaeology 50%, Dodge 45%, Library Use 45%, Listen 50%, Natural History 55%, Navigate 50%, Ride 40%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 50%, Track 60%.

**Ben Henderson, age 19, a student of the strange**

You are the odd duck, so to speak, of this outing. In later years you would be considered a nerd or the like. You'd much rather curl up with a new copy of *Weird Tales* magazine than go traipsing through the woods. In fact, the only reason you went on this expedition is because of your love for the strange and the weird. You have heard a rumor that Professor Carris is looking for Hyperborean artifacts. You know of the legendary Hyperborean age and lands from your huge collection of pulp magazines and if such a place really existed . . . well, you'd just have to see it for yourself.

STR 10    CON 12    SIZ 12    INT 18    POW 13  
DEX 16    APP 10    EDU 17    SAN 65    HP 12

**Damage Bonus:** 0

**Weapon:** Fist 50%, damage 1D3

**Skills:** Archaeology 50%, Astronomy 45%, Dodge 35%, History 50%, Library Use 55%, Listen 40%, Occult 50%, Open Minded\* 70%, Spot Hidden 40%.

*\*Because of your lengthy background in reading strange and bizarre stories, you are less affected when confronted by things that shouldn't be! A successful roll in this skill means you loose only half the normal amount of Sanity points lost for seeing creatures, magic being cast, or reading mythos tomes. You still loose the normal amount of Sanity points for witnessing gory spectacles and for casting spells should you ever learn any.*



### **Nicholas Parker, age 20, a student with a secret**

You are intelligent, a competent student, but you have a secret none of your classmates know: your uncle is Professor Carris. While both you and he know this, you don't want others to find out because then they might think that your good grades are due more to favoritism than to your long hours of study. Yet you are not ashamed of your uncle. In fact you love the man and will do your best to make sure no harm comes to him.

STR 12    CON 11    SIZ 12    INT 16    POW 14

DEX 13    APP 09    EDU 16    SAN 70    HP 12

Damage Bonus: 0

Weapon: Fist 50%, damage 1D3

Skills: Archaeology 65%, Chemistry 50%, Dodge 40%, History 60%, Library Use 75%, Listen 55%, Persuade 50%, Speed Read\* 70%, Spot Hidden 55%.

*\*This special skill allows you to read books in half the normal time.*

### **Brian Skipp, age 20, budding baseball star**

You are one of the best athletes on Miskatonic's baseball team. You have even been scouted by some of the majors. You would much rather be spending this time with your friends or on the field playing ball but because you have spent so much of your time already doing that your grades have started to slip. This is the reason you went on this boring, but thankfully short, field trip; to get some extra credit in Professor Carris' class. You don't have much in common with anyone else going on this trip except for Thomas McCoy and Eric Ashford, two of the university's football players. You get along very well with these guys as you can always discuss sports when things get dull.

STR 14    CON 16    SIZ 13    INT 12    POW 11

DEX 15    APP 12    EDU 14    SAN 55    HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapon: Fist 55%, damage 1D3+1D4 Club 50%, damage 1D8+1D4

Skills: Archaeology 45%; Climb 50%; Dodge 55%; History 40%; Jump 50%; Library Use 45%; Spot Hidden 70%; Sprint\* 60%; Throw 65%.

*\*This special skill allows you greatly outpace anyone you are likely to encounter in this scenario. In game turns this increases your movement from 8 to 12. You can sprint for a maximum number of rounds equal to your CON score but afterwards you must spend an equal number of rounds doing nothing but catching your breath.*





### **Joseph Nateleone, age 21, a bad boy trying to change**

You come from the mean streets of Chicago. You and your family are not mixed up with the mob, much to your teenage dismay. You grew up admiring the local wise guys and wanted nothing more than to be like them, so your early teens saw you getting into lots of fights and assorted trouble. Your parents were aware of this, wanted you to do something better with your life, and so your father worked his fingers to the bone to get enough money to send you to a good school.

Neither dumb nor ungrateful, you realize all that your family has sacrificed to send you to college so at last you are outgrowing your idolization of gangsters and are trying to make your mama and papa proud. Yet some things are hard to let go of, like your pearl handled switchblade knife that you always carry. Hey, that was given to you by Johnny "Eight Fingers" Zatobie himself, so no way you're going to give that up.

STR 14    CON 15    SIZ 14    INT 15    POW 11  
DEX 12    APP 16    EDU 14    SAN 65    HP 15

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapon:** Fist 65%, damage 1D3+1D4 Switchblade Knife 45%, damage 1D4+1D4, can impale Kick When Target Down 45%, damage 1D6+1D4

**Skills:** Archaeology 40%, Dodge 60%, Fast Talk 65%, Library Use 40%, Listen 50%, Locksmith 45%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 40%.

### **Betty Harris, age 19, a student with a terrible secret!**

You are bright, cheerful, and charming. You make friends fast and master classes just as quick. There's only one problem: all of this is just a façade. Your laughs are often forced and you are incredibly lonely. Even your friends don't know the real you. This is because of the one thing about yourself that you despise. You're gay. You've tried to be like other, normal girls but you just can't help it. You're attracted to women.

No one knows this about you, not anyone at school and certainly not any of your family. The shame of it would just be too much . . . or would it? You would desperately love to find someone to share your life with, to be happy with, and that is why you have come on this outing. You have heard some of the other girls at school say bitter, catty things about Lydia Snyder. How she's never had a boyfriend. How she's not even interested in boys. You know this is a long shot but perhaps, just perhaps, if it is true. So you have come on this fieldtrip to covertly watch and study Lydia and see for yourself if she might be like you.

STR 11    CON 15    SIZ 09    INT 17    POW 14  
DEX 10    APP 14    EDU 16    SAN 70    HP 12

**Damage Bonus:** 0

**Weapon:** Fist 50%, damage 1D3

**Skills:** Archaeology 60%, Dodge 40%, First Aid 50%, Geology 50%, Hide 50%, History 55%, Library Use 50%, Listen 60%, Persuade 75%, Spot Hidden 45%.



# Handouts: The Burning Stars

## Burning Papers #1

Medwin's Business Card below:

**Major Lloyd Medwin**  
Office of Naval Intelligence  
United States Embassy  
Bicentenaire, Blvd Alex Hamilton  
Port-au-Prince  
Telephone P-0220

## Burning Papers #3

A Letter of Engagement

### Shaw's Investigations and Security Services

Sammons Building, 212 E 38th Street, New York CITY

Wednesday, 15 October 1930

Mr James Sterling  
Sterling Industries  
Sunseri Towers  
81 William Street  
New York City

Dear Mr Sterling,

Thank you for engaging Shaw Investigations. The two detectives I would like to assign to your case are Dirk Kessler who, from his time in the Merchant Navy, has experience in Caribbean nations. Assisting him will be Guy Randall, a former police officer with the New York City Police. Both have considerable success in finding missing persons, and we are confident that they will assist you in finding your son, Jack Sterling, in Haiti.

Our fees are \$80 per day for both detectives, plus expenses. They are both booked on the Cunard liner Goodfellow matching your travel itinerary, departing New York Saturday 18th and arriving in Port-au-Prince on the 23rd.

Yours respectfully,  
Roger Shaw

## Burning Papers #2

a List of Names:

Marie Jerome – Tarot Reader

87 Rue Macajoux

Bel Air

Dr. Bruce Northeast – Anthropologist

50 Rue Pacot

Pacot

ADS – National Library

Cult of the Floating Horror? Star Pools?

Voodoo?

## Burning Papers #6

Haiti Progrés news clipping

Tuesday, October 28, 1930

American Foreigners Feared Dead

(PORT-AU-PRINCE) Residents in the foothills on the eastern outskirts of Port-au-Prince reported a group of American foreigners marching into the hills late last night, shortly before screams were heard. Later bloody murdered bodies of the Americans were reported found by locals. Police investigations found blood-stained grass and bushes at the supposed murder sites, and these were later confirmed as human blood. Although the bodies are still missing, locals insist that the foreigners were assaulted and killed, but by whom, they would not say.

The US Embassy has had no reports regarding any missing citizens in or around Port-au-Prince, but they did say they were investigating the matter.





#### Burning Papers #4

Shaw's Investigation Report on Sterling Industries

#### Shaw's Investigations and Security Services

Sammons Building, 212 E 38th Street, New York City  
REPORT ON STERLING INDUSTRIES  
Client Undisclosed  
Compiled by Harrison Zamsky, P.I.  
Friday July 5, 1929

Sterling Industries is a New York firm controlled by the Sterling family. The Chairman and owner is James Sterling, a wealth industrialist hailing from six generations of old Rhode Island money. His business is diverse investment in shipping, manufacturing, and rubber and petroleum. During the Great War Sterling Industries purchased a munitions factory in Mott Haven in West Bronx and made a fortune selling arms to Allied forces in Europe. After the war, munitions became their biggest business. They have since sold weapons around the globe, mostly into Europe and Central America, particularly Mexico, Italy, Ireland and Nicaragua.

James' son Jack, upon recently completing a college degree at Columbia University, then joined the firm. Other than his son, James Sterling's bodyguard Sean O'Neil is his only other truly trusted employee, who never leaves his boss's side as he travels the world doing business. Several high ranking staff members have expressed dissatisfaction with Sterling and one even questioned the legality of his methods.

What is not publicly known is that Sterling Industries has been investigated more than once by the Office of Naval Intelligence for suspected collaboration with armed forces opposed to the interests of the government of the United States. No actions were taken and no prosecutions were brought forth against Sterling, most likely because of lack of evidence.

It was also reported that New World Incorporated, the Chicago based corporation, was close to buying out Sterling Industries in early 1928, to effectively eliminate competition in the market of global arms sales.

Lastly, Sterling Industries has been supplying the US government with arms for their soldiers in Haiti, but there are rumors that Sterling is also negotiating secret deals to sell weapons to Haitian rebels. Haitian gun-runner Sebastian Senegal is believed to be an associate. This act would be seen as treasonous if convictions were brought to bear by the United States government.

#### Burning Papers #8

Telegram from Shaw's Investigations

GLAD TO HEAR YOU ARE SAFE AND WELL  
STOP FEARED THE WORST CONSIDERING  
RECENT EVENTS REPORTED IN THE NEWS  
STOP PRIORITY REMAINS TO FIND JAMES  
STERLING IF STILL MISSING AND THEN  
FIND HIS SON STOP GOVERNMENT AGENTS  
ASKING QUESTIONS ABOUT YOU QUERY  
STOP DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS ABOUT  
STOP ROGER SHAW END

#### Burning Papers #9: Tarot Major Arcana

- |                        |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| I. The Magician        | XII. The Hanged Man |
| II. The High Priestess | XIII. Death         |
| III. The Empress       | XIV. Temperance     |
| IV. The Emperor        | XV. The Devil       |
| V. The Hierophant      | XVI. The Tower      |
| VI. The Lovers         | XVII. The Star      |
| VII. The Chariot       | XVIII. The Moon     |
| VIII. Strength         | XIX. The Sun        |
| IX. The Hermit         | XX. Judgment        |
| X. Wheel of Fortune    | XXI. The World      |
| XI. Justice            | XXII. The Fool      |

#### note penciled in margin:

*Same ritual as described by BN*

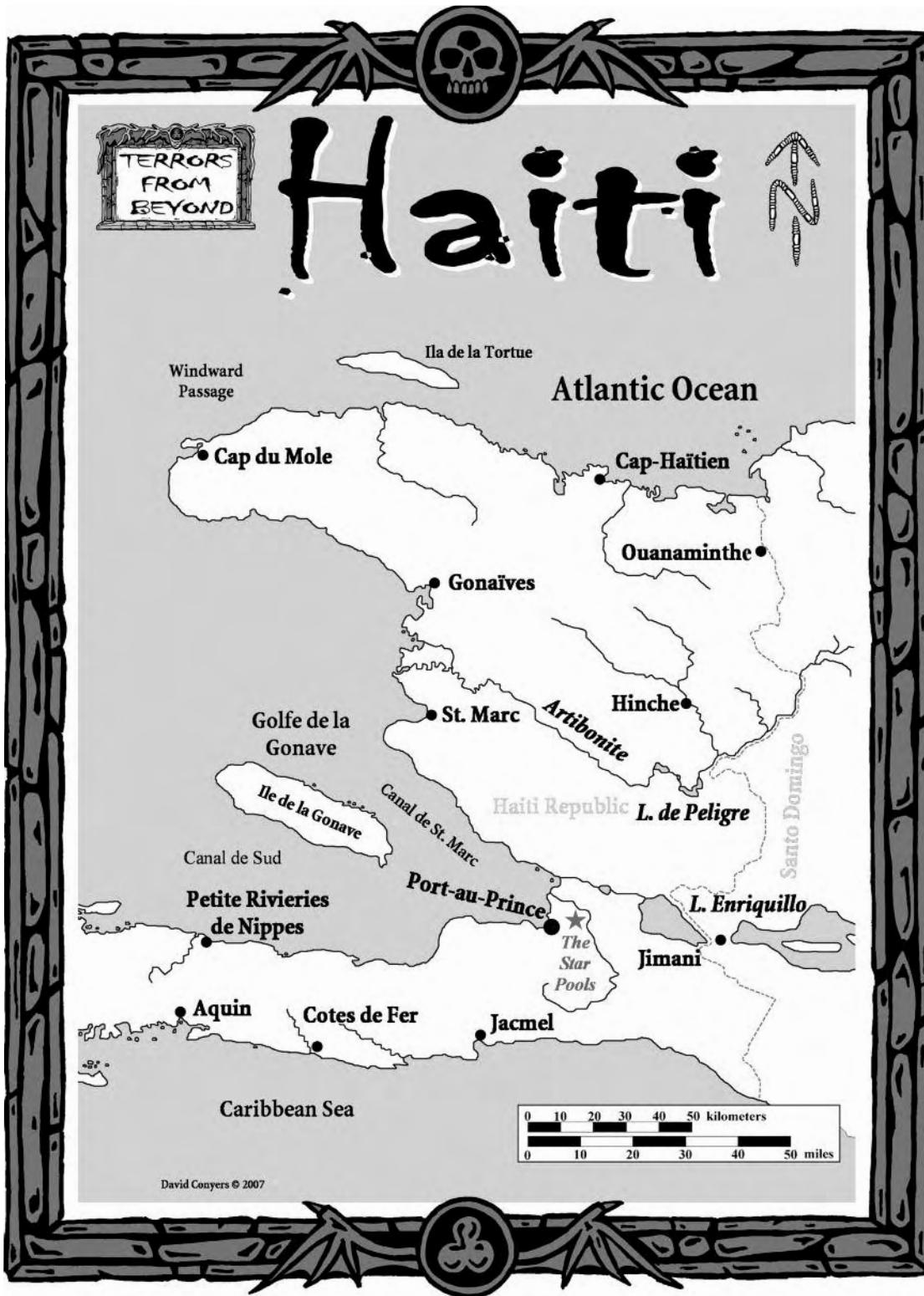
*Same cult active in P-au-P*

*Sacred site - the SP? S. Senegal*

*knows something about this cult*



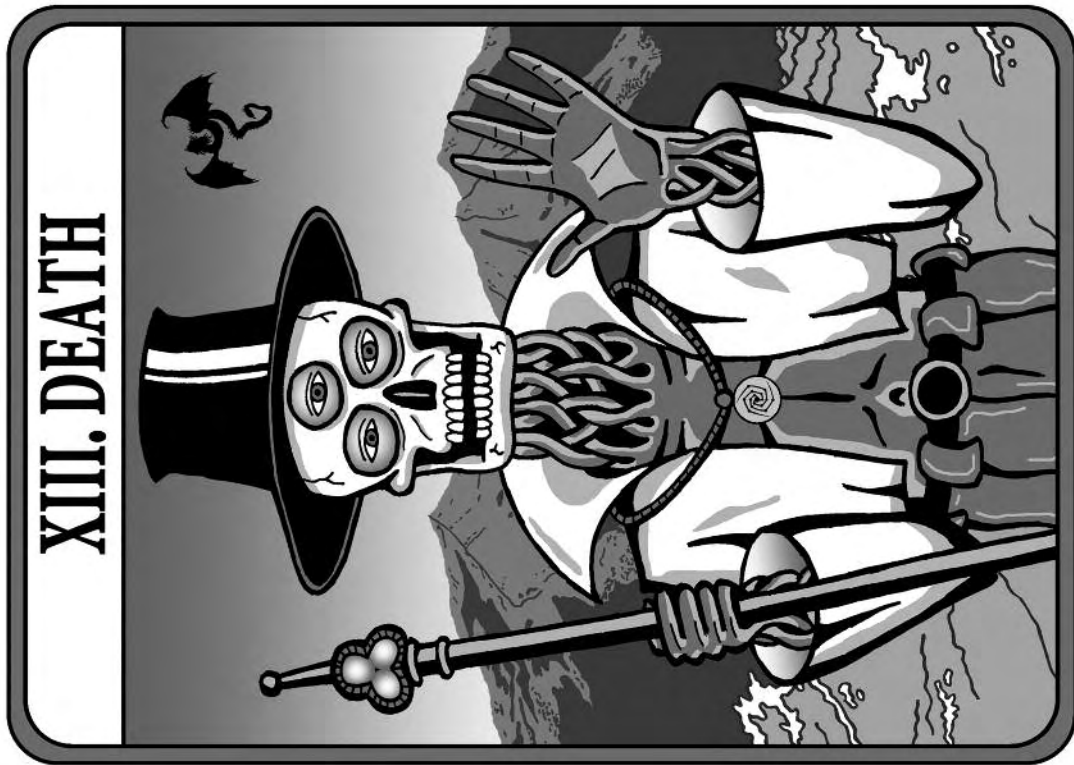
Burning Papers #5 - Haiti Map



A CHAOSIUM PUBLICATION WWW.CHAOSIUM.COM



Burning Papers #7 – Tarot Card XIII. Death



Burning Papers #10 Tarot Card XII. The Hanged Man







### **Burning Papers #11**

Passage from Africa's Dark Sects

*I had been warned earlier that the ceremony I now witnessed, although it had trappings of Voodoo from the Congo, was in fact derived from rituals that were far older and ancient. The witchdoctor, dressed in a grass suit that fully enclosed his body, and his face hidden behind a grotesque mask depicting a face with three eyes, called forth demons from an undersea island. The frenzied dancers around him, his possessed followers, moved with impossible rhythms. The elder amongst them shocked me when they gouged themselves to death with sharp stones.*

*Into the fray stepped what was once a man, and something else. His skin covered in black scales and his face not unlike that of an iguana, he sent shivers through my skin. It was not the unnatural angles that his body could achieve as he danced, rather his eyes — still human, still seeing as a human sees. And then an eye opened in his forehead, although it was not an eye, and I could see that the lizard man was Host to something else, something that desired to be free of the vessel that was once a man's forehead. His third eye was the gateway to the unknown realms.*

*I'm not sure that my mind would have accepted what was to occur next. My guide, Joma, thankfully dragged me from that awful, savage place. And yet in the dark hours, in my hotel or in a bedroll under the stars, I image what I might have seen, if I waited to witness what the Host might have become.*

— Nigel Blackwell, Africa's Dark Sects —

### **Burning Papers #12**

Last Entry in Doctor Northeast's Journal Monday, October 27

*After meeting with James Sterling and his team of investigators, I was surprised at how much of what they told me related to what I had believed, until last night, to be myths. The Star Pools they say is real, and that Mr. Sterling's son has been kidnapped and taken there, to be a victim of a ritual of blood sacrifice. At first I did not believe them, and said as much, but now that I have witnessed the Star Pools for myself, I cannot even begin to imagine what else of the Floating Horror Cult prophecies are true, and what the ultimate fate of this island nation will be if they succeed in their plans.*

*The Star Pools, located in a hidden valley in the hills east of Port-au-Prince defy rational explanation. I saw Jack Sterling, James Sterling's son. I dare not commit to paper what they had done to him, lest my mind fails me as I remember too clearly in my prose, and I lose my mind altogether. What I will say is that I recognized his undoing, because I can now see they match too closely the descriptions of beings described so clearly in The Masked Messenger, especially the tale of the Ashanti Warrior and the Sharp Stone.*

*They have plans for the younger Sterling, this I know. It is tied to the ceremonies of the Fet Gede, which begin on the first of next month, and conclude in the following day. Will the real followers of the Floating Horror reveal themselves, and lead Jack Sterling into the hills, where he will be sacrificed as his father predicted. Can he still be saved? One can only hope.*

*Probably not, because I saw what lurked in the green waters of the Star Pools. It was that shape which banished my courage, and sent me fleeing screaming into the night*





### **Burning Papers #13**

Fable from *The Masked Messenger*

*The Ashanti Warrior Bargains Poorly with the Keeper of the Sharp Stone*

*I do not know why I took possession of the sharp stone, found discarded on the shores of the dank river, as I traveled home from a great war from the north. It caught my attention, palm-sized and green with an oily shine. It made me sick in the stomach just to hold it, but its engravings captivated me, sharp cuneiform-like designs similar to those adorning the great statues of Clulu and Tsadogwa that are scattered across this continent. As I felt along its fine cutting edge it drew blood, and the pain shot through me like flame burning the belly. I dropped the stone, cursed it and returned to the path, only to fall into oblivion.*

*I found myself in a dank, dark labyrinth with the stench of death and cooking fires. The air was filled with the sounds of running water and distant voices, and I knew not where I was. Onwards I marched, lost, confused, until terror finally gripped my soul and my heart bled from a wound that was not made in flesh. In time I forgot who I was, and from where I had come. In time I found my way to freedom, to a great shore of a still sea. Although the sky was as dark as night there were no stars and its brightness burnt my eyes. I looked up, to the black sphere that was the sun, casting its unnatural light.*

*On the shores I saw three circular mud-brick houses of my people. The black light that shone from within burnt my eyes as well, only the glare was obscured by a man. Tall and thin, he walked toward me, with a grace and poise unknown amongst mortal men. When he reached my side, I saw that his face was a skull, with three human eyes. His unnatural glare spilt from a socket in his forehead, the source of his power.*

*“Shut your ears, my Ashanti Warrior,” his voice echoed inside my head. “I am the Keeper of the Sharp Stone, and you are here now to bargain with me.”*

*My mouth opened, desiring above all other desires to answer this man, this guise of the Masked Messenger, and yet I found no words to speak, and no answer worthy of his reverence.*

*“Shut your mouth, my Ashanti Warrior.” His lipless jaw did not move, and yet his words were as clear as my own hands if they were held up now to my face. “I know what you want. You wish to return to your world. Even if in your world you are still mine.”*

*I nodded, aware that the Keeper of the Sharp Stone knew my thoughts deeper than I knew them myself. My two wives, three sons, five daughters, eighteen cattle, forty-eight goats and three hundred chickens needed the head of their house to return to provide for them, and I owed them as much. So I would make the bargain, knowing that the price would be dreadful, even if only to touch the skin of my beloveds once again.*

*“Shut your eyes my Ashanti Warrior.” And I did what I was commanded. And he touched me upon the forehead and I knew that was where it would begin. Where he would return again, to rule and destroy, and bring chaos to the land and to all people. “We shall meet again, soon enough.”*

*And I woke, upon the shores of the dank river, with the Sharp Stone still clutched greedily in my hand where it had cut. Already black scales were forming around the scab of the wound. It had begun, and I knew I must flee, back to my family until the time of the end comes for me.*

*I bargained poorly, but the Masked Messenger would have it no other way.*



Burning Papers #15 Tarot Card Ten of Wands



Burning Papers #16 Tarot Card: Ten of Swords





### **Investigator 1: Dirk Kessler**

Born in Sydney, Australia, you joined the Merchant Navy at a very young age, partly to see the world but mostly to escape an angry drunken father who used to beat you. You've never spoken to your old man since, never came to terms with his behavior, and inherited many of his despicable traits. You created your own problems, befriending too many loose women, drinking too much liquor, and picking fights with too many fellow seamen. It was only many years later when you broke a woman's jaw that you realized you had become just like the man you despised.

In response you quit the Merchant Navy, emigrated to New York, smartened yourself up and joined Shaw's Investigations and Security Services as a private investigator. Somehow that did the trick. In the new job you found compassion and responsibility, particularly when it came to missing children. You found a constructive outlet to heal the pain of your own troubled upbringing.

Being a private eye suits you. You've always had a knack for problem solving, talking the tough talk, and uncovering the dirt that wants to stay hidden. You even have a good partner, a young fellow by the name of Guy Randall who is keen to learn the ropes from you, so to speak. But you knew such skills wouldn't be enough to keep you on the straight and narrow forever, you had to give up the drink as well. For ten years now you've been a successful private investigator, but that's only because you've stayed off the booze. You know that if you are tempted again, the violent ways you inherited might raise their ugly heads once more.

*CURRENT MENTAL STATE:* Something really terrifies you. Something you saw, only you can't – or don't want to – remember it. What you do know is that it's real, and if you start looking into what happened to you, whatever it was that you saw might come back. If it does, it's going to tear you limb from limb, and nothing you can do will stop it. Keep your friends around you always, as they are the only salvation between you and certain painful death.

#### **Dirk Kessler, Age 31, Private Investigator**

STR 14    CON 16    SIZ 13    INT 13  
POW 15    DEX 14    APP 13    EDU 12  
SAN 54    HP 15

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist 65%, damage 1D3+1D4

Grapple 50%, damage special

Switchblade 45%, damage 1D4+1D3

.38 Automatic 60%, damage 1D10

.45 Revolver 60%, damage 1D10+2

Shotgun 12-gauge 45%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

**Skills:** Accounting 25%, Bargain 40%, Cantonese 10%, Climb 55%, Conceal 25%, Credit Rating 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Dodge 50%, Drive Auto 55%, Fast Talk 60%, First Aid 40%, Hide 50%, Jump 40%, Law 40%, Library Use 65%, Listen 65%, Locksmith 50%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Occult 35%, Operate Heavy Machinery 40%, Persuade 40%, Psychology 50%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 70%

**Languages:** English 70%, French 10%, Spanish 15%



## Investigator 2: James Sterling

You are the head of a wealthy New York family, hailing from six generations of old Rhode Island money. Your father before you built up the fortune with strong stocks in shipping, manufacturing, rubber and petroleum, but it was you who really created the overflowing riches when you added munitions to the Sterling Industries investments. You made a huge windfall during the Great War and in the last decade you've sold weapons all over the world, particularly in Europe and Central America. You understand money and what it can buy, and that's why you're rich.

In life you are a leader, managing and controlling all men who are lesser mortals than yourself. Of your most loyal underlings you trust your bodyguard Sean O'Neil above all others, confiding in him secrets that you would share with no one else.

Since your father's death many years ago, you only return to the family mansion on those occasions when work does not call you away from your wife Janet and your two lovely children, Jack and Donna. Jack has completed his college degree at Columbia University and is ready to join you in running the business, while Donna is busy completing her degree in anthropology at a lesser-known university. If anything happened to either your wife or children, you don't know what you'd do, but it wouldn't be pleasant for those responsible. You'll do anything to keep them safe, and extract any level of revenge if they're brought to harm. No one buys you, you buy *them*. If they can't be bought, you'll get your way by whatever means necessary.

**CURRENT MENTAL STATE:** Something really worries you. You're not sure what's giving you headaches, but you believe your concerns are connected to your son. If only you could remember what those concerns are! You'll move heaven and earth to find out what happened to Jack and then bring him back home, because you're worried he might be in mortal danger. He needs to be rescued and if he can't be rescued, someone needs to pay.

### James Sterling, Age 48, Wealthy Industrialist

STR 13    CON 15    SIZ 14    INT 14    POW 16  
DEX 15    APP 15    EDU 18    SAN 51    HP 15

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist 60%, damage 1D3+1D4

Grapple 45%, damage special

.38 Automatic 55%, damage 1D10

**Skills:** Accounting 35%, Bargain 50%, Business 70%, Climb 50%, Credit Rating 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, Dodge 45%, Drive Auto 60%, Fast Talk 65%, First Aid 45%, Hide 55%, Jump 40%, Law 50%, Library Use 70%, Listen 60%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 60%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 60%

**Languages:** English 90%, French 25%





### Investigator 3: Sean O'Neil

You're a man who makes his own luck, although looking back on your life an outsider would say luck was never your companion. When you were six your family emigrated from Dublin to New York where you knew no one. Two years later your parents were run down and killed by a drunken motorist who was never caught. Moving from one orphanage to the next, you were quickly separated from your sister and never saw her again. When you were sixteen you signed up to fight in the Great War, witnessing the slaughter of dozens of your comrades in the trenches of France. It was only towards the end of the War that your luck turned, when you met James Sterling. You'd just discharged from the army and he was looking for someone with good military contacts to conduct a little business for him.

Mr Sterling was in the market to sell munitions and you were just the man to introduce him to the right people, who were willing to put their money where their mouth was. Eventually he signed you on as a full time employee, and from there your work took you to the world's conflict zones including Mexico, Italy, Ireland, and Nicaragua. All that time you maintained your combat skills. In recognition of these skills, Mr Sterling eventually made you his personal assistant and unofficial bodyguard. Now you travel the world at his side, protecting and aiding the man you respect most in this world.

**CURRENT MENTAL STATE:** Something really angers you. Something dark and festering that is hidden in the depths of a murky pit. It wants to kill you. The only thing is, you can't remember what that thing is, so you're going to be prepared; you're going to make sure you're armed with every weapon you can find, and then you're going to go back this thing's lair, and destroy it. You know that if you fail, many more people are going to die.

#### Sean O'Neil, Age 32, Bodyguard

STR 16    CON 15    SIZ 14    INT 12    POW 14  
DEX 13    APP 10    EDU 08    SAN 58    HP 15

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist 70%, damage 1D3+1D4 Grapple 60%, damage special Switchblade 55%, damage 1D4+1D3 .45 Revolver 70%, damage 1D10+2 Shotgun 12-gauge 50%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6

**Skills:** Accounting 15%, Bargain 50%, Climb 60%, Conceal 45%, Credit Rating 20%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, Dodge 60%, Drive Auto 50%, Fast Talk 50%, First Aid 50%, Hide 60%, Jump 50%, Law 20%, Listen 55%, Mechanical Repair 60%, Operate Heavy Machine 60%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 30%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 60%

**Languages:** English 60%, French 15%, Spanish 20%



### Investigator 4: Donna Sterling

Your whole life you have been raised to believe that you have a most enviable position in society. You are the daughter of a rich New York family, rich enough to rival the Rothschilds and the Carlyles, with a stately manor home on Rhode Island with vast grounds and dozens of servants. These trappings once made you believe that your life was enviable, but not now. You love your mother and brother Jack dearly, but your father spends so much time traveling and working that you feel he is a stranger to you now. You feel that creating wealth and dining with world leaders and industrialists is far more important to him than spending time with his only daughter. And to make matters worse, now that Jack has finished his studies and is working for your father, he too has suddenly found business distractions which keep him away. It seems the only people who are there for you now are your mother and your best friend, Amy Lachlan, a socialite reporter with the NY *Pillar/Riposte*.

As you grew older, your contempt for the family business inspired you to study in a totally unrelated field. You are now completing a degree in Anthropology at Miskatonic University. Your father and brother both believe you're wasting your life, but to get back at them is partly why you persist. You also know they want to marry you off like some medieval bride, to strengthen one of their business relationships with another wealthy Rhode Island family. You want nothing to do with this; when you're of age and you've completed your studies, you're going to move far away from home and find yourself a job in your chosen field; maybe even find someone who wants to marry you because he loves you.

**CURRENT MENTAL STATE:** Something really upsets you. Something close to your heart has been forever taken away from you. You feel at a loss, as though it doesn't matter what you do – your closeness to the lost thing can never be restored. But you don't know any of this for certain, you still want to be loved and so you will move heaven and earth to ensure that love is returned to you. Finding that lost love might be more painful than you can imagine, however, yet you must persist.

#### Donna Sterling, Age 20, Anthropology Student

STR 12    CON 15    SIZ 11    INT 15    POW 16  
DEX 11    APP 16    EDU 14    SAN 57    HP 13

**Damage Bonus:** none

**Weapons:** Fist 65%, damage 1D3

Grapple 40%, damage special

.38 Automatic 50%, damage 1D10

**Skills:** Accounting 35%, Anthropology 40%, Archaeology 25%, Bargain 30%, Climb 45%, Credit Rating 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 14%, Dodge 40%, Drive Auto 45%, Fast Talk 70%, First Aid 50%, Hide 45%, Jump 45%, Law 30%, Library Use 65%, Listen 55%, Occult 40%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 30%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 60%

**Languages:** English 70%, French 20%





### **Investigator 5: Guy Randall**

Formerly a New York beat cop, you left the force at an early age for a more lucrative position with Shaw's Investigations and Security Services. Although the work – and the pay – was better, you quickly realized that you were young and inexperienced compared to most of the private eyes with the firm. No one wanted to work with you, believing that your hiring was a boss's mistake. The word went around that you were good for nothing but filing and writing client reports for senior investigators.

Disillusioned, you almost quit until for some reason that is still a mystery to you, you opened up to one of your colleagues. You told him that when you were really young, you witnessed your mother's mugging, and saw how that forever changed her driving her into depression. You didn't want that to happen to anyone else, and that's why you chose to be a cop and then a private investigator.

The private investigator who listened to you was an Australian immigrant, Dirk Kessler, and since then he's let you partner up with him on every case your boss will allow. From Kessler you've learned much, and you feel you owe him a lot. Without him you'd still be back in the New York office, scribbling and filing papers.

**CURRENT MENTAL STATE:** Something really troubles you. Something you saw, something terrible, made you realize that the only person holding you back is yourself. Recently you learned that the world is a horrible, uncaring, pointless place to live, and that no one cares about you except yourself. Whatever terrible thing you saw, it's still out there, and it needs to be destroyed. If there's a chance you can re-discover what you once valued and respected in yourself, you need to destroy this thing to find that self-respect once again.

### **Guy Randall, Age 25, Young Private Investigator**

STR 15    CON 15    SIZ 14    INT 11  
POW 14  
DEX 13    APP 15    EDU 13    SAN 61    HP 15

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist 70%, damage 1D3+1D4

Grapple 40%, damage special

Switchblade 35%, damage 1D4+1D3

.45 Revolver 70%, damage 1D10+2

**Skills:** Accounting 45%, Bargain 20%, Climb 35%, Conceal 35%, Credit Rating 20%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dodge 40%, Drive Auto 35%, Fast Talk 40%, First Aid 50%, Hide 60%, Jump 50%, Law 20%, Library Use 45%, Listen 45%, Locksmith 40%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 30%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 40%

**Languages:** English 65%





### Investigator 6: Amy Lachlan

Your family was never rich, but your father was butler to the wealthy Sterling family of Rhode Island and your mother was a housemaid to that family. You saw firsthand what money could do. Growing up with at the Sterling manor, you became friends with the Sterlings' daughter Donna.

Now both in your twenties, you are unable to spend much time together. Donna is studying anthropology at Miskatonic University, and you landed a position as a reporter with the NY *Pillar/Riposte*, keeping the populace up to date with the latest announcements and scandals in the world of Manhattan's rich and famous. It's a role you enjoy and cherish. Now all you need is for one of those rich and famous people to notice you, and propose!

*CURRENT MENTAL STATE:* Something really concerns you, something that happened to you – only you can't remember what it was. Something horrible attacked you and now you're concerned that whatever it was, it has made you feel physically unwell and prone to headaches and nausea. You need to remember what happened to you and learn the truth so you can put it behind you. You need to face your fear, and learn the truth of the sickness that you carry.

#### Amy Lachlan, Age 21, Pillar/Riposte Reporter

STR 13    CON 15    SIZ 12    INT 14    POW 17  
DEX 13    APP 15    EDU 11    SAN 57    HP 14

**Damage Bonus:** +1D4

**Weapons:** Fist 55%, damage 1D3+1D4 .38 Automatic 50%, damage 1D10

**Skills:** Art (Write Columns 65%), Bargain 50%, Climb 35%, Credit Rating 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 17%, Dodge 30%, Drive Auto 35%, Fast Talk 70%, First Aid 35%, Hide 40%, Jump 50%, Library Use 55%, Listen 55%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 40%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 60%

**Languages:** English 65%, French 25%



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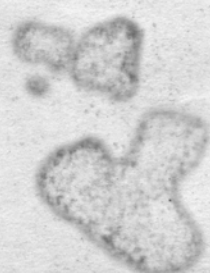
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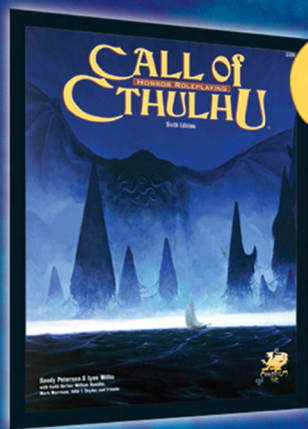
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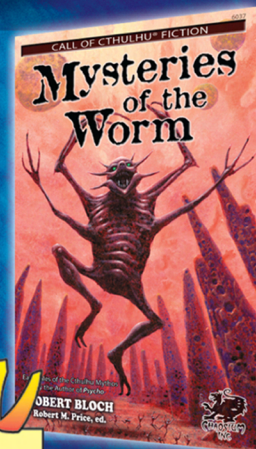
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